



Amoy
Cedit

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~~Amoy~~



- 1 Jones Ground. 4 Jones, Evill.
 2 John Knox. 5 Fisher, Blandin.
 3 Dr. Bick. 6 Raleigh.
 4 The Court. 7 Prince of Orange.
 8 Sea. 9
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 14

Jamestown, Virginia. 1609. 1610. 1611. 1612. 1613. 1614. 1615. 1616. 1617. 1618. 1619. 1620. 1621. 1622. 1623. 1624. 1625. 1626. 1627. 1628. 1629. 1630. 1631. 1632. 1633. 1634. 1635. 1636. 1637. 1638. 1639. 1640. 1641. 1642. 1643. 1644. 1645. 1646. 1647. 1648. 1649. 1650. 1651. 1652. 1653. 1654. 1655. 1656. 1657. 1658. 1659. 1660. 1661. 1662. 1663. 1664. 1665. 1666. 1667. 1668. 1669. 1670. 1671. 1672. 1673. 1674. 1675. 1676. 1677. 1678. 1679. 1680. 1681. 1682. 1683. 1684. 1685. 1686. 1687. 1688. 1689. 1690. 1691. 1692. 1693. 1694. 1695. 1696. 1697. 1698. 1699. 1700.



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Act of
" British American "
With Author's Compliments ⁺

Nov. 17. 1862.

SKETCHES

OF

GLASGOW NECROPOLIS.

BIOGRAPHIC AND DESCRIPTIVE
SKETCHES
OF
GLASGOW NECROPOLIS.

BY GEORGE BLAIR, M.A.

Author of "The Holocaust," "Lays of Palestine," &c.

How good to leave the city's strife,
To muse upon this sacred ground,
And quit the troubled tide of life,
To commune with the dead around!

While, pointing yet to thoughts more high,
Yon holy towers their shadows cast,
Where buried generations lie—
The saints and heroes of the past.

See p. 9.

Omnes eodem cogimur : omnium
Versatur urna ; serius oculus
Sors exitura— *Hor.*

GLASGOW:
MAURICE OGLE & SON, EXCHANGE SQUARE.
THOMAS MURRAY & SON, BUCHANAN STREET.

TO THE
LORD DEAN OF GUILD,
AND THE
OTHER DIRECTORS OF THE MERCHANTS' HOUSE
OF GLASGOW,
THE
MATRICULATED MEMBERS OF THAT INSTITUTION,
AND THE
PROPRIETORS OF BURIAL-GROUND
IN THE NECROPOLIS,

This Volume,

WITH THE SANCTION OF THE LORD DEAN OF GUILD,
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY
THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E .

THE Necropolis may be justly regarded as the Westminster Abbey of Glasgow. It is to this City what the beautiful cemetery of 'Père la Chaise' is to Paris. Almost all our most eminent fellow-citizens who have been called to their rest within the last quarter of a century, are either interred within its hallowed precincts, or are there represented by cenotaphs reared to their memory—some of them as tributes of private affection, others as tokens of public respect. Added to this consideration, the natural beauty of the rocky eminence, crowned with its monumental terraces; its claims to distinction as the first ornamental cemetery in this country; its close proximity to the old Cathedral, and to other objects of antiquarian interest; the ready access to it from the city, and the noble view which it affords of the surrounding country, render it a favorite resort of our citizens, as well as a principal attraction to strangers visiting Glasgow.

This is precisely in accordance with the object and design of the Cemetery. The elegant and costly monuments with which it is now so richly embellished were never intended to be hid from view. They resemble a city that is literally 'set on an hill'—a silent but significant city of the dead—to

draw the attention of the living to the memory and virtues of the departed.

But to render a visit to this very beautiful Cemetery really instructive and interesting, an adequate interpreter was required. This is a want which has been long felt, and was daily becoming more urgent. Without something of this kind, the monuments erected to our public men are mute and meaningless; the inscriptions are little better than hieroglyphics; to the stranger, and even to many citizens, they are a sealed book, and fail to realise the principal object of their erection. Accordingly, the following pages have been written to meet this acknowledged want; to render the CITY OF THE DEAD what it should be—a place fraught with instruction and profound interest to the LIVING; to utter, as it were, in articulate language, that which is only implied or suggested, or very inadequately represented, in brief monumental inscriptions.

In endeavoring to carry out this object in a proper manner, the writer has encountered greater difficulties than might be imagined—partly in obtaining the required information, and partly in drawing a line of demarcation between the public and the private. Aware of the delicacy of his task, he has chiefly confined himself to names of a decidedly public character, or those associated with monuments erected by public subscription. To attempt to enumerate in detail any considerable number of even the most prominent private monuments, would be out of the question; and, except in particular cases and with great precaution, to have given the inscriptions on such monuments, might sometimes have awakened feelings which it is far from his purpose to violate

in these pages. If, however, in the course of his progress, he occasionally ventures to allude to monuments which may be considered as partaking of a private nature, he trusts it will be found that he does so in terms which cannot give the slightest ground of offence to the relatives or friends of the deceased.

The descriptive passages, if useful for no other purpose, may agreeably relieve and vary the monotony of the biographic notices, which constitute the principal part of the volume. With reference to these biographic sketches, the writer desires it to be clearly understood that the length to which they are extended, in particular cases, frequently depends on the facilities found for obtaining the required information, and must not be regarded as an index of the estimation attached to the life or character of the individual. Some have been necessarily passed over with only a slight notice, and yet a more numerous class without any notice at all, who, if a written record of their lives were accounted an accurate measure of their merits, would deserve an extended biography. But many whose private virtues and unseen benevolence constitute, indeed, the highest and best title to public esteem, must yet be left in death to the silence and obscurity in which they lived. Though not recorded in the page of human history, their names and their virtues will be 'had in everlasting remembrance' in a higher and more enduring register. Many an obscure individual, of whom there remains no other record than this, 'there lived a man,' enjoys an immortality more desirable, because more real, than that of the highest literary reputation or scientific eminence. It is not the province of the writer, however, to intrude into the privacy and

sanctity of that temple in which such names are enshrined. This must be his sole but sufficient excuse for passing over many of the monuments in the Necropolis reared to private worth, and for confining his attention chiefly and in detail to those that are associated with some kind of celebrity or peculiarity that gives them a title to be regarded as public property. He considers it no part of his duty, in traversing with deeply reverential feelings the silent city of the dead, to withdraw the veil which conceals the sacred memories blended with the many unostentatious virtues of domestic life. These remarks he has deemed necessary, lest it should be thought that undue prominence is given to some particular names, while others associated with equal worth, if not with equal celebrity, are passed over in silence.

If some should urge as an objection to the plan of the work, that it mixes incongruous and heterogeneous elements, bringing together on the same platform persons who occupied during their lifetime widely different positions in society, and moved in different and even conflicting spheres, the writer has merely to reply, that if this be a fault in the work, it is a fault in the Necropolis also; and not in the Necropolis alone, but in every existing cemetery and church-yard—a fault in the very grave itself. Death is the great leveller:—

“’Tis here all meet,
Men of all climes, that never met before;
The shiv’ring Icelfander, and sun-burnt Moor;
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Christian;”

—and not only of all climes and creeds, but of all grades and professions. The poet and the philosopher, the actor and

the divine, the humble clerk and the princely merchant, all meet in the grave :—

“ There servants, masters, small and great,
Partake the same repose ;
And there in peace the ashes rest
Of those who once were foes.”

Any incongruity in this respect, therefore, which may be thought to appear in the contents of this little volume, must be laid to the charge of the subject. That subject once selected, the writer had no alternative. If persons are here associated together who were not accustomed to associate in the busy scenes of life, they are so because we find them united in the silent grave at last, whither we are all fast hastening. Indeed, so far as relates to the minor consideration of rank, we discover but little in the Necropolis of the aristocratic element. It is singularly worthy of remark, that almost all its most prominent monuments are erected to persons who rose by their own exertions and merits from a humble position in society, either to affluence or to fame, or at least to high respectability and public usefulness. Ample proof of this will be found in the following pages. We mention it, not as a disparagement, but rather as conferring additional lustre on many names which have been considered worthy of conspicuous monuments. And this very circumstance, indeed, enhances the value of the Necropolis as an useful monitor to the living. It reminds the visitor that even the humblest in the social scale may, by perseverance in well-doing, attain not only to wealth and distinction in life, but even to posthumous honors.

It only remains to be stated, that the following pages were suggested by a series of papers, from the pen of the author, which appeared in one of the Glasgow journals several years ago, and some of which, with the necessary changes and adaptations, are embodied in the present work. The account has been brought down to the latest possible date, and a summary of the contents of the volume, intended to serve as a Guide for the *immediate* use of visitors, is given at the end of the Appendix. By following the route adopted, which, with a few occasional deviations, is the line of the principal carriage-way, the visitor will find himself introduced to every monument and memory of public interest in the Necropolis.

In conclusion, the Author gratefully acknowledges his obligations to Archibald Newall, Esq., the venerable Collector to the Merchants' House, for kindly affording him every facility in obtaining the requisite information.

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ERRATA.

Page 50, third line from foot, for *point it*, read *point it out*.

* 67, seventh do. do. for *poroductions*, read *productions*.

GLASGOW NECROPOLIS.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

GLASGOW : PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE—INTRAMURAL AND EXTRAMURAL
INTERMENT—ELEVATING TENDENCY OF GARDEN CEMETERIES—LINES
ON THE NECROPOLIS, BY A LADY.

"How vain to hope for never-dying fame,
If souls can die ! But that they never die,
This thirst of glory whispers. Wherefore gave
The great Creator such a strong desire
He never meant to satisfy ? These stones,
Memorials of the dead, declare the soul
Immortal. Man, form'd for eternity,
Abhors annihilation, and the thought
Of dark oblivion. Hence, with ardent wish
And vigorous effort, each would fondly raise
Some lasting monument, to save his name
Safe from the waste of years. Hence Cæsar fought ;
Hence Raphael painted ; and hence Milton sung,"—MICHAEL BRUCE.

GLASGOW is justly proud of the magnificent trophies of her commercial and manufacturing enterprise, as these are exhibited to the world at this moment. Her glory is not associated with the past alone. As certain individuals who boast much of their ancestry have justly been compared to a common esculent, of which the most valuable portion is in the ground, so there are cities which survive only in ruins, which are great only in desolation, and live only in the dead. Their honor and glory are in the dust, and all their proudest reminiscences point backward into the past. They are visited by poets, pilgrims, and antiquaries, not to admire them as they are, but to muse amid the crumbling memorials of their departed grandeur. Some cities are distinguished

only as museums of their own history. Like Egypt, their sepulchres are their monuments. Their greatness is deciphered only in hieroglyphics.

Glasgow, on the other hand, is great in modern history. Her wealth, her grandeur, her architectural elegance are of yesterday. It is within half a century that she has sprung up into a really great city, swarming with a population of hundreds of thousands. And still she moves forward in her career—stretches out on every side—extends her traffic, her shipping, her manufactures, and looks to the future rather than to the past, or even the present, for the full development of her resources, and the brightest page in her history.

And yet this mighty modern Glasgow is not a mere mushroom. She has also her hallowed and venerable associations—her records and monuments of the remote past, as well as other cities that have less to glory of in the present, and less to anticipate in the future. Glasgow can point to her majestic Cathedral as one magnificent and enduring proof that she is not entirely modern. This stately and imposing edifice, soaring amid the smoke of her modern enterprise, links her present greatness with the dim traditions of her mediæval origin. Much that is ancient and venerable is embalmed in the throbbing heart of this mighty aggregation of the works of modern industry.

But, even without reverting to the silently significant monuments of remote ages, Glasgow has monuments of more modern meaning, and of more recent erection, which cannot be contemplated by the native citizen, or even by the thoughtful stranger, without deep interest. Youthful as Glasgow still is in point of commercial and manufacturing greatness, one generation has already passed away of those who beheld the progressive dawning of this greatness, and acted an important part in promoting it. A City of the Dead is silently growing up in the midst of her, even while she still lives, extends, prospers, and multiplies. The dead are accumulating amid the living, and their monuments are rising like a

tall and beautiful pyramid that overtops the city. Indeed, we may affirm that one of the distinguishing characteristics of Glasgow is the ample and excellent provision which she has already made for the last resting-places of her departed sons; and one of these, the Necropolis, with the manifold materials for study and reflection which it affords, will constitute the interesting subject of the following chapters.

The fearful disadvantages of intramural interment have only lately been recognised; and the total abolition of this unwholesome practice forms one important part of the great sanitary movement which has evidently set in at last, and for which we believe that we are not a little indebted to the recent repeated visitations of one of the most awful and mysterious scourges that afflict humanity. Burying within the precincts of populous towns has long been a practice almost exclusively confined to this country. In most of the continental cities, the cemeteries for the dead are removed considerably beyond the walls, and often to a distance beyond the suburbs. There is a picturesqueness about these continental cemeteries, of which, till lately, we had almost no instances in this country. The very form of the monuments, often constructed of evanescent materials, strikingly contrasts with the heavy monotony of stone slabs, which generally constitutes the leading feature of English or Scottish churchyards. In this country, a burial-place was almost uniformly associated with a church; and hence the fact that, till of late years, even our detached cemeteries were termed churchyards. This also accounts for the circumstance, that most of our city churchyards are located in the heart of the population. People have a natural desire to repose after death, and to deposit the remains of their deceased relatives, in what they consider sacred ground. Death and the grave are associated with religion, because they are calculated, more than anything else, to withdraw our thoughts from the things of this world and to fix them on religious considerations. Hence the dead have crowded and accumulated around churches, and some-

times even penetrated within the house of God, although it is a maxim of the Presbyterian creed that no peculiar sanctity attaches to particular localities. We do not, like our brethren of the Church of England, consecrate our places of worship or the cemeteries of the dead; and yet we have a natural desire, based on the deepest and purest feelings of our nature, to associate an atmosphere of sanctity with both places, and to link them together by a common bond of religion.

This is a feeling which it would be unwise to condemn, and exceedingly cruel to resist, except when it comes into contact with higher and holier considerations. And that it does so in creating and perpetuating the evil of intramural interment, is a truth which is now generally acknowledged, and which, we are happy to say, is beginning to be universally acted on. The ancient practice of consuming the bodies of the dead on the funeral pile is repugnant to the feelings and the usages of all Christian countries; and, this being the case, it is certain that nothing can be more deleterious than to bury the remains of the dead amid the homes and haunts of the living. The extent to which this practice was long carried in London, from want of extramural accommodation, has led to disclosures that are perfectly appalling, and cannot fail to have hurried prematurely into their graves thousands and hundreds of thousands.

These facts are now beginning to be well understood in this island; and Scotland, we rejoice to say, has taken the lead in the enlightened movement which duty and common sense, and even religion, dictate. Few of our large towns are now without ample and increasing accommodation in the shape of cemeteries. This is the more creditable to Scotland, as it shows that religious prejudices—merely as such—are not permitted to stand in the way of substantial and acknowledged improvements. England has not the same prejudices to contend with; for, in England, wherever a burial-place is provided in connection with the Established Church, the ground is solemnly consecrated by religious rites. In Scot-

land it is not so; and yet we may repeat with perfect safety that Scotland has taken the lead in the movement, showing that, in this part of the island, genuine religion is not confounded with merely religious prejudices, however amiable.

Glasgow affords one of the most favorable illustrations of this truth. We may now say that no city in the world is better provided with suburban cemetery accommodation. There are about twenty burying-grounds in all in the city and suburbs. Most of these, we need not say, are mere obscure depositories of the dead—confined within narrow bounds, and totally devoid of the attractive decorations of a more modern taste. No considerable improvement was made in this respect until, in the year 1833, the Necropolis was opened as a place of public interment. This will always be, in some respects, the finest cemetery in Glasgow; but it does not stand alone. The Sighthill Cemetery beyond the north-eastern suburbs, the ground of which was purchased for a public burial-place in 1840, and contains forty-nine acres, surpasses even the Necropolis in sylvan verdure, and commands a most delightful prospect. There is also the Southern Necropolis in the Gorbals, which embraces in its beautiful enclosure an extent of twenty-two acres. And, last of all, but not the least attractive in point of natural advantages—we have the Eastern Cemetery on the south side of the Great Eastern Road, embracing an ample area, and commanding a rich and varied view of undulating landscape scenery to the different points of the compass, but more particularly to the south.

In the meantime, we propose to confine our attention to that which has been termed, *par excellence*, the ‘Glasgow Necropolis’—the first necropolis in order of time, not only in Glasgow, but in Scotland, and which, from its peculiar position and circumstances, seems to be selected, by general consent, as the hallowed depository of the ashes of our most distinguished citizens. Before proceeding with our task, however,—a task which involves the *interpretation* of some of the more remarkable monuments—we shall take this oppor-

tunity of stating an important benefit which such monuments as these, and such cemeteries as the Necropolis, are calculated to confer on society.

We cannot say that we entirely agree with the gifted author of the lines with which we have introduced our remarks on the present occasion, in considering the existence of "sculptured bust and monumental urn" as a proof of the immortality of the soul. The wish is sometimes "father to the thought;" but it is not a necessary proof that the thought will be realised, although it may be safely granted that this universal "longing after immortality" affords a presumption that immortality exists, and that death is only a transition-period from one state of existence to another. This, indeed, is what the poet means. It is perfectly natural to ask, why implant this desire for another, a future, and a better state of existence, if death be annihilation, and dissolution extinction? Fortunately, however, we have better proofs of the immortality of the soul than the mere general desire of it. It is not in the cemetery, or in the churchyard, that we are left to grope amid mouldering monuments for this consoling doctrine. It is neither on the rude headstone of the peasant, nor on the magnificent mausoleum of departed greatness, that this revelation is inscribed. We go to epitaphs for useful lessons, and we meditate amid the tombs for improvement; but although the epitaph is as a voice from the dead, it is not a voice from the penetralia of the grave. The sepulchre is faithful to its own mysterious trust—

"Tell us, ye dead! will none of you, in pity
To those you left behind, disclose the secret?
Oh! that some courteous ghost would blab it out,
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be."

This is a question to which the echoes of the sepulchral vault are the sole answer that life extorts from death; and therefore we must consult a higher oracle than monumental marble for light and information on this mysterious subject.

There is, however, much wisdom to be learned in a ceme-

tery or churchyard, if the lesson be read aright. Even the tombstone does not speak with an inspired voice; but it often speaks with a "still small voice," which is deeply instructive. The poet has said, and said truly, that one may find

"books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything:"

and if there be sermons in the very stones of the field, surely there are sermons of still deeper solemnity in those monumental stones that are the sculptured memorials of the dead. This is one of the high and holy uses of an ornamental cemetery. That man must be callous and apathetic, indeed, who is not made better and wiser by occasional intercourse with the tomb. Not that we would go thither to brood over melancholy thoughts, except when we are called by the pious impulses of natural feeling to render the mournful homage of unavailing regret at the grave of a dear friend or near relative; but we would go thither, in a chastened and subdued spirit, to receive the purifying, elevating impressions which the tributes of affectionate remembrance reared so gracefully around us, and the beautiful monuments of the good and great which meet us on the right hand and on the left, are calculated to communicate to the heart. The memory of those who are worthy of the respect, gratitude, and admiration of their fellow-men, whether on account of their great achievements, their moral worth, or their intellectual acquirements, operates as a powerful stimulus to posterity to "go and do likewise"—to emulate their perseverance, their heroism, their domestic and patriotic virtues; and the salutary influence of their great names and good example, is never so effectually and permanently brought home to us as when we are surrounded with the enduring monuments which public gratitude or private friendship has reared, to commemorate their virtues among the living. By such monuments, the merits and memory of the good are "had in everlasting remembrance." Many individuals who would never otherwise have known that such men existed in

this great city, and acted a conspicuous and useful part in the world, are thus made acquainted with their history and with their worth, and are inspired with a laudable ambition to imitate and emulate their example. This must be especially the case when a visit to the monuments and resting-places of the dead is rendered attractive to the public. Rear such monuments in gloomy crypts, or in neglected and repulsive churchyards, and they can never become generally useful, because they will rarely be visited by the living, except in the company of the dead. It is in a cemetery-garden, like the Necropolis—a place frequented by the living—that the eloquent voices of “the mighty dead” find “fit audience.” Even already this mournful and yet delightful spot is crowded with the monuments of many illustrious individuals; and as years roll on, all that is distinguished in Glasgow for either worth or talent will find a conspicuous niche in the same beautiful temple, or in one of the other cemeteries around the city, until in generations that are yet far future, these will be the noble museums of all that is worthy of remembrance in Glasgow’s past history—these will be the Glasgow of the past, standing like silent, solemn monitors around the Glasgow of the living, uttering from their eloquent monumental lips, the names of successive generations of great and good men. Thus our future cities of the dead will be great patterns and examples to the future city of the living.

These, and similar sentiments, are so well expressed in the following exquisite lines by a lady, published in the ‘Glasgow Herald’ twenty-two years ago, that is to say, in the second year of the existence of the Necropolis, and while it was yet comparatively an untenanted blank, that we shall make no apology for here introducing them to the reader. In the case of Motherwell, to whom allusion is made in the penultimate stanza, the prophetic vision of the fair writer was fulfilled, alas, too soon; and that which is expressed in the concluding verse has also been amply realized, as the following pages will show. Would it not be well to realize,

likewise, the very natural aspiration of the fair anonymous writer, by erecting a monument in the Necropolis to one whom we are all proud to recognize as a native of this city—the immortal author of ‘Hohenlinden’ and ‘The Pleasures of Hope?’ We speak advisedly when we say that the citizens of Glasgow would honor themselves by so doing. The dead suffer not by the neglect of the living, but the living may suffer by their neglect of the dead. By refusing to honor the illustrious dead, they dishonor themselves. The absence of a monument to the honor of Campbell—what is it but a monument to the dishonor of Glasgow?—

“Blest was the thought o’er death’s domains,
Nature’s refreshing charms to shed ;
And rear ’mid scenes where beauty reigns
A silent city for the dead.

For why with needless sorrows cloud
The close of man’s existence here,
And in dark charnel-houses crowd
The relics of the lov’d and dear ?

What gorgeous tints adorn the west,
As twilight mourns the expiring day,
And thus should man be laid to rest,
With beauty hallowing his decay.

Far from *his* grave be aught of gloom
Whose better man is yet to rise ;
Bring all things bright to deck the tomb
Where rests the tenant of the skies !

There let affection’s fond hand strew
Fresh flowers above the sleeper’s head ;
Let sunshine and the silver dew
Descend upon his greensward bed.

How good to leave the city’s strife
To muse upon this sacred ground,
And quit the troubled tide of life
To commune with the dead around !

While pointing yet to thoughts more high,
Yon holy towers their shadows cast,
Where buried generations lie—
The saints and heroes of the past.

And living names, to genius dear,
Shall after-times emblazoned see,
On shrines their natal town shall rear
To grace her garden cemet'ry.

Here may the Bard of Hope repose,
The laurel's classic shades among ;
And here, when death her shades shall close,
May sleep the queen of tragic song—

And he who late on Scottish lyre
The echoes woke of ancient time ;
And sung to notes of martial fire,
The death-doomed Harald's runic rhyme.

And other lofty names shall shine,
Recorded by their country's pride ;
For oft hath genius' light divine,
Beamed o'er the city of the Clyde."

CHAPTER I.

OBJECTS OF INTEREST IN APPROACHING THE NECROPOLIS.

“Yon ancient aisles, through which a thousand years,
Mutely as clouds, and rev'rently have swept.”

MRS. HERMANS.

THERE is this twofold advantage connected with a visit to the Necropolis—that it not only commands a magnificent view of Glasgow and the surrounding country, but in approaching it by the High Street, as strangers in quest of the antique and venerable generally do, the visitor passes through almost all that is interesting in local historical association. Glasgow may be said to have radiated from the Cathedral, to which the Necropolis stands in appropriate juxtaposition; and hence, in approaching this point, the visitor is led through the very heart of the ancient city, and walks amid interesting memorials of the past, until, on reaching the summit of the sacred mount, he looks upon the Glasgow of the present, stretching away into the dim distance, from one of the most favorable points for commanding a complete view of it.

We may here remark that there is another approach, the most convenient from the east, entering from Duke Street by St. Anne's Street or Ladywell Street, passing 'Our Lady's Well' and the 'Subdean Mill'—two fine old Romish memorials—and thence proceeding up the course of the Molendinar, and under the arch of the bridge. Except to the antiquarian, however, this approach to the Necropolis is certainly anything but attractive; and even the High Street is generally in such a state, that those who have no particular predilection for the

antique, will find it conducive to their comfort to take advantage of the modern improvement of Stirling's Road in coming from the west-end of the city. On the other hand, we must not omit to remark, that in approaching from the east, by Duke Street, the visitor enjoys the opportunity of studying one of the most chastely beautiful Gothic specimens of modern church-architecture in Glasgow, or perhaps in Scotland. We allude to Wellpark Free Church, erected by Mr. Tennent of Wellpark in 1854, and which, both externally and internally, is quite a gem.

In approaching by the High Street, the first object of interest on the right hand is the College, which was founded by Bishop Turnbull in 1450, and constituted in that year by a bull of Pope Nicholas V., granted on the Bishop's representations, with the concurrence and approval of King James II. (of Scotland), and conferring the power of granting degrees which should pass current throughout Christendom. The academic body of the University consists of the chancellor, the lord rector, the dean of faculty, the principal and vice-chancellor, twenty-two professors, and one lecturer. The lord rector is elected annually by the students; and some of the most eminent men whom this country has produced have successively filled the office. Among the most celebrated professors were Dr. Joseph Black, the father of modern chemistry; Dr. Adam Smith, author of 'The Wealth of Nations;' and Dr. Thomas Reid, the distinguished metaphysician. The immortal James Watt resided for some years within the College as a maker of philosophical instruments, and there it was that he commenced his improvements on the steam-engine, resulting in the literal creation of a power which has changed the face of the world. The College buildings consist of five quadrangles or courts, and are partly situated on the site of the old Blackfriars' Monastery. The principal entrance is surmounted with the royal arms and the initials of Charles II., but the buildings have been erected at various dates. The Hunterian Museum, founded by

the liberality of the celebrated Dr. William Hunter, is an anatomical and antiquarian collection of great interest and value. The number of students in theology, law, medicine, and philosophy, averages from eleven to twelve hundred.

The upper portion of the High Street, commencing about one hundred yards above Duke Street, and terminating at the Rottenrow, is known as the 'Bell of the Brae,'* and here it was that, according to Blind Harry, Wallace had a fierce conflict with the English, about the year 1300, and slew Percy their leader. The English are related to have sallied out from the Archbishop's Palace near the Cathedral, where they were garrisoned at the time. The whole narrative, however, is generally believed to be a fable, without the slightest foundation in truth, and is justly described as "altogether irreconcilable with existing records of unquestionable authority."†

At the top of the High Street, where Kirk Street commences, the Rottenrow diverges to the west, and the Drygate to the east, and these are two of the most ancient and interesting streets in Glasgow. The etymology of the word 'Rottenrow,' which is also the name of a street in London, has given rise to much dispute; but probably it is a corruption of the words *Routine Rue*, or 'Procession Street,' this having formerly been the street in which the majority of the Prebendaries and other officers of the Cathedral resided, and through which it is supposed that the processions uniformly passed on solemn festival occasions. Some of the mansions of the comfortable church dignitaries are still standing, and must have been pleasant residences in former days, furnished with good wine and good gardens, and commanding a most extensive prospect. The Drygate was likewise occupied by many of these mansions, and must have been a somewhat aristocratic street in the days of papal supremacy. The once

* The origin of this name is somewhat doubtful. The most plausible account of it is, that a bell was suspended at this part of the street, which was rung by an old woman on the passing of funeral processions on their way to the Cathedral churchyard.

† Pagan's 'Sketches of the History of Glasgow.'

magnificent 'lodging' of the Duke of Montrose, which stood on the south side of the street, at a little distance from the High Street, has lately been removed to allow of an additional building in connection with the North Prison. A little to the east of this, the house might lately have been seen which was formerly occupied as the mint, and was erected in the time of Robert III.

Passing upward to the grand esplanade, the visitor is gratified with one of the most interesting scenes in Glasgow, or in any city in Europe. It is true that the clumsy Barony Church on the right is rather a blemish than an ornament to the view; but the noble Cathedral, rising in ancient majesty, with more than the honors of eight hundred years upon it, supported on the west by the elegant and imposing structure of the Royal Infirmary, and almost overshadowed on the east by the graceful outline of the Necropolis, crowned with its terraced monuments and green shrubbery, is justly an object of admiration to every stranger.*

It does not fall within our province, in these pages, to give a minute description or extended history of the Cathedral. We merely notice the magnificent structure in passing, as being, undoubtedly, the leading object in the group of which the Necropolis is now a distinguishing feature—as forming one of the most interesting subjects of contemplation from almost every point of it, and as lending, by its very proximity, an air of religious sanctity, and something of the character of a churchyard to that delightful cemetery. Those who may wish to study the edifice in detail, both as regards its history and architectural features, are referred to the late Mr. M'Lellan's admirable 'Essay on the Cathedral,' published in 1831, and Mr. Pagan's 'History of the Cathedral and See of Glas-

* When her Majesty and Prince Albert visited Glasgow on the 14th August, 1849, the royal party, having first inspected the College, proceeded to view the Cathedral; and we read, that on entering the grounds, "the beautiful view of the Necropolis on the opposite side of the *Molendinar*, [the name of the rivulet or *burn*, which now forms a mill-pond between the Cathedral and the Necropolis,] at once attracted the attention of Prince Albert, who expressed himself delighted, and called her Majesty's attention to the prospect. On turning his eyes to the Cathedral, the Prince appeared to be no less delighted, and exclaimed, 'How splendid; truly it is a magnificent old building.'"—*Pagan's History of Glasgow Cathedral*.

gow,' of which, a new edition, detailing the latest improvements, has just been issued.

We shall merely remark that the founder of the See was St. Kentigern, or St. Mungo, who is said to have established here a place of Christian worship, or a religious establishment, not later than the year 580. The spot has therefore been consecrated to sacred purposes for nearly thirteen centuries. No substantial fabric was erected, however, until about the year 1124, when Bishop John, under the liberal auspices of his patron, David I., laid the foundation of a Cathedral, which was consecrated on the 7th July, 1136. About forty years afterwards, this fabric is supposed to have fallen a sacrifice to the flames; and the foundation of the present imposing edifice was laid by Bishop Joceline, in 1181. That excellent prelate lived to complete the Crypt, which is one of the greatest architectural wonders in the world, and which was particularly studied and admired by her Majesty and Prince Albert. The other parts of the Cathedral, though commenced in the time of Joceline, were only gradually completed by his successors. The work was the slow growth of ages, and is even yet incomplete. From the time of the Reformation, it remained in an almost neglected and partially dilapidated state till not more than fifteen years ago, when, being the property of the government, it was, by the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, at a cost of upwards of £12000, subjected to a very extensive renovation. The government was urged to this good work by the representations of our local magistrates and other enlightened citizens; and further improvements have lately been effected, so that we now enjoy the satisfaction of seeing this fine structure restored to something like what it was before the decadence and destruction of the archiepiscopal see. The whole expense of the improvements to the present time, has amounted to upwards of £17000, of which about £3000 have been contributed by the Corporation.

The building is chiefly in the early English pointed style,

and is one of the finest examples of that style in the kingdom. It is the most entire specimen of ancient ecclesiastical architecture now remaining in Scotland. It contains 147 pillars, and is lighted by 157 windows. The parts left unfinished, and which, it is probable, will never be completed, are the transepts or side projections. In the meantime, however, in consequence of that complete renovation of the existing fabric which has just been concluded, the interior of this magnificent edifice presents a spectacle which cannot be witnessed in any other city in Scotland. The unsightly galleries which formerly disfigured the choir have been removed, the old pews have been replaced by others of a new and elegant form, and the floor has been laid with a beautiful tessellated pavement of encaustic tiles. When the whole of the lower tier of windows have been filled with stained glass—a further improvement which is now on the eve of being effected by private subscription—the venerable Cathedral Church of St. Mungo will constitute a centre of attraction to visitors from every part of the kingdom.*

The See of Glasgow was erected into an archbishopric by James IV., in January, 1491. Its suffragans were the bishops of Dunkeld, Dunblane, Galloway, and Argyle. It was divided into ten deaneries, containing 255 parishes, and was endowed with the most princely temporal possessions. "The Archbishops were lords of the Lordships of the Royalty and Baronies of Glasgow; and besides there were eighteen baronies of lands which belonged to them, within the Sheriffdoms of Lanark, Dumbarton, Ayr, Renfrew, Peebles, Selkirk, Roxburgh, Dumfries, and the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright."†

* The honor of the original suggestion of the stained windows is due to Lord Provost Orr. In all, there are forty-six windows to be so decorated—four large ones, each of which will cost L.1000, and forty-two of a smaller size, at L.120 each. The cost of the whole, which is expected to be "the finest work in glass painting, the most perfect and harmonious in the United Kingdom," will therefore amount to upwards of L.9000. Of the four large windows, the first is to be filled in by the Honourable the Board of Works, London; the second by the Messrs. Baird of Gartsherrie; the third by the Trades' House of Glasgow; and the fourth by the Duke of Hamilton. Lord Provost Orr having handsomely initiated the work by subscribing for one of the smaller windows, a number of private gentlemen have liberally followed his example; and we have reason to believe that the whole are already subscribed for. At a meeting of subscribers, which was held on the 4th September, 1856, a committee was appointed to procure information as to the best means of carrying the object into effect.

† Pagan's 'History of Glasgow Cathedral.'

Long before the day of her Majesty and Prince Albert, the Cathedral has been honored with the visits of crowned heads and other persons of distinction. Edward I., during his short sojourn in Glasgow in 1301, performed his devotions within it. James IV. was a canon of the Cathedral. Oliver Cromwell, in 1650, went to the Cathedral in solemn procession from his lodgings in the Saltmarket, and heard a sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Zachary Boyd, minister of the Barony Church. But the principal historical incident connected with this magnificent edifice is, that it was the scene of the great Presbyterian 'General Assembly' of 1638, which met on the 21st November, and continued in session till the 20th December inclusive, having had in all twenty-six diets, nineteen of which were after the Royal Commissioner, the Marquis of Hamilton, had left, declaring the proceedings illegal. By this Assembly, in the words of Hume, "Episcopacy, the High Commission, the Articles of Perth, the Canons, and the Liturgy were abolished and declared unlawful; and the whole fabric which James and Charles, during a course of years, had been raising with so much care and policy, fell at once to the ground." At this protracted Assembly, which was held in the nave of the building, the majority of the aristocracy of the country were present; and the numerous armed trains who accompanied the barons, gave it the appearance of a military demonstration, rather than a peaceful assembling of the representatives of the Church.

The archiepiscopal palace—known as the Bishop's Castle or the Castle of Glasgow—stood on the present site of the Royal Infirmary, a little to the westward of the Cathedral. This ancient and strongly fortified structure, of which the 'great tower' was built by Bishop Cameron, some time between 1430 and 1450, rapidly fell into ruins after the Reformation, and the last remains of it were removed in 1789 to make way for the Infirmary. The Bishop's Castle was twice besieged—first, by the troops of the Regent Arran, who compelled the

garrison of the Earl of Lennox to surrender, on condition of being permitted to retire unharmed; and then, with a barbarous treachery, put them to the edge of the sword. This was during the minority of Mary, Queen of Scots. In the next reign, the castle was held for the young king by a garrison of only twenty-four men, when it was assailed by the Hamiltons in the cause of Mary. The garrison, however, held out until it was relieved by the approach of the troops of Queen Elizabeth.*

On the whole, the scene must have been exceedingly interesting when the Cathedral and the Bishop's Castle were in their glory, and when the surrounding mansions and pleasant gardens of the church dignitaries occupied the present sites of the Drygate and Rottenrow. Transporting our thoughts in imagination to mediæval days, or even to a still more remote period of which tradition has transmitted nothing but a few apocryphal fragments, we find ourselves standing upon the bank of a pellucid rivulet, winding through a deep wooded ravine, on one side of which the rocky elevation that now constitutes the Necropolis, covered with a dark mass of native fir trees, rose perpendicularly from the clear wave in which it was reflected as in a mirror, and flung a dark shadow upon the opposite bank, where the cowed figures of venerable ecclesiastics were seen in 'holy musing,' or walking in solemn religious procession within the precincts of the Cathedral. All these things have now passed away, except the Cathedral and the natural configuration of the surrounding scene; and there is nothing of the past that we would now gladly recall but the pristine purity of the Molendinar Burn, to associate with the elegant modern bridge and the graceful monumental forms that crown the terraces of the Necropolis.

* Directly opposite the Royal Infirmary is an old, picturesque, thatched building, which has been for many years occupied as a public-house, under the imposing designation of 'Lord Darnley's Cottage.' It is so called on the assumption that this was the *site* of the manse of the parson of Campsie, Chancellor of the Chapter, in which, according to M'Ure (the old historian of Glasgow), Lord Daruley lodged when he came from Stirling to visit his father, the Earl of Lennox, in 1567; and where, being either seized with the small-pox or suffering under the effects of poison, he was visited and tended by Queen Mary before his final removal to Edinburgh to meet his treacherous fate. Mr. Simpson, of Stirling's Library, who, with the ample antiquarian resources at his command, has carefully investigated this subject, considers it highly probable that it is so.

The scene, as it appeared at a comparatively modern date, from the immediate vicinity of the bridge, embracing the *rivulet* and the *firs*, is so well sketched by the masterly pencil of Sir Walter Scott, that we shall take this opportunity of quoting the passage. Speaking in the character of his hero in the novel of 'Rob Roy,' he says—"The pile is of a gloomy and massive, rather than of an elegant style of Gothic architecture, but its peculiar character is so strongly preserved, and so well suited with the accompaniments that surround it, that the impression of the first view was awful and solemn in the extreme. I was indeed so much struck that I resisted for a few minutes all efforts to drag me into the interior of the building, so deeply was I engaged in surveying its outward character. Situated in a populous town, this solemn and massive pile has the appearance of the most sequestered solitude. High walls divide it from the buildings of the city on one side; on the other it is bounded by a ravine, through the depth of which, and invisible to the eye, *murmurs a wandering rivulet*, adding by its rushing noise to the imposing solemnity of the scene. On the opposite side of the ravine rises a steep bank, *covered with fir trees closely planted*, whose dusky shade extends itself over the cemetery with an appropriate and gloomy effect. The churchyard itself had a peculiar character; for though in reality extensive, it is small in proportion to the number of respectable inhabitants who are interred within it, and whose graves are almost all covered with tombstones. There is therefore no room for the long rank grass which, in most cases, partially clothes the surface of these retreats, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. The broad flat monumental stones are placed so close to each other, that the precincts appear to be flagged with them, and, though roofed only by the heavens, resemble the floor of one of our old English churches, where the pavement is covered with sepulchral inscriptions. The contents of these sad records of mortality, the vain sorrows which they preserve, the stern lesson which they teach of the nothingness of humanity, the

extent of ground which they so closely cover, and their uniform and melancholy tenor, reminded me of the roll of the prophet, which was 'written within and without, and there was written therein lamentations and mourning and woe.' The Cathedral itself corresponds in impressive majesty with these accompaniments. We feel that its appearance is heavy, yet that the effect produced would be destroyed were it lighter or more ornamental. It is the only metropolitan church in Scotland, except the Cathedral of Kirkwall, in the Orkneys, which remained uninjured at the Reformation."

CHAPTER II.

CHARACTER AND CONSTITUTION OF THE MERCHANTS' HOUSE—
EARLY HISTORY OF THE FIR PARK—RESOLUTION TO CONVERT IT
INTO A CEMETERY—DR. STRANG'S 'NECROPOLIS GLASGUENSIS.'

"Yet, should the best exertions fail,
And fickle fortune turn the scale—
Should a' be lost in some hard gale,
Or wreck't on shore—
The Merchants' House makes a' things hale
As heretofore."—MAYNE'S 'GLASGOW.'

"Look thee, 'tis so—thou singly honest man,
Here, take :—the gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure."—TIMON OF ATHENS.

We pointed out in last chapter some of the most interesting objects that arrest the attention in approaching the Necropolis by the High Street, concluding with a sketch of the Cathedral and the surrounding scene, at a period when no Necropolis existed, from the pen of the most celebrated writer of modern times. We are now on the threshold of the City of the Dead; but before proceeding to enumerate its principal monuments, or walk its silent streets, emblazoned with the records of many names that will long be remembered in Glasgow, and some that have acquired a

wider celebrity, it may be desirable to present our readers with a brief account of its origin. We shall, therefore, take this opportunity of tracing the outlines of the history of the Fir Park from the time when it came into the possession of that most respectable institution, in whose plastic hands it has assumed the beautiful and ornamental aspect which it now exhibits. This will enable us to state some facts which cannot fail to be acceptable to the majority of our readers. To those, at least, who are actually interested in the Necropolis, by ties the most sacred, every circumstance connected with its past history, or present condition, must possess a peculiar value.

The Necropolis was formally opened for interment in March, 1833. Thirty years ago this beautiful cemetery, which even already is literally entitled to the appellation by which it is so justly distinguished,* was a mere wilderness, or little better, known by the name of the Fir Park, or the Merchants' Park. The ground belonged, and still belongs, to the Merchants' House of Glasgow—a charitable institution, to which it was perfectly valueless until converted to its present noble design. This institution was established in 1605, when, in consequence of some disputes between the craftsmen of the city, and those of their fellow-townsmen who aspired to the title of 'merchant venturers,' the proper position of each party was, by mutual consent, authoritatively defined, and what is called the 'Letter of Guildry,' was promulgated as the charter of the merchant rank. It was also, in its original object, an association to protect the fair trader against the encroachments of a numerous class who dealt in contraband goods. The extensive abolition of iniquitous monopolies, as well as an improved administration of the Customs and Excise departments, has now superseded the necessity for private associations with such an object in view; but the Merchants' House still continues to watch over the interests of commerce by occasionally petitioning the Legis-

*Necropolis' is compounded of two Greek words, signifying 'City of the Dead.'

lature for or against such measures as affect the commercial interests of the community. It returns its president, the Dean of Guild, to the town council; and the Dean of Guild Court connected with it is a highly important one, being the tribunal to which are referred all questions regarding the position and construction of streets and buildings. It is, however, chiefly as a wealthy charitable corporation that it continues to discharge important functions, by annually distributing among the families and descendants of decayed members of the House, a sum which averages, one year with another, £1500, in pensions varying, according to the claims or necessities of the recipients, from £5 to £25. The revenue is chiefly derived from certain feu-duties, and the rents of property in houses and lands, of which the corporation became possessed at different periods; as also from the fees for matriculation paid by new members. The late Mr. Ewing of Strathleven left to the House the magnificent bequest of £31,000, and the residuary legatees of the late Mr. Baird of Auchmedden, who died in the official position of Lord Dean of Guild, have lately fulfilled the expressed intentions of that gentleman, by handsomely presenting the House with the sum of £1000. Its constitution is exceedingly liberal, the principal qualification for admission being, that the applicant shall be a trader in Glasgow of fair character, and shall pay the admission or matriculation fee of £10 10s. to the general fund. The society is numerous and highly respectable, numbering, in its list of surviving matriculated members, upwards of one thousand. All the members have an equal voice in the annual election of the Dean of Guild and his council of thirty-six directors, as administrators of the fund. In the year ending October, 1855, there were 14 pensions at £25 each; 20 at £20; 25 at £15; 26 at £10; 2 at £8, and various others at intermediate sums, amounting, in the whole, to upwards of £1600. The pensions conferred in the present year were much the same; but when the recent bequests are realized, their number will be largely increased. We may,

therefore, safely affirm that in purchasing a right of sepulture in the Necropolis, the money bestowed may be regarded as a contribution to a truly benevolent, charitable, and philanthropic object. In the language of the first Necropolis Report, those who are asked to contribute to this good work, are "only asked to plead for the poor, and to help the aged, the orphan, and the widow, who are indeed the peculiar owners of this vast city of the dead."

The Necropolis projects into a promontory, forming part of the estate of Wester Craigs, which was purchased by the Merchants' House in 1650, from Stewart of Mynto, for £1291 13s. 4d. About the year 1750, when Glasgow began to exhibit some indications of its future prosperity, the House resolved to feu out its lands in the neighbourhood of the city, in lots proportioned to the increasing demand, and the whole of the Wester Craigs lands were accordingly feued out to different individuals and companies, under reservation to the House of the right of quarrying the rock or stone at pleasure, for the yearly sum of £70 6s. 8d. There was only one exception to this general disposal of the lands included in the estate of Wester Craigs, namely, the promontory of the Fir Park, which was not feued, either because it was already partially quarried, or because it appeared to be not immediately calculated for any useful purpose, except as a plantation, for which it was accordingly laid out.

In this almost wild state the Park was allowed to remain till the year 1804, when the fir trees, which had gradually predominated over the other varieties, began to decay, and the whole were rooted out. This was the commencement of a new era in the natural history of that beautiful cliff which is now the pride of Glasgow. From that time it was more highly valued and better cared for, as if a presentiment had already existed of its future consecration to a high and holy purpose. The eradicated fir trees were replaced with other varieties, embracing a majority of those which now adorn the spot, a resident keeper was appointed, and the Park was

surrounded with a stone wall, in which was set a tablet with the following homely inscription—

THE MERCHANTS' HOUSE OF GLASGOW
TO WHOM THIS PARK BELONGS,
BUILT THIS WALL ROUND IT,
AT THEIR OWN EXPENSES.

And, strangely enough, on the built-in end of the stone, as if to conceal the illiterate spelling, there was found this simple record of the man to whom the Necropolis is said to be chiefly indebted for its well-wooded appearance at the present day—

ROBERT CARRICK,
DEN OF GUILD, 1804.

The year 1824 was the next important epoch in the early history of the future City of the Dead. In that year the House, with a view to enable them to carry on their quarrying operations with less restraint, *repurchased* from one of their feuars the farm immediately adjoining to the east of the Park, and a portion of which has lately been included within the Necropolis. Animated by similar motives, the House purchased at the same time three small properties adjoining the Lady Well, which once formed a portion of the estate of Wester Craigs, but which had been sold off by Stewart of Mynto before his sale to the House. On these latter properties several interesting tombstones are now erected, some of them indicating the precise spots where those who are now united in death, and interred in the 'narrow house' beneath, were once united in the happy bonds of family intercourse. These most interesting memorials we shall afterwards point out more particularly.

In 1825, the monument to John Knox, which occupies the highest point of the hill, was erected by public subscription. We merely allude to it here in its chronological order. The ceremony of laying the foundation-stone, and a general description of the monument, with some remarks on the great

Reformer himself, will constitute the separate subject of a future chapter.

In the meantime, we may state that all the later acquisitions of the House which we have last mentioned, are located on the east side of the Molendinar Burn, and these acquisitions had all been made before the resolution to form the cemetery had been adopted, or even seriously entertained. Soon afterwards, the House proceeded, in its gradually expanding movement, to the west side of the stream, and purchased the well-known property which once belonged to a name famous in historic romance—the Laird of Limmerfield. A portion of the lands of Limmerfield is now a garden surrounded by a brick wall, immediately adjacent to the lane which forms the approach to the Necropolis Bridge. Another property on the west side of the stream, on which once stood a house of some note, was purchased at the same time. This house was in early days the town residence of a church dignitary; it afterwards became the property of the Earls of Kilmarnock, and then of a respectable citizen and lawyer; it was next elevated to the dignity of a tavern, to which the Magistrates of Glasgow were wont, in the good olden times, to resort for dinner between sermons in the High Church; subsequently it was the rendezvous of the students of botany under Dr. Thomas Brown, who had a collection of plants in the adjoining garden; and finally it was degraded—oh, most lame and impotent conclusion!—into an herb^{al}-house. The remains of this venerable relique of other days are still to be seen, immediately within the wall on the south side of Kirk Lane, at the foot of Messrs Clubb & M'Lean's sculpture and monumental yard.

It was at a period not long subsequent to the purchase of the last property on the west side of the burn, that the attention of the House was seriously directed to the propriety of forming the Necropolis, by the late James Ewing, Esq. of Strathleven, L.L.D., previously Dean of Guild, and afterwards, Lord Provost and M.P. for the city. A meeting of the Com-

mittee of Directors on Lands and Quarries—the first formal meeting on the subject—was held in Mr. Ewing's house in Queen Street, on the 15th of July, 1828. At this meeting Mr. Ewing presided, and the other gentlemen present were the late Mr. Dennistoun of Golfhill, the late Mr. Mackenzie of Craig Park, Mr. Laurence Hill, then Collector, and the late Mr. Douglas of Barloch, then Clerk to the House. Other meetings were subsequently held, and after due inquiry, the committee unanimously agreed to recommend the proposal, and accordingly reported to the House, in Mr. Ewing's words, "that the Fir Park appears admirably adapted for a 'Père la Chaise,'* which would harmonize beautifully with the adjacent scenery, and constitute a solemn and appropriate appendage to the venerable structure in the front; and which, while it afforded a much wanted accomodation to the higher classes, would, at the same time, convert an unproductive property into a general and lucrative source of profit to a charitable institution."

This report was presented to the House on the 15th of October, in the following year (1829,) by Mr. Stewart Smith, then Dean of Guild. The House directed it to be printed and circulated, and, after mature consideration, fully approved of the principle, and remitted to the same committee to report on the details, with a plan for their future adoption. This led to the advertising, in January 1831, for plans, sections, and relative estimates, for converting the Park into an ornamental Cemetery, in the manner which should best embrace economy, security, and picturesque effect. Not less than sixteen plans were received, and were exhibited for public inspection in the Diletanti Society's Rooms, Argyle Arcade. Liberal premiums were awarded for the five best; but all of them were ultimately thrown aside, and the laying out of the grounds was entrusted to the sole charge of a superintendent, who was left unembarassed in his operations.

* The name of the beautiful Cemetery near Paris, after the model of which the Necropolis was planned and laid out.

We may state that at this time, the only entrance to the park which the House had a right to, was by Ladywell Street, at a point in the adjacent wall a little to the east of the well. It was once contemplated to erect at this point the entrance-gate to the new place of interment, when attention was called to the propriety and practicability of improving the access by purchasing the means of doing so in various directions; and at length, on the 20th September, 1831, the report of the committee recommending a bridge at the foot of Kirk Lane, was approved of, and remitted to the same committee, with powers to carry it into effect.

We have thus arrived at that point in our narrative when it was finally resolved to proceed in the good work, and when measures were actually about to be taken for converting the Merchants' Park into a garden cemetery. To estimate the full importance of this proceeding, it must be remembered that this was the first thing of the kind attempted in Scotland, that it conflicted in some degree with national or religious prejudices, that in a sanitary view it inaugurated a new era in Glasgow, and set an example to other towns, which was speedily followed throughout the kingdom. No inconsiderable credit is due to those who were chiefly instrumental in promoting this important improvement, and therefore we consider it a simple act of justice to state that though the late Mr. Ewing of Strathleven appeared, from his prominent official position, and his hearty zeal in the cause, as the principal leader in the movement, yet there were other public-spirited citizens who actively co-operated with that gentleman, and to some of whom, perhaps, the credit is due of making the original suggestion. Among these may be prominently mentioned Laurence Hill, Esq., L.L.B., at that time Collector to the Merchants' House, who labored with the utmost ardor to urge this enlightened improvement; and afterwards commenced a periodical work on the Necropolis, to which we are indebted for some of the historical facts contained in this chapter, and to which further allusion will

be made when we arrive at the burying-ground of the Jews. Another work, too, was published at this period, which operated with no slight effect in imparting an impulse to the modern cemetery reformation—we allude to the ‘Necropolis Glasguensis’ by Dr. Strang, the accomplished author of ‘Travels in Germany,’ ‘Glasgow and its Clubs,’ &c.* This volume is eloquent throughout, and breathes a fine spirit. It was favorably received at the time, and though published with a temporary object in view, it possesses a permanent interest, and may be perused with advantage and delight at this moment. In a notice of the work which appeared in the ‘Scotsman’ of that day, we find the following piece of just criticism, blended with a somewhat amusing conjecture, which may excite a smile:—“The account of the funeral rites of different nations,” says the reviewer, “and the many fine passages culled from the English, French, and Italian poets, will render the publication interesting to readers who attach no importance to its immediate object. From the air of piety which pervades the work, and the many passages from scripture interwoven with it, we are led to infer that Mr. Strang is a very religious person—possibly an elder in some super-orthodox kirk. Be this as it may, he is a man in whose mind, sense, taste, and fancy are happily blended; and our ardent wish is, that the Glasgow folk may have enough of these qualities to act upon his suggestions.”

This latter consummation was not anticipated, however, even by the reviewer himself. In those days a garden-cemetery was a novelty in advance of the age. “We agree with Mr. Strang,” says the same writer, “in thinking that the neglected state of churchyards in Scotland is a disgrace to the country. But it will not be easily remedied; because, while it springs, we admit, partly from an austere aversion to everything that savours of the mummary and superstition

* Dr. Strang has filled for many years the office of City Chamberlain in Glasgow, his native city, and the annual statistical accounts prepared by him in that official capacity, and showing the remarkable progress of the city in wealth, population, and traffic, are not the least valuable of his labors.

witnessed in Catholic countries, it has, we suspect, its origin chiefly in a deficiency of sentiment which belongs to our national character." And the 'Edinburgh Observer' of the same period says—"Mr. Strang's scheme is a magnificent one. If it is patronised by his townsmen, *which we scarcely hope*, let us anticipate that the time will arrive when the citizens of Edinburgh, too, will turn their attention to a like improvement. There are many spots in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh which, under a tasteful superintendence, might be turned into a very sweet and solemn 'Field of Rest.' "

We present our readers with these contemporary comments on Dr. Strang's work merely to show, that at the period when that work was published, the idea of a garden cemetery was yet with difficulty entertained. The Edinburgh journalists of the day did not believe that Glasgow possessed sufficient 'sense, or taste, or fancy,' to realize the conception. They looked upon Dr. Strang as a brilliant 'super-orthodox' luminary burning in a dense cloud of Scotch prejudice and Glasgow smoke. Even one of our local papers, the 'Courier,' ventured to surmise that the orator was somewhat too learned for his audience, and indulged in "rather a liberal allowance of Italian." Nay, the sarcastic rogue dared even to suggest, that "for the benefit of the Honourable [Merchants'] House, Mr. Strang should have translated."

When the 'Necropolis Glasguensis' was published in 1831, the resolution of the Merchants' House to convert the Fir Park into a garden cemetery, was already 'seriously entertained,' as the author himself states, and we have seen that the committee had already advertised for plans; but many of the arguments adduced in Dr. Strang's work had previously appeared in periodical publications from the same pen, and had operated with powerful effect in preparing the public mind to entertain the proposal.

CHAPTER III.

THE BRIDGE—THE FAÇADE—PROJECTED TUNNEL—THE EGYPTIAN
VAULTS—GATE AND LODGE—LATER IMPROVEMENTS.

“ I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs ;
A palace and a prison on each hand :
I saw from out the wave her structure rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter’s wand :
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me.”—CHILDE HAROLD.

THE ‘Necropolis Glasguensis,’ which, as we have stated, was published in 1831, agreeably arrested the details of our narrative at that point when active measures were about to be taken to convert the Park into a cemetery, and when, as the first important movement in this direction, the report of the committee recommending a bridge at the foot of Kirk Lane was, on the 20th September of the year above-mentioned, remitted to the same committee, with powers to carry it into effect.

In the meantime, the superintendent proceeded with his superficial improvements. When in 1804 the gloomy wilderness of decaying fir-trees had been rooted out, a considerable number of elms which had grown in the midst of them were left standing, and various other trees were planted. It was, however, at a subsequent period, and chiefly, we believe, at the suggestion of the secretary, Mr. Douglas of Barloch, that walks were formed and the ground laid out so as to render the Fir Park accessible as a place of public resort. The superintendent took advantage of these existing improvements, as far as they could be rendered subordinate to the new design of the Park, and additional walks and other improvements were made, to adapt it to the requirements of a place of public sepulture. Trees especially associated with

the resting-places of the dead, of which the elm is a recognised favorite, and with which may be classed the plane, the poplar, the sycamore, the oak, and some others, were planted in appropriate places, so as to produce the best effect, without unnecessarily interfering with the purposes of the ground.

To preserve the continuity of our narrative, as regards dates, we may here remark, that Joseph Levi, a Jew, was interred within the precincts of the Necropolis on the 12th of September, 1832. This was the first interment in the Necropolis, and was attended with peculiar and interesting circumstances, which will be detailed at length in a future chapter. We find, on consulting the register at the Lodge, that the first Christian interment was that of Elizabeth Miles, wife of Mr. George Mylne, senior, and father of the first superintendent, which bears date February 9, 1833. It was not, however, till the 12th of March, in the latter year, that the committee were formally authorised to dispose of burial-places in the grounds, "on such terms and under such regulations as they might find most for the advantage of the House."

The foundation-stone of the Bridge was laid on Friday, the 18th October following. On that day, James Hutcheson Esq., the Dean of Guild, and his fellow-directors of the Merchants' House, with a considerable number of the matriculated members of the same body, met in the town hall, from which they went in procession along High Street and Duke Street, and entered the cemetery by a new approach which had only lately been formed from Duke Street at Ladywell. This approach, with its neat old-fashioned lodge, still remains, but is not open to the public. A platform was erected on the east bank of the Molendinar, where the Dean of Guild, and the Lord Provost (James Ewing, Esq.), the clergymen, the members of the Merchants' House, a great number of ladies and gentlemen, and Mr. Orme's cathedral band, were accommodated; and the west side was occupied by the spectators. The boys belonging to the Hutchesons' Hospital occupied a

portion of the bridge which was already built. After the cathedral band and the spectators generally had sung a portion of the 90th Psalm, to the homely but thrilling music of 'Coleshill,' the very Rev. Principal Macfarlan offered up an impressive prayer, concluding with these words:—

"We implore thy blessing on those time-honored institutions by which so much distress has been alleviated, and so many improvements effected. May their existence be perpetuated, and may their prosperity and usefulness increase from day to day. Be especially gracious to that institution, to supplicate thy countenance on whose measures we are met now in thy presence, and prosper that undertaking which is commenced this day in thy name. May it proceed safely, and be in due time happily accomplished. May its effects be, in thy hand, to soothe many a wounded heart, to perpetuate many a kind and fond recollection, to strengthen the bond of mutual love between those who survive, by keeping up the remembrance of mutual attachment to the departed; and to hallow the memory of the holy, the wise, and the good, as a lesson and an example to those who are left behind. To thee, O our God, we commit all our thoughts, our ways, and our works, for time and for eternity, and be thou graciously pleased to hear and accept of us in mercy, through Christ our Mediator. Amen."

The foundation-stone was then laid by Mr. Hutcheson, Dean of Guild, who addressed the Lord Provost and assemblage in appropriate terms, declaring that he felt a deep and affecting interest in laying the foundation stone of a bridge, intended to be the principal communication between the habitations of our ever-busy and active population in this commercial city, and the silent but interesting city of the dead. When the whole was completed, he remarked, it would form a scene so magnificent and so interesting as would scarcely be equalled by anything of the kind in the United Kingdom. To this address Mr. Ewing replied as Lord Provost, stating, that the last ceremonial of the kind at which he had the honor to assist, was the foundation of a bridge for the living; this, as had been justly observed, might be called a passage for the dead; and the stream over which it was carried might remind them of the river which they must all cross—the separation between time and eternity.

Two inscriptions, intended to be placed on an obelisk to be erected at the eastern end of the bridge, were then read by

Mr. Douglas, Clerk of the House. The obelisk, containing the inscriptions, was afterwards erected, but has been subsequently removed; and one of the inscriptions has been transferred to the gateway of the façade. The other inscription, from the pen of Principal Macfarlan, has not yet been restored; but may, perhaps, re-appear on the blank tablet which surmounts the gateway, and is in the following words:—

The Necropolis,
or
Ornamental Public Cemetery,
Was constructed by
The Merchants' House of Glasgow,
In their Property,
To supply the Accommodation required
By a rapidly-increasing Population,
And, by Embellishing the Place of Sepulture.
To invest with more Soothing Associations
That Affectionate Recollection of the Departed
Which is cherished by those who survive.
A. D. MDCCCXXXIII.
Even from the Tomb the voice of Nature cries.

The late Rev. Dr. Black of the Barony Church then offered an appropriate prayer, and the second paraphrase was sung, beginning with the following beautiful lines:—

“O God of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.”

This concluded the solemn service. The paraphrase was sung to the sweet melody of ‘Martyrdom,’ which, as it ascended from the valley in the solemn harmony of so many blended voices, produced an impression that singularly harmonized with the scene and with the character and purpose of the assemblage.

The Bridge is a spacious Roman arch, of 60 feet span, and was built according to a specification and design of Mr. James Hamilton. The lowest of five offers, Mr. John Lochore’s, at £1240, was accepted. The stone is chiefly from Milton quarry. It was arranged, at the same time that this bridge

was erected, to improve the church-road through the valley, on the cemetery side of which a handsome iron railing was subsequently erected—forming an excellent fence, and, at the same time, permitting an unobstructed view of the Necropolis. This bridge has been not inappropriately termed ‘THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.’ How many pass it in tears! How many—never to return! There is, indeed, a ‘prison’ on the one hand—a noble ‘palace’ on the other.

It will be observed that beneath the new bridge is another small and very ancient arch in a somewhat dilapidated state. This, we have reason to believe, is one of the oldest pieces of masonry in Glasgow, and may, perhaps, be coeval with the time when the earliest parts of the Cathedral were built, and when the curious name of the ‘Molendinar’—signifying, in monkish Latin the *mill-burn*—was first given to the rivulet beneath, from its furnishing the water-power for the Sub-dean mill. Near it, on the western bank, is an excellent spring, which still continues, we believe, to be known as ‘the Minister’s’ or ‘Priest’s Well.’

The next object of interest is the Façade, at the east end of the bridge. It was not till the autumn of 1835 that the House contracted with Mr. John Park of Anderston Walk for this important improvement, which not only forms a conspicuous architectural ornament at the entrance to the Necropolis, but which was, in fact, necessary as a retaining work, in consequence of the widening of the road-way at that point to allow space for the turning of carriages.

This façade, which forms a striking object, as seen from the foot of the Kirk Lane or the bridge, is in a highly ornate style of Elizabethan architecture, which, although a strange medley of the Gothic and Roman, has something peculiarly noble and picturesque about it. The plan was by Mr. John Bryce, and the stone from Mr. Stirling’s quarry of Kenmure. It consists of a grand central archway, on each side of which are two wings, with two mausoleums in each. The archway, which forms the entrance to other two mausoleums,

forming six in all, is supported on each side by buttressed piers of massive strength, and in bas-relief on the entablature is the city arms, surmounted by a decorated tablet supporting three vases. The wings on each side terminate in octagonal towers, and are surmounted by a perforated parapet. The interior of the mausoleums on each side of the principal arch may be seen through the iron grating of the doors; but the central arch is completely shut up with a massive gate of two valves, which totally precludes inspection. We may therefore observe, that it penetrates only to about the same depth as the other four mausoleums, and that none of the six mausoleums has ever yet been disposed of or applied to any useful purpose in connection with the objects of the Necropolis. Over the archway is the inscription—"Erected A.D., MDCCCXXXVI. James Martin, Dean of Guild," On the valves of the principal gate has been placed the following inscription from the pen of the late James Hutcheson, Esq., who, as we have seen, presided as Dean of Guild at the laying of the foundation-stone of the bridge :—

This Bridge
Was erected by
The Merchants' House of Glasgow,
To afford a proper Entrance to their new Cemetery,
Combining convenient access to the Grounds,
With suitable decoration to the venerable Cathedral
And the surrounding scenery;
To unite
The Tombs of many generations who have gone before
With
The resting-places destined for generations yet unborn,
Until
The Resurrection of the Just :
When that which is sown a Natural body,
Shall be raised a Spiritual body ;
When this Corruptible must put on Incorruption,
When this Mortal must put on Immortality,
When Death is swallowed up in Victory ;
Blessed is the Man who trusteth in GOD, and whose hope
The LORD is.

This very beautiful inscription, which, with the shorter one by Principal Macfarlan, was, as already stated, formerly engraved on an obelisk erected at the east end of the bridge,

has been placed in the position which it now occupies under the directions of Mr. Newall, the present venerable Collector of the Merchants' House, to whose spirit and good taste, aided by the countenance and co-operation of John M'Ewan, Esq., and other intelligent and influential gentlemen, members of the 'Committee on Cemetery, Lands, and Quarries,' the Necropolis has of late years been indebted for so many important improvements, involving, indeed, a complete transformation of the general aspect of the grounds.

It was once intended to have carried the excavation, indicated by the central archway of the façade, completely through the solid rock which constitutes the elevated promontory of the Necropolis, so as to communicate by a tunnel with the deep basin of the quarry on the opposite side, designed to constitute the central valley of the Necropolis at a future day. That this idea will ever be carried into execution is far from probable. By simply turning to the right at the grand façade, and proceeding round the base of the hill, the access to the opposite side is almost perfectly level, and is not very circuitous. It is true that one of the principal objects in connection with the projected tunnel was to convert it into a subterranean crypt, or range of tiered catacombs. Such subterranean places of interment were regarded with much favor before the introduction of the modern cemetery improvement—a circumstance chiefly attributable to the fact, that besides being associated with aristocratic interment, they were supposed to afford complete security against the sacrilegious burglary of the resurrectionist. It was once gravely proposed by the late Dr. Cleland, our celebrated statist and superintendent of public works, to convert the entire burying-ground of St. David's into "one grand vaulted cemetery, similar to the crypt of that church, the spandrils or upper sides of the groined arches to be paved, and the area or square thus formed to be used for public purposes." Indeed, we believe it was actually suggested, that the area above should be converted into a cattle-market. This was

the *ne plus ultra* of the absurd and incongruous. To be 'buried with the burial of an ass,' like Jehoiakim, is bad enough; to be shut up in a gloomy sepulchral dungeon, where the light of the sun never shines, is still worse; but to be interred beneath a cattle-market, in a damp, dismal crypt, is perfectly appalling. These subterranean places of sepulture, including the projected tunnel through the Necropolis, seem to have latterly fallen into merited disrepute, now that there is little or nothing to apprehend from the midnight ravages of the resurrectionist. The Act of Parliament which rendered the profession of the resurrectionist unprofitable, abated also the growing mania for subterranean accommodation in the shape of vaulted cemeteries; and this being the case, we are strongly disposed to believe that the idea of tunnelling the Necropolis, from west to east, is not likely to be resuscitated. Now that the classical conception of garden-cemeteries has been developed, making even the tomb beautiful, and crowning with a wreath of flowers the pale forehead of death, men are beginning to manifest a preference for that mode of interment. The love of the beautiful is not extinguished with life—it seems to haunt us in the tomb. Even in the silence and cold seclusion of death we wish to participate in the glories of this green earth—to rest from our labors at the close of life's pilgrimage, not in some dark nook of the universe, far from the society or sympathy of civilised men, but amid our own kindred in some familiar and yet beautiful spot, where the sun may shine cheerfully on the green turf, or the emblematic flowers which nature or the hand of affection may have scattered over our graves. This is a natural, and it is a beautiful sentiment, calculated, we believe, to elevate the character and aspirations of man as a moral, religious, and intellectual being.

The idea of tunnelling the hill, for the sake of a series of subterranean chambers, worthy of the mummied majesty of Egypt's gloomy catacombs, may therefore be entirely abandoned. This is an idea which we would explode without the

shadow of a regret. Why bury graves? Why excavate the solid rock to entomb even the tomb, as if it were desirable to make death awful, and to lock up even the sepulchre in a dungeon? We therefore dismiss the idea, once for all, as an antiquated, obsolete, hypochondriacal imagination, which modern enlightenment and an improved taste co-operate with common sense in condemning:—

“Let Vanity adorn the marble tomb
 With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of renown,
 In the deep dungeon of some Gothic dome,
 Where night and desolation ever frown—
 Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down;
 Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
 With here and there a violet bestrewn,
 Fast by a brook, or fountain’s murmuring wave;
 And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave.”

The next considerable source of expenditure connected with the gradual improvement of the Necropolis, was the construction of the Egyptian vaults on the western declivity of the hill, near Knox’s monument. As stated in the First Annual Cemetery Report, which is dated June 9th, 1835, “The great proportion of sales were made to parties whose immediate bereavements had not left them the means or time to obtain the accommodations they would otherwise have desired, and there were not unfrequent instances of purchasers being disappointed in the selection of particular sites for tombs from the mere want of time requisite between the funeral, and the order to get the proper works completed.” It was in some measure to obviate this inconvenience that the Egyptian vaults were erected, or rather excavated, in 1837, to afford the necessary accommodation for receiving the remains of the departed in those numerous instances where it was necessary to prepare a tomb after, perhaps, a sudden bereavment. The cemetery has now a considerable number of tombs always ready to meet immediate exigencies; but the Egyptian vaults are still in frequent use, and will always continue to be so, because it often happens that purchasers select particular spots in which there is no tomb pre-

pared; and the process of excavating these tombs in the solid rock of the Necropolis is necessarily a work of time. The iron gateway of the Egyptian vaults may be seen by the visitor a few yards below the rocky base of Knox's monument, and particular attention will be drawn to the structure in the course of our future pilgrimage in that direction.

In 1838 an ornamental cast-iron gate, from a design by Mr. David Hamilton, architect, was erected at the entrance, or west end of the bridge. This gate is an exceedingly elegant and massive structure, and cost, with the fitting up, &c., £151. On each valve is a cast of the city arms, with the appropriate motto, "*Toties redeuntis eodem;*" and the following record of its erection and founder—"William Brown of Kilmardinny, Dean of Guild, MDCCCXXXVII and XXXVIII. T. Edington and Sons." The gentleman here mentioned as Dean of Guild, was re-elected *ad interim* to that office, on the 9th September, 1856, after the lamented death of the late William Connal, Esq.

In 1839-40, the gate-keeper's lodge was erected, from a design by Mr. Hamilton, on a piece of ground adjacent to the bridge, which was purchased on favorable terms for that purpose from the Commissioners of Woods and Forests. This small but elegant and ornamental building, was erected at an expense of £413 10s. 4d., including the expenditure on the elaborate embankment which was necessary to lay a proper foundation. In style it is a castellated Gothic structure, and the heavy mass of rusticated work on which it rests can only be seen to advantage from the church-road beneath.

In 1846-7, the sum of £500 was contributed from the funds of the Necropolis towards the public improvement which was then in course of execution, for opening a direct approach to the Cathedral from Stirling's Road. It is stated in the report for that year, that the Directors considered this work "of great importance to the cemetery, as opening up a more direct communication with the western parts of the city by a more easy approach than it has hitherto enjoyed, and so obviously bene-

ficial to the Necropolis in every respect, that they considered themselves justified in expending the large sum referred to; in which they have the farther satisfaction of knowing that they have aided in effecting a great public improvement which it would otherwise have been difficult to accomplish."

In 1848-9, a house for the superintendent was erected on the elevated ground at the east side of the quarry, and was completed at a total cost of about £400. At this time, also, great improvements were effected in the laying out of the ground, under the liberal sanction and enlightened direction of Andrew Galbraith Esq., during his tenure of the office of Dean of Guild, from October 1848 to October 1850.

These operations embraced the heaviest items of expenditure connected with the actual wants of the Necropolis; but, during the last few years, numerous retaining walls have been erected, additional walks have been formed, embankments levelled, hollows filled, and these and other improvements which have been carried out, or are still in progress, necessitate a constant annual outlay. The total expenditure from first to last, has therefore amounted to a very large sum, and has, we have reason to believe, not fallen short of the receipts. Some idea of the heavy outlay necessarily incurred in such improvements, may be formed from the very extensive operations now in progress, to which particular allusion will be made when, in the course of our journey through the upper part of the Necropolis, we reach a favorable point for commanding a view of the quarry. In the meantime, we may state, that from that excavation, an area of probably two acres is now being added to the cemetery, and that, on the east side of the monuments which crown the summit of the hill, a portion of the meadow has just been enclosed, embracing from two to three acres. We may add that the ground is kept in excellent order by Mr. Slight, the worthy and obliging superintendent.

CHAPTER IV.

GEOLOGICAL STRUCTURE OF THE NECROPOLIS—ITS SUPERFICIAL EXTENT—NAMES OF THE COMPARTMENTS INTO WHICH IT IS DIVIDED—VIEW FROM BRIDGE—THE MOLENDINAR NUISANCE.

“ Circling the base of the poetic mount,
 A stream there is, which rolls in lazy flow,
 Its coal-black waters from oblivion's fount :
 The vapour-poisoned birds, that fly too low,
 Fall with dead swoop, and to the bottom go,
 Escaped that heavy stream, on pinion fleet,
 Beneath the mountain's lofty-frowning brow,
 Ere aught of perilous ascent you meet,
 A mead of mildest charm delays th' unlab'ring feet.”

—COLERIDGE

HAVING brought our historical notes to a close, we now proceed to give some account of one of the most interesting features of the Necropolis—to which it is indebted, indeed, for its principal natural attractions, and even for its very existence as a cemetery—its geological structure. We shall then describe its superficial arrangements; and after concluding the present chapter with a somewhat unpleasant allusion to the state of the Molendinar burn, we shall be at liberty to start on our tour through the silent city of the dead.

The Necropolis, as already stated, is part of the elevated ridge of the Wester Craigs, which here projects into a promontory, rising to the height of 225 feet above the level of the Clyde, and consisting chiefly of a mass of trap erupted from the bowels of the earth at some not very remote geological epoch. It may be observed in connection with this subject, that the coal-field on which Glasgow is placed, extends over a considerable portion of the Middle and Lower Wards of Lanarkshire. The coal alternates with sandstones and shales, the dip, or inclination to the horizon, being at this part south-east. When,

in the year 1822, Dr. Cleland sunk a bore in the Green to the depth of 366 feet, near the washing-house, with the view of ascertaining the position and character of the coal strata in that locality, he arrived at the rock in which the coal-seams are embedded, at a distance of 119 feet from the surface. In the promontory of the Fir Park, the white rock which Dr. Cleland reached at that depth, crops out; but the mass of the hill to the east is composed of the trap or whinstone of which so considerable a portion has already been excavated in the quarry. It is to the elevation of the latter rock by igneous action, that Glasgow is indebted for the beautiful promontory of the Necropolis. There can be no doubt, that this mass of trap was ejected in a liquid lava-torrent from subterranean regions, rending asunder, by its expansive force, the sandstone and argillaceous rocks of the carboniferous system;—

Turbine fumantem piceo, et cadente favilla;
Attollitque globos flammaram, et sidera lambit:
Interdum scopulos, avulsaque viscera montis
Erigit eructans, liquefactaque saxa sub auras
Cum gemitu glomerat, fundoque exæstuat imo.

Nay, in this particular instance, the trap, as frequently happens, is both a disruptive and overlying mass. In other words, having elevated the superincumbent strata till it burst through them, the liquid trap boiled over at the summit towards the west and south sides, where it may be traced in considerable quantity overlapping the sandstone. This is one of many proofs of the igneous origin of trap, as also of the fact that it must have been erupted from the bowels or inner crust of the earth at a period subsequent to the deposition of the stratified carboniferous rocks. It is, however, a mistake to suppose, as we have seen it stated, that the overlying or overflowing mass has extended to any considerable distance towards the south-west. It is quite true that a trap-dyke, emanating from the Necropolis hill, extends in this direction several miles, passing diagonally under George Street, North Albion Street, Ingram Street,

the Union Bank, Miller Street, Queen Street, &c., and so proceeding in a west-south-west direction to an unknown distance. But the whole of this dyke or vein has been projected simultaneously from below, bursting forth with extraordinary energy, and forming an overlying mass at the Wester Craigs, of which the Necropolis is the commencement.

On the whole, the elevated portion of the Necropolis is almost entirely a mass of solid rock, covered in some places with a scanty soil, and in others exposed to view in terrace-like perpendicular masses—

“A mount—not wearisome, and bare, and steep,
But a green mountain variously up-piled.
Where o'er the jutting rocks soft mosses creep,
Or colored lichens with slow oozing weep;
Where cypress, and the darker yew start wild;”

Of ‘cypress and the darker yew’ there is little; but the soil is sufficient to afford an adequate support to various trees that are scattered over its surface, gracefully blending with its monumental embellishments. Almost the whole of the west side of the hill, rising abruptly from the Molendinar, and stretching south to the precipitous cliff which supports Major Monteath’s monument, is a mass of sandstone. On this side the tombs are not difficult to excavate. At a recess in the declivity, a little to the north of the rocky base of Major Monteath’s sepulchre, the greenish sandstone is exceedingly soft, and masses of trap are lying immediately above it. The sandstone penetrates deep into the hill, of which, however, the great mass is trap, from the summit downwards—a fact abundantly proved by the laborious character of the excavations for tombs which are blasted out of the solid rock on the very brow of the Necropolis. In the valley beneath, which is termed the Lower Necropolis, between the quarry, the Lady Well, and the Molendinar, the graves are chiefly dug with the spade, and do not require to be blasted or hewn out of the rock.

From these observations the reader will be able to appreciate the singular propriety of the terms in which Dr. Strang in his 'Necropolis Glasguensis,' urged the conversion of the Merchants' Park into a garden-cemetery. "In point of situation," he wrote, in the concluding portion of that work, "the ground belonging to the Merchants' House of Glasgow, bears, in fact, no small resemblance to that of Mount Louis [or Père la Chaise]. Its surface, like it, is broken and varied; its form is picturesque and romantic, and its position appropriate and commanding. It is already beautified with venerable trees and young shrubbery; it is possessed of several winding walks, and affords from almost every point the most splendid views of the city and neighbourhood. The singular diversity, too, of its soil and substrata, proclaims it to be of all other spots, the most eligible for a cemetery; calculated, as that should be, for every species of sepulture, and suitable, as it is, for every sort of sepulchral ornament. The individual, for example, who might wish for the burial of patriarchal times, could there obtain a last resting-place in the hollow of the rock, or could sleep in the security of a sandstone sepulchre, while he who is anxious to mix immediately with kindred clay, could have his grave either in a grassy glade, or his tomb beneath the shadow of some flowering shrub. The crypt and catacomb, too, might be there judiciously constructed in the steep face of the hill, while the heights might be appropriately set apart for the cenotaphs and monuments of those who gain a public testimonial of respect or admiration from their grateful countrymen."

How fully and literally these anticipations have been realized, is now matter of observation to every visitor.

The entire area devoted to the purposes of the cemetery, embraces about twenty-four acres, of which not more than one-half, on the side adjoining the Molendinar, is yet enclosed or appropriated. In this we include the recent additions, both from the meadow above and from the quarry below.

According to the original plan, the ground is divided into a variety of compartments, considerably differing from each other in superficial extent. These divisions are bounded and marked out by the principal walks, and are distinguished by the names of the different letters of the Greek alphabet, which, we presume, are considered more euphonous and in better keeping with the solemn character of the place than the too familiar and monosyllabic letters of our own. ‘*Omne ignotum pro mirifico*’ is a principle which seems to be applied in the present instance with very good effect. The Greek nomenclature of the respective compartments, happens likewise to harmonise with the name given, by way of distinction, to the beautiful cemetery as a whole—the word ‘Necropolis’ being, as already stated, a Greek compound (*νεκρων πολις*) which signifies literally a ‘City of the Dead.’ The word ‘Cemetery’ is, in like manner, a word of Greek derivation (*κοιμητηριον*), suggesting the expressive idea of ‘a bed of slumber.’ It is further worthy of remark, that the Greek is a sacred and scriptural as well as classical language, being not only the language of Homer and Plato, but that in which the New Testament has come down to us. We therefore think that the selection of the letters of the Greek alphabet, in naming the divisions of the Necropolis, is not in bad taste.

Now, it happens that in the Greek alphabet there are exactly twenty-four letters; and supposing the surface of the disposable ground to embrace nearly, if not precisely, the same number of acres, the division, if originally planned and carried out on a strictly uniform and systematic scheme, would have allowed about one acre to each letter of the alphabet. But no systematic plan has been adopted. Fifteen of the twenty-four letters are already disposed of in naming the divisions of that portion of the Necropolis ground which is already enclosed; and these divisions are exceedingly unequal to each other in point of superficial extent. That the reader may perceive at a glance the proportion of the alphabetical

list already embraced, we shall subjoin the entire alphabet, distinguishing by Roman capitals, those that have been already appropriated, and the rest by italics:—

ALPHA,	EPSILON,	IOTA,	<i>Nu,</i>	<i>Rho,</i>	<i>Phi,</i>
BETA,	ZETA,	KAPPA,	<i>Xi,</i>	SIGMA,	<i>Chi,</i>
GAMMA,	ETA,	LAMBDA,	OMICRON,	<i>Tau,</i>	<i>Psi,</i>
DELTA,	THETA,	<i>Mu,</i>	<i>Pi,</i>	UPSILON,	OMEGA.

The only principle observable in this alphabetical nomenclature is, that the monosyllabic letters have been omitted; and these, we suppose, are not intended to be used in naming the divisions that may be embraced within the limits of the Necropolis at a future period. Greek words, expressive of appropriate sentiments or ideas, will be applied in their stead; and this process has been already commenced in the naming of one of the compartments near the façade, which is termed MNEMA, a Greek word signifying ‘monument’ or ‘memorial,’ from the verb *μναω* or *μναομαι* (to remember) ‘Mnemata’, the plural of ‘Mnema,’ is the name given to the Frank burying-ground, near Pera, on the Straits of Constantinople. “The vicinity of a cemetery,” says Sir John Hobhouse, in his ‘Travels in Albania,’ “is not in the capital of Turkey judged by any means disagreeable, and no spot is so lively and well frequented as the Armenian and Frank burying-ground, at the outskirts of Pera, called Mnemata, or the tombs. It is shaded by a grove of mulberry trees, and is on the edge of some high ground, whence there is a magnificent view of the suburb of Scutari, and a great portion of the Bosphorus.”

The names given to the different compartments of the Necropolis already enclosed within the boundary-wall, are therefore categorically as follow:—ALPHA, BETA, GAMMA, DELTA, EPSILON, ZETA, ETA, THETA, IOTA, KAPPA, LAMBDA, OMICRON, SIGMA, UPSILON, OMEGA, MNEMA.

Without a diagram or plan, which, from the great irregularity of the ground, would be somewhat difficult of execution, the relative positions of these various compartments cannot be

easily understood by the reader. They are not in the order of alphabetical sequence, but seem to be perfectly arbitrary. We think, however, that we shall be able to explain them satisfactorily, as we proceed, to those who may visit the Necropolis, by starting, as we intend to do, from the bridge, and following the line of the principal carriage-way, with only a few occasional deviations, throughout the entire route.

But before proceeding on this journey, the visitor will naturally pause on the bridge to survey the scene; and it must be admitted that from no other point of view do the terraced heights of the Necropolis appear to greater advantage. There is, indeed, one unfortunate drawback—the state of the Molendinar burn beneath. Standing on the elegant superincumbent structure, we look around and above on a singularly interesting, striking, and picturesque scene, of which the charm is almost utterly blighted when we look down into that

“Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate,
Sad Acheron, of sorrow, black and deep;”

into which the rugged rock, fringed with trees that seem to shrink from the loathed presence of the pestilential wave, dips almost perpendicularly. Nothing can be imagined more repulsive than this stagnant pool, in which the process of decomposition—animal as well as vegetable—is going on perpetually, boiling up here and there in black, leprous spots, which spread in widening circles, exhaling the most pestiferous gases. The whole pool seems to creep and move with the loathsome vitality of putrefaction. It is a dead sea, without conservating salts,

“Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, unutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceived.”

It reminds us of some of the visions, borrowed from the gloomy imaginings of the Pagan mythology, which, like dark clouds from the depths of the unexplored future, swept over

the susceptible mind of young Michael Bruce, when, with a true prophetic inspiration, he wrote the following verses in the prospect of his own approaching end:—

“Oft morning dreams presage approaching fate ;
 And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true ;
 Led by pale ghosts, I enter Death’s dark gate,
 And bid the realms of light and life adieu.
 I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe ;
 I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
Which mortals visit, and return no more.”

—images associated with the dreary religion, or rather with the vague poetical superstitions, of that ancient world which knew of no better or brighter realm than this green earth, with its blue sky and cloudy drapery, and which, if we may judge from the sixth book of the Æneid, painted even its Elysium with a pencil dipped in twilight, and fringed its heaven with midnight. Far other is the happy spirit of Christianity, which prompted the erection of that magnificent cathedral and these graceful monuments, half-hid in leafy verdure, which rise, terrace above terrace, to the pillared summit of the Necropolis. And it gives us pleasure to state, that, in harmony with this improving spirit, measures are about to be taken to abate, if not entirely to remove the nuisance, which has so long been a blot on perhaps the most interesting locality in or around Glasgow. It has even been proposed, indeed, to arch over the dam, so as to connect the Cathedral churchyard with the rocky base of the Necropolis, covering the work with a deep bed of earth, and converting the dry chasm or ravine, which would be thus formed, into a thick belt of plantation. This course was lately resolved on, but some unexpected difficulties have occurred connected with the water-supply to the Subdean mill, to which the dam is essential—a circumstance which many do not regret, in the hope that the difficulties so presented may lead to the adoption of a totally different plan. It may, perhaps, be admitted that a dense mass of green foliage would constitute a finer object as seen from the bridge, and from the ter-

races of the Necropolis, than a constantly boiling cauldron of vegetable putrefaction, the odor arising from which is never agreeable, is certainly deleterious, and is sometimes absolutely intolerable. But how infinitely better would it be if the polluted water could be restored to its primitive purity. A clear, deep pool, occupying the very basin of the present dam, would greatly enhance the picturesque beauty of the Necropolis. The landscape is never complete without a pellucid lake or a stream of running water. Dull, dry, and inanimate is even the most exquisite combination of the beautiful and picturesque in nature without this attraction. Water is the vital spirit of the scene;—

“That spirit moves
In the green valley, where the silver brook,
From the full laver, pours the white cascade ;
And, bubbling low amid the tangled woods,
Slips down through moss-grown stones with endless laughter.”

Indeed, it may be safely affirmed, that by burying the nuisance beneath a mass of mason-work, a principal feature in what may be termed the ‘capabilities of the place,’* would be masked over and obliterated. It is therefore to be hoped that, in the march of modern improvement, a method may yet be devised of getting the Molendinar purified by some deodorizing process—similar to that about to be applied to purify the sewerage of the city—and the pond effectually cleared out and paved, thus retaining so important a feature in the landscape, without the disagreeable effluvia by which the incumbent structure has so long been rendered, in the literal sense of the term, a ‘Bridge of Sighs’ to every unfortunate visitor who ventures to look over the parapet.

But this is a subject from which we are glad to escape, and to which we shall promise not to return. We now proceed upon our journey through the silent city of the dead, with all its endearing memories, and mournful and memorable associations. Notwithstanding the blemish we have just

* An expression, by the way, which gave to a late distinguished landscape-gardener, from his frequent use of it, the soubriquet of ‘Capability Brown.’

mentioned, a lovelier or sweeter spot we would not choose to inhabit, even though associated with the tomb. And while we linger amid the beautiful monuments, and 'hold sweet converse' with memories still green and verdant, it may be that a few readers will not refuse to accompany us in our pilgrimage, where, peradventure, some of us shall sleep at the end of life's journey:—

"Little avails it now to know
Of ages passed long, long ago,
Nor how they rolled;
Our theme shall be of yesterday;
Which to oblivion sweeps away,
Like days of old."

CHAPTER V.

PROPOSED ROUTE—OBELISK OF PETERHEAD GRANITE—HUGH HAMILTON'S MONUMENT—MEETING OF FOUR COMPARTMENTS—GRAVE OF THE AUTHOR OF 'TOM CRINGLE'S LOG'—THE LATE JAMES BOGLE, ESQ.—TRUE EGYPTIAN OBELISK—TOMB OF THE LATE HUGH COGAN, ESQ., AND OTHER MONUMENTS.

"O Land! O Land!
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted,
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great Departed,
Into the Silent Land."—LONGFELLOW.

IN now proceeding to traverse the Necropolis, the route which we intend to pursue will be that which is usually taken by visitors—the line of the principal carriage-way. This course will bring us into contact with most of its prominent features and leading monuments; and where an occasional divergence may be necessary, we shall point it, so as to enable the reader or visitor to accompany us without difficulty in our whole progress. This we conceive to be a better method

than that of attempting to delineate the different compartments in succession, which would lead us by a very circuitous course. The nominal division of the ground into these compartments is, as already stated, so arbitrary, and is to the stranger, and even to the public at large, a matter of so little interest—however useful or important in the private management of the cemetery—that it seems to be unnecessary to restrict ourselves by any such arrangement. At the same time, for the benefit of the proprietors of lairs, and of others who may happen to be interested in this matter, the principal or more prominent monuments will be selected as landmarks, to indicate the boundaries and relative order of the alphabetical divisions, as these shall successively present themselves in the course of our journey.

Having crossed the bridge, and turning to the left at the façade, the carriage-way proceeds upward by a gentle slope in a northerly direction. Near this point, a little to the right, and only a few yards from the façade, is a beautiful obelisk of Peterhead granite, behind which our route will lead us to pass in close proximity to the little group of which it is the most conspicuous member, in drawing to the close of our tour in the silent city of the dead. At present, we may state, that this monument, as it is one of the first that arrests the eye of the visitor on entering the hallowed precincts of the cemetery, so is it unquestionably one of the finest. We confess to a decided partiality for the obelisk, in its chaste simplicity, pointing silently, eternally, from the tomb beneath to the blue heavens above. There are one or two others of the same material and form in the Necropolis, and these with their beautiful ruddy tinge and exquisitely polished surface, are highly ornamental structures.

On the top of the green declivity above, the visitor will notice a sepulchre in the form of an elegant Greek temple, which encloses the remains of the late Mr. Davidson of Ruchill; but this we shall also have a better opportunity of inspecting when we reach the brow of the hill.

All these monuments standing on the right are in BETA. On the left is a handsome obelisk, painted white, the property of James Fleming, Esq., of Newlandsfield, which marks the southern extremity of LAMBDA; and here a walk diverges from the carriage-way, leading almost due north, along the margin of the Molendinar, to the Jews' burying-ground. In the meantime we shall follow the course we have chalked out, and shall return and visit the isolated resting-place of the Jews after performing the circuit of the other parts of the Necropolis, from which—although a portion of the same enclosure—it stands out separate and distinct, like the Jewish people themselves among the other nations of the earth.

Passing two other obelisks, or rather tapering columns, crowned with elegant urns, we soon arrive at another walk branching off to the left, through the middle of LAMBDA, and forming, as it were, a continuation of one on the right, which retires along the brow of the hill behind the façade, passing Colonel Pattison's monument, and then again descending to the principal carriage-way without conducting to the summit. This road, on the right hand, is that by which we shall return to the spot where we now stand, before concluding our wanderings at the Jews' burying-ground. Meanwhile, advancing a few steps further, we leave unnoted, but not unnoticed, several elegant private monuments on both sides, which it is impossible that we should delay to enumerate.

The first monument of a public character which meets us as we continue our course along the carriage-way, is a massive and elevated structure on the left, erected to the memory of Hugh Hamilton, a working-man, who seems to have acted a conspicuous part among his comrades in those days of political excitement which, happily, have now passed into history. Regarded as a simple memorial of these exciting times, the monument is not unworthy of notice. Mere political designations are now of small moment; the names of Whig and Tory are now buried in one grave, but from the 'short and simple annals' of the man, engraven on this 'pillar of stone,'

Hugh Hamilton appears to have been a loyal subject, and a good citizen. On the south side of the monument, looking towards the façade, is the following inscription:—

“Erected by the Glasgow Conservative Operatives' Association, to the Memory of Hugh Hamilton, Clothlapper. Born 25th June, 1791, died 25th Dec., 1837. ‘Better is the poor that walketh in his uprightness, than he that is perverse in his ways, though he be rich.’ Proverbs xxviii. 6.”

On the east side is this inscription—

“An Enlightened Admirer of the British Constitution, he earned an honourable reputation amongst his fellow-citizens by the grave and fervid eloquence with which he advocated our mixed form of Government.”

And on the west side—

“Sincerely attached to the Church of Scotland, he zealously defended its claims to support and extension; contended earnestly for its pure faith, and simple ritual; and exemplified its precepts by a walk and conversation becoming the Gospel.”

We have been particular in calling attention to this monument, because it may be said to indicate a point of the Necropolis where four compartments meet—BETA, GAMMA, DELTA, and LAMBDA. A tall and substantial monument, erected to the memory of the late Mr. James Pinkerton, and which we have already passed on the opposite side of the carriage-way, stands on the extreme north-western angle of BETA, which, pursuing an oblique upward direction along the face of the hill, extends to the south or south-east as far as the rocky base of Major Monteath's mausoleum. Hitherto all the monuments on our right hand have been in this compartment, and those on our left in LAMBDA. A walk, or carriage-way, which here descends from the summit, constitutes a well marked boundary between BETA and GAMMA, till it reaches Mr. Pinkerton's monument; it then crosses the principal carriage-way, and, passing Hugh Hamilton's monument, divides LAMBDA from DELTA. Hamilton's monument indicates the apex or southern extremity of the latter, which here begins and stretches away to the north, expanding as it proceeds, so as to assume very nearly the triangular form of

the Greek capital letter from which it derives its name. But this is a compartment to which we shall return, on approaching the close of our pilgrimage.

Pursuing, in the meantime, our upward course along the principal carriage-way, we now proceed between GAMMA on the right, and DELTA on the left; the former rising above us in successive terraces, approached by an elegant flight of steps—the latter retiring below amid a mass of foliage, in which its monumental structures are half concealed. Here we have an excellent view of the Cathedral and its churchyard; and looking on the strange monumental pavement of the latter, ‘roofed only by the heavens,’ the visitor cannot fail to be struck with the truth of the graphic sketch from the pen of Sir Walter Scott, which is given at the close of our first chapter. Here, also, he will notice beneath him, on his left hand, a broken column—of which there are several in the Necropolis—apt and beautiful emblem of premature death.

We now find ourselves perambulating a thickly-peopled city, in which, however, ‘there is no voice heard,’ although, from the beauty and elegance of the surrounding monuments, one may infer that the hand of the living has been here as well as the ‘expressive silence’ of death. We cannot pause to enumerate the long line of tombstones on which we now enter. The names are unknown to the majority of our readers, and therefore we pass them by with the silent and respectful deference due to the memory of the departed. We may state, however, that the third in the group has a somewhat quaint inscription, which seems to be a favorite in our Glasgow cemeteries:—

“Remember, man, as you pass by,
As you are now, so once was I:
As I am now, so you must be,
Therefore prepare to follow me.”

The fifth in order appears to be the monument of some obscure philanthropist, unknown to fame; but who, by his silent and unobtrusive exertions, had endeavored to secure

the higher and nobler reward of a good conscience. His epitaph is probably his only posthumous record, and why should we not give it here? It is of that class with which, if really deserved, we should rejoice to see the Necropolis filled. A Milton, a Newton, or a Howard requires no epitaph. In such cases the mere name is enough—it tells its own history. Silent and unseen worth—private practical benevolence is that which more especially belongs to the keeping of the monumental tablet, which thus becomes a salutary monitor to the living. The *beau ideal* of a Necropolis is to be a sacred conservatory of such memories as the following:—

“Interred here, John Munro, Accountant, a native of Sutherlandshire, born 11th Nov., 1791, died 27th Nov., 1837. This Memorial is erected by his Brother, agreeably to the wish of many friends who duly appreciated his Christian virtues, and his unwearied exertions for promoting the Moral and Spiritual Welfare of his Countrymen throughout the Highlands.”

Passing the rest of this group, and several other monuments, we soon approach the northern extremity of GAMMA, around which the road sweeps with an easy and graceful curve. At the distance, however, of a few yards, before arriving at this point, a walk will be observed, leading upward to the right by two or three detached steps; and immediately beyond this, facing the carriage-way, stands a tombstone of no extraordinary pretensions, but fraught with considerable interest. Few visitors, perhaps, are aware that this unpretending monument indicates the grave of the author of ‘Tom Cringle’s Log’ and ‘The Cruise of the *Midgæ*.’ Yet such was the apparently obscure individual, whose name and profession have been here recorded as ‘Michael Scott, merchant, Glasgow.’

Mr. Scott was the youngest son of the late Allan Scott Esq. of Cowlairs, near this city, who long carried on business as a merchant, under the well-known firm of Messrs. Bogle & Scott. Michael was born on the 30th October, 1789, and was educated at the High School and University of his native city. In 1806 he went to Jamaica, where he remained

till 1817. He then returned to Scotland, and in 1818 he married a daughter of the late Robert Bogle, Esq. of Gilmorehill. After his marriage he went back to Jamaica; but in 1822 he again returned to Scotland, and settled in Glasgow, where he engaged in commercial speculations, and during his leisure composed the popular and entertaining sketches above-mentioned. They first appeared in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' but have been since repeatedly published in a separate form, constituting part of the series of 'Blackwood's Standard Novels.' Notwithstanding the remarkable interest and curiosity which this series of papers excited, Mr. Scott preserved his incognito to the last; and we have reason to believe that even yet his name is by no means generally known as the author of these nautical novels, which are written with singular animation and racy vigour, and indicate the highest order of talent for that style of composition. He died, in the prime of life, on the 7th November, 1835, and it was not till after his death that the sons of Mr. Blackwood were aware of the name of one who had so long and so successfully contributed to their distinguished periodical. The stone which is erected over his grave is also inscribed to the memory of his eldest son and two daughters. His widow and two of his sons survive, the latter being settled in England.

The remains of the late James Bogle, Esq., Mr. Scott's brother-in-law, a gentleman who occupied for many years a prominent position in Glasgow, are interred within the same enclosure. Like the Dunlops and the Buchanans, the Bogles are one of the oldest and most respectable families connected with this city; in proof of which it may be mentioned that 'James Bogle, merchant in Glasgow,' one of the ancestors of the deceased gentleman, was selected by the Estates of the Scottish Parliament, at the time of the Revolution in 1688, along with 'James Dunlop, merchant in Rotterdam, and George Clerke, merchant in Edinburgh,' for the delicate and responsible duty of importing not less than "ten thousand

stand of arms for the use of his Majesty's subjects in this kingdom." The late Mr. James Bogle was the son of Mr. Robert Bogle of Gilmorehill, who was descended from the Shettleston branch of the family. He was for some years in his father's well-known house, Messrs. Robert Bogle & Co., before establishing himself as a partner in the Bombay house of Campbell, Bogle, & Douglas. For more than twenty-five years he occupied at intervals the public situations of City Councillor and Magistrate, and he had also the honor of filling for the accustomed period of two years—from October, 1846, to October, 1848—the office of Lord Dean of Guild. He exhibited great devotion in the discharge of his public duties, and was the means of introducing various important improvements in the mode of conducting proceedings before the Dean of Guild Court. His connection with the principal charities was extensive, and his conduct as a bank director was enlightened and liberal. As a literary antiquary he was an enthusiast, and as treasurer of the Maitland Club and Vice-President of Stirling's Library, he found continual opportunity for indulging his favorite taste. His contributions to the latter institution were of the most rare and valuable kind, and his personal efforts to promote its prosperity and usefulness entitle him almost to be ranked as its second founder. He was never married, and his sudden demise on the morning of the 3d May, 1855, at the comparatively early age of fifty-one, excited a general feeling of regret throughout the community.

Nearly opposite Mr. Scott's monument is a flight of steps, by descending which, and turning to the right, the visitor will observe a very fine monument belonging to Mr. Lockhart, clothier. This elegant structure, which is pure Gothic, was erected by Mr. Mossman of this city, from designs by Mr. Wallace of London, a brother of the deceased lady to whose memory it is consecrated. The lower part of the monument is chaste, simple, and massive. In the upper half it divides into an open arch, and is adorned with most elaborate sculp-

ture, terminating in slender pinnacles, with all the usual accompaniments of crocket and finial. The various inscriptions are all in black letter, figured on scrolls, supported by winged cherubs.

Returning to the carriage-way, we find before us an isolated circular green plot, with a beautiful but solitary rowan-tree as its only ornament. This is the property of the Messrs. Bartholomew, manufacturers, Ingram Street. Underneath are three vaults, in one or more of which interments have taken place, though not yet distinguished by any monument. We believe, however, the worthy proprietors are under engagement with the Merchants' House to erect a very beautiful structure on this conspicuous site.

Beyond the circular area, the visitor will observe, erected against the wall, a tall, stately obelisk, which indicates the burying-ground of the Craig Park family. This structure is worthy of notice as a genuine Egyptian obelisk, having no pedestal or base, but appearing to grow out of the earth. It reminds us of the beautiful image applied by Bishop Heber to Solomon's temple, which, without sound of hammer or of workman's tool,

"Slow and silent like a palm-tree grew."

One might imagine that it had its roots in the solid rock below. The only ornamental work upon it is the representation of a burning bush, in high relief, on the south side, facing the walk. Over this burning bush is the appropriate motto—'Luceo non uro,' and under it the following inscription:—

JAMES MACKENZIE, Esq.,
of Craig Park,
Died 13th June, 1838,
Aged 77.

"Surely goodness and mercy hath followed me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

"Now is Christ risen from the dead, and is become the first-fruits of them that slept."

There are other inscriptions to different members of the family, some of whom are interred in the crypt of the

adjoining Cathedral: but the preceding has been given as a modest memorial of one of the fathers of the Necropolis—the late Mr. Mackenzie of Craig Park having been already mentioned as one of the gentlemen who attended the first meeting which was held, with a view to the formation of the cemetery, at Mr. Ewing's house.

This obelisk stands in the compartment of ALPHA, which is a narrow stripe, embracing the almost untenanted bank of the Molendinar above the Bridge, including the burying-ground of the Jews, extending upwards along the boundary wall on the north side, and sweeping round part of the eastern boundary at the summit to Dr. Wilson's monument, so as to constitute the three sides of a rectangle, enclosing LAMBDA below, DELTA in the middle, and KAPPA above. The latter, proceeding from beyond Knox's monument, which is included within it, terminates towards the north-west in the circular plot of ground at our feet. In continuing, therefore, to follow the carriage-way, we now have KAPPA on the left instead of DELTA, and GAMMA is still on our right, embraced by the curve of the road.

On the green declivity, immediately above the circular area belonging to the Messrs. Bartholomew, stands a solid, massive monument, the roof or canopy of which rests upon four square pillars. No inscription marks the ownership of this ponderous structure, which is plain, gloomy, and almost Egyptian in its proportions, but not displeasing in appearance. It covers the mortal remains of the late esteemed Mr. Hugh Cogan, of the firm of Cogan & Bartholomew—a gentleman of whom it has been justly said, that Glasgow lost in him one of her best citizens, and the Free Church one of her worthiest elders. His general intelligence, his large experience of mercantile affairs, the calmness and soundness of his judgment, and, most of all, his pure-minded and unbending integrity, had long secured for him the esteem and confidence of his fellow-citizens, when he was called to another and a better state of existence, on the 28th August, 1855,

aged 63 years. In a notice of his death, which appeared in the 'Scottish Guardian,' the writer remarks—"Full as his head and hands were with what belonged to him as one of the leading merchants and manufacturers of the city, he contrived to find time for lending zealous and effective aid to many of our most important local institutions. As treasurer of the Infirmary, he took a lively interest in all its affairs. In the course of his active, useful, and honorable life, there is hardly one, indeed, of our educational and benevolent establishments that was not largely indebted to him for aid in the direction of its affairs. In particular, none of those who were associated with him, can forget the unwearied patience and energy with which he labored, in conjunction with the late lamented William Collins, in founding the first Glasgow Building Society, to which this city was indebted for the erection, within a period of six or seven years, of no fewer than twenty additional churches, and for the bringing, through this instrumentality, of ten or twelve thousand additional worshippers into the house of God.

. . . . The loss society and the Church of Christ sustain when such men are taken away, it is not easy to estimate. It is a consolation to know, however, that 'their memory is blessed,' and that, though dead, they continue long after to speak by that memory to the generations that follow." We may add, that the late Mr. Cogan occupied the honorable office of Dean of Guild from October, 1842, to October, 1844.

Continuing our course round the curve, the next object that arrests attention in KAPPA, is a somewhat curious piece of masonry, resembling a stone-door, which, with a slight stretch of imagination, one might suppose to be the entrance to a gloomy cavern in the bank. The enclosure in front surrounds the opening to a vault in the rock beneath, which, we need hardly remark, is merely symbolized by the door, and is the property of Mr. John Adams, of Duke Street Pottery. A few steps further, and still on the same side, is a large sepul-

chre, in the Doric style, which belongs to Mr. Black, of the firm of Black & Wingate.

In the meantime, we have passed a variety of elegant monuments on the right, and therefore in GAMMA—among others, a conspicuous obelisk, without a date, erected to the memory of the late Mr. Robert Stewart, merchant. This is followed by a handsome fluted column, of the composite order, 'in memory of William Dick, Esq.;" immediately behind which is an elegant monument of freestone, enriched with a slab of white marble, and which will be seen from the inscription to belong to one of the most eminent physicians in Glasgow. Lastly, when the curve of the road begins to pursue a southward course, our attention is directed to a tombstone crowned with a vase, in memory of the late Mr. William Sloan, merchant.

We have been thus particular in alluding to these monuments, because we have at length arrived at another grave which demands our special notice as an object of public interest—that of the poet Motherwell—fortunately now distinguished by a graceful monument, enriched with a bust of the poet, and standing immediately opposite Mr. Black's sepulchre.

CHAPTER VI.

MOTHERWELL'S MONUMENT—HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS—EXPLANATION OF THE BAS-RELIEFS ON THE MONUMENT.

"When I beneath the cold red earth am sleeping
 Life's fever o'er,
 Will there for me be any bright eye weeping
 That I'm no more?
 Will there be any heart still memory keeping
 Of heretofore?"—MOTHERWELL.

We arrived, at the close of last chapter, at Motherwell's monument. This elegant structure was designed, and the sculpture and carving were executed, by the late Mr. Fillans,

who survived the erection of this tardy tribute to the memory of his deceased friend, little more than a twelvemonth. Councillor M'Lauchlan, of Irvine, constructed the mason-work. The monument is simple and chaste in design, and is in the form of a small Gothic temple, rising to the height of about twenty feet. The bust of the poet, which is of Parian marble, is allowed to be an admirable likeness, and is altogether worthy of the genius of the lamented artist. It rests on a sarcophagus, raised on a quadrangular structure of solid masonry, which is surmounted by an elegant canopy, supported on four pilasters, and tastefully decorated with shields and *fleur-de-lis*. On the back of the pedestal is placed the following inscription—the poetry by William Kennedy, Motherwell's friend and brother-bard:—

Erected
By admirers of the Poetic genius of
WILLIAM MOTHERWELL,
Who died 1st November, 1835, aged 38 years.
“Not as a record he lacketh a stone!
’Tis a fond debt to the singer we’ve known—
Proof that our love for his name hath not flown,
With the frame perishing—
That we are cherishing
Feelings akin to the lost poet’s own.”

On the other sides of the pedestal are carved in basso-relievo three of Fillans' most spirited designs—one representing chivalry, the others illustrating particular passages in Motherwell's Works; but these will be better explained and appreciated after we have given a short account of the life and writings of the poet.

William Motherwell was born at Glasgow, on the 13th October, 1797, in a house situated at the south corner of College Street, fronting High Street. His father, who was a native of Stirlingshire, settled in Glasgow about 1792, where he followed the business of an ironmonger, but afterwards removed with his family to Edinburgh, where William, his third son, was placed under the charge of Mr. Lennie, the well-known author of a manual of English Grammar, and other popular works. It was at Mr. Lennie's school, which

he entered in 1805, that the young poet, who was then only in his eighth year, met the 'Jeanie Morrison,' to whom he has given a poetical immortality in the beautiful and touching ballad of that name:—

“O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 Since we were sindered young,
 I've never seen your face, nor heard
 The music o' your tongue;
 But I could hug all wretchedness,
 And happy could I die,
 Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
 O' bygone days and me!”

Or let us take this stanza:—

“I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
 Gin I hae been to thee
 As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
 As ye hae been to me?
 Oh! tell me gin their music fill
 Thine ear as it does mine;
 Oh! say gin e'er your heart grows grit
 Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?”

Of course, to appreciate the exquisitely tender pathos of these allusions to an early school-boy attachment, which seems, however, to have left permanent and deeply-marked impressions upon the poet's mind, the other preceding stanzas of the ballad must be perused, in which all the little affecting incidents of the childish love of the

“twa bairns at schule,
 Twa bairns, and but ae heart,”

are depicted with genuine touches of poetic feeling. Mr. Lennie states that Jeanie Morrison was about the same age with young Motherwell, 'a pretty girl and of good capacity.' At this school Motherwell began the alphabet, and ultimately became the best scholar. He left it for the High School, in the same city, in October, 1808; but, his father not prospering in his affairs, William was removed in the following year, and placed under the charge of his uncle, Mr. John Motherwell, a respectable iron-founder in Paisley. His uncle sent him to the Grammar School of that town, where he appears to have completed the curriculum of five years, and to have

been generally a 'dux' boy, although his knowledge of Latin or Greek, probably in consequence of subsequent neglect of these studies, was never very extensive, but rather considerably the reverse. He was somewhat too imaginative to be a regular systematic student, beyond what was just necessary to keep his place in the class, and much of his time was probably spent in that desultory reading which best agreed with his tastes. In 1811, his mother died at Edinburgh, and his father removed to Kilsyth, where the latter continued to reside in retirement till his death in 1827.

Early tastes are seldom much consulted in deciding the important point of a future profession. Whim and caprice, or an accidental opening, or perhaps the existence, real or imaginary, of good connections, and therefore good prospects in some particular line, exercise usually a more predominant influence than natural disposition or phrenological development. So fared it with young Motherwell. At the age of fifteen he was placed in the office of the Sheriff-Clerk of Paisley, where he remained several years. But the duties and dry details of the legal profession were never congenial to his tastes. The author of 'Jeanie Morrison' was evidently never intended by nature to be a plodding attorney. At this time he seems to have been thoroughly liberal in his opinions; but all of a sudden he became a conservative for very good reasons. His new political creed was literally beaten into him by physical force arguments. In the interesting memoir prefixed to his works by Dr. M'Conechy, his friend and able editorial successor, the following account of his political conversion is given:—

“It occurred during the time of what was called the Radical War in the west country (1818), and when, as Sheriff-Clerk-Depute, he was obliged, in obedience to the orders of his superiors, to perform many duties which rendered him unpopular. A deliberate attempt was made to murder him, by throwing him over the bridge into the Cart; and he has often assured me that he was actually raised to the top of the

parapet-wall by the infuriated mob before he was rescued."

This was certainly a most effectual method of teaching a man new opinions on grave political matters. Motherwell seems to have emerged from the ordeal a confirmed Tory. He was a converted man. We agree with his biographer, however, in believing, that to the political creed, or rather prejudice, which he now adopted, the natural bent of his mind was already predisposed. "That he should have abandoned liberalism after such treatment," continues Dr. M'Conechy, "would not be surprising; but the truth is, his political belief was a part of his nature, and was very slightly modified by external considerations. His ideas of the constitution of civil society were chivalric, not philosophical: and if others undervalued the virtues of the middle ages, he certainly overrated them." "Motherwell was instinctively a Tory."

The subsequent incidents of the poet's life must be very briefly told. He was appointed Sheriff-Clerk-Depute of the county of Renfrew in 1819, and held the situation with credit till 1829. During this time he contributed articles to the 'Paisley Advertiser, and ultimately became its editor. "He had also," says his biographer, "a chief hand in commencing and conducting a Paisley monthly magazine, which lived to attain the size of a goodly volume." Before his appointment to the office of Sheriff-Clerk-Depute he spent the winter season of 1818-19 at Glasgow College. In 1819 he edited 'The Harp of Renfrewshire,' a collection of songs and other poetical pieces, to which he prefixed an able critical introductory essay. This volume was published at Paisley. In 1827, he edited a work of considerably higher pretensions—'Minstrelsy, ancient and modern, with an historical introduction and notes.' This work was published at Glasgow, and at once "secured for its author an honorable place among the commentators on our national poetry." Many of his best poetical pieces appeared from time to time in the 'Paisley Magazine.' Motherwell became editor of the 'Paisley Advertiser,' on the

retirement of his friend and brother-poet, Mr. Kennedy, in 1828. "What success," says Dr. M'Conechy, "he may have had in his new capacity I know not, but on the retirement of Mr. James M'Queen from the management of the 'Glasgow Courier,' in 1830, Mr. Motherwell was invited by the proprietors of that journal to take his place; and all things being satisfactorily arranged, he left Paisley, and took up his abode in Glasgow in the beginning of that year. The first number of the 'Courier' which appeared after his accession to the office of editor has the date of 2d February, 1830; and he continued in connection with that paper until his death, in November, 1835."

Several of Motherwell's poems appeared for the first time in 'The Day,' a publication which was started in Glasgow in 1832, under the superintendence of Dr. Strang, the present respected Chamberlain of the city, to whose 'Necropolis Glasguensis' we have had occasion to allude in writing the early records of the Necropolis; and, towards the end of the same year, he published a small volume of 'Poems, Narrative and Lyrical,' consisting chiefly of various reprints of his scattered poetical fragments. This volume was well received. The last work in which he was engaged was a joint edition of 'Burns' Works' by him and the Ettrick Shepherd—a task which Motherwell did not live to complete. He died very suddenly, from a shock of apoplexy, on the morning of Sunday, 1st November, 1835; and his remains were interred in the Necropolis on the following Thursday.

We regret that the space which we have thus occupied with a rapid sketch of Motherwell's life will not permit us to do justice to his poetry, either in the shape of extract or critical disquisition. The sphere in which he prominently excelled, and to which he seemed to be riveted by some extraordinary poetical fascination, was that of the warlike and heroic times of Scandinavian adventure. He loved to depict, in glowing verse, 'the manners of the Valhalla and the ex-

plots of the Vikings.' His heroes are the bold Northmen—

“The ship-borne warriors of the North,
The sons of Woden's race”—

led on to battle and adventure by Harald or Sigurdir, or some such terrible warriors, with terrible names, who seem 'to live and move and have their being' in an atmosphere of everlasting strife. Motherwell pre-eminently excels in depicting such heroes and such scenes. In this respect, he is our modern Ossian, carrying us back to the very battle-thoughts of the stern, iron-souled brigands—for they were nothing else—from whom we have the honor to be descended. This, however, does not exhaust the vast and varied field which was traversed by Motherwell's muse. His sympathies with the universe were intense. All nature, regarded poetically, was to him an open book, with which he could at any time hold converse. In this respect Motherwell has not been sufficiently appreciated. His keen sensibility to every varying expression upon the face of nature finds, in some of his minor pieces, a wondrous utterance, which seems to be the echo of almost a new language—

“O God! this is a holy hour:—
Thy breath is o'er the land;
I feel it in each little flower
Around me where I stand,—
In all the moonshine scattered fair,
Above, below me, everywhere,—
In every dew-bead's glistening sheen,
In every leaf and blade of green,—
And in this silence grand and deep,
Wherein thy blessed creatures sleep.”

Some of the posthumous productions which appeared in the third edition of his works, published in 1849 by the late Mr. David Robertson, are exceedingly beautiful. 'Cruxtoun Castle' was a most congenial topic, associated with the melancholy history of the most beautiful and most unfortunate of queens; and Motherwell has done it ample justice.* But to give even a selection from those pieces

* We had the following anecdote from our lamented friend, the late Mr. Robertson above-mentioned, who was intimately acquainted with Motherwell:—The interesting ruin

which we admire the most, would not be compatible with our limits—and is not necessary, now that Motherwell's complete works are in the hands of the public—and a goodly volume they fill. We must, however, present our readers with a single short specimen of what may be termed the poet's characteristic style in the new and untrodden path which he struck out for himself; and the opening stanza of 'The Battle-flag of Sigurd' or 'Harald the Dauntless,' the first poem in the volume, will be sufficient for this purpose :—

“The eagle hearts of all the North
 Have left their stormy strand ;
 The warriors of the world are fath
 To choose another land !
 Again, their long keels sheer the wave,
 Their broad sheets court the breeze ;
 Again, the reckless and the brave
 Ride lords of weltering seas.
 Nor swifter from the well-bent bow
 Can feathered shaft be sped,
 Than o'er the ocean's flood of snow
 Their snoring galleys tread.
 Then lift the can to bearded lip,
 And smite each sounding shield,
 Wassaille ! to every dark-ribbed ship,
 To every battle-field !

So proudly the Skalds raise their voices of triumph,
 As the Northmen ride over the broad-bosom'd billow.”

From this and a few other specimens already given, in connection with what has been said of Motherwell's idiosyncrasy, the reader will now be prepared to appreciate the designs on his monument, illustrative of the characteristics of the poet's genius.* The one in front, facing the carriage-way, in which the most prominent figures are two knights

of Cruxtoun or Crookston, from its associations and enchanting situation, was a favorite resort of the young poet, and the hour he selected for his visits was after nightfall, that he might muse over the scenes, real and imaginary, that had been transacted there. The gentleman who rented the farm on which the Castle is situated, had been annoyed by having his garden broken into and plundered of the fruit, and he resolved to sit up with dog and gun to prevent these depredations. Motherwell was started from a poetic reverie by seeing the muzzle of the deadly tube presented at him through the fence, accompanied with a challenge, to which the dog responded. It turned out, on coming to a parley, that the poet and the worthy farmer were intimately acquainted ; Motherwell was invited into the house—and deponent saith not how many social glasses followed the unexpected recognition.

* We regret to observe that these illustrations are already sadly effaced ; but copies are fortunately preserved in Paterson's 'Life of Fillaus.' There are several gems of art in the Necropolis by this eminent sculptor, and as Motherwell was his first patron, a short account of his life is added in the Appendix.

engaged in combat, is merely a general illustration of the age of chivalry. One of the combatants appears to be falling from his horse, mortally wounded. Two ladies are introduced,—one weeping for the fate of her champion, and the other in the act of being carried off on horseback by a stalwart warrior, whose vizor she endeavors to remove to discover his features. The designs on the other sides of the pedestal refer to particular incidents or passages in Motherwell's poetry. In one the visitor will immediately recognise the youthful bard and 'Jeanie Morrison,' seated side by side on 'a broomy brae o' June'—

"Cheek touchin' cheek, loof lock'd in loof,"

and Jeanie poring attentively over her book, while the eye of the poet is fixed with steady gaze on three beautiful female forms, emblematic of the three primitive Muses, who seem to court his attention. In this there is a slight deviation from the literal text of the poem:—

"I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
 When sittin' on that bink,
 Cheek touchin' cheek, loof lock'd in loof,
 What our wee heads could think?
 When baith bent down ower ae braid page,
 Wi' ae buik on our knee,
 Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee."

Sculptors, however, are entitled to their own licence. On the third side of the pedestal is represented 'Halbert the Grim,' lashed with scourges of hissing snakes by two fiends—emblems of Hypocrisy and Avarice—to the place of woe. A better illustration of one of the strangest freaks of Motherwell's 'wild and weird' fancy, it would have been difficult to select. Halbert the Grim is represented in the ballad as a monster of cruelty and impiety—

"There is blood on that brow, there is blood on that hand;
 There is blood on that hauberk, and blood on that brand:

The hardest may soften, the fiercest repent,
 But the heart of grim Halbert may never relent."

At length he meets his reward. In the darkness of mid-

night he wends forth to be shriven, in sheer mockery:—

“He kneels not to stone, and he bends not to wood,
But he swung round his brown blade, and hewed down the Rood;
He stuck his long sword with its point in the earth,
And he prayed to its cross-hilt in mockery and mirth.”

From these sacrilegious orgies he rises to return homeward, and then we have a fearful picture of his ‘Tam O’Shanter’ ride—through ‘the brown wood,’ over ‘the grey flood,’ while the blast moans ‘hoarser and wilder,’ and

“No star lends its taper, no moon sheds its glow,
For dark is the dull path that Baron must go.”

Suddenly the road flashes with fire—his black steed is surrounded with a ‘hot sulphur halo’—from its eye and nostril gushes a pale flame, and fire-froth from its ‘chafed mouth.’ Then comes the final scene:—

“They are two! they are two! they are coal-black as night,
That now staunchly follow that grim Baron’s flight.
In each lull of the wild blast, out breaks their deep yell—
’Tis the slot of the Doomed One these hounds track so well.
Ho! downward, still downward, sheer slopeth his way;
No let hath his progress, no gate bids him stay.
No noise had his horse-hoof as onward it sped;
But silent it fell as the foot of the dead.
Now redder and redder flares far its bright eye,
And harsher these dark hounds yell out their fierce cry.
Sheer downward! right downward! then dashed life and limb,
As careering to hell sunk Halbert the Grim!”

In conclusion, it ought to be stated, as a memorable instance of procrastination, that although considerable funds were subscribed to rear a befitting monument to Motherwell, not long after his death, this monument was only erected in 1851, or not less than sixteen years after that event.* It likewise deserves to be recorded, that during that long interval, the late Mr. James M’Nab, formerly of the ‘Constitutional’ newspaper, was wont to repair to the Necropolis from time to time, for the purpose of renewing a printed card which he planted over the grave, and which, with a humble

* It was inaugurated on the 21st June, 1851, by the committee of subscribers—Mr. Charles Hutchison, Mr. Thomas Davidson, Mr. James Howie, Mr. D. C. Rait, Mr. George Miller, and the late Mr. David Robertson—accompanied by Mr. Fillans himself and about twenty other persons, including Mr. Sheriff Bell and the late Mr. James M’Nab. A few ladies also graced the ceremony with their presence.

thorn, watching like a faithful sentinel at the poet's head, was for many years the only indication to the stranger, of the quiet and sequestered spot where Motherwell's remains were interred. On this card were sometimes printed the touching lines from Motherwell's own pen, which are placed at the head of the present chapter; sometimes the following from the pen of his friend, Kennedy:—

“ Harm not the thorn which grows at his head;
 Odorous honours its blossoms will shed,
 Grateful to him, early summoned, who sped
 Hence, not unwillingly—
 For he felt thrillingly—
 To rest his poor breast 'mong the low-lying dead.”

And sometimes these verses by the same writer:—

“ Low is the grave of the Minstrel,
 Ungraced by the chisel of art,
 Yet his name shall be blazoned for ever
 On the best of all 'scutcheons—the heart.
 “ Light is the rest of the Minstrel,
 Though heavy his lot upon earth;
 From the sword that lies over his ashes
 Spring plants of a heavenly birth.”

Better late than never: fortunately, the ‘grave of the Minstrel’ is now ‘graced by the chisel of art;’ and this must be highly satisfactory to every admirer of poetical genius, although it is true that Motherwell's name as a poet was altogether independent of such adventitious honors. It lives in a more enduring page than even sculptured marble. He has written it in burning thoughts, which cannot be obliterated by the elements. ‘A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,’ and much of Motherwell's poetry is really very beautiful. He carries us back to remote ages in our national history, in verses which will carry his own name forward to ages equally remote in time's antipodes. Out of the warlike past he created for himself a glorious future, in which his name is embalmed. Past history was his future memory. Motherwell is equally admired in England and America. His favorite theme belongs to a period of history, and to a class of warriors, in whom the Anglo-Saxon race are all alike

interested. He struck out a new path for himself, and breathed into 'the Runic rhyme' the life of stern reality. Motherwell is also a thorough poet of nature, and therefore he is calculated to win his fiery way to the universal heart. He left it not to future ages, or to his own age, to erect his monument. This, with Motherwell, was no posthumous work. He was busily employed upon it every day of his life; and, early as was his death, he lived to finish the task. Of him it may be truly said, *Exegit monumentum suum.*

CHAPTER VII.

TOMBS NEAR MOTHERWELL'S MONUMENT—EGYPTIAN VAULTS AND ADJACENT SEPULCHRES—OBELISK TO THE LATE HENRY MONTEITH OF CARSTAIRS, M.P.—MEMORANDA OF THE MONTEITH FAMILY.

"Inventress of the woof, fair Lina flings
The flying shuttle through the dancing strings,
Inlays the broider'd web with flowery dyes,
Quick beat the reeds, the pedals fall and rise;
Slow from the beam the lengths of warp unwind,
And dance and nod the massy weights behind."

LEAVING Motherwell's tomb, and pursuing our upward route along the carriage-way, which here bounds GAMMA on the east and KAPPA on the west, we arrive at a handsome Gothic structure, separated only by a few yards from the grave of the poet, and erected to the memory of "JAMES JEFFRAY, M.D., Professor of Anatomy in the University of Glasgow. Born, 1759, died 1848." Eighty-nine years is a long pilgrimage, greatly exceeding the common lot of humanity, and still more, the average duration of the life of medical gentlemen. We have not met with any other monument in the Necropolis exhibiting so long an interval between the two dates which generally constitute the 'short and simple annals' inscribed

on the monumental stone. This tomb may therefore be regarded as that of the venerable patriarch of the Necropolis. But even the longest life must find its limit here.

In the meantime we have passed a variety of elegant structures on the bank above, but none of them, except Dr. Wilson's sepulchre, at which we shall afterwards arrive, is invested with sufficient public interest to call for special notice. The next monument on the right is that erected to the memory of the late Mr. James Thomson of Whytbank, and this is the last of the group that faces the carriage-way. Instead, therefore, of proceeding directly upward, and thus retaining GAMMA entirely on the right hand, the visitor who wishes to peruse thoroughly the rest of this compartment, must now turn down by a narrow walk which proceeds southward, parallel to the carriage-way, but on a lower level. Many handsome monuments are in this terrace, crowned with vases, obelisks, and other graceful ornaments; but they are all of a purely private character—few of them contain any inscription extending beyond the bare records usually inscribed on a tombstone, and therefore though they are all, with scarcely one exception, exceedingly beautiful in design, we pass behind them in silence.

We cannot omit, however, to notice a series of elegant sepulchral vaults which now appear on the left, similar in construction to that already noticed as opposite Motherwell's monument. The first is a beautiful classic structure, erected by the Messrs. Mossman of this city, and is the property of three sisters, the Misses Buchanan, of Bellfield, Ayrshire. The entire execution of this massive tomb, and especially the draped urns on each side of the doorway, cannot fail to excite the admiration of every visitor. Contiguous to this, is another capacious edifice of the same description, distinguished by its gorgeous iron gates, which must have been cast in a mould of truly elaborate workmanship. This belongs to the Messrs. Hutcheson, manufacturers, Hutcheson Street. The next is an elegant Gothic structure, lately

renewed, the property of Mr. Angus Turner, one of the Town Clerks of Glasgow.

Beyond Mr. Turner's tomb is a recess in the rocky declivity of the hill, in which there are three small monuments, inscribed only with initials. This, we believe, is the burying-ground of Mr. David Bell, of Glasgow.

We now come to the Egyptian vaults, immediately beneath the base of Knox's monument. This gloomy sepulchral pile has been already alluded to, and its use explained (p. 38). The Egyptian vaults are so called because they are thoroughly Egyptian in the massive style of the architecture. Over the gate, which exhibits four pairs of inverted torches crosswise, is carved an emblematic representation of the rapid flight of time. The massive stone-lids of the temporary tombs, with iron rings attached, are visible within, extending to the further extremity of the cavern, from which they retire, right and left, into the excavated chambers or aisles on each side. There is ample accommodation here for the present requirements of the Necropolis, as regards temporary interment.

Beyond the Egyptian vaults, is another sweet semicircular recess, the floor or area of which is carpeted over with smooth shaven turf, and the rocky wall behind clustered with a thick tapestry of green and glossy ivy. This beautiful and picturesque enclosure is divided or railed off into three compartments, in the central and largest of which is a very handsome tombstone, the property of Mr. Herbert Buchanan. The northern division is marked by a small sarcophagus, resting upon the face of the rock, and inscribed to the memory of Mr. James Fiske. The southern portion is the property of Mr. M'Callum, ironmonger, St. Vincent Street.

All these tombs, including the Egyptian vaults, are in the compartment of KAPPA, in which there are some features of peculiar interest, and which, in point of mere situation, is one of the finest in the Necropolis. Knox's monument is also, as already stated, included within it. We have now

arrived at the southern extremity of this compartment, which shoots out into an angle, terminating near the base of Dr. Dick's monument. This angle is formed between the carriage-way which bounds KAPPA on the west, and a walk which here diverges upward towards the north-east, separating OMEGA on the right from KAPPA on the left, and passing behind Knox's monument. The carriage-way now divides into two—one branch proceeding due south, along the brow of the hill, to Major Monteath's sepulchre; the other bending to the east, so as to encircle OMEGA, of which it constitutes the southern boundary, and which it divides from SIGMA. We propose, in our further progress, to follow the latter branch, and thus, by a gradual winding ascent, to find our way to the summit. But first, there is a beautiful obelisk on our right to which, with certain reminiscences suggested by it, we must devote the remainder of this chapter.

The shaft of this fine obelisk, which has been much admired for its just proportions, is constructed of Peterhead granite, and the base—although sadly disguised by the influences of a Glasgow atmosphere—is black marble. It was erected by the Messrs. Mossman, from designs by Mr. C. H. Wilson, of this city; and professional critics have expressed a high opinion of its merits as a work of art. On the west side it bears the following inscription:—

TO HENRY MONTEITH, of CARSTAIRS,
Dedicated in grateful affection by his son.

And on the east side:—

HENRY MONTEITH, of CARSTAIRS.
Died A. D. 1848, aged 83 years,
Respected, Beloved, Lamented.

On the south and north sides respectively are the words:—

During many years Lord Provost of Glasgow.
Member of the House of Commons in several Parliaments.

And under the cornice of the base, forming as it were a part of the moulding, the following passages from Scripture

are carved in relief, so as to encircle the monument—one on each of the four sides:—

“O God, be not far from me;
 Lord Jesus receive my spirit!
 In God have I put my trust;
 Lord Jesus receive my spirit!” *

Like some other monuments in the Necropolis, including Dr. Dick's, immediately opposite, and that to Mr. M'Gavin, this obelisk is not a tombstone—it is merely a cenotaph or monumental memorial, raised by the piety of a son, the present Mr. Robert Monteith of Carstairs, in honor of his deceased father; and we are glad that it gives us an opportunity of here introducing some recollections of a family which has figured conspicuously in Glasgow, in connection with its manufacturing enterprise, for upwards of seventy years. The name of the firm of Henry Monteith & Co. has long been celebrated, not in Scotland alone, but throughout Europe, as taking the most prominent place in this country in that very interesting branch of industry—the dyeing of Turkey-red, and the manufacture of Bandanna handkerchiefs. The Scottish muslin manufacture, in which Glasgow is now so distinguished, and which has been the means of realizing so many fortunes, may also be said to have been founded by the father of the late Mr. Monteith. A variety of interesting details connected with this family appeared in the ‘Glasgow Herald,’ from the pen of a well-known venerable citizen, who has been accustomed to record the amusing recollections of his youth under the designation of ‘Senex.’ These have been lately reprinted in a separate volume of ‘Loose Memoranda,’ to which we are chiefly indebted for the following abridged statement of facts so intimately interwoven with the modern manufacturing history of this city.†

* This monument must not be confounded with Major Monteath's mausoleum, to which there is a reference in the view of the Necropolis prefixed as a frontispiece to this work, and where inadvertently the name has been spelt *M'nteith*, instead of *Mon'eath*. There is no numerical reference to Mr. Monteith's obelisk, which will, however, be seen in the view, appearing as a very prominent object a little to the left of Dr. Dick's monument.

† We believe there can be no harm in stating that the gentleman who has thrown so much light on the traditional history of modern Glasgow under the *nom de plume* of

According to our venerable chronicler, the first of the family of whom we have any account was James Monteith, a small landed proprietor near Aberfoyle, in Perthshire, who was born in the latter half of the seventeenth century—probably about 1670. Like most of the Highland lairds of that period, he endeavored to improve his means by the rearing and selling of black cattle; and in this business he was highly successful, but was not permitted to enjoy the fruits of his industry. The name of the locality in which he lived affords to the reader of Sir Walter Scott, a key to the secret of his misfortunes. Like Bailie Nicol Jarvie in the ‘Clachan of Aberfoyle,’ he was much too near the Macgregors for his own comfort; and as he was one of the very few who sternly refused to purchase exemption from the raids of the freebooting Highland clan, by paying the ‘means and substance tax’ popularly known as ‘black mail,’ he was plundered of the whole of his live stock no less than three times. On the first and second of these occasions, he met and retrieved his adverse fortunes with all the indomitable spirit and stubborn perseverance of the Celtic character. Twice did he recruit his stock and gather substance around him, after the unfortunate ‘Highland clearances’ to which his land had been subjected; but the same unyielding persistency, or possibly a higher principle, induced him firmly to persevere in refusing to accede to the extortions of his lawless neighbour; and when at length, in his declining years, the third visitation befel him, stripping him of all he possessed in the world, he was no longer able to meet it with the same fortitude; he sank under the stroke, and died of a broken heart, leaving his affairs in a very disordered state, and his family of one son and three daughters with a very slender provision.

His son, Henry, the grandfather of the late proprietor of Carstairs, was born in 1710. On winding up his father’s

‘Senex,’ is Robert Reid, Esq., a retired manufacturer, now rapidly approaching his ninetieth year, and who, with faculties still unimpaired, a highly retentive memory, great powers of observation, and no small powers of description, retains a vivid recollection of events which occurred in his early youth.

affairs, he found them in such a condition, that after discharging all debts and defraying the funeral expenses, little of the family property remained. He therefore resolved to proceed to Glasgow to push his fortune, and, accordingly, he came to reside in Anderston, at that time a village contiguous to the city, and where he commenced business as a market gardener. In this occupation he continued till his death, leaving behind him one son, James, who was born in 1734, and whom, "fortunately for Glasgow," as 'Senex' justly remarks, "he did not bring up to his own calling as a gardener, but bound as an apprentice to the weaving business."

This was the future James Monteith, Esq. of Anderston, the father of a numerous and enterprising family of sons, including the immediate subject of this notice. He was, indeed, the founder of the future prosperity of the family. The weaving business, to which, as we have stated, he had been apprenticed in his youth, was widely different in those days from what it has now become: the position of a master-weaver, to which he soon attained, was one of considerable comfort and independence, entitling its holder to a very respectable place among the middle classes in Glasgow. But Mr. Monteith's activity and enterprise could not be long confined to a shop of six looms. He soon rose to the rank of a respectable wholesale manufacturer, and ultimately came to be called the father of the cotton trade in Glasgow, having been the first to commence the manufacture of muslins in imitation of the East India fabric. Although there were no steam looms in Scotland for spinning cotton till 1792, Mr. Monteith, long before that period, purchased bird-nest India yarn, and had it woven at the hand-loom. When the web was finished, he caused a dress of it to be embroidered with gold, which he presented to her Majesty, Queen Charlotte. This was the first muslin web warped in Scotland. "The manufacture of linens, lawns, cambrics, and other articles of similar fabric," says Dr. Cleland, "was introduced into Scotland about the year 1725, and continued to be the

staple manufacture of Glasgow till they were succeeded by muslins."

Mr. Monteith of Anderston left six sons—John, James, Henry (afterwards of Carstairs), Robert, Adam, and William. The last three died early or in middle life; John, James, and Henry, lived to realize fortunes, and the names of the latter two, in particular, carry on the line of our history in connection with the progress of Glasgow in manufacturing industry.

'Senex,' however, relates a curious episode connected with the history of the old gentleman and his eldest son. The former—or 'James the second,' as 'Senex' facetiously styles him, in contradistinction to 'James the first,' the unfortunate Highland laird—had been in the habit of purchasing yarns from M. Mortier, a yarn-dealer in the town of Cambray, in French Flanders, long famed for its manufacture of 'cambric,' to which it gave the name. About the year 1780, this gentleman paid a visit to Glasgow, bringing with him his son, a fine boy about twelve or thirteen years of age. He was kindly and hospitably received by Mr. Monteith; and so well pleased was the Frenchman with his 'Scotch welcome,' that on returning to France, he left his son in Glasgow, under Mr. Monteith's care, to complete his education at the University. Young Mortier, after remaining in Glasgow about three years, returned to his father in France. A friendly correspondence was kept up for some time between the families, but this by a natural process gradually ceased, when in consequence of the introduction of cotton-spinning by machinery, and the manufacture of cotton yarns into muslins, Mr. Monteith had no longer any occasion to continue his business transactions with his Flemish friend.

Several years elapsed; the Mortiers were forgotten; and meanwhile John, the eldest son of Mr. Monteith, followed in his father's footsteps as a manufacturer, taking into partnership Patrick Falconer, Esq., afterwards of the distinguished house of DalGLISH, Falconer, & Co. A favorable outlet for goods of Glasgow manufacture had now been found in the

great German fairs, but at that time the trade with Germany began to be much interrupted by the rapid extension of the hostile dominion of France to the banks of the Rhine. It so happened that Mr. Falconer could not only speak French, but possessed a considerable knowledge of German, and his partner proposed to him that he should go over to Germany to use his endeavors to remove obstructions, and extend the connections of the firm in that country. To this proposal Mr. Falconer agreed, and accordingly he went to Holland, intending to make his way into Germany by the most favorable route he could find; but was soon arrested by a French patrol, under suspicion of being an English spy. He was instantly carried to the head-quarters of the French General of Division commanding in that district, by whom he was subjected to a rigorous examination and cross-questioning, in which the General exhibited a wonderful knowledge of Glasgow. The interview began in French, but terminated in broad Scotch, to the infinite amusement and gratification of all present, when it was discovered that the General was none other than our Glasgow student, young Mortier, and that Falconer was the partner of the son of his early friend and guardian, old Mr. James Monteith of Anderston. We need not add that, on making this discovery, the General kindly inquired for his former acquaintances in Glasgow, and finally dismissed Mr. Falconer with ample guarantees for his security against further annoyance.

The career of General Mortier was remarkable. On the breaking out of the Revolution, inspired with military ardor, he had entered the army as a volunteer, and soon rose by his merit, courage, and talents, combined with his superior education, to the rank of General of Division. He afterwards figured in a prominent position in all the wars of the Republic. He commanded the army which Buonaparte sent, in 1803, to take possession of Hanover. We read in Alison's History of Europe that "the force entrusted to Mortier on this occasion was 20,000 men. He traversed without hesita-

tion all the principalities, not merely which lay in his way to Hanover, but many beyond that limit. Hamburg and Bremen were occupied, and the mouths of the Elbe and Weser closed against British merchandise.* Created for this service a Marshal of France, he followed Napoleon in all his fortunes until the capitulation of Paris in 1814, when he wisely gave in his adherence to the new regime. His prudence was rewarded with the confidence of Louis XVIII. From 1816 till 1819 he sat as a member of the Chamber of Deputies, and then was elevated to the peerage as Duke of Treviso. In 1834 he accepted the *porte-feuille* of Minister of War under Louis Philippe—a position which he occupied till July in the following year, when, with many other persons of rank and distinction, following in the train of that monarch, after a review of the troops in celebration of ‘the glorious three days,’ he met an instantaneous death from Fieschi’s infernal machine. So closed the brilliant career of our Glasgow student, the son of the yarn-manufacturer of Cambray, and the guest in his early days of Mr. James Monteith of Anderston. A monument to Marshal Mortier is erected in the beautiful cemetery of Père la Chaise at Paris.

Of Mr. Monteith’s eldest son we have little further to add, except that he appears to have carried out on a larger scale than had hitherto been attempted in Glasgow, the manufacture of muslins by power-looms, which now began to be introduced. “A factory for weaving the finer qualities of muslins by power,” says Dr. Cleland, “was fitted up at Milton Bleachfield, Dumbartonshire, in 1794, which was the first of the kind in this country; and in 1801 Mr. John Monteith erected a weaving factory for coarser goods at Pollokshaws, of 200 looms.”

The second son, James—or ‘James the third’—was still more fortunate than his elder brother, and according to ‘Senex’ was placed in the awkward predicament of literally making a fortune against his own will. In the year 1792,

* Alison’s History of Europe.—Vol. v. p. 139.

when the spinning of cotton yarn was extremely profitable, he purchased the Blantyre cotton mill from the celebrated Mr. David Dale, at what was considered a fair price. But scarcely was the bargain concluded when the French revolutionary war broke out, and this was immediately followed by the great commercial crisis of 1793. The fall upon yarns was enormous, and Mr. Monteith, in despair, with heavy payments to make as the price of his recent purchase, saw nothing but ruin before him. In this dilemma he earnestly entreated Mr. Dale to cancel the bargain, alleging his utter inability to stand the pressure of the times. But even the benevolent Mr. Dale was inflexible, and stood, like Shylock, to his bond. Mr. Monteith, having no alternative, and seeing that his yarns could only be sold at a ruinous loss, began from absolute necessity to manufacture them himself, and to send up the cloth so manufactured to London, to be sold by auction. He did not expect to make any profit on the cloth, but merely, by this expedient, to find an opening for his yarns. He was therefore agreeably surprised when he soon discovered that his profits were large; and 'Senex' states, that in the course of not more than five years, he realized by this trade a fortune of £80,000.

He afterwards purchased the Barrowfield dye-works from Mr. Papillon. It was either in 1783 or 1785, that Mr. Dale and Mr. George Macintosh—father of the late Mr. Charles Macintosh, of Dunchattan, the inventor of the well-known water-proof fabrics—engaged this M. Pierre Jacques Papillon, an eminent Turkey-red dyer from Rouen, to settle in Glasgow, and thus introduced into Scotland the process of dyeing cotton-yarns the beautiful and singularly permanent shade known as Turkey or Adrianople red. The art of communicating this color to *cloth* was unknown till the year 1810, when it was first practised by M. Daniel Kœchlin, of Mulhausen, in Alsace. M. Papillon carried on the work at Barrowfield for many years, in partnership with Mr. Macintosh. It is stated by the late Dr. Thomson, and other authorities, that this

was the first Turkey-red work in Great Britain; but there is reason to believe, from documents quoted by Mr. Edward Baines in his 'History of the Cotton Manufacture,' that M. Borelle, another Frenchman, practised the art at Manchester some years prior to its introduction at Glasgow, though his method was less successful than that of Papillon. He obtained, however, a grant from Government for the disclosure of his plans, as M. Papillon afterwards did from the Commissioners and Trustees for Manufactures in Scotland. This process, which was long a secret, forms at present a highly important branch of our art-manufacture, and the beautiful Glasgow Turkey-reds are well-known and appreciated in every quarter of the globe.

Mr. James Monteith of Blantyre married Miss Buchanan of Ardenconnel, but left no children. He was succeeded in the Blantyre and Barrowfield works by his brother Henry, to whom has been erected the beautiful obelisk in the Necropolis.

Henry, like the rest of the family, began as a muslin manufacturer. 'Senex' remarks that he was never 'a humble weaver in the western suburb of Anderston,' as stated in a recent publication, on the ground of common report. He was born in 1765, and 'Senex' remembers him quite well in 1785 being a respectable wholesale manufacturer. Towards the close of last century, he was partner of the late Mr. James Robertson—afterwards manager of the British Linen Company's Bank at Glasgow—under the firm of Robertson & Monteith; and this partnership was only dissolved in 1801, when, by the death of his brother James, he succeeded to the works above-mentioned.

These works he long carried on successfully, acquiring a very large fortune, to which the manufacture of an article in cotton, resembling the beautiful Bandanna handkerchief, greatly contributed. "In 1802," writes Dr. Cleland, "Messrs. Henry Monteith, Bogle, & Company, established a manufactory of Bandanna handkerchiefs, which has raised the character of that branch of trade all over Europe. With the

exception of an attempt which proved unsuccessful on the Continent, the manufacture of Bandannas has hitherto been confined to this city." The cotton or cloth employed in this manufacture is dyed a fine Turkey-red, and the pattern is afterwards produced by discharging the color of the figure by a chemical process. When the Austrian Princes visited Messrs. Monteith's extensive establishment at Barrowfield, soon after the peace of 1815, they were greatly delighted with the beauty of the discharging process, and the elegance of the patterns, and remarked, that all over the Continent, goods of that description went under the name of 'Monteith's.' The name Bandanna, indeed, is no longer used, but the same manufacture is still carried on to a vast extent in Glasgow, to which it is almost entirely confined, and the firm of Henry Monteith & Company still maintains its pre-eminence. The discharging apparatus used by this firm is figured by M. Persoz, in his magnificent work on calico-printing, published at Paris in 1846.*

The late Mr. Henry Monteith took an active and intelligent part in public affairs, and occupied, at different times, the offices of highest honor in his native city. He was twice elected chief magistrate; first, in October, 1814, and afterwards in 1818, holding the position, on each occasion, for two years—at that time the usual period. In the interval, also, he filled the office of Lord Dean of Guild, to which he was elected in the autumn of 1817, resigning it, however, in the following year, when called to resume the dignity of Lord Provost. In politics he was a staunch Conservative, or rather a Tory—for the former somewhat equivocal term had not yet been invented—and it happened that on both the occasions when he wielded the municipal sceptre, but more especially on the last, his reign was sadly disturbed by the violence of

* "Cette impression est connue sous le nom d'impression *Bandanna*; elle est particulièrement appliquée à l'impression des dessins blancs sur fonds rouge-turc. La machine qu'elle exige est sans contredit un des appareils qui font le plus d'honneur à nos voisins d'outre-mer."—*Persoz*, tome ii. p. 394.

the radical reform movement, which then pervaded the kingdom. The memorable events of 1820, when a general rising was daily expected for several weeks, and printed proclamations were posted in different parts of the city, professing to be 'Signed by Order of the Committee of Organisation for forming a Provisional Government,' occurred when he was chief magistrate. These commotions exploded in the miserable affair of Bonnymuir. Though naturally unpopular with the masses, on account of his political sentiments, and once or twice mobbed and insulted by the rabble, Mr. Monteith was highly esteemed by the intelligent part of the community, as well as by the numerous persons in his own employment, to whom he was a liberal and indulgent master; and the vigorous measures he adopted on several trying occasions, secured for him the marked approval of the ruling powers.

In 1819 he purchased the estate of Carstairs near Lanark, and the present elegant mansion was built by him in 1824. The ancient castle of Carstairs was originally a Roman station or fortification, and was given by the sainted King David, in 1126, to the Bishop of Glasgow for his country palace. When Edward I. was at Berwick, in 1292, deciding on the claims of Bruce and Baliol, he granted a licence to Robert Wiseheart (or Wishart,) Bishop of Glasgow, to finish the castle of Carstairs, which had been begun without leave. "It is remarkable," wrote Dr. Cleland in 1832, "that in 1292 the castle and manor of Carstairs was possessed by one of our most public-spirited and benevolent bishops, and that after a lapse of more than 500 years, the magnificent mansion and extensive manor of Carstairs is possessed by a citizen of Glasgow, alike distinguished for public spirit and active benevolence, whether engaged in mercantile enterprise, in the Senate, or in honorable retirement."

Mr. Monteith was returned to Parliament, in 1821, for the Lanark district of burghs, which included, under the old arrangement, the towns of Selkirk, Peebles, Linlithgow, and Lanark. This position he held, at intervals, for several years,

but finally retired from political life in 1830, and spent the remainder of his days on his estate, in the discharge of the duties and hospitalities of a country gentleman. He died on the 14th December, 1848. He was twice married; first, to Miss Christina Cameron, by whom he left one son and two daughters; and secondly, to Miss Fullerton, sister of the late Lord Fullerton, to whose father the property of Carstairs had belonged. He is succeeded by his son, Robert Monteith, Esq. of Carstairs, who still carries on the business of the firm both at Blantyre and Barrowfield; and who, in 1837, stood in the conservative interest as one of the candidates for Glasgow, when Lord William Bentick and Mr. Dennistoun, the liberal candidates, were returned. We may add, that this highly respected gentleman has deemed it consistent with his duty to join the Roman Catholic Church—a circumstance, indeed, which might be inferred from the style of the inscriptions on the obelisk dedicated to his father's memory.

CHAPTER VIII.

RALPH WARDLAW, D.D.

“When you quote an opponent, be candid and fair,
 'Tis needful the more that the virtue's so rare.
 Disjoint not his periods to answer your end,
 Nor a word, nor a syllable, alter or bend.
 I always suspect—*latet anguis in herba*,
 When a man does not quote my *ipsissima verba*.”—REV. DR. WARDLAW.

IMMEDIATELY contiguous to Mr. Monteith's obelisk, on the south side, is a somewhat irregular piece of ground, also on the very brow of the hill, which has not at present the appearance of being a grave at all. Here, however, rest the mortal remains of one of the most eminent men, and one of the finest intellects, that Scotland could boast—the late Rev. Dr. Wardlaw—a man whose name and fame are at least as

widely diffused as the language in which he spoke and wrote.

If it should appear to be a disgrace to Glasgow that no monument has yet been erected to the memory of this distinguished divine, who died at the close of 1853, our readers will be gratified to learn that a very considerable sum has already been collected for this purpose, by the members of that congregation over which he so long presided, and who, in their affectionate devotion to his memory, are making preparations to rear a befitting structure on this commanding site. The congregation is wealthy, and is well qualified to raise the necessary funds without assistance—a circumstance which, if we are not misinformed, has given rise to the impression that they do not accept contributions towards the contemplated object from any other quarter, but that they have resolved to reserve entirely to themselves the privilege of erecting a monument over the grave of their pastor. That they do not solicit contributions is perfectly true, and that they have already collected enough among themselves to ensure the completion of the work in a very satisfactory manner, from their own unaided resources, is also a fact which our readers will be glad to learn; but it is an error to suppose that they refuse to receive contributions from the general public; and we believe, that if this were generally known, and if greater publicity were given to the subject, a fund would soon be amassed from the ready subscriptions of thousands of Dr. Wardlaw's admirers, in every part of the country, which would put it in the power of the committee appointed by the congregation to rear a truly magnificent structure, not unworthy to constitute a kind of national testimony to the pre-eminent merits of one of our greatest divines and polemical writers.

Dr. Wardlaw was born at Dalkeith, on the 22d December, 1779, but was removed to Glasgow when quite an infant. His parents were William Wardlaw and Anne Fisher, both of respectable, and even distinguished, families. By his paternal ancestors, he was related to the ancient Anglo-Saxon house of

Wardlaw of Pitreavie, in Fife, one of the members of which was Bishop Wardlaw of St. Andrews, the founder of the ancient university in that city; and by the mother's side, he was connected, by direct descent, with some of the most eminent names in the records of the Scottish Secession. His biographer, the Rev. Dr. Alexander of Edinburgh, appends to his memoirs a genealogical table, from which it appears that the Reverend Doctor was actually, by his maternal parent, the *ninth* in descent from James V., the most popular of all the monarchs of the house of Stewart; and that one of his ancestors in this line was Harry Halcro of Halcro, in South Ronaldshay, a lineal descendant of the ancient Princes of Denmark. Whatever importance may be attached to such matters, which are, indeed, capable of adding but little to the fame of Dr. Wardlaw, it is certainly interesting to know that his mother was a daughter of the Rev. James Fisher, and grand-daughter, therefore, of the Rev. Ebenezer Erskine—two of the four founders of Scottish dissent.* Her sister, Margaret Fisher, was married to Walter Ewing M'Lae, Esq. of Cathkin, by whom she was mother of the late Mr. Ewing, of Strathleven; and thus the subject of the present notice stood in the relation of full cousin to that gentleman, whose name has already repeatedly occurred in these pages as one of the principal promoters of the Necropolis, and whom we shall again have occasion to notice, in a still more prominent manner, when we arrive at his own monument, erected only a few yards distant from the grave of his distinguished relative.

Dr. Wardlaw's father settled in Glasgow as a merchant. He became a burgher and guild-brother in 1786, and a matriculated member of the Merchants' House in the following year. It is stated in Cleland's Annals that he was a magistrate in 1796 and 1800. He was a man of high intellectual culture—was distinguished by his upright conduct, his eminent piety and strict integrity, and occupied an honorable

* For a short notice of these two fathers of the Secession, see Appendix.

place among our Glasgow merchants. He built the house on the west side of Charlotte Street, nearest the Green—a street in which Dr. Chalmers lived at a future period, and which was at one time regarded as a highly fashionable locality, not unworthy of the best families in Glasgow.

The subject of our memoir, having lost his mother when a child, was sent at an early age to the High School in this city; and in 1791, before he had completed his twelfth year, he entered the University, where, assisted by his father's advice and instructions, he pursued his philosophical and classical studies, with marked success, for the usual period of four years. His views having always pointed to the ministry, he entered the Divinity Hall in connection with that branch of the Associate Secession Church, known as the Burgher Synod, in which he had been brought up. His theological instructor was the venerable Dr. Lawson, of Selkirk, then professor in the Burgher Theological Hall. "A native of Selkirk," says Dr. Alexander, "who recollects him whilst a student there, has told me that he was noticeable by the townfolk, among his fellows, for the neatness and grace of his dress; and, especially, that he caused no small talk among them by the extravagance, as they viewed it, of a silk umbrella! This slight reminiscence gives note both of the individual and of the age."

Having entered the Hall in 1795, he prosecuted his theological studies, with Dr. Lawson's high approbation, during the prescribed period of five sessions; but when just on the eve of receiving his licence, he found that he could not conscientiously subscribe to some of the articles of the Secession Church. "I have not," he wrote to a friend, in February, 1800, "yet assumed the pontificals. I am, in some measure, conscious of wasting time which might have been better occupied in *attempting*, at least, so far as in me lies, to promote the glory of God, and the most important interests of mankind. Many things, however, have of late divided my mind, and it is not impossible (don't gloom!) that I may be

sucked in by the vortex of the Tabernacle." This was the name then applied to the new Congregationalist or Independent movement, which had been started in Scotland by the Messrs. Haldane, and others. The name was originally given to their places of worship, and hence it came to be applied to the religious movement itself. 'Tabernacles' were established in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, and other places: and the leaders of the new denomination—Messrs. Haldane, Aikman, Rate, Greville Ewing, and Innes—itinerated through different parts of the country, attracting immense audiences.

The Rev. Greville Ewing had his 'tabernacle' or place of worship in Jamaica Street, in this city; and Mr. Wardlaw, on a full examination of the principles there inculcated, at length deliberately joined Mr. Ewing's church, and thus publicly gave his adherence to that body of Christians, of which he was ultimately destined to become one of the most powerful champions, and the brightest ornament. "When some one," relates his biographer, "announced to the venerable Dr. Lawson that Ralph Wardlaw had left the Secession, and become an Independent, the good old man was at first startled and pained by the intelligence, but after a moment's pause, he said, 'Well, it doesn't much matter: Ralph Wardlaw will make a good anything.'"

He now commenced his professional career, and the younger readers of the present day will be surprised to learn, that for many years the Rev. Dr. Wardlaw was actively engaged as an itinerant preacher in different parts of the country. Towards the close of 1800, he visited Edinburgh, and preached for several Sabbaths in that city and neighbourhood. In the early part of 1801 he engaged to supply the church assembling at St. Paul's chapel, Perth, for a few Sabbaths, during the temporary vacancy occasioned by the death of their pastor; but from various causes his stay in Perth was extended, with occasional short interruptions, till the middle of October; and during this period he was in the

habit of proceeding on laborious itinerant preaching excursions to various towns and villages in the surrounding country. His letters to his father at this period are exceedingly interesting. We find him at one time writing from the tabernacle at Dundee, and anon detailing his adventures at Dunkeld, Moulin, and other places, with all the buoyancy of youthful hope and enthusiasm.

When Dr. Wardlaw commenced his labors as a preacher, he was far from exhibiting promise of that eminence to which he afterwards attained. He was by no means popular at first; but, acquiring confidence with practice, he rapidly improved in his style and manner, and so well did he acquit himself at Perth, that when another church had been erected for the minister at length appointed there, the proprietors of St. Paul's chapel were anxious to retain his services, hoping to draw together a new congregation in that place of worship. They made him accordingly a liberal offer, with that object in view. This brought to a crisis a movement which had been proceeding among his friends in Glasgow, who, knowing the superior qualifications of the young preacher, proposed to erect, at their own expense, a place of worship for him in that city. The proposal took him by surprise; but, after much hesitation, he deemed it his duty to accept. A piece of ground was accordingly secured in North Albion Street for the new church.

Having left Perth in the autumn, he spent the ensuing winter at Dumfries, while his church was in progress, and there he produced so favorable an impression, that an effort was made by the people to secure him as their settled pastor. This however, was precluded by the pre-existing arrangements. He returned to Glasgow in somewhat impaired health; and sought relaxation from severer duties in composing and compiling a collection of hymns, in which he was ably assisted by his father. This engaged him for nearly a twelvemonth. The chapel in Glasgow having been at length completed, was opened on the 16th February, 1803, on which occasion the

church was formally constituted, and Mr. Wardlaw, then only in his twenty-fourth year, was ordained as its pastor.

The opening of the North Albion Street Chapel produced a considerable migration from the tabernacle in Jamaica Street; but the Rev. Mr. Ewing, instead of being offended at that circumstance, which had been foreseen from the beginning by all parties, strongly encouraged and supported the movement in behalf of his young friend, with whom he always continued to co-operate on the most cordial terms. Mr. Wardlaw's aged and respected father, though he never entirely renounced his communion with the old Secession, was a member and deacon of his congregation. This congregation at first amounted to only sixty-one members; but its numbers were steadily increased by the ability, eloquence, and energy of the young preacher. The extent of his efforts may be conceived from the fact that, besides discharging his duties in the pulpit, he labored much at this period of his ministry as a village, and even as a street preacher. "There are few villages around Glasgow," writes one who knew him well, "that have not their reminiscences of the young minister of Albion Street, preaching at cross-roads, in fields, barns, school-rooms, and kitchens. A regular station of his during many years was the top of Balmanno Street, where, on Sabbath evenings, mounted on a chair, he proclaimed the unsearchable riches of Christ. Nor were these labors unrewarded; for a congregation as attached as ever pastor possessed, soon gathered round him. It is worthy of remark, that of his early church a considerable proportion were weavers from Bridgeton. At that time weaving and weavers were in their palmy days. Bridgeton was then more than now separated from Glasgow. The Independents residing in the village, constrained, perhaps, by a feeling then running strong against their principles, kept much by themselves. On Sabbath mornings, they were accustomed to meet, to 'go up' in company, to Albion Street; and in the same manner to return. Their departure caused quite a sensation in their quiet

neighbourhood, and as they passed might be heard the remark, 'There goes Wardlaw's brigade.'"

In the beginning of 1813, Dr. Wardlaw commenced that course of public lectures on the Socinian controversy which attracted so much attention at the time, and brought him into conflict with the Rev. Mr. Yates, then Unitarian minister in Glasgow, and one of the ablest exponents of the Unitarian creed. Our young divine grappled with the question most successfully, and at the request of many friends of the cause he had so warmly espoused, the lectures were published, ran through many editions, and now form a standard text-book in many of the Divinity Halls, both in this country and in America. This auspicious *debut* as a controversialist contributed greatly to his popularity; his congregation still increased to an extent which exceeded the accommodation the chapel was capable of affording; and in 1818, when absent in London, he received the gratifying intelligence of the contemplated erection of West George Street Chapel, to which he and his people removed in the following year. It is matter of notoriety that there a congregation was formed, which, for numbers, influence, and intelligence, was second to none in Glasgow.

As a preacher, Dr. Wardlaw is acknowledged to have stood in the van of living celebrities. For purity of style, vigor of thought, concise arrangement, simplicity of elucidation, and cogency of reasoning, his sermons were universally admired. Some idea may be formed of the variety of the subjects which he treated, from the fact that he went over the whole of the Books of the Old Testament, the Acts of the Apostles, Romans, Galatians, Ephesians, Thessalonians, Hebrews, the Epistles of James and Jude, and Revelation, besides giving thousands of detached sermons and numerous short series of discourses.

Amid many temptations to leave Glasgow, either for pulpits or university chairs in England, where the emoluments would have been considerably larger than the stipend which

he enjoyed in this city, although it was reported to be the highest given to any dissenting minister north of the Tweed, he remained warmly attached to West George Street Chapel.

About seven years after his ordination he became tutor in the Glasgow Theological Academy, a position which he filled with much efficiency and acceptance till his decease. In this institution he was early associated with the Rev. Greville Ewing, and in later years with Professor Thomson. His fame as a theologian attracted students of all evangelical denominations to his class-room; and for nearly half a century he sent forth a large number of able and faithful ministers, who are now engaged in all parts of the world. At the institution of the Local Bible Society, he was appointed secretary, and for many years discharged the duties of the office with great zeal and fidelity.

Dr. Wardlaw figured prominently at all public meetings, whether political, educational, or religious; and was always popular as a platform speaker. Much of his time was spent in the important controversies of Christianity, which have of late years been agitated in Scotland. In these the subtlety of his reasoning was put to the severest tests; and it was his lot to be met in debate by the most eminent of his contemporaries, in proof of which we have only to state, that he measured lances with Chalmers himself, on the Voluntary question. His writings—controversial, critical, and expository—are very voluminous, and are favorably known to the whole religious public.* The Rev. Doctor held his degree from Yale College, Connecticut—a circumstance which is surely a reproach to our Scottish universities, and more especially to the college at which he had studied, and of which he was a distinguished alumnus.

In February, 1853, on the completion of the fiftieth year of his ministry, a jubilee was held to celebrate this auspicious

* Besides the 'Hymn Book' and 'Discourses on the Socinian Controversy,' already mentioned, he published 'Expository Lectures on Ecclesiastes;' 'Dissertation on Infant Baptism;' 'Essays on Assurance of Faith and Extent of the Atonement, and Universal Pardon;' 'Discourses on the Sabbath;' 'Lectures on Female Prostitution;' 'Congregational Independency the Church Polity of the New Testament;' &c. ; &c.

event. It assumed the form of a public soiree in the City Hall, and was truly a noble demonstration, attended by the most influential clergymen of every shade of religious belief, who came from all parts of the United Kingdom, vieing with each other in paying their tribute of respect to the venerable and esteemed minister in whose honor it was held.

Dr. Wardlaw survived this crowning reward of his long, consistent, and eminent career as a Christian pastor only a few months. In 1847 he had suffered a severe attack of an obscure affection in the chest to which he was subject, and this had led to the appointment of the Rev. Mr. Porter as his colleague in the following year. Events of a painful nature, to which we refrain from alluding further, occasioned that gentleman's resignation in 1850. Dr. Wardlaw continued for some time in feeble health; but not long after Mr. Porter's appointment he rallied remarkably—his usual vivacity returned, and even after the jubilee services his health and vigor remained for some time as before. He had afterwards the gratification of receiving, and introducing to the Glasgow public, the celebrated authoress of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' It was evident, however, on that occasion that his strength was beginning to fail. His old ailment, which proved to be spinal neuralgia, returned with greater severity than ever; and after enduring for several weeks the intense sufferings of this malady with true Christian fortitude, he died, surrounded by his family, at Easterhouse, near Glasgow, on Saturday morning, 17th December, 1853—the year of his jubilee. His funeral took place on the following Friday, and the long and mournful procession which accompanied his honored remains to the Necropolis will not soon be forgotten.

Dr. Wardlaw was married in August, 1803, to Miss Jane Smith, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Smith of Dunfermline; and this excellent lady, with a numerous family of sons and daughters, survived to deplore his loss. One of his sons has been, for a number of years, a missionary at Bellary; and

two of his daughters likewise accompanied their husbands to the same missionary field. Another of his sons is honorably engaged in business in this city. Dr. Wardlaw survived the whole of his father's family, consisting of seven sons and one daughter. One of his brothers, Captain John Wardlaw, fell at the battle of Salamanca, July 22, 1812.

In private life, Dr. Wardlaw was greatly beloved. His manners were unaffected and conciliatory, and he was a genuine pattern of the refinements, accomplishments, and virtues which mark the scholar and Christian gentleman. He possessed a rich vein of humour, was extremely fond of innocent pleasantry, and was never satisfied unless the entire circle were participants in his happiness. He amused his leisure, and often delighted his friends, with lively sallies in verse; and if he did not make poetry a serious study, he rhymed at least with great facility on various subjects,—

“From grave to gay, from lively to severe,”

as the reader may infer from the short but characteristic specimen of his lighter muse prefixed to this chapter. Many of his ‘hymns,’ indeed, are exceedingly beautiful, and some of them have taken their place as not unworthy to rank with the best compositions of that kind in the English language.

Since the death of this eminent divine, the once famous West George Street Chapel, so often vocal with his lucid eloquence, has ceased to exist. It was purchased by the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway Company at the price of £14,000—a sum which has enabled the congregation to erect, at the corner of Bath and Pitt Streets, a new and much more magnificent structure, designed by Mr. Burnet of West Regent Street, and known as Elgin Place Chapel. Dr. Wardlaw is succeeded by the Rev. Alexander Raleigh, who is held in very high esteem by his people, and is much admired as a preacher.

CHAPTER IX.

 JOHN DICK, D.D.—THOMAS ATKINSON.

"Gently, at last, the shades of evening came,
 But rays that fade not, rest upon his name;
 Passed from the earth, the trees which he had seen,
 So soft in Spring's fair mornings clad in green,
 Before the spot so long beloved shall wave,
 While he is resting in his honored grave.
 But in those branches desolate and bare,
 Which shall again their verdant covering wear,
 We read an emblem of the glorious trust,
 With which they lay the Christian in the dust—
 That 'certain hope' on which the soul relies,
 'The hour is coming when the dead shall rise.' "

WE now turn to the Rev. Dr. Dick's monument, immediately opposite the obelisk in honor of the late Mr. Monteith. The latter is in the compartment of GAMMA; the former occupies the south-west corner of OMEGA, to which, with its crowded and magnificent tombs, we have now to devote several chapters. Separated from KAPPA by the walk which here ascends to the summit, it embraces the principal portion of the highest platform of the hill, from Dr. Dick's monument northward, and constitutes, indeed, the most richly embellished division of the whole Necropolis. In this elevated region of monumental splendour, the dead slumber beneath palaces. Art has done much—perhaps too much—to decorate OMEGA with elegant monumental structures. All around us rise the costly fabrics, rendering even death immortal. And yet we confess that more of the verdure and picturesque leafiness of Nature's own handiwork—more of the green earth and the rugged rock rising in the grandeur of natural simplicity to meet the blue sky, and less of the 'sculptured bust and monumental urn,' would have been more agreeable to our own taste, although it is impossible to walk these silent streets without a profound feeling of reverential awe in

the presence of so much sepulchral pomp, and so many enduring monitors of evanescent mortality.

Like the monuments to Knox and M'Gavin, between which it stands in a direct line, as well as the adjacent obelisk to Mr. Monteith, and another interesting cenotaph close at hand, to which we shall further advert in the course of the present chapter, the prominent and graceful structure before us does not indicate the tomb, but merely the virtues of the deceased. The mortal remains of the learned and worthy divine to whom this honorable mark of respect was erected by his congregation, five years after his death, are interred in the Cathedral or High Church cemetery. This monument was designed by Mr. Thomas Hamilton, of Edinburgh, and is an hexagonal temple of the Ionic order, crowned with a circular canopy resting on six fluted columns. It is formed somewhat after the general design of the choragic monument of Lysicrates, known also as the Lanthorn of Demosthenes, at Athens; but, besides that the order is different, and the pedestal is not square but hexagonal, the body of the temple is here completely wanting, and the central space between the columns is occupied by a vase or urn. On one of the sides of the pedestal is placed the following inscription:—

To the Memory of
JOHN DICK, D.D.,
Professor of Theology to the United Secession Synod,
And
Minister of Greyfriars' Church, Glasgow;
Who was born at Aberdeen the 10th of October, 1764,
And died at Glasgow the 25th of January, 1833.

Erected by his Congregation,
1838.

Around the frieze is an inscription in Greek capitals:—

ΘΗΣΚΕΙΝ ΜΗ ΔΕΓΕ ΤΟΥΣ ΑΓΑΘΟΥΣ, 'ΙΕΡΟΝ
'ΥΠΙΝΟΝ ΚΟΙΜΑΤΑΙ.

Of which the following may be given as a free translation:—

Oh! tell me not the good man dies,
Embalm'd in sacred sleep he lies!

Dr. Dick was born at Aberdeen, as already stated, on the 10th of October, 1764. His father, the Rev. Alexander Dick, was minister of an Associate Congregation of Seceders in that city, but originally belonged to the county of Kinross, and was descended of a respectable family. The subject of this notice was the eldest of nine children, and was in his early years greatly indebted to the watchful and affectionate training of his mother, a daughter of Captain Tolmie of Aberdeen. After passing with distinguished success through the Grammar School classes, he entered King's College, in October, 1777, and although at this time he had just completed his twelfth year, he succeeded in gaining a competition bursary. In March, 1781, he took the degree of A.M., and the time for choosing a profession having now arrived, he determined, of his own deliberate choice, to devote himself to the holy ministry in connection with the Secession. After undergoing the usual examinations, he was admitted by the Associate Presbytery of Perth and Dunfermline to attend the Divinity Hall in connection with that denomination, and there he studied for five years under the superintendence of Dr. Brown of Haddington, the author of the Dictionary of the Bible, and other religious works. Part of the vacations he spent with a paternal uncle in Kinross-shire, where he attended the ministrations of the late Rev. Mr. Greig of Lochgelly. It is stated, that about the time of his entering the Divinity Hall, an exuberance of animal spirits for which he was remarkable in youth, was supplanted by an unusual gravity of demeanour which continued for nearly two years, and after which he regained much of his former gaiety. The struggle in his mind having passed over, he settled down into the calm and confirmed cheerfulness of an enlightened faith.

In 1785, when about twenty-one years of age, he was licensed as a preacher by the Associate Presbytery of Perth and Dunfermline, and had not been long licensed before he received calls from the congregations of Scone, of Mussel-

burgh, and of Slateford. The Synod decided on sending him to Slateford, where, on the banks of the Water of Leith, near Edinburgh, the young minister was ordained on the 26th October, 1786, at the age of twenty-two. Here he labored with great acceptance and comfort for fifteen years, among an affectionate and worthy people, by whom his superior qualifications and unremitting diligence were fully appreciated. The church and minister's house stood on the banks of the stream, and much of his leisure time he spent in cultivating his garden, enjoying with a deep zest the simple beauties of nature. A few years after his settlement in this place, he was united in marriage to Miss Jane Coventry, second daughter of the Rev. George Coventry, of Stitchell, in Roxburghshire, and sister to the late Dr. Andrew Coventry, Professor of Agriculture in the University of Edinburgh. By this happy union he became the parent of six sons and five daughters, of whom four sons and four daughters survived him.

Dr. Dick was an active and laborious student, and made it his habitual practice to rise at an early hour in the morning. The fruits of his pulpit preparations were of a higher order than usually prevailed in the Secession at that time. His first appearance as an author was about two years after his settlement at Slateford, when he published a sermon entitled 'The Conduct and Doom of False Teachers,' the text being 2 Peter ii. 1. This sermon was launched against Dr. M'Gill of Ayr, a minister of the Established Church, who had published a Practical Essay on the Death of Christ, in which it was alleged that Socinian opinions were maintained, and for which the author was prosecuted before the Church Courts. His next publication was a sermon preached as moderator of the Synod in 1796, when that dispute on Confessions of Faith was at its height, which terminated in the dissent of a small minority, forming a new Secession, under the name of the Original Associate Synod. Dr. Dick took a prominent part in this discussion, and his sermon, with the note appended to it, is

generally allowed to afford a complete view of the question. He held that Confessions of Faith should be subject to frequent revision.

In 1800, he published his celebrated 'Essay on the Inspiration of the Scriptures,' which forms, perhaps, the most enduring basis of his reputation, both as a writer and a divine. In 1801, he preached before the Edinburgh Missionary Society a sermon on the qualifications and the call of missionaries, which, in compliance with the customary request of the Society, was likewise given to the public.

During the fifteen years that he labored in the village of Slateford, Dr. Dick had received two calls from the Aberdeen congregation to which his lamented father, then deceased, so long discharged the responsible duties of pastor. The Synod, however, on both occasions, and in perfect harmony with his own wishes, decided that he should continue at Slateford, until, in the year 1801, he received a call from the congregation then of Shuttlefield, now Greyfriars, Glasgow, to be colleague to their aged pastor, the Rev. Alex. Pirie. Dr. Dick resigned this matter entirely into the hands of the Synod, who immediately dissolved his connection with Slateford, and sent him to Glasgow. He was inducted as colleague and successor to Mr. Pirie, on the 21st May, 1801. The congregation of Greyfriars was one of the oldest, wealthiest, and most important connected with the Secession Church in Glasgow, and here Dr. Dick labored with unabated acceptance and constantly increasing usefulness for more than thirty years. In 1810, the death of his venerable colleague left him alone in the charge of the congregation; and in 1815 he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the College of Princeton, New Jersey. His quiet unobtrusive career, spent in the assiduous discharge of his pastoral duties, was marked by few incidents that call for special notice. In addition, however, to his ordinary pulpit ministrations, which were greatly admired, he delivered a series of monthly Sabbath evening lectures on the Acts of the Apostles, and other discourses on

various interesting subjects, which, by their superior merit, attracted crowds of hearers, and drew on the author a large share of public attention. Many of these discourses were afterwards published, and have passed through several editions. In 1820, Dr. Dick was appointed to succeed the venerable Dr. Lawson of Selkirk in the chair of Theological Professor to the Associate Synod—a highly responsible and honorable situation, which he filled with distinguished ability till his death, greatly beloved by the students, and leaving behind him a valuable bequest to the world in his admirable Lectures on Theology, delivered from the Professorial chair, and subsequently published in four volumes by one of his sons. It is to the excellent memoir prefixed to these lectures, published in 1834, that we are indebted for the substance of this brief notice.

Somewhat suddenly and unexpectedly Dr. Dick closed his long and useful career, on the afternoon of Friday, the 25th of January, 1833. His death was produced by inflammation of the brain, arising from internal disease of the ear, to which he had been frequently subject; and no alarm was created till the evening previous to his death, when he gradually sank into a stupor, from which he never recovered. He died in the sixty-ninth year of his age, the forty-seventh of his ministry, and the thirteenth of his professorship. The sad and unexpected event created a deep and painful sensation throughout Glasgow. He was buried in the High Church cemetery, on the first of the following month, and the funeral procession was marked by imposing solemnity.

We may conclude this sketch of Dr. Dick's life with the following account of his personal appearance from the pen of one of his friends:—"In person," says this writer, "Dr. Dick was about the middle size, well-proportioned, and, to the last, erect, noble, and graceful in his mien. In his youth he is reputed to have been eminently handsome; and certainly nothing could exceed his venerable beauty in later years. His forehead was ample, and finely formed; his head slightly bald,

and his hair, originally black, had assumed a silvery whiteness. His eyes were dark, full, and very expressive, his other features regular and harmonious, and his complexion clear. The whole cast of his countenance was highly intellectual; its prevailing expression that of mild and meditative gravity, yet without any air of abstraction; on the contrary, he was very much alive to what was acting before him, and upon the instant, his features and attitudes could give to every emotion the most lively expression within the limits of dignity, which never forsook him. The first impression which he made upon a stranger was that of awe, but this soon wore off upon acquaintance; and those who enjoyed his esteem will not soon forget the open, animated, and, sometimes, arch look which illustrated his conversation, nor the sweetness of his smile."

Near Dr. Dick's monument, a little to the south-east, is one of peculiar construction, somewhat impressed with the finger of time, but on which may be traced the following inscription:—

To the Memory of
THOMAS ATKINSON, BOOKSELLER;
Who died
At sea, while on a voyage to Barbadoes,
For the recovery of his health,
10th October, 1833.
In the 32d year of his age.

"While, when beneath the verge of time
I've sped—as soon I know 'twill be—
I rise, but in another clime,—
Uncircling—fixed Eternity."

This simple tribute
To the genuine worth of an only son,
Is placed here
By his early widowed, now bereaved
And desolate mother. A. M. A.

The upper part of this unpretending cenotaph consists of a pyramid, terminating in a flame, and bearing on a slab of white marble, the figure of a ship on the ocean, over which

is a dove with an olive branch in its mouth, and this curious inscription :—

“As forth the dove went trembling.”

This monument is worthy of the visitor's attention, as indicating, not the grave, indeed, but the memory and premature fate of one who was endowed with intellectual qualities of no mean order. Mr. Atkinson was born at Glasgow, about the beginning of the present century. His parentage was humble, and as, in all probability, his education was not of a very liberal character, his future literary merit, even at an early period of life, is therefore due to his own natural genius, and the ardent and irrepressible energies of his own mind. He was first apprenticed to Messrs. Brash & Reid, booksellers, Trongate; and not, as stated in Anderson's 'Scottish Biography,' to their contemporary, Mr. Turnbull. He afterwards entered into partnership as a bookseller, with the late Mr. David Robertson, whose name has already occurred as the publisher of Motherwell's poems, and of whom we shall have something more to say when we shortly arrive at the spot which encloses his own honored remains. This partnership, after subsisting for some years, was broken off by mutual consent; Mr. Robertson started for himself, and Mr. Atkinson continued the original business on his own account. His labors, however, were not confined to what might be termed the ordinary routine of the shop. Bookmaking rather than bookselling, was his business; and while he was apparently employed in trafficking in the intellectual temple, he was actually an earnest and assiduous worshipper of the Muses. His literary industry was not a little remarkable. Amid the urgency of business, he found time from his other avocations to publish 'The Sextuple Alliance,' and 'The Chameleon,' in three successive annual volumes; containing only his own literary sketches, in various miscellaneous forms of both prose and verse. He also edited a weekly periodical, entitled 'The Ant,' and chiefly consisting of selections from some of the best modern writers. In this career he was

more successful than as a politician, when, at the first general election after the passing of the Reform Bill, he started as a candidate, in opposition to Lord Dalmeny, for the Stirling Burghs. To this unsuccessful struggle he was probably urged by the keen interest which, as an ardent reformer, he took in the politics of the day; and also, perhaps, by the fluency and ease of his public elocution, in which Mr. Atkinson was an adept. It is generally believed, that his sanguine and overstrained exertions in this injudicious and unsuccessful contest, combining with the mortification of defeat, ripened the seeds of consumption in his naturally delicate constitution. When too late he sought for renovated health in a less severe climate; and, after disposing of his books and business, sailed for Barbadoes—which, however, he was never destined to reach. He died on the passage on the 10th October, 1833, in the 32d year of his age, and was buried at sea, in an oaken coffin which he had taken with him, impressed with a prophetic presentiment of his approaching end!

Mr. Atkinson left an annuity of £40 to his mother, which she enjoyed till her death; and a sum to be applied, after accumulation, in founding an Atkinsonian Hall in Glasgow for the furtherance of adult education by lectures in various branches of science and the *belles lettres*—a monument of his own zeal for the diffusion of knowledge. How many names might thus be honorably bequeathed to posterity, even without any higher effort than that of a posthumous liberality! Unfortunately, in this case, the laudable intentions of the deceased are in serious danger of being frustrated. According to Mr. Atkinson's will, the money which he left (about £1200) was to be allowed to accumulate till it reached the amount of £5000, and then to be applied to the purpose above-mentiond. We regret to state, however, that legal proceedings have been lately commenced with a view to invalidate the will, on two grounds: first, that Mr. Atkinson was an illegitimate son, and therefore, by a law which was in force at the time of his death, although it has been subsequently

repealed, disqualified to make a testament; and, second, that the principle of leaving money or property to accumulate in this manner, beyond a certain limited period, is contrary to the English law of mortmain, which has lately been extended to Scotland. The suit for reducing the will on these grounds, which has been raised by the law-officers of the Crown, at the instigation of some of Mr. Atkinson's relatives, is now pending in the Court of Session. Having been burdened with several legacies and the annuity already mentioned, the money at present does not amount to more than £3000; and although the trustees are exerting their utmost to preserve it for the purpose to which it was originally destined, we fear that, having now become a subject of litigation, its chances of further accumulation are small indeed.*

Mr. Atkinson, however, has left us other memorials which wealth could not have purchased, and which, though not of the highest order of intellectual merit, entitle his name to honorable mention as one of the *literati* of Glasgow. The 'Chameleon' may be taken as a fair specimen of his style of composition, both in prose and verse; and perhaps the most amusing part of it is the humorous preface, in which he describes at length the difficulty which he experienced in finding a name for the work. The following extract from this introductory *jeu d'esprit* will show the lively and playful style of the writer when treating a very common subject:—

"Thus posed, I determined to resort to the advice of friends, and even to give away the proudest distinction of authorship—a name to another. I consulted many; and many were the suggestions with which I was favored. 'What is the nature of your book?' said one and all. 'Is it of a miscellaneous or single aim, with variety or unity of purpose, grave or gay, in prose or in verse?' 'It has every one of these distinguishing features,' was my modest but comprehensive reply. 'Then it can resemble nothing so much as an Album, and you can't give it a better name,' remarked a gentleman very original in his suggestions; 'but as I think I have seen or heard of some printed book with a title like that, suppose you call it the Album of some particular place or other, by way of distinction, such as Puddingstone Place Album, or the Album of B llybrogue Hall.' This would, at all

* The surviving trustees in Glasgow are—Sir James Anderson, M.P.; Mr. William Bankier; Mr. Campbell, of Messrs. Campbell & M'Dougall, Maxwell Street; and Mr. John Kerr, writer, West George Street. A summary of that part of the will which relates to this subject is given in the Appendix.

events, have been more novel than the Olio, which another suggested, or the Olla Podrida, which was proposed by a youth fresh from the perusal of Gil Blas in Spanish. 'Hodge Podge,' said I, 'would be better understood, if not quite so sonorous; and even Le Pot Pourri might be regarded as equally complimentary.' 'What's that?' 'The Alternate.' 'Tush! Call it what it is in the name of deuce,' said a testy friend who had just laid down Banim's latest novel (the Denounced)—'call it the Postponed, as I can vouch for its being so till I am sick of hearing about it and about it; or if you wish for comprehensiveness and novelty, why don't you covertly shove the trouble of titling it on the public, giving the word of promise to the eye only, and call it Anything.' 'Nay,' was my response, 'I might as well do the Hibernian at once, and baptise it the Unchristened, or name it the Nameless, or, better still, boldly challenge public curiosity, and entitle it the Enigma, or in homelier English, the Guess.' 'English? American you mean, I guess,' said a Yankee friend," &c.

Some of Mr. Atkinson's best poetical pieces are in the Scotch idiom. The following sonnet, taken at random from 'The Chameleon,' is of a more aspiring character. Berigonium is a rocky mound near Oban, on which the remains of vitrified forts may be traced, indicating, we presume, the site of ancient beacons. Such, at least, is M'Culloch's theory on the subject, and we think it is very plausible:—

"This, then, is Berigonium where I stand;
 A mass of rock with turf half covered o'er,
 And brow that is with many tempests hoar,
 While kindred hills look down from either strand.
 That it is beautiful, it needs no more
 Than but to turn and gaze on every hand,
 Or look upon the blue sea stretch'd before,
 Girdling with love and lustre round the land!
 Of what it was tradition's lofty dreams,
 Shaping the clouds of far past time to forms,
 Would picture here a citadel of storms
 And halls of high debate on lofty themes.
My faith's perchance as baseless—built on air;
 It paints thee, as thou'rt now—for ever bright and fair!"

Our limits will not permit us to do justice, by further extracts, to Mr. Atkinson's muse, which, if his life had been spared, might have attained to higher excellence, although it would never have risen beyond mediocrity. We may remark, that Mr. Atkinson's mother, by whom the monument was here erected to his memory, died many years ago. We have heard it stated that she was a worthy woman, and highly esteemed; but was deceived by a pretended marriage, or something equivalent.

CHAPTER X.

MONUMENT TO THE LATE JOHN HENRY ALEXANDER, OF THE THEATRE-ROYAL—EARLY HISTORY AND DISASTERS OF THE GLASGOW STAGE—SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MR. ALEXANDER.

“All the world’s a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players:
 They have their exits and their entrances;
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages.”—AS YOU LIKE IT.

PROCEEDING eastward along the carriage-way, which, as we have previously stated, here divides SIGMA on the right from OMEGA on the left, we encounter, on passing Mr. Atkinson’s monument, one of the most elegant and elaborate structures in the Necropolis, erected to the memory of the late Mr. Alexander, for many years proprietor and manager of the Glasgow Theatre-Royal. This is really a very fine monument—not, as its ample proportions might lead the visitor to suppose, the result of public subscription, but reared by an affectionate widow and family in honor of a deceased husband and father. The design is the production of Mr. Kirkland, architect, of this city, on whose professional taste and ability it certainly reflects great credit. The commission for the execution of the work, was originally given to the late Mr. Fillans, the sculptor of the busts of Motherwell and Dugald Moore, but, on the lamented death of that artist, was transferred to Mr. A. Handyside Ritchie, who, it will be readily acknowledged, has done the design ample justice.

This beautiful monument is in the Italian style, and is about twenty-four feet in height, and nine in breadth at the base. It rises on two square plinths, the lower of which is enriched with carved plate scroll-work. It then assumes a circular form, with four wings, which, if extended through the body of the structure, would form a St. Andrew’s cross. The

base, die, and cornice, are kept comparatively plain for the sake of contrast, as the parts immediately above and below are elaborately carved. On the centre part of the die, in front, are inscribed the following exquisite lines, from the pen of Mr. James Hedderwick, of the 'Glasgow Citizen'—a valued friend of the deceased:—

“ Fallen is the curtain—the last scene is o'er—
 The favorite actor treads life's stage no more.
 Oft lavish plaudits from the crowd he drew,
 And laughing eyes confessed his humor true.
 Here fond affection rears this sculptured stone,
 For virtues not enacted, but his own—
 A constancy unshaken unto death,
 A truth unswerving, and a Christian's faith ;
 Who knew him best have cause to mourn him most,
 Oh, weep the man, more than the actor lost—
 Unnumber'd parts he play'd, yet to the end,
 His best were those of Husband, Father, Friend.”

The monument is intended to represent the stage and prosceniums of a theatre. In the prosceniums are niches, on which are placed full-length figures representing tragedy and comedy, with their respective emblems. The peculiarly touching expression of profound grief depicted in the features of the Genius of Comedy, is much and justly admired. The stage curtain is represented as having fallen over all the incidents that flow through the drama of human life. On this curtain is carved a medallion, with the dates of the birth and death of the deceased. Immediately above the curtain is a very elaborately carved arch, springing from trusses on either side. Above this arch, with a beautiful string-course intervening, is an alto-relievo bust of Mr. Alexander, surrounded by a laurel-wreath supported by cherubs—both likenesses. Surmounting this is the main cornice above which the prosceniums terminate in richly cut scroll-work, ornamented with grotesque faces and kneeling cherubs. In the centre of this compartment is placed the inscription—'TO JOHN HENRY ALEXANDER'—surmounted by a cornice ornamented with antifixæ, the whole finished with a dome carved with laurel-leaves, and terminating in a very rich finial.

The records of the Glasgow stage are somewhat interest-

ing; and therefore we shall preface a short account of the active and enterprising life of the late proprietor of the Theatre-Royal, with some particulars of its early history, which was marked by a series of disasters. We do so from no predilection for the subject; but because it exhibits, on the one hand, a singularly characteristic feature in the annals of Glasgow, while it affords, on the other, a good opportunity of correcting several inaccuracies in point of dates, into which Dr. Cleland has fallen in the following passage on the subject, in his ‘Rise and Progress of Glasgow.’ He says:—

“The first regular theatre that was opened in Scotland subsequent to the Reformation, was in the Canongate of Edinburgh, in the winter of 1746. The first play publicly performed in Glasgow was in the year 1750; on that occasion Mr. Burrell’s Hall, at the Bell of the Brae, was fitted up as a theatre. In 1752, a temporary play-house was erected against the wall of the Bishop’s Palace, and in this booth, the celebrated Digges, Love, Stampier, and Mrs. Ward, performed. At that period the popular prejudice ran so strong in Glasgow against amusements of this nature, that ladies and dress-parties from the lower parts of the town were regularly escorted to the theatre by a military guard. In 1754, the celebrated George Whitefield, having occasion to preach from a tent in the High Church-yard, cast his eyes on this theatrical booth, and having denounced it as the devil’s house, it was soon levelled with the ground. In 1762, Messrs. Jackson, Love, and Beatt, prevailed on William M’Dowall of Castle-Semple, William Bogle of Hamilton Farm, John Baird of Craigton, Robert Bogle of Shettleston, and James Dunlop of Garnkirk, Esquires, to build a theatre in that part of Grahamstown now called Alston-street; this theatre was opened in the spring of 1764, by Mrs. Bellamy and other eminent performers. At one o’clock in the morning of 16th, April, 1782, it was discovered to be on fire, and in a short time it was burned to the ground; the wardrobe and properties were valued at £1,000. Some time after this, Mr. Jackson built a theatre in Dunlop Street on his own account, which he opened in January, 1785.”

This account, as too often happens in Dr. Cleland’s works, is full of minor inaccuracies, especially with reference to the dates. Mr. Jackson, whose name occurs in the passage, and who, as contemporary with these events, besides being personally interested in the subject, must have been cognizant of all the facts of the case, states, in his ‘History of the Scottish Stage,’ that the wooden booth in the Castle-yard was attacked by the weavers, at the instigation of Mr. Whitefield, with stones and other missile weapons, but *not destroyed*. For ten years, however, Glasgow remained without a theatre;

and such was the state of public feeling on the subject that neither the magistrates nor any private proprietor would sell, feu, or lease ground for the purpose, on any terms whatever, within the whole city. The first projectors of a regular place of amusement of this description, were therefore compelled to erect it, as Dr. Cleland states, in Grahamstown—at that time a village or suburb beyond the royalty. The owner of the ground was Mr. John Miller, of Westerton, who, when remonstrated with for demanding the then extravagant price of five shillings per square yard, coolly replied that as it was intended to be occupied by a temple of Belial, he should expect an extraordinary sum for the purchase. He incurred, however, no small odium by this transaction. Another methodist preacher, imitating Mr. Whitefield, inflamed the populace by relating a vision in which Mr. Miller was represented as suffering the punishment due to his offence; the new theatre was attacked and set on fire on the night immediately preceding that on which it was intended to be opened; the house was with difficulty saved, but the stage and scenery were consumed, and this was the occasion on which Mrs. Belamy, who had been engaged for the opening, lost her entire wardrobe. The ladies of Glasgow and the neighbourhood generously presented her with forty silk gowns to assist her in repairing the loss; and the house was temporarily fitted up, and opened on the following evening. This event, which Dr. Cleland has omitted, constitutes the second disaster of the Glasgow stage.

The third disaster occurred when the same theatre was burned to the ground in May, 1780, and not as Dr. Cleland states, in April, 1782. At this time Mr. Jackson was one of the lessees, and part-proprietor of the wardrobe and movable property. He had been on a visit to Dumfries, slept at Kilmarnock in returning, and states, that when he arrived in the morning at the place where the theatre had stood, he found it covered with a smoky ruin. How this accident happened was never known. It had all the appearance of

design. For two days there had been no performance, and no fires in the house.

The trials and troubles of the Glasgow stage did not terminate here. Mr. Jackson, who was now manager of the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh, resolved to erect another theatre in Glasgow on his own account. At this period Dunlop Street had only lately been opened, on ground disposed of for that purpose by Mr. Colin Dunlop of Carmyle, who was Lord Provost of Glasgow in 1770. We read in a recent publication,* that "Mr. Dunlop had sold a large piece of ground on the east side of that street to Mr. Robert Barclay of Capelrig, writer in Glasgow, who, being superior to the popular prejudice, had no difficulty in redising of it to Mr. Jackson. This was in 1781; and Mr. Jackson immediately proceeded to lay off the ground thus purchased for a theatre, suitable to what he conceived Glasgow ought to have. Mr. Jackson was the son of an English clergyman, and had himself at one time been in holy orders. He was of gentlemanly manners, but firm and decided."

It appears that he had ample need of his decision and firmness. Among those who had erected houses in the new street were Dr. Moore, the accomplished author of 'Zeluco,' and father of the celebrated Sir John Moore, who fell at Corunna; the Rev. Mr. Porteous of the Wynd Church; and the Rev. Dr. John Gillies of the College Church. It is not probable that Dr. Moore was personally hostile to the theatre; but on the morning of the day when the foundation-stone of the building was to be laid, Mr. Jackson received a note from Dr. Gillies and Mr. Porteous, informing him that they intended to join with other proprietors in Dunlop Street, to apply to the magistrates to prevent the building of a play-house in that street,

* 'Desultory Sketches, by J. B.'—to which we are indebted for much of the subsequent history of Dunlop Street theatre. These most interesting sketches of the origin of some of the older streets of Glasgow, which are printed in the same volume with the 'Loose Memoranda,' by 'Senex,' mentioned at p. 76, are well known to proceed from the pen of John Buchanan, Esq., of the Western Bank of Scotland—a gentleman who elegantly amuses his leisure with antiquarian researches, and to whom, in conjunction with another distinguished antiquary, the world has lately been indebted for the valuable notes appended to a new edition of Stuart's 'Caledonia Romana.' Mr. Stuart is interred in the Necropolis, and some account of his life and great work will be given in a future chapter.

as being an injury to their property, and inconsistent with the dispositions granted by Mr. Dunlop to the feuars. Mr. Jackson, in defiance of this combination, proceeded to lay the foundation-stone, ordered the workmen to push on with the building, and procured an order from the Court of Session prohibiting and discharging the two reverend gentlemen, and all others, from troubling and molesting him in the free exercise of his property.

These vigorous measures succeeded, and no further opposition was offered. The building was soon finished, at a cost of upwards of £3,000, including the ground. It was opened in January, 1782—not, as stated by Dr. Cleland, in 1785; and the seasons of performing were so arranged in connection with the Edinburgh theatre, that one set of performers supplied both houses. Mr. Jackson, however, though a man of remarkable talent, did not prosper in his speculations. He failed in the disastrous year 1790; his affairs were sequestered; and although in 1799, having made an arrangement with his creditors, he was enabled to repurchase the Glasgow house from the trustee, in conjunction with a Mr. Aicken, of London, it still continued to prove an unprofitable business.

Jackson struggled on for six years; but as the Dunlop Street house was supposed to be too small and deficient in decoration, a subscription was set on foot, in 1804, to erect the magnificent structure afterwards opened in Queen Street. This completely ruined Mr. Jackson, and, broken down with anxieties, he died about a year or two afterwards. His family, in conjunction with the co proprietor, Mr. Aicken, sold the Dunlop Street theatre by public auction in 1807. It was purchased by Mr. Andrew Thomson, a merchant in Glasgow, in whose inexperienced hands it proved a bad speculation, and, after a short experiment of letting it for its original uses, he converted part of it into a warehouse for the sale of West India produce; the rest he let for miscellaneous purposes—for public meetings, exhibitions, concerts, or anything that promised a return in the shape of rent. For some time, how-

ever, before it finally passed into the hands of the late Mr. Alexander, the house had been restored to its original character, and was indeed divided into two theatres, or minor places of entertainment of that description, of one of which Mr. Alexander became in the first place lessee. Its subsequent history, and the future disasters of the Glasgow stage, which are not yet brought to a close, will therefore be given in connection with the life of that gentleman.

His parents were natives of Perth, but had settled in Dunse, where the subject of this notice was born on the 31st July, 1796. In that town his father respectably carried on business for some years as a watch and clock-maker; but afterwards removed to Edinburgh, and thence finally to Glasgow, when John Henry was twelve or thirteen years of age. The boy had been intended for his father's profession, which he had commenced to learn in Edinburgh; but on the arrival of the family in Glasgow, he was placed in the shop of his uncle, Mr. Hugh Proudfoot, a respectable hosier and glover at the foot of the Candleriggs. He had shewn, from his earliest years, a remarkable taste for music and mimicry, with great vivacity of disposition; and having in his new situation considerable time upon his hands, he perused with avidity the memoirs of eminent actors, from which he imbibed a strong predilection for the stage. He continued for some time to discharge his duties in the shop to the satisfaction of his relative; but visited the theatre as often as he could, and not satisfied with acting the part of a spectator, he joined a number of young amateurs like himself, who practised private theatricals, and even occasionally sallied forth to perform in the villages and country-towns in the neighbourhood.

The transition from his private theatricals and country strolling expeditions, to the boards of a 'legitimate stage', was an easy and natural process. It appears that the youthful company, of which he was now an active and leading member, had so far assumed a professional character, that they were in the habit of getting bills printed to blazon their intended

performances in the country. Young Alexander, in 'managing' this part of the business, was accustomed to frequent the office of Mr. John Tait, then printer, proprietor, and editor of a newspaper in Glasgow, and who, as we shall see in the next chapter, lies interred within a few yards of Mr. Alexander's monument. In this way the young amateur was brought into occasional contact with Mr. Tait, who could not fail to perceive his strong natural talents, as well as to hear of the success which had attended his juvenile essays. Through that gentleman, accordingly, he soon obtained an introduction to Messrs. Bartley and Trueman, then managers of the Queen Street Theatre, by whom he was allowed an early opportunity of making his first appearance on the boards of that splendid establishment. His reception was flattering; and, thus introduced into notice, he applied himself with energy to study the details of his profession. To Mr. Montgomerie, the next lessee of the theatre, he made himself extensively useful in various subordinate capacities; and, at length, about the sixteenth year of his age, he obtained a regular professional engagement as a member of the company presided over by Mr. H. Johnstone. His first appearance, in that capacity, was made at Ayr; and after performing a variety of parts with much success, he returned to the Queen Street Theatre, which had now fallen into the hands of the elder Macready. There he became a most efficient member of the corps, and after remaining to the end of the season, was despatched by Mr. Macready, with a party, to open the Newcastle Theatre. There he continued several seasons, constantly increasing in favor with the audience, and was generally selected by the younger Macready for the second characters. With the same company he then visited Carlisle, where he became exceedingly popular; and afterwards accepted a liberal offer from Messrs. Anderson and Falconer, managers of the Scarborough Theatre.

About this time he received an invitation from the late Mr. Murray to join him at the commencement of his management

of the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh. The engagement he had just formed, prevented his immediate compliance with this invitation; but as soon as the Scarborough season was concluded, with the same professional success which had hitherto attended his exertions, he joined the Edinburgh company, with which he continued about ten years, performing an infinite variety of characters both in tragedy and comedy. In Edinburgh he became a decided favorite; and he always retained a profound impression of the kindly and encouraging manner in which he was received and supported by the patrons of the drama in that city. His figure and manner at this time were much in his favor; he was not more than nineteen years of age, and was tall and prepossessing in appearance. He had also an excellent voice and great versatility of talent, which, with the assiduous cultivation of his powers, enabled him to shine in every department. In humorous, and especially in Scottish character, he stood almost without a rival. His Dandy Dinmont in 'Guy Manering,' and his Jem Ratcliff in the 'Heart of Midlothian,' received the highest commendations from Sir Walter Scott.

Successful as an actor, he was also successful as a wooer; and in 1817, when only twenty years of age, he married Miss Riddel, daughter of a respectable coachmaker in Edinburgh. In this marriage he was singularly fortunate. Mrs. Alexander was his faithful partner and ever-judicious counsellor, sharing with him many of the cares and duties that belong to the position of a manager.

From Edinburgh as his head-quarters, Mr. Alexander made occasional professional excursions to most of the provincial towns in Scotland. He accepted an invitation from Mr. Ryder to act for some time as stage-manager of the Aberdeen theatre; from this he proceeded with the company to Perth, and afterwards rejoined Mr. Murray's establishment, then in Glasgow. He returned with that company to Edinburgh, where he remained until invited to the management of the Theatre-Royal, Newcastle, the duties of which he discharged

with his usual ability and success. In 1821, at the close of the Newcastle season, he took the Carlisle theatre, and afterwards the Dumfries theatre, on his own account, both of which he retained in his hands, and continued to manage successfully for many years, even when Glasgow had become his head-quarters.

It was after his first season in Dumfries, and after returning to Edinburgh for a few weeks to recruit his strength, that, in the summer of 1822, Mr. Alexander commenced his career as a theatrical manager in Glasgow. This was in the old Dunlop Street house, the history of which has been already given, down to the time when it fell into the hands of Mr. Thomson, and, after passing through various uses, was divided into two theatres. For some time a Mr. Kinloch and his company performed in the lower part of the building, and a Mr. Seymour with another company occupied the upper floor. Mr. Alexander only succeeded in the first place to Mr. Kinloch's part of the house. He had therefore Mr. Seymour above him, and the noise of the applause in the one place often drowned the entertainments in the other. Hence arose frequent bickerings, which were only put an end to at last by the two parties being bound down to perform on alternate evenings. At this time the law was so stringently enforced in Scotland, that Mr. Alexander, to avoid an action for infringing the patent of the Queen Street Theatre, was compelled to designate his place of amusement 'The Dominion of Fancy.' Even with this disadvantage, and the double opposition to which he was exposed, he continued to struggle successfully, and by and by he was relieved of the incubus above him, by Mr. Seymour's migration to the Queen Street Theatre.

On Mr. Seymour's removal, Mr. Alexander obtained a lease of the whole building, took down the front wall, brought it nearer to the line of Dunlop Street, and fitted up the whole interior as a 'Minor Theatre,'—the designation which it now assumed, although the lessee was exposed, in consequence, to

various legal prosecutions at the suit of his powerful rival in Queen Street. He fought these legal battles with spirit, and kept up a vigorous and successful opposition, until he was again relieved of his antagonist by one of those sudden catastrophes which prove of such frequent occurrence in the history of the Glasgow stage. On the 10th of January, 1829, the magnificent building in Queen Street was burnt to the ground, this being the second theatre in Glasgow destroyed by fire; or, reckoning the partial destruction of the booth at the Bishop's Castle, and the subsequent attempt to destroy the Grahamstown Theatre on the night of its opening, constituting not the second, but the fourth disaster of the kind that had happened in Glasgow. Little doubt can be entertained that the destruction of the theatre in Grahamstown was the work of design; but the cause or origin of the fire which demolished the superb structure in Queen Street was never known.

The field, however, being thus cleared, Mr. Alexander bought the Dunlop Street Theatre at a cost of £5000; and, after a keen competition with Mr. Seymour and others, gained possession of the patent, for which he paid £1000. That he should have accumulated so much means, in a house of but limited accommodation, struggling without the protection of a patent, exposed to so much opposition, and harassed by the heavy expenses of almost constant litigation, may appear surprising; but it must be remembered that his industry and enterprise did not confine themselves to Glasgow. At one time he was lessee and manager, not only of the Glasgow Minor Theatre, but of the Dumfries, the Carlisle, and the Edinburgh Caledonian Theatres simultaneously—the last-named of which was afterwards known as the Adelphi—and in every instance he contrived to make the theatres pay, which some of them had never done before.

On becoming proprietor of the patent theatre, which now assumed the undisputed title of 'The Glasgow Theatre-Royal,' Mr. Alexander confined his labors exclusively to

this city. To obtain additional accommodation, he took down the whole of Jackson's old edifice, which he had partially rebuilt at the time of Seymour's removal to the Queen Street house, and erected a new and larger one on the same site. This second Dunlop Street Theatre existed in successful operation till April, 1839, when it was also taken down, and the present elegant house, which is not surpassed by any theatre out of London, was erected by Mr. Alexander, with his characteristic energy, in the short space of nine months, and opened in March, 1840. He was naturally proud of this splendid house, which might almost be considered as the third he had reared with the fruit of his laborious exertions on the same spot; and nothing occurred to materially disturb the enjoyment which he found in the assiduous discharge of his professional duties within it, till February, 1849. On the night of the 17th of that month, a fearful tragedy occurred, which must ever be remembered in the annals of Glasgow, when no less than sixty-five persons, chiefly apprentice lads, were suffocated or crushed to death on the gallery staircase. "On that terrible evening," writes the editor of the 'Citizen,' "Mr. Alexander was up in the midst of the frantic crowd, who were rushing headlong to destruction. He knew that the alarm of fire which had been raised was a false alarm. He roared himself hoarse in efforts to subdue the panic. A multitude of lives were saved by his vast personal exertions. But the appalling extent of the catastrophe, when revealed, struck heavily at his heart. The pride he was wont to feel in his magnificent theatre was crest-fallen. He manifested, ever afterwards, an almost superstitious reluctance to go near the fatal staircase. The business of the theatre went on, after a time, as usual, and he continued to take his lion's share of the work as before; but it was observed by his friends, and felt by his family, that from the hour of that colossal disaster, he never wholly recovered his spirits."

Mr. Alexander was accustomed to boast, as the great secret

of his own success where others had almost uniformly failed, that he went through the work of six men daily; and, allowing for a little exaggeration, it cannot be denied that his physical and mental labors were very severe. These extraordinary exertions began at length to tell upon his constitution; but up to the close of his last season, in the spring of 1851, he continued to discharge his professional duties with the same assiduity as ever. Conscious, however, of his failing strength, he was easily persuaded, in the course of the following summer, to transfer the management of his theatre to Mr. Simpson, of Birmingham, who then became its lessee. From this time he seemed to have become indifferent to life, and it was not till late in the autumn that he could be induced to leave Glasgow to try the effect of change of scene—with what result will be best stated in the words of the accomplished author of the beautiful lines on his monument:—

“ At length, when the autumn was far gone, he was prevailed upon more perhaps from the enfeebling of his will than from any concession of active remedial enterprise, to take an excursion to London, accompanied of course by her who had been so long his helpmate, and who was now his ever-near nurse. On no former occasion had he been there; the Great Exhibition was still open; and it was hoped that the wondrous new sights he would witness would have an exhilarating effect upon his spirits. But, as regarded the uncomplaining invalid, the time for sight-seeing was over. A sick-bed was all that awaited him in the metropolis; and, after partial recovery, he was brought home, as it soon became evident, to die. By slow and easy degrees his health continued to wane, and at last his family and one or two intimate friends gathered round him to watch his end. His tranquillity amazed every one. He desired that the lights should not be lowered, as it would soon be all dark with him. Still indulging in his habit of dramatic quotation, he spoke of his having arrived at the ‘last scene of all.’ He appeared to suffer neither pain of dying nor fear of death; his clergyman and all who were dearest to him were around him in prayer; and shortly after five o’clock on Monday morning, the 15th December, 1851, he ceased to be of this world.”

Thus, in one and the same year, peacefully terminated Mr Alexander’s career both as a manager and as a man—both upon the stage of the theatre and the stage of life. He died at the age of 55, leaving behind him an ample provision for his family, and leaving at the same time a name, which notwithstanding of strong peculiarities of character, even his ene-

mies respected. He was rigidly honest in his dealings, and if he was sometimes blamed for his frugality, those who were the readiest to censure him on that account, would have been the first to dispise him if, by neglecting his own interests, he had not succeeded in the world. It must ever be remembered to his honor, that he tolerated no immorality among his company, and that, as there are few men perhaps who have so completely avoided the vices of the stage in their own practice, so he made strenuous efforts to purge it from these vices in others.

His funeral took place on the Friday after his death. The company assembled to follow his remains to the grave filled twenty-five carriages, and in the number of the mourners were many of our leading citizens, together with several of his professional brethren, including Mr. Glover, now of the Theatre-Royal, and the veteran Mr. Mackay from Edinburgh. We may add that on the evening of the day of the funeral, both the theatres in Glasgow were closed, from respect to the memory of the deceased.

CHAPTER XI.

DUGALD MOORE—JOHN TAIT.

"An hour is rushing on, when this young heart,
Of the dark clay or stone shall form a part!
When all life's fears and hopes must pass from me,
Like the rain's silent drops in the lone sea."—DUGALD MOORE.

IMMEDIATELY contiguous to Mr. Alexander's monument, on the east side, is a handsome obelisk, the property of Mr. John Macgregor, and then a conspicuous public monument, erected to the memory of Mr. Dugald Moore, another literary

bookseller of this city, like Mr. Atkinson, but who, as a poet, gave far higher promise, though not so varied in other accomplishments as that gentleman. This monument, crowned with a fine colossal bust of the deceased, in white marble, executed by Fillans,* is on the whole an elegant and well designed structure, and bears the following inscription:—

Erected by a few friends
To the memory of
DUGALD MOORE.
Died 2d January, 1841, aged 36 years.

“He was one
Schooled in adversity; he was reared
By her in winter; and he went
Forth in the frosty pilgrimage of life,
To face its tempests, and to fling them back
With the strong arm of virtue and resolve.”

Bard of the North.

When these lines were written by the poet, he probably little expected that they would become his own epitaph. As such, however, they are not inapplicable to himself. Born in a humble sphere of life, and not enjoying the advantage of even a common education, he found time amid his professional employments to cultivate with much success his strong poetical talent, and to give to the world a rapid succession of volumes in the course of a few years. He was born in Stockwell Street, Glasgow, in August, 1805. His father was a soldier in a Highland regiment, but died early in life, leaving his widow in almost destitute circumstances. The boy was taught to read chiefly by his mother, and while yet a child was sent to serve in a tobacco-spinning establishment, at which he was able to earn a small pittance. When a little older, he was apprenticed to the business of copper-plate pressman, under the late Provost Lumsden, one of the leading publishers in Glasgow, who, discerning the poetical bent of his mind, allowed him every facility for its cultivation.

* How does it happen that, in Mr. Paterson's *Life of Fillans*, no notice is taken of this production of that distinguished artist, by whom also the monument was designed?

His passion for natural scenery was intense; and many were his rambles in the Western Highlands during the days of his apprenticeship—a privilege for which he was indebted, oftener than is wont with young men in his position, to Provost Lumsden's considerate kindness and partiality. In these rambles the features of the mountain landscape were vividly impressed on the youthful poet's mind, and are given back with the distinctness of a faithful mirror in 'The Bard of the North,' 'Midnight in Glencoe,' and others of his numerous poems. After concluding his apprenticeship he was enabled, by the kindness of his friends and the fruits of his literary efforts, to commence business on his own account as a bookseller in Queen Street. In this line he continued with every prospect of increasing success till his premature death. He usually enjoyed good health, but was suddenly seized with inflammation, which carried him off, after a few days' illness, on the 2d of January, 1841.

'The Bard of the North' is generally considered his best poem; and some of his admirers are of opinion that he might have succeeded better by writing less. His pieces have all the appearance of having been produced too hurriedly. The atmosphere of thought which they contain is not sufficiently condensed, although there are occasional passages of inexpressible beauty. The scenes of many of his pieces are laid in the early traditional history of this island, or rather in days that anticipate the annals of tradition, and of which we have only faint glimpses through somewhat apocryphal sources of information. 'The Hour of Retribution,' for instance, is a tragedy in three acts, of which the hero is Rathmor, king of the Strath-Clyde Britons. 'The Devoted One' is another of a similar cast, in which we are introduced to the times of the Roman conquest, and the heroes and heroines of British history at that period. Of his minor pieces we think 'The First Poet,' published in 1831, is perhaps the most beautiful. Some of the conceptions and descriptions of natural scenery in this piece, are equal to

almost anything that we have read. The 'earliest bard' is first introduced to us in his solitude :—

“ His dwelling was the waste, but such green wastes
 As blossom by the rivers of the east ;
 He made his arbor in an ancient wood,
 Whose trees, coeval with the birth of time,
 Lifted their giant crests, and wildly wove
 The atmosphere to twilight, where each bird
 That charms the ear of wandering echo made
 The air melodious with their songs of love.
 There would the lone one sit, and eye the sun
 Shine through the net-work of the clustering leaves,
 Like the far burnished ocean waves—and he
 Has seen at eve the blue and ghostlike moon
 Rise o'er the desert, and ascend the clouds,
 While his green temple, with its fretted work
 Of trunks and buds and branches, o'er her face
 Drew their soft dancing bars, through whose wild folds
 She look'd like beauty in captivity.”

This is exquisite painting. The nightingale 'chanting from her bower of sleeping clouds' first excites the musical aspirations of this poetical hermit. Then comes the grand solemn chorus of the elements—

“ In his cave,
 He listened to the viewless winds at night,
 Singing their melody along the sea ;
 And oft he sat when twilight held her harp
 To the calm zephyr, or when thundering by
The ruffian tempest struck the shrieking strings,
And crush'd its thousand melodies at once
To one wild burst of grandeur;—the far deep
 Lent him its voice of majesty—he joined
 The soft, the tender, the magnificent,
 And, with a spirit fitted thus to feel
 And mingle with the glorious mysteries
 Of earth and earth's, he made the earliest harp.”

At length he is seized with a yearning 'to see the world—its ruined cities,' and this prompts him to leave his lone retreat, and to meet a variety of adventures, through all of which, amid battle and captivity, his harp is his never-failing friend. But we cannot follow 'The First Poet' further, although we must give it as our decided opinion, that few modern compositions surpass it in point of genuine poetic feeling, and deep, fervid, exquisite appreciation of the glories of this magnificent universe. It seems to us worthy to be placed on a level with Coleridge's 'Religious Musings.'

In the meantime, however, we must conclude our short account of this self-taught genius with the following notice which appeared in the 'Argus' newspaper at the time of his death :—

"In our obituary of to-day appears a name which will be perused with deep regret, and which demands from us something more than the usual brief announcement. Dugald Moore, author of 'The African,' 'Scenes from the Flood,' &c. &c, has been cut off in the vigor and prime of life—leaving behind him a name and a fame which will not soon pass away. Mr Moore was, as most of our readers are aware, a poet of nature's mould—one who, like the poet Burns, was more indebted to self-culture than to the learning of the schools, and the author of several volumes, containing passages both of sublimity and beauty, and which will bear comparison with the writings of some of the first poets of the age. His first poem, 'The African,' published in the year 1829, is replete with poetic power and vigor, and his subsequent volumes (which succeeded each other with a rapidity which was perhaps to be regretted, as leaving him less time for careful revision and pruning), display an equal boldness of fancy, chastened by an obviously improved and rapidly improving judgment and taste. The 'Bard of the North,' published in 1833, is, in particular, distinguished by many passages of the most exquisite power and pathos, and was obviously written under a strong sense of personal application. In his own words—

'Tho' born 'mid busy thousands, he had heard
The voice of Nature and the moving tones
That come from her high tabernacle.'

It were, therefore, certainly not too much to say, that in relation to the poetic rank which Dugald Moore had already achieved, he was gradually earning for himself a higher place amongst the poets of the day. In that career, however, he has been prematurely cut off. The 'golden bowl is broken,' and the 'silver cord loosed,' and he is gone to those regions of immensity on and of which he so loved to ponder and to write. Peace be to his memory. In addition to his poetic fame, he has left behind him a character of private integrity and worth which will prove his best memorial."

On the east of Dugald Moore's monument, is a green plot or bank unnoted by any tombstone, or even by any external indication whatever that the ground below is tenanted. Here, however, there are two or three vaults excavated in the solid rock, one of which contains the remains of the late Mr. John Tait, a man who was well-known in this city as editor of 'The Liberator,' and who, as a political reformer, was equally distinguished by his ardent zeal in the cause, and his talent in vindicating his opinions. Although it may perhaps be matter of regret to some that his ardor occasionally carried

him a little too far, yet, when allowance is made for the exciting character of the times in which he lived, it will be admitted that he acted with a general view to the public good, and that he has left behind him a name which deserves to be had in remembrance by a large portion at least of the four hundred thousand inhabitants of this city.

He was born of respectable working-people in Catrine, Ayrshire, and was ushered into the world in the midst of a heavy snow-storm, February 26, 1795. He was not more than six years of age when his father removed to the village of Bridgeton, now a suburb of Glasgow. His education was necessarily limited to that which is usually given to the children of the working-classes in this country. At the age of nine he was apprenticed to a weaver, with whom he removed to the village of Blackburn, near Bathgate, where he was subjected to somewhat hard drudgery, being employed by his master, partly in weaving, and partly in agricultural operations. When the time of his apprenticeship expired, he moved with his family to the village of Milngavie, and here it was that, enjoying comparative leisure, he laid the foundation of that political knowledge, and of those habits of study and reflection in connection with the passing events of the day, which future opportunities enabled him so much to improve. His character at this time, and throughout his life, is described by one who knew him well, as simple, earnest, and confiding. There seems to have been also a dash of romance in his composition, which speedily ripened into practical fruits in the company of a strange eccentric lad from Martinique, who first introduced him to Roderick Random, the valorous knight of La Mancha, and other heroes of adventure. Under the inspiring influence of such examples, the knight-errantry of the two young friends could not be always confined to the neighbouring orchards. Their military aspirations impelled them in quest of higher adventure, and they started off to become soldiers. Tait's good old father prevailed on him, by strong appeals, to return home, but the

West Indian pursued his career, and was not only happy in the line of life which he had chosen, but succeeded in finding his long-lost mother.

Tait, though baffled in his first attempt, still resolved on a military life, and was at length successful in getting a comfortable situation in a regimental office. His military experience, however, was never very extensive. The only chance which he enjoyed of immortalizing himself was as an artilleryman at the memorable battle of the Serpentine in Hyde Park, in 1814. We have no record of any of his feats of personal prowess on that occasion.

At the close of the war he was discharged, and returned to the neighbourhood of Milngavie, where he was occasionally employed as weaver, bleacher, and laborer; until, in the year 1819, he got into the secrets and consequent difficulties of that radical organization which overspread the country, and which, with the fate that awaited it, is well described, from personal experience, in the figurative language of Alexander Rodger, one of Tait's friends, and subsequent coadjutors:—

“The brutes, that sae lang had been patient,
 Began then to rowt and to roar;
 For now they could see what occasioned
 Their being sae lean and sae poor.
 But mark the upshot o' their rowting !—
 The butchers wi' gullies sae dirc,
 Fell on them wi' slashing an' cutting,
 To mak' them content wi' their byre.”

The clever satirical piece from which these lines are extracted ('The Mucking o' Geordie's Byre'), was written by Sandie Rodger in 1819, and in April of the following year Sandie was writing his indignant lament and remonstrance as a State prisoner 'in a certain bridewell,' because, as he said, he belonged to that class,

“Wha never could perceive the use,
 O' starving men to feed a goose—
 Wha never could admit the fack,
 That black was white, or white was black;
 But raised their voices loud and strang,
 Against what they conceived was wrang,
 And therefore were they seized by dizzens,
 And dragged to Bridewells and to prisons.”

This, at least, was all that Sandie got for his somewhat Herculean attempt to 'muck Geordie's byre.' Tait was less unfortunate, although he took an active part in the proceedings of the deluded patriots of that period. He was, indeed, subjected to an active pursuit, but escaped capture, until at the termination of the crisis, and after the anxiety of the Government had subsided, he settled quietly in Glasgow.

From that time he made several attempts to rise from the dull routine of the shuttle to some employment more congenial to the natural bent of his mind. For many years, however, he was not successful: and it was as secretary to the weavers that the real talent he possessed was first brought into notice. He was now married, and continued struggling with poverty till 1829, when he was engaged as clerk by Mr. Wingate, engineer; in which situation he found time to contribute largely by his pen to the columns of the 'Trades' Herald' and 'Trades' Advocate,' launching into the agitation of the Reform Bill, and preparing the working-classes to accept of that measure even with what they considered its too limited franchise. At length, in 1833, the 'Glasgow Liberator' was started, and Mr. Tait became editor of that paper, in connection with which he continued till his demise on the 19th October, 1836.

Mr. Tait's death, at the premature age of 41, was deeply felt and regretted by a large circle of admirers, who were accustomed to look up to him as the exponent of their political principles. The rocky tomb in which he is interred, was purchased and excavated by subscription; and great numbers of his fellow-citizens, of all classes, swelled the ranks of the long funeral procession by which his remains were accompanied to the place of sepulture. Additional funds were also collected for placing over his grave a suitable testimonial of public esteem; but, after paying the funeral and other expenses, the very considerable sum collected, with other monies belonging to his orphan family, was placed by injudicious friends in the Middlesex Insurance swindle, from

which, it is unnecessary to remark, the money was never recovered.

Such are a few brief notes of Mr. Tait's life, compiled from information communicated by some of his friends, to whom his memory is dear, and to whom we must leave the task of proceeding with the unfinished work, in which, we have reason to know, that they continue to feel a deep interest. We doubt not that hearts and hands would be ready, on a proper signal, to furnish the means of raising an adequate memorial to one who, however mistaken in some respects, was the bold and fearless champion of the working-classes of the community. We consider it disgraceful that no monument, however plain—not even a humble head-stone has been erected, to indicate the last resting-place of this 'friend of the people.' It is not yet too late to remedy this omission. The grave of Tait is a melancholy blank in the Necropolis, which ought to be immediately filled up with something expressive of a deep popular sentiment, however plain the structure, and however brief the inscription.

CHAPTER XII.

ROBERT KETTLE, LATE PRESIDENT OF 'THE SCOTTISH
TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.'

"O! I would walk
A weary journey, to the farthest verge
Of the big world, to kiss that good man's hand,
Who, in the blaze of wisdom and of art,
Preserves a lowly mind; and to his God,
Feeling the sense of his own littleness,
Is as a child in meek simplicity!"—WHITE.

ADVANCING to the eastern extremity, or angle, of that portion of the carriage-way on which we have been pursuing our route, we arrive at an elegant and tall obelisk on the left,

erected to the memory of a man who will long be remembered in Glasgow for his many amiable virtues and his active practical benevolence. This obelisk, which indicates the south-east corner of OMEGA, was designed and executed by the Messrs. Mossman, and is considered faultless in its proportions. On the base is the following inscription :—

Erected by Friends
in memory of
ROBERT KETTLE,
merchant,
An Eminent Christian Philanthropist.
Born at Kintillo, Perthshire,
18th Dec., 1791.
Died at Glasgow,
23d March, 1852.

To those who are little acquainted with the local history of Glasgow, it may not be known that the late Mr. Kettle was for some years president of the 'Scottish Temperance League;' and that for nearly a quarter of a century his name was closely associated with that movement in Scotland. In proceeding to give a few details of the life of this worthy man, we beg to acknowledge our large obligations to an excellent memoir of the deceased, by the Rev. William Reid of Edinburgh, from which we can only select a few of the leading incidents.*

Mr. Kettle was born in a humble cottage in the pretty village of Kintillo, which reposes at the foot of the green Ochils, a few miles south from the city of Perth, embosomed in a scene of quiet, picturesque beauty. His father belonged to the now almost extirpated class of 'crofters' or small farmers; and both his parents were eminently pious, worthy people. It is stated, that even when a boy, the character of Robert Kettle was singular—that the same cheerful, thoughtful, benevolent disposition characterized him in youth as in after-life. The example of his parents produced upon his mind early religious impressions, which, when the choice of a pro-

* "Temperance Memorials of the late Robert Kettle, Esq., consisting of Selections from his Writings on the Temperance Question, with a Memoir of his Life, by the Rev. William Reid. 1853."

fession came to be a subject of consideration, assumed the form of a strong desire to study for the holy ministry. This laudable ambition, his parents, from their very limited circumstances, could not assist him in gratifying; and he yielded to the prudent advice of his father, to follow the business of weaving, with a view to mercantile pursuits. Already, on leaving the parish-school, he had worked for a few years at the loom, which was then one of the most profitable handicrafts. At the age of fourteen, he lost his mother, to whom he was tenderly attached; and when about the age of seventeen, he was seized with fever so severe that his life was despaired of. The prospect of death upon that occasion seems, as in the case of his future pastor and friend, Dr. Chalmers, to have deepened his religious impressions; for we read that "from the period of his recovery, those around were able to mark a degree of thoughtful seriousness altogether new."

It seems to have been soon after this period that Robert obtained a situation in Perth, as clerk to a Mr. Kennedy, a manufacturer there, in whose employment he remained for five or six years. In 1815 he removed to Glasgow to push his fortune; and here he soon obtained another situation as clerk under William Kelly and Co., at that time one of the most extensive houses in the cotton trade. He lodged at first, and for several years, with a humble family in Balmanno Street, Deanside Brae; and for the single small apartment which he occupied, he paid the very moderate rent of two-and-sixpence per week!

At this time the great and good Dr. Chalmers was soaring in the zenith of his popularity in the Tron Church; and Robert Kettle, after hearing him occasionally for some time, at length became a regular attendant on the Doctor's ministry. The excellence of his character and deportment may be inferred from the fact, that though yet a very young man, he had not been long a member of Dr. Chalmers' congregation when he was chosen a deacon: "and to no part of his life,"

says his biographer, "did he recur with greater delight than to the brief season during which he labored in conjunction with that great apostle of Christian benevolence. Indeed, if we mistake not, it is from this period that we may date the commencement of that high-toned piety for which he was ever afterwards so distinguished."

As one of the first practical fruits of this elevation of his religious views, resulting in a stronger desire for active exertion, he shortly afterwards established a flourishing sabbath-school in the north quarter of the city, his connection with which he described as the beginning of some of his purest enjoyments, and as having been the means of "introducing him to the friendship of those from whose advice and example he had received much profit." Among the persons to whom he thus alludes was the Rev. Edward Irving, A. M., assistant to Dr. Chalmers after his removal to St. John's Church, and to whose memory, in connection with that of his sister, a beautiful stone has been reared in the Necropolis, within a very few yards of the obelisk which indicates Mr. Kettle's grave. We shall therefore have occasion to allude to this unfortunate divine at a future stage in our progress through the silent city of the dead.

In the quiet and laudable pursuits above-mentioned, conjoined with a due attention to business, Mr. Kettle's time glided away till the year 1829, when, by the failure of the house with which he had been so long connected, his prospects were much overshadowed, and he seems to have even been in danger of losing the whole of his little savings. How much he may have suffered on that occasion we cannot tell; but whatever may have been the extent of his loss, it fortunately happened that this untoward event was only the prelude to a rapid improvement in his fortunes. He immediately entered into business for himself as a cotton-yarn merchant; the well-known probity of his character, combined with a sufficient share of sagacity, secured for him the confidence of mercantile men, and he soon found himself advancing in a

steady course of prosperity, which seems to have continued without material interruption to the end of his life. Indeed it appears that, had he been possessed with the desire of riches, he might have accumulated wealth to no inconsiderable amount; but in this respect his views and his ambition were limited by higher considerations; he seems to have aimed at a competency and nothing more. Accordingly, a very large part of his time was devoted to disinterested objects, and probably the half of his income, at least, was regularly *given away* to the poor, and to the many philanthropic schemes with which his name was connected.

We now come to that part of Mr. Kettle's life when he became connected with the Temperance movement. It was about the year 1829, that this movement was commenced in Glasgow, chiefly by the instrumentality of Mr. John Dunlop, of Greenock; and Mr. Kettle gave in his adherence to the cause in the course of the following year. With the usual zeal which he displayed in entering into any good work, or what he considered as such, we find that before the close of the year, he was acting as one of the treasurers of 'The Glasgow and West of Scotland Temperance Society,' and that, in the year following, he was associated with some other gentlemen as a secretary of the same institution, then designated 'The Scottish Temperance Society.' In this society, however, the bond of union was a pledge to abstain only from distilled liquors; and it was not till the year 1832 that an association was formed in Glasgow on total abstinence principles, abjuring not only the use of spirits, but also of wine and malt liquors. The origin of the name 'Tee-total,' now so generally applied to such societies, is probably not commonly known, and therefore we transfer the following account of it, which may, we presume, be received as authentic, from the Rev. William Reid's 'Memoir :—

"In August of the same year (1832), the Preston Society was originated. It was at a meeting of this Society that a simple, eccentric, but honest and consistent reclaimed drunkard, of the name of Dickie Turner, said, in allusion to the old system—'I'll have nou't to do wi'

this moderation, botheration pledge. I'll be right down tee-tee-total, for ever.' 'Well done!' exclaimed the audience. 'Well done, Dickie!' said Mr. Livesey, the originator of the new society, 'that shall be the name of our new pledge.' It may be mentioned that the prefix 'tee' is sometimes used in Lancashire to express emphasis. Thus, a thing irrecoverably lost is said to be 'teetotally' lost; or a piece of work completed is said to be 'teetotally' finished. This phrase, then, became the popular designation of the new pledge, and is now known over the world as such."

Mr. Kettle, as he had not been precipitate in joining the original movement, so he was by no means one of the first to adopt the new pledge. "He felt some difficulty," says his biographer, "with respect to the exclusion of wine from common use; and even when this difficulty was surmounted, he hesitated as to the propriety of identifying himself with the new society. He, therefore, along with others of kindred spirit, formed, in 1837, the 'West of Scotland Temperance Society,' which continued for some time to hold its meetings in the Independent Chapel, Albion Street." The teetotal or abstinence cause was, however, rapidly gaining ground in Glasgow among the advocates of the temperance movement, and several societies had been established on that principle. In the following year (1838) Mr. Kettle seems to have given his unqualified adherence to this cause, and in December of that year was elected president of 'The Glasgow Abstinence Society,' which office he continued to fill till March, 1846.

During these eight years, he exerted himself with great zeal, and omitted no opportunity of endeavoring to propagate his principles, both by his public addresses and by private argument and remonstrance—always expressed, however, in the language of courteous solicitation. He even assailed his good old friend and pastor, Dr. Chalmers, on the subject, and the following reply from that eminent man is strikingly characteristic both of his style and his temperament:—

"I have looked over your paper with great interest. Be assured that, though not yet able to find my way to your scheme as one of imperative obligation to myself, I entertain no theological prejudice or antipathy of any sort to temperance societies; and would rejoice if, in point of effect, they were to restrain any number, and still more, all

our population, from that great master-vice that is the fertile source of so many moral and economical distempers in our land. Go on, therefore, my dear sir, and prosper. I am aware that good has been done. May it be multiplied ten-fold; and may the time soon arrive when we shall have the comfort of seeing the working-classes elevated in the scale both of comfort and of character far above the level which they now occupy."

In pursuing his public labors in the temperance cause, Mr. Kettle visited most of the towns in the West of Scotland, and even occasionally addressed delighted audiences in other parts of the country. To eloquence he had no pretensions; but there was a homely, lively, gossiping cheerfulness about his manner, perfectly free from embarrassment; and which, with a pleasing admixture of the Scottish vernacular in his style, and the honest sincerity of purpose as well as the kindness of heart which beamed in his intelligent countenance, always rendered his addresses highly acceptable.

We have seen that in December, 1838, Mr. Kettle was elected president of 'The Glasgow Abstinence Society.' Already, in September of the same year, 'The Scottish Temperance Union' had been formed at a meeting of delegates from various temperance societies throughout the country; and of this association also Mr. Kettle was at once elected president. Its formation gave rise to the 'Scottish Temperance Journal,' which was started in connection with it on the 1st of January, 1839; and perhaps it may afford some idea of the extent of Mr. Kettle's gratuitous labors at this period of his life, that shortly after the commencement of that periodical he became its editor, and continued to act as such till 1847, when it ceased to be published. At a later period the 'Scottish Temperance Review' was started; and to this periodical also he frequently contributed articles, in one of which he expressed his approval of the Maine Law, and anticipated from its operation the most beneficial results. He was not, however, so much of a fanatic in his views as to assert, with some of the intemperate advocates of temperance, that the use of fermented liquors is expressly forbidden in the Bible. "In pleading the cause of total abstinence," he wrote

on one occasion, "we think it better to do so, on the ground that our proceedings are in complete harmony with the spirit and principles of our holy religion, rather than by assuming that they are sustained by the letter of the Divine law."

It was long before the period at which we have now arrived, that Mr. Kettle withdrew from the communion of the Church of Scotland, in which he had been brought up. This step he took in 1832, when the 'Voluntary Controversy,' then raging, led him to review the entire question of ecclesiastical establishments. "The change," says his biographer, "was greatly deplored by many of his most intimate friends, and by none more than his revered minister, the Rev. Dr. Brown of St. John's, who, in replying to the letter in which he announced his change of views, said, 'To lose an esteemed member of my congregation, and one who has been a most faithful and useful office-bearer in it for such a series of years, gives me no small pain, but I will never say a word to bias any man's conscience who has judgment and principle to direct him. I cannot but respect your motives, however much I may differ from you in opinion. I could say much in reply to yours, but discussion is needless.' The Rev. Dr. Brown was the second successor of Dr. Chalmers in St. John's parish; and we shall afterwards find that his remains are interred in the Necropolis, near Knox's monument.

Although it appears that Mr. Kettle seceded from the Established Church on the ground of its connection with the State, and not on any doctrinal point, yet when he had once taken that step, he naturally found himself impelled to look into other questions, and having been for some time in doubt as to the Scripture authority for infant baptism, he now came to the conviction that it had not the divine warrant. He therefore resolved to join the Baptists, and having been baptized by immersion on the 17th August, 1834, he was admitted to the church in Hope Street under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Dr. Paterson. With this denomination, and in this church, he continued to worship during the

remainder of his life; and often took a prominent part in the service at the congregational meetings. He even displayed his zeal in support of the religious views which he had now adopted, by publishing two pamphlets on the Voluntary Question and two on the subject of Baptism. But his was a zeal without bigotry. He always exhibited the utmost charity for those who considered it their duty either to adhere to the Church of Scotland, or to any other Christian denomination.

In 1844, he visited the continent, proceeding from Paris to Switzerland, where he had the pleasure of an interview with Dr. Malan, and where he took a deep interest in the progress of the Protestant cause. Writing from Geneva to his niece, he remarks, in his usual playful style, with reference to a common difficulty of tourists—"I can make myself understood, but cannot understand in return; in short, this deficiency has almost extinguished my social existence since I left Paris. There I was among English; but since then I have been a wonder to the people, who try to *ding* knowledge into my head, and wonder how one that can speak French does not understand it. It is a good thing that the scenery of nature is not exhibited *in French*; for if so, I would be a miserable man."

In July, 1848, Mr. Kettle was appointed president of the 'Scottish Temperance League;' and in this position he devoted not only his time and talents, but much of his pecuniary means to the cause he had so much at heart. So highly did the friends of temperance appreciate his enlightened presidency that in July, 1850, they presented him with his portrait, painted by that distinguished Glasgow artist, Daniel M'Nee, Esq.

Towards the close of his life, he applied himself with unwearied patience and perseverance to another labor of love—that of adjudicating upon the Sabbath Prize Essays by working men. John Henderson, Esq. of Park, having offered three prizes for the three best essays 'On the temporal advan-

tages of the Sabbath to the laboring classes,' Mr. Kettle was chosen to act as the first of the adjudicators; and some idea of the amount of labor involved in this task may be realized from the fact that the number of essays sent in amounted to 1,043. All these essays Mr. Kettle carefully perused, and most of them he seems to have read twice over, noting his opinions upon each of them after perusal; and even then there was a third reading to determine the seventy essays worthy of the additional prizes given by Prince Albert and others. That this Herculean labor should have engaged his entire leisure for a period of fifteen months, often sitting to midnight, is not surprising; and indeed it is believed that he never recovered the exhaustion produced by the faithful and strictly conscientious discharge of this duty—a duty which he had accepted, probably, with little anticipation, either on his own part or that of others, that it would be found to impose so heavy a strain upon his energies.

Mr. Kettle's last appearance in public was at a large and crowded meeting which was held in the City Hall, Glasgow, on the evening of the 10th February, 1852, for the purpose of bringing the advantage of savings banks under the consideration of the working-classes; and his speech, though omitted to be printed with the others, from a misunderstanding on the part of the reporters, who were trusting to his written notes, was acknowledged to be one of the best that were delivered on that occasion. On Sabbath, the 7th of the following month, he attended church as usual, and for the last time. In the evening he complained of what he considered a slight cold; on Monday he was better, but on Wednesday he became worse; and on the following day he was confined to bed with manifest symptoms of fever, which ultimately carried him off on the 23d. He bore his severe illness with Christian fortitude; and, on the Sabbath before his death, on a friend asking him how he felt, he replied, "Perfectly happy; resting upon the Rock of Ages."

Such was the peaceful termination of a life incessantly

devoted to duty and schemes of Christian benevolence. An account of his funeral, preceded by a short but graceful allusion to the place where his ashes repose, we borrow from the excellent memoir to which we have been so much indebted :—

“ Few cities present so little of the romantic as the bustling, money-making city of Glasgow. Yet, even here, there is a spot in which all possessed of the sentiment of veneration find a congenial scene. Well do we remember, when a mere boy, going often alone to this sequestered solitude, and, as we sat under the shadow of the venerable Cathedral, with the ashes of many generations mouldering around, looking across the deep ravine upon the steep and rugged rock, clad to the top with its gloomy firs, and feeling as if we were prying into the world beyond. If possible, an augmented interest has more recently been added to the scene. Most fitly has this romantic rock been chosen as a place of burial, and now it stands upon the very confines of the haunts of busy men; and yet so distinctly apart, that while the city of the living and the city of the dead have, like death itself, but a brief space between, they are so disjoined that a chasm of leagues seems to interpose.

“ Into this most romantic burial-ground, perhaps the most beautiful in Europe, there have been carried the remains of some of the most distinguished of Glasgow citizens. Seldom, however, has such a funeral procession crossed its ‘ Bridge of Sighs,’ and ascended by its overshadowed pathway, as that which Monday, the 29th March, 1852, beheld. The eye of a spectator must at once have marked that no ordinary corpse was being borne along. Not only were there the usual attendance of immediate friends, but group after group following them. Nothing of state bespoke honor done to departed rank; and yet seldom are funeral trains composed of so much that is eminent in piety and exalted in station. Civic authorities, ministers of various sects, men foremost in all great movements, were there; but chief of all, the men who constitute the heart and sinews of the temperance cause. Well-nigh two thousand mourners, brought by the simple attraction of goodness, is a tribute which emperors might envy. He, then, to whom this honor was paid was no ordinary man; and it may not be without advantage that we have briefly traced the history of one who rose from obscurity to the highest eminence in the walks of religion and benevolence.”

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LATE MR. DAVID ROBERTSON, BOOKSELLER.—JAMES
REDDIE, LL.D., ADVOCATE.

“ Friend after friend departs ;
Who hath not lost a friend ?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end :
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying none were blest.—MONTGOMERY.

THE carriage-way now divides into two branches, both of which proceed northward, nearly parallel to each other—one passing to the right, and the other to the left of Mr. Kettle’s obelisk. The outer or eastern branch constitutes the boundary of OMEGA on that side, and formed, till lately, the eastern limit of the Necropolis ; but the new compartment, EPSILON, embracing about two acres, has lately been enclosed beyond it. In the meantime we shall follow the western branch, keeping Mr. Kettle’s monument on our right hand.

Proceeding in this direction, the visitor will observe, on his left, a small group of three tombstones facing the east. Immediately opposite these are two or three graves on the right not yet distinguished by any monument ; but one of which—the second in order from Mr. Kettle’s obelisk—will constitute an object of peculiar interest to many visitors when we state, that here are interred the remains of the late Mr. David Robertson, bookseller, a gentleman to whom allusion has been made in connection both with the life of Motherwell and that of Mr. Thomas Atkinson. The latter, as already stated, was for some years his partner in business ; and though Mr. Robertson was not an author himself, he was long on intimate terms with most of the *literati* of the west of Scotland. He was the centre of a circle of literary friends,

some of whom, with many of his admirers and acquaintances in private life, desirous of paying a tribute to his memory, have already subscribed for an elegant monument about to be erected over his grave. It is possible, indeed, that this may be accomplished even before these pages are in the hands of the reader. The design selected is one by Mr. James Hamilton, and will be an additional ornament to the Necropolis. The body of the structure will be six feet nine inches in length by four and a half feet in breadth, and will present, as its leading features, four tablets, one on each side, terminating at the top in semicircles surmounted with ornamental wreaths. The recesses at the corners being filled with three-quarter columns, the tablets will appear to project from an oval framework, and the whole will be surmounted by an oval dome, terminating in a beautiful finial at the height of thirteen feet. The general character of this part of the structure will be similar to Mr. Alexander's monument, except that the dome of the latter is circular. At the base of the front tablet will be a sarcophagus, and over this the inscription, surmounted by a fine medallion of the deceased. The execution of the monument has been entrusted to Messrs. Clubb & M'Lean, in whose hands we do not doubt that the design will receive ample justice.

Mr. Robertson was born in 1795, in the district of Monteith, Perthshire, where his father occupied a farm about ten miles from Stirling. In 1810, when not more than fifteen years of age, he came to Glasgow, and entered the employment of the late Mr. William Turnbull, bookseller, 156 Trongate. When Mr. Turnbull died, in 1823, Mr. Robertson succeeded to the business, which he carried on in partnership with Mr. Thomas Atkinson for seven years. At the end of that time a separation took place; and Mr. Robertson removed to the premises at 188 Trongate Street, where the business is still carried on by his son. It was here that 'Whistle Binkie,' an admirable collection of modern Scottish songs, was projected about the year 1832, and a volume entitled 'The Laird of Logan, or

Anecdotes and Tales illustrative of the Wit and Humor of Scotland,' was published in 1841. In 1847 Mr. Robertson issued a second edition of Motherwell's Poems; and in 1849, a third edition, comprising a variety of fragments which the poet had left behind him in manuscript. Mr. Robertson was much beloved in private life, and was long a respected elder in the Wellington Street United Presbyterian Church. He died of cholera on the 6th October, 1854; and the deep sensation created by this unlooked-for event among the extensive circle of his friends, as well as the estimate generally formed of his character by those who had the privilege of his acquaintance, is well expressed in the following notice which appeared in the 'Glasgow Citizen' at the time of his death:—

“The appearance in our obituary to-day, of the name of Mr. David Robertson, bookseller to the Queen, will fill many hearts with profound sorrow. Few of our fellow-citizens were better known; none were more respected and beloved. He was the friend of Andrew Henderson, Kennedy, Motherwell, Carrick, Alexander Rodger, Dr. Græme, and numerous other kindred spirits; and his place of business in Trongate continued until the day of his decease, the resort of many of our local celebrities. His love of Scottish song was intense, while his exquisite sense of the ludicrous imparted a peculiar unction to his relish for wit and humor. In 'Whistle Binkie' and 'Laird of Logan,' he gave full scope both to his taste for lyrical poesy and his lively appreciation of the facetious. The publication of these works, particularly of the former, supplemented as it was by an admirable collection of 'Nursery Songs,' brought him into correspondence with nearly all the minor poets of Scotland, over some of whom he exercised an almost paternal care. He was one of the most kind-hearted, upright, and loveable of men, and the intelligence of his death has come upon us with so much surprise that we feel a difficulty as yet in realizing it to our own mind.”

We now turn to another grave which can only be indicated at present by the adjacent monuments. The visitor will observe that the third of the group of tombstones on the left bears to be the property of Mr. Samuel Dow. Immediately behind this stone, and separated from it only by a narrow walk, is a grave planted with flowers, but not yet distinguished by any monument. This is the spot to which we have now to request the reader's attention. Its position will be further recognized by a handsome monument, the property of Mr. George Morison, which marks the contiguous grave on the

west, and by a massive stone of polished Aberdeen granite, belonging to Mr. John Brebner, which stands directly to the south of it. In this spot are interred the remains of the late James Reddie, LL.D., advocate, one of the most eminent lawyers whom Scotland has produced—the author of several legal works of great value, and who filled for nearly half a century the office of principal town-clerk of Glasgow.

Mr. Reddie was born at Dysart, Fifeshire, in November, 1775, and was the youngest son of a highly respectable family in that town, friends of the St. Clairs of Dysart; to whose head, the late Lord Rosslyn, Mr. Reddie inscribed the Thesis which he published and nominally defended, according to the practice of Scotland, when called to the bar. He was educated at the High School of Edinburgh, where he completely outstripped all his competitors, although among these were included some who afterwards became the most celebrated men of their time. On this subject a writer in the 'Law Review' says:—

“We have heard Lord Brougham and others, who, though considerably younger than Mr. Reddie, were his class-fellows, describe the reverence with which he was regarded as so immeasurably their superior, that during the four years of the curriculum no one ever for an instant approached him, or even thought of making the attempt; although it is certain that he began at the same point and time with them, having had no previous instruction, and only being prevented by bad health from commencing his studies earlier.”

This communicates a high idea of Mr. Reddie's early attainments; and it adds not a little to the interest and value of the testimony thus generously given, that the article in the 'Law Review' from which we have quoted these words, was written by Lord Brougham himself. This is a fact which we can state upon the highest authority.

Mr. Reddie's entire career at Edinburgh was full of promise. He was the ardent associate in every laudable pursuit of a number of youthful aspirants of the highest order of intellect. Among these we may mention, as his intimate friends, Francis Jeffrey, Francis Horner, James Moncrieff, Thomas Brown the eminent metaphysician, and last, but certainly

not least, the active, brilliant, indefatigable Henry Brougham — perhaps the most versatile master-mind of his age, and now, alas, the only survivor of that distinguished circle. Whatever may be Edinburgh's claims to the honors of literature or science in the present day, it cannot be denied that at that time she was well entitled to be styled the 'Modern Athens.' She was truly the literary centre of the island. Her pulpits and her university chairs were filled by a race of intellectual giants, who have not only left an enduring memory behind them, and names 'familiar as household words' to their fellow-countrymen, but who may be said to have reared in their schools of philosophy the guiding minds of the age. Mr. Reddie's philosophical curriculum was under such teachers, and was spent in the pleasant companionship of such distinguished associates.

At the Edinburgh University, as at most others, numerous private associations or clubs were formed among the students themselves for mutual instruction. One of these was the 'Literary Society,' in which Mr. Reddie's name was enrolled, with those of many other young gentlemen who afterwards attained to eminence; and from this society arose another, much more limited in the number of its members, but which may be said to have embraced, in a concentrated form, almost 'all the talents.' The following account of its origin and object is given in the Rev. Mr. Welsh's 'Life of Dr. Thomas Brown:—

"In 1797, a few of the members of the Literary Society formed themselves into another association, more select, to which they gave the name of the Academy of Physics. The object of this institution was somewhat more ambitious than that of the former, and is set forth in the minute of their first meeting to be 'the investigation of nature, the laws by which the phenomena are regulated, and the history of opinions concerning these laws.' At this meeting, which was held on the 7th of January, there were present Messrs. Erskine, Brougham, Reddie, Brown, Rogerson, Birkbeck, Logan, and Leyden. These gentlemen were afterwards joined by Lord Seymour, Messrs. Horner, Jeffrey, Smyth, Gillespie, and many others. For some time the society proceeded with great spirit, — and in the papers that were read, and in the conversation that took place upon them, were sown the germs that afterwards developed themselves in works that have occupied much of the public attention. Among the most active of the members were Messrs. Brougham, Horner, and Dr. Brown; and the

institution owed much to the truly philosophical spirit and excellent sense of Mr. Reddie.

The meetings of the society continued with considerable regularity about three years, when, from various causes, the interest that was taken in it began to decline. The last entry in the minute-book is of date 1st May, 1800. It is written in pencil, and is as follows:—‘Present, Lord Webb Seymour, Messrs. Brougham, Reddie, Copland, Horner, Brown, Bennet, Craig, Lang. Some articles were read from the Memoirs relating to Egypt by the learned men who accompanied the French expedition.’

“The Academy of Physics will be interesting in the history of letters, not merely on account of the distinguished names that are to be found in the list of its members, but also as having given rise to a publication which has been conducted upon more liberal principles, displayed a greater proportion of talent, and exercised a greater influence upon public opinion, than any other similar work in the republic of letters. It can scarcely be necessary to add that I allude to the ‘Edinburgh Review.’”

In the notes appended to the work from which the preceding extract is taken, several interesting minutes of this Society are given, in almost all of which the names of Mr. Brougham, Mr. Reddie, and Mr. Brown, occur in constant juxtaposition—showing not only their regular attendance as members, but the intimate friendship which subsisted between them, and which was maintained with unshaken constancy to the last. In another part of the same work, the writer remarks:—

“We can conceive nothing more delightful than the manner in which this period was spent by Dr. Brown, with such Professors as Stewart, Robison, Playfair, and Black, and such friends as Horner, Leyden, Reddie, and Erskine, and the happiness of living in a family that he loved with the greatest warmth of affection. As he (Dr. Brown) was unwilling to go abroad, many of his college acquaintances came and spent their evenings with him in his mother’s house. He was always temperate in his habits. His favorite beverage was tea, and over it hour after hour was spent in discussing with his youthful companions—

‘The wondrous wisdom that a day had won.’”

Mr. Reddie was one of the most intimate of these ‘youthful companions,’ and this intimacy, as we have already stated, was kept up to the last. It ceased only with Dr. Brown’s death, after a short but brilliant career as the worthy successor of Dugald Stewart in the Moral Philosophy Chair. In the summer of 1819, the year before his death, he spent a few days with Mr. Reddie in Glasgow—refreshing, in the confidence of friendship, the happy and endearing recollections of former years. These recollections, and the deep sympathy of feelings and tastes which subsisted between the

two friends, are embalmed in the following beautiful lines prefixed to Dr. Brown's poem, 'The War Fiend,' and which were addressed to Mr. Reddie:—

“ And O! whate'er my studious toil may trace,
 Well may *thy* name there find a votive place;
 For who shall say, in grave or light design,
 How much of lightest, gravest has been thine?
 Still memory loves to linger 'mid the bowers
 That blessed our youthful academic hours;
 When zeal to zeal the ready impulse spread,
 And science followed but where friendship led.
 Then, in close heart, when mingling oft our lore,
 We marvelled much, but questioned, doubted more;
 In the gay rural walks where, soon or late,
 Still rose some never weary old debate;
 Mixed in the flowing theme of truth and mirth,
 Thought sprung from thought, one equal, mutual birth;
 And each, perhaps, with changeful strife untired,
 Has warred with fancies which himself inspired.”

Dr. Brown had deserted his early study of the law for that of medicine; but ultimately settled down in the field which he loved so well to cultivate—the region of metaphysical reverie. Mr. Reddie adhered to his first love, and prosecuted his legal studies with unabated ardor. He passed as an advocate in the year 1797,* and practised for some time at the bar. His talents had already gained for him marked distinction, and while it was well known that his acquirements were profound and extensive in every department of legal knowledge, it appears that his leading bias to Maritime International Law, the principles of which he afterwards explained so ably, already attracted special notice, and procured his professional employment in a class of cases which have almost ceased to be adjudicated in Scotland. With reference to this period of Mr. Reddie's life, and his future official career in Glasgow, Lord Brougham says:—

“ His argument on the right of search connected with the case of the *Flad-Oyen*, was very long remembered at the Scotch bar, and at once pointed him out for advancement in the profession. Nor can any doubt be entertained, that had he continued at the bar, the highest

* He was therefore a contemporary of most of the distinguished judges, and many other eminent men, who have died within the last few years. Sir Walter Scott was admitted to the bar in 1792; Lord Jeffrey in 1794; Lord Fullerton in 1798; the late Lords Mackenzie, Medwyn, Moncrieff, and Murray in 1799; Lord Brougham and the late Lord Cockburn in 1800.

place both in practice and ultimately on the bench, would have been within his reach. This was held by all men, save one, of every party, as an incontestible proposition; but his own modest and little adventurous nature led him to prefer an humbler path, and he listened to the suggestion of his friends at Glasgow, whom he permitted to propose him as a candidate for the respectable and very important office of principal Town-Clerk, the Assessor of the Magistrates, and Presiding Judge in the Town Court—the principal civil court of that great commercial city. As soon as it was known that he was willing to take the office, the other candidates, six in number, all professional men of eminence—one of them Sheriff in the County, another, Professor of Law in the University—retired from the contest, and he was chosen unanimously. He entered upon the duties of this office in 1804; and until 1822, when by the appointment of a resident sheriff many causes were removed into that court, the number that came before him, including the small debt jurisdiction, was nearer six than five thousand a-year, of which many were of great importance in principle as well as value, the jurisdiction being unlimited in amount, and in every kind of personal action. The satisfaction which his judgments gave was almost unexampled—they were rarely appealed from, most rarely altered upon appeal. In affirming one of those which ultimately came before the House of Lords (1833), the Lord Chancellor [Lord Brougham] observed, 'That it well became even the most eminent judges upon the bench to approach with the greatest caution and deference, a judgment upon a point of law pronounced by so distinguished a lawyer,' and this remark met with the universal concurrence of the profession."

It was not till relieved of the pressure of his onerous judicial duties, first by the appointment of Mr. Rose Robinson as resident sheriff in 1822, and afterwards by the institution of the Sheriffs' Small Debt Court—and not till he in some degree retired from active life under the burden of advancing years, that Mr. Reddie could find the necessary leisure to give to the world the results of his profound researches on the subject of international law. His first work, published in 1840, was entitled 'Inquiries Elementary and Historical in the Science of Law,' and a second and enlarged edition appeared in 1847. In 1841, he published 'An Historical View of the Law of Maritime Commerce,' and this was followed in 1842 by 'Inquiries in International Law'—a continuation of his first production, the 'Inquiries in the Science of Law.' In 1844-5, appeared 'Researches Historical and Critical in Maritime International Law,' a work in two volumes, octavo, containing his matured views on the whole subject, and exhibiting, like his other writings, a vast extent of legal reading, and of accurate historical information,

gleaned from all sources. The elevated views and principles by which he was influenced and guided in publishing these works, are well explained in the concluding part of the preface to the second edition of his first publication.

Such is an outline of some of the leading events in the life of this able lawyer and lamented citizen. He died on the 5th April, 1852, at an advanced age, and after a long illness, which he bore with the fortitude and equanimity of a philosopher. His private character was marked by every amiable virtue, and we speak only the feeling of the great community which he adorned with his presence and elevated by his example, when we say, that his loss was felt in every relation of life, public and private, and that the benevolence of his nature, his exalted sense of honor, and his profound legal attainments, are gratefully remembered by his contemporaries and willingly acknowledged by the members of that profession of which he was so distinguished an ornament. It was truly said of him, that "in difficult times, he had the rare faculty of never making an enemy and never losing a friend, and that he went down to the grave, with a reputation unsullied by a single spot, and illustrated by a thousand gentle virtues."

Mr. Reddie had several children, all of them settled in highly respectable situations. One of his sons, Judge Reddie, whose labors, both here and in the colonies, as well as in the East Indies, proved most valuable to the cause of Law Amendment, survived his father only a few months.

We cannot conclude this brief biographic notice without expressing our belief, that ample materials might be found among Mr. Reddie's papers to furnish an interesting historic record of his life and times. We may be excused also for suggesting, that a public monument ought to be erected to the memory of this distinguished civilian and truly good man. It is modesty like his, combined with great learning, and quiet, unostentatious worth and talent, that ought to be honored in the Necropolis.

CHAPTER XIV.

SUFFERERS IN THE WRECK OF THE 'ORION'—THE BAIRDS OF
GARTSHERRIE—WILLIAM RAE WILSON, LL.D.

"Me quoque devexi rapidus comes ORIONIS
I lyricis Notus obruit undis."—HOR.

"Rest of thy sons, amid thy woes forlorn,
Mourn, widowed queen, forgotten Zion, mourn !
Is this thy place, sad city, this thy throne,
Where the wild desert rears its shaggy stone ;
While suns unblessed their angry lustre fling,
And way-worn pilgrims seek the scanty spring ?"—HEBER.

IMMEDIATELY behind the monument on the west side of Mr. Reddie's grave, is a narrow walk which proceeds northward, in front of a line of elegant tombstones. These will be readily distinguished by the second in order, which is both a conspicuous and beautiful object—a massive truncated obelisk of polished red granite, carved at the top with a laurel-wreath encircling the letter H, and bearing a short inscription below. Our object, however, is to call attention to the sixth grave in the same terrace, which is marked by a fine square monument of polished Aberdeen granite, crowned with an elegant urn. This grave possesses a melancholy interest, as the following inscription will show :—

"In memory of James Scott, merchant, Montreal, aged 55; Lillias Ure, his wife, aged 46; and Marion, their only child, aged 7; also of Janet Ure, aged 40, sister of Mrs. Scott, and relict of William Smith, merchant, Montreal: who all perished in the wreck of the steam-ship Orion, off Port-Patrick, 18th June, 1850, and are here interred; except the child, Marion, whose body was not found."

Mr. and Mrs. Scott were returning to Glasgow, to spend the remainder of their days in their native city, among the society of their friends; and Mrs. Smith, sister of Mrs. Scott, was merely on a visit along with them. They sought the land of their nativity, and found only a grave. The tragedy in which they suffered will long be remembered on account of the be-

reavements it occasioned in many Glasgow families. The 'Orion' was a beautiful iron steam-vessel; she left Liverpool for Glasgow on the evening of the 17th June, 1850, and at one o'clock on the following morning, when the sea was perfectly calm, and the faint phosphorescent glimmer of a midsummer dawn was already appearing in the north-east, she rushed headlong to destruction. A few solitary sick watchers in the little coast-town of Port-Patrick, denied the blessing of slumber, were looking abroad from their windows, and David Adair, a humble fisherman, was up baiting his lines—

“When lo! upon the ocean there appear'd,
 Darting with bird-like motion, as it near'd
 The busy shore, a vessel armed with might
 To wander o'er
 The trackless billows in the wind's despite—
 Bold as the lion's range—free as the eagle's flight.
 Onward the vessel panted, proudly brave,
 No wind she wanted, and she feared no wave ;”

But a more appalling danger was at hand. Her course to the wakeful onlookers was mysterious. Never had a vessel pursuing the same route been known to approach so near the shore. Suddenly she struck on a sunken rock within a few hundred yards of the beach, a little to the north of the harbor. She sank in about ten minutes; and of two hundred souls who were on board, including the crew, the number ascertained to have perished was forty-seven. Among these were Alexander M'Neil, Esq. of Colonsay, his lady, and their two lovely daughters; John Burns, M.D., of Glasgow, a son of the late Dr. Burns of the Barony Church; his niece, Miss Eliza Morris; Mr. Hume, wool merchant, Glasgow; and others whose names are recorded in the different places of sepulture connected with this city. In Sighthill Cemetery, just on the verge of the hill, a handsome tombstone, with marble slab, records the fate of Mr. Marshbank, commercial traveller, with this appropriate quotation from Scripture:—

“At midnight there was a cry made,
 Behold the bridegroom cometh ;”

and the steward and carpenter of the vessel are interred in the Southern Necropolis. The catastrophe was generally believed to have resulted from gross negligence. The captain, first mate, and second mate, were tried before the High Court of Justiciary, on the 29th of August following; and the captain and first mate were sentenced to terms of imprisonment. On that occasion, one of the witnesses, Robert Wilson, a pilot, stated, that before the vessel struck, he remarked to the steward about her position, and the latter said, "She never was so close to the land since she was a boat." Scarcely were these ominous words uttered when the crash came. The name of the steward was Alexander Graham; and his monument in the Southern Necropolis, which is really a handsome structure, erected by his widow, stands a little to the east of the principal avenue. The visitor will find it by passing the first hedge, after entering the grounds by the lodge, and then pursuing the second walk which diverges from the carriage-way to the left. The following lines, by Mrs. Hemans, are inscribed on the lower part of the stone:—

"To thee the love of woman hath gone down;
 Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
 O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown!
 Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the dead!
 Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee!
 Restore the dead, thou Sea!"

The grave of the carpenter, Andrew Walker, in the same cemetery, is marked by a humble headstone, 'the property of James Walker,' which may be observed a little to the south-east of the further extremity of the main avenue, proceeding in a straight line from the lodge.

But leaving this painful subject, which casts even a deeper gloom on the grave, and resuming our northward course in the old Necropolis, we now pass a variety of monuments on both sides, some of which are strikingly beautiful, but none of them connected with names which stamp them as of a public character. One exception may, perhaps, be mentioned—a

tall and substantial structure on the left, belonging to one of our most respected citizens, Robert Stewart of Omoa, who was Lord Provost of Glasgow from November, 1851, to November, 1854, and to whose persevering exertions, during and since his official reign, Glasgow is chiefly indebted for the prospect of an early supply of water from Loch Katrine—a truly magnificent undertaking. This conspicuous monument, designed by Mr. James Brown, architect, and executed by the late Mr. M'Lean, is still without any inscription except the family name. The body, or lower division of the structure, is Roman Doric, and the upper part, which is Elizabethan, is gracefully relieved by four arches, and finished at the top with a very elaborate vase.

On the opposite side of the carriage-way, and therefore in the double line of monuments commencing with the obelisk erected to the late Mr. Kettle, are some remarkably elegant tombstones of recent construction. One of these, near the middle of the row, erected to the memory of the late Mr. Miller of Muirshields, demands particular notice. It consists of a highly ornate sarcophagus, resting on a massive oblong pedestal, the basis and cornice of which are enriched with Roman Doric mouldings, and each of its corners at the top with graceful consoles. It is difficult to describe the sarcophagus, which may be regarded as a mixture of the Greek and Elizabethan styles, producing a very rich effect. In alto-relievo, on each side, are carved pairs of inverted torches, crosswise, and bound at the point of junction with laurel-wreaths. The pedestal itself is a sarcophagus, formed somewhat on the model of Scipio's tomb at Rome.* The whole execution of the structure reflects no small credit on the sculptors, Messrs. Clubb & M'Lean.

* A perfect fac-simile of Scipio's tomb, in everything except the material, may be observed on the other side of the carriage-way, immediately beside the fine monumental statue of the late Mr Tennant of St. Rollox. It is inscribed to the memory of 'Alexander Fletcher, merchant, Glasgow,' who died 29th May, 1845, and his son, 'Duncan Downie Fletcher, late of 42d Highland Regiment.' This is the work of Mr. Handyside Ritchie of Edinburgh, and the only difference between it and the interesting Roman original consists in the fact, that in the latter the sarcophagus is constructed of white marble, resting on a basement or pedestal of black marble.

At the northern extremity of this beautiful terrace, which constitutes the eastern limit of OMEGA, a fine semicircular area, formed by the reuniting of the two branches of the carriage-way which separate at Mr. Kettle's obelisk, is the property of Mr. M'Lean of Plantation, by whom, we have no doubt, an elegant structure, worthy of this conspicuous site, will soon be erected upon it. This piece of ground is partially bounded on the south by a handsome monument facing the east, erected to the memory of the late Mr. Patrick Robertson Reid, one of two enterprising brothers who built the Argyle Arcade. The grave immediately adjacent to this, encloses the mortal remains of the late Sheriff-Clerk Depute of Lanarkshire, James M'Hardie, Esq.

Another semicircular area, lying directly to the eastward, on the other side of the exterior carriage-way, and therefore in the new compartment EPSILON, marks the grave of the late Robert Baird, Esq. of Auchmedden. Apart from the circumstance that this gentleman died in office as Lord Dean of Guild, and therefore as president of that institution to which the Necropolis belongs, the name which he bore is too remarkable in the annals of successful mining enterprise not to demand a passing notice. The deceased was the fifth in point of seniority of eight brothers, sons of the late Mr. Alexander Baird of Lochwood—a farm or small estate in the north part of Old Monkland parish. One of the sons, John Baird, Esq., still possesses and occupies this property. The other seven sons, William, Alexander, James, Robert, Douglas, George, and David, having turned their attention to the iron business, erected and set in operation, in 1830, the Gartsherrie Iron Works in Old Monkland, which the surviving brothers have continued to carry on in partnership with great success; and though no longer limited in their operations to these works, the firm has long been familiarly known in the west of Scotland as that of 'the Bairds of Gartsherrie.' Two of the brothers, Douglas and Robert, are now deceased. This remarkable firm has for many years stood at the head of the

iron trade in Scotland, and at present possesses, besides the works at Gartsherrie, those of Eglinton, Blair, Lugar, and Muirkirk—comprehending, in all, thirty-three furnaces, and capable of producing 250,000 tons of pig-iron annually. All the brothers engaged in the business have purchased extensive estates; and the united value of their property has been estimated at not less than three millions sterling! We have reason to believe, indeed, that this estimate is rather considerably under than over the mark. William Baird, Esq., now of Elie, Fifeshire, was elected member for the Falkirk burghs in 1841; and the same burghs are at present represented by another of the brothers, James Baird, Esq. of Cambusdown, near Ayr. The late Douglas Baird, Esq., acquired the estate of Closeburn, Dumfriesshire, some time before his death; and the late Lord Dean of Guild purchased, a few years ago, the fine estate of Auchmedden, in Aberdeenshire. The names and estates of the other brothers in the firm are respectively as follow:—Alexander Baird, Esq. of Ury, Aberdeenshire; George Baird, Esq. of Strichen, in the same county; and David Baird, Esq. of Stichill (commonly written Sticheil), Roxburghshire.

The late Lord Dean of Guild, before he engaged with his brothers in the iron business, served an apprenticeship to the law in this city. He was elected to the office of Dean of Guild in October, 1854, and died at his residence, Cadder House, Bishopbriggs, on the 7th August, 1856. In a notice of his death which appeared in the 'Glasgow Courier,' the writer says:—

“Mr. Baird was one of that remarkable family whose history is identified with the rapid rise of the iron trade in the west of Scotland, and was distinguished, like his brothers, by that rare combination of practical intelligence with sound judgment, which is indispensable to success in life; but, though possessed of a large fortune, the simplicity of his habits, and the frank honesty of his nature, were not corrupted by wealth, or the seductions it brings with it. He was a friendly, kindly man, whose advice was always at the service of those who asked it, and who manifested an anxious but unostentatious desire to do all the good in his power. His means were ample, and they were usefully employed, and we have known few men, in the course of a long life, upon whose personal integrity and generosity of temper, more reliance

could be placed. To all human appearance a long course of usefulness was before him, and his removal from amongst us is one of those inscrutable arrangements of Providence upon which it is vain to speculate."

Mr. Baird died exactly two months before the expiry of his term of office as Dean of Guild; and the zeal with which he discharged his duties and attended to the interests of the Merchants' House, may be inferred from the fact, that he added 247 names to the list of members; as well as from the circumstance stated in a former page—that the sum of £1000, which has been presented to the House by his residuary legatees, was honorably given in fulfilment of his expressed intention.

The death of Mr. Baird was not the only event which cast a gloom on the report of the directors to the annual meeting of the members of the House, held on the 7th October, 1856. Mr. Baird died, as we have stated, on the 7th August; and a meeting was held on the 22d of the same month, when the late William Connal, Esq., who had previously filled the office from October, 1850, to October, 1852, was elected Dean *ad interim*. But scarcely had this been announced to the public when the mournful intelligence was received of the sudden demise of that gentleman on the 25th. On the 9th September, another meeting was held, and William Brown, Esq. of Kilmardinny, who had also already been Dean of Guild during the two years ending October, 1838, was re-elected. He discharged the duties till the 7th October, when the annual meeting took place, at which John Jamieson, Esq., of the firm of Messrs. Paterson & Jamieson, was regularly installed in office for the usual period. The year 1856 will therefore be long remembered as a fatal and melancholy epoch in the annals of the Merchants' House, having witnessed the unparalleled occurrence of no less than four gentlemen successively filling the office of Lord Dean of Guild in one year.

We now proceed to the elegant octagonal structure, which stands at the northern extremity of the highest platform of

the hill, opposite the semicircular area belonging to Mr. M'Lean of Plantation. This is the tomb of the late Dr. William Rae Wilson, the well-known traveller in the Holy Land and other countries. It stands in the compartment ALPHA, which, as we have previously stated, is a narrow tract, rising from the bank of the Molendinar, pursuing the line of the boundary wall on the north side of the Necropolis, till it reaches the top of the hill, and then continuing its course southward along the wall at the top, till it terminates in the plot of ground on which Dr. Wilson's tomb is erected. At this point, therefore, the principal carriage-way, bending round to the west, divides ALPHA from OMEGA—the first from the last letter of the alphabet—a somewhat sudden transition. Here, it may be truly said, that 'extremes meet.'

Dr. Wilson's tomb is much admired, and is justly regarded as creditable to the architect, Mr. J. A. Bell, of Edinburgh, brother of our learned and highly esteemed Sheriff-Substitute. The design of the building is significant, being of an eastern or Saracenic character, resembling numerous sepulchral monuments in Palestine, more especially in and around Jerusalem, and, therefore, appropriately associated with Dr. Wilson's memory. Each external octagon face is divided into two stages by an ornamental band of lozenge flowers, and finished by a projecting battlement—the whole being crowned by a circular stone cupola. The first or lower stage consists of a series of arched recesses, with elaborately cut architraves, and panels exhibiting reversed torches in alto-relievo. The principal face is pierced for an entrance; the upper stage in each of the others consists of three arched panels, divided by three-quarter columns, and enriched with lozenge tracery. The paved floor of the monument, or cover of the vaults, is raised three feet above the level of the ground, and is approached by a flight of steps, with a landing, from which the interior may be viewed. The external diameter is 13 feet 6 inches, and the height to the top of the cupola 27 feet. The monument is constructed of the purest liver-rock from Binnie

quarry—so built as to conceal the joints, and no wood, iron, or lead is used. Into three of the internal octagon faces, opposite the entrance, tablets of statuary marble are inserted, the centre one being dedicated to the memory of Dr. Wilson, and having his escutcheon, bearing the arms of Rae and Wilson, suspended over it. On this tablet is the following inscription:—

In Memory
of
WILLIAM RAE WILSON, LL.D.,
Late of Kelvinbank,
Who died 2d June, 1849, aged 76,
Author of
'Travels in the Holy Land,'
And Editor of
Works written on that and other Countries
During many years.

"Thy servants take pleasure in her stones,
And favor the dust thereof."

This tablet is inscribed by his affectionate wife.

Dr. Wilson was born in Paisley, on the 7th June, 1772, and was descended from a family of his own original name of Ray, or Rae, in the town of Haddington, where his grandfather filled the office of Provost. He was nephew and heir of the late Mr. John Wilson, one of the town-clerks of Glasgow, by whom he was brought up to the law, and having, on the death of that gentleman, in 1806, succeeded to his fortune, he assumed the name and arms of Wilson, conferred on him by letters patent, to be used in addition to his own family name. In early life he married a daughter of the late John Philips, Esq. of Stobcross, and it was in consequence of the death of that lady soon after the marriage, that he sought relief for his depressed spirits in foreign lands, and spent a considerable part of the rest of his life in travelling in the East and throughout the Continent of Europe. He published different works containing the results and records of his observations; but his 'Travels in the Holy Land,' which went through several editions, will constitute his most enduring monument. He entered into a second marriage with an accomplished

English lady of good family, who was the devoted companion of many of his distant travels. He died in London, in June, 1849, leaving an ample fortune; and his body, in compliance with his own expressed desire, was brought to Glasgow to be entombed in the Necropolis. It was temporarily interred in the Egyptian Vaults, to wait the completion of the sepulchre in which it now rests. At the same time the contents of the family burial-place in Ramshorn churchyard, now in the centre of the city, were removed to the same beautiful tomb. This was done at the desire of Dr. Wilson himself, who had been alarmed and shocked by the attempt made, during the railway mania, to violate the ashes of the dead by forming a railway through that cemetery. Some years before his death, the College of Glasgow conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws; and among other charitable bequests, he left a sum, for an annual prize, to be awarded by the College to a student of divinity for the best essay on a religious subject.

Dr. Wilson travelled under high auspices, having letters from 'his friend,' the Duke of Kent; a patent letter obtained at Rome from the 'Propaganda Fidei,' which he found of great use; and others from several persons of distinguished official and aristocratic rank, with whom he was ambitious to associate. We shall never forget the pleasure with which, in early life, we perused his 'Travels in Palestine,' even notwithstanding the credulity he shows in listening with child-like faith to the miserable monkish traditions about the Holy Places. His scriptural quotations and references are very numerous, and sometimes amusingly fanciful; but often remarkably apposite and instructive. He repudiates all pretensions to be deemed a scientific traveller. His style, though often inaccurate and involved, and always rugged and careless, is characterized on the whole by vigor and energy; and, what is of infinitely greater importance than mere elegance of language, the sentiments are warm and fresh from a heart that was evidently deeply impressed with the sacred and memorable scenes of the blighted land of promise—the

land of miracle and revelation, but over which, with its many natural beauties, a withering curse has been shed—

“ Lord, Thou did'st love Jerusalem !
 Once she was all thine own ;
 Thy love her fairest heritage—
 Her power thy glory's throne—
 Till evil came and blighted
 Thy long-loved olive tree,
 And Salem's shrines were lighted
 For other gods than thee !”

Here, at length, in our beautiful Necropolis, the pilgrim rests from his wanderings. Here, he reposes in death, entombed beneath a monumental type of the scenes which he loved to traverse in life. His earthly remains are here shrouded in a characteristic memento of that ‘beloved Zion,’ which he visited with pious reverence and described with graphic pen, and of which it may even yet be said with reference to such men as Dr. Wilson—

“ Thy saints take pleasure in her stones,
 Her very dust to them is dear.”

Of the literal truth, indeed, of these lines, a better illustration cannot be given than is furnished by the following short extract, describing our traveller's impressions and deportment on beholding Jerusalem for the first time:—

“ On leaving this village (Bugos), I travelled along the most rugged path I ever encountered, and entered the valley of Elah, celebrated as the place of action between Saul and the Philistines,* which was followed by a remarkable victory. The local situation of this place corresponds exactly with the description given of it in Scripture. I then crossed the bed of the torrent from which David selected the stones, with one of which he slew Goliath, who dared to defy the power of the armies of the God of Israel.† After passing this interesting scene much exhausted, having rode from sunrise to sunset, the tract or way became very elevated; when, on a sudden turn, and at the summit of it, JERUSALEM, which appeared to be compact,‡ burst, as it were, into view. Thus, the ardent desire I had long expressed to behold so interesting a spot before I laid my head on the bed of death, was now realized.

“ Any language that I could use would fall infinitely short of conveying to the mind of the reader the emotions with which I was seized on beholding the holy city, with its towers, minarets, mosques, monasteries, and in particular, the dome over the church of the holy sepulchre, sparkling under the setting of a glorious sun. On this spot the voice of the Eternal himself sounded; the great Redeemer pro-

* 1 Samuel xvii. 2, 3.

† 1 Samuel xvii. 40, 45, 46, 49.

‡ Psalm cxxii. 3.

claimed his divinity, and shed his precious blood on the cross as a voluntary sacrifice to satisfy the offended justice of Heaven, for that violation of the law which had been committed by man; thus making reconciliation between the Creator and the creature, and establishing that happiness which is everlasting. At this never-to-be-forgotten moment, I was thrown into a transport of holy awe and joy, which elevated my heart. As by an immediate impulse, I leaped from my mulc, threw off my shoes,* and falling down in humility, saluted the ground, exclaiming, 'Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will to men.'

Before leaving Dr. Wilson's sepulchre, it only remains to be stated, that the oblong rectangular piece of ground which lies between it and the carriage-way, and is not yet marked by any monument, indicates vaults in the rock beneath, belonging to the Messrs. Houldsworth, manufacturers, Glasgow.

CHAPTER XV.

CHARLES TENNANT OF ST. ROLLOX.

"Great offices will have
Great talents. And God gives to every man
The virtue, temper, understanding, taste,
That lifts him into life, and lets him fall
Just in the niche he was ordained to fill."—COWPER.

PURSUING the bend of the carriage-way, which now returns to the south, forming a fine monumental avenue, along the most elevated part of the Necropolis, to Knox's pillar, the visitor will observe at the commencement of this avenue a tall obelisk, immediately opposite the entrance to Dr. Wilson's tomb, and bearing the following inscription:—

"Erected by a few friends, to the memory of John Spittal, M.D., Glasgow—who died 27th March, 1840, aged 34 years. As a token of their respect for his private worth and professional abilities."

* Exod. iii. 5.

This obelisk, and all the succeeding monuments on the same side are still in OMEGA; those on the right are in KAPPA, which extends, as the reader may remember, along the brow of the northern half of the hill, including the entire declivity opposite Motherwell's monument, and bounded on its western or lower side by that portion of the carriage-way which passes in front of the Egyptian Vaults.

With scarcely a single exception, the monuments on both sides of this avenue are all of a superior class; but one is pre-eminent among the rest as a work of art, and demands, at the same time, particular notice as a merited tribute of public respect to one of our most distinguished citizens. We allude to the colossal statue in white marble, resting on a massive pedestal of Aberdeen granite, on which is the following short inscription:—

CHARLES TENNANT,
of St. Rollox,
Died 1st October, 1838,
Aged 71.
Erected by a few of his friends
As a tribute of respect.

The statue represents Mr. Tennant in a sitting posture, in an attitude expressive of meditation, and the vigorous conception and exquisite modelling of the work, stamp it as one of the finest productions of Mr. Patric Park, the late eminent sculptor. No more appropriate monument could have been erected to Mr. Tennant's memory, except indeed that which he had reared in his own lifetime, and which he has left behind him in the truly gigantic chemical works of St. Rollox, lying about half a mile to the north, and conspicuous from almost every part of the city and neighbourhood by the immense stalk (455 feet in height), which constitutes one of the chief wonders of our manufacturing industry. These works are certainly one of the greatest triumphs of the practical application of science in the world, having sprung from a discovery by Mr. Tennant which has introduced a complete revolution in the highly important process of bleaching. We

therefore think we shall render an acceptable service to our readers, and a small contribution to the cause of truth, by giving a few particulars of the life of the author of this public benefit.

Mr. Tennant was born at Ochiltree House, in Ayrshire, in 1768. After receiving the ordinary elements of education, he left home in early life for Kilbarchan, in Renfrewshire, where he was apprenticed to the silk-weaving trade. In that situation he became acquainted with Mr. Brown, then one of the magistrates of Paisley, with whom he subsequently entered into partnership as a bleacher. Darnley Bleachfield, near Paisley, was the first field of their operations; and here it was that the discovery of the chloride of lime as a bleaching agent was made—a discovery of which it is impossible to over-estimate the value, and by which the name of Mr. Tennant will ever be honorably associated with those of the highest benefactors of his country. This discovery was made in the year 1797.

The process of bleaching by chlorine had previously been discovered; and M. Berthollet, the eminent French chemist, had published in the *Journal de Physique* for June, 1785, and again in the number for August, 1786, the result of the first experiments which he had made with a view to its successful application as a bleaching agent. The subject immediately occupied a large share of the attention of several distinguished chemists in this country; and Mr. James Watt having been invited by Berthollet to witness his experiments at Paris, communicated the information thus obtained to his relative, Mr. Macgregor, a large bleacher at Glasgow, by whom the process of bleaching by chlorine was tried with much success. The next important improvement was the discovery, by some manufacturers at Javelle, of the use of a particular liquor, which was ascertained by Berthollet to be nothing more than a solution of the chloride of potash. These manufacturers having been disappointed in their commercial prospects at home, in consequence of the opposition

which was offered to the new process in France, came over to England, and settled at Liverpool, where they continued for some time to manufacture the chloride of potash under the name of *Liqueur de Javelle*, and sold it to the English bleachers in bottles.

The chloride of potash was the article generally in use when Mr. Tennant, in 1797, took out a patent for his new bleaching liquor, which was a solution of chloride of lime, and which could be sold much cheaper than the article prepared from potash. The latter was therefore entirely superseded, and the chloride of lime became universally employed. To obviate the inconvenience of transporting it in large quantities in that liquid state in which it was first employed, Mr. Tennant undertook to convey to other manufacturers, for the sum of £200, to be paid by each, the right to work under his patent; and this proposal was generally accepted by the principal manufacturers throughout the kingdom. In 1799, however, Mr. Tennant obtained a patent for a method of obtaining the chloride of lime in a dry state, by which the article is rendered more portable, and easily transmissible to any given distance without losing its virtues.

In the same year in which the second patent was taken out, the St. Rollox Works were erected for the manufacture of the dry chloride of lime, and the firm of Tennant, Knox, & Co. was established, the partners being Mr. Tennant, Mr. Knox, Mr. Macintosh, and Dr. Couper. Three of the sons of the last-named gentleman were afterwards married to three of Mr. Tennant's daughters; and over his remains, which are interred within the same enclosure, is a graceful obelisk of Aberdeen granite, bearing the following inscription:—

To the Memory of
WILLIAM COUPER, M. A.,
Surgeon in Glasgow.
Born 1757.
Died 1843.

The late Mr. Charles Macintosh, another of the gentlemen above-mentioned as forming the original partners in the firm,

was the well-known inventor of the celebrated waterproof fabric. He was born on the 29th May, 1766; and was the son of Mr. George Macintosh, and Mary Moore, sister to Dr. Moore, the distinguished author of 'Zeluco,' and father of Sir John Moore, who fell at Corunna. Mr. Macintosh was highly successful as a practical chemist. In 1797, he established the alum-works at Hurlet, and in 1805, those at Campsie. He obtained the patent for his waterproof varnish in 1822. Dr. Cleland ascribes to him the invention of the bleaching powder, or dry chloride of lime, for the manufacture of which the St. Rollox works were erected; and in a memoir of the late Mr. Macintosh, by one of his sons (since deceased), the same claim is so strongly urged, that the whole credit of that important invention is now very generally awarded to Mr. Macintosh. This we believe to be an act of gross injustice to the memory of Mr. Tennant, who was the undoubted discoverer of the liquid chloride of lime as a bleaching agent, and in whose name the patent for the dry chloride was taken; although it is true that in the application of the latter he seems to have acted on a hint which was thrown out quite incidentally by Mr. Macintosh. The essential element in the invention consists in the substitution of lime for the potash previously in use; and although the application of the lime in a dry state was a great improvement, suggested, it is understood, by a hint from Mr. Macintosh 'to try the experiment,' yet the original application of even the dry lime appears to have been made by Mr. Tennant; and it is not the person who offers a casual suggestion, but he who puts it into practice in the steady prosecution of a settled object, that is really entitled to the credit of any important invention. We may add, that in the memoir to which allusion has been made, the late Mr. Macintosh is represented as having anticipated almost all the discoveries of modern chemistry, a circumstance from which we leave the reader to draw his own conclusions. Mr. Macintosh, who was undoubtedly a man of great genius and energy, died at his house at Dunchattan, a little to the east-

ward of the Necropolis, on the 25th July, 1843; and his remains are interred in the Cathedral churchyard, where a handsome monument is erected to his memory, at the wall adjoining the Molendinar.

Some years after the erection of the St. Rollox Works, the proprietors commenced, in addition to the chloride of lime, the manufacture of the oil of vitriol, and subsequently that of soda, and several other articles. These works are the most extensive in Europe, and occupy an area of about sixteen acres. Considerable quantities of the chloride of lime are shipped to America, and other foreign parts. The discovery of the bleaching efficiency of this important agent has not only been productive of a vast saving to the country, but has given an enormous impetus to other branches of manufacturing industry.

The value and importance of this discovery did not fail to meet with recognition in the quarters that were more particularly interested. In 1804, the bleachers of Lancashire resolved, through the late Mr. Kirkman Finlay of this city, to present Mr. Tennant with some distinct mark of their regard; and, accordingly, we extract the following from the 'Glasgow Courier' of that date:—

“Saturday, June 9, 1804.—Mr. Ainsworth of Holywell, near Bolton, lately forwarded to Mr. Kirkman Finlay, two very elegant silver cups, with suitable inscriptions, to be presented to Mr. Charles Tennant of St. Rollocks, in this neighbourhood, from the grateful bleachers in Lancashire, in testimony of the sense they entertain of the great services his ingenuity has rendered to them in particular, and to the trade in general. Last night (Wednesday) the cups were delivered to Mr. Tennant, in presence of a number of gentlemen in the manufacturing interest assembled at the Tontine, for the occasion, when Mr. Finlay embraced that opportunity to assure Mr. Tennant that he and his friends present, and as far as his information went, the trade in general in this part of the country, entirely coincided with the sentiments so handsomely testified by the Lancashire bleachers.

This was an honorable recognition of the value of Mr. Tennant's discovery, and his exclusive right to it, emanating, so to speak, from the public and intelligent sense of the country.

Mr. Tennant took an active interest in every useful inven-

tion and public improvement that marked the fertile scientific era in which he lived. His energies were not confined to what might be considered as the sphere of his own peculiar province. With that intuitive perception of the practically useful in science, which formed, perhaps, the distinguishing feature of his mind, the secret of the railway principle was no sooner developed than he saw its immense importance to the community, and vigorously exerted his utmost energies in carrying the principle into operation in his own neighbourhood. Even so early as 1824, when the subject of railway conveyance in connection with the mineral fields of the country began to attract public attention, the consumpt of coal at the St. Rollox Works was not less than 30,000 tons annually; and, therefore, it may well be supposed that even with a view to the benefit of that establishment alone, as well as on public grounds, Mr. Tennant would feel a special interest in this mode of transit. Accordingly, he exerted himself to the utmost in carrying out the various railways connected with the different coal and ironstone fields in this district—the Monkland and Kirkintilloch Railway, which was opened for traffic in 1827: the Ballochney Railway, opened in 1828; and last, and most important of all, the Glasgow and Garnkirk Railway, which formed a direct line of communication from the Monkland coal-field to this city, without the intervention of water conveyance at all. In connection with this period of Mr. Tennant's life, Mr. Grainger, the eminent civil engineer, writes:—

“The better to enable Mr. Tennant to advise and direct as to the best mode of carrying out these various projects, he, along with myself and Mr. George Buchanan, C.E., of Edinburgh, visited the north of England, where we spent ten days most agreeably in examining the principal collieries and railways in that part of the country. This took place in the month of August, 1826. In the course of this short excursion, his desire to see everything in the district that was interesting, and the fatigue to which he subjected himself, are incredible. Early or late his activity never failed, and rather outdid that of his younger companions. On arranging one evening in Newcastle to start next morning to see the various works at Sunderland, while we were hesitating about the hour, he at once resolved to take the earliest coach, at four A.M., which we did. But the energy and vigor of his mental powers—his keen and rapid perception of the nature of the various engineering, mechanical, and mining operations which arose succes-

sively under our observation, and his just and accurate estimate of their value, and comprehensive views of their extensive appreciation in commerce and the arts, which he descried afar off, were what more especially called forth our admiration and respect. Nor did he confine himself to what was to be seen above-ground; he descended some of the deepest coal-pits in Northumberland. I shall never forget the morning on which we, along with Mr. Nicholas Wood, the eminent coal-viewer, rigged out in coal-pit dresses—and odd figures we certainly were—descended the principal pit of the Killingworth Colliery.

“While Mr. Tennant left no stone unturned to carry out the railway between Edinburgh and Glasgow, by Bathgate and Airdrie, of which the Garnkirk line was to have formed a part, he, nevertheless, when these projects were abandoned, most cordially co-operated from the beginning with those who promoted the line by Falkirk, since carried out. He was all along one of the most influential of its directors down to the day of his death.”

After such testimony, it seems to be unnecessary to remark, that Mr. Tennant was endued with great mental activity and much decision of character. His sensibilities, too, were keen, while he was equally generous and benevolent in public and private life. His friendship was valuable and lasting to those whom he held in esteem; and no better proof can be given of his kindness and attention to the numerous persons in his employment, than that they rarely left him. In politics he took an active and consistent part, and was indeed a pillar of the liberal party in this great city. Yet, the ardor of his political feelings never interfered with his private friendships, or influenced his conduct to individuals. In every respect he was a worthy citizen and good man—was privileged to be useful and respected in his generation, and died universally regretted. The following notice, which appeared in the ‘Glasgow Argus’ at the time of his death, expresses the general sense which was entertained of that event, and brings out some traits in the character of this excellent man, to which it is impossible to do justice in more appropriate terms:—

“The loss of Mr. Tennant will be widely and deeply felt. He was an earnest and indefatigable promoter of economical and educational improvement, an uncompromising friend of civil and religious liberty. His own inborn energy of character and clear intellect placed him among the foremost of that class which, by wedding science to manufactures, has at once extended their field of action, and elevated them to the rank of a liberal profession. With all the deep sustaining power of a comprehensive mind, to which we can scarcely apply a feebler name

than genius, Mr. Tennant was in his disposition singularly mild and retiring. A constitutional nervousness, remarkable in one of a large and healthy frame, was allied with that sensitiveness to the beautiful which is occasionally its concomitant. We have more than once listened with delight when he whom most men thought engrossed in scientific and commercial speculation began to expatiate on the youthful reminiscences of Burns. In every respect—as a domestic man and a citizen—a more pure and upright soul we have not known than his, whom society, and, still more, his family, have lost.”

In the year 1795, Mr. Tennant was married to Miss Margaret Wilson, a sister of the late Mr. John Wilson of Thornley, by whom he had two sons and seven daughters.

The vast works of St. Rollox, which are still increasing in extent, continue to be carried on by Mr. Tennant's sons, with undiminished efficiency.

CHAPTER XVI.

KNOX'S MONUMENT — INSCRIPTIONS — HISTORY AND PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF JOHN KNOX—STATE OF SCOTLAND BEFORE THE REFORMATION—VIEW FROM THE BASE OF THE MONUMENT.

“ There stands the messenger of truth ; there stands
The legate of the skies !—His theme divine—
His office sacred—His credentials clear—
By him the violated law speaks out
Its thunders ; and by him, in strains as sweet
As angels use, the Gospel whispers peace.
He establishes the strong, restores the weak,
Reclaims the wandrer, binds the broken heart,
And, arm'd himself in panoply complete
Of heavenly temper, furnishes with arms
Bright as his own, and trains, by every rule
Of holy discipline, to glorious war
The sacramental host of God's elect !”—COWPER.

LEAVING Mr. Tennant's monument, and passing onward through the beautiful street in the silent city of the dead, which may not inappropriately be termed ‘Knox's avenue,’ we at length reach the lofty column erected on the highest point

of the hill, and crowned with a colossal statue of the great Reformer. It does not fall within our province to specify the numerous elegant monuments erected to private individuals, which constitute the principal portion of this avenue. We therefore pass them in silence, and proceed at once to the description of Knox's monument.

This conspicuous structure, which is visible from a great distance in almost every direction, crowned the summit of the Merchants' Park when no Necropolis existed. No other monuments consecrated the adjacent ground for a period of eight years after its erection, and, indeed, it is not a monument in the same sense as most of the others. Strictly speaking, it is no portion of the Necropolis, although it harmonizes with it so well. The ashes of the illustrious Reformer, as every Scotchman knows, were not interred here. This monument is therefore a mere memorial. It marks no particular spot; it marks only the man—a man whose memory is written all around us in what Scotland is, and of whom we may truly say, in the language of the epitaph on Sir Christopher Wren, in St. Paul's, London, *Si monumentum quæris circumspice!* An edifice greater than St. Paul's was reared by Knox's hands—a beautiful ecclesiastical fabric of Presbyterian worship, through which the blessings of religion and education have now been diffused around us for centuries. Scotland owes much of what she is to John Knox, and therefore it was a good thought to rear this monument to his memory in a city which professes to 'flourish by the preaching of the Word.' The name of Knox is thoroughly and utterly identified with this country; and we are surprised that few, if any monuments, were previously reared to the memory of this remarkable man. There is one at St. Andrews, the congenial and befitting locality of some of his most active, daring, and successful exertions. A beautiful, massive, truncated obelisk was, about fifteen or twenty years ago, erected in the immediate neighbourhood of that ancient city, looking abroad on the Witch Lake and the stormy bay—apt emblems of his life—

and standing on a spot which the very feet of the Reformer may have often trod when meditating Scotland's regeneration. It is dedicated not to Knox only, but to his brother-Reformers and to the noble martyrs who preceded him. Justice has not been done to Knox's memory. Even the venerable house which he so long occupied in Edinburgh was threatened some years since with demolition, although it is a relique so precious that its value cannot be estimated in pounds, shillings, and pence. We earnestly hope that the venerable fabric will be preserved as long as human ingenuity can make one stone of it to stand upon another.

The monument in the Fir Park was erected by public subscription. The idea originated in that anti-popish enthusiasm which was excited for a period in this city by the late Mr. M'Gavin, to whose monument and memoir we shall have occasion to devote a subsequent chapter. The foundation-stone was laid on the 22d September, 1825. The solemnity began with divine service in St. George's Church, conducted by the Rev. Dr. Chalmers, at that time Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of St. Andrews. The reverend doctor preached from Jeremiah vi. 16, "Thus saith the Lord, stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." After a most appropriate sermon, the committee of management, and upwards of three hundred of the subscribers, walked in procession to the Merchants' Park, preceded by the office-bearers of St. John's Lodge, who had offered their services on the occasion. On arriving at the ground, the late venerable Dr. Burns of the Barony offered up an impressive prayer. The stone was then laid, with the usual solemnities, by Professor MacGill, who afterwards gave a suitable address to the surrounding subscribers. The late Mr. Ewing of Strathleven, on their behalf, and on that of the committee, made an appropriate reply, standing, perhaps, on the very spot where his own sarcophagus is now erected, near the base of the monument. The ceremonial

was concluded by three hearty cheers from the subscribers and the surrounding crowd, which was very great. As the acclivity of the Park and young planting admitted but a limited number of spectators at the summit, the gates of the High Church Yard, adjoining the Park, were thrown open for the accomodation of the public. A numerous party of the subscribers, including some of the magistrates and clergy of the city, dined subsequently in the Black Bull Inn—Henry Monteith, M.P., in the chair. Some excellent and highly interesting speeches were delivered, in which the character and principles of the illustrious Reformer were ably elucidated. By means of the dinner and the sermon about £105 were added to the funds. In the foundation-stone two glass bottles were deposited, containing specimens of the coins of the reign of George IV., with some newspapers and other official documents. A metal plate was likewise interred, containing the inscription which was afterwards placed on the west side of the monument, and which Dr. Cleland read aloud before depositing the plate. This inscription is given in the next page, but the following additional records, which do not appear on the monument, were engraved on the plate, and the names will be interesting to not a few readers:—

By the favor of Almighty God,
The Foundation Stone was laid by
Stevenson MacGill, D.D.,
Professor of Theology in the University of Glasgow,
On the 22d day of September, MDCCCXXV.,
And Sixth year of the Reign of our most gracious Sovereign,
GEORGE THE FOURTH,

In presence of the Committee of Management, viz.,

H. Monteith, Esq., M.P.
James Ewing, Esq.
Robert Dalglish, Esq.
James Cleland, Esq.
William Rodger, Esq.
Thomas Hopkirk, Esq.
Andrew Mitchell, Esq.
John May, Esq.
William M'Tyer, Esq.
Robert Wood, Esq.

Walter Ferguson, Esq.
Wm. M'Gavin, Esq., Treasurer.
Ben. Mathie, Esq., Secretary.
Thos. Hamilton, Esq., Architect.
Wm. Warren, Esq., Designer of
the Statue.
Robt. Forrest, Esq., Statuary.
John Herbert, Esq., R.A., and
Superintendent.

Mr. James Carmichael, Contractor.

Which undertaking may the Supreme God bless and prosper.

SUPERINTENDING COMMITTEE.

Rev. Dr. MacGill, Convener.

James Ewing, Esq.
James Cleland, Esq.| William Rodger, Esq.
| Thomas Hopkirk, Esq.

The monument is a colossal statue of the Reformer, placed on a fluted Doric column, 58 feet in height. The statue, including the height of the column, is 290 feet above the level of the Clyde. The base of the column is 15 feet square, and was, until lately, surrounded with a handsome iron railing, which has been very properly removed, now that so many other beautiful monuments, much more liable to injury, stand exposed in the Necropolis. The principal inscription is on the west side, and is nearly the same as that which was engraven on the metal plate. There is, however, an inscription on each of the four sides of the base of the column, and these inscriptions it may be acceptable to our readers to give in this place:—

[Inscription on west side.]

To testify Gratitude for inestimable Services
In the cause of Religion, Education, and Civil Liberty ;
To awaken admiration
Of that Integrity, Disinterestedness, and Courage,
Which stood unshaken in the midst of trials,
And in the maintenance of the highest objects ;
FINALLY,
To cherish unceasing Reverence for the Principles and
Blessings of that Great Reformation,
By the influence of which, our Country, through the
Midst of Difficulties,
Has arisen to Honor, Prosperity, and Happiness :
This Monument is erected, by Voluntary Contribution,
To the Memory of
JOHN KNOX,
The Chief Instrument, under God,
Of the Reformation of Scotland.
On the xxii. day of September, MDCCCXXV.

He died, rejoicing in the faith of the Gospel,
At Edinburgh, on the xxiv. of November, A.D. 1572, in the 67th year
of his age.

[Inscription on south side.]

“The Reformation produced a revolution in the sentiments of mankind, the greatest as well as the most beneficial that has happened since the publication of Christianity.”

In 1547, and in the city where his friend, George Wishart, had suffered, John Knox, surrounded with dangers, first preached the doctrines of the Reformation. In 1557, on the 24th of August, the Parliament of Scotland adopted the Confession of Faith presented by the

the Reformed Ministers, and declared Popery to be no longer the religion of this Kingdom.

John Knox became then a Minister of Edinburgh, where he continued to his death, the incorruptible guardian of our best interests.

"I can take God to witness," he declared, "that I never preached in contempt of any man—and wise men will consider that a true friend cannot flatter, especially in a case that involves the salvation of the bodies and souls, not of a few persons, but of a whole realm." When laid in the grave, the Regent said—"There lieth He who never feared the face of man; who was often threatened with dag and dagger, yet hath ended his days in peace and honor."

[*Inscription on east side.*]

Among the early and distinguished friends of the Reformation, should be especially remembered, Sir James Sandilands of Calder; Alexander, Earl of Glencairn; Archibald, Earl of Argyle; and Lord James Stewart, afterwards known by the name of "the good Regent"—

John Erskine of Dun and John Row, who were distinguished among the Reformed Ministers for their cultivation of ancient and modern literature—

Christopher Goodman and John Willock, who came from England to preach the Gospel in Scotland—

And John Winram, John Spottiswood, and John Douglas, who with John Row and John Knox, compiled the first Confession of Faith, which was presented to the Parliament of Scotland; And also the first Book of Discipline.

[*Inscription on north side.*]

Patrick Hamilton, a youth of high rank and distinguished attainments, was the first Martyr in Scotland for the cause of the Reformation. He was condemned to the flames at St. Andrews in 1528, and the 24th year of his age.

From 1530 to 1540, persecution raged in every quarter. Many suffered the most cruel deaths, and many fled to England and the Continent. Among those early martyrs were Jerome Russell and Alexander Kennedy, two young men of great piety and talents, who suffered at Glasgow in 1538.

In 1544, George Wishart returned to Scotland, from which he had been banished, and preached the Gospel in various quarters. In 1546, this heavenly-minded man, the friend and instructor of Knox, was also committed to the flames at St. Andrews.

To the scanty particulars of Knox's history which are given in the second of these inscriptions, we would willingly add an account of his life, did we not believe it to be familiar to every Scotchman. The life of John Knox, indeed, belongs to history, and not to a brief biographic record of a few of the departed worthies of Glasgow—a city with which the illustrious Reformer had no personal connection. We shall therefore merely give a short sketch to complete the outline.

Knox was descended from the ancient family of Ranfurly, in Renfrewshire, and was born at the village of Gifford in East-Lothian, in 1505. He received the rudiments of his

education at the grammar-school of Haddington; and afterwards studied philosophy and theology at St. Andrews, with a view to the priesthood. His progress in learning was rapid, and he was admitted into priest's orders long before he attained the canonical age. But his own studies, and the preaching of the celebrated George Wishart, led him to perceive the unsoundness of the Popish system, and about the year 1542, he began to disseminate the new doctrines. This was the signal for his persecution, and to escape the vengeance of Cardinal Beaton, he accepted the office of private tutor to the sons of Douglas of Langniddrie, and Cockburn of Ormiston. On the fall of Beaton, he was persuaded by his patrons to take refuge, along with his pupils, in the Castle of St. Andrews, in 1547; and there he remained till the Castle surrendered, when, sharing the fate of its inmates, he was sent to the French galleys. After a severe and tedious detention of nineteen months, he was liberated in 1549, and, repairing to England, was employed as a Protestant preacher, first, at Berwick, and afterwards, at Newcastle. In 1551, he was nominated one of the Chaplains in Ordinary to Edward VI.; but on the death of that young monarch, and the accession of the bigot Mary to the English throne, he was forced to flee to the continent, arriving in January, 1554, at Dieppe, from which he afterwards proceeded to Geneva, where he formed an intimacy with Calvin, his brother-reformer. Receiving an invitation from the English refugees at Frankfort, to become their minister, he was urged by Calvin to accept it, and continued to officiate there for some time; but his language having given offence to the prelatical party, and being accused of treason, he again retired to Geneva—from which, in the autumn of 1555, he ventured to return to his native country. He immediately commenced preaching in Edinburgh and various other places, and so great was the excitement produced by his addresses, that the Romish clergy, alarmed at his progress, summoned him to appear before them at the church of the Blackfriars at Edin-

burgh, May 15, 1556. But the cause of the Reformation had now many influential supporters, and on the 14th he came to the Scottish Metropolis, attended by such a formidable retinue that his opponents were glad to drop the prosecution for the time. From that period he continued to figure as the spiritual leader of the Reformation in Scotland; and, supported by the influence of the Lords of the Congregation, he carried all before him, till, in August, 1560, the Presbyterian religion received the sanction of Parliament. He died, as stated in the inscription on the west side of the column, on the 24th November, 1572, and was buried in the churchyard of St. Giles, now the Parliament Square, Edinburgh.

The colossal statue on the column is twelve feet in height. The Reformer is clothed in the Geneva cap and gown, and holds in his right hand a Bible. The modeller, Mr. Robert Forrest (then of Lanark), has carefully preserved the likeness, which was taken from a painting in the Glasgow University. The attitude is not greatly admired, particularly the position of the left arm, which has the appearance of stiffness. Perhaps it is well that the considerable height of the column removes the defects as well as the merits of the statue from a too near inspection. Even at the distance to which it is thus elevated above the spectator, the colossal size of the statue produces an appearance of robust physical power which did not belong to the Reformer. A contemporary writer, quoted by Dr. M'Crie, says—“*Haud scio an unquam—magis ingenium in fragili et imbecillo corpusculo collocarit;*” and on this subject we extract the following remarks which are calculated to remove an impression, the existence of which we believe to be very general, and which is exceedingly apt to be confirmed, rather than corrected, by contemplating the monument in the Necropolis. Dr. M'Crie says:—

“There are, perhaps, few who have attended to the active and laborious exertions of Knox who have not been led insensibly to form the opinion that he was of a robust constitution. This is, however, a mistake. He was of small stature, and of a weakly habit of body—a circumstance which serves to give a higher idea of the vigor of his mind.

His portrait seems to have been taken more than once during his life, and has been frequently engraved. It continues still to frown in the bedchamber of Queen Mary, to whom he was often an ungracious visitor. We discover in it the traits of his characteristic intrepidity, austerity, and keen penetration. Nor can we overlook his beard, which, according to the custom of the times, he wore long, and reaching to his middle—a circumstance which I mention the rather because some writers have assured us that it was the chief thing which procured him reverence among his countrymen."

We cannot say that we agree with those who think that the statue of the Reformer ought to have looked away from the Cathedral, instead of looking at it. Even if that magnificent edifice were still identified with Roman Catholic worship, it would ill comport with the intrepid spirit of Knox to turn his back to the foe. He, who in life 'never feared the face of man,' may surely be permitted, in the grim security of monumental stone, to confront, with unabashed visage, one of the few existing remnants of that stupendous system which the thunders of his terrible eloquence overturned. It is perhaps well that, while Knox was yet alive, he never occupied the same spot as a pulpit on which he is now placed as a platform; otherwise there is reason to fear that the spacious and majestic structure on which he is now frowning in stone, would have been consigned to the same sudden destruction which swept away, as with a deluge, almost all that was magnificent in Scotland's ecclesiastical architecture of the middle ages. Not that we attribute directly to Knox the almost universal destruction of these beautiful fabrics, of which we deplore the loss; but Knox's irresistible denunciations undoubtedly inspired the popular breast with the wild and ungovernable frenzy of iconoclastic zeal, which rose like a sudden tide, and heaved tumultuously to and fro on the face of broad Scotland, till nothing but the stern simplicity of Presbyterian worship stood amid the melancholy monumental ruins of the proud hierarchy of Rome. We repeat, that we deplore the national loss of our ancient ecclesiastical structures, exactly in the same proportion in which we rejoice that the good sense of Glasgow preserved her magnificent Cathedral for the uses of the Presbyterian worship;

but, great as the loss undoubtedly was, the acquisition was unquestionably far greater. Previous to the Reformation, the Romish Church, in this Scotland of ours, had become a mighty nuisance, of which it is impossible in these latter days to conceive the appalling magnitude. The house of God was almost utterly deserted; and yet, as Dr. M'Crie justly observes, "the kingdom swarmed with ignorant, idle, luxurious monks, who, like locusts, devoured the fruits of the earth, and filled the air with pestilential infection. Friars, white, black, and grey; Canons, regular and of St. Anthony; Carmelites, Carthusians, Cordeliers, Dominicans, Franciscans, Conventuals, and Observantines; Jacobins, Premonstratensians; Monks of Tyrone and of Vallis Caulium; Hospitallers and Holy Knights of St. John of Jerusalem; Nuns of St. Austin, St. Clare, St. Catherine of Sienna, with Canonesses of various clans." The priesthood had actually engrossed half the land of the country, and almost all the power and authority of the Government.

Thanks to the illustrious Reformer for sweeping away this stupendous accumulation of ignorance, idolatry, and superstition, even although much that was worthy of preservation necessarily perished in the universal wreck. It is true that the austere spirit of Knox descended even upon our churchyards. The "dingin' down of the cathedrals" demolished many of our picturesque tombstones reared in Popish days. Almost all that was *externally* beautiful and ornamental, either in religion or in the sepulchre, was swept away at the Reformation. The tide of reaction from Romish mummery rushed to an opposite extreme. Religion became almost repulsive in its stern uncompromising simplicity. Its spirit was preserved; but not the external graces which even the sturdy Presbyterianism of this day stoops to borrow from art. A bold and unsparing hand was needed to sweep away the idols from the high places of Popery in this awakened land. Our noble Reformer and his disciples were the men of the time. As the French express it, they were 'the men

of the situation.' They did their work well and thoroughly; and they stamped the impress of their own austere spirit upon the national character, and upon our national customs. Their posthumous influence penetrated even into the tombs of the dead, as well as the homes and hearts of the living, and converted our cemeteries and churchyards into melancholy regions of desolation and death. It was not a little remarkable, therefore, that a monument to John Knox was destined to be the first ornament of the first garden-cemetery in Scotland. The stern Reformer now stands surrounded with much that would have seemed to him an idle mockery of death. From his lofty pedestal, grimly he looks down upon a once Romish cathedral, which is now preserved with a watchful solicitude; and beautiful sepulchral monuments are rising all around him, as if to demonstrate that the Presbyterian worship is not incompatible, in its simplicity, either with the graces of architectural art, or with the exuberant manifestations of the most endearing affections. There is something like retributive justice in this apparent coincidence. And yet we rejoice that a monument to this remarkable man crowns the summit of the Necropolis. Under Divine Providence, Scotland owes far more to John Knox than to any other one individual, except, perhaps, Sir William Wallace, *for what she now is.*

But we turn for a moment to another subject, which will form an appropriate conclusion to the present chapter. We cannot forget that we are now on the summit of the Necropolis, and that therefore the visitor who has followed us thus far, now stands on the most favorable point for commanding a complete view of the surrounding scenery. Unfortunately the smoke of Glasgow is a veil, which, like the dark future, mortal eye cannot penetrate. Looking to the south and south-west, our attention is directed

“ ——— to smoke, to the eclipse
That metropolitan volcanoes make,
Whose Stygian throats breathe darkness all day long;
And to the stir of Commerce, driving slow,
And thundering loud with his ten thousand wheels.”

Glasgow is like a certain inhabitant of the deep, which raises a muddy atmosphere about itself, so that it cannot be seen; and yet, to the stranger and visitor we would say, this is the spot from which to look upon Glasgow as Glasgow really is. That smoke is as much a part of Glasgow as these innumerable tall chimneys and beautiful spires. Glasgow would not be Glasgow without its smoke, as the Highland mountains would be very stupid and flat without their drapery of mists and their dark robe of storms. That smoke is the breath exhaled from the nostrils of this mighty giant of manufacturing enterprise. Look through it, and you will see the dim images of her great factories—huge black masses—in the heart of which, life is measured by the hour, and the wealth and grandeur of this mighty city are spun in threads, or hammered and moulded into steam-engines. Moreover, the smoke is an accession to the picturesque, when crimsoned with the setting sun, as it passes away in glory behind the western hills. Then it is that Glasgow, with her towers and cupolas, looming through an atmosphere of intense splendor, appears like the gorgeous creations of the mirage—

“The zenith spreads
The canopy of sapphire, but the west
Has a magnificent array of clouds;
And, as the breeze plays on them, they assume
The forms of mountains, castled cliffs, hills,
Deep rifted glens, and groves, and beetling rocks.”

But to see to advantage the scene all around, of which even Glasgow is only an insignificant portion in point of superficial extent, it is necessary to visit the summit of the Necropolis on Sunday, or on some clear morning, when the smoky factories are at rest, and the atmosphere is pure and transparent. The scene which is then revealed is one of the finest and most extensive imaginable, and has been so well described by the late Mr. M'Lellan in his 'Essay on the Cathedral Church of Glasgow,' published in 1831, that we cannot resist the temptation to quote the entire passage. Mr. M'Lellan says:—

“It cannot be generally known, if we may judge from the few who

resort to it, that one of the finest panoramic views in the kingdom is to be seen from the summit of the Merchants' Park. In clear weather the horizon embraces a range of several hundred miles, comprehending scenery of the most striking and varied character. Standing at the base of Knox's Monument and looking west, the eye traverses the west portion of the valley of the Clyde, bounded by the picturesque forms of the Cowal hills, between which and the rugged hills of Kyle and Cunningham winds the estuary or Frith of Clyde. Farther off, and in the extreme distance, are seen the shattered peaks of the island of Arran—in the middle distance, amid the 'wave of woods and corn-fields,' rise the spires of Paisley—the cloud of smoke to the right indicates the site of the towns of Greenock and Port-Glasgow. The foreground to this magnificent landscape is composed of the ancient part of the city, the most prominent object in which is the Cathedral, the long-drawn lines of its beautiful perspective lying far beneath the eye.

"On the right hand the scenery assumes a different character; the ground, which lies high, is bleak and monotonous, and the view is bounded by the abrupt barrier of the Campsie and Strathblane hills; at their termination in the north-west, the Grampians are seen dipping into Lochlomond, while above them towers Benlomond and the high hills around the Port of Monteith and Loch Katrine.

"On the left, stretched beneath you, lies the city, the spires and domes of its public buildings rising into sunshine over the dusky mass of its houses, the huge forms of its cotton-manufactories flanking its suburbs. Beyond it, the eye travels onwards to the shires of Renfrew and Ayr, the portions of which, that are here visible, partake much of the wild and heathy character of the high land lying on the north.

"On turning to the east the landscape exhibits a stretch of champaign country, which, for beauty and variety, is not surpassed even from the terrace of Windsor; the extensive chase and its magnificent oaks are no doubt wanting, with those feelings of awe and veneration inseparable from the conviction, that the grey towers rising majestically above us, have been the favorite residence of England's kings for a thousand years;—but to a Scotsman, here is no lack of heart-stirring and powerful association. Are not these the dark-red walls of Bothwell Castle, from which the sword of Robert Bruce drove their founder, Sir Aymer de Vallance, when he liberated Scotland from the iron grasp of the stern and politic Edward? Was it not from these sunny glades that the lovely and unfortunate Mary, escaped from her prison-house, passed the few hours of freedom and joy, which were for ever eclipsed by the issue of the fatal battle on yonder hill of Langside? Was it not behind yon rising ground that, goaded into madness by the faithlessness of a dissolute monarch, and oppression of a corrupt court, the peasants of Scotland encountered and scattered the veterans of Claverhouse at Drumclog, to meet with a bloody retaliation at the battle of Bothwell Bridge? These and many other important acts in our kingdom's history, add the weight of their moral influence to a scene full of natural grandeur, and ornamented by high cultivation; and which, whether contemplated from the lofty eminence where we now stand, or examined in detail, must alike interest and gratify the lover of the romantic and the beautiful.

"The view from the Calton Hill of Edinburgh, and that from the Fir Park of Glasgow, are not subjects of comparison but contrast; the magnificent scenery around the metropolis would have tasked the combined energies of a Salvator and a Claude; Gaspard Poussin would have delighted in the view from the Merchants' Park."

The accuracy of this description is perfectly worthy of the

refined language in which it is so elegantly expressed ; and the allusion in the concluding passage to three of the most eminent masters of landscape-painting, cannot fail to remind the inhabitants of this great city to whom they are indebted for the noble and munificent bequest of the 'M'Lellan Gallery,' now known as the 'Glasgow Gallery of Art.'

CHAPTER XVII.

JAMES EWING OF STRATHLEVEN, LL.D., M.P.

"His signal deeds and prowess high
 Demand no pompous eulogy—
 Ye saw his deeds !
 Why should their praise in verse be sung ?
 The name that dwells on every tongue
 No minstrel needs,
 His was a Trajan's goodness ; his
 A Titus' noble charities"—FROM THE SPANISH.

At the close of last chapter, standing at the base of Knox's monument, we looked abroad from the watch-tower of the silent city, and borrowing the plumage of Mr. M'Lellan's pen, we essayed a rapid flight to the principal points of historical interest and of natural and artificial grandeur with which the Necropolis is surrounded. From this flight we again return to the quiet resting-places of the dead—the tranquil, beautiful caravanserai, reared on the margin of this tumultuous wilderness:—

"'Midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,"—

to be a place of blessed retreat, and of long, dreamless repose to many of 'the world's tired denizens.'

And first, our attention is arrested by two elegant granite

monuments which occupy the sloping green bank on the south side of Knox's column. One of these is a beautifully polished block of grey granite, erected to the memory of Henry Wardrop, Esq. of Blackfaulds; the other is a massive sarcophagus of polished Peterhead granite, resting on a graduated pyramidal basement of Aberdeen granite. The latter is erected to the memory of the late James Ewing, Esq. of Strathleven, LL.D., M.P.—one of the merchant-princes of Glasgow, and a name with which the reader is now familiar as that of the gentleman who took the most prominent part in converting the Merchants' Park to its present noble design. The remains of the lamented deceased are interred below. We regret that while the present work is in the press, the monument is still in a partially unfinished state. The recesses in the sides and ends of the sarcophagus have yet to be filled with bronze panels, one of which will contain the inscription, and the others will exhibit appropriate designs illustrative of Mr. Ewing's character and pursuits. The inscription will be placed on the north side, facing Knox's monument. The opposite side, we have reason to believe, will display a medallion of the deceased, supported by two symbolical female figures—one, emblematic of Commerce, and the other, of the Liberal Arts or Literature, which, as we shall afterwards see, Mr. Ewing not only patronized, but cultivated in his own person. The end panels will exhibit respectively emblems of Education and Charity—in apt allusion to the ample and almost unparalleled bequests which were left by Mr. Ewing for these purposes. The general design of the monument is due to Mr. Baird, architect, of this city. The execution of the work, and the designing of the plaster casts for the figures on the bronze panels, have been entrusted to the Messrs. Mossman.

Mr. Ewing was born at Glasgow on the 5th December, 1775, and was the second son of Walter Ewing, Esq., who was at first a factor and trustee on bankrupt estates, and afterwards a landed proprietor and West India merchant. His mother,

Margaret Fisher, was a daughter of the Rev. James Fisher, one of the four founders of the Secession Church. We have seen that the mother of the late Dr. Wardlaw was another daughter of the same reverend gentleman, so that the remarks which have been made (p. 88) with reference to the illustrious descent of Dr. Wardlaw by the mother's side, equally apply to Mr. Ewing. He received his education at the High School of his native city, at which he was one of the most distinguished pupils, and in which he continued ever afterwards to take a deep interest; so much so, that in 1816, when he was appointed convener of the High School committee, he obtained the revival of a class for writing and arithmetic in the institution; and again, in 1822, he deposited a sum of money in the hands of the Magistrates and Council, the interest of the one moiety of which, was allotted to purchase a silver medal, to be given annually to the student who produced the best exemplification of a regular Greek verb, and the interest of the other half to be laid out in the purchase of books with a view to the formation of a library for the use of the scholars. For this handsome donation, which has proved a permanent benefit to the institution, Mr. Ewing received the unanimous thanks of the Magistrates and Council.

He had scarcely finished his education at the High School, when, in 1790, his father, by the death of a relative without issue, succeeded to the estate of Cathkin, taking the name of M'Lae;* and at his death, in 1814, the estate descended to his eldest son, Humphrey Ewing M'Lae, Esq. of Cathkin. The late Mr. Ewing of Strathleven was, as already stated, the second son, and succeeded to the mercantile business. He had previously acted as an accountant, and also in virtual partnership with his father; but although at the death of the latter he was thirty-nine years of age, his name does not appear in any

* Mr. Ewing's great-grandfather, Humphrey Ewing, was born at Cardross, Dumbartonshire. His grandfather, also named Humphrey, was a merchant in Glasgow, and married Miss Margaret M'Lae, daughter of Mr. John M'Lae, merchant. Walter M'Lae, eldest brother of this lady, had a son, William M'Lae of Cathkin, who died without issue on the 20th December, 1790, and was succeeded by his nephew, Walter Ewing, the father of the subject of this notice, who then took the name of Walter Ewing M'Lae.

official position, or as connected with any public transaction, prior to that event. In less than a twelvemonth afterwards, however—namely, on the 10th October, 1815—we find him elected by the Merchants' House to the office of Lord Dean of Guild.

Thus launched into public life, in one of the positions of highest dignity in his native city, Mr. Ewing displayed the intense activity of his character, by finding time, in the midst of his numerous official and professional avocations, to write a 'History of the Merchants' House of Glasgow,' from its origin in 1605 down to the year 1816. This was a work of considerable labor and research, and was published in 1817. It is really an excellent history, and is written in a style and manner which show that Mr. Ewing was well qualified to take a respectable position in the literary world, had he devoted his time and energies to such pursuits. The value of the history was duly acknowledged by the Merchants' House, by whom it was characterized in their vote of thanks as 'an accurate, luminous, and valuable record.'

It is also worthy of remark, that during Mr. Ewing's presidency as Dean of Guild, he was instrumental in adding to the House a large accession of members. He was afterwards, in 1830, re-elected to the same position—a very unusual honor—and during his entire tenure of office he added not less than 367 names to the list of membership. These facts are worthy of notice, as showing the profound interest which he took in the prosperity of the House during his life, and thus affording a key to the almost unexampled liberality with which he endowed it at his death.

A committee was appointed in 1817, to consider and report on the most approved plan, regarding the size, regulations, and constitution for the new town's hospital or poor's house, then proposed to be erected. Mr. Ewing was appointed chairman of this committee, and seems to have taken almost the entire labor on his own shoulders. The inquiry embraced a most difficult and extensive field—the past, the

present, and the best method of supplying the necessities of the poor; a comparative system of providing for them in the hospital and in their own houses; the expediency of obliging the able poor to work for their own subsistence; the most efficient method of suppressing mendicity; and other equally important subjects. Mr. Ewing's labors were unremitting, and the report which he presented to the Magistrates in January, 1818, extended to 500 pages in manuscript, embracing an able and elaborate discussion of the whole subject. This report having been read at a meeting of the committee, held in the Town's Hospital, it was resolved, on the motion of the Rev. Principal Taylor, 'that the thanks of the committee be presented to Mr. Ewing, for the great research and ability with which he had prepared and arranged this difficult business.' At the same time, the report was ordered to be printed for circulation among the directors, and formed, when so printed, a pamphlet extending to 220 octavo pages.

Such is a specimen of that laborious drudgery to which Mr. Ewing devoted his energies, even while surrounded with ample means of enjoying a life of ease and luxury. But he did not confine his attention or his labors to any one object. He took an enlightened and active interest in all the most important questions of the time; and we find him, in 1818, and several subsequent years, laboring in conjunction with the late Mr. Kirkman Finlay and Mr. Dugald Bannatyne—the latter for many years secretary of the Glasgow Chamber of Commerce—to obtain the abolition of the East India monopoly. On this subject he wrote a variety of able papers and pamphlets, expressing, in elegant and forcible language, clear and comprehensive views, which subsequent events have realized. Indeed, it affords a striking proof of the soundness of Mr. Ewing's judgment, that every enterprise or scheme in which he cordially engaged sooner or later succeeded.

This was peculiarly the case with his efforts to procure the abolition of the obnoxious Burgess-oath, which, from the year 1747, had formed a stumbling-block and rock of offence

to that large denomination of Seceders, known as the Anti-burghers. The 'religious clause' which they refused to take, was contained in several burgess-oaths—in those, for example, of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Paisley, and Perth—and was couched in the following terms:—"Here I protest before God and your lordships, that I profess and allow with my heart, the true religion presently professed within this realm, and authorized by the laws thereof: I shall abide thereat, and defend the same to my life's end; renouncing the Roman religion called papistry." We think there can be little doubt that this oath was merely intended as a barrier against Roman Catholics; and in this light it was viewed by the two Erskines, the Rev. James Fisher, and other fathers of the Secession, who therefore saw nothing objectionable in it; and the party or denomination who adhered to them were termed Burghers. On the other hand, the Rev. Mr. Moncrieff of Abernethy, and other ministers and members of the early Secession Church, forming, indeed, by far the most numerous section, maintained that the swearing of this oath implied a professing of the true religion in the same sense as the Established Church, so far as to mean that the person taking the oath saw "no such defections and corruptions in the present professing and authorizing of it among her hands, as to require or warrant a secession from her, unto a professing of it in the way of a public testimony against these defections and corruptions."* They held it, in short, to be simply an oath of full communion with the Established Church, and, therefore, as amounting to a solemn abjuration of the whole Secession testimony. Such was the view of the subject taken by the Anti-burgher party, who formed themselves into the 'General Associate Synod,' while the other party, under the Erskines and Fisher, continued to be known as the 'Associate Synod,' and were termed Burghers. Slight as was this difference of opinion, it created for many years a rancorous feeling between the two sections of the Secession, almost as strong as that

* Gib's Display, vol. ii., p. 25.

which had previously animated both towards the Established Church. About the beginning of the present century, the bitterness of this animosity had greatly subsided; the members of the two denominations began to associate with each other at prayer and missionary meetings; the burghess privilege began to be of less importance; and at length, in 1818, an approach towards union was made by two Secession congregations in Mid-Calder and East-Calder—a reading society having been established at the former of these places, consisting of members of both congregations, who were thus brought frequently together. Emanating from this centre, the movement for a general union began to be rapidly extended and warmly agitated over the country; the public mind was already prepared for it, and numerous petitions in favor of union were poured into both Synods from their respective congregations.

This was the position of affairs when the attention of the late Mr. Ewing was strongly called to the subject. His clerical maternal ancestors, indeed, had belonged to the Burgher party, who did not find any scruple of conscience in taking the burghess-oath; he had, also, by this time, joined the Established Church, and was attending the ministrations of Dr. Chalmers, having previously, during his father's lifetime, sat under Dr. Wardlaw; but still it may be readily believed that his direct lineal descent from two of the fathers of the Secession tended to create in his mind a strong and peculiar interest in the discussion. He accordingly wrote a pamphlet, distinguished by his usual ability, and which had the effect of directing so much attention to the subject, that the Magistrates and Council of Glasgow appointed a committee of their number to draw up a report on the whole question. Mr. Ewing's well-known interest in the cause naturally led to his appointment as convener of this committee, and he threw himself into the work with his accustomed zeal. He corresponded with almost every burgh in Scotland, and finally produced an elaborate and lengthened

report, discussing the various points at issue in a masterly manner, and urging the strongest reasons for abolishing the obnoxious oath. The report concluded with these words:—“Statutes and customs vary their character, and lose their utility, with the change of times and of manners; and the period has surely arrived when we may apply the hand of reform without the reproach of innovation.”

The liberal and enlightened views so ably urged in this report were adopted, and on the 25th March, 1819, the Magistrates and Council of Glasgow abolished the burgessoath, and substituted for it a simple certificate of payment of the freedom-fine and consequent admission of the party as burges and guild brother. The General Associate Synod having met at Edinburgh on the 12th of May following, unani- mously voted their thanks to the Magistrates and Council of Glasgow for their conduct in the matter, which they described as “kind, liberal, and enlightened policy, reflecting the highest honor on the Council;” and voted their thanks at the same time to James Ewing, Esq., for his able and meri- torious services. Most of the other burghs followed the example of Glasgow, and the union of the two bodies of Seceders occurred in the course of the following year—an event which was attended with happy auspices and great felicitations on both sides. The subsequent repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, to which Mr. Ewing’s labors had not a little contributed, opened up to all professing Pro- testants the privilege of a seat in the Town Council and other municipal dignities, and thus removed from the statute-book the last vestige of intolerance towards the dissenting com- munity.

In 1819 and 1820, the intense political agitation which had been accumulating for some years, reached a dangerous crisis; and in the month of April, in the latter year, it exploded in a foolish attempt at insurrection, goaded on by Government spies, to which reference has been made in our notice of the late Mr. Monteith of Carstairs. Among the

miserable sufferers on that occasion was a person named James Wilson, a simple hosier, residing at Strathaven, who was brought to Glasgow and committed to prison on a charge of high treason. His trial took place on the 20th July, 1820; and, unfortunately, it fell to the lot of Mr. Ewing to act as foreman of the jury in this distressing case. The prisoner was found guilty; and though the jury strongly recommended him to mercy, it was of no avail. He was executed on the 30th August, with all the barbarous accompaniments which usually attended executions for political offences at that period. The case excited universal commiseration; and Mr. Ewing, as foreman of the jury who found the prisoner guilty, although at the same time they recommended him to mercy, was most unjustly accused of being a tool of the Government. He thus became for a time the object of considerable public odium and misrepresentation, to which his supposed Conservative predilections largely contributed.

Mr. Ewing then, and for many years afterwards, resided in a beautiful mansion at the head of Queen Street, which, with its sloping shrubbery and graceful avenue of trees, tenanted by a noisy rookery, formed a striking contrast to the present aspect of the same locality. He had purchased this house some years previously for two or three thousand pounds; and he afterwards obtained from the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway Company £35,000, as price and compensation for the loss of the property, on which they erected their terminus.

It was about this time that Mr. Ewing was engaged in bringing to a close another of those laborious undertakings to which he devoted so much of his time and his energies for the public good; and which may be said to identify his name, more than that of any other man, with the march of public improvement in Glasgow. We refer to his labors in connection with the County and City Bridewell, which had been always deficient in the requisite accommodation, and now had become entirely inadequate to the public wants. This had

been peculiarly felt in 1819, when so many individuals were imprisoned on political grounds; and at that time a committee was appointed to consider and report on the subject, of which committee Mr. Ewing was convener as usual, and generously took upon himself almost the entire labor. A long and detailed report which he had drawn up, was presented to the Council on the 7th September, 1819; and again, in February, 1822, we find the proceedings continued, and another report inserted in the minutes of Council, in which it is stated, "that the system of bridewells having been adopted as the most rational expedient, it had been agreed by the county to form a junction with the city in the erection of one great establishment in Glasgow, where the management could be conducted on a more beneficial plan, where work could be more easily procured, where stricter economy could be observed, and where more efficient means could be exercised for the punishment and amelioration of the delinquents—and that it had, accordingly, been agreed to apply to Parliament for an assessment of £30,000, according to the ratio of population, producing £20,500 for the county, and £9,500 for the Royalty of Glasgow."

The report was unanimously approved of by the Magistrates and Council; and a bill was brought into Parliament by the promoters of the plan, which met, however, with fierce and unexpected opposition from some of the county gentlemen, who did not relish the amount of assessment proposed to be laid upon them. Mr. Ewing, at his own expense, repeatedly went to London to combat the opposition; and in July, 1822, the Magistrates and Council unanimously voted to him 'their warmest thanks for the very zealous, able, and judicious assistance which he afforded in London in carrying through Parliament the County and City Bridewell Bill.' He received, at the same time, the thanks of the Council for the conferences he had held in London with the Lord Advocate, on the subject of the bills relative to the Royal Burghs of Scotland, then depending in Parliament.

Mr. Ewing had now served in the Council for six years, and in terms of the ancient set of the burgh, which was afterwards changed by the Municipal Reform Bill, it fell to his lot to retire, for one season at least, along with the next senior Merchant Councillor. In the following year, Dr. Chalmers was transferred from St. John's Parish in Glasgow, to the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of St. Andrews. Mr. Ewing had always been an intimate personal friend, as well as a constant hearer of that distinguished divine during his residence in Glasgow—and now he was one of four gentlemen who, in the name of the City of Glasgow and the congregation of St. John's, accompanied the Doctor to St. Andrews, to surrender him back with all due honor to that venerable seat of learning from which he had originally started on his high career. Mr. Ewing was accompanied on this mission by Charles S. Parker, Esq., James Dennistoun, Esq., and Robert Dalglish, Esq. These gentlemen were present at his installation in the University Hall, on Friday, the 14th November, 1823; they attended his introductory lecture on the following day; and on the afternoon of that day they handsomely entertained at a public dinner the two Principals, all the Professors of the University, the Ministers of the City, and a number of gentlemen from the neighbourhood. "So gracefully," says Dr. Hanna, "did Glasgow surrender to St. Andrews what St. Andrews had originally bestowed."

In the following year, Mr. Ewing's name appears on the committee for erecting the monument to James Watt, which was placed in George Square five years afterwards; and in the next year he prominently figures in the movement for erecting a monument to John Knox—the proceedings connected with which have been described in our last chapter, and under the very shadow of which he now reposes, crowned with his own stately monument.

In the serious mercantile crisis of 1826, the Bank of England agreed to give pecuniary assistance to the mercantile

and manufacturing community of Glasgow, in loans not under £500 or above £10,000, on deposit of goods or personal security, to the satisfaction of commissioners in Glasgow appointed by the Bank. Mr. Ewing was one of the commissioners, and the gentlemen associated with him in this responsible office, were Robert Dalglish, Esq., William Smith, Esq., Archibald Wallace, Esq., and R. D. Alston, Esq.

In 1827, the project for erecting the Royal Exchange, which is justly the pride of Glasgow, assumed a definite shape, and in this, as in every public-spirited enterprise, we find Mr. Ewing taking a prominent part. Indeed, he was the life and soul of the movement, and acted as chairman of the committee of management, while the late Mr. Henry Monteith of Carstairs, who was generally associated with him in objects of public importance, was chairman of the general committee elected by the proprietors. The foundation-stone of this fine structure was laid by Mr. Ewing, in the presence of a large assemblage, on the 22d December, 1827; and Mr. Monteith made a suitable reply to the short and elegant address which he delivered on that occasion.

The following year was distinguished by the first formal proceedings, with a view to the conversion of the Merchants' Park into that beautiful Necropolis, in which Mr. Ewing himself and so many of his enterprising compeers are now interred. The first meeting on the subject was held, as already stated, on the 15th July, 1828, in the house of Mr. Ewing, in Queen Street. The result of that meeting, and the active and important part which Mr. Ewing subsequently took in carrying out the idea to a happy and successful issue, have already been detailed in our early history of the Necropolis.

In 1830, we find Mr. Ewing beginning, for the first time in his life, to take a conspicuous part on the arena of politics, and manifesting no unwillingness to put himself forward as a candidate for the representation of his native city in Parliament. At that time the honor was more comprehensive

than at present, for Glasgow was associated with three other burghs, Rutherglen, Renfrew, and Dumbarton, all of which had an equal voice in sending a single member to Parliament, and each in succession had the casting-vote when the burghs were equally divided. In 1830, this district of burghs was represented by Mr. Campbell of Blythswood. The demise of George the Fourth, however, in June, necessarily led to a dissolution of Parliament; and then began a struggle for the representation, to which additional excitement was given by the prospect which was now entertained in the country of carrying a Reform measure. On that occasion, Mr. Ewing, who had lately become exceedingly popular by manifesting liberal principles, intended to put himself forward as Mr. Campbell's opponent, and little doubt was entertained of his success if he had carried the design into execution. On learning, however, that Mr. Kirkman Finlay, who had formerly represented the burghs, was desirous of again contesting the field with his old rival, Mr. Ewing generously postponed his own claims, and promised to support Mr. Finlay with all his interest. The election was decided on the 23d of August, when the votes being equal, Mr. Campbell was returned by the casting-vote of the Lord Provost of Glasgow. On that occasion, Mr. Ewing was accused by Mr. Campbell's supporters of having entered into a compact with Mr. Finlay, by which he transferred his influence in that gentleman's favor, on condition of receiving a similar return of good offices at a future time; but this accusation was indignantly repelled and disproved by Mr. Finlay himself, who showed that Mr. Ewing's conduct was distinguished by perfect disinterestedness.

In 1831, Mr. Ewing was elected to the dignity of Lord Provost—and, therefore, occupied that position when, in the course of the following year, the Reform Bill received the Royal assent and became the law of the land. This measure gave Glasgow the privilege of sending two representatives to Parliament; and having been immediately followed by a dis-

solution, another general election took place, the first under the new regime. Mr. Ewing had now no hesitation in standing as one of the candidates, and the following was the state of the poll at its close on this memorable occasion (Wednesday, 19th December, 1832):—

For James Ewing,	3214
“ James Oswald,	2838
“ Sir D. K. Sandford,	2163
“ John Crawford,	1850
“ John Douglas,	1340
“ Joseph Dixon,	995

Mr. Ewing was therefore placed at the head of the poll, by a great majority; and he and Mr. Oswald were the first representatives of Glasgow in the Reformed Parliament—the first representatives indeed that Glasgow could really claim as her own. He was now in the zenith of his popularity and success as a public man; and his private affairs had prospered to his utmost wishes. He had realized a magnificent fortune; and he was Lord Provost and Member of Parliament for his native city.

The next and last subject of public importance affecting the interests of Glasgow, in which Mr. Ewing took an active part, was the Burgh or Municipal Reform Bill. When the first copy of this bill reached Glasgow, it was found to contain a clause, annihilating the right of the Merchants' and Trades' Houses to be represented in the Town Council by the Dean of Guild and the Deacon Convener respectively. This innovation was highly resented by the members of these corporations, and by none more than by Mr. Ewing, who was always jealous of the dignity of the Merchants' House and the other venerable institutions of the city. Repeated deputations were sent from Glasgow to remonstrate against this objectionable feature of the bill; and Mr. Ewing, in his official capacity as Lord Provost, entered into a correspondence with the Lord Advocate (Francis Jeffrey), but could not prevail upon that gentleman to alter the bill, which was accordingly passed by the House of Commons in its original form. The efforts of the Merchants' and Trades' Houses

were then directed to the House of Lords; and by bringing the most powerful influence to bear on the Duke of Wellington and the Lord Chancellor, a clause was introduced into the bill to the effect, that in the five largest burghs, the Deans of Guild and Deacon Conveners should be Councillors *ex officio*, as in past times. Thus, by the greatest exertions were these officials maintained in their position in the Town Councils. On that occasion, thanks were voted by the Council, not only to the deputations, but also to the Duke of Wellington and other peers for their friendly assistance.

The effect of the Burgh Reform Bill, however, was to introduce a Reformed Council; and while, on the one hand, Mr. Ewing was the first representative of Glasgow under the new order of things, so he was the last Lord Provost under the old burgh regime. He presided at the last sederunt of the old Incorporation of Glasgow, on the 4th of November, 1833, and his name is attached to the first minute of the first sederunt of the first Reformed Town Council on the following day. On that occasion 'the honorable James Ewing, M.P., Lord Provost of Glasgow,' having taken his seat for the last time in that capacity, openly broke the seals of the poll-books of the five wards of the city, and having, with the assistance of the Town-Clerks and several other persons, examined the said poll-books, and cast up the votes given, declared the result of the election for the several wards. In performing this duty, Mr. Ewing was attired in the velvet court-dress worn by the ancient Provosts of Glasgow. Having thus gracefully saluted the new Council, he then descended from his seat, and retired from the old Council Chambers, which he never entered again.

He continued, however, to represent the city till the close of the following year, 1834, when the overthrow of the Whig Government, under Lord Melbourne, led to another dissolution of Parliament. The Duke of Wellington was called to the head of affairs, and the popular *test* at the general election in January, 1835, was a pledge to drive him from power. Mr.

Ewing was not forgetful of the Duke's kindness in the matter of the Municipal Reform Bill, when he gave his important assistance in preserving the ancient right of the Merchants' and Trades' Houses to be represented in the Town Council; he was also opposed to pledges on general grounds—and therefore refused point-blank to take the test. The Reformers accordingly resolved to oust him from the representation of Glasgow. The two other candidates were Mr. Oswald and Mr. Colin Dunlop of Tollcross. The election took place on the 15th January, 1835, and the following was the result of the poll:—

For James Oswald,	3,832
“ Colin Dunlop,	3,267
“ James Ewing,	2,297

After this defeat, Mr. Ewing, who was now in his 60th year, retired into the peaceful shades of private life. The University of Glasgow had already conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. In the following May he purchased the beautiful estate of Levenside, in the County of Dumbarton, which formerly belonged to Lord Stonefield, one of the Senators of the College of Justice, and which, with subsequent acquisitions in the same quarter, to the whole of which he gave the name of Strathleven, cost him upwards of £110,000. In December, 1836, he married Miss Crawford, daughter of the late James Crawford, Esq., of the eminent firm of Crawford, Tucker, & Co. of Port-Glasgow—who had, at one time, the largest business on the Clyde. With this lady he lived in comparative retirement for a period of nearly twenty years, acting the part of a benevolent country gentleman, beloved and esteemed by his tenants, and dispensing his bounty around him in no stinted measure. He died on the 29th November, 1853, in the 78th year of his age.

Mr. Ewing adhered to the Free Church at the Disruption, and the late Dr. Chalmers was a frequent guest at the hospitable mansion of Levenside. The Free churches in the neighbourhood enjoyed a considerable share of his bounty

during his lifetime; and were not forgotten at his death, as the following synopsis of his final testament will show.

By his deed of settlement, executed on the 9th September, 1844, the life-rent of his estate was left to his widow, and afterwards it goes to his nephew, Humphrey Ewing Crum Ewing, Esq.,* and his descendants. Mr. Ewing's personal estate was found to be of the value of upwards of £280,000; and from this he bequeathed to public charities and religious objects, and persons for whom he entertained a regard, the sum of nearly £70,000, as follows:—

MR. EWING'S LEGACIES.

To Dean of Guild and Directors of Merchants' House for behoof of that Incorporation,	£1,000
To Do. (to be invested for pensions or allowances to decayed Glasgow merchants),	10,000
To Do. (for educating, training, and settling in business, sons of decayed Glasgow merchants),	10,000
To Do. (for widows and daughters of decayed do.),	10,000
To Trades' House,	500
To Royal Infirmary,	10,000
To Glasgow Asylum for the Blind,	1,000
To Glasgow Deaf and Dumb Institution,	1,000
To Glasgow Asylum for Lunatics (the interest to be paid and applied for support of paupers),	2,000
To House of Refuge in Glasgow,	2,000
To Glasgow Eye Infirmary,	200
To Glasgow Bible Society,	500
To Glasgow Auxiliary Bible Society,	500
To Glasgow City Mission,	500
To Glasgow Missionary Society,	500
To Glasgow Night Asylum for the Houseless,	300
To Glasgow Lying-in Hospital and Dispensary,	300
To Poor of Free St. John's Church, (per annum)	10
To Dumbarton Free Church,	500
To Dumbarton Free Presbytery, to build and maintain a Free Church in village of Bonhill,	500
To Dumbarton Free Church Presbytery, for building and maintaining the Free Church in parish of Kilmarnock,	500
To Dumbarton Free Church, £10 per annum for coals, and £10 per annum for clothes to poor of congregation, (per annum)	20
To Magistrates and Council of Dumbarton, to build an Infirmary and Fever Hospital in Dumbarton,	500
Towards annual expense of said hospital,	20

* This gentleman, now the representative of the firm of James Ewing & Co., and who, in compliance with the conditions of his uncle's will, has assumed the name of Ewing, is the son of the late Alexander Crum, Esq. of Thornliebank, who was married to Mr. Ewing's sister. Walter Crum, Esq., F.R.S., the eminent scientific manufacturer, to whom we shall have further occasion to refer in connection with the life of the late Dr. Thomas Thomson, is another son,

To Society in Dumbarton for Indigent Old Men and Women, (per annum)	£20
To Educate and Train Young Men for Free Church,	5,000
For Free College in Edinburgh,	2,000
For " " in Glasgow,	5,000
Free Sustentation Fund, (per annum)	1,000
For Building Free Churches,	1,000
For Building Free Church Manses,	1,000
Free Church Foreign Missions Scheme,	500
" " Jewish Missions Scheme,	500
" " Colonial Churches,	500
" " Home Missions,	500
" " Education,	500
To each of Trustees (as gratuity),	500
To Tenants, Servants, and Clerks, each,	from £100 to 5,000*

CHAPTER XVIII.

THOMAS BROWN, D.D.

" Would I describe a Preacher such as Paul,
 Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own,
 Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
 His master-strokes, and draw from his design.
 I would express him simple, grave, sincere ;
 In doctrine uncorrupt ; in language plain,
 And plain in manner ; decent, solemn, chaste,
 And natural in gesture ; much impressed
 Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
 And anxious, mainly, that the flock he feeds
 May feel it too ; affectionate in look,
 And tender in address, as well becomes
 A messenger of grace to guilty men,"—COWPER.

ON the east side of Knox's monument, the visitor will observe a grassy plot surrounded by a chain, supported on eight rude blocks of Argyllshire granite. This belongs to Mr. Dennistoun of Golfhill—a property which bounds the Necropolis on the north and north-east, and constitutes part of the old estate of Wester Craigs, of which the Necropolis is a portion.

* The author is chiefly indebted for the materials of Mr. Ewing's life to a series of sketches which appeared in the 'Glasgow Gazette' shortly after his death.

In connection with banking and mercantile business, the Dennistouns have occupied for half a century a prominent position in this city. The founder of the family was the late James Dennistoun, Esq., who came from the neighbourhood of Campsie to push his fortune in Glasgow, about the beginning of the present century. In May, 1809, he originated the 'Glasgow Bank,' of which he was appointed to the management; and the enlightened, judicious, and liberal yet prudent mode in which he conducted the affairs of the establishment soon brought it into favor, and attracted a very large business. It maintained to the last a high character; and only nominally ceased to exist when merged into the present Union Bank of Scotland. Mr. Dennistoun retired in 1829; and the merchants of Glasgow, on that occasion, gave him a magnificent entertainment in the Royal Exchange, and requested to be allowed the honor of having his portrait painted, and engraved for distribution among them, in token of the high sense they entertained of his worth, and the ability with which he had so long managed their banking business. He died, universally regretted, on the 11th October, 1835; and having been not only manager, but one of the original seventeen partners in the bank, he left behind him a very large fortune. His son, Mr. John Dennistoun, was twice elected to represent his native city in Parliament; first, when Mr. Oswald accepted the Chiltern Hundreds in the spring of 1837, and again, at the general election in the summer of the same year. His opponent on the former of these occasions was Mr. Robert Monteith of Carstairs, who stood in the Conservative interest; and on the second occasion Mr. Dennistoun was returned along with Lord William Bentinck, in opposition to Mr. R. Monteith and Mr. (now Sir James) Campbell, the two Conservative candidates.

From the base of Knox's monument we next advance by a few steps along the carriage-way, which here proceeds to the east, through the middle of OMEGA, dividing it into

two sections; and the first object observed on the right is a substantially enclosed grave, distinguished by an elegant Græco-Egyptian sarcophagus, which stands with its back to Mr. Dennistoun's burying-ground. This sarcophagus, designed by Mr. J. T. Rothead, of Glasgow, is about seven feet long by three in breadth; and stands on an oblong pedestal, resting on a series of colossal steps, finely graduated, and in perfect harmony with the design. The only ornament employed is a Græcian fret or guilloche in banded work, embossed on the sides of the monument. The entire structure, which is formed of a fine-grained free-stone, from Craigsland quarry, Ayrshire, produces a very pleasing effect. It is massive in style, yet simple, chaste, and beautiful; in admirable keeping with the character, life, and sacred profession of him whose memory is embalmed in the following inscription on the pedestal:—

To the memory of
 THE REVEREND THOMAS BROWN, D.D.,
 Minister of Free St. John's Glasgow;
 He walked with God like Enoch: preached with the fervor of Apollos:
 And, combining undaunted firmness with great gentleness and
 benevolence,
 Presented, through Grace,
 A bright example of Christian excellence and pastoral fidelity.
 Born at Closeburn, 9th Aug., 1776.
 Died at Glasgow, 23d Jan., 1847.
 Rev. xiv. 13.

Apart from his eminence and great fidelity as a Christian minister, this reverend gentleman filled a conspicuous position, both as the second successor to Dr. Chalmers in St. John's parish, and as moderator of the Second General Assembly of the Free Church. A few notes of his life may therefore be appropriately given, in connection with the memorable events in which he performed his part with unshaken constancy.

He was born, as above stated, in the parish of Closeburn, Dumfriesshire, on the 9th of August, 1776. His parents were people in humble life, both eminent for piety; and it was to his mother's instructions that Dr. Brown was accustomed to trace his first religious impressions, which seemed

to have formed almost a part of his nature from his earliest years. Favored so highly in regard to domestic training, he enjoyed at the same time the best opportunities of obtaining the elements of a liberal education in the school of Wallace-hall, in his native parish, at that time conducted by Mr. Robert Mundell, of whom Dr. Carson, of the Edinburgh High School, and a fellow-pupil of Dr. Brown, said, that he was "one of the most eminent classical scholars and successful teachers of the period in which he lived." At this excellent and even celebrated school, in the immediate neighbourhood of which his parents resided, the subject of this notice received his education, from the first initiatory elements up to the most advanced departments taught in a classical seminary; and such was the proficiency to which he attained in his studies, that when not more than sixteen or seventeen years of age, he was appointed one of the assistant-teachers. His selection to this office at so early an age, affords incontestible evidence both of the propriety of his conduct and the extent of his classical acquirements.

But although he enjoyed in this position the prospect of rising to eminence as a teacher, he seems to have resolved from the beginning to devote himself to the work of the ministry; and with this view he attended the University of Edinburgh in sessions 1795-6 and 1796-7, supporting himself during the summer months by acting as private tutor in the family of Major Hoggan of Waterside, in the parish of Keir, Dumfriesshire. The remainder of his college course, before attending the Divinity Hall, he completed at the University of Glasgow, along with his pupils, who accompanied him from Waterside for that purpose during the winter months; and it is mentioned as "a rare and striking testimony to the excellence of his character and the confidence which he inspired in those who knew him, that Major Hoggan, in his will, nominated him one of the guardians of his family, the younger members of which, and their children, always regarded him in the light of a parent."

His duties in this family having terminated in the spring of the year 1800, Mr. Brown became assistant-teacher in the academy of the Rev. Mr. Grierson of Musselburgh; and while there, was enrolled as a student on partial attendance at the Edinburgh Divinity Hall—an arrangement by which two sessions are reckoned as only equivalent to one of regular attendance, and therefore requiring a longer period to complete the course. He was soon relieved, however, from this unfavorable position by an invitation from the late Dr. Hunter, one of the ministers of the Tron Church, Edinburgh, and Professor of Divinity in the University, to accept the position of private tutor to his sons. In this situation Mr. Brown continued till nearly the period of his ordination, enjoying the privilege of regular attendance at the Hall, combined with the advantages derived from the advice and society of Dr. Hunter, between whom and Mr. Brown there existed a perfect congeniality of feeling and character.

Having finished his course at the Hall, Mr. Brown was licensed as a preacher of the gospel, by the Presbytery of Edinburgh, on the 29th of August, 1804, at the age of 28; and preached his first sermon on the following Sabbath for the moderator of the Presbytery, Mr. Brunton, in the New Greyfriars' Church, Edinburgh. In the meantime he continued for more than two years to reside in the family of Dr. Hunter, till a vacancy occurring in the church and parish of Tongland, by the death of the Rev. Alexander Robb, he was warmly recommended to the heritors of that parish, both by his friend Dr. Hunter, and by Dr. Buchanan, one of the ministers of the Canongate. On the application of the heritors to the Crown, he received the presentation; and after the usual formalities, was solemnly ordained by the Presbytery of Kirkcudbright, on the 26th March, 1807. On the following Sabbath he was introduced to the congregation by Dr. Hunter.

The parish of Tongland is, as its name implies, a delta or tongue of land, formed by the junction of the rivers Tarff and

Dee, and is one of the most beautiful parishes in the south of Scotland. From the ground immediately above the church and manse, there is a magnificent view of rich and varied scenery, embracing the windings of the Dee, from the point where it ceases to be navigable to where it loses itself in the waters of the Solway Frith. In the distance is descried the Isle of Little Ross, and still more remote, on the furthest verge of the prospect, the hills of Cumberland and the Isle of Man. Immediately below, in the foreground, are the town of Kirkcudbright and Mary's Isle, the seat of the Earl of Selkirk. Settled in this delightful parish, Mr. Brown devoted his entire energies to the duties of his sacred office; he was diligent in his preparations for the pulpit, and regularly visited and examined his flock. By his constant attentions to the sick and the destitute, his kindness to all, and the faithful and conscientious discharge of his ministerial duties, he soon acquired the entire confidence of his parishioners, and was equally respected and beloved by rich and poor.

On the 9th November, 1808, or little more than a year and a-half after his settlement, he was married to Miss Eliza Duncan, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Duncan, minister of the Scotch Church, Peter Street, Golden Square, London. His union with this lady greatly added to his happiness, and by her he had one daughter, Eliza, who afterwards married the Rev. Mr. Niven of Balfron, and one son, Alexander, who died in infancy.

For many years he discharged the duties of his rural parish with great acceptance; and seems to have been perfectly happy in the sphere to which Providence had called him, cherishing no higher ambition. A period of nearly twenty years of his life was passed in this parish; his people of all ranks were warmly attached to him; and the resident proprietors cordially seconded his plans for the temporal and spiritual welfare of those committed to his care. Enjoying this enviable position, it must have been after a severe struggle with his feelings that he yielded to what he con-

ceived to be the dictates of duty, in accepting the call to the parish of St. John's, Glasgow, in 1826. He had previously received an invitation to be the successor of Dr. Gordon, in St. Cuthbert's Chapel, Edinburgh; but this opportunity of removing to a larger sphere of usefulness he had deliberately declined; and perhaps it was a doubt or misgiving as to the propriety of his conduct in that step that induced him the more readily to accept the call to St. John's. Even in this case, he hesitated, but at length obeyed—although in acceding to the call he sacrificed many personal comforts and long-cherished predilections, and took upon himself a heavier burden, in the heart of a crowded city, to which he had no inducement to remove from his beautiful parish, either for the sake of his family or higher emolument. "Never shall I forget," writes his daughter, Mrs. Niven, "the few weeks which preceded his departure from Tongland; the look of anguish with which he surveyed every well-known spot, and visited the beautiful walks around his sweet manse, endeared to him by a thousand recollections. The day on which he preached his farewell sermon was a most trying one to us all, more particularly to him, who, for the last time, as minister of Tongland, entered its church, crowded by all ages and ranks of people. He was supported through the overwhelming duty; but returned to the manse exhausted and sad, to throw himself on his bed, from which he was unable to rise during that and the following day."

His farewell discourses were preached at Tongland on Sunday, 7th May, 1826. He was admitted minister of St. John's on the following Thursday, and on Sunday next was introduced to the congregation by his friend and former pupil, Mr. Hunter, then minister of the Tron Church, Edinburgh. His reception by the people of St. John's was warm and friendly in the extreme; but some time necessarily elapsed before he could form an acquaintance with the members of his congregation, and replace himself in that endearing position in which he had found himself at Tongland, as

father and shepherd of his flock. The variety of his labors was also immensely increased. Instead of a population of eight hundred, as at Tongland, he had now the pastoral charge of a parish containing as many thousands; and in addition to the numerous calls on his attention connected with religious, benevolent, and charitable institutions, which add so much to the labor of the ministerial office in large cities, he had to preside in the management of that extensive and peculiar plan for supporting the poor of the parish, which had been bequeathed to him by his distinguished predecessor, Dr. Chalmers. The change was far from adding to his happiness, except as affording scope for additional diligence in duty; and by vigorously applying to the work, the difficulties which at first deterred him diminished; he began to feel himself at home in his new position, and continued to discharge its duties with increasing comfort and usefulness for many years.

“During the whole of his ministry in Glasgow,” writes his biographer, the late Dr. Patrick Macfarlan* of Greenock, “Dr. Brown more than sustained his first reputation as a preacher. Not only was he admired, and almost idolized by his own congregation, but his services were eagerly sought, and highly prized, by the ministers and people of other parishes. He gave them willingly; sometimes, it is to be feared, with a liberality exceeding his strength. His sermons were relished by the truly pious, to whom they never failed to be a rich repast; they were heard with pleasure by men of taste, who liked the chasteness of his style, the sobriety, and, at the same time, the boldness of his matter, his manifest sincerity, his pathos and deep feeling, and the fearlessness, the fervor, and the earnestness, with which he addressed himself to the consciences of all who heard him.” Again—“Much as he was admired and valued as a preacher, it may

* This gentleman was Dr. Brown's immediate predecessor, and therefore the immediate successor of Dr. Chalmers, in St. John's parish. The memoir by Dr. Macfarlan, to which we refer, and to which we are indebted for much of the substance of the present chapter, is prefixed to a volume of Dr. Brown's sermons, published after his death.

be questioned whether he did not still more excel in the minuter parts of the work of the ministry. No man was ever better qualified to guide the serious inquirer after truth, and to resolve his doubts regarding his spiritual condition, to soothe the troubled mind, and to apply to the wounded spirit the balm of consolation."

In 1832, Dr. Brown received the offer of a presentation to the church and parish of Ratho, near Edinburgh. He was now past the mid-time of life; his health was never robust, and, fearing that as he advanced in years he might find himself unequal to the discharge of his duties in St. John's, he at first accepted the offer. But no sooner was his intention announced than it drew forth the strongest expressions of attachment, accompanied with renewed assurances of support, from his congregation and eldership; and, on more mature consideration, he felt it his duty to remain.

He continued to discharge his duties with his wonted ardor and perseverance, suffering occasionally from slight complaints produced by excessive exertion, but not of a nature to require the intermission of his labors, till 1837, when his medical attendants prescribed a journey to Harrogate, from which he returned with greatly invigorated health. In the spring of 1838, he accomplished a trip to London, which he had long been desirous of seeing, and thence paid a visit to Oxford, which he greatly admired. In the course of this latter year, his ailments assumed a new and somewhat alarming aspect; he became subject to fainting fits, which were known, however, only to a few friends, till the spring of 1839, when, having gone into the pulpit rather unwell, and having commenced the service by reading a portion of the 63d Psalm, he suddenly dropped down in a state of unconsciousness. The event produced a deep sensation—and for some time the congregation believed that their beloved pastor was dead; but on being carried into the vestry he revived, and nothing could exceed the joy which was expressed when this was announced. He was then assisted

into the carriage of one of his hearers to convey him home; and looking round upon his kind and anxious friends, he said with a solemn and affecting air, 'You have got to-day what was far better than a sermon.' His biographer remarks, that nothing could be more characteristic.

Happening, as this event did, when he was otherwise laboring under considerable indisposition, it did not in itself create much alarm; and he continued his regular ministrations both in the pulpit and in private with his wonted energy; but he was at length persuaded, not without some reluctance, to receive assistance; and different probationers were successively appointed, in a way the most agreeable to his own feelings, to relieve him of a portion of his labors, till the time of his death.

We now approach the era of the Disruption. The controversy which had been raging for some years in the church courts and throughout the country, was drawing near to its crisis. Dr. Brown had never been accustomed to take a very prominent part in church-politics; he spoke but little at the Presbyteries and other ecclesiastical courts; he firmly adhered, however, to the principles of Non-intrusion; and when, in the further progress of the struggle, the exclusive spiritual jurisdiction of the church came to be considered as in danger by the party to which he belonged, he took a decided part in the movement, and threw himself boldly into every step which indicated firm determination to persevere in the course that ultimately led to the formation of the Free Church. He now occasionally expressed his sentiments in meetings of Presbytery; and nothing can more clearly demonstrate the bold and unequivocal position which he now assumed, than the fact that he was one of several of the 'Fathers of the Church,' who were enjoined to hold themselves in readiness to go to preach in Strathbogie in the face of an interdict of the Civil Court. He was one of the requisitionists for the assembling of the Convocation in 1842, and subscribed both series of resolutions adopted by that body. In short, when the critical period arrived, he was

found fighting in the front ranks of the non-intrusion party; and when, on the 7th June, 1843, the members of the Presbytery of Glasgow who had withdrawn from the Established Church, met for the first time after the Disruption, Dr. Brown, at the request of his brethren, delivered a discourse from 1 Pet. ii. 7, at the close of which he reviewed the grounds of the step they had taken, and strongly urged perseverance in what they considered the path of duty, as well as the exercise of charity and forbearance towards the members of the Establishment.

Before the Disruption occurred, Dr. Brown had been requested to allow himself to be put in nomination for the moderatorship of the Free General Assembly about to be formed. This he had decidedly declined on that occasion; and Dr. Chalmers was naturally called to the chair of the first General Assembly of the Free Church; but when it was resolved to hold the next in Glasgow, in October, 1843, all eyes were turned towards Dr. Brown, and by unanimous and cordial concurrence, he was invited to be the moderator of that Assembly. He consented with no small reluctance, arising from distrust of his ability to discharge the duties. He acquitted himself, however, in a highly satisfactory manner, and never was the moderator's chair filled to greater advantage.

In the meantime Dr. Brown had never forgotten the tie which bound him to his old Galloway parish. He had visited Tongland, and preached there repeatedly, since his translation to Glasgow; and after the Disruption he was still more frequently invited, to assist at the opening of the Free churches which were established in the district, as well as on other occasions. Two such visits he paid to his old parishioners in the summers of 1843 and 1845, and these were not more acceptable to his friends than they were delightful to himself.

Immediately before the second of these visits, Free St. John's Church was opened. In withdrawing himself from the pale of the Established Church, the greater part of the congregation and most of the office-bearers had accompanied

him. They were accommodated at first in East Regent Place Secession Church, where they continued to meet for about two years. Dr. Brown was delighted with the liberality with which his congregation contributed to the erection of the elegant structure in George Street, and took very great interest and pleasure in its planning and progress. At the opening of the church, it greatly enhanced his enjoyment that he was assisted by Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Macfarlan of Greenock.

He was not, however, to be long permitted to enjoy the pleasure of preaching to his people in this new place of worship. He was now approaching the verge of life, his strength was perceptibly declining, and his health had probably suffered by the extraordinary efforts required of him in consequence of circumstances springing out of the Disruption. In the beginning of 1846 he was seized with a second fainting fit in the pulpit, and to this alarming tendency was now added a severe cough. In these circumstances the Kirk Session suggested to Dr. Brown the expediency of having an ordained assistant and successor appointed. To this proposal he consented, and measures were taken soon afterwards for carrying it into effect.

He preached to his congregation for the last time at the dispensation of the Sacrament in April, 1846. Soon after that event, he went, by the advice of his medical attendants, to Ardrossan, where he resided for several months; but, not improving in his health, he removed about the end of July to Gourrock, to be nearer his medical adviser. During his residence at these places, a committee of the congregation, to whom the work of finding a suitable successor was entrusted, had not been idle; and after the most careful investigation, they resolved to recommend the Rev. Mr. Roxburgh, then minister of Free St. John's, Dundee. The nomination of this gentleman gave entire satisfaction to Dr. Brown, as well as to the congregation; the utmost harmony prevailed in the proceedings, the call was numerously signed, the various forms were observed without appeal or dissent, and

the Presbytery of Glasgow was in favor of the translation. At Dundee, however, both Mr. Roxburgh's congregation and the Presbytery were almost unanimously opposed to it, and Mr. Roxburgh himself, entertaining doubts as to the path of duty, left the decision of the case to the church courts.

Dr. Brown, sympathizing with the wishes of his congregation, was anxious to obtain Mr. Roxburgh's appointment as his successor, and wrote to him several letters with his own hand, in which he affectionately urged the claims of Glasgow; but he did not enjoy the satisfaction of seeing his successor appointed. The Presbytery of Dundee refused to loose Mr. Roxburgh from his charge. The commissioners from Glasgow protested and appealed to the Synod, and in that position the case stood at the time of Dr. Brown's death. At the first meeting of the Synod after that event, Mr. Roxburgh was translated to Glasgow.

During the latter portion of his residence at Gourock, Dr. Brown's health was so much improved, that at the next communion Sabbath, in October, he was able to serve two of the tables in his own church, and could scarcely be dissuaded by his medical friends from attempting to officiate in the pulpit. He afterwards recovered strength so far as to encourage his family and friends to hope that he might be enabled to resume his public duties. He regularly attended public worship, often opened the service with prayer, and occasionally addressed the congregation from his chair at the foot of the pulpit. But towards the close of the year, his ailments increased; and on Sabbath, the 20th December, he attended in Free St. John's Church for the last time. From that day, he gradually became worse; and exhibiting, during his last illness, a firm faith in the hopes of the Gospel, and a pious resignation to the Divine will, this most exemplary clergyman died, surrounded by his family, on the evening of the 23d January, 1847, leaving behind him the remembrance of a character approaching as near to Christian perfection as human frailty will admit of.

CHAPTER XIX.

 WILLIAM BLACK, D.D.

“Graves of the righteous! surely there
 The sweetest bloom of beauty is;
 Oh! may I sleep in couch as fair,
 And with a hope as bright as his.”—EDNESTON.

OUR readers will observe that the compartment of OMEGA, in which we are now pursuing our solitary wanderings among the tombs, is richer in memorials of men of public note, and monuments of elegant design and elaborate execution, than any other single compartment in the Necropolis. This compels us to linger longer within it than the mere space which it embraces would have led us at first sight to anticipate. It is true that we have turned aside to occasional monuments in other compartments—to the late Dr. Rae Wilson’s in ALPHA—to Knox’s monument, and that of the late Mr. Ewing, in KAPPA; but still it is not the less true that OMEGA constitutes the principal field of our labors, restricted as these must necessarily be to monuments erected to persons of some degree of public or local celebrity. One or two additional chapters must still be reserved for this compartment, and then our progress through the rest of the Necropolis will meet with less interruption.

At the close of last chapter we found ourselves standing at the grave of the late Dr. Thomas Brown of Free St. John’s, in front of which is a handsome solid monument of Peterhead granite, resting on a block of Cowcaddens stone, erected to the memory of the late Mr. Alexander Broom, builder; and still further east, a tall obelisk, “sacred to the memory of David Wilkie, writer, Glasgow, who died March 9, 1849, aged 57 years.” A melancholy interest attaches to the in-

scription on the north side of this obelisk, recording the death of two of Mr. Wilkie's sons, one of whom, a youth of seventeen, is stated to have been "drowned while on a voyage to Leghorn, in the schooner *Wilhelmina*, wrecked off the Isle of Man, on the morning of the 26th January, 1845, when all on board perished."

At Dr. Brown's grave, a walk diverges southward, at right angles to the carriage-way, leading directly to one of the most striking and elaborate monuments in the Necropolis, erected to the memory of another lamented clergyman of this city—the late Dr. Black of the Barony. We now propose to describe this monument, adding a short biographic notice of the deceased; but first, we may direct attention, in passing, to a stately and massive structure on the left of the carriage-way, erected to a gentleman of the same surname, but no relation of the late minister of the Barony, and bearing the following inscription:—

To
JAMES BLACK.
Born 1804; died 1844.

The majority of visitors will probably agree with us when we say, that this monument is certainly an elegant piece of masonry, but nothing more. The ornamental carving is good; but the structure is heavy and meaningless in design, resembling rather the fragment of an elegant unfinished building than anything else. Mr. Black was at the head of the enterprising and successful calico-printing establishment of Messrs. James Black & Co., and had, we believe, realised a handsome fortune, when he died prematurely, at the age of forty years.

Quitting the carriage-way, and turning down the walk above-mentioned, we find ourselves standing in the presence of Dr. Black's monument—a very different architectural structure, on which the most competent judges pronounce a very high opinion, and place it in the first rank of the many ornaments of the Necropolis.

This splendid monument, which is in the Gothic style, and was designed by Mr. J. T. Emmett of London, is an oblong, quadrangular groined canopy, of beautifully fine white stone, raised on a lofty pedestal, and supported by four columns of polished Derbyshire marble. Beneath the canopy is the tomb, bearing, at a considerable elevation from the ground, the recumbent statue of the deceased. Over the side or principal arches are two large gables; and corresponding, but smaller gables rise at each end. The whole is covered by a bold eaves-roof, protected by zinc, and surmounted by two gilt crosses. The entire height is about 30 feet, and the horizontal dimensions about 11 feet by 5 feet 6 inches. The interior of the canopy is painted a rich azure. There are no pinnacles or other extraneous features; and the carved enrichments are limited to the bold but varied capitals of the columns, a delicate band of foliage round the arches, some quaint bosses in the groining, and a rich leaf moulding round the tomb. The names of the apostles and the cardinal virtues are sculptured in scroll around the capitals; and over these, at the springing of the groins, are four angels, watching the recumbent figure on the tomb below. The chief interest of the monument, however, is in its sculptured decorations. On the sides of the tomb, and the pediments or gables of the roof, is a series of illustrations of our Saviour's history, from his 'subjection unto death' to his 'ascension into glory.' The series begins very appropriately with the entombment, which is carved on the north side of the sarcophagus. In the centre of the group, Christ is being borne by two young men, whose severe exertions seem to enhance by contrast the serious dignity of the attendant mourners. John, in his solicitude for his 'mother,' is fulfilling the trust committed to him at the cross; Peter is there, zealous and demonstrative as ever; Mary Magdalene, Mary the mother of James and Joses, with Salome, respectful as they 'ministered unto him;' and then Joseph, 'a good man and a just.' At the end of the composition are two figures apart from the

group of disciples; one, a bold and triumphant Pharisee; the other, a thoughtful, considerate Roman—the centurion from the crucifixion—typical of the Jewish and Gentile future. On the south side, the Resurrection, a supernatural event, is treated in a supernatural way. Christ, first triumphing over death and hell, appears in adoration and prayer, while attendant angels are worshipping him as God incarnate. The soldiers, struck with awe, are manifesting every phase of emotion, from curiosity and affright to abject terror and supplicatory fear. In the distance, however, the Roman standard-bearer is faithful to his trust, and with his single fellow-soldier, amazed but not appalled, exhibits the force of that military instinct and Roman discipline, which even this resurrection from the dead could not entirely overcome. In one of the smaller compartments is Mary in the Garden, receiving Christ's message: "Go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father; and to my God, and your God"—his first announcement of the complete redemption; on the other the two disciples on the road to Emmaus, both attentive listeners—the one reflecting on the old Scriptures, the other wondering at the new truths. "Did not our hearts burn within us while he talked with us by the way, and opened to us the Scriptures?"—is the sentiment which the sculptor has here endeavored to impress on those who may visit their lamented pastor's tomb. On the north pediment of the canopy, is a representation of the goodly company of the apostles, who are beholding, with reverential amazement, the Ascension of our Lord; in the south gable the sculptor has ventured to represent the Last Judgment, and some critics have objected to his boldness in here figuring the 'Judge' himself in human shape, surrounded with a divine glory—as if this were a Romish attempt to depict Him 'whom no man hath seen at any time, nor can see.' It must be recollected, however, that Christ is the Judge. "The Father hath committed all judgment unto the Son." Two apostles represent the twelve 'judging the

twelve tribes,' &c., with the angel-herald, the dead arising, and the doomed sinking to perdition. On the whole, in this delineation, the sculptor has perhaps attempted a little too much. In the smaller pediments the monument is more immediately identified with the memory of Dr. Black. On the east end is the escutcheon of the Church of Scotland, a burning bush, supported by angels, with the motto, *Nec tamen consumebatur*; and on the other, the façade of the Barony Church, supported in similar fashion, with the inscription, *Lucerna ejus est Agnus* (the Lamb is the light thereof). The nimbi around the heads of the apostles, the groining of the canopy, and other parts of the structure are gilt. The inscription is on the south side of the base, and is very simple:—

Erected by the Barony Congregation, in Memory of their
Friend and Pastor, William Black, D.D.
Born 1801; Died 1851.

If some have ventured to criticize in terms of slight disapproval the general conception or design of this monument, as somewhat too fanciful, none can deny that in point of execution as well as in beauty of material, it stands pre-eminent; and that, as a mere work of art, it is one of the finest productions in the Necropolis. For our own part, the more we contemplate, the more we admire it; we see no fault in the design of the structure, unless that with its light and graceful proportions and delicate ornaments, it seems to be better fitted for the climate of Italy or the friendly shelter of some overshadowing cathedral, than its actual exposed position in our northern latitude. The sculptured illustrations are finely conceived; they are purely Scriptural—not Romish; and all of them are eminently suggestive, even to the gilt crosses—the finest symbol of our common Christianity, and one to which the Church of Rome has certainly no exclusive right. What can be more appropriate than the Cross, either on a tomb or a church?—and yet there are many who contemplate this Christian symbol with horror,

while they look with singular complacency on objects of idolatrous worship or heathen origin—on urns, sarcophagi, weeping muses, Greek and Roman temples, inverted torches, figures of Father Time with his scythe, and other unmistakable remnants of pure paganism.

But we now turn from the monument to the man. All must admit that the late Dr. Black, although neither distinguished by literary eminence nor surpassing eloquence, possessed not a few of those higher qualities of the heart, which even the most costly monument erected by the hand of affection can only feebly commemorate. He was born at Auchenairn, parish of Cadder, near Glasgow; was educated chiefly at the parish-school of Cadder and New Monkland, and entered the University of Glasgow in 1812. In May, 1816, after completing his philosophical course, which, in the Scottish Universities, extends to four winter sessions, he commenced teaching a school at Dykehead, parish of Slamannan, near Falkirk. This he continued with such intermissions as allowed him to attend the Divinity Hall during a part of the prescribed course; and, during the remaining period of attendance by partial sessions, he supported himself as a private tutor in Glasgow and Old Monkland, and afterwards in the family of Sir R. K. D. Cunyngham, Bart. of Prestonfield. He was licensed as a preacher of the gospel by the Presbytery of Hamilton, in August, 1824; was ordained minister of a chapel in Shettleston, a village a few miles east from Glasgow, within the Barony parish, in April, 1826; and in July, 1828, received a presentation from the Crown as assistant and successor to the Rev. Dr. Burns of the Barony.

We may here observe, that the Barony Church, which, as remarked in a preceding page, constitutes a prominent object on the south side of the lane that leads to the Necropolis bridge, though placed within the Royalty of Glasgow, is the church of a landward parish, and does not strictly belong to the town. It is now subdivided into several new parishes;

but it contained at that time, and still contains, the largest population *quoad civilia* of any parish in Scotland, not only including the whole of the western division, and most of the suburban parts of the city, but extending for several miles into the country in almost every direction on the north side of the river. When Mr. Black received the presentation as assistant and successor to Dr. Burns, the latter had discharged the ministerial duties for a period of sixty years—four years as assistant to the former incumbent, the Rev. Laurence Hill, and fifty-three or fifty-four years as parish minister. He must have been at that time, therefore, not less than eighty years of age. His jubilee was held on the 22d September, 1819, when the venerable doctor had just entered on the fiftieth year of his ministerial function. We have seen that Mr. Black was appointed his successor in July, 1828. Yet Dr. Burns survived for a period of ten years, acting in perfect harmony with his junior colleague; and died in 1838, the venerable father of the Church of Scotland, after having labored in a parish with, as already stated, the largest population of any in Scotland for a period of nearly seventy years!

At the death of Dr. Burns, Dr. Black succeeded to the sole charge of the parish. It was in 1834 that he had received from the University of Glasgow the degree of D.D. He continued to labor among his people with great acceptance; and although, in the earlier stages of the controversy which was at that time raging on the subject of non-intrusion and the jurisdiction of the Church, he manifested some disposition at first to side with the so-called evangelical party; yet, when the period of the Disruption came, he deemed it his duty to remain within the pale of the Establishment; and no better proof can be given of the ardent attachment of his people to their minister than that at the Disruption he lost but three elders out of a session of sixteen, and not fifty of his large congregation. It may truly be said that few clergymen enjoyed so large a share of public respect and esteem.

It was in 1848 or 1849 that symptoms of consumption began to be developed in his constitution. He had previously enjoyed excellent health, and possessed a powerful and robust frame; but this insidious disease, which commenced, we believe, with the rupture of a vessel in the lungs, having once made its appearance, steadily continued its encroachments; and the reverend doctor, in the hope of arresting its progress, was counselled by his medical advisers to try the effects of a milder climate. With reference to this event in his life, the minister of a rural parish, who knew the deceased long and well, thus wrote after his death:—

“It may not be uninteresting to mention that Dr. Black was very unwilling to go abroad. Whether that unwillingness arose from any lurking apprehensions he had of the fatal termination of his malady, or from attachment to home, we know not; but those who conversed with him at that period will remember how hesitatingly he spoke, long before going away, of his intended movements. He seemed to fear he might never be permitted to return. Coming events appeared to throw their dark shadows across his spirit, and even after setting out he cast many a lingering look behind at his peaceful manse and hallowed church, both of which, from the moment he contemplated leaving them, became suddenly invested in his imagination with new and richer charms. Nor did the feeling to which we allude leave him while breathing the milder air, and wandering under the more propitious skies of foreign lands. While he was sailing on the bosom of the Rhine;—while he was coasting along the shores of the Mediterranean;—while he was visiting the galleries of Florence;—nay, while standing amid the ruins of the Capitol, and calling to mind the glories of other times;—his thoughts winged their way to his beloved flock, and he longed to resume among them those ministrations which had been to him his best solace amid the many and depressing cares of his office. He loved home and home-scenes so strongly, that, but for an imperious necessity, he never would have gone abroad. To his quiet and loving spirit, the crowded lanes, the dingy alleys, and the smoky hovels which are to be found in some parts of his own parish, had greater attractions than either the woods of Val Ombrosa, the blue waters of Lake Leman, or the hoary walls of the Pantheon.”

The hour which his constantly declining strength had fully prepared him to anticipate, at length arrived. Dr. Black died at Florence, on the evening of the 15th January, 1851, in the 50th year of his age—solaced to the last by the presence and attention of his amiable partner.* Two days before his death, he expressed a wish that Dr. Hill of Glas-

* This much respected lady is a daughter of the late William Young, Esq., an extensive coalmaster in the Monklands

gow, and Dr. Stevenson of St. George's, Edinburgh, should preach his funeral sermons. He enjoined a small funeral; and desired to be interred in some spot overlooking the Barony Church.

The tidings of Dr. Black's death were received in Glasgow with a thrill of regret, not only by the members of his own congregation and communion, but by the public generally, for he was extensively known and universally beloved. The body was enclosed in a leaden coffin, and conveyed home by the first vessel from Leghorn. The funeral took place on Monday, the 10th March, the body having only arrived from Florence in the course of the preceding week. The personal friends of the deceased, including most of the city clergy, and many highly influential private gentlemen, met at his house, Taylor Street, where the funeral services were conducted by the Very Rev. Principal M'Farlan, Dr. Muir of St. James's, and other clergymen; and proceeded afterwards in carriages to the Necropolis. At the Barony Church, the procession was joined by the elders and many of the congregation, and, although we have remarked that the deceased himself enjoined a small funeral, the whole formed a larger assemblage of respectable people of all ranks than had been seen upon any similar occasion in Glasgow for many years.

On the following Sunday, the funeral sermons were preached in conformity with the expressed desire of the deceased himself—in the forenoon, by the Rev. Dr. Stevenson, and in the afternoon, by the Rev. Dr. Hill of the College—the former a relative, and both intimate personal friends of Dr. Black. The church was crowded to overflowing; the members of the congregation were generally attired in mourning, and many gentlemen from other churches were present to testify their respect for the deceased. His death was likewise referred to in affecting terms by the ministers of nearly all the Established churches in Glasgow; and the Rev. Dr. Runciman of St. Andrew's Church,

concluded a graceful tribute to his memory in the following terms:—

“It is far from an easy thing to do justice to the character of such a man. There was about him such a concentration of qualities—such an absence of all that was common-place, that we feel it most difficult, with all our love for him, to pourtray truthfully his likeness. . . . Throughout the Church of Scotland, his loss will be deeply lamented. The Barony Parish and congregation appreciated his worth while he lived, and now, as one bereaved family, mourn his premature death. Never by the death of one man did so many lose a friend. And of the whole circle of mourners, not one feels his loss more deeply than I. It was our practice to meet every Saturday after our morning’s studies, and many a profitable walk we enjoyed. No minister with whom I ever associated was more habitually impressed with the great responsibilities of his office. The last walk we had together was on the Saturday previous to that fatal attack which laid him aside from public duty. He was then in the fullness of health. And well do I remember with what energy he expressed his determination to devote the winter most closely to his sacred duties. We were walking in the Necropolis, among the graves of many whom he had known and loved; and after surveying particularly the tomb* of the late learned Dr. Dick, to whose writings we both expressed our great obligations, and also that of his friend, the late venerable Dr. Brown, he, with peculiar solemnity, said, ‘how diligent we ought to be!’ Little did either of us then think it was our last walk—the last time we were to meet as we had done, with few interruptions, for five years. One is taken, the other is left, soon to follow. O that all of us may profit by such a lesson, and that we ministers of the sanctuary, especially, may be roused to greater devotedness and zeal.”

Dr. Black’s pulpit ministrations were of a high order. His manner was grave, earnest, and dignified. As a preacher, he was calm and persuasive rather than violent or argumentative. The tones of his voice were in some instances thrillingly sweet; and when he spoke of the solemnities of death, or the grave, or the future judgment, they stole insensibly into the soul, moving it to its lowest depths. In addition to his spiritual functions, the great extent of his parish entailed on him a vast amount of secular duty. From nine in the morning until dusk, his door-bell continued, almost without intermission, to remind him that some one or other of the innumerable applicants who repaired to him for counsel or assistance wished to see him. Often their conflicting demands would have both perplexed and perturbed a man possessing less equanimity of temperament and less kindness

* Not the tomb, but the monument.

of heart. But Dr. Black treated all with uniform courtesy and consideration; and all went from his presence with the impression that they had in him a warm friend as well as an able adviser. It was, however, in the privacy of domestic life, that Dr. Black was best known and most deeply loved. "Those who had access to that domestic circle of which he formed the great ornament," writes one of his friends, "will long remember the charm which rested over his varied conversation—his inexhaustible fund of anecdote—his polished wit—his ability to identify himself with the tastes and feelings of his different guests—his entire want of selfishness—and last, though not least, his charity in throwing, when the occasion required it, the mantle of forgiveness over the faults and frailties of an erring brother."

It would ill become us to conclude this brief biographic notice of the late lamented minister of the Barony Church, without reminding the casual reader of the fact, that great as was the loss sustained by the congregation of the Barony, as well as by the public at large, in Dr. Black's death, the former have been fortunate in having his place filled by one of the ablest and most faithful ministers in the Church of Scotland, or in any church—the Rev. Norman M'Leod.

CHAPTER XX.

 REV. EDWARD IRVING, A.M.

“ He spake of virtue : not the gods
 More purely, when they wish to charm
 Pallas and Juno sitting by :
 And with a sweeping of the arm,
 And a lack-lustre dead-blue eye,
 Devolved his rounded periods.

“ Most delicately hour by hour
 He canvassed human mysteries,
 And trod on silk, as if the winds
 Blew his own praises in his eyes,
 And stood aloof from other minds
 In impotence of fancied power”—TENNYSON.

ADJACENT to the south-east corner of Dr. Black's monument, and near the large and conspicuous structure erected to the Rev. Dr. Muter, is an elegant cubical monument of Aberdeen granite, on which, as on several others of a similar character in the Necropolis, the effect of the operation of polishing is brought out very strikingly. On the square or rectangular surface of each side, a margin of one or two inches is left unpolished, though made smooth to the touch, and the effect of this device is to give to the polished surfaces the appearance of being inlaid or placed in a frame. On this monument we find the following inscription:—

Sacred to the Memory
 of
 The Rev. EDWARD IRVING, A.M.,
 who was born at Annan, Dumfriesshire,
 on the 4th August, 1792;
 And died at Glasgow,
 on the 8th December, 1834.
 aged 42 years.
 His remains are interred in the Crypt
 of the adjoining Cathedral.
 JANET IRVING,
 Sister of the late Rev. Edward Irving,
 and wife of Robert Dickson, Esquire,
 late of Annan, Dumfriesshire,
 who died at Glasgow
 on the 29th August, 1849.
 Aged 55 years.

From this inscription it will be seen that the remains of the well-known divine who is thus somewhat unexpectedly introduced to our notice, are interred in the crypt of the Cathedral. The monument before us, however, is equally inscribed to his own memory and to that of his deceased sister; and therefore a sketch of the life of this extraordinary man will be not less appropriate in this place than our notices of the late Dr. Dick, Henry Monteith of Carstairs, and other persons of distinction not interred in the Necropolis, but who, by the presence of their beautiful monuments, impart an additional interest to the silent city of the dead.

Edward Irving, a man of brilliant but erratic genius, was born, as the inscription states, at Annan, on the 4th August, 1792. His father, Gavin Irving, carried on business in that town as a tanner, with so much success that he became the owner of considerable burghage and landed property in the neighbourhood. He married Mary, daughter of Mr. George Louth, one of the heritors of Dornock, a small parish about three miles from Annan, on the road to Carlisle; and by her he had eight children—three sons and five daughters; all of whom died in early or middle age, unless we except the eldest sister, here interred, who was the last survivor. The sons were brought up to liberal professions, and received their elementary education in Annan. Edward displayed, at first, but little aptitude for learning; he was more daring and difficult to control than his brothers; but if he was less attentive to his studies, there were certain features in his character in which, even from his early boyhood, he was always above the level of his school-associates. “Whilst foremost to climb the highest crag in the glen-side, or to stem the tides in the Solway Frith, the companions whom he preferred were men above his years—the oldest and wisest the town of Annan could produce. In his dress, and manners, and expressions, it was equally apparent that he was not a child as others. As years rolled on and strength increased, his best-loved haunts were neither the public walks, nor

shows, nor the sports of the field, nor any of the ordinary amusements of youth, but solitary rambles to the spots where the martyrs to the Presbyterian faith had preached or died."

At length, his naturally vigorous faculties were called into action in the school-room, by the circumstance of one day having been set apart weekly, for competitions in arithmetic. The excitement attendant on this hebdomadal exercise, which was looked forward to throughout the week with much impatience, awakened the dormant powers of his mind, and, once launched into actual rivalry, he soon outstripped his competitors in this department. He then, also, began to discover a strong predilection for the mathematics, the elements of which he studied successfully under Mr. Bryce Downie, a teacher in Annan, who, like the celebrated Saunderson, was blind, but had not been born under that misfortune, having lost his sight by disease or some accidental injury. Captain Clapperton, the well-known African traveller, and Dr. Dickson, who accompanied and pre-deceased him, were school-fellows of Edward Irving at that time. It was this Dr. Dickson's brother, Robert, who subsequently married Mr. Irving's eldest sister, as the inscription intimates.

Having passed through the usual course of a liberal school-education, Edward was sent in his thirteenth year to the University of Edinburgh, where he deliberately resolved to adopt the church as his profession. In the meantime he pursued his philosophical and classical studies with great application and success, for the usual term of four sessions; and such was his proficiency in the mathematics, that he was recommended by Professor Leslie, as the fittest student in his class, to teach the mathematical department in a Haddington academy. When he accepted this situation, he had not completed his seventeenth year; and after discharging its duties for a twelvemonth, he was invited to a similar position, offering higher emolument, in a larger establishment, in Kirkaldy. There he not only performed the duties of his class-room, but added to his income by keeping boarders

and practising private tuition—a course which he continued for seven years, until, by attending partial sessions, he completed his course at the Divinity Hall, and became a licentiate or probationer in the Church of Scotland.

It was during Mr. Irving's residence in Kirkaldy that he contracted the acquaintance of Miss Isabella Martin, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Martin, one of the Established clergymen of that town. This lady he engaged to marry as soon as he might find himself settled in life; and the promise was afterwards fulfilled when he removed to London.

In 1819, he projected a tour on the Continent; but before setting out on his journey he went over to Edinburgh, to preach for the Rev. Andrew Thomson, the distinguished minister of St. George's. It was in the performance of this duty that Dr. Chalmers, who happened to be present, heard Mr. Irving for the first time, and formed the favorable opinion which led to his appointment as the doctor's assistant in St. John's, Glasgow, in the course of the same year. In that situation he remained three years, and his conduct in the intercourse of private life, as well as in the faithful discharge of his public duties, procured him the esteem and affection of all classes. At the same time it has been truly said that two luminaries cannot move in the same orbit, and whether his powers as a pulpit orator were not yet fully developed, or whether Dr. Chalmers' great popularity left no room in the public mind for a second idol, certain it is that Mr. Irving's pulpit ministrations in Glasgow, though far from being held in slight esteem, excited but little of the fervid admiration which afterwards awaited him in London, and which, it is much to be feared, unsettled his fine intellect. Many who came to hear Dr. Chalmers, turned abruptly away on learning that his place was to be occupied by Edward Irving; and yet, at a future period, the same individuals would have travelled no inconsiderable distance to listen to his strange eloquence. Even Dr. Chalmers himself is said to have admired his conversation more than his preaching.

During his sojourn in Glasgow, Irving was invited to the pastoral charge of a church in Kingston, Jamaica, which he was only prevented from accepting by the earnest dissuasion of his relatives. Another offer of a presentation to a collegiate charge in Scotland, which held out peculiar attractions, he declined, from a fixed and conscientious objection to enter into the office of the ministry by means of patronage. Many of his peculiarities already appeared. "At this time," says one of his biographers, "we find him with the mind, habiliments, habits of thinking, and manners of past centuries, and with morals as untainted by vice as any population of a nunnery could boast."

In 1822, he received a call to a place of worship in Cross Street, Hatton Garden, London, in connection with the Church of Scotland, and known at that time as the 'Caledonian Asylum.' With this invitation he had no scruples in complying, as it emanated from the popular element, although when he removed to this new scene, and entered on his regular duties in August, the attendance was very far from encouraging. At first, indeed, the congregation did not amount to more than fifty persons. But not many months or even weeks elapsed, under Mr. Irving's ministrations, when very different was the scene which the church presented. His style and manner of preaching offered a complete contrast to everything then to be found even in the vast variety of pulpit eloquence in London; and, in one short quarter, the applications for seats at the Caledonian Church increased from the original number of fifty to upwards of fifteen hundred. His popularity was almost instantaneous. His peculiar style of eloquence attracted crowds, from the right hand of royalty, down to the very dregs of the people. Among those whom curiosity or better motives drew to Hatton Garden at an early period of his ministry, are mentioned Canning, Brougham, Mackintosh, Scarlett, Lord Ripon, and Lady Jersey, the Marchioness of Conyngham, and many other persons of rank; nay, it has even been alleged, though with what truth we

cannot affirm, that royalty itself, *incognito*, was seen among Mr. Irving's hearers.

From this state of things it naturally followed that the place of worship in Hatton Garden was soon found to be too small; and in 1823 the splendid 'Scotch National Church' in Regent Square was erected, to which the congregation removed. Mr. Irving was now in the zenith of his fame as a pulpit orator. For several years he was the 'bright particular star' of the great metropolis. He was courted by religious societies of every description, to preach their anniversary sermons. He was eagerly invited, by people of rank and fashion, to mix as a guest in the highest circles; but these invitations he had prudence enough to decline. It was not, indeed, till 1827, that the intoxicating draught of a too sudden and too overwhelming popularity began to display, in its effects upon his mind, a dangerous and alarming form; but even at an early period of his London career, the exaggerated ideas of self-importance produced in his excitable imagination were too apparent. They showed themselves in strange and wayward peculiarities. His sermons, or orations as he called them, were frequently two or three hours in length. His style was in the quaint old manner of Hooker, whom he acknowledged as his idol and model. He had scarcely been a year in London when he published a large octavo volume of sermons, containing 600 closely-printed pages, under this remarkable title—'For the Oracles of God, Four Orations; for Judgment to Come, an Argument in nine parts.' This volume he dedicated very affectionately to Dr. Chalmers, who must have been prepared to find in it much of that eccentricity which, in combination with evidence of singular talent, first attracted his attention to the author. Speaking of this volume, a reviewer said—"The dialect of Mr. Irving is neither Scotch nor English, neither ancient nor modern"—and it must be confessed that the reviewer was not far wrong; yet it was a dialect of singular sweetness and beauty—a dialect of wondrous fascination and power when

uttered with the strange gesticulation and expression of the reverend author himself.* His next publication, which was similar in style and manner, was entitled, 'Orations for Missionaries after the Apostolic School,' and was dedicated to Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the poet of the mystic philosophy—another eccentric genius like himself, with whom he had formed an intimate acquaintance, and under whose dreamy influence, leading to unfathomable depths of speculation, the spirit of Edward Irving had now fallen.

In 1826, and the two following years, Mr. Irving took a zealous part in the movement against the circulation of the Apocrypha by the Bible Society. It was about this time, also, that he joined the Albury School of Prophets—a sect of religionists holding peculiar views on the subject of prophecy, and so called from the circumstance that, to develop and compare their opinions, they met at the residence of Mr. Henry Drummond at Albury Park, "there to spend a whole week together for the purpose of consulting the Holy Scriptures." It is said of Mr. Irving, that at one of these meetings, he happened to exclaim, in a moment of forgetfulness or irritation—"Brethren, it is a sore trouble to the flesh for a man to have more light than his neighbours."

As already stated, however, it was not till the year 1827 that anything positively heterodox began to appear in his discourses. Hitherto his path had been eccentric but not erratic. He had moved in the peculiar orbit of the comet, but not in the unbridled career of the meteor that seems to obey no law. This was unfortunately his next movement. In the year above-mentioned he was first observed to speak in a totally new strain concerning the human nature of Christ, which, he affirmed, was sinful and corrupt, and that his striving against that corruption was the main part of his conflict.

It was now that some of Mr. Irving's friends began to be

* Like the late minister of the Barony, Mr. Irving had lost the use of one eye, which, with his tall, imposing, and somewhat ungainly figure—very different from that of Dr. Black—gave to his action and appearance in the pulpit a peculiar, wild, prophet-like expression.

alarmed, with good reason, for his soundness in the faith. In 1828, however, he boldly developed his peculiar views in a new publication—the largest work he had yet published—‘Sermons, Lectures, and Occasional Discourses,’ in three closely printed octavo volumes. It is singular that little controversial notice was excited by this publication. In the spring of the following year, 1829, he visited Scotland; and the worthy burgesses of Annan, proud of the fame of their townsman, seized the opportunity to do him honor by electing him to serve as their representative elder in the General Assembly of that year. His election was annulled by the Assembly, on the motion of the late Dr. Cook, but simply on the ground of its irregularity; and though a discussion took place, and Irving himself was heard at the bar, not the slightest objection was urged on the score of his opinions. These, indeed, could only have been taken up by the regular proceeding of a libel, and the formal objection was found sufficient to exclude him, by a large majority of votes, from taking his seat in the Assembly.

In the meantime, he was far from concealing his peculiar and paradoxical tenets. In the course of the following month (June, 1829) he preached twice at Dumfries, to congregations numbering from twelve to thirteen thousand persons; and the following summary of the doctrines propounded by him on that occasion, will show that his peculiarities were now beginning to extend to a great variety of subjects. “In all his public appearances here,” says a writer in one of the Dumfries journals of that period, “Mr. Irving has brought forward, more or less prominently, his peculiar dogmata relative to baptism; to the immediate downfall of Popery; to the very near approach of the millennium, with the personal presence of Jesus Christ on earth; to the temptable and sinful human nature of Jesus Christ, who was prevented from actual guilt only by the unmeasured possession of the Holy Spirit; to the redemption of the terraqueous globe, with all its animals, reptiles, vegetables, and minerals [!]

—a doctrine

overlooked in all our pulpits, although little inferior, he thinks, in importance to the redemption of man; &c." Mr. Irving's discourses on these occasions were all *extempore*, or were, at least, delivered without the aid of notes.

The first burst of the storm which the promulgation of these opinions created, did not fall on Mr. Irving himself, but on one of his disciples or adherents, the Rev. A. J. Scott, who had obtained, through his influence, a call to the Scotch Church at Woolwich. It was in connection with the trial discourses of this gentleman that the subject was first taken up by the Presbytery of London, on the 20th April, 1830; and in the course of that and the following year numerous discussions took place in London. While these were in progress it so happened that one of the members of the Court, the Rev. H. B. M'Lean, who had likewise imbibed the heresy, received a presentation to the church of Dreghorn, in Ayrshire. This brought the case before the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr, who set aside Mr. M'Lean's presentation; but the question being carried by appeal before the General Assembly, the finding of the Synod was reversed on the motion of the late Dr. Cook, and Mr. M'Lean was settled in the parish of Dreghorn.

In the meantime, as regards Mr. Irving himself, a new and extraordinary feature was added to the case. It was on the 16th October, 1830, at one of his prayer-meetings, that the strange phenomenon of some of his friends or hearers addressing the audience in 'unknown tongues' began to make its appearance; and these unwonted 'demonstrations of the Spirit' were afterwards of frequent occurrence in his congregation, in the time of divine service, to the no small alarm of ladies, and persons of delicate nerves, who were sometimes quite overpowered by sudden ebullitions of strange jargon from different parts of the church. This state of things could not be permitted to continue; and, accordingly, in 1832 the trustees of the church took up the subject, and brought the case in regular form before the Presbytery. By

this time Mr. Irving's aberrations had multiplied tenfold; and the Presbytery, on meeting to hear and consider the complaint, were even interrupted during the reading of the charges by some individual in the audience who was suddenly moved by the Spirit to fulminate a warning to the Court in the unknown tongue. The Court, however, calmly proceeded to consider the case; and in May, 1832, Mr. Irving was formally deposed by the London Presbytery, in consequence of which he became dispossessed of his cure as minister of the National Scotch Church in Regent Square.

Mr. Irving had enough of adherents to support him in removing to another place of worship; but it now remained for the Presbytery of Annan, by which he had been licensed to preach the Gospel, to call him to account for his opinions, and either to confirm or revoke the authority by which he continued to preach as a licentiate of the Church of Scotland. He was therefore summoned to appear before that Presbytery on March 13, 1833, to answer the charges that were to be brought against him. He arrived at his native place on the day preceding the trial; and such was the excitement created, that upwards of two thousand persons crowded the parish church in which the Presbytery assembled. A scene of the greatest confusion occurred. Mr. Irving, being heard in his own defence, addressed himself rather to the audience than to the court, in a long rambling harangue, in which he was repeatedly interrupted, and reminded that he stood at the bar of the Presbytery to answer the charges against him, and not to preach to the people. These interruptions only provoked him to recriminate. His mind evidently wandered. He even declared the General Assembly to be nothing but a synagogue of Satan. A scene of excitement and uproar ensued, in the midst of which Irving, accompanied by some of his adherents, rushed from the Court; and the Moderator, afterwards pronounced the sentence by which he was solemnly deposed from the office of the holy ministry.

But Edward Irving was not to be thus silenced. He

preached on the following day from a tent to a very large congregation. He then returned to London, and continued for some time to minister to his own adherents; but ultimately that incipient disease which had probably been working in his system for years, began to undermine his physical strength; and in the autumn of the following year he was advised to proceed to Scotland, with a view to the recovery of his health. The place in which he sought an asylum was Glasgow, where he had still an extensive circle of friends, though few adherents to his new religious creed; and on his return to this city, those who had known him in his better days could not fail to remark that his frame was greatly attenuated, and that, indeed, his whole appearance was sadly changed. So long, however, as his strength permitted, he presided at meetings in the Lyceum, at which he continued to express his peculiar doctrines. But the course of his life and labours was drawing to a close. The disease under which he suffered was internal inflammation; and it formed a significant symptom of his case, that his pulse was often at 140, and by no treatment could it be reduced under 100. At length, after a confinement to his bedroom of two weeks, he died on the 8th December, 1834, under the roof of a gentleman in this city to whom he was virtually a stranger, but who sought his society from a regard to his character, which still commanded respect. Mrs. Irving had accompanied her husband to Scotland, and enjoyed the melancholy satisfaction of attending him in his last moments. He died at the comparatively early age of 42. Besides having buried several children, he left behind him one son and two daughters—the eldest ten years of age, and the youngest six months, at his death.

His funeral was attended by the clergy of the city with few exceptions, and by most of the elders and deacons of St. John's parish, in connection with whom he had spent probably the three most useful years of his life.*

* For some account of the 'Irvingites' in Glasgow, see Appendix.

CHAPTER XXI.

ROBERT MUTER, D.D.—THOMAS THOMSON, M.D., F.R.S.S. L. AND E.

“The sacred seer, with scientific truth,
 In Grecian temples taught the attentive youth
 With ceaseless change how restless atoms pass
 From life to life, a transmigrating mass ;
 Whence drew the enlightened sage the moral plan,
 That man should ever be the friend of man,
 Should eye with tenderness all living forms,
 His brother emmets and his sister worms !”

THE next and last conspicuous monument to which we shall call attention in this compartment, is that which is erected to the memory of the late Rev. Dr. Robert Muter of Duke Street United Associate Congregation. This stately monument is one of the most prominent objects in the Necropolis, and was among the first erected in OMEGA. It stands a little to the south-east of Dr. Black's, and is a large and elegant structure, in the Grecian Doric style. It consists of four fluted columns resting on a massive basement, and supporting a square entablature, enriched by numerous striking and impressive devices. The site of the tomb was selected by Dr. Muter himself, and is within view of his own residence of Broompark, lying a little to the eastward, and still occupied by his family, by whom the monument was erected in 1844. It was designed by Mr. John Stephen, who died in November, 1850. The following inscription is on the north side of the base:—

To the Memory
 of the
 REV. ROBERT MUTER, D.D.,
 Minister of the
 United Associate Congregation,
 Duke Street, Glasgow.

He was born at Stonehouse on the 13th of August, 1771 ;
 Ordained on the 14th of August, 1800 ;
 And died on the 5th of May, 1842, in the 71st year of his age,
 And the 42d of his Ministry.

The career of a Christian pastor is seldom invested with

much of stirring adventure to give to his brief memoirs a deep biographic interest, and the life of Dr. Muter constitutes, in this respect, no exception to the general rule. He was born of highly respectable parents, in the parish of Stonehouse, Lanarkshire. Reared within the pale of the Established Church, of which, at an early age, he became a member, he entered on his studies with a view to sacred office in that connection. It was the church of his fathers, and he had been attached to it from early predilection; but, convinced that the reasons of Secession were well founded, he joined, in 1794, the Associate Congregation of Strathaven, then under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Mr. Stewart; and was soon afterwards admitted to the Divinity Hall at Whitburn, presided over by the Rev. Mr. Bruce, in connection with the General Associate Synod. Having prosecuted his literary and theological studies with great success, he was licensed to preach the Gospel about the close of the last century by the Associate Presbytery of Kilmarnock. He is said to have entered on this great work with deep impressions of his responsibility. His delivery is described by a competent judge as distinct, varied, and eloquent, and the intonations of his voice as solemnly impressive. His short probationary course was marked by a very high degree of popularity. He was soon called by the congregation of Leslie, and he was also called by the congregation in Duke Street, then styled the Havannah Street congregation, in 1800. We read that "for many years subsequent to this period his high talent and impressive, varied delivery, not to mention a handsome intellectual countenance and dignified person, combined to render him one of the most popular preachers of the time. In the exercise of prayer," it is added, "he stood almost unrivalled for aptness, variety of sentiment, and sacred unction; and there is every reason to believe that his ministrations were followed by the best effects in the experience of many." Soon after his settlement it became necessary, from the great increase of the congregation, to

erect a larger and more commodious place of worship, and this continued for above twenty years under his ministry to be filled to overflowing. He remained pastor of this congregation till his death, in 1842—pursuing the even tenor of his way, and keeping aloof from political and religious controversy. It is worthy of remark, that although he became, from conviction in early life, a dissenter from the Established Church in which his fathers had worshipped, he rested satisfied with following the light of his own conscience, and never engaged in any crusade which had for its object the injury or overthrow of the Establishment.

Near Dr. Muter's monument, a slender, smooth, round pillar, crowned with a ball or sphere, on which is perched a dove with an olive leaf in its mouth, is one of the most chaste and graceful memorials in the Necropolis. We allude to it more particularly, as forming one of a line of elegant tombstones, behind which a walk proceeds westward from Dr. Muter's monument, leading us back to the point from which we started on our journey through OMEGA. This was at Dr. Dick's monument, to which we now return, advancing to the western extremity of the walk above-mentioned, and then descending to the carriage-way between Dr. Dick's cenotaph and Mr. Atkinson's. In doing so, the visitor will observe, in a line almost directly westward from Dr. Black's monument, a tall obelisk, 'in memory of James Macpherson, surgeon - dentist;' and near this, an elegant structure, erected to the late Finlay Tower, Esq., who died 1st November, 1845.

Having thus returned to Dr. Dick's monument, we now take our leave of OMEGA, and proceed to SIGMA, which constitutes, as previously stated, the principal portion of the southern half of the summit. It embraces also a variety of beautiful structures—some of them erected to persons of considerable local celebrity; and one in particular indicates the grave of a man whose fame is not local, but European. We allude to a neat, unassuming monument, which stands

at the extreme north-western angle of this compartment, nearly confronting the grave of Dr. Wardlaw, and almost immediately opposite the cenotaph erected to the late Mr. Atkinson. At this stone, the student of chemical philosophy will pause with a sentiment of reverence on reading the following inscription:—

THOMAS THOMSON, M.D., F.R.S.S. L. & E.,
Professor of Chemistry
in the University of Glasgow.
Died 2d July, 1852. Aged 79 years.

We have stated that the fame of Dr. Thomson is European—we ought to have said world-wide. The celebrity of a man of science is cosmopolitan—it is not circumscribed by the limits of the language in which he writes; and the late Dr. Thomson devoted his whole life to science. Wherever chemistry is studied, his name and writings are known, and his immense labors appreciated. Though not the author of any remarkable discovery, he did perhaps more than any other man to promote the discoveries of others, to diffuse the knowledge and the study of his favorite science, and to establish on the solid basis of experiment its great principles. As the inventor of the use of chemical symbols—as the author of a valuable improvement in chemical nomenclature—as the first to recognize the truth and importance of the Atomic Theory, and as its most successful and most indefatigable advocate during a long life—this truly eminent philosopher is justly entitled to be ranked among the greatest men of our age.

Dr. Thomson was born at the village of Crieff, Perthshire, on the 12th of April, 1773, and was the seventh child and youngest son of John Thomson and Elizabeth Ewan. After receiving his elementary education at the parish school, he was sent, in 1785, by the advice of his uncle, the Rev. John Ewan, minister of Whittingham in East Lothian, to the grammar-school of Stirling, then under the management of Dr. Doig, an accomplished classical scholar, and the friend and correspondent of Lord Kames. There he remained two

years, pursuing his classical studies with much success; and having written a Latin Horatian poem of considerable merit which attracted the attention of Professor M'Cormack of St. Andrews, he was sent, in 1787, to that university, where he obtained a competition bursary, which entitled him to board and lodging in the college for three years. In 1791, he became tutor in the family of Mr. Kerr of Blackshiels, and continued to prosecute his studies with a view to the ministerial office in the Church of Scotland. But his passion for the physical sciences predominated, and at the end of 1795, desirous of studying medicine, he went to reside in Edinburgh with his elder brother, afterwards the Rev. Dr. James Thomson of the parish of Eccles, who had succeeded Bishop Walker as colleague to Dr. Gleig in the editorship of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. In the session of 1795-6, he attended the lectures of the celebrated Dr. Joseph Black, formerly of Glasgow University—the discoverer of 'latent heat' and 'fixed air,' and to whom we have already alluded as 'the father of modern chemistry.' Of this great and good man, Dr. Thomson always spoke in terms of the utmost veneration, as well as of gratitude for those invaluable instructions which seem to have fanned into a flame, if they did not first awaken in his mind, the passion for chemistry.

During the session of his attendance at Dr. Black's lectures, Mr. Thomson wrote the article 'Sea' for the *Encyclopedia Britannica*; and in November, 1796, he succeeded his brother in the editorship of the Supplement to the third edition of that work—a position which he continued to occupy till 1800, having graduated as Doctor of Medicine in 1799. The first outline of his *System of Chemistry* was sketched during this period, when the author was not yet thirty years of age, and was embodied in the Supplement under the articles *Chemistry*, *Mineralogy*, *Vegetable Substances*, *Animal Substances*, and *Dyeing Substances*; all of which appeared before the year 1800. The principal features of his system consisted in the division of all bodies into two classes—com-

bustibles and supporters of combustion—and the gradual synthetical manner in which he proceeded from the elements and simpler bodies to the more complex. It was in the article *Mineralogy*, written about the year 1798, that he first introduced the use of symbols into chemical science, expressing compound bodies by the initial letters of their constituents—a method in which he was followed by Berzelius, and which, with subsequent important improvements suggested by the Atomic Theory, is now universally adopted. With reference to this part of his life, and the new and comprehensive principles originally developed in these articles, his accomplished nephew and son-in-law, Dr. Robert Dundas Thomson, justly observes—“When we recollect that many of these remarkable views began to be devised by the self-taught chemist in a narrow close in the High Street of Edinburgh, the author being in the receipt of a salary of £50 a-year, from which he sent £15 to his aged parents; and when we contrast such a picture with the costly education and refined apparatus of the modern laboratory, it is impossible to avoid the inference, that Britain has lost in him a genius of no common order.”

In the winter of 1800-1, Dr. Thomson first gave a chemical course; and he never afterwards relinquished the character of a lecturer. He was therefore before the public in that capacity during the long period of fifty-two years; and for some time before his death he considered himself the oldest teacher in Europe. He continued to lecture in Edinburgh till 1811; and during that time he opened a laboratory for pupils, probably the first established in Great Britain.

But neither his lectures nor his laboratory absorbed his whole attention. In 1802 he published the first edition of his *System of Chemistry*, a development of the original article in the *Encyclopedia*. This work afterwards expanded into several volumes, growing with the progress of the science; and although the arrangement which he founded on the

combustibility of bodies is now exploded,* it was then entirely consistent with the state of chemical knowledge, and the book was long universally regarded as the standard work on the science. In that year, also, he invented the oxy-hydrogen blowpipe, in which he at first introduced the oxygen and hydrogen into one vessel; but the whole apparatus having blown up, and nearly proved fatal to him, he afterwards adopted the precaution of putting the gases into separate vessels.

In August, 1804, in a paper on 'Lead,' he first published his new nomenclature of the oxides and acids, in which Latin and Greek numerals were prefixed to denote the proportional amount of oxygen. This paper was translated and published in France; and the nomenclature was speedily introduced into that country, as well as adopted in our own. To the intelligent reader it is needless to say how much this important improvement contributed to the progress of chemistry. It was, in fact, a further extension of his system of symbols, the name being rendered an index to the constitution of the compound.

The same year was memorable in Dr. Thomson's life for bringing to his knowledge a theory which lies at the foundation of modern chemistry, and of which he became the great exponent. It was on the 26th of August, 1804, that he went to Manchester, and visited the celebrated Mr. Dalton, who explained to him his new views on the composition of bodies, now known as the Atomic Theory, which teaches, that bodies tend to combine in fixed or definite proportions; and that when they unite in more than one proportion, the amount of the one or the other in each successive compound is a multiple of that in the first.† Perceiving at a glance the

* Of two bodies, such as oxygen and hydrogen, which by their combination produce the phenomenon of combustion, it is evidently quite impossible to say which is the combustible and which the supporter of combustion. If our atmosphere consisted of coal-gas, in that case oxygen or common air transmitted through the gas pipes would take the place of the combustible, and burn like common gas.

† The author hopes to demonstrate, in a work which he is now preparing on this subject, that the existence of solid atoms of matter, apart from the forces which they exert, is consistent neither with sound reason nor with observed phenomena; that matter, in short, is a mere dynamical system of attractive and repulsive forces, according to the beautiful theory first propounded by Boscovich.

immense importance of this theory, with which he was highly delighted, as throwing a flood of new light on his favorite science, Dr. Thomson noted down at the time Mr. Dalton's opinions and arguments; and in 1807, when he published the third edition of his 'System,' he availed himself of that gentleman's permission to insert the sketch he had taken, before the inventor himself had given it to the world. Up to the period when this edition of his 'System' appeared, Dr. Thomson is believed to have been Dalton's only convert. The ingenious and accurate Dr. Wollaston was the next philosopher of any eminence who, in a paper read before the Royal Society, expressed similar views. Mr. (afterwards Sir Humphrey) Davy remained for some time a stubborn unbeliever; but was at length convinced, and became a most strenuous supporter of the same theory. Dr. Thomson, who occasionally visited London to attend the meetings of the Royal Society, was now on terms of intimacy with these and other eminent men. With reference to his early exposition and continued advocacy of the Atomic Theory, Walter Crum, Esq., F.R.S.,* the distinguished vice-president of the Glasgow Philosophical Society, says—"I reckon this the most important proceeding of his life, unless we place before it his 'System of Chemistry,' the influence of the earlier editions of which it is difficult to estimate."

It was also during this period that Dr. Thomson conducted his important investigations for Government on the malt and distillation questions, which laid the basis of the Scottish excise legislation. On that occasion he is stated by Dr. Robert Thomson to have invented the instrument which is still used by the Excise in Scotland, under the name of

* See note appended to our life of the late Mr. Ewing of Strathleven, p. 197.—"Une nouvelle obligation nous est encore imposée à cet égard par les considérations que vient de publier un des chimistes-fabricants les plus distingués de l'Angleterre, M. Walter Crum, qui, dans son travail, tend à faire revivre l'opinion de Hellot et de Le Pilleur d'Appligny. . . . présentée sous une nouvelle forme et avec la réserve d'un esprit essentiellement expérimental."—*Traité Théorique et Pratique de l'Impression des Tissus*, par J. Persoz. Tome ii. pp.130, 137.

Allan's saccharometer; and, as the fruit of his researches on this subject, he afterwards wrote the article 'Distillation' in the Edinburgh Encyclopedia.

In 1810, he published his 'Elements of Chemistry,' in a single volume—a work intended to furnish an accurate outline of the actual state of the science. In 1812, he produced his 'History of the Royal Society'—a most elaborate work, and which, as Mr. Crum remarks, might rather be called a 'Digest of the Philosophical Transactions.' Having finished this laborious undertaking, he sailed, in August the same year, for a tour in Sweden, in company with his friend Mr. William Ritchie of the High School, Edinburgh; and after his return he published his observations on the natural and political history of that country—a work which is still much esteemed.

In 1813, Dr. Thomson removed to London, and projected the 'Annals of Philosophy,' a scientific periodical, in which he immediately commenced an elaborate treatise on the Daltonian theory, and appended to it an extensive list of atomic weights. The numbers for the elementary bodies in this list have been found by subsequent research to be exceedingly near the truth. They attracted the notice of Dr. Prout; and in November, 1815, that chemist announced, anonymously, his celebrated doctrine, that the atomic weights of all bodies, solid as well as gaseous, are multiples of the atomic weight of hydrogen. Thomson was again the first to acknowledge the truth, and to appreciate the importance, of this discovery. He immediately adopted it; and in November, 1818, he published a new table of atomic weights, embodying its principles, and taking advantage of all the improvements that had been made in analysis during the five years that had elapsed since he published his first table. Even with these illustrations in its favor, Berzelius refused to accept the doctrine of Prout; but the subsequent experiments of Dumas and other distinguished chemists confirmed Dr. Thomson's numbers; and the theory is now recognised as the expression of a law that is all but established.

Dr. Thomson continued to conduct the 'Annals' during the five years of his residence in London, and for four years more after he was settled in Glasgow. It was in 1817, at the recommendation of Sir Joseph Banks, that he was appointed to succeed Dr. Cleghorn as lecturer on Chemistry in the University of this city; and in the following year, at the instance of the Chancellor of the University, the late Duke of Montrose, the appointment was made a regius professorship. The numerous calls upon his time in the discharge of the duties of this office, and his distance from the place of publication, induced him, in 1821, to resign the editorship of the 'Annals' in favor of Mr. Richard Phillips, one of his oldest friends; and in 1827, the journal was purchased by Mr. Richard Taylor, and merged in the *Philosophical Magazine*.

As soon after his appointment to the professorship as he was enabled to obtain a laboratory, Dr. Thomson commenced a series of systematic researches into the atomic constitution of bodies, the results of which he published in 1825, in his 'Attempt to Establish the First Principles of Chemistry by Experiment,' in 2 vols. The numbers given in this most important work, further tended to support the doctrine announced by Prout—so much so, indeed, that Berzelius charged the author with assuming or adapting the numbers to agree with his theory. "I shall not repeat the expressions," writes Mr. Crum on this subject, "but in touching the moral character of Dr. Thomson, as if he had purposely invented results, he showed how little he knew the man. Dr. Thomson was incapable of deceiving others when not himself deceived, and that is the question alone worthy of our attention."

In 1831, he published his 'History of Chemistry,' which has been justly characterised by the same gentleman as 'one of the most delightful books that can be read by a zealous chemist.' It is indeed a most interesting work, and like all the publications of the learned author, contributed largely

to the diffusion of the study of chemistry. This work was written by Dr. Thomson in the midst of his arduous preparations for another, of a more severe character. After the publication of his 'First Principles,' in 1825, he devoted himself to the examination of the inorganic kingdom of nature, "purchasing and collecting"—says Dr. R. Thomson, "every species of mineral obtainable, until his museum, which he has left behind him, became not only one of the noblest mineral collections in the kingdom, but a substantial monument of his taste, and of his devotion to science. The results of his investigation of minerals were published in 1836, in his 'Outlines of Mineralogy and Geology,' in 2 vols.; and contained an account of about fifty new minerals which he had discovered in a period of little more than ten years." This was the last important work which Dr. Thomson published; but he afterwards contributed papers to 'The Records of General Science,' a journal started by his nephew; and we have omitted to enumerate, as quite incompatible with our limits, his various and valuable contributions to Nicholson's Journal, to the Philosophical Transactions, to the Annals of Philosophy, and to the Proceedings of the Glasgow Philosophical Society, of which he was elected President in 1834.

For the long period of twenty-three years, he continued to discharge all the duties of his chair without assistance; and in that period, not only did he restore chemistry to its proper place in the University as a branch of physical science, but, although as a lecturer he was cold, unimpassioned, and apparently indifferent, his genuine devotion to the science was known—his fame attracted pupils from all quarters—Glasgow was regarded as the source of chemical inspiration—and there went forth from his laboratory a band of young and enthusiastic men, who readily acknowledge that they owe to his example and precepts whatever reputation they may have since acquired.

In 1841, being then in the sixty-ninth year of his age, and feeling his strength decline, he associated with him his

nephew, Dr. Robert Thomson, confining his own labors to the Inorganic course, which he continued to deliver till 1846. The dangerous illness of his second son, from disease contracted in India, hurried him for the winter of that year to Nice; and Dr. Robert Thomson was appointed by the University to discharge the entire duties of the chair, which he continued to do until his uncle's death. For two or three years after retiring from these duties, the latter was accustomed to attend the examinations for degrees; but in consequence of the increasing defect in his hearing, he ultimately relinquished this also; and confined his public labors to attendance at the fortnightly meetings of the Glasgow Philosophical Society. His last appearance there was on the 6th November, 1850, when he read a biographic account of his old and affectionate friend, Dr. Wollaston. During the early part of the year 1852, his frame became visibly weaker; and latterly, having removed to the country, where it was hoped the freshness of the summer-air might brace his languishing powers, his strength continued to decline; "but no pain," writes his distinguished nephew, "appeared to mar the tranquil exit of the philosophic spirit. To inquiries after his health, 'I am quite well, but weak,' the good old man replied, within a few hours from his last summons." On the morning of the 2d July, he breathed his last, in the bosom of his family, at his temporary residence at Kilmun, on the lovely shores of the Holy Loch.

Dr. Thomson married, in 1816, Miss Agnes Colquhoun, daughter of Mr. Colquhoun, distiller, near Stirling, with whom he enjoyed uninterrupted happiness till her death, in 1834. He left one son, Dr. Thomas Thomson, of the Bengal army, the author of 'Travels in Thibet,' a work which appeared shortly after his father's death—the result of several years' researches into the botany and physical structure of the Himalaya mountains. He left also one daughter, married to her cousin, Dr. R. D. Thomson. The character of the deceased philosopher we shall sketch in the words of

Mr. Walter Crum, who, as his colleague and associate, both in the Royal and the Glasgow Philosophical Society, enjoyed the best opportunities of forming a correct judgment:—

“Of Dr. Thomson’s personal character I can scarcely speak too highly. All who knew him must have marked his manly independence—the unbending rectitude of the course which he invariably pursued—the sincerity displayed in all his intercourse—the readiness with which he gave his assistance when it was wanted. I agree most thoroughly, from personal observation, in all that has been said of the kindness of his disposition and the steadiness of his friendships; and I believe there is not one of his pupils who does not remember him with affection and esteem. More than twenty years since, I asked him to name one of his pupils for a situation of some promise in Lancashire. He recommended a young man, who subsequently accepted the appointment, and who is now an extensive manufacturer. On being asked by a friend why he had not named a nephew of his own, who was also well qualified, Dr. Thomson answered that the other had a mother and a sister to support. That former pupil travelled from Manchester, to follow the remains of his master to the grave.”*

CHAPTER XXII.

REV. WILLIAM BRASH—WILLIAM M’GAVIN, AUTHOR OF ‘THE
PROTESTANT,’ ETC.

“Lives of good men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of time;

“Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o’er life’s solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.”—LONGFELLOW.

In last chapter we entered upon SIGMA, beginning with the late Dr. Thomas Thomson’s monument—the site of which

* Proceedings of the Glasgow Philosophical Society, vol. iii., p. 254. See also a memoir by Dr. R. D. Thomson, in the ‘Literary Gazette,’ for July 10 and 17, 1852.

we may recall to the reader as nearly opposite the inscription on Dr. Dick's cenotaph. We now proceed to peruse the remainder of the northern section of this compartment, terminating in Mr. M'Gavin's monument.

Adjacent to the grave of the late Professor Thomson, is a handsome double tombstone, belonging to Messrs. Thomas Neilson and Joseph Swan. The next is the property of Mr. William Brodie; and then follows a peculiar stone, distinguished by its dark-brown color, and curiously mottled surface, strikingly contrasting with those in the vicinity, and bearing an inscription in gilt letters, which fixes the date of its erection, by Mr. John Tait, in 1838. It is worthy of remark that this stone, which, in point of material as well as design, is really very pretty, and seems to give promise of being durable, was taken from the neighbouring trap-quarry, and is therefore part of the material of the rock on which it stands.

Instead of advancing directly to Mr. M'Gavin's monument, the visitor may now turn aside by a walk which proceeds eastward, leading in front of a line of elegant tombstones, which constitute the northern limit of SIGMA. The first of these is an elaborate Gothic structure, the property of Mr. Adam Paterson, writer; and further to the east is a somewhat similar monument in the early English style, to the memory of Mr. Alexander Craig, merchant. Both of these were designed by Mr. Charles Wilson of this city. In the same line are one or two handsome monuments of Aberdeen granite, and others of a superior class, to which we refrain from alluding more particularly.

Here we again emerge upon the carriage-way, near the conspicuous obelisk erected to the late Mr. Kettle; and, on turning round to the right, one of the first monuments which meet us in our progress in this direction, is another obelisk, exactly similar both in material and proportions, inscribed to the memory of the late Mr. Fleming of Sawmillfield. Pursuing the walk which passes between this obelisk and the

elegant adjacent monument erected by Mr. John Walker, the visitor will observe a somewhat peculiar tombstone of white marble, surmounted by a cross, encompassed with a ring or circle of the same material. The meaning of the cross is obvious; and the circle, we presume, is intended as an emblem of eternity and the Divine perfections. Another walk then diverges to the left, which passes in front of some of the finest monuments in this department of SIGMA, standing with their backs to the carriage-way. The first is the property of Dr. James Henderson, minister of Free St. Enoch's, and the second of Mr. William Hamilton of Middleton; the third, erected by Mr. Laurie, of Laurieston, in memory of his brother, is a beautiful square monument in the Roman style, crowned with an elegant urn; the cornice is enriched with vine-leaves, and under the inscription is carved the family-arms. The last in this group is dedicated to the memory of the late Mr. William Dennistoun of Kelvingrove.

Here we are re-conducted to the carriage-way, near a point at which it divides into two—one branch continuing southward, the other proceeding to the right, and passing through the middle of SIGMA to the western brow of the hill, at Mr. M'Gavin's monument. Keeping the latter object in view, and confining our attention, in the meantime, to the northern division of SIGMA, we first encounter on this side a prominent obelisk—one of the oldest monuments in the Necropolis—erected in 1836, by Mr. William Jack, 'in filial and affectionate remembrance' of his deceased parents.

The next is a tall and elaborate Elizabethan structure, consisting of a lofty pedestal, projecting into four wings in the form of a St. Andrew's Cross, and supporting a truncated square pillar, which terminates in a cineral urn. In each of the four sides of the monument, a tablet of white marble is inserted; and over that which contains the principal inscription, the sculptor has carved an open Bible, and several closed volumes, which seem to be carelessly piled on the top

of the pedestal. The inscription on the front tablet is in the following terms:—

In Memory of
 THE REV. WILLIAM BRASH.
 Born, 1st March, 1794.
 Ordained, 28th December, 1815.
 Died, 24th November, 1851,
 In the 58th year of his age,
 and 26th of his Ministry.
 Erected by his Family,
 As a tribute of grateful affection,
 To a beloved and revered Father.

This lamented gentleman was for many years associated as colleague with the late Rev. Dr. Kidston, of the United Presbyterian church in East Campbell Street—a congregation which now enjoys the able ministrations of the Rev. John Ker, and is about to erect a new place of worship at the corner of Duke Street and Sydney Street. Mr. Brash was highly esteemed as an eloquent preacher and faithful minister of the gospel. He was connected by birth and early training with the Burgher branch of what afterwards became the United Secession, and is now, by another happy union, the United Presbyterian Church. His father, James Brash, was an elder in the congregation of the late Dr. Peddie, of Bristo Street, Edinburgh. His mother, Elizabeth Inglis, was distinguished by her piety and benevolence. He lost his father in early life, but his mother survived to enjoy the satisfaction of seeing her son settled in Glasgow. A severe illness, with which he was seized after he had reached his sixteenth year, appears, as in many other cases, to have deepened his early religious impressions. From his youth his attention was directed to the ministry, and all his studies were pursued with that object in view. His education was conducted first at the High School of Edinburgh, (then under the rectorship of the celebrated Dr. Adam), and afterwards at the university of the same city. Both at school and college he distinguished himself, and even in after life, amid the pressure of professional duties, he continued to cultivate his classical studies. He likewise obtained a prominent place

among his fellow-students, by the force and fluency with which he expressed himself in the 'Forum'—one of the most popular debating societies in the University, and to which the public were admitted by ticket as auditors. After the usual course at college, he entered the Associate Synod's Theological Hall, at Selkirk, under Dr. Lawson; and while a student there, he attended also some sessions at the Divinity Classes of the Edinburgh University.

He was licensed to preach the Gospel by the Associate Presbytery of Edinburgh, in March, 1815, and was sent immediately afterwards to labor in the south of Scotland. He was then not more than twenty-one years of age, his manner was remarkably animated and earnest, and he was highly popular as a preacher. The East Campbell Street Congregation was at that time requiring a colleague to the Rev. Mr. Kidston, who had for some time been laid aside by affliction from public duty; and Mr. Brash accepted a call to this congregation, in preference to another which he received about the same time from Ecclefechan. Settled in Glasgow, he addressed himself to his work with intense application, and for a time the entire charge of the congregation devolved upon him. His preaching, and more especially his lectures, were much admired; he was diligent in visitation from house to house, and bestowed not a little of his time in teaching the young. Of the missionary cause he was a warm friend, and an able and energetic advocate; and for a number of years he was mission-secretary to the United Secession Church. In these duties he continued to labor so long as his strength permitted; but at length decided symptoms of disease, the seat of which was afterwards ascertained to be in the heart, began to make their appearance. Compelled to withdraw from other duties, he continued for a time to be able to preach, but soon this also was beyond his strength; and after enduring the painful alternations of the malady with singular fortitude and Christian resignation for a period of two years, he died somewhat suddenly and unexpectedly at last,

on the 22d November, 1851. His death was deeply lamented by the congregation, who charged themselves with the care of his funeral; and also by an amiable family, who have piously erected, at their own expense, this elegant monument to his memory.

It is worthy of remark, that though the health of Dr. Kidston appeared to be declining when the Rev. Mr. Brash was appointed to act as his colleague and successor, and though this relation continued for the long period of twenty-six years, the senior clergyman survived the younger, as appears from the inscription on a tomb in the Cathedral churchyard—"In memory of the Rev. William Kidston, D.D., Glasgow, who died on the 23d October, 1852, in the 85th year of his age, and the 63d of his ministry."

In front of Mr. Brash's monument is a handsome tombstone, 'sacred to the memory of Alexander Myers, Esq., merchant, Glasgow.' The next is a triple antique-looking monument, erected by 'John M'Symon, merchant, and Margaret Cumming, his wife,' in memory of the late James Cumming, Esq. of Turnerfield, and other members of the family. The weeping figure on this somewhat remarkable tomb, which is fashioned in the shield-form so common in England, is finely moulded. The whole is painted a light grey, with the exception of the image of a dove perched at the base of the structure, with an olive leaf in its mouth, which is colored a slate-blue, and has really a very life-like appearance.

Passing the rest of the monuments in this line, one of which bears a suitable inscription to the late 'Hugh M'Lachlan, Esq., writer in Glasgow,' and another is inscribed to the memory of 'James Coulter Graham, M.D.,' we now arrive at the conspicuous monument erected to the late Mr. William M'Gavin, commonly known as 'The Protestant.*' Occupying one of the most prominent positions on the very

* We may here remark, that behind Mr. M'Gavin's monument are several elegant tombstones—one of which is a very graceful obelisk, displaying on the lower part a beautiful bas-relief figure in white marble, and erected to the memory of the deceased lady and two children of our distinguished Glasgow artist, Daniel Macnee, R.S.A.

brow of the hill, this is not only one of the finest, but also one of the earliest structures that graced the summit of the Necropolis, having been erected in the month of November, 1834. It was designed by Mr. John Bryce, and executed by Mr. Ritchie, of Edinburgh. In style it is a mixture of Flemish and Elizabethan; and its general character has already been given in describing the Rev. Mr. Brash's monument, the pedestal, or principal portion of which, is, in many respects, a reduced copy of Mr. M'Gavin's; but the latter, instead of supporting a pillar, is crowned with a fine colossal statue, which is said to be an excellent likeness of the deceased. This production was the work of Mr. Forrest, the sculptor of the neighbouring statue of John Knox, and that of Lord Melville in Edinburgh. The monument is 35 feet high, including the statue, which is about eight feet; and on one side of the pedestal is placed the following inscription:—

To the Memory of
WILLIAM M'GAVIN,
Author of 'The Protestant,' &c. &c.
Who died on the 23d August, 1832, aged 59 years.
This Monument has been erected
By his Fellow-citizens.
MDCCCXXXIV.

The remains of Mr. M'Gavin were not interred here, but in the crypt of Wellington Street Chapel, where a plain but elegant marble tablet was erected over his grave by his widow. The imposing structure in the Necropolis is therefore merely a public monument to his name, raised by a number of his admirers and friends, to testify the great estimation in which his labors were held, as well as their high appreciation of his private worth. It may be regarded in much the same light as that which is erected to the memory of John Knox, on the highest point of the hill—and which we have so fully described in a preceding chapter. Indeed, there is something peculiarly appropriate in the proximity of these two monuments. The principles of Knox found an interpreter in M'Gavin; and that indomitable spirit of independence which characterised 'The Reformer,' was not wanting in

'The Protestant.' Nay, as we have previously stated, it was the enthusiasm created by Mr. M'Gavin's writings that led to the erection of Knox's monument, in which he took an active interest.

William M'Gavin was born on the 25th of August, 1773, in the parish of Auchinleck, Ayrshire. His father, James M'Gavin, who was born in 1730, rented a considerable farm from Boswell of Auchinleck, the father of Johnson's biographer. The family consisted of five sons and one daughter; and William, the subject of this notice, was the third son. Of the early period of his life little would have been known, had it not happened that a few days before his death, he began to write a sketch of his own history, which, with the accustomed rapidity of his pen, he carried down in a few hours from his birth in 1773 to 1807. In this autobiographic fragment, he says:—

"We were all employed in country work, as soon as we were fit for anything. None of us received more than a common village-school education except John, the eldest, who was my senior by eight years, and who was sent to a school in Cumnock, for the attainment of a better style of penmanship than Auchinleck afforded. He was afterwards sent to study some branches in Glasgow, at what must have been reckoned considerable expense for a man in my father's circumstances. Indeed, I have heard that my father was blamed by his neighbours for spending so much money, bringing up his son as a gentleman, and making him unfit for country work; though I recollect John did his full share of the work when at home. Besides, it turned out that a superior education was the means of bringing himself and all the rest of us forward in the world, and giving us an education that fitted us for business, without a shilling of expense to my father. I recollect perfectly well when my father took me to school for the first time, when I must have been six or seven years old. My course was a very short one; the only books in use, after the spelling one, were the book of Proverbs and the Bible. When I could read the last, tolerably well, my education was finished, and I took my place with my brothers and the servants in all kinds of country work. My favorite employment, however, was tending the cattle, of which there were at least a score, all giving milk, which was made into cheese, the principal article of our home manufacture, in which my mother was understood to excel, as the goodwives in Ayrshire are said to do still.

I read all that came in my way, which was not much; but what I chiefly delighted in and couped over was a metrical paraphrase of the Song of Solomon, by Ralph Erskine. My brother John, who had a more scientific turn, studied Euclid while tending the cattle, drawing his diagrams with his staff on the sand. My parents were both Seeders of the Anti-burgher division. My mother, whose name was M'Millan, was of the strict race of Covenanters; her father was an extensive sheep farmer in the parish of Muirkirk."

Such is the account of the humble parentage and early life of our author, as given in his own words. The episodes with which his narrative is interwoven are very interesting; but those who would wish to peruse them must read the memoir itself.* A very brief sketch is alone compatible with our limits. When young M'Gavin was in his tenth year, his father sold off his stock, and removed with his family to Paisley, intending to emigrate to the United States, the independence of which had just at that time been recognized by Great Britain, and the old man had warmly espoused the cause of the colonists. In Paisley, however, his family were soon engaged in different employments, and finding them able to provide for themselves, he never prosecuted his intention of leaving this country, but remained in Paisley till his death, in 1789. William was first engaged as a draw-boy to a weaver, at a shilling a-week, and was soon bound apprentice to the trade. His brother, John, got employment as a teacher of writing and mathematics, which he followed for ten years with great success. William for some time attended his brother's school in the evenings; and afterwards, during a stagnation of trade, his master, not being able to find him employment, voluntarily gave up his indenture, by which fortunate occurrence, he was enabled to attend his brother's school constantly for a whole year. He was then bound to another master for four years, which he served in a satisfactory manner. After that, he continued a year or two longer at the weaving on his own account; and after the death of his father, continued to live with his mother, whom he contributed to support out of his small earnings.

In 1790, he finally abandoned the weaving, and entered the service of Mr. John Neilson, a bookseller and printer in Paisley. "Here," he says, "I found employment more congenial to my mind than the dull routine of the shuttle. I

* "The Posthumous Works of the late William M'Gavin, author of 'The Protestant,' &c.; accompanied with a Memoir, including Autobiography, Extracts from his Correspondence, Writings," &c., in two vols., 1834.

was initiated into the mysteries of printing and correcting the press; I saw almost every new book as it appeared, and got acquainted with many old ones." At this time he began to study Latin with Mr. John Reid, who was then a weaver, and who by his savings in summer supported himself at Glasgow College in winter. Mr. Reid afterwards married his only sister, and took the degree of M.D. at Glasgow College, practising for some years in Paisley, and then in Glasgow, where he died in 1830. Our author's Latin studies were, however, of very short duration, and he deeply regretted that he never enjoyed the opportunity of acquiring any proficiency in that language. Of his religious views he says, that at this period of his life he was 'a decided Anti-burgher Seceder,' and 'a Covenanter in principle.' He was afterwards induced, in the course of his reading, to adopt most of the sentiments avowed by the new-light branches of the Secession, and he states that though still a Presbyterian Seceder, he was no longer a Covenanter.

In 1793, his brother John relinquished the school, and entered into the thread-manufacturing business, in partnership with his father-in-law, Mr. Samuel Walker. William, who was then in the twentieth year of his age, succeeded his brother in the school, which he conducted for two years and a half. "My labour," he says, "both of body and mind in the school was very great; it was from seven in the morning in summer, and nine in winter, till ten in the evening all the year round, with barely the necessary intervals for refreshment." This was excessive drudgery; and our author states that he never looked back to this period of his life without pain, except for one circumstance; it brought him into intimate acquaintance with the Misses Campbell, two sisters, who kept a ladies' boarding school, and with one of whom, Miss Isabella Campbell, he formed an attachment, which issued in their union seven years after he removed to Glasgow.

In the meantime, tiring of the school, he set up a small

concern in the thread line, which he intended to pursue for the remainder of his life; but the business in which he had embarked was soon superseded by an article made of cotton on a different principle, and after struggling for two years he found it necessary to abandon it with no inconsiderable loss. His debts were paid by Mr. Walker, who took his own bill for the amount, and was afterwards repaid with interest. It was then that the event occurred which finally settled him in life. A friend in Glasgow recommended him to Mr. David Lamb of that city, a gentleman in the American trade, with whom he engaged as clerk and book-keeper, at a salary of £60 a-year, and entered on service on the first day of January, 1799. With reference to this occurrence he writes:—

“Of the practice of business I knew little or nothing, but in that Mr. Lamb required no assistance. He had two sons at the grammar-school, whom I cheerfully undertook to instruct in geography, accounts, and other branches in my line. I was taken to board in the family free of expense. In the second year my salary was advanced to £130, and afterwards to £300, still free board; which, I suppose, for a mere clerk, was the highest in Glasgow at the time. After seven years' service, I was taken into partnership, which continued with the father and his oldest son for fifteen years. I was so comfortable with that family, that I never sought or formed any other mercantile connection.”

Mr. M'Gavin was now launched into business. His habits of laborious activity, however, were not satisfied with even the onerous duties to which he was professionally devoted. He soon formed a connection with an Independent congregation, in which he was appointed to officiate as a preacher in 1802, and was afterwards elected as co-pastor, along with the Rev. James Ramsay, in 1804. The rest of his autobiography is occupied with interesting details connected with his religious labors, into which it is unnecessary that we should follow him. He seems to have formed a very modest estimate of his own powers as an orator. He says—“I was not a popular, perhaps I should say, scarcely an acceptable preacher, beyond the small circle of our own members, who never exceeded forty in number. I cannot say how far some of them even bore with me out of mere courtesy, as my services cost them

nothing. I had never studied the graces of oratory; my voice was husky and unharmonious, and my manner sufficiently awkward." It appears that he wrote his sermons in short hand, and committed them to memory with great ease. The congregation, however, did not prosper, and in 1807 he withdrew from the connection, and applied to Mr. Ewing's church to be admitted a member. He afterwards preached occasionally, but not regularly as before. "I have had the happiness," says Mr. Ewing, "to know some other Christians, remarkable for personal exertion, at the same time, in temporal and spiritual affairs. But of all the men I ever knew in my life, Mr. M'Gavin stands alone as an author, having added to all the mingled avocations of a merchant, a factor, a trustee, an arbiter, a banker, a teacher, a preacher, and a minister of the Gospel—the most astonishing number and variety of able and successful publications."

This brings us to the literary life of our author, on which we have little to say, except that most of his earlier essays appeared in newspapers and magazines. He also attempted poetry in his youth, and some of his verses, though not of the highest excellence, exhibit a fine appreciation of the beauties of nature, and even a dash of romance in his composition, which one would not have expected from the style of his subsequent productions. Some of his published sermons were held in considerable estimation. The letters embodied in the memoir prefixed to his posthumous works are often highly amusing, and exhibit in a fresh and pleasing light his first impressions of England and various parts of Scotland.

'The Protestant,' however, is the work on which his permanent reputation is built, and originated in the following manner:—About the end of May, 1818, an Oratorio was held in the Roman Catholic Chapel in Glasgow, for the benefit of some schools, or societies, connected with the Chapel; and in an account of it given by the 'Glasgow Chronicle,' something was added regarding the pretended holiness of the building. Upon this paragraph Mr. M'Gavin animad-

verted in a letter to the Editor, signed, 'A Protestant,' which was replied to by a letter, signed, 'Amicus Veritatis.' The result was, a long newspaper controversy, and Mr. M'Gavin, foreseeing that the proper discussion of the subject would be likely to encroach too far upon the goodness of the Editor of the 'Chronicle' and his readers, intimated his intention of carrying it on in a separate weekly publication, to be called 'The Protestant.' This was accordingly commenced, and assumed the form of a series of Essays, in which are discussed the distinguishing features between the Christianity of the New Testament and that of the Romish Priesthood. 'The Protestant' continued to be published regularly every Saturday, during a space of four years, and now forms four large volumes, 8vo. In 1819, an edition of it, with the author's sanction, was commenced and regularly stereotyped and printed in Dublin; another edition was also printed in Liverpool. After the controversy was finished, a new and amended edition was stereotyped and printed in Glasgow, accompanied with a preface by the author; since which, six other editions have been printed in Glasgow, besides several editions in Ireland and America.

We have only to add, to complete our brief record of the life of this remarkable man, that in the summer of 1821 his commercial affairs became embarrassed, and he lost all that he possessed. His good name, however, was a treasure which misfortune could not take away; his creditors were paid to the full amount of their claims, and he was offered and accepted the important situation of manager of the Glasgow Branch of the British Linen Bank. This occurred in July, 1822, about the time that he had finished 'The Protestant,' and in this situation he remained till his death, abating none of his activity, but still continuing to preach frequently on Sundays, and contributing largely to the press in connection with various subjects, chiefly of a controversial nature. He was strongly opposed to the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Bill in 1829; and it was about this time that he

brought before the public a new edition of Knox's History of the Reformation, enriched with a memoir of the author, and some of his minor pieces, including the first book of Discipline of the Church of Scotland and the dispute with the Abbot of Crossraguel.

Mr. M'Gavin's death occurred suddenly at dinner, by a stroke of apoplexy, on the 23d of August, 1832. His remains, as already stated, were interred in the Crypt of Wellington Street Chapel; and early in the following year a number of his admirers and friends entered into a subscription to raise a public memorial to his name. This subscription soon amounted to a handsome sum, and the beautiful monument which now adorns the Necropolis was the result. His character may be well described in the following lines, dedicated by the poet of 'The Grave' to the memory of his own father-in-law:—

“ Though scrupulously just, yet not severe ;
Though cautious, open ; courteous, yet sincere ;
Though reverend, yet not magisterial ;
Though intimate with few, yet loved by all ;
Though circumspectly good, yet never sour ;
Pleasant with innocence, and never more.
Religion worn by thee attractive show'd,
And with its own unborrowed beauty glow'd.”

CHAPTER XXIII.

MONUMENTS OVERLOOKING THE FAÇADE—NUDE WINGED FIGURE
—BEAUTIFUL GOTHIC TOMB—DILLETANTI SOCIETY—ANDREW
HENDERSON—GREEK TEMPLE—MR. HILL'S BURYING-GROUND.

“What are our ages but a few brief waves
From the vast ocean of eternity,
That break upon the shores of this our world,
And so ebb back into the immense profound.”—MILMAN.

BEFORE proceeding to the southern section of SIGMA, we shall now make a short detour to several elegant monuments, and other objects of interest, which grace the declivity of the hill. Immediately opposite Mr. M'Gavin's monument, a branch of the carriage-way descends transversely in a straight line along the face of the hill, dividing BETA on the left from GAMMA on the right, till it reaches the principal carriage-way below, at Hugh Hamilton's monument. Descending a few steps in this direction, the visitor will observe on his right hand, and therefore in GAMMA, a cubical block of Aberdeen granite, enriched with a beautiful alto-relievo profile in white marble. This very fine monument, which stands a little apart from the family burying-ground, where the deceased is interred, is inscribed “to the memory of Alexander Buchanan, merchant, Glasgow, who died 5th September, 1850, aged 31 years.”

A little lower in the same compartment, is one of the most exquisite pieces of sculpture in the Necropolis. We allude to the weeping winged figure, with inverted torch, which crowns or constitutes the monument erected by a few friends, to the memory of the late Mr. Peter Lawrence, sculptor. This object, which may be seen from the bridge, is a decided ornament to the Necropolis—while, at the same time, it is an appropriate tribute to the memory of the deceased artist, of whom there is an admirable profile on the upper part of

the pedestal. The attitude, form, and expression of the cherub, are all alike faultless, and the statue is worthy of the best ages of Grecian sculpture. It certainly reflects great credit on the memory of the late Mr. Mossman, from whose studio it proceeded. The countenance of the figure expresses a subdued sadness, chastened by calm resignation, and mingled with that celestial beauty which points to a region of immortality and everlasting youth.

Returning, and pursuing the walk which passes behind this statue, the visitor will observe, at a little distance beyond it, on the right hand, a truly magnificent Gothic structure, erected by Mr. Mathew Montgomerie, writer, to the memory of his deceased lady. This monument, which stands in the shelter of the rocky bank, was designed by Mr. Charles Wilson,* of this city, and is one of the finest in the Necropolis. It is in the florid or decorated style, somewhat similar to Henry the Seventh's chapel, Westminster, but of a later period. The principal feature is a central arched recess, surmounted by a traceried canopy, with pointed and highly ornamented gable, terminating in crockets and finial. Under the base of this central recess, is a scroll with the motto, 'SPES IN CÆLO.' The arch is bounded by buttresses and pinnacles; and on each side are canopied niches, with sculptured figures of Hope and Resignation, by Mr. Mossman. These figures are much and justly admired. The rest of the work was executed by Messrs. Hamilton & Miller; and we believe it cost the proprietor the sum of £400. We regret to add, that the numerous pinnacles on this elaborate structure, suffered considerable damage in the storm of the 6th and 7th February, 1856.

The next is a handsome double monument; and then follows a series of tombstones in one connected chain, belonging to

* This gentleman, a well-known architect in Glasgow, must not be confounded with Charles H. Wilson, A.R.S.A., whom we have mentioned (p. 75) as having designed the beautiful neighbouring obelisk, erected to the late Mr. Monteith of Carstairs. We ought to have stated that Mr. C. H. Wilson is Director of the Government School of Design, Glasgow.

the Messrs. Gilmour, merchants, and other members of the same respected family. Their position is immediately under the obelisk erected to the late Mr. Henry Monteith of Carstairs. We must give it as our candid opinion, that monuments so connected do not produce a good effect, and should not be encouraged in the Necropolis. Passing these, and a variety of elegant structures on each side, the visitor will arrive at the northern extremity of this terrace, where he will observe on his left, opposite a fine massive monument belonging to Mr. James Ker, a considerable rectangular area, surrounded by a handsome balustrade of substantial masonry. Probably few among the citizens of Glasgow are aware that this piece of ground encloses the mortal remains of the deceased Dilletanti Society.*

The object of this society was, as its name implies, the encouragement of the fine arts. It was founded in 1824, and flourished for several years, numbering in its list of membership many of our most respectable citizens, and doubtless contributing not a little to foster in Glasgow an improved taste for painting and sculpture. Its rooms were the same apartments in the Argyle Arcade which have, until lately, been devoted to the annual exhibitions of the Art Union. It was there that the original plans of the Necropolis lay for public inspection. In 1830, a little volume or brochure was published by Dr. Strang, under the pseudonym of 'Geoffrey Crayon, Jun.,'† to which we are indebted for the following information, with reference to the founders of this society:—

“The history of the Society is short, but it is nevertheless marked by some interesting incidents. Like the establishment of many other institutions of greater name, this appears to have arisen from mere accident—from nothing more, in fact, than the occasional meeting of two of its present members, Mr. Andrew Henderson, and Mr. James Davie—both of whom, it is well known, entertain the same taste for the purity of art, and feel the same enthusiasm for its diffusion.

* It is true that the Dilletanti Society was never formally dissolved; but, although several of its members survive, it appears to have virtually ceased to exist, or to be merged in the Art Union.

† “A glance at the Exhibitions of the Works of Living Artists, under the Patronage of the Glasgow Dilletanti Society, by Geoffrey Crayon, Jun. David Robertson, 188 Tron-gate, 1830.”

To the congenial views of these gentlemen, the Dilletanti Society owes its being—a being which, perhaps, might not have proved of such immediate value to the community, had it not been fostered by the equally congenial spirit of Dr. William Young. Of this triumvirate, and of what they have accomplished, much might be said in the way of eulogy; but to such individuals, the promulgation of the simple fact, of having, by their example and perseverance, congregated around them so respectable a band as that of the Glasgow Dilletanti Society, will be, perhaps, deemed a sufficiently high panegyric . . . In 1825, the Dilletanti Society could scarcely muster a dozen members, but at the present hour (1830), Glasgow can point to at least fifty individuals, who may justly be said to be patrons or advocates of the Fine Arts, in the respective circles to which they belong.”

In April, 1835, the piece of ground at which we are now standing, was purchased and enclosed with the funds of the society for the use of its members;* and here are interred the remains of two of its founders—the late Dr. William Young and Mr. Andrew Henderson. With the facts of Dr. Young's history we are not acquainted; but a sketch of the life of Mr. Henderson, who was an original and eccentric genius, is prefixed to ‘The Laird of Logan’—a collection of Scottish facetiæ and anecdotes, to which reference has been made in our notice of the late Mr. David Robertson, bookseller. To this humorous and amusing work, Henderson was a large contributor, along with his friends William Motherwell and John Donald Carrick. He also published, in 1832, a ‘Collection of Scottish Proverbs,’ with an admirable introduction by Motherwell.

From the memoir prefixed to ‘The Laird of Logan,’ we learn that Mr. Henderson was born at Cleish, near Kinross, in 1783. His father was gardener for many years to the Lord Chief Commissioner Adam, at Blair-Adam, in Fifeshire; and Andrew, being destined for the same profession, was bound apprentice, at the age of thirteen, to his brother, Thomas, then gardener to General Scott of Bellevue, near Edinburgh. On the expiry of his apprenticeship, he removed into the service of the Earl of Kinnoul's gardener, at Dupplin,

* The ground embraces an area of 18 square yards, and cost the society 37l. 16s., to which would afterwards be added the expense of enclosing and excavation, amounting to something considerable. The Necropolis Committee are desirous of repurchasing this ground for the Merchants' House, with a view to contemplated improvements.

near Perth, where he remained a year; and afterwards went to the Earl of Hopetoun's gardens, near Queensferry, where he assisted for several months. This was his last engagement in that capacity. His constitution not being strong enough for out-of-door exposure, he quitted the employment of gardening; and through the influence of a brother who was settled in Paisley as a clothier, he obtained a situation in a manufacturing house in that town, in which, however, owing to the insolvency of his employers, he continued only about a year. At this time, having shown a taste for art, he attended a drawing-school during a brief period of inaction from business. He afterwards obtained the situation of foreman in the respectable house of Hepburn & Watt, then in Paisley, where he remained for four or five years. But his love for the pictorial art had now become the ruling passion; and in March, 1809, he repaired to London, to complete his education as an artist by studying at the Royal Academy. In 1813 he returned to Glasgow, and obtained considerable local celebrity as a portrait painter; but latterly, owing to his eyesight becoming impaired, his portraits rather declined in reputation, the coloring being inferior to those of an earlier period. With reference to Mr. Henderson's character, the writer of the biographic sketch prefixed to 'The Laird of Logan' says:—

“Eccentric he was undoubtedly, and of a temperament not a little uncertain and fiery—so that it required not seldom the indulgence and forbearance of his friends to make allowance for the curious whims and startling humors with which at times he assailed them. Yet few men had more attached friends, or retained his older friendships with a more firm and genial grasp, or died more sincerely regretted. . . . His claim to rank as one of the distinguished trio—of Carrick, Motherwell, and Henderson—rests upon the marked originality of his character, and the eccentric but overpowering eloquence of his language, when he was fairly kindled into opposition. At such times his rich command of the broad and vigorous dialect of his native tongue, in which he excelled all men we have ever met, seemed to endow him with a nervous eloquence, and a copious energy of language, which descended like a hurricano on the head of the hapless wight who had unwittingly brought him out. No man could listen to him at such times without feeling that he was no ordinary person. In general, his conversation partook of the startling originality, and the impetuous eccentricity of his character, and was richly seasoned with broad humor and sarcastic point. It was his custom to sit for some time

silent in general society, until something was advanced which touched upon any of his favorite views; and if by chance he was in company with a pretended amateur, or a particularly affected person, it was amusing to observe how he would sit 'nursing his wrath' until the storm would collect, and burst forth in an absolute tornado of withering invective, or torrent of burning sarcasm. He had a strong dislike to the Celtic race; and nothing could more effectually stir up his bile, than for any one to hold forth in their praise in his presence. Many amusing scenes took place in consequence of this rich peculiarity in his character. He was also a stout defender of the state of single blessedness, and used to declare that 'he thanked God, that when he put on his hat, it covered his whole family.'"

Mr. Henderson died of apoplexy, after a few hours illness, April 9, 1835; and his friend Motherwell survived him only a few months, dying, by a singular coincidence, in the same manner. Mr. Carrick expired about two years afterwards; so that but a short period elapsed when these three friends and companions, so cordially attached to each other in life, were united in the common bond of death. Well might it be said on this occasion:—

“Like clouds that rake the mountain-summits,
Or waves that own no curbing hand,
How fast has brother followed brother
From sunshine to the sunless land!”

The grave of Motherwell, not far distant from the spot on which we now stand, and in the same compartment of the Necropolis, has been already noticed. That of Carrick, though not in the Necropolis, is likewise so near that we may almost descry it from our present position. It is marked by a marble slab, inserted in a recumbent stone, in the middle of the second terrace from the foot of the Cathedral Cemetery, and bearing the following inscription:—

JOHN DONALD CARRICK,
Born 1787, Died 1837;

A man of integrity and benevolence, an author of fine fancy and genuine humor, and a critic of sound judgment. A few friends have placed this slight memorial over his grave, to prove that 'To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die.'

Having thus performed our passing homage to three familiar names which were closely united in life and in death—we now bid adieu to the 'narrow house' of the Dilletanti

Society. At the north-west corner of that enclosure, a flight of two or three steps conducts upward to a beautiful terrace, which leads directly to the back of Motherwell's tomb, and to which we have already alluded (p. 73) as containing a number of handsome monuments, but all of a purely private character. Leaving the visitor therefore to follow that course at his leisure, we now return to the south by a narrow walk, which here descends to the carriage-way that separates BETA from GAMMA.

Proceeding a few yards in this direction, the visitor will notice beneath him, on his right, a massive tombstone crowned with an urn, and constructed entirely of white marble, the brilliancy of which renders it a strikingly conspicuous object from the bridge below. This is the property of Mr. George Henderson, marble merchant in Bothwell Street; and we have observed, on the summit of Sighthill Cemetery, another very large and beautiful block of the same material, also erected by a gentleman engaged in the marble business.

Passing some handsome monuments on the left, our walk descends and rejoins the carriage-way near the graceful rectangular sepulchre, to which allusion has already been made (p. 51) as enclosing the mortal remains of the late Mr. Davidson of Ruchill. Here we look down upon the roof of the structure; and the visitor who wishes to see it to advantage must pass to the foot of the carriage-way, and then re-ascend by a walk which branches off to the left at the back of Mr. Pinkerton's monument. This will conduct him in the first place to a flight of steps, at which he will observe a modest monument, enriched with a profile, in white marble, and bearing the following inscription:—

JACOBUS BROWN, M.D.,
Obiit, MDC·CXLVI., Ætate, LIV.

The profile, we regret to say, is sadly defaced; and its only remaining interest as a work of art consists in the fact of its having been executed by Fillans, the sculptor of the busts of Motherwell and Dugald Moore. Continuing his ascent in

this direction, the visitor will arrive in front of the sepulchre to which we have directed attention, as seen from the carriage-way above.

This very elegant classic structure, which partakes of the character of a Greek temple, was erected in 1851, from designs by Mr. Rothead of Glasgow. In form, it is rectangular, and is 22 feet long by 12 broad, and 12 to 14 in height—covering a series of vaulted spaces beneath. The roof is supported at suitable intervals by coupled pilasters, with channeled courses of stone-work between them, and a bronze door in the centre. The pilasters are continued to the roof, but not the intermediate portions of the walls, and an opening of 12 or 14 inches is thus left under the eaves, which serves the two-fold purpose of ventilation and effectiveness; besides giving light, and depth of shadow, so much desiderated in Greek architecture—the ancient specimens of which are distinguished by the total absence of window or side lights. The whole is formed of Craiglands Quarry stone, not excepting the roof, which is carved into rolls or cylindrical ridges, enriched with foliated acroteria at the eaves, which swell into larger dimensions at the angles and apices of the pediments.

A few steps further on, the walk terminates abruptly at a handsome ornamental gate, which constitutes the northern entrance to the beautiful family burying-ground of Laurence Hill, Esq., LL.B., writer in Glasgow—formerly Collector to the Merchants' House, and to whom allusion has already been made (p. 27), as one of the most active promoters of the Necropolis. We do not hesitate to say, that in its chaste simplicity, this is one of the sweetest and most attractive spots within the precincts of the cemetery. The visitor who may not have leisure or inclination to follow the circuitous course we have pointed out, will readily find access to it from the summit by a walk which diverges from the carriage-way, above Mr. Davidson's sepulchre, opposite the statue of the winged youth erected to Mr. Lawrence, sculptor.

But before proceeding to describe Mr. Hill's burying-ground, we must advert to a handsome and elaborate Gothic monument, which occupies the rocky recess immediately contiguous to that enclosure. This monument, the work of the late Mr. M'Lean, is erected "to the memory of William Matheson, merchant, Glasgow, who died on the 12th December, 1846," and other members of the family.

Mr. Hill's property is nearly in the form of a semicircle, and has the appearance of being partly excavated in the face of the hill. On the west side, which may be considered the diameter of the semicircle, is a massive perforated wall, supporting at proper intervals four elegant vases. This retaining wall or breast-work constitutes indeed the only elaborate masonry about the spot. The rest has much of the appearance of nature, through which, however, we can mark the effort of art 'to conceal art.' At each end of the wall, north and south, is a handsome ornamental cast-iron gate, similar to one which we shall afterwards find erected at the Jews' burying-ground. The south gate may be almost said to consist of the following beautiful verses from the Eighth Paraphrase—the letters actually constituting the ornamental tracery which forms the leaf of the gate:—

"All nature dies and lives again,—
 The flower that paints the field,
 The trees that crown the mountain's brow,
 And boughs and blossoms yield.
 Yet soon reviving plants and flowers
 Anew shall deck the plain;
 The woods shall hear the voice of Spring,
 And flourish green again.
 O may the grave become to me
 The bed of peaceful rest,
 Whence I shall gladly rise at length
 And mingle with the blest!"

The north gate is composed in the same manner of the following exquisite stanza from Beattie's 'Minstrel':—

"Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,
 When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?
 Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
 Bid him, though doomed to perish, hope to live?"

Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
 With disappointment, penury, and pain?
 No : Heaven's immortal springs shall yet arrive,
 And man's majestic beauty bloom a'gain,
 Bright through th' eternal year of Love's triumphant reign."

It is difficult to decide between the respective merits of Logan's paraphrase of Job's inspired poetry, and Beattie's beautiful echo of the same fine sentiment, originally uttered in the simple, sacred language of the oldest poem on record. This delightful sentiment has come down to us, hallowed by patriarchal antiquity, as well as by divine sanction—and still it lives and flourishes, budding and blooming afresh in our modern poesy, even like the very flowers themselves, which, although old as the world, are still young and fresh, and start into new and delicate life with every return of spring. Thus even Longfellow speaks of them in transatlantic verse, wafted like sybilline leaves from the other side of the world, and quaintly echoing across the ocean of space the same idea which has floated down to us on the ocean of time:—

“Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
 One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
 When he called the flowers, so blue and golden;
 Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.
 Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
 God has written in those stars above;
 But not less in the bright flowerets under us
 Stands the revelation of his love.
 Bright and glorious is that revelation,
 Written all over this great world of ours;
 Making evident our own creation,
 In these stars of earth—these golden flowers.
 And with child-like, credulous affection,
 We behold their tender buds expand;
 Emblems of our own great resurrection;
 Emblems of the bright and better land.”

But to continue our description. The rocky bank or precipice which constitutes the back-ground of the picture is covered over with rough grotesque stones, and masses of lava-like rock, in the fashion of a garden-rockery, which must have been collected and arranged with much trouble. Half concealed among the green ivy leaves, they constitute a finer and more appropriate ornament than any elaborate produc-

tion of monumental art. Indeed, with a correct simplicity of taste, the tinsel and frippery of artificial ornament are carefully avoided; and the leading object appears to have been to bring out the natural capabilities of the place to full advantage. The only monuments are three simple tablets, erected against the face of the rock; and exactly in the centre of the plot of ground, over-shadowed by two aged stumps of trees, covered and matted round with ivy, is a vase or pitcher resting on a cubical block of stone, on which is the following inscription, from the book of Ecclesiastes:—

“Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern; Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God, who gave it.”

One of the three tablets is worthy of special attention, not only on account of the peculiar character of the inscription, but also as one of the first, in point of chronological order, with which the Necropolis was adorned. Hence the compartment was termed BETA, immediately succeeding in alphabetical order that which contains the sepulchres of the Jews, the earliest tenants of the Necropolis. The tablet indicates the last resting-place of the late Mrs. Hill, who may be regarded as the first Christian lady, moving in the upper or respectable ranks, whose remains were deposited in the cemetery. There is one portion of the inscription on this tablet which we cannot transfer to our columns—we mean the curious anagrammatic device immediately above the name of the deceased, in which a combination of cypress boughs is made to represent either B. H., or L. H., or both, as the reader may choose to decipher it. Omitting this symbol, the inscription is as follows:—

Tranquillus eram et disruptus me—
Vulneratus, et manus ejus medicantur.

Barbara Hopkirk.
C. C. Laurentii Hill, LL.B.
Dec. III. Non. Maii. MDCCCXXXIII.
A. O.
Mar. F. F. Q. XII. L.

Vale ! paullisper.

The inscriptions on the two other tablets contain nothing remarkable. We may, however, remark, before quitting the spot, that while it has a singularly solemn and sequestered appearance, it commands a perfectly unobstructed view of the beautiful panorama beneath—the bridge, the Cathedral, and the city. It is one of those quiet nooks from which, with a feeling of perfect security, the visitor may look forth upon the mighty world, with its living, toiling thousands—and there is the Cathedral, too, in its solemn majesty, rising like a venerable pilgrim, the remnant of some holier age, to bless and hallow the scene.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HUGH HEUGH, D.D.

“ When by a good man’s grave I muse alone,
 Methinks an angel sits upon the stone,
 Like those of old, on that thrice-hallowed night,
 Who sat and watched in raiment heavenly bright,
 And, with a voice inspiring joy, not fear,
 Says, pointing upward, that he is not here,
 That he is risen.” ROGERS.

FROM our short downward digression, we now return to the carriage-way, in front of Mr. M’Gavin’s monument, opposite which will be observed a tall obelisk, with this simple inscription:—

LAUHLAN LUMSDEN,
 Writer, Glasgow,
 Died February 4, 1837.

It ought to have been added, to the honor of the deceased, and as an example to others, that this gentleman left the munificent sum of £5000 to the Glasgow Royal Infirmary—an institution which was also largely indebted to the liberal donations and gratuitous labors of his brother, the late highly

esteemed Provost Lumsden, who died May 16, 1856, at the age of 78, and is interred in the Cathedral Cemetery.

Passing Mr. Lumsden's obelisk, and then a singularly elegant monument, erected by Mr. Richard Kidston—both in the compartment BETA—we next encounter, on the same side of the carriage-way, and therefore in the same compartment, a beautiful obelisk of red granite, bearing the following inscription:—

REV. HUGH HEUGH, D.D.
Born, 12th August, 1782.
Died, 10th June, 1846.

The name of the late Dr. Heugh is familiarly known in Scotland as that of a distinguished divine, who held a conspicuous position in the ranks of the dissenting community for many years, although he has left behind him little to perpetuate his memory, except the remembrance and the fruits of an active and laborious life devoted to the work of the ministry. His memoirs and extracts from his private writings, together with a volume of his sermons, published by his son-in-law, the Rev. Hamilton M. Macgill, afford, however, ample information with reference to his personal character and history, as well as his public career. To these volumes we refer the reader who desires to form an intimate acquaintance with a man of no common mould, and of ardent religious aspirations. The most interesting part of his life is the record of the workings of his own mind in his letters and private journal. Here we can only sketch briefly a few of the dates and details of his family and personal history, in which there is little variety of stirring incident.

Dr. Heugh was descended from two generations of clergymen. His paternal grandfather, the Rev. John Heugh, was minister of the parish of Kingoldrum, in the 'braes of Angus,' and died in 1731, two years before the Secession. He is described as having been a minister of very evangelical views, strongly opposed to the 'moderate' spirit, which at that time

pervaded the Church of Scotland, and manifesting great fidelity and zeal in the discharge of his pastoral duties. There is little doubt, from his antecedents, that if he had lived a few years longer, he would have been associated with Erskine, Fisher, Wilson, and Moncrieff, in founding the Secession in 1733. This may be inferred from the fact that the whole of his family, inheriting their father's opinions, with a perfect knowledge of his views on the questions which at that time divided the Church, afterwards joined the Secession. His elder son, Hugh, died at college in Glasgow; but his three daughters were married to dissenting ministers, and the only surviving son, John, the father of the subject of this notice, studied for the sacred profession in connection with the same denomination.

On the death of the minister of Kingoldrum, his widow had removed with her family to Perth, and John was engaged in pursuing his studies when, in 1747, the 'breach' occurred which divided the Secession into two branches—the Burghers and the Anti-burghers. The young divine, with his family, adhered to the Anti-burghers; and such was the proficiency to which he had attained in his studies, that, when not yet twenty years of age, he was appointed by the General Associate Synod, to teach Logic and Moral Philosophy, at Abernethy, to students preparing for the theological course. In 1752, he was licensed to preach the gospel, and almost immediately received two calls—the one from a congregation in Leslie, Fifeshire, and the other to Stirling. The Synod decided in favor of the latter, and on the 22d November, 1752, Mr. Heugh was ordained as minister of the Anti-burgher congregation in Stirling. His prospects at first were far from encouraging. His call was signed by only 82 individuals, who represented his whole congregation, and an overpowering opposition existed in the other branch of the Secession, under the Rev. Ebenezer Erskine, one of the fathers of the movement, who, having left the parish church, naturally attracted to his person and position a large share

of popular sympathy. He died, however, two years after Mr. Heugh's appointment, and under the able ministrations of that gentleman, the Anti-burgher congregation soon became highly respectable in point of numbers.

Notwithstanding the limited space at our disposal, we have been thus particular in stating these details because they are not the least interesting portion of the volume of Dr. Heugh's biography, and because, while affording a key to his own religious prepossessions, they introduce us to the scene of his future ministerial labors for many years.

Dr. Heugh was born at Stirling on the 12th August, 1782; and was the ninth of ten children, most of whom died in early life. His first religious impressions seem to have been imbibed from his parents when very young; and he stated that he could not remember the time when he did not look forward to the ministry as his profession. At ten years of age he entered the grammar-school of his native place, then conducted by the celebrated Dr. Doig, who is styled by Lord Woodhouselee in the 'Encyclopedia Britannica,' 'the most learned of Scottish schoolmasters in modern times,' and to whom allusion has already been made in the life of Dr. Thomas Thomson. Having passed through the five years' course at school, where he was generally dux in his classes, he was sent, in his fifteenth year, to the University of Edinburgh; and, in 1799, after undergoing the prescribed examinations, he entered the Divinity Hall in connection with the General Associate Synod, under the Rev. Professor Bruce of Whitburn. The session of 1800-1, he devoted to physical science in the Andersonian Institution, Glasgow; and having completed the remaining course at the Hall, he was licensed as a preacher by the General Associate Presbytery of Stirling on the 22d of February, 1804.

While attending the College and Divinity Hall, he formed a variety of rules for self-discipline, which show that he was seriously resolved on a life of progressive improvement; and shortly after receiving his license, he began to keep a regular

diary, which he continued with little interruption to the end of his life. In this diary he lays down rules and maxims for his mental culture, as well as for his spiritual improvement; and, acting on his favorite theory, that 'a young man can do anything,' he seems to have always persevered in his written resolutions and purposes, until he succeeded in acquiring the habit, or effecting the particular object, which he had in view.

A natural timidity of manner, which he afterwards succeeded in mastering, produced a want of animation in his earlier pulpit appearances. On one occasion, while officiating at Leslie, his memory or self-possession so entirely failed him, that he was compelled to stop the discourse, and give out a psalm to be sung while he referred to his notes. He was, therefore, far from being popular at first; and nearly two years elapsed from the time of his obtaining licence before he received a call to a church. In the meantime, however, he rapidly improved in his preaching; and such was the effect, that in the early part of 1806 he received no less than three calls—one from a congregation in Hawick; another from Stirling, to be colleague to his father; and a third from a church in Greenloaning. The Synod decided in favor of the claims of Stirling, which quite coincided with his own wishes; and accordingly, on the 14th August, 1806, he was ordained as colleague to his father. By this appointment the whole ministerial duty devolved upon him from the first, his father being then at the advanced age of 76. With great generosity, however, the congregation, instead of diminishing, actually enlarged the stipend of the aged incumbent at the time of his son's ordination.

In Stirling, he labored with great satisfaction and acceptance, for a period of fifteen years. Besides an indefatigable course of visitation, assiduous attention to the training of the young, and an active participation in the efforts of various religious societies, he was in the habit of writing and committing to memory three discourses every week. In 1807, he

lost his mother. In 1808, we find him *deliberately resolving to relinquish literary and philosophical pursuits in favor of active usefulness*. In 1809, he married Isabella, daughter of the Rev. John Clarkson, first minister of the Anti-burgher congregation of Ayr—a union which greatly contributed to his future happiness. In 1810 his father died, leaving him the sole pastoral charge of the congregation.

We have stated in our life of Mr. Ewing, that for many years the two divisions of the Secession were animated by a bitter rivalry, and held but little intercourse. Mr. Heugh, however, always evinced in his conduct a much more liberal spirit, and lived on friendly terms both with Mr. Erskine's successor and the parish minister of Stirling. He never ceased in his efforts to promote an evangelical union in religious matters; and the first prominent part which he took in the Church Courts was a movement in this direction, when, in the autumn of 1809, he originated an overture on 'Covenanting,' the object of which was to remove certain intolerant features in that recently revived observance. The overture was ordered to lie on the table, and there it lay untouched for a period of four years; but in 1814 it was taken up, and its frequent discussion in the Synod during the six following years gradually gained the object intended, by preparing the way for the re-amalgamation of the two branches of the Secession Church. In May, 1819, Mr. Heugh was elected moderator of the General Associate Synod; and at the opening of the Synod, in September, he preached a discourse from Luke ix. 49, 50, in which the approaching union was expressly discussed. The discourse was published, and reached in a few weeks a second edition. It was at the close of his term of office as moderator, in the following year, that 'The United Secession Church' was formed. The event was hailed by Mr. Heugh and the great majority of his brethren with intense satisfaction; but there were not wanting a few who protested against it; and it argues the high esteem and respect in which Mr. Heugh was now held, that he was

appointed, with Drs. Mitchell and Stark, to answer the 'Protesters.'

He had visited London for the first time in 1812, to assist the Rev. Dr. Jerment upon a communion occasion. His second visit was in 1820, in company with a minister of the Established Church, as a deputation from the Scottish Missionary Society. In returning from London by Leicester, he drank tea with the celebrated Robert Hall; and his opinion of that distinguished divine was thus expressed in a letter to Dr. Stark—"I had the happiness to hear him preach, and the folly to preach before him. In conversation, he is the most profound, intellectual, and eloquent man I ever met with. As Dr. Chalmers said of him, 'he is quite Johnsonian;' but he might have added, that he has none of Johnson's rudeness or arrogance, and a great deal more piety."

Mr. Heugh's superior talents and the weight of his character were now beginning to be fully appreciated; and after the meeting of the Synod at which he delivered the discourse above-mentioned, he received a call to a congregation which had lately been formed in Regent Place, Blackfriars' Street, Glasgow. This call was twice over-ruled by the Church Courts in favor of the claims of Stirling, and twice repeated by the congregation. As the time for the final decision of the Synod approached, he received a similar invitation from Nicholson Street congregation, Edinburgh, to be colleague to their venerable pastor, Dr. Jamieson. On 15th September, 1821, the Synod decided, by a slender majority of two, in favor of his translation to Glasgow.

His parting with so many attached friends in Stirling was deeply affecting. On the last Sunday of his regular ministerial labors in that town, he preached two farewell discourses from the pulpit which his father had first entered sixty-nine years before, and which had therefore been occupied by father and son for the long period of nearly seventy years.

He entered on his duties in Glasgow at a deeply interesting

epoch, when the union between the two bodies of Seceders had just been completed, and the pulpits of the city were adorned with the eminent ministerial talents of Chalmers, Wardlaw, and Dick. He soon became highly popular; and not many months had elapsed when he found himself preaching to large and intelligent audiences, very different, indeed, from his limited congregation at Stirling. He more than realized expectations; launched with vigor into all his ministerial duties; set himself in firm opposition to some of the antiquated prejudices, such as the objections to gown and bands, and to the singing of repeating tunes, which still lingered in the breasts of a portion of his new congregation; and soon organized a complete machinery of schools and Christian societies.

Besides his indefatigable labors in connection with his ministerial function, he had not been long in Glasgow when he became intensely occupied with almost every department of general ecclesiastical business. He was soon associated with Dr. Wardlaw and Dr. Smith, as joint-secretary of the Glasgow Auxiliary Bible Society. This led him, in 1824, to take an active and prominent part in the Apocryphal question, on which he ultimately differed with Dr. Wardlaw, but never in a manner which produced the slightest asperity of feeling between them. So highly were his labors esteemed, and such was the success attending on his ministrations, that within a few years after his arrival in Glasgow, his stipend was twice enlarged by the congregation. His worldly comfort was thus secured beyond the extent of his desires; and the brief intervals of leisure allowed him from his multifarious duties, were spent with exquisite relish and enjoyment in the midst of a happy and affectionate family, which, at the time of his coming to Glasgow, consisted of two sons and four daughters.

Much of the incident of Dr. Heugh's life consisted in his numerous journeys and excursions, either to advocate the claims of religious and philanthropic societies, or to represent

to the Government in London the views of the Scottish Dissenters on the various questions of the day. In 1829, he was one of a deputation sent to Ireland by the Hibernian Auxiliary Scottish Missionary Society; and at that time he remained about five weeks in the northern province of the island. In May, 1830, he preached the annual sermon on Missions to the London Missionary Society in Surrey Chapel. From London he, on this occasion, paid a visit to Paris, where he arrived only a few weeks before the celebrated 'three days' which sent Charles X. into exile, and placed Louis Philippe on the throne. In Paris he attended worship on Sunday in the chapel of the English ambassador; and he states, that he joined with much satisfaction in repeating along with the congregation the Lord's prayer, and going through the other forms of Episcopal worship—a circumstance which shows how far Dr. Heugh was from sharing the narrow prejudices of some of his brethren.

In 1831, he evinced a deep interest in the progress of the Reform Bill, but never attended meetings of a strictly political nature, or allowed his pulpit to be used for the advocacy of such objects. In the month of July, in that year, he visited Lancashire along with his friend Dr. Beattie, as a deputation from the Synod to promote missions. His fame had now extended to America, and it was about this time he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of Pittsburgh, in Pennsylvania. With reference to such titles he afterwards wrote to a friend—"Considering all things, they are of vastly little value; a mere tinsel shoulder-knot,—neither helmet, sword, nor shield, much less brawny arm or valorous soul."

It was, however, when the Voluntary controversy burst forth, that his powers as a platform-speaker, as well as a controversial writer, were called into active and incessant exercise. Into this question he threw his whole soul, as far as was consistent with a strictly conscientious discharge of his ministerial and other duties. In 1832, he took a prominent

part in originating the first formal meeting which was held in the Voluntary cause. In the summer of 1834, he undertook another journey to London, as member of a deputation commissioned to present a memorial founded on numerous petitions of the Scottish Voluntaries. On that occasion he assisted at the interviews with Lord Grey and other members of the Government. In 1835, he was busily occupied with Voluntary meetings in different parts of the country, powerfully advocating the cause on the platform, which, at the same time, he endeavored to promote by several small publications, exhibiting great acuteness and controversial power.

In the meantime the spiritual interests of his congregation were not neglected; and no better proof of this can be given than that, in the year at which we have now arrived, this congregation was supporting two city missionaries, two teachers of week-day and evening schools, a foreign missionary in Jamaica, and a home missionary in the West Highlands.

In February, 1838, in company with Dr. Wardlaw and other members of a deputation from the Glasgow Voluntary Society, he visited London a fifth time, to remonstrate against the proposed additional endowments to the Church of Scotland. On that occasion the deputation had interviews with Lord Melbourne, Lord Brougham, Mr. O'Connell, Lord Durham, Lord Lansdowne, Lord John Russell, and other eminent persons. Dr. Heugh took a prominent part in these interviews, some of which he amusingly describes in his letters and diary. In the course of the same year he attended and spoke at meetings connected with the Church question, at Kilmarnock, Ayr, Lanark, Hamilton, Falkirk, Denny, Stirling, Edinburgh, Perth, and other places. He prepared and delivered, also, a course of lectures—partly discussing the general question, and partly in reply to the lectures delivered by Dr. Chalmers in London. It was his intention to have published these; but after being fully prepared for the press,

they were suppressed, in deference to the wishes of Dr. Wardlaw, who had been requested to deliver a course of lectures on the same subject, and expressed his displeasure that the field was about to be pre-occupied by Dr. Heugh.

In 1841, a 'Friendly Address to Dissenters' appeared, calling upon them to co-operate with the then dominant party in the Church of Scotland. To this address Dr. Heugh published a 'Friendly Reply;' and again to a second 'Friendly Address,' a second 'Friendly Reply.' Both of these publications obtained an immense circulation. In May, 1843, the Disruption occurred—an event with which Dr. Heugh expressed himself delighted beyond measure, as seeming to his mind to inaugurate the era of a triumph of Voluntary principles and pure religion. He proclaimed and applauded from his pulpit what he considered the noble sacrifice made by the Non-intrusion party on that occasion.

It was about this period that Dr. Heugh's health began to decline. He had previously been compelled to relax, for short intervals, in consequence of over-exertion and failing strength. He was now recommended to desist entirely from his labors for a period of at least three months. He selected Geneva as his retreat, passing in his way through Paris, Basle, and Berne. At Geneva he enjoyed frequent intercourse with Drs. Gaussen, Malan, D'Aubigné, and other individuals distinguished for their learning and piety. No part of his life seems to have been spent more happily. His description of his visit to the famous Chamouni shows with how keen a relish he enjoyed, even at his then advanced age, the Alpine glories of Switzerland. This description appears in a little production entitled 'Notices on the State of Religion in Geneva and Belgium,' which he published after his return—having first read them to his congregation in a series of evening lectures. He afterwards wrote to a friend with reference to this continental trip—"The Swiss visit has been to me the most bewitching sort of thing in my whole experience."

He returned with his health much restored, but still his constitution was now rapidly failing, and the weight of increasing infirmities began to press upon him. Under a consciousness of this, he acquiesced in the proposal of his congregation, that his duties should be shared with a colleague, and in April, 1845, a call was given to Mr. Croom, which that gentleman declined. Dr. Heugh continued his labors for some time longer; but on the 20th of the following July, serious and distressing symptoms appeared, which altogether laid him aside from active exertion. In October, he recovered so far as to resume his duties, and entered with ardor into the Evangelical Alliance. In the following December, a call was given to Mr. Taylor, now of Renfield Street church, who was settled as Dr. Heugh's colleague on the 6th of February, 1846.

In the following month, Dr. Heugh was confined to his house with the illness from which he never recovered. It is a somewhat remarkable coincidence, recorded by his son-in-law, that "after the induction of Dr. Taylor, Dr. Heugh preached only once; once he addressed along with him the communicants at the Lord's table; once he was present with him at a stated prayer-meeting of the church; once accompanied in a course of family visitation; was once with him in a few visits to the afflicted; was once with him in the Session; and once with him in the Presbytery. Into these varied scenes of service he introduced his successor, and was withdrawn from public life." Under the dropsical complaint, which was the form his disease had now assumed, Dr. Heugh continued rapidly to sink, maintaining his cheerfulness and Christian tranquillity to the last. He died in the bosom of his family on the morning of Wednesday, the 10th June, 1846, and the closing scene, as his biographer states, was in every respect one of perfect peace.

The question, 'Whether Dr. Heugh might not have more advantageously employed his powers had he devoted more of his energy to literature, and less to action,' we leave to others

to determine. The answer must depend on the estimate formed of the value of his public labors. In action, at least, he was well qualified to take a prominent part. "In all the measures which he prosecuted," wrote Dr. King from Jamaica, "Dr. Heugh was conspicuously influential. It seemed impossible for him to act, and not to impel others into action. Some, possessing equal or superior intellectual faculties, make little impression on their times. Perhaps they produce a book which is little read, or which at the best only replaces some other book nearly as good. Wherever Dr. Heugh was an agent, he was a source and centre of agency. His hand, applied to any good work, gave an immediate and sensible impulse to all men and mechanism engaged in its promotion. His associates were enlivened by his animation, emboldened by his energy, and carried along by the stream of his generous enthusiasm."

CHAPTER XXV.

WILLIAM DUNN OF DUNTOCHER—THE RELIEF CHURCH—UPSILON
DEFINED—VIEW FROM THE PRECIPICE—EXTENSION OF THE
NECROPOLIS INTO THE QUARRY—ANALYSIS OF WATER FROM
THE QUARRY—THE LADY WELL.

"O meek retiring spirit ! we will climb,
Cheering and cheer'd, this lovely hill sublime ;
And from the stirring world uplifted high,
(Whose noises faintly wafted on the wind
To quiet musings shall attune the mind,
And oft the melancholy theme supply,)
There, while the prospect through the gazing eye
Pours all its healthful greenness on the soul,
We'll laugh at wealth, and learn to laugh at fame,
Our hopes, our knowledge, and our joys the same,
As neigh'ring fountains image, each the whole.—COLERIDGE,

MR. M'GAVIN'S monument is still our point of reference. Opposite the south side of this structure, a beautiful avenue

proceeds through the middle of the southern division of SIGMA, leading directly to the carriage-way, near the edge of the precipice at Major Monteath's mausoleum. Entering on this avenue, the visitor will observe a variety of elegant monuments on either hand—but more especially on the left, to which we shall confine our attention.

The first monument on this side is chaste and beautiful in design, exhibiting in high relief the figure of an angel weeping over an inverted torch, and supported on each side by low pillars bearing inverted torches. It terminates above in a semicircle, enriched with laurel leaves, and near the summit is a beautiful symbolic star setting in clouds. This monument is dedicated "to the memory of Alexander Henderson, Writer; an able Feudalist, an accomplished Conveyancer, a judicious Adviser, a valued Friend, and a beloved Brother."

The second, immediately beside the above, is crowned with a richly decorated capital, the cornice of which is encircled with a garland of grape-leaves, and the dado with honeysuckle ornament. It is inscribed "in memory of Colin M'Naughton of Kelvin Grove, late merchant in Glasgow, who died on the 29th day of August, 1848, in the 65th year of his age."

The next is one of the finest and most imposing monuments in the Necropolis—a large, solid, octagonal structure, formed of beautiful granite from Ireland, and designed by Mr. Rothead of Glasgow after the mural Roman style. It is nearly forty feet high, by ten or twelve in diameter, and rests on a massive stylobate or basement, supporting at four of the sides of the octagon a series of coupled pilasters or antæ, surmounted by an elegant entablature broken up into projections. At the point where the coupled pillars commence, each of the pairs corresponds to one of the alternate octagon faces of the lower part of the structure; so that in its upper portion it assumes a quadrangular form. The parts of the entablature supported by the antæ are crowned with cineral

urns, surrounding a dome or circular cupola, formed of the same material as the rest of the structure, and rising in massive majesty over the whole.

Though destitute of all meretricious ornament, this is a remarkably graceful, as well as imposing mausoleum; but the first and leading idea it suggests, is that of an almost indefinite durability. From the fact that there is no entrance or opening, the visitor is left to infer that the edifice is perfectly solid; and in this respect it certainly approaches nearer than any other tomb in the Necropolis to the original design of Egypt's everlasting pyramids, which, although provided with a narrow covered entrance to a small chamber containing the sarcophagus of the deceased monarch, were formed to resemble externally solid masses of granite. Such, indeed, they virtually were; and as such they remain to the present hour, belying the words of the poet, when he said with reference to the granite rocks of the globe, in contradistinction to man and his works:—

“They still remain
Amid the flux of many thousand years,
That oft has swept the toiling race of men,
And all their labored monuments away.”

The pyramids of Egypt have stood amid the flux of thousands of years, and a similar fate may be anticipated for this structure, which seems, by its ponderous proportions and lasting material, to be destined to endure as long as the rocky foundation on which it rests. On one of the faces of the upper quadrangular portion it bears the following inscription:—

In Memory of
WILLIAM DUNN OF DUNTOCHER.
Born, 5th October, 1770.
Died, 13th March, 1849.

This gentleman, whose name appears in the Glasgow Directory for 1789, as ‘William Dunn, wright, in Stormont Street,’ rose by successful enterprise and honorable perseverance, to occupy the proud and enviable position of one of the wealthiest commoners in the country. He was born at

Gartclash, in the parish of Kirkintilloch, Dumbartonshire, and was educated partly at the parish school, and partly at the neighbouring village of Campsie. Before attaining his eighteenth year, he was deprived of both his parents, and was left with four brothers, all much younger than himself, and a sister, dependent on him for advice and support. This charge, much to his honor, he faithfully fulfilled throughout life. After serving his apprenticeship as wright and smith in Glasgow, the first situation he held was in the establishment of Mr. Waddington, a cotton-spinner at Stockingfield, near this city, with whom he learned iron-turning and machine-making. He was afterwards employed in Messrs. Black and Hastie's works at Bridge of Weir, and then at the power-loom factory of John Monteith, Esq., at Pollockshaws, to which allusion has been made in our notice of the Monteith family. Even in early life he evinced superior mechanical skill, inventive powers, and an acute mind; and by his intelligence and determined energy he soon acquired the greatest proficiency in all the branches of machine-making. Having succeeded, as eldest son, to the small property of Gartclash, which had belonged to his father, he determined in 1798, with the proceeds of the sale of this property, amounting to a few hundred pounds, to commence business on his own account. Accordingly, in that year, he established the machine works in High John Street, which, from time to time, were extended under his auspices, and are still of the highest celebrity. The immense superiority of his machines was at once recognized, and he soon ranked among his customers the greatest spinning-houses in the country.

He subsequently entered into the business of cotton-spinning himself. About the year 1802, or later, he acquired a small factory in Tobago Street, Calton of Glasgow; and in 1808 he purchased the Duntocher mill, near Bowling, which had been standing for some years unoccupied. These he fitted up with his own machinery, and so well did he succeed that a few years afterwards he purchased the Faifley

mill, which stood about a mile distant from Duntocher, and applied it to the same purpose. In 1813, he acquired the Dalnotter Iron-Works, on the site of which he erected the Milton mill in 1821; and finally, in 1831, he built in the same neighbourhood the Hardgate mill. All these works, with the exception of that in Tobago Street, Glasgow, which was discontinued, lie within a small distance of each other, and the change they have produced in the neighbourhood is remarkable. From a few paltry detached houses, Duntocher and Fairley have now become populous and thriving villages.

Mr. Dunn was also an enlightened agriculturist, and the profits derived from his manufacturing enterprise he expended in the purchase of land in the neighbourhood of his works, acquiring successively the estates of Duntocher, Milton, Kilbowies, Balquhanram, Dalmuir, Duntiglennan, Auchintoshan, and others. These purchases were conducted upon so systematic a principle that the land belonging to him at his death formed one compact and unbroken property, extending upwards of two miles along the banks of the Clyde, and about three along the banks of the Forth and Clyde Canal. Upon this property, about 1200 acres of which were farmed by himself, he employed as quarriers, wrights, farm-servants, &c., more than 250 men; and the amount of wages which he annually paid in the parish was about £35,000, exclusive of the wages of the engineers and others employed in his works at Glasgow.

The sole architect of his large fortune, Mr. Dunn was a man of indomitable perseverance, great self-reliance, and unsullied integrity. He was much esteemed among his tenantry and the population connected with his various establishments. He was charitable without ostentation, and united to a strict sense of honor and rigid truthfulness, a liberal spirit in all his dealings. In private life he was beloved as a gentleman of unassuming manners and kindly dispositions; and although he did not aspire to any official distinction, he at all times cheerfully contributed to every

object calculated to promote the public good. It was his expressed opinion during life, that no man had the right to fetter the hands of those who should succeed him, and of the practice of entailing he always spoke with abhorrence. His settlement was in strict conformity with these sentiments, for after several annuities, and a bequest of £1000 to the Royal Infirmary, besides various sums to other charities, amounting in all to £3000, clear of legacy duty, he left his whole possessions to his sole surviving brother, the present Alexander Dunn, Esq. of Duntocher, untrammelled by any kind of restriction; but indicating at the same time his desire, that afterwards his property should descend, not to one individual, but in certain proportions among those most nearly related to him. The perfect confidence thus expressed in his brother was warranted by years of mutual labor and common success, undertaken and enjoyed by them together; for they had been associated in all their undertakings from boyhood. We speak indeed only the simple truth when we say, that no manufacturer or country gentleman in the West of Scotland is more universally esteemed or more sincerely beloved by his tenantry and dependents, than he who has reared this noble monument to his brother's memory—a monument not of the man alone, but of the wonderful results of mechanical genius; for it may be truly said that Mr. Dunn's colossal fortune was 'made by machinery.'

Passing this stately mausoleum, and one or two other monuments, the visitor will observe a broken column of Peterhead granite, erected by the late Donald Smith, Esq., banker in this city—one of the prettiest monumental gems within the limits of the Necropolis. The massive pedestal and broken shaft are all of the same beautiful stone, and constitute a most appropriate monument to a young lady cut off in the lovely spring-time of early life.

Terminating this walk, on the same side, is a chaste and beautiful tombstone, belonging to the Rev. William Anderson, LL.D., the able and distinguished pastor of the United

Presbyterian Church in John Street. In addition to an English inscription in memory of his deceased lady, which we do not venture to copy, this monument bears another in elegant Latin, which we may be allowed to transcribe, as a rare feature in the Necropolis:—

In Memoriam, quoque,
 G U L I E L M I A N D E R S O N I,
 S.S. Theologiæ Studiosi
 Qui, matrem in cœlum, cito est secutus :
 Eheu ! quam cito
 Patri, fratri, sorori, et sponsæ
 Relictis,
 Multisque aliis lugentibus.
 Subito ereptus !

Obiit Sep. xxix., A. D. MDCCCLV. Natus xxvii. annos.

As a preacher, the Rev. Dr. William Anderson is highly popular in Glasgow. He is also the author of several theological writings, chiefly controversial—among which may be mentioned his treatises on ‘The Mass,’ ‘On Penance,’ ‘The Genius of Popery,’ and ‘Regeneration.’ He was born at Kilsyth, in Stirlingshire, in 1800; was educated at the University of Glasgow; and in 1822, became minister of what was then the Relief Church, John Street, where he has since continued to officiate with great honor and usefulness. The Relief denomination was founded by the Rev. Thomas Gillespie, minister of the parish of Carnock, Fifeshire, who was deposed by the General Assembly in 1752, for refusing to take part in a violent settlement at Inverkeithing. He continued to preach at Dunfermline, and was afterwards joined by the Rev. Thomas Boston,* minister at Jedburgh, and the Rev. Thomas Collier, minister at Colingsburgh, parish of Kilconquhar, Fifeshire. These three ministers met at the village of Colingsburgh, in October, 1761, and formed themselves into a ‘Presbytery of Relief, for the relief of Christians oppressed in their Christian privileges.’ Their adherents rapidly increased in number; and ultimately formed the Relief Synod, which continued a distinct denomination till merged with the United Secession in May, 1847,

* This gentleman was a son of the celebrated Mr. Boston of Ettrick.

under the common designation of the United Presbyterian Church.

Passing the elegant stone which has suggested these historical incidents, we now emerge on the carriage-way that sweeps round the southern part of the summit. Beyond it is the small compartment, UPSILON, which is somewhat in the form of an irregular lunula or crescent, including only Major Monteath's mausoleum, with one or two additional monuments, and stretching round the edge of the rocky precipice, so as to encircle the southern portion of SIGMA. It embraces also a narrow stripe at the foot of the rock. It seems to have been named from a fancied resemblance to the Greek letter so called, but being in reality a mere fragment, incapable of further extension, it would have been better if SIGMA had extended to the edge of the precipice. The two or three monuments in this compartment, indeed, are all of a character that calls for special notice; but first, we shall turn a little to the left, to a walk that leads to a rustic seat placed for the convenience of visitors near the edge of the precipice.

From this point we have another magnificent view of the city and surrounding scenery. Unfortunately, however, as already observed, it is only on rare occasions that Glasgow emerges from beneath the cloudy canopy, which seems to be the natural atmosphere of all great cities, and more especially of a great city like Glasgow, located in the midst of a vast magazine of fuel, and launching its ærial cataracts towards the blue heavens from a thousand artificial volcanoes, which vomit forth their black Tartarean vapor in one continuous torrent. This atmosphere, tossed into billowy confusion by a strong summer breeze, or lifted up from one particular region by a conflict of two opposing currents, sometimes reveals sun-glimpses of surpassing beauty, and sheds over the distant hill-summits, and the broad expanse of landscape, a rich and mellow tinge, for which the artist, in delineating a distant view of the city, is not a little indebted to the tall

factory chimnies. The picturesque mingles even with smoke, and factories may improve a landscape by half concealing it in artificial mist; but this is a subject on which we have said enough already, having amply described the extensive view from the summit when standing at the base of Knox's monument.

At present we confine ourselves within a narrower circle, or rather semicircle, embracing the principal objects in the foreground, immediately beneath and around us. Here we have an interesting birds'-eye view of the lower Necropolis—the happy 'valley of the shadow of death,' into which we are about to descend in the course of our further progress. To the right, we have a glimpse of Ladywell Street and the Subdean Mill. A few hundred yards directly in front may be seen the beautiful Free church, with its tall spire, erected in 1854 by Mr. Tennant of Wellpark, the premises of whose extensive brewery lie between the church and the Necropolis. From that point also may be traced the entrance from Duke Street to the large quarry on the left, which belongs, like the Necropolis itself, to the Merchants' House. The greater portion of this extensive excavation is about to be included within the Necropolis; and a recently-constructed wall, with a series of pits or vaults, may be observed, proceeding from the neck of the quarry in a north-easterly direction, which indicates the boundary of the ground about to be added to the cemetery. Another wall erected on the meadow above, and enclosing the new compartment EPSILON, beyond Mr. Kettle's obelisk, advances to the edge of the quarry, the sides of which will be sloped down till the walls meet—thus extending the beautiful valley of the Necropolis over a considerable part of the large excavation below, from which it will rise by a graceful sweep to the part that has been newly enclosed at the summit. With these arrangements in view, the quarrying operations are now to be continued and carried forward only on the eastern side of the excavation. In that direction may be seen a handsome Swiss cottage, which was built as a

residence for the warden or superintendent of the Necropolis.

The depth of workable rock in the quarry is about sixty feet, being, as we have stated, an overlying mass ejected through a fissure in the subjacent strata. In 1834, two bores were sunk to the depth of fifty feet; one about the middle, and the other on the south-east side of the excavation, for the purpose of ascertaining the strata and depth of rock on the lands* Previous to putting down these bores, there was a considerable run of water, all the year over, from the crevices of the rock; but after sinking the one on the south-east side to the depth of forty-seven feet, the quarry was found to be completely drained, while the water rose through the bore from one of the perforated veins on the principle of an Artesian well. This water continues to flow; and an analysis was made of it by Dr. Thomas Graham, the now distinguished Professor of Chemistry in University College, London, who found that in 7000 grains, or one pound of the water, there were 1.9 grains of foreign matter, consisting of the following ingredients:—

Sulphate of soda, with a little chloride of sodium (Glauber's salt and common salt)	1.0
Carbonate of lime, with a little sulphate of lime (chalk and gypsum)	0.5
Silica (soluble principle of sand)	0.4

In the water, when freshly drawn, there is also a considerable admixture of the two gaseous substances—carbonic acid and sulphuretted hydrogen; but the gases are rapidly dissipated on exposure to the air. We believe that these are precisely the characteristics of the water from the Lady Well, at the south-western angle of the cemetery—water which is used by the inhabitants of that district for all purposes, and which, although it smells strongly and disagreeably of sulphuretted hydrogen when just drawn from the well, entirely loses this offensive characteristic when kept a short time. It evidently

* A Journal of these operations, with some further geological details, will be found in the Appendix.

emanates from a deep-seated mineral source far beneath the surface of the Necropolis—

“ A singed bottom, all involved
With stench and smoke :”

so that the vicinity of the burying-ground, of which the excavations are merely a few feet in depth, cannot, with the exercise of a little precaution, affect it in the slightest degree. Indeed, the experiments of Dr. Orfila of Paris appear to have demonstrated that the effects of the decomposition of bodies never extend further than eighteen inches in any description of ground beyond the substance with which they are in immediate contact. The manuring operations of the agriculturist, the very object of which is to impregnate the soil with decomposing matters, are never regarded with apprehension on account of the neighboring springs; and several excellent wells, famed for their purity, as those at Rosslyn and Whitechapel, are in the immediate neighborhood of churchyards. At the same time, we admit that the strata of the rocks and other particulars ought to be carefully considered in such cases; and too great caution cannot be exercised to guard against all possibility of danger arising from this source. We have merely to add, that the well which is below the Necropolis Bridge proceeds from the strata on the west side of the burn.

CHAPTER XXVI.

 MAJOR MONTEATH'S SEPULCHRE—MR. BUCHANAN'S MONUMENT—
 COLIN DUNLOP OF TOLLCROSS.

" Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices,
 Hanging, with threat'ning jut, like precipices ;
 O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
 Supporting roofs fantastic, stony groves ;
 Windows and doors in nameless sculpture dressed,
 With order, symmetry, or taste unblest ;
 Forms, like some bedlam-statuary's dream,
 The crazed creations of misguided whim ;
 Forms might be worshipped on the bended knee,
 And still the second dread command be free—
 Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea."—BURNS.

WE now proceed to describe the few, but highly conspicuous monuments which constitute the little group in upper UPSILON; and first in order, as we pass to the westward, is Major Monteath's mausoleum, occupying the extreme edge or angle of the steepest part of the cliff, and forming perhaps the most prominent object in the Necropolis. It was erected from designs by Messrs. Cousin & Gale; and consists of a circular structure, about 30 feet in diameter, supporting on its conical roof, an octagonal lanthorn or tower. It is covered externally with highly elaborate decorations in the Norman Gothic style, and the strange and grotesque faces which surmount the door-way, and animate other parts of the building, resemble nothing earthly—nothing, indeed, 'on earth, in air, or sea;' and therefore, as the poet remarks in the concluding lines of our motto, such forms might almost be worshipped without committing a breach of the second commandment. A look of preternatural ugliness, perfectly appalling to human nature, seems to be the only expression which the artist aims at in such cases; and how he succeeds in inventing so many faces, all surpassingly horrible, and all

so exceedingly different from each other, is not a little surprising. Another poet says—

“ Deep in the solemn temples—holy places !
 To meditation consecrate, and prayer—
 Sounds not of earth are couched ; and angel faces
 Look from the walls, or glimmer in the air ;
 And every little niche and groined recess
 Is full of awful power to tutor and to bless.”

‘Angel faces,’ we think, would be rather more appropriate, though certainly far less expressive, than these diabolical looking visages, glooming and grimacing from beneath the groining of the archway with almost fiendish malignity. The structure is surrounded with beautiful niched windows, no two of which, as the visitor may remark, are precisely similar to each other. This kaleidoscopic variety of ornament forms a distinguishing feature of that peculiar style of which the mausoleum is a good specimen. The Episcopal Chapel in Rutland Place, Edinburgh, is another example of the same style, from designs by the same architects. Indeed, we are informed that not a few English visitors imagine this sepulchre to be a chapel, in accordance with the well-known custom in England, where chapels for celebrating the funeral-service are usually erected in cemeteries, It certainly bears no small resemblance to the parish church of St. Sepulchre, in Cambridge, known as the ‘Round Church,’ of which, in its external form and appearance, it is almost an exact copy. Unlike that beautiful building, however, the elaborate finish of this monumental structure is entirely confined to the outside. Internally it may almost be said to be ‘without form and void.’ The tower is supported by eight rough pillars, and the walls have the appearance of common rubble work within. Looking up from within these pillars, the dome-like roof of the tower, which consists internally of brick, appears about fifty feet in height.

Major Archibald Douglas Monteath was an officer in the service of the East India Company ; and after retiring from the army, spent the remainder of his days in Glasgow, his native city. He was descended from a family which boasted

connection by marriage with the ducal House of Douglas. His grandfather, Walter Monteath of Kepp, was married to a daughter of Douglas of Mains, whose town-residence, in the Bridgegate of Glasgow, was near that of Campbell of Blythswood; and Douglas of Mains had another daughter who was married, in 1758, to the Duke of Douglas. The Major's father was therefore a nephew of the Duchess of Douglas, and succeeded as the eldest of eight sons to the lands and estate of Kepp and Arnmore.

Of Major Monteath's personal history, little requires to be said, as the monument which graces the Necropolis was reared with a sum of money left by himself for that purpose. "People alleged," says 'Senex,' in one of his interesting letters to the 'Glasgow Herald,' "that during his campaign in India, he had captured a stray elephant loaded with treasure, and that the proceeds of the said capture had been laid out in purchasing the two large tenements at the corners of Buchanan Street and St. Enoch's Square; but I cannot vouch for the truth of the elephant part of the story." Without presuming to decide this important question, or delaying to inquire into any further particulars of the Major's history, we shall merely add that he died at Helensburgh, on the 15th June, 1842, leaving by his will the sum of £1000, for the purpose of erecting this structure. It was built at a cost of £800, and the rest of the sum was expended in purchasing the ground, which extends on each side of it, more particularly to the north. The Major's remains were deposited in the Egyptian vaults, before the erection of the sepulchre, to which they were afterwards consigned, and his brother, the late James Monteath Douglas, Esq. of Rosehall and Stonebyres, was interred in the same place, on the 13th July, 1850. There are two covered vaults in the centre of the mausoleum, where the two brothers repose side by side, without slab or inscription. There is not a single letter or date, either internally or externally, about the whole structure, although it is completely covered over with so much elaborate ornament.

The next monument in this compartment is the property of John Buchanan, Esq. of the eminent mercantile house of Messrs. Buchanan & Dennistoun. It was designed by Mr. James Brown of Edinburgh (formerly of Brown & Carrick, Glasgow), and is one of the most elegant structures in the Necropolis. It consists essentially of two hexagonal temples—the smaller erected over the larger, and terminating in a rich finial. Dr. Dick's monument was described as somewhat resembling the choragic monument of Lysicrates, but wanting the circular body of that structure to give it solidity. Here, in the lower of the two temples, we have an hexagonal instead of a circular body, surrounded by six fluted columns supporting a massive entablature. The upper temple has no body, but simply consists of a canopy resting on six smaller columns, which spring from the entablature of the lower one. This is the only instance of supercolumniation in the Necropolis, and the architect has shown much taste in adapting the details of the structure to the design. The upper columns are pure Corinthian, with all the exuberance of foliage and volute which marks the matured capitals of that order; but the lower columns are without volutes, and have only a single series of projecting leaves, with an upper row of flat or water-leaves carved upon the body of the capitals. The latter, in short, are exact imitations of the capitals crowning the small columns of the porches of the 'Tower of the Winds' at Athens, and others discovered at Miletus and elsewhere, which are believed to have been the first developments of the Corinthian order. In the lower series, therefore, the visitor has here a specimen of what may be termed the Corinthian capital in its infancy; in the upper series a display of the same capital in its full maturity.

We have described this beautiful monument as it stood previous to the dreadful hurricane on the night of the 6th February, 1856. Unfortunately, on that disastrous occasion, when so much valuable property was destroyed, this monument suffered more severely than any other structure in the

Necropolis. The whole of the upper temple, with its graceful columns, was thrown down, and the portion resembling the 'Tower of the Winds' was alone left, as if Æolus had taken advantage of the licence then given him, to wreak his vengeance on the architect for rearing the frippery of a later age over the primitive simplicity of his own temple. We have reason to believe, however, that the worthy proprietor intends to restore it very nearly as it stood, with only the modifications required to ensure its greater stability. With this view, we cannot help thinking that a solid circular body in the upper part of the structure would not only greatly increase its strength, but improve the beauty of its appearance.

From the inscription on one of the faces of the hexagon, we learn that the late Mr. Buchanan of Dowanhill, who was a native of the neighborhood of Drymen, in Stirlingshire, died on the 15th April, 1844, at the great age of 89. We have met with only another instance of the same longevity in the Necropolis. (p. 72.) Here also are interred the remains of the eldest son of that gentleman—the late lamented Mr. George Buchanan of the celebrated cotton-mills at Stanley, near Perth, which, like the Lanark mills, were founded by the well-known Mr. David Dale of this city.

The next and last enclosure in the upper portion of UPSILON, contains two monuments—one, a magnificent horizontal slab of polished Peterhead granite, resting on four supports; the other, a massive square pillar of Aberdeen granite, rising to the height of twelve or thirteen feet, and crowned with an elegant Greek pediment of the same material. The former is a private monument, belonging to relatives of the gentleman to whom the latter was erected on public grounds. We therefore confine our attention to the pillar, which bears the following short and severely simple inscription, in perfect keeping with the character of the structure itself:—

COLIN DUNLOP,
of Tollerross,
Born, 1775—Died, 1837.

To the stranger who happens to be little acquainted with the history or localities of this city, the name of 'Colin Dunlop of Tollcross' may possibly suggest nothing in the shape of interesting association; and, pausing and reading the short and simple inscription, engraven on a monument so enduring, he is apt to inquire, with a very natural curiosity, 'Who was Mr. Dunlop of Tollcross?' It is quite true that the name of this gentleman is not emblazoned in the annals of literary or scientific fame; it does not, like that of James Watt, or other illustrious names that have gained a deserved celebrity in the world, immediately suggest to every passing reader its own history. It is, however, a name that is familiar as a household word to the older inhabitants of this city—a name associated with its political as well as its manufacturing history—associated with liberal sentiments, both on the public platform and in private life; and suggestive of nothing but kindly regards and deep and sincere regrets on the part of the present generation of Glasgow citizens.

Mr. Dunlop was proprietor of the Clyde Iron-works, at Tollcross, and was co-proprietor with Mr. Wilson of the works at Dundyvan. He was descended from a very old Glasgow family, and many of his predecessors had held the highest civic offices, at a time when greater distinction was attached to the position of a magistrate than at present. He had been educated for the bar, and was a man of considerable accomplishments, united with a kindness of heart, a homeliness of manner, and a liberality of sentiment which rendered him deservedly popular. At the general election in January, 1835, he was put forward by the Liberal party, along with the late Mr. Oswald, in opposition to Mr. Ewing; and on that occasion he was heard to say in the heat and excitement of the struggle, that he knew how to bear a defeat, but did not know how he should stand a victory. Although the result of the poll, as recorded in our life of Mr. Ewing (p. 196), will show that he was destined to encounter a trial

in what he considered his weakest point, it is almost superfluous to add that he bore his honors meekly.

During his brief parliamentary life, he commanded the respect of all parties, but in consequence of his advanced years and declining health, he did not again present himself as a candidate at the next general election, in July, 1837. He took, however, considerable interest in the struggle, and was present at the nomination of the candidates, but was suddenly arrested by the hand of death before the result was decided. In a brief record of the melancholy event which occurs in a newspaper of the day, we find it stated that "he was on the hustings on Wednesday, when Lord William Bentinck and Mr. John Dennistoun were named as the liberal candidates for the city, but, by the bursting of a blood-vessel on the following morning (July 27), his noble spirit immediately fled to its Almighty Maker." The excitement of this political struggle, in which the above-named gentlemen were the successful candidates, may have accelerated the unexpected event on the very morning of the election.

Some idea of the general respect which was entertained for his memory may be inferred from the fact, that on the Monday subsequent to his decease, a highly respectable meeting of the inhabitants of this city was held in the Town Hall, in terms of a requisition to the Lord Provost, "for the purpose of considering the propriety of paying a mark of respect to the late Colin Dunlop, Esq., by attending his funeral, which was to take place on the following day. On the motion of John Dennistoun, Esq., M.P., the Hon. the Lord Provost (William Mills, Esq.) was called to the chair, and the requisition calling the meeting having been read by Mr. Crawford, the Lord Provost said—'Gentlemen, what you have now heard read states the mournful object for which you have been convened. It has pleased an all-wise Providence to remove from this earthly scene our highly valued and much respected friend, Mr. Colin Dunlop—a man distinguished alike for his public usefulness and his private worth; and

we, his bereaved fellow-citizens, are now assembled for the purpose, I trust, of unanimously resolving to pay the last public mark of respect to his hallowed name.'” Mr. Graham of Whitehill then moved the resolution which had been previously prepared—expressing a just sense of the severe loss which the public had sustained in Mr. Dunlop's death. He observed that the public conduct of their deceased friend was well known to them all; and he never knew his superior as a dutiful son, an affectionate brother, a kind friend, and an indulgent liberal man, in every respect, towards those employed by him in his extensive works. Mr. H. Smith having seconded the resolution, which was unanimously adopted, the meeting separated upon the understanding that the citizens who intended to join the funeral, should meet in the Town Hall on the following day, and fall into the procession at three o'clock at the Cross. Accordingly, about a thousand persons joined the funeral procession, the hearse being drawn by six horses, accompanied by four mourning coaches, and followed by a train of forty carriages. A more imposing funeral has never been witnessed in Glasgow. We read that “the procession, when viewed from the elevated ground in the Necropolis, had a most solemn and imposing effect, and was seen to much advantage as it moved along the appropriately-named ‘Bridge of Sighs.’ Along the whole line of procession, the street was thronged with anxious crowds of the citizens, eager to catch a glimpse at the passing of the mortal remains of one who was so universally beloved and so highly respected.”

We may remark here, in concluding this account, that the late Mr. Dunlop and the cheerful blaze of the Clyde iron furnaces, form the subject of one of Sandie Rodger's raciest and most original pieces, in which, under a humorous expression of gratitude for the blink of the furnaces in ‘mirk’ nights, the poet delineates the kindly character of the proprietor in one or two touches, which are very properly characterised as ‘warm with genuine feeling and truth.’ The

poem was written during Mr. Dunlop's life, and a few verses will suffice to illustrate the spirit of the writer:—

“ We're muckle obliged to you, Colin Dulap,
 We're muckle obliged to you, Colin Dulap;
 Ye're truly a worthy auld patriot chap,
 To enlighten your country sae, Colin Dulap.

Ye patronize *lear*, and ye propagate *light*,
 To guide erring man in the way that is right;
 No'er under a bushel your candle ye clap,
 But let it lowe openly, Colin Dulap.

A burning and *shining* light close by the Clyde,
 Illuming the country around far and wide;
 Ye bleeze like a beacon upon a hill tap—
 A general benefit, Colin Dulap.

Frank Jeffrey, and Chalmers, and Brougham, and so forth,
 Diffuse their cheap tracts to enlighten the earth;
 Mony thanks to the chields for this praiseworthy stap;
 Mony mae thanks to you, honest Colin Dulap.

Your light unto me has been better than theirs,—
 For ay when in Glasgow at markets or fairs,
 And daundering hame rather light i' the tap,
 Ye're a lamp to my feet, worthy Colin Dulap.

Na, mair! like true friendship, the mirker the night,
 The mair you let out your vast volume o' light;
 When sackcloth and sadness the heavens enwrap,
 'Tis then you're maist kind to us, Colin Dulap.

The day and the night unto you are the same,
 For still ye spread out your braid sheet o' red flame;
 When this weary world soundly tak's its bit nap,
 You sleep not, you slumber not, Colin Dulap.

O lang may ye shine to enlighten us here,
 And when you depart for some new unknown sphere,
 That to shine on mair glorious may still be your hap,
 Is the prayer o' your weel-wisher, Colin Dulap.”

This exhausts the few monuments in upper UPSILON, to which the conformation and limited extent of the ground forbid that any more should be added. On the opposite side of the carriage-way, and therefore in SIGMA, the visitor will here observe a somewhat remarkable and not inelegant tombstone erected to the memory of the late Dr. Alexander Hannay. A little further on, in the same compartment, and immediately opposite the point of the acute angle in which UPSILON

terminates, a handsome monument, crowned with a vase, resting on a cylindrical dado encircled with stars, is the property of Mr. Mackenzie of the 'Glasgow Reformers' Gazette;' and advancing a few steps further, the visitor will notice, on the same side, a small but very neat memorial of one of the unfortunate sons of Poland, who has found a grave in our Necropolis, far from the home of his fathers—as shown by the following inscription:—

JOSEPH F. COMOZYNSKI,
Lieutenant
In the late Polish Army,
Who fought for
The Independence of his Country
In 1830,
And died in exile at Greenock,
27th October, 1845, aged 32.

Over this inscription are the arms of the kingdom of Poland, surmounted by a crown, and encircled with the motto, '*Boze Zbaw Polsk.*'

CHAPTER XXVII.

DESCENT INTO THE LOWER NECROPOLIS—THETA, ZETA, ETA, MNEMA—INTERESTING TOMBS ON THE FAMILY HEARTH—IOTA AND OMICRON.!

"The heart returns
To the remembered scenes of other years
In vain!—within the eye wake burning tears
Gazing on many urns.

The eloquent words
Of the still sleepers, though their lips be mute,
Yet burst at times, like music from a lute,
That speaks through broken chords."

How beautiful the sunny slopes of the Necropolis when in the full flush of summer exuberance, rising like a green

mount or a verdant oasis in some Libyan desert, amid the everlasting smoke and dust of this great city! Thither we retreat as to a place of quiet shelter from the constant whirl of life's noisy machinery grinding and careering around us, from one generation to another, in this immense factory; and though as it were on the margin of the great ocean of human existence, which heaves in successive billows, storm-tossed, through the streets and thoroughfares of this city, not a sweeter, greener, or more secluded spot can be found anywhere than down in the lower Necropolis—in that 'happy valley' which embraces ETA, ZETA, and other minor compartments, with the lower portion of THETA. In Wordsworth's beautiful lines:—

“The separation that is here
Is of the grave, and of austere
Yet happy feelings of the dead.”

There is, indeed, nothing 'austere'—nothing but 'happy feelings of the dead,' associated with this 'narrow glen'—far different from that in which Wordsworth conceived these lines, standing beside Ossian's grave in Glenalmond, and 'musing there an hour alone,' surrounded with one of the most sublime scenes in our rugged mountain-land. The little Necropolis valley is associated with happy feelings of the dead, when contrasted with the living pining miseries of the great city beside it. It reminds us of the Swedish churchyard, of which Longfellow writes in his own simple way, when sketching his experience in that northern land—"And over this scene the village pastor looks from his window in the stillness of midnight, and says in his heart, 'How quietly they rest, all the departed!'"

We now descend to this lower portion of the Necropolis, having at the close of last chapter returned to the neighborhood of Dr. Heugh's obelisk. We therefore bid adieu to the summit of the 'green mountain variously up-piled,' and following the carriage-way which passes downward under the rocky foundation of Major Monteath's sepulchre, we

shall find ourselves conducted by a gradual and winding descent to the beautiful sequestered valley below.

Proceeding in this direction, we have now the compartment of BETA on our right, and the narrow tongue of UPSILON on our left. The few monuments in BETA, in front of which the carriage-way here passes, do not demand special notice, except, perhaps, the last in the group, which exhibits the following somewhat laconic inscription—"James Scott and Malcolm Scott, to their deceased Relations. Beloved Ones, Farewell!"

Descending to the massive foundation of Mr. Buchanan's monument, the visitor will notice on his right a narrow walk, which leads northward or north-west to the southern gate of Mr. Hill's burying-ground, where, like the similar walk on the opposite side of the same enclosure, it abruptly terminates. It conducts also to a small triangular enclosure immediately adjoining Mr. Hill's property, and partly surrounded by a massive iron railing, partly enclosed by the solid rock behind, which is covered and matted over with ivy. This is the property of Humphrey Ewing Crum Ewing, Esq., nephew of the late Mr. Ewing of Strathleven, and to whom we have already alluded in the life of that gentleman. (p. 197.)

Returning to the carriage-way, and still continuing our descent along the base of the rock, which now rises in the shape of a rugged perpendicular cliff to Major Monteath's mausoleum, we notice immediately below us, on our right hand, the elegant group of monuments belonging to the Pattison family. These we shall refrain from describing until we return by the carriage-way that passes in front of the group. They are nearly the last in the compartment of BETA, beyond which THETA commences, at the narrowest part of the neck or isthmus between the carriage-way above and that below; but the actual boundary between them is not exactly defined. In the meantime, the road which we are now pursuing begins to diverge from the base of the cliff, and space is left for a large and beautiful enclosure in the rocky recess,

belonging to William Graham, Esq. of Lancefield cotton-spinning mills. This enclosure, as well as the monuments on the top of the cliff, is included in the compartment UPSILON, and a line of vaults will be continued along the base of the rock in the same compartment. A branch of the carriage-way is now being formed in this direction, which will constitute a well-marked boundary between UPSILON and THETA.

Passing the point where the new carriage-way diverges, and turning off to the left, the visitor will encounter a series of monuments in THETA, which stand facing the rock. The first is a beautiful square pillar of polished Aberdeen granite, bearing the following inscription:—

“Sacred to the Memory of James Connell, LL.D. Mathematical Master in the High School of Glasgow; Born, 7th September, 1804; died, 26th March, 1846. Erected by his Friends and Pupils, as a Tribute of Respect and Admiration for his Character and Talents. MDCCCLI.”

The rest of the monuments in this group do not present any feature of peculiar interest, until we arrive at the last, which is one of the humblest and plainest in the Necropolis, but which it would ill become us to pass without making room for the inscription. We have seen that the splendid mausoleum which towers upon the top of the cliff has no inscription. Here the inscription is a long one, and gives to this humble tombstone a value which not the most costly architectural structure would possess in the absence of any such testimony. Monuments of granite are for the great, and speak to the eye; the following inscription is for one of the lowly of the earth, and speaks to the heart:—

“GEORGE WATSON, a native of West Linton, Peebleshire, came to Glasgow a stranger, but his gentle manners and amiable disposition soon gained him many friends. As an office-bearer of the church, and a Sabbath-school teacher, his Christian character and usefulness were highly appreciated by members of various religious denominations, with whom he was associated for purposes of devotion and practical piety; and especially by the Young Men composing the Sabbath Class of the Spoutmouth Institution, who received his instructions, enjoyed his friendship, and have erected this monument to his memory. He died 22d September, 1851, aged 35 years 7 months.

‘That life is long which answers life’s great end.’”

We have stated that this line of monuments is in THETA,

which embraces the whole of the middle portion of the lower Necropolis, opposite the cliff, and is bounded by the oval sweep of the carriage-way—rising into a bank or ridge which forms a pretty steep declivity towards the south. On the top and sides of the bank are several handsome monuments, but not of a character that calls for particular notice. We therefore continue our descent towards the gate in the wall, which at present divides the lower Necropolis from the old excavation of the quarry, but which will shortly be removed, to enlarge the cemetery in this direction, so as to include within its limits the greater part of that excavation.

The piece of ground extending northward from the gate, along the interior of the wall, to the foot of the steep declivity that slopes from the upper Necropolis, is all that at present represents ZETA; but this compartment, which is still a comparative wilderness of trees and shrubs, will soon be expanded into the quarry.

On the other side of the gate, ETA commences; and here, forming as it were a part of the wall, is what appears to be a family-group of three monuments, rendered considerably more conspicuous by a coating of white paint, than by any peculiar pretensions to artistic elegance. Opposite these, the carriage-way sweeps round to the right with a sharp curve, and we have now on our left the small compartment of ETA, sheltered and bounded towards the south by a woody knoll or ridge, which forms the extreme south-eastern limit of the Necropolis. This ridge has much the appearance of being artificial; but is not so. The hollow through which the carriage-way passes, and not the elevation, is artificial—having been originally formed as a road to the quarry. Meanwhile ETA is snugly esconced at the foot of this ridge, and is of a triangular form, bounded on the north by the carriage-way, by which it is divided from THETA. When enlarged, it will embrace the series of new vaults now in course of construction beyond the wall, and the whole of the intervening ground—sharing the reclaimed portion with ZETA.

It constitutes at present an outlying angle of the Necropolis.

The monuments in this compartment are chiefly of a plain and unassuming style, and such as may generally be met with in any churchyard. We may mention, however, as one of the first which we encounter, and as standing conspicuous among the rest, a handsome obelisk, of grey granite, erected to the memory of the late Mr. M'Lean, sculptor, whose name may be seen on not a few monuments in the Necropolis. A little behind, in the second row, is a small tombstone, tinged of a blue color, and bearing this inscription:—

“Sacred to the Memory of George Baird, Potter, who died 12th February, 1846, aged 33 years. This Tablet was erected as a tribute to his worth, by his employer and fellow-workmen at Annfield Pottery; where, during twelve years, he discharged the duties of a responsible situation, so as to enjoy the confidence of the one, and the esteem of both.”

Near the middle of the front row, is a neat and unassuming stone, erected by a medical gentleman belonging to Worcester, in memory of a daughter who died in this city, aged 25 years; and under the inscription are traced these lines:—

“Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.”

“She is gone, she is gone, to the land of light,
Where the glorious day ne'er sets in night;
Where a cloud ne'er comes across the sky,
Where the tears are wiped from every eye,
Where all is holiness, love, and bliss—
And none regret a world like this.”

Then follows a graceful obelisk, recording the successive deaths of no less than five children of the same family; and subjoined to this mournful register are the following lines:—

“Our little lambs, which promised fair,
To us but short were given;
But they have made a happy change,
From this vain world to Heaven.”

On the general character of the Necropolis poetry, we shall have something to say in our concluding chapter. In the meantime, we shall merely remark, that the reader must be

hypercritical indeed, who would carefully canvass the poetical merit of lines so full of mournful suggestion as those last quoted. The utterances of sore bereavement are totally beyond the province of criticism.

The course of the carriage-way is now westward, and several monuments which grace the declivity of THETA on our right, are very pretty—one in particular is remarkably elegant—but these we must pass over without further notice. At length we arrive at the western extremity or angle of ETA, where a tablet may be seen in the wall on the left hand, bearing the following inscription:—

The Merchants' House of Glasgow
erected this wall in May, 1835,
On opening the Road by St. Anne Street
into their property,
in lieu of the road in from off this wall,
which they have a right to open
and use at pleasure.
The width of the road at Forefield Street
is twelve feet two inches,
and at this wall seventeen feet.
JAMES MARTIN, D. OF G.

This road, as previously stated, was principally used for communicating with the quarry, to which, indeed, it was the only convenient means of access before opening the more direct road by St. Anne Street, or rather Duke Street, mentioned in the foregoing inscription.

At this point, IOTA commences on the left, and instead of THETA, we have now MNEMA on our right. Advancing a few yards further, the visitor will observe in the latter compartment, one of the most interesting monuments in the Necropolis. Others may be found to surpass it in elegance of design and elaborate richness of sculpture; but, even as a work of art, it is not without considerable merits; although it derives its chief interest from being erected on that precise spot on which stood the house and hearth of the father and grandfather of the proprietor. It consists of an obelisk or tapering column, resting on an elevated base, and crowned with a capital and vase of the simplest and least ornate of

the classic orders of architecture. The inscription is in the following terms:—

Erected by
 JAMES MITCHELL, Painter, Glasgow,
 To mark
 The spot where stood the dwelling-place of his
 Father and Grandfather,
 Which was occupied by them for a period of forty-eight years,
 previous to the formation of this Necropolis,
 and is now chosen as
 the final resting-place of their descendants.

“In childhood’s years, when full of sportive glee,
 Here have I prattled on my mother’s knee,
 Received her kind caress, her holy care,
 As oft she breath’d for me her fervent prayer.

Here did our parents and their children meet,
 A happy circle joined in concord sweet ;
 While upwards rose the voice of prayer and praise,
 That God would lead us in his holy ways.

As on this spot I drew my infant breath, .
 Here let me rest when I repose in death ;
 And when the last trump’s pealing notes shall sound,
 Oh ! may our lot among the blest be found.”

DEATH, THE LAST ENEMY, SHALL BE DESTROYED.

1845.

On the east and west sides, the names of the deceased members of the family are inscribed, varying from the almost patriarchal age of eighty-four to the tender years of infancy. Altogether, this monument is a family-record to which the proprietor may well attach an almost sacred value. The feelings with which it is associated are very affectingly expressed in the verses above-quoted, of which it is sufficient to say that they are very greatly superior in merit to much of the original poetry in the Necropolis. The theme was worthy of the bard of Rydal Mount, and would have afforded a most congenial topic to that devout worshipper in Nature’s great temple, whether kneeling in the midst of the grandeur of this majestic universe, or humbly adoring in the shadow of the deepest sanctities of the human soul. It will be remembered that this part of the Necropolis was added to the grounds at a period comparatively recent, and though it

originally belonged to the Wester-Craigs estate, it had been entirely alienated from that estate before its re-purchase. Hence the circumstance that dwelling-houses stood on this spot, and on the parts adjacent, even after the rest of the ground was devoted to the purposes of a cemetery.

We do not intend to pursue the course of the carriage-way further in this direction; but the visitor who has leisure to do so for a space of fifty or sixty yards, will find his curiosity rewarded, by encountering on his left hand another monument of humbler pretensions, but marked by the same interesting circumstance which lends a peculiar charm to the monument above-mentioned. We allude to a tombstone near the old lodge, erected to the late Mr. John Lauder, surgeon, Calton, who died August 28, 1847, aged 40, and bearing the following record:—

This is the spot where stood the dwelling-house
of the Grandfather and Grandmother
of Dr. Lauder, 55 years ago,
and which he chose for his resting-place.

We shall afterwards approach within view of Dr. Lauder's monument. In the meantime, instead of continuing our route along this branch of the carriage-way, which offers but little of additional interest until it returns to the bridge, we now retrace our steps by a few yards to the nearest tombstones in ETA, opposite which another branch slopes upward to the northwest. This will conduct us to Colonel Pattison's monument, and onward under the brow of the hill, until it descends and rejoins the principal carriage-way, a little beyond the façade. It forms, in the first place, the boundary between THETA and MNEMA, so that while the former is again on our right, MNEMA is now on our left, embracing Mr. Mitchell's interesting monument, and sweeping round to the façade. Ascending a few steps in this direction, behind Mr. Mitchell's monument, we soon arrive at a narrow walk, branching off horizontally to the left, and leading to a handsome isolated tombstone, which marks the final resting-place of one of the most gifted of Scotia's modern

bards in the humble ranks of life. The well-known name of Alexander Rodger is one that cannot be passed over with a mere cursory notice, and, therefore, we reserve it to another chapter, for which the history and poetry of the bard will furnish us with more materials than we require. Advancing, in the meantime, a little further along this walk, we arrive at two peculiar monuments on the left hand. One of the graves, which is closely surrounded by a neat iron railing, is marked at the head by a small sarcophagus of white marble, resting on a solid cubical block of rough-hewn granite; and over the sarcophagus is thrown a military cloak, from beneath which protrudes the hilt of a sword. On the cloak are the words "EGYPT—MARTINIQUE;" and the body of the monument bears this inscription:—

"Sacred to the Memory of Brevet Lieut. Colonel FRANCIS WELLER, late Major, 13th Regiment of Foot. Born at Hilden House, Tunbridge, Kent, 26th December, 1761; died at St. George's Road, Glasgow, 22d January, 1837."

Immediately beside the above, is another simple cubical monument of roughly-hewn stone, supporting a sphere and cross, and inscribed with these words:—

"EMIL JOHANN ALBRECHT GORDON, born at Hamburg, the 24th May, 1838; died at Glasgow, the 5th May, 1839."

We have alluded to these monuments, not only as forming conspicuous objects in MNEMA, but also as leading to a point from which we may observe the old lodge, the subdean mill, and Dr. Lauder's interesting monument above-mentioned. The latter may be seen on the opposite side of the carriage-way, almost directly below, distinguished from the rest of the group to which it belongs, by its greater lateral dimensions, or expansion into two wings. The narrow walk which leads down to the lodge, at the further extremity of the same group, constitutes the northern limit of IOTA, beyond which OMICRON commences, and continues round to the bridge, between the Molendinar and the carriage-way:

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ALEXANDER RODGER.

“Bloom sweetly around him, ye pale drooping roses,
 Breathe softly ye winds o'er his cold narrow bed;
 Fall gently, ye dews, where the minstrel reposes,
 And hallow the wild flowers that wave o'er his head.”—

JAMES MURRAY.

TOWARDS the conclusion of the preceding chapter, we briefly alluded, in passing, to the grave of the poet Rodger, to which we now return. The visitor who may not have accompanied us along the whole route, will find the most ready access to it by turning to the right hand after crossing the bridge, and pursuing the walk which diverges upward from the carriage-way a little beyond the façade. This will conduct him in the first place to the two monuments at which we concluded our somewhat circuitous course in the last chapter; and then, advancing a few yards further, he will notice, a little below on his right, the monument to which we now allude. It may likewise be distinguished as almost the only tombstone distinctly visible from Ladywell Street in proceeding towards the church-road. Unfortunately that street has few attractions to invite visitors, except its ancient well and its venerable local associations, being unquestionably one of the principal thoroughfares by which generation after generation proceeded to worship in the lofty Cathedral of Saint Mungo, long before the dawn of the Reformation in this or other lands. ‘Our Lady’s Well,’ and even the ‘Molendinar Burn,’ are names which meet, as it were, in this locality, and which, with the immediate proximity of the Cathedral, and even the ancient mill, seem to surround it with a kind of monkish atmosphere at this hour. Whether Saint Mungo himself ever drank of the medicinal waters of this well is a point on

which history and even tradition are silent. We have alluded to another well below the Necropolis bridge, known, we believe, to this day as the 'Priests' or 'Ministers' Well,' to which the religious gentlemen of the Cathedral were more likely to resort for general purposes, the water being fresh and pure, and not distinguished by the nauseous odor which probably rendered 'Our Lady's Well' an object of peculiar religious veneration: Sandie Rodger, however, was not of opinion that Saint Mungo indulged to excess in either the one or the other: Believing, perhaps, that the patron saint of Glasgow was equally discriminating as himself in the choice of wholesome liquors, he seems to have formed a conception of 'Sanct Mungo' more congenial to his own social sympathies than characteristic of the self-denying ascetic. Sandie would not believe that Saint Mungo, or any of his apostolic successors, drank the waters of the Molendinar, even when these waters were yet pure and limpid. Somewhat stronger, he thinks, must have been the orthodox beverage of churchmen in the good olden time:—

“Sanct Mungo wals ane famous sanct,
And ane cantye carle wals hee,
Hee drank o' ye Molendinar Burne,
Quhan better hee culdna pree ;

Zit quhan hee culd gett strongere cheer,
Hee neuer wals wattere drye,
But drank o' ye streame o' ye whimpland worme,
And loot ye burne rynne bye.

Sanct Mungo wals ane merrie sanct,
And merriehie he sang ;
Quhaneuer he liltit uppe hys sprynge,
Ye very Firre Parke rang ;

But thoch hee weele culd lilt and syng,
And mak' sweet melodye,
Hee chauntit aye ye bauldest straynes,
Quhan pryed wi' barleye-bree.

Sanct Mungo wals ane godlye sanct,
Farre-famed for godlye deedis,
And grete delyte he daylye took
Inn countand owre hys beadis ;

Zit I, Sanct Mungo's youngeste sonne,
Can count als welle als hee ;
But ye beadis quilk I like best to count
Are ye beadis o' barleye-bree.”

Such was the patron-saint of Glasgow, as he figured in Sandie Rodger's imagination. Large allowance must be made, however, for that poetical licence of which there is ample evidence in these verses, both in delineating the 'sanct' and his 'youngeste sonne,' the sinner. We have been led to transcribe them, neither on account of their poetical merit, to which they have no extraordinary pretensions, nor solely because of the *bizarrierie* of the idea which seems to have sprung up in the writer's mind from some whimsical association between Saint Mungo and the Molendinar burn—but chiefly because they are the only verses of the poet in which we have any reference to the Fir Park—now the Necropolis—and other adjuncts or associations connected with the Cathedral.

From this digression we return to the grave of the poet; and a sweeter or more picturesque spot could not well have been selected to receive a poet's remains. It constitutes a portion of the steep green bank of MNEMA, and behind it the ground rises by a rapid ascent to the top of the tall cliff, crowned with the circular mausoleum, which forms so conspicuous an object from different points of view. The monument itself is a handsome square structure, enriched in its upper portion with a good profile of the poet, and bearing the following inscription:—

To the Memory of
ALEXANDER RODGER,
A Poet,
Gifted with feeling, humor, and fancy;
A Man
Animated by generous,
Cordial, and comprehensive sympathies,
Which adversity could not repress,
Nor popularity enfeeble;
This Monument
Is erected in testimony of public esteem.
Born at Mid-Calder, 16th July, 1784;
Died at Glasgow, 26th September, 1846.

“What though with Burns thou could'st not vie,
In diving deep or soaring high;
What though thy genius did not blaze
Like his, to draw the public gaze;
Yet, thy sweet numbers, free from art,
Like his, can touch—can melt the heart.”—RODGER.

The dedicatory part of this inscription was written by Mr. William Kennedy, the friend of Motherwell, and author of 'Fitful Fancies,' and other poetical productions of acknowledged high merit. The inscription is worthy of the pen from which it proceeded, and though it be written in a kindly and eulogising spirit, as epitaphs ought to be written, it speaks nothing but the truth. The quoted lines were composed by Rodger himself; but not, as the casual reader might suppose, with reference to his own muse. They are part of an 'Ode written for the anniversary of the birth of Robert Tannahill,' and were very properly regarded by Mr. Kennedy as not inapplicable to the writer, who thus proceeds in the verses of the same poem, immediately following those inscribed on the tombstone:—

“The lav’rock may soar, till he’s lost in the sky,
 Yet the modest wee lintie that sings frae the tree,
 Although he aspire not to regions so high,
 His song is as sweet as the lav’rock’s to me;
 And O thy wild warblings are sweet, Tannahill,
 Whatever thy theme be—love, grief, or despair,
 The tones of thy lyre move our feelings at will,
 For nature, all-powerful, predominates there.”

Alexander Rodger was born in the village of East Calder, parish of Mid-Calder, Mid-Lothian, on the 16th July, 1784, as stated in the monumental inscription. His father at that time occupied a farm, but subsequently kept an inn in Mid-Calder, from which he soon afterwards removed to Edinburgh, and finally, becoming embarrassed in his affairs, emigrated to Hamburg. The young poet, when seven years of age, was sent to school at Mid-Calder, where he received the ordinary elements of education. In this respect, our poet's advantages were not equal to those of Burns, of whom it is a great mistake to suppose that his education was no better than that of ploughmen in general. Rodger, removing to Edinburgh with his father, was sent to learn the trade of a silversmith, at which he had continued about a year when his father left for Hamburg. His mother then brought him to Glasgow, where, in 1797, he was apprenticed to a weaver

of the name of Dunn, residing at the Drygate Toll. The writer of the memoir of Rodger prefixed to 'Whistlebinkie,' assuming that the Drygate Toll was in the Drygate, and therefore near the Cathedral, says—"We may be sure so venerable a relic of antiquity would be often visited by the youthful poet, and contribute, by its solemn magnificence and historical interest, to fan the flame of his poetic genius." If so, it was too bad in Rodger to give us no other fruit of his lofty poetic inspiration, derived from this source, than the verses above-quoted, in which the patron-saint of the Cathedral is ludicrously represented as 'ane cantye carle,' who only drank the limpid waters of the Molendinar, 'quhan bettere he culdna pree.' We have learned on inquiry, however, that the Drygate Toll, which is now the name of a turnpike and suburb in Duke Street, nearly a mile from the Drygate, was at that time opposite the head of the Witch Loan—now Bellgrove Street—immediately under the grounds of Dunchattan House. Here the venerable weaving-colony, where Rodger served his apprenticeship, may still be seen, extending back from the Black Bull Inn in Duke Street; and therefore the so-called Drygate Toll was not so near the Cathedral as the writer above-quoted supposes. We are told, moreover; that Mr. Dunn was a very respectable, worthy man, and became Rodger's stepfather, leaving him a little property.

How the embryo-poet relished the 'weaver trade' is not on record; but, like his predecessor in the same line, the worthy Bailie Nicol Jarvie, he has asserted its title to consideration from the fair sex, in one of his songs, in which a young lady is made to 'rue her pridfu' scorn' in rejecting a 'weaver lad,' to whom she is afterwards glad to offer her hand and her tocher. Rodger, although he had been a 'weaver lad,' was also successful in his wooing, for in 1806, when only twenty-two years of age, he married Agnes Turner, by whom he had a large and respectable family. Previous to his marriage, however, he had formed a connection with the Glasgow Highland Volunteers, in which regiment, and after-

wards in one that arose out of it, called the Glasgow Highland Locals, Rodger continued for more than nine years. These regiments were chiefly composed of Highlanders, and thus our hero was furnished with ample opportunity of studying the Highland character, and all the peculiarities of Celtic style and manners—in imitating which he became a complete adept, and turned them to good account in some of the most humorous of his pieces, as ‘Shon M’Nab,’ the ‘Highland Politicians,’ ‘Highland Sobriety,’ and others. ‘Shon M’Nab’ is a raw Highlander, who tells in his own amusing way the impressions produced upon his mind by a first visit to Glasgow. ‘Tonald and Tougall,’ the ‘Highland Politicians,’ are gentlemen of much the same calibre, although we suspect that neither a ‘Tonald’ nor a ‘Tougall’ in any part of Argyllshire is quite so much of a simpleton as ‘Tonald’ is made to appear in his conversation with his laird, when the latter wishes the Ministers kicked from their places for passing the obnoxious Reform Bill:—

“ An’ ten she’ll wish ta *Ministers*
 Pe kicket frae teir place, man;
 Och hon, och hon! her nainsell said,
 Tat wad pe wofu’ case man;
 For gin ta *Ministers* pe fa’,
Precentors neist maun gang, man—
 Syne wha wad in ta punker stood,
 An’ lilt ta godly sang, man?”

We give this as a specimen of Rodger’s talent for hitting off the peculiarities of his Celtic friends, in which he was equally successful in conversation; and to which, by the bye, he was not a little addicted in a good-natured way.

The poet continued in the quiet and inoffensive pursuit of his humble occupation till 1819, when the scene suddenly changed, and the storm of political excitement caught up Sandie and dashed him down in a prison. This little piece of political history we shall explain immediately. Meanwhile we may remark that his muse had not been idle, even in the peaceful obscurity of the shuttle. All the important public movements of the day attracted his

earnest attention, and Sandie was accustomed to appear in print occasionally, giving the currency of verse to his own political views, which at that time were rather democratic. One of the subjects which exercised his pen in 1818, was the praiseworthy and successful effort then made to establish Savings' Banks, against which Sandie fulminated the terrors of his poetic thunder in a long satirical effusion entitled "Shaving Banks; or Matthew's call to the worthless to come and be shaved o' their siller; being the substance of a speech delivered by Matthew (not the Evangelist), at a public meeting held in the —, on the — day of —, 1818, on the utility of Shaving Banks." This quizzical name proved unfortunately too appropriate in its application to several of the National Security institutions some years ago. The Rochdale establishment was actually a 'Shaving Bank,' in which a considerable multitude of honest people were 'shaved o' their siller;' and that, too, by a quaker, clothed in the panoply of national security, combined with personal sanctity. It is not on such grounds—it is not exactly in the prospect of such defalcations occurring, that Sandie rails with immense fluency of rhyme and with marvellous deficiency of reason, against the avowed objects and principles of savings' banks in general. He takes, we regret to say, an unfortunately narrow view of the subject, which was, however, a singularly common and prevalent view at that comparatively early period in the history of these institutions. Our poet appears to have been fully persuaded that 'savings' banks,' commonly so called, were really 'shaving banks,' in the slang sense of the words. He believed them to be a cunning device of Government and the upper classes, to get the lower classes into their power, by securing their property. Joseph's storing of all the corn in Egypt was much on the same principle. The object of the ruling powers, according to this popular view, was to get the money of the million into their hands, and to hold it in pledge as a guarantee for their quiet and peaceable submission in matters of Church and State. In this absurd delu-

sion nobody now sympathises. All the world understands, and is now willing to acknowledge, that the founders of Savings' Banks were animated only by the purest and most exalted motives. We can therefore afford to smile at the volley of absurd satirical insinuation which Sandie launches, with hearty good-will, at the head of the philanthropic gentleman who seems to have enraged his muse into a fit of indignation equally irrational and unmerciful. Fortunately more mature years modified and sobered down his views. His rhyme became more rational, and less republican and revolutionary, as he advanced in life. His effusion against Savings' Banks, however, affords a curious insight into the mind of the masses in 1818. Everything that is really good is at first misconstrued in this manner. These banks shared the same fate as machinery and vaccination when first introduced. They were suspected and vilified as a deep Government plot. There is no doubt that one important tendency of such banks is to create good citizens and loyal subjects. This, however, is not by 'shaving,' but by enriching the people. Would that the poorest of her Majesty's subjects had some pecuniary stake in the stability and permanence of the Government! Happy would it be for themselves, their families, and the nation at large.

In 1819, Rodger became connected with a weekly newspaper called 'The Spirit of the Union,' for which he relinquished the quiet, but at that time not unprofitable, occupation in which he had been engaged for many years. This paper, which was started in Glasgow in the course of the year above-mentioned, was soon sacrificed to the wild frenzy of its own political violence. The editor was apprehended on a charge of sedition, and transported for life; and Rodger, although he returned to his loom on the breaking up of the establishment, was now regarded as a disaffected person; and soon after, in a period of political alarm, he was apprehended with several other individuals, and thrown into the city Bridewell, where he was placed in solitary confinement, and

treated like a common felon. His spirit, however, was never broken or subdued. He amused himself in his solitude, and annoyed his jailors, by singing, at the loudest pitch of his voice, his own political verses. Here, too, it was that he composed the 'Lines written in a certain Bridewell by a State Prisoner, in the month of April, 1820,' beginning in this affecting strain :—

“Pent up within this horrid cell,
How heaves my breast with anger's swell !
To think what I must suffer here,
Cut off from friends and freedom dear ;
Reft of the truest joys of life,
The joys o' hame—my bairns, my wife.”

Our poet, after his liberation from prison, obtained a respectable situation as inspector of the cloths used for printing and dyeing in the extensive works of Messrs. Henry Monteith & Co. at Barrowfield. He remained in this situation from 1821 to 1832—a period of eleven years—when a friend, who had recently commenced a pawnbroking business, requested the poet to take the management of it for him. With this request he rashly complied, and thus sacrificed a very good situation for one which perhaps promised better in a merely pecuniary point of view, but which was so utterly repugnant to the poet's feelings—

“Compelled to handle every dirty rag
Striped from the hide of every hateful hag,”

that after a few months he relinquished the place in utter disgust, but not till he had vainly prayed, in a strikingly alliterative petition, to be taken back by the managers of Barrowfield works :—

“Tired of the loom, of the Saltmarket sick ;
With pledging plagued, and pestered to the quick ;
And driven distracted by a desperate squad,
Whose clamorous clack would clatter meek men mad :—
Your humble suppliant, supplicating low,
Ventures to vent, in wailings wild, his woe ;
Trusting you'll listen to his groaning grief,
And stretch a helping hand to his relief.

O dark and dreary be that doleful day,
When to this sink of sin seduced away,
He turned on blythsome Barrowfield his back :—

May that day in the heavens be ever black,
 When he exchanged the haunts of hearty men
 For a dark, dismal, dingy, dusty den ;”

And so on, in a style which reminds one of that satirical distich—

“Darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,
 As some one, somewhere, sings about the sea.”

This petition, which was written in November, 1832, had not the desired effect; but Rodger was soon after engaged as a ‘reader’ and reporter of local news in the office of the ‘Glasgow Chronicle.’ In this office he remained about a year, and was then engaged by the late Mr. John Tait, in connection with the paper which was started by that individual. This connection was soon dissolved by the death of Mr. Tait, and the discontinuance of the paper; and the poet was again thrown upon the world with somewhat limited resources, like most of the votaries of Apollo. Shortly afterwards, however, he obtained a situation in the office of the ‘Reformers’ Gazette,’ somewhat similar to that which he had filled in the ‘Glasgow Chronicle,’ and there he remained till his death, in September, 1846, esteemed by his employer as a man of genuine worth, and attracting the sincere attachment of those who were associated with him in the same establishment. The social and warm sympathies which formed the distinguishing characteristics of the poet’s temperament, somewhat unduly enlarged the circle of those who courted his agreeable company in convivial hours; but this temptation was not permitted to withdraw him from the regular and honest discharge of his duties, although it was decidedly hostile to the frugal and economical habits which lead to the acquisition of money. No better proof can be given of the high and general respect in which he was held, than that, in 1836, he received a public dinner in the Tontine Hotel, at which above two hundred gentlemen, of all shades of political opinion, assembled to testify their respect, and presented him with a silver box filled with sovereigns.

A few additional details of Mr. Rodger’s life will be found

in the memoir prefixed to 'Whistlebinkie,' to which we acknowledge our obligations for most of the facts and dates that constitute the groundwork of this chapter. It is there stated, that "Mr. Rodger's first appearance as an avowed author was in 1827, when a small volume of his pieces was published by David Allan & Co. of Glasgow." The first complete collection of his poems was, however, published by the late Mr. David Robertson, in 1838, the volume being entitled 'Poems and Songs, humorous and satirical, by Alexander Rodger,' and dedicated by the author to Lord Brougham, as 'the master-mind of the age.' Most of the lyrical pieces in this volume re-appeared in 'Whistlebinkie, a Collection of Songs for the Social Circle,' published at intervals by Mr. Robertson, in six successive series, from 1838 to 1846. The first series of this remarkable collection was edited by Mr. Carrick, and the rest of the series by Mr. Rodger. The latter is perhaps the largest individual contributor to the work; which, however, embraces a vast variety of beautiful pieces by Carrick, Kennedy, Laing, Hedderwick, Latto, Ballantine, Miller, Gilfillan, Motherwell, Thom, and a host of others. It is justly observed in the preface that "so large a body of original songs was never before offered to the public in one volume;" and indeed we have no hesitation in saying, that so large a collection of really beautiful compositions of the same character could not be published in any language or dialect except our own Scotch. The only thing which we have seen to compare with it is in the French language, which, however, excepting the inimitable 'Chansons' of Beranger and a few others, is greatly inferior. Indeed, it is an error to regard 'Whistlebinkie' as a mere song-book. We regard it as a rich and voluminous collection of some of the best poetical compositions in the Scotch language; and no higher proof can be given of the genuine merit of Mr. Rodger, than that he occupies so worthy a place in this poetical gallery, both as editor and principal contributor to the work. It is an inexhaustible fund of song, humor, and interesting local associa-

tion. We have only to remark in conclusion, that the few specimens which we have given of Sandie Rodger's muse, are only selected as illustrating the incidents of his life, and must not be regarded therefore as affording a fair or favorable sample of his happiest compositions. But we must refer the reader who wishes to know more of Rodger to 'Whistlebinkie' and the separate volume of his own 'Poems and Songs.'

CHAPTER XXIX.

COLONEL PATTISON'S MONUMENT—LAMBDA AND DELTA—ROBERT STUART, AUTHOR OF 'CALEDONIA ROMANA,' ETC.

"What spirit prompts
Thine eagle thus to soar, till it would perch
On a bleak wilderness of barren hills?
Is conquest, or is wealth, thine idol—Roman!
Seekest thou empire, though it be but rocks,
To glut thine avarice—to appease thy thirst
Of being greater than the world thou rul'st?
Look at these hills: thou canst not conquer them:
They will not bend to worship in thy shrine—
Neither shall we. These are our ramparts—Roman!
These old rocks we call our own—and *shall*.
We cannot stoop to thee: we soar on them;
And that thou canst not. Have we not withstood
Thy phalanx and thy force—until thy pride
Would conquer, not for conquest, but revenge?"—HOLOCAUST.

RETURNING from Rodger's monument to the carriage-way which slopes upward along the face of the hill, and continuing our progress in this direction, we now advance several yards without encountering any other monuments. At length, where THETA terminates, immediately under the rocky foundation of Major Monteath's sepulchre, we arrive at an elegantly-railed enclosure which indicates the commencement of BETA. Henceforth, therefore, we have this compartment on the right, instead of THETA, while MNEMA continues on the left; but no additional monuments will now present themselves in the latter.

The enclosure to which we have alluded as denoting the commencement of BETA, contains two monuments standing against the rocky declivity. The first is a handsome Gothic structure, bearing an inscription on a slab of white marble, which marks it as 'the burying-place of James Robert Denistoun, Esq., merchant in Glasgow;' the second is the property of Alexander Macgregor, Esq.

Immediately beyond these, is the elegant group of monuments belonging to the Pattison family, which constitute so distinguished an ornament of this portion of the Necropolis. The enclosure contains four monuments; and one of these, which is erected against the face of the rock, and is partly concealed from view by the shrubs and creeping plants, exhibits the following inscription, surmounted by the arms of the family:—

"In memory of John Pattison of Kelvingrove, merchant in Glasgow, who died 28th Dec., 1807, aged 57; and his beloved wife, Hope Margaret Moncrieff, of the ancient family of Culfargie, who died 3d Sept., 1833, aged 77. To fulfil his dying wish, that they should be laid together in one grave, three of their sons, John, Matthew Moncrieff, and Frederick, on the 9th Sept., 1833, removed their Father's ashes from St. David's Churchyard, and deposited them with their Mother's, in the vaults beneath. *Placide Quiescant!*."

"This native stone—what few vain marbles can?—
 May truly say, here lies an honest man;—
 A manly form—a firm yet brilliant mind,
 Open as day, his heart loved all mankind:
 A lively faith, from superstition free,
 A love of truth, and hate of tyranny.
 Such this man was, who now from earth removed,
 At length enjoys the liberty he loved.

And thou, his best beloved—his faithful wife,
 The pride and solace of his wedded life:
 Our gentle mother—honored, loved, revered—
 Whose sweet voice blest us, and whose bright eye cheered:
 Thou too hast left us in this world of woe;
 Nor dare we murmur while we mourn the blow;
 'For we would ill requite thee to constrain
 Thine unbound spirit into bonds again.'

On the south side of this monument is a large draped urn, inscribed to the memory of a deceased lady of the family.

But far the most prominent objects in the enclosure are the two remaining monuments, occupying the two corners in

front. Colonel Pattison's monument, on the right, is a massive square column, crowned with a full-length statue of the gallant officer, by Mr. J. Ritchie. The lineaments are those of a fine, manly figure, standing with the head uncovered, and 'his martial cloak around him,' in an easy and unconstrained attitude. As a work of art it appears almost faultless. On the west side of the pedestal is this inscription:—

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ALEXANDER HOPE PATTISON, K.H.,
 Commander of the Troops in the Bahamas, &c , &c.,
 After serving his country twenty-eight years,
 With honor and fidelity,
 Died at Nassau, New Providence, on the 11th Jany., 1843,
 aged 48.
 This Monument to his worth and services is erected
 By his friends and fellow-citizens.
 1838.

On the north side of the pedestal is inscribed:—

A. D. MDCCCXXXVIII.
 By a grant from
 The Merchants' House of Glasgow,
 Of the requisite ground,
 The Contributors
 Were enabled to place Colonel Pattison's monument
 Near his father's tomb.

On the body, or central part of the column, towards the west, are the family armorial bearings, with the motto '*Hostis honoris invidia*;' and on each of the other sides, at the same elevation, are the following short but significant inscriptions—words fraught with historical associations of the most ennobling character, and in which we may read the life-history of the brave soldier around whose monument they are emblazoned—each word a chapter:—

North Side.—SALAMANCA, MADRID, RETREAT OF ARANJUEZ, PYRENEES.

East Side.—MASSENA'S RETREAT, CAMPO MAYOR, FUENTES D'ONORO, BADAJOZ.

South Side.—BUSACO, REDINHA, CASAL NOVA, FOZ D'ARONCE.

We now turn to the last, but not the least interesting monument in the group—that which is erected at the north-west corner. This is another solid rectangular mass; but instead of being crowned with a statue, it supports a pile of

armour—a helmet, sword, and other accoutrements of war. This cenotaph tells its own history in highly appropriate and most pathetic terms, and therefore, without further comment, we shall simply quote the inscription :—

[West Side.]

“Alexander Hope Pattison, Lieutenant and Acting Adjutant of the 2nd West India Regiment, and Secretary to his uncle, Lieut. Colonel Alexander Hope Pattison, K.H., commander of the troops in the Bahamas. ‘Young, beautiful, and brave,’ he met his death at Nassau New Providence, with the calm serenity of a Christian and a soldier, on the 28th day of September, 1834, at the early age of 21. His brother-officers have erected a cenotaph in the church at Nassau, near which he was buried, to express their ‘very high regard for his worth.’ And his afflicted parents, John and Rebecca Pattison, in full assurance of hope that they shall again meet a beloved son, whom God in his providence hath for the present taken from them, have raised this stone to tell where he sleeps. 1836. My Son! My Son!”

[South Side.]

Extract of a letter from M. General Lord Fitzroy Somerset,* K.C.B.,
Military Secretary.

“To John Pattison, Esq.

“HORSE GUARDS, June 16, 1835.

“I avail myself of the earliest opportunity to express to you my most sincere condolence on the irreparable loss you have sustained in the death of your son.

“It is hardly possible, on such occasions, to say anything which can afford comfort or consolation to an afflicted parent; but it must be a satisfaction to you to reflect that he was beloved by all; and that he had done himself as much credit as was possible in the situation in which he was placed, during the period of his service in the army.”

[North Side.]

“He went with his glorious feelings yet
In their first glow;
Like a southern stream that no frost hath met
To chain its flow.
He went with his noble heart unworn,
Warm, and pure, and high—
An Eagle stooping from clouds of morn
Only to die. —

He hath left a grief in his Father’s breast,
Deep, deep and dear;
And a memory to his Mother blest
With Faith’s mild tear;
And a spotless name, above the blight
Of earthly breath—
Beautiful—beautiful and bright
In life and death.”

* The late lamented Lord Raglan.

[East Side.]

“ Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis ? ”

—an extract from Horace, which we may thus translate,

“ Why be ashamed, or why a limit set,
To breathe for one so dear our fond regret ? ”

Passing this fine group of monuments, the next recess or excavation on the right expands into a truly magnificent artificial rockery, partially divided into four semicircular compartments, and all enclosed by an elegant stone balustrade. This is the property of Samuel Higginbotham, Esq. of the firm of Todd & Higginbotham, one of the largest manufacturing houses in Glasgow. It must have been constructed at great labor and expense ; and it cannot be denied that the effect is very fine ; but still we are by no means sure that it is not a little overdone. The whole will be much improved when the face of the grotesque masses of rock, of which the walls are composed, is clustered with a thicker mantling of ivy. The only monument yet erected in this enclosure is a beautiful small Gothic tablet of white marble, inserted against the face of the rock, in memory of the deceased lady of the Rev. S. T. Porter, formerly colleague of Dr. Wardlaw, and now minister of Bath Street Independent Chapel. By a second marriage, this reverend gentleman stands in the relation of son-in-law to Mr. Higginbotham, who erected the magnificent church in Bath Street at his own expense.

Beyond Mr. Higginbotham's picturesque enclosure, the rocky back-ground on the right gives place to a lofty retaining-wall, against which two very fine monuments are erected. The first is the property of Mr. Cooper of Ballindalloch ; and exhibits two graceful female figures, one of which seems to be intended to typify 'sorrowing humanity,' and the other, 'religious hope.' The second structure has been lately erected by Mr. John Bell, of J. & M. P. Bell & Co., china and earthenware manufacturers, Glasgow Pottery, Canal Bank—a

firm which has raised the reputation of Glasgow to no inconsiderable eminence in this branch of manufacture. The structure was designed by Mr. Rothead; and finely harmonizes with its position. It consists of a lofty Egyptian door-way intended to resemble the entrance to an excavation in the rock. In form it is similar to the front of the Egyptian vaults, but the door is approached by a flight of steps; and these, as well as the sides and projecting architrave, are formed of red granite, while the part which is designed to represent the door, consists of a magnificent slab of beautifully polished dark granite. The framing or exterior portion is also polished; and the contrast of color which is thus completely brought out, has a good and striking effect. On the lintel are inscribed the appropriate words—‘O grave where is thy victory?’ The idea embodied in this structure was suggested by the rocky excavations in the wonderful ruins of Petra, the capital of Arabia Petræa—a city in which not only the tombs of the dead, but even many of the temples of the gods and the habitations of the living, seem to have been scooped out of the rock. The same idea is less effectively expressed in a tomb near Motherwell’s monument, to which allusion has been made in a former chapter (p. 60).

Continuing our northward course, and passing on our left the façade, where MNEMA terminates, we arrive at the group of monuments, including the graceful obelisk of Peterhead granite, which first arrested our attention on entering the precincts of the Necropolis. Without adverting to the other monuments in this group, which constitutes an outlying portion of BETA, we now descend upon the principal carriage-way, a little to the north of the façade—the point from which we started on our journey through the silent mansions of the dead.

We have thus completed the entire circuit of the carriage-way; but still there remains an interesting angle, embracing at its further extremity the burying-ground of the Jews, to

which we must now direct our steps. It is true that the readiest route to that enclosure would be found by pursuing the first walk which branches off to the left; we prefer, however, to advance along the carriage-way to near Hugh Hamilton's monument, at which a more spacious avenue diverges in the same direction, passing through one of the most beautiful parts of the Necropolis, and leading, by an easy approach, to the Jews' burying-ground.

Following this avenue, and passing on the right hand, first Hugh Hamilton's monument, and then a tomb or sepulchre belonging to Mr. Edward Fairley of this city, the visitor will find himself introduced to one of the most beautiful and well-wooded regions of the Necropolis. On the left is LAMBDA, embracing three terraces, and stretching down to the Molendinar. On the right is DELTA, gradually expanding to the east as it proceeds northward, so as to admit of being divided into six terraces by five narrow walks which run in parallel lines, from north to south. The embankment of the carriage-way above, forms a well-defined eastern boundary, enclosing the compartment on that side by a solid retaining-wall, against which the graceful outlines of the scattered monuments appear to great advantage. We cannot omit, however, to express our disapproval of the heavy iron railings by which the different lairs are generally divided from each other in this compartment. DELTA would be much better without these incumbrances, which give it much the appearance of a very ingeniously constructed iron labyrinth.

Pursuing in a straight line the broad and beautiful avenue on which we have now entered, we find ourselves compelled to pass without notice a great variety of very elegant monuments, of which there are not a few in both compartments, on the right and left. There is, however, one tombstone with little or no pretensions to elegance, but fraught with peculiar interest—the position of which we shall best indicate by calling attention to others that are more conspicuous. Near the middle of the walk, the visitor will observe on his

right hand, as he proceeds northward, a beautiful recumbent coffin-shaped slab of polished Peterhead granite; and beyond it a somewhat grotesque and fanciful monument, of which it would be difficult to determine the leading idea or the architectural type. It seems to be a grouping or agglomeration of small monuments, rather than one structure; and this would appear to have been the design of the architect, so as to produce a kind of family-group of monumental slabs, each of which, supporting its little sarcophagus, is very ingeniously arranged around the body of the pile. It bears an inscription "in memory of James Robertson, Esq., iron-merchant, Glasgow, who died 12th Dec., 1837;" and almost directly behind it is the grave to which we allude, marked by a very plain tombstone, bearing this short and simple record:—

The
Property of
WILLIAM STUART,
1836.

"Evanescimus."

Its position may be further recognized by the fact, that beside it is a tall circular block, with a graceful sweeping curve, not unlike a gigantic hyacinth-glass. From the preceding inscription, and the humble, unpretending character of the stone itself, the visitor would little imagine that here are interred the remains of two men—father and son—both of whom were well entitled to be termed remarkable; and the latter has rendered his name immortal as the author of that most delightful volume, 'Caledonia Romana.' The writer of this truly national work, the late Mr. Robert Stuart, died of cholera in December, 1848, and his father, whose name appears on the stone, survived him only a few days. We have said that both were remarkable men; and we shall therefore make no apology for combining with the life of the son a short account of the father.

Mr. Robert Stuart was born at Glasgow on the 21st January, 1812. His father had studied at the universities both of

Glasgow and St. Andrews, with a view to the ministry, but afterwards turned to mercantile pursuits. At St. Andrews, he was contemporary and intimate with Dr. Chalmers. His name had been originally written 'Stewart,' but during his subsequent residence on the continent he changed it to 'Stuart,' to enable his German friends to address him by something resembling the correct pronunciation.* About the year 1810, he married a daughter of Mr. George Meliss of Perth—a gentleman who, in his younger days, had distinguished himself as a popular local political leader during the exciting times that succeeded the war of American Independence; and who is mentioned in Penny's 'Traditions of Perth,' as "a young man remarkable for his vigorous and impassioned eloquence." Mr. Meliss contended only for those political reforms which have been subsequently carried out; and his talent and energy not only raised him to a very influential position at Perth, but brought him into intercourse with Fox, Sheridan, and other prominent liberals of the day.

This gentleman was the late Mr. Robert Stuart's maternal grandfather; and Robert was entrusted to his care in 1813, when little more than a year old—his father being then called to Gibraltar on commercial affairs. Mr. Meliss at that time occupied a farm in the parish of Aberdalgie, near Perth; and here, at the foot of the Ochil hills, our author passed the most susceptible period of life—his early childhood. In 1819, he joined his parents, who were then at Nice, and who shortly afterwards removed, with their increasing family, to Gibraltar. In 1820 or 1821, he was sent back to Scotland, with his younger brother, and placed in a boarding-school at Aberdalgie, under the charge of Mr. Peddie. In 1825, Mr. Stuart, sen., returned to his native country; and his eldest son, Robert, now in his fourteenth year, was taken to reside with the family in Glasgow, where he attended a seminary taught by Mr. Young.

* Before Mr. Stuart, sen., adopted this change, his name, as pronounced in German, would sound rather uncouth to a Scotch or English ear, 'Herr Vilhelm Stayvart.'

In the following year, so disastrous to commercial men, the circumstances of Mr. Stuart, sen., suffered severely; and he was compelled to direct his energies into a new channel. His liberal education and literary tastes naturally decided his choice of a profession; and he started as bookseller and publisher, taking his son Robert from school to assist him in the business, which continued for a period of ten years to be conducted by father and son conjointly. In 1836, Robert married Miss Thomson, a young lady respectably connected, and became, by mutual agreement with his father, the sole proprietor of the business, the latter having meanwhile succeeded in obtaining extensive employment in another capacity.

It was to be expected that Mr. Stuart, sen., from his regular University education, should possess a competent knowledge of the Latin and Greek tongues. He was, in fact, an excellent classical scholar; and had further acquired, by his residence on the continent, an intimate acquaintance with the languages and literature of Germany, Spain, and France. To this circumstance, as well as to the sympathy expressed by both father and son towards the unfortunate of all nations, and to Polish refugees in particular, is to be attributed the fact that their place of business on the south side of Ingram Street, near the Royal Exchange, was much resorted to by foreigners. It is further worthy of remark, as explaining the future predominant bias of the son, that Mr. Stuart, sen., to his great acquirements as a linguist, and a vast stock of general intelligence, added a considerable knowledge of antiquities. He was particularly conversant with ancient coins and medals; and so high was his authority esteemed in this department, that he was consulted in arranging the fine numismatic collection in the Hunterian Museum at the College. In a newspaper notice which appeared at the time of his death, from the pen of Mr. Buchanan of the Western Bank, it is stated, that "Mr. William Stuart was a fine old man, full of intelligence, yet void of pretensions, and with a

certain air of *bonhomme*, which rendered him a general favorite. . . . His probity and honor secured to him in business that respect which attends a good, an amiable, and an honest man."

This character of the father will prepare the reader to anticipate that of the son, in whom, with a kindred disposition, were developed similar tastes. "To modesty of deportment, and mild unassuming manners," says the gentleman above-quoted, "Mr. Robert Stuart united a well-cultivated mind, extensive literary attainments, good discriminating taste, and a powerful intellect." His first attempts in composition were made in his twentieth year, and consisted of short poetical pieces, some of which appeared in the 'Literary Rambler,' a periodical published by his father—others in the 'Scottish Monthly Magazine,' which was established and edited by himself, but existed only for a twelvemonth. He contributed also fugitive pieces to 'Blackwood,' 'Tait,' 'Chambers,' &c.; and in 1834 he published a small volume, entitled 'Ina, and other Fragments in Verse,' displaying considerable poetical powers.

But these were merely his juvenile essays. He married, as we have stated, in 1836; and he seems to have engaged in no other literary work for several years. He required some special object or pursuit to arouse his energies. He had, indeed, already imbibed from his father a taste for antiquities, which found a congenial soil in the peculiar character of his mind; but something was wanting to convert this ennobling taste into a spring of action. At length, in 1841, the necessary impetus was supplied. It happened, in the course of that year, that Mr. Buchanan, to whose antiquarian tastes allusion has already been made in connection with his 'Desultory Sketches' (p. 112), showed to Mr. Stuart several inscribed altars, and other interesting memorials of the Roman occupation of Scotland in his possession. Mr. Stuart's curiosity was strongly excited by these reliques; and Mr. Buchanan remarked that, considering the great interest

which attached to the subject, and the frequent discoveries that were taking place, it was surprising that no one, during nearly a century, had written on the Roman antiquities of Scotland. He accordingly suggested the task to Mr. Stuart, as one that ought to be accomplished before these ancient memorials should altogether vanish from the land, under the destructive effects of the march of modern improvement.

Mr. Stuart, though diffident of his powers to grapple with a subject so extensive, finally resolved to attempt it, and addressed himself to the work with zeal and the most untiring industry. "He personally visited," says Mr. Buchanan, "and authenticated by drawings on the spot, almost every object of Roman antiquity in Scotland. His wish was to present the subject, which to the general reader might appear uninviting, in an attractive dress; and so to popularize it, that while accuracy of description might be relied on, the book he intended to write should be, not a mere collection of the dry bones of antiquity, but animated with a lively description of events, so as to take the reader willingly and pleasantly back 1700 years, and place him mentally in Caledonia *as it then was*. In Mr. Stuart's hands such a picture could not be otherwise than well sketched. He was fully competent to the task, completely master of the subject, and keenly alive to its importance."

The result of several years of intense labor, in hours which were chiefly stolen from the avocations of business, appeared in 1844, when he published an elegant quarto volume, with maps and numerous illustrations, entitled 'Caledonia Romana, or a Descriptive Account of the Roman Occupation of Scotland.' This work was well received, and most favorably reviewed by competent critics. The language is flowing and graceful, and the subject is discussed in the most complete manner, leaving but little to be desired. The volume quickly passed through a first edition; and the author had in view a second edition, which he intended to enrich with a considerable amount of new matter, when he was so suddenly re-

moved from the land of the living. Fortunately, however, the unfinished work was accomplished by able and friendly hands a few years after his death. A second edition was published in 1852, edited by Mr. Stuart's brother-in-law, Professor Thomson of Aberdeen, and enriched with valuable notes by Mr. Buchanan of Glasgow, and Daniel Wilson, LL.D., then Honorary Secretary of the Society of Scottish Antiquaries, now Professor of History in the British College at Toronto. It is to the biographic notice of the author by Professor Thomson, prefixed to this edition, that we are chiefly indebted for the details of Mr. Stuart's life.

Having once launched into the interesting field of antiquity, Mr. Stuart did not allow the venerable reliques of the past in his own city to remain unchronicled. To this subject he now applied himself; and, in 1848, about a year before his death, he published another handsome quarto, entitled 'Views and Notices of Glasgow in Former Times,' embellished with numerous elegant illustrations by Messrs. Allan & Ferguson. The historical associations connected with the old buildings, and other objects of interest, pictorially sketched in this volume, are narrated by the author in a lively, graphic, and pleasing style, which renders the work deeply interesting to a Glasgow citizen. Read in conjunction with the 'Desultory Sketches' by Mr. Buchanan, it perfectly resuscitates the ruins, and reanimates the records and recollections, of 'Old Glasgow.'

Mr. Stuart had other literary enterprises in contemplation. He intended to write a work on the ancient Kingdom of Strath-Clyde, and another on the Battle-fields of Scotland—both of them subjects which a pen like his would have clothed with the charms of romance wedded to the truthfulness of history. He had likewise resolved to compose a narrative of the ill-fated Darien Expedition, based on the mass of letters and other manuscripts, then lying unedited in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. But all his plans were suddenly arrested by death. On the morning of the

23d December, 1848, he was attacked by cholera, then raging with fearful violence in Glasgow, and died after a few hours' illness, at the early age of 37, "leaving a widow and an interesting young family to mourn the loss of an affectionate husband and indulgent father." To add to the heavy distress of this unexpected dispensation, his own father survived him only a few days, dying on the 31st of the same month, after a short illness, in the 70th year of his age. Both were interred in the Necropolis in the same vault. They had ever been affectionately attached in life, and they were not separated in death. Plain and humble is the stone which marks their grave; but surely where two such men repose, the gratitude and public spirit of their fellow-citizens will yet be aroused to erect a monument of granite, worthy to associate with the memory of both—and more especially of him who, although struck down in mid-career, contributed so much to rescue our Scottish memorials and Glasgow antiquities from oblivion.*

CHAPTER XXX.

THE JEWS' BURYING-GROUND.

"Theirs were the prophets, theirs the priestly call,
 And theirs by birth the Savior of us all.
 'Twas theirs alone to dive into the plan
 That truth and mercy had revealed to man;
 And while the world beside, that plan unknown,
 Deified useless wood or senseless stone,
 They breathed in faith their well-directed prayers,
 And the true God, the God of truth was theirs.
 Their glory faded, and their race dispersed,
 The last of nations now, though once the first;
 They warn and teach the proudest, would they learn,
 Keep wisdom, or meet vengeance in your turn."—COWPER.

In last chapter we conducted the reader to the grave of the author of 'Caledonia Romana,' near the middle of the broad

* It is a remarkable circumstance, that the late Mr. Robert Stuart was one of three literary Glasgow booksellers, living at the same period, all of whom died young. We allude, of course, to the late Mr. Dugald Moore and Mr. Thomas Atkinson—his contemporaries.

walk which divides LAMBDA from DELTA; and in the next and concluding chapter, we shall have occasion to allude to some of the poetical inscriptions and other peculiar features of these two compartments. At present, therefore, without delaying to particularize the numerous elegant monuments on both sides, we at once proceed to the northern extremity of this beautiful avenue; and then, descending to the left, by a double flight of steps, we arrive at a position overlooking the secluded resting-place of the Jews.*

Some allowance must be made for olden prejudices, even although they do not rest on any valid principle, and therefore it is perhaps well that the burying-ground of the Jews has been placed in this sequestered corner, which may be regarded as a suburb of the beautiful city of the dead. Although the position is a partial separation, it is not an exclusion, and perhaps the arrangement is equally satisfactory to both Jew and Christian.

A beautiful gateway and ornamental column, erected at the expense of the Merchants' House, mark the spot where the children of Abraham are interred. On the north and west it is enclosed by the boundary-walls of the Necropolis, the muddy waters of the Molendinar washing the base of the wall on the west side; on the east it is bounded by the face of the steep rock, which indicates that at a former period quarrying operations were attempted to be carried on here; on the south it is partially enclosed by the same natural barrier, at the foot of which are the gateway, the pillar, and the wall prolonged to the burn. The area consists of about ninety square yards, and may be described in general terms as partly an artificial enclosure and partly an excavation in the face of the hill. Although the tombstones are chiefly confined to the wall on the north side, the tumuli or mounds of earth indicate that the place is full; and between the gateway and the Molendinar two additional monuments have been erected

* For the benefit of such as may not have accompanied us in our route, we may here repeat that the most direct approach to the Jews' burying-ground is the walk which passes northward, along the bank of the Molendinar, above the bridge.

on the outside of the wall, around which a small supplementary space, embracing from fifteen to twenty square yards, is marked off with a slender iron railing.

Before proceeding further with our description, we may record a few historical notices connected with this interesting portion of the Necropolis. Here it was that Joseph Levy, a jeweller, who died of cholera in 1832, was interred on the 12th of September in that year, and this, as we have previously stated (p. 31), was the first interment in the Necropolis. Indeed, it was not till the 12th of March, 1833, that the committee were formally authorized to dispose of burial-places; and we have seen that the foundation-stone of the bridge was not laid till the 18th of October following. The Jews may therefore be regarded as the patriarchs of the Necropolis; and the history of the transaction which placed them in this position is thus briefly recorded in a note which is appended to the first annual cemetery report:—

“The Chief of the Synagogue sent, offering to purchase possession of a burial-place before any arrangements were completed or prices fixed, stating frankly that they had a specific sum raised and laid aside for the purpose, and their desire to have such accommodation as could be given for it. There was a *corner with a few trees in the end of the park* next the burn, where freestone had been wrought, and which seemed peculiarly adapted for the purpose, and least likely to interfere with any future operations. The request was accordingly complied with, although the price, when calculated, according to what has afterwards been obtained from others, has proved a trifle under the average. The payment of tribute upon interments was considered inconsistent with their religious ideas; and their mode of interment being peculiar, and such as the Committee would certainly wish to see generally introduced, of preserving the spot where any remains have ever been deposited from being again used, the fees which were not then fixed were also agreed to be given up in their case.”

The sum paid for the burying-ground was one hundred guineas. This purchase was made so early as the year 1830, and many features in the transaction appear to have borne a striking resemblance to the purchase by Abraham of the cave of Machpelah, in the end of the field of Ephron, the Hittite—the earliest and most interesting sale of which any account exists:—

“And Abraham stood up from before his dead, and spake unto the

sons of Heth, saying, I am a *stranger and a sojourner* with you; give me a *possession of a burying-place* with you, that I may bury my dead out of my sight. . . . And he communed with them, saying, If it be your mind that I should bury my dead out of my sight, hear me and entreat for me to Ephron, the son of Zhoar, that he may give me the cave of Machpelah which he hath, which is *in the end of his field*: for as much money as it is worth he shall give it me, *for a possession of a burying-place amongst you*. . . . And Abraham hearkened unto Ephron; and Abraham weighed to Ephron the silver, which he had named in the audience of the sons of Heth, four hundred shekels of silver, current money with the merchant. And the field of Ephron, which was in Machpelah, which was before Mamre, *the field and the cave which was therein*, and all the trees that were in the field, that were in all the borders round about, were *made sure unto Abraham for a possession*, in the presence of the children of Heth, before all that went in at the gate of his city.”—(Gen. chap. xxiii.)

Like their father Abraham, Woolf Levy and his brethren, who purchased the burying-ground in the Merchants' Park, were *strangers and sojourners* in this land: the spot, if not actually a cave, is an excavation, *at the end of the field*; it contains also *a few trees*, like the field of Ephron; the money was duly paid for it on the spot; and, to quote the precise words of the certificate of sale to the Jewish Synagogue, the ground thus purchased was “to be *for a possession of a burying-place* for the burial of the dead of the said society or members of the said synagogue in Glasgow, for ever.”

The committee of management entrusted by the Jewish Synagogue with this transaction, were Samuel Davis, Woolf Levy, Henry Prince, and David Davis. The purchase-money was raised by general subscription among the members of the synagogue. Periodical contributions were occasionally levied among the members to keep it in repair. The synagogue (which was established in the year 1829, or earlier), conducted its affairs harmoniously up till 10th April, 1842, when a majority of the society agreed to remove from their premises in the Old Post-Office Court, and to hold their meetings in the Andersonian Institution. This arrangement was resisted by a minority, headed by Woolf Levy and others, who objected, we believe, to the Andersonian Institution as an unclean place, in consequence of the anatomical dissections that were carried on in one part of the building. This produced a split or little ‘disruption’ in the synagogue. The majority re-

moved to the Andersonian Institution ; the minority continued to hold their meetings in the Old Post-Office Court. The majority naturally considered themselves the society to whom the ground in the Necropolis had been sold 'for a possession of a burial-place for ever,' and refused to allow the members of the minority to exercise the right of sepulture within its precincts. The latter demurred to this, and on the 2d October, 1843, proceeded, in the face of opposition, to inter the corpse of one of their own number within the enclosure. This gave rise to legal proceedings at the instance of the majority—David Davis, Henry Prince, and Samuel Davis, pursuers; Woolf Levy, furrier, and Morris Lyons, artificial flower manufacturer, defendants. The latter maintained that they represented the true synagogue in Glasgow, on the ground that the pursuers and others left the old original synagogue, and set up another for themselves. This plea was not sustained by our Sheriff-Substitute (Mr. Bell), who, on the 29th September, 1845, granted interdict against the defenders, and found them liable in expenses—a decision which was confirmed, on appeal, by Sheriff Alison.

We consider it but justice to add, that all the unpleasant feeling created by this temporary misunderstanding has long entirely ceased, and that there is now only one synagogue in Glasgow, the meetings of which continued for some time to be held in the Andersonian Institution—but at present, they are held in a private building, near the west end of Howard Street.* We need not say that the number of the members is very limited. They have in view, however, the erection of a separate place of worship or 'synagogue,' at the head of High John Street; and a sum amounting to nearly £400 has already been collected for this purpose. Among the names of the contributors are those of the Rothschilds, the Goldsmids, and Sir Moses Montefiore.

* The hours of worship, on Friday evening and Saturday morning, vary a little according to the season of the year, which determines the precise period of the Jewish Sabbath. Strangers who conduct themselves respectfully are not excluded.

In the year 1836 was published the first number of a work entitled, 'A Companion to the Necropolis, or, Notices of the History, Buildings, Inscriptions, Plants, &c., of the Fir Park Cemetery of the Merchants' House of Glasgow, illustrated with Landscape and Architectural Drawings.' This work was intended to appear periodically, at intervals of not less than six months, and faithfully to record the history and progressive improvements of the Necropolis, which was then in its infancy. Only one number was ever published. It emanated from the pen of Lawrence Hill, Esq., at that time Collector to the Merchants' House, and is written in a style which induces some regret that the list of subscribers was not sufficiently numerous to warrant its continuance. We have already acknowledged our obligation to this fragment, for several interesting facts connected with the early history of the Fir Park; and we shall now transcribe the writer's elegant and accurate account of the Jews' burying-ground, which was almost the only feature of public interest in the Necropolis when that account was published. Having mentioned the position of the ground, the writer thus continues:—

“The enclosure contains the requisite accommodation for washing the bodies immediately before interment, as required by the Jewish law (Acts ix. 37), which also forbids the depositing of one body above another in the same grave. Their lamentations and repeated assembling of friends, their minstrels (Mat. ix. 23), their comforters and their mourners, ‘when man goeth to his long home,’ are well known, and bear, in some respects, so striking a resemblance to the ullallullahs of our neighbors the Irish, as to suggest some curious speculations on the origin of the latter nation. And while nothing of the nature of religious ceremonial enters into the proceedings of the Jews at their funerals, yet these occasions are always made use of to excite in a peculiar manner and to a great extent, their feelings of charity, and procure relief for the distressed. Nor has any nation ever

shown greater respect than they to the remains of mortality without distinction from religion, considering the God of Abraham as not a God of the dead, but of the living—

‘Their hatred and their love is lost,
Their envy buried in the dust.’

“We are well pleased therefore to find they were entitled to be enrolled as the earliest denizens of this peaceful city, which in time must receive peculiar interest and advantage from the liberality with which it is opened to those of every tribe and of every tongue. An ornamental column and gateway have been erected to mark this burial-place, in terms of the agreement with the synagogue, from designs by Mr. John Bryce, architect. We have heard the propriety doubted, of a columnar monument on the extreme *summit* of a hill, or where there is not some adjoining high ground, or else neighboring buildings for its proper relief. In the present instance, we believe, the column or pillar suggested itself chiefly from there being few other descriptions of such mementos given in Sacred History, while the position recorded of one of them, Absalom’s pillar, in the king’s dale, will perhaps afford the best authority for the site of the present column, at the very foot of the hill. On the front of this column, and immediately under its capital, as forming a piece of fret-work, are the Hebrew initial letters of the words *Mi Kamoka Baalim Jehovah*, ‘who among the Gods is like unto Jehovah,’ or ‘who among the *mighty* is like unto Jehovah,’ as it may be equally well translated from the Song of Moses. This appropriate national motto appears to have been first adopted by the Jews when the glory of their banner was again raised by Judas the son of Mattathias, B.C. 165, in imitation of the Roman motto S.P.Q.R., for ‘*Senatus Populusque Romanus*,’ displayed on the flag or pennon under the eagle; and it seems probable that from this inscription of the letters M.K.B.I., the Hebrew general got the Romanized name of Maccabeus, and his soldiers that of Maccabees. On the pedestal of the column are placed the following beautiful

verses, by Lord Byron, recalling the mind to a different but more instructive and better known part of their national history:—

'Oh! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream;
Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell,
Mourn, where her God hath dwelt, the godless dwell.

'Oh! where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet,
And where shall Zion's songs again seem sweet,
And Judah's melody once more rejoice
The hearts that leapt before its heavenly voice?

'Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
Where shall ye flee away and be at rest?—
The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their country—Israel but the grave.'

“On the lower part of the column is the following inscription:—

'Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me.'

“On one side, or stone post of the gateway, are engraved the following verses:—

'A voice was heard in Ramah, lamentation and bitter weeping; Rachel weeping for her children, refused to be comforted for her children, because they were not.

'Thus saith the Lord, Refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears: for thy work shall be rewarded, saith the Lord; and they shall come again from the land of the enemy.

'And there is hope in thine end, saith the Lord, that thy children shall come again to their own border.'

And on the opposite post the following:—

'How hath the Lord covered the daughter of Zion with a cloud in his anger, and cast down from heaven unto the earth the beauty of Israel, and remembered not his footstool in the day of his anger!

'But though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies.

'For he doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men.'

“The masonry was executed by Mr. John Park, of Anderson Walk. The stone is from Mr. Stirling's quarry, of Kenmure.

“The iron gate was cast by Messrs. Thomas Edington & Sons of the Phoenix Iron Works, and may be said to con-

sist of the following paraphrase, as the legend forms both its strength and ornament :—

‘Naked as from the earth we came,
And entered life at first ;
Naked we to the earth return,
And mix with kindred dust.

‘Whate’er we fondly call our own
Belongs to heaven’s great Lord ;
The blessings lent us for a day
Are soon to be restored.

‘Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave :
He gives ; and, when he takes away,
He takes but what he gave.

‘Then, ever blessed be his name !
His goodness swell’d our store ;
His justice but resumes its own ;
’Tis ours still to adore.’

“Within this burying-place are some thriving elms and other well-grown trees, which the synagogue, like other proprietors of tombs in which there are trees, are bound to preserve. The elm has, from the earliest ages, been deemed a funereal tree ; at least Homer tells us that at Ætion’s tomb—

‘Jove’s sylvan daughters bade their elms bestow
A barren shade, and in his honor grow.’

But it is only once mentioned in our common English Bible, (Hosea iv. 13).”

Thus far the ‘Companion to the Necropolis.’ The monuments of Knox, M’Gavin, and others, were promised in the second number, and the profits (if any) were proposed to be “applied either towards some ornamental or some charitable objects in connection with the cemetery.” Unfortunately, instead of profits, a considerable loss was the result of publishing the first number, and the second never appeared.

To the foregoing description of the burying-ground of the Jews we have little to add, except that the provision for washing the bodies has been removed, being no longer required ; the few surviving trees are much decayed ; and, indeed, the internal appearance of the spot is by no means attractive. The inscriptions are perhaps too numerous and

sentimental, and we think the ornamental column is not sufficiently national or characteristic. The only account which we have of Absalom's pillar, in the king's dale, is in 2 Samuel xviii. 18, "Now Absalom in his life-time had taken and reared up for himself a pillar, which is in the king's dale: for he said, I have no son to keep my name in remembrance; and he called the pillar after his own name; and it is called unto this day Absalom's Place." The structure in the king's dale which is now known as Absalom's Pillar, is, we believe, a comparatively modern Turkish or Saracenic monument, and does not bear the slightest resemblance to the pillar at the Jews' burying-ground. Some more interesting and ancient fragment of undoubted Jewish origin might have been reproduced in the Necropolis with good effect.

The tombstones in this enclosure are liberally enriched with Hebrew inscriptions; some are both in Hebrew and English; one or two in English only; and one in German.

The English inscriptions exhibit nothing peculiar, except that in most of them the year of the world is given instead of the Christian computation. In others, however, the Christian era is recognized, as well as the year of the world. Thus we have the following as a specimen of this significant peculiarity:—

To the Memory of
SOLOMON DAVIS,
Who departed this life
A. M. 5604.
1st October, 1843.
Aged 71 years.

There are some in which the year of the Christian era does not occur at all, and on the other hand there are two or three in which the Christian computation is the only date given. It is certainly a somewhat remarkable circumstance to find even professed Jews dating from the birth of Jesus of Nazareth.

The Hebrew inscriptions are generally similar to the English ones, except that they enter a little more into the family relationships, or touch on the virtues of the deceased.

By way of example, we may call attention to a stone near the middle of the ground, which contains the following English inscription :—“ Benjamin Cohen, Ob. April 18, 5612, aged 4 years and 9 months,” and over this a Hebrew inscription, which reads in English as follows :—

BENJAMIN,
Son (of)
Simeon Phineas Cohen.
29th Nisan, 5612.*

The German inscription records the successive births and deaths of three children, and concludes with these lines, expressing a sentiment much superior to the rhyme :—

“Drey Knospen hat der kalte Tod geknickt,
Und sieder Eltern Herzen früh entrückt ;
Gott aber tröstet durch den Glauben, ‘ In den Höh’n,
Sollt ihr als Blumen sie entfaltet wieder seh’n.”

—lines which we may venture to translate as follows, having more regard to the literal meaning of the words than to poetic elegance :—

“Three tender buds cold death hath torn,
And left the parents’ hearts forlorn ;
But God, through faith, th’ assurance gives, that ye
Them blooming like the flowers again shall see.”

There is also another stone, which, in addition to a Hebrew inscription, has these words in German—‘ Möge die Asche in Frieden ruhen ’ (may his ashes rest in peace!) ; and a third has an English inscription to the memory of a lady who died at the age of 82 years, concluding with this expression—‘ May her Soul repose in Everlasting Life ! ’

There are sixteen or seventeen tombstones within the enclosure ; and we have stated that two are erected against the outside of the wall. The visitor might naturally suppose that the latter had been placed in that position from want of accommodation within ; but this was not the case. The one nearest the Molendinar was excluded by some disagreement in the Synagogue ; we are not sure that, though

* As no figures, or Arabic numerals, appear in the Hebrew inscriptions, it may be proper to explain, that numbers are expressed in Hebrew (as in Greek) by accented letters, and the language is read from right to left.

dated in 1847, its exclusion did not result from the schism and consequent legal proceedings already detailed. The other was denied access to this 'synagogue of the dead,' on account of the deceased, Morris Isaac Rubens, having married a Christian woman. The position of these excommunicated graves, standing, as it were, in the porch of the Gentiles, offers therefore a doubtful comment on certain remarks which we have quoted from the fragmentary work above referred to.

It happens, however, that this Jewish place of sepulture is now completely occupied, and will therefore remain undisturbed in its present condition; for, as has been stated, the custom of the people forbids a repetition of interments in the same grave; and, not being able to agree with the Merchants' House as to the acquisition of additional space in the Necropolis, they have lately acquired a portion of ground in the Eastern Cemetery at Janefield, for the future burial of their dead.

On the whole, although the Jews' enclosure in the Necropolis is far from attractive in point of natural beauty or artificial elegance, that man must be either grossly ignorant or strangely and stupidly apathetic who does not contemplate it with deep interest. Here, in this northern section of a remote island, mingling with people of whom it was once said, '*penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos*,'* these descendants of the Mesopotamian patriarch actually slumber in a quiet place of sepulture near a magnificent Cathedral devoted to Christian worship, and not far from a monument erected to the memory of John Knox. Everything is Christian around them, and here, in a corner of the city of the dead, is a little group of Jews, slumbering peacefully together in a place of

* 'Britons totally divided from the whole world.'—So sang Virgil in Rome's proud and palmy days; and Horace speaks of the Britons as *hospitibus feros*, 'inhuman to strangers.' How is the case reversed in both respects! Britain has become the common asylum of strangers or foreigners; and while imperial Rome has sunk into isolation, Britain, or her colonial progeny, appears as the source and centre of civilization in Europe, Asia, America, Australia, perhaps in Africa also. From this island, as from the throbbing heart of the world, British commerce now pulses to its extremities. Our whisper has already been heard by telegraph at Crim Tartary, far beyond Rome itself; and in a few months we shall be connected by the same almost instantaneous communication with a 'new world,' of the very existence of which Rome was ignorant.

rest at last, after being strangers and sojourners in a land to which they have given a religion, and from which they receive only a grave.

Even apart from religious considerations, with which it is neither our purpose nor our province to intermeddle, the history of the Jews is at least a great anomaly. They are of every nation and yet of no nation—"a people who dwell alone, and are not reckoned among the nations." There can be little doubt that the Jews are as numerous at this moment as they were at the most prosperous period of their own national independence. The number of the whole people is variously computed at from two millions and a half to seven millions. They are most numerous in the Turkish Empire and in Poland. In 1830, the number of Jews in London was estimated at 18,000, and in the rest of England at perhaps 9000. By the last census, in 1851, they had 53 synagogues in England and Wales, with accommodation for 8438 worshippers; in Scotland, only one synagogue or place of worship is mentioned—that which is erected in Edinburgh, with 67 sittings. We presume that in Glasgow there are more Jews than in Edinburgh; and probably the aggregate number in these cities equals the Jewish population of all the rest of Scotland.

That which renders the Jewish race peculiarly interesting is, that from the earliest ages they have been the grand depositories of Monotheism, that is to say, the doctrine of one Supreme Being. This has been their national faith from the days of their father Abraham, although they occasionally fell into idolatry, even in the times of the theocracy. After their return from the Babylonish captivity they never exhibited the slightest tendency to the same error; and this fact alone, regarded simply in a philosophical light, invests the extraordinary history of the people with a deep and solemn interest. What may have possibly become of the lost ten tribes is another curious question, on which a world of erudition has been spent to little purpose. In a summary of the modern Jewish Creed, which was drawn up by Moses

Maimonides, otherwise called 'the great Rambam,' the following is the twelfth and most important article—"I believe, with a perfect faith, that Messiah is yet to come; and though he retard his coming, yet I will wait for him till he come." The patience of the Jews, in clinging to this 'hope deferred,' is very remarkable. Like the learned Frenchman, of whom it was wittily said:—

"De temps en temps, cet homme expert
Renouvelle la fin du monde;"*

so there have been Jews who have risen from time to time to fulfil the national expectation by enacting the Messiah in their own person. The year 1666 was a year of great promise; and several pretended Messiahs appeared about that time, among whom was Sabatai Levi, an Israelite of mean rank in the city of Smyrna, and Nehemiah Cohen, a learned Rabbi from Poland. About twenty similar impostors have appeared at different times, and some of them, even in our own country, have found many followers; but, latterly, their coming has been like 'angels' visits, few and far between;' and whatever be the faults or failings of the Jews of the present day, excessive credulity or superstitious bigotry does not appear to be one of them.

* From time to time, this clever fellow
Renews the end of the world,

CHAPTER XXXI.

GENERAL REMARKS ON THE MONUMENTS, EPITAPHS, AND POETRY
OF THE NECROPOLIS—EXAMPLES FROM DELTA AND LAMBDA—
POETRY OF NATURE—THE SNOWDROP—CONCLUSION.

“O what a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent !
For him the wind, ay, and the yel ow leaves
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings;
He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear.”—LONGFELLOW.

WE have now nearly completed our mournful, yet not unpleasant task. We have walked our silent round in the Necropolis, encompassed with death, indeed, but with all that can make death beautiful; for where is there a sweeter or more delightful spot than this city of the dead? The feathered songsters ‘warble their wood-notes wild’ as merrily amid the silent graves as amid their native groves; the sun shines as cheerfully at the Necropolis as down yonder amid the busy stir of commerce at the Broomielaw; the trees bud as freshly, and the flowers bloom as fair, amid the peaceful mansions of the dead, as in the pleasure-gardens of the living. There is no blight or desolation breathed forth, like the exhalations of a pestilential upas, over the resting-places of the departed. That was left for man to do in the long and dreary age of fanatical superstition. It was in the midnight of the human mind that a twilight of man’s own making, peopled with flitting phantoms and apparitions, brooded perpetually over the sepulchre. The memory of the loved ones that had left this world, perchance for a happier and a better, was thus covered with an everlasting pall of thickest gloom. The grave was made more appalling than even death itself. Skulls and cross-bones

and damp gloomy walls, and all that is ghastly, and horrible, and repulsive, were added and super-added to the natural terrors of the tomb.

Against this gloomy and austere creed the Necropolis is a standing protest. It is beautiful at all seasons, even when

“The cheerless empire of the sky
To Capricorn the Centaur Archer yields,
And fierce Aquarius stains the inverted year;”

for then we have still the elegant monuments to contemplate, fraught with their instructive inscriptions; and in spring, summer, and autumn, the charms of nature are added to the decorations of art. Our task has therefore been far from unpleasant; and now we shall bring it to a close with a few discursive remarks on the monuments, epitaphs, and poetry of the Necropolis.

With reference to the more conspicuous monuments, perhaps we have said enough already—enough, at least, to express our conviction that some of them are singularly beautiful, and all of them worthy of the Necropolis. We have found that they embrace every variety of order and style, from the simple grandeur of the Doric to the exquisite elegance of the Corinthian—from the massive Egyptian obelisk to the picturesque Gothic, the graceful Italian, and the formal yet fanciful Elizabethan. There is here no want of variety for the student of architectural forms; he will find in the Necropolis specimens of almost every style; and we think that even in the minor monuments considerable taste is displayed—while in no one instance can we point to anything which seems to be at absolute variance with the rules of æsthetic propriety.

There is, however, one important feature in which there may be some room for improvement, and this remark will apply, not to the Necropolis alone, but to our garden-cemeteries in general. While admitting that many of the structures are highly beautiful, not a few of them, perhaps, are wanting in significance of design, or in what we may term

distinctive character. They are elegant as works of art, but they express nothing. They are neither essentially Christian nor necessarily sepulchral in their devices. Their only claim to be regarded as tombs is their position in the resting-places of the dead. Erect them in any other locality—surround them with different associations, and their object, apart from the inscriptions, would be somewhat difficult to divine. Of course there are many splendid exceptions, which it might be invidious to particularize; but it cannot be denied that this ambiguous character attaches to not a few beautiful monuments in the Necropolis. And perhaps our having called attention to the circumstance may operate with beneficial effect; for, in doing so, we merely express the opinion of some of the most competent professional gentlemen with whom we have conversed on the subject.

With the general style of the epitaphs or inscriptions, we think it must be difficult for even the most hypercritical to find much fault. They are usually limited to a record of mere names and dates; or if anything is added, it is a passage from Scripture, or two or three lines of simple rhyme. The quoted poetry inscribed on some of the monuments is generally in very good taste. The original verses are 'few and far between;' and those that do occasionally occur are seldom so richly fraught with the 'thoughts that breathe and words that burn,' as to make us wish for more. Frequently, however, they contain good and pious sentiments; and where the attempt at versification is not mere doggrel, we think the language of poesy well befits the tomb. In one or two instances which we could mention, the poetical panegyric on the departed is carried perhaps too far. This is not a frequent error in the Necropolis; although it must be confessed that tombstones sometimes mislead, and epitaphs are often flatterers. With reference to this weakness, now happily becoming less frequent, of praising the departed a little too freely, we have heard it said that if the dead should rise from their graves, and read the inscriptions upon their tombs,

they would sometimes think they had got into the wrong grave by mistake. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*—nothing say but what is good of the dead—is, however, a very good principle, when it is not, as in some cases, abused, and carried to a most extravagant pitch. The virtues of the dead may often be commemorated by implication, and held up as an example to the living without direct eulogy. Inscriptions so written, in the graceful language of poetry, may often contain sentiments which cannot be expressed in prose, and which may produce a salutary effect on the living. Thus, on a tombstone immediately behind Motherwell's monument we read the following inscription, which, although the poetry is not of a very brilliant character, breathes what is far better—a thoroughly Christian spirit:—

Mother—
Weep not for me; but be
You also ready.

Agnes, farewell! our mourning thus
We know is vain; it cannot be
That thou wilt come again to us,
But we, loved one, will go to thee.
Then let our thoughts ascend on high
To him whose arm is strong to save;
Hope gives to faith the victory,
And glory dawns beyond the grave.

Job xxv. 23. Rom. vi. 23. John xi. 23-26. 1 Cor. xv.

“When, soon or late, we reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driven,
May we rejoice, no wanderer lost,
A family in heaven!”

It happens, by a singular coincidence, which we do not pretend to explain, that most of the poetry of the Necropolis is concentrated in LAMBDA and DELTA—the two contiguous compartments which form, as we have lately seen, the low triangular section lying on the west side of the carriage-way that passes northward from the bridge. As Westminster Abbey has its ‘poet's corner,’ so this may be termed in another sense, the ‘poet's corner’ of the Necropolis. It is, indeed, one of the sweetest, most sylvan, and most seques-

tered parts of our beautiful garden-cemetery; but as it happens to contain only one or two monuments invested with any degree of public interest, we have necessarily passed it over with briefer notice than it deserves. Perhaps, therefore, we cannot better conclude than by calling attention to some of the poetical inscriptions, which constitute its most distinguishing feature, as specimens of the Necropolis poetry. In doing so we deem it unnecessary to mention names, except in a few instances, where we may advert, in passing, to some of the more remarkable epitaphs.

In the upper part of DELTA is Mr. Lockhart's elegant monument, already mentioned (p. 57), from which we shall start on our poetical tour, pursuing a zig-zag downward course; and here we may remark, that this monument is one universally admitted to express, in its entire design, a distinctly Christian and sepulchral character. The principal aspect of the monument is to the west, on which there are two cherubs supporting a scroll, with these words:—

“I am the Resurrection and the Life.”

under which is inscribed—

“Write, Blessed are the dead
Which die in the Lord. Rev. xiv. 13.”

On each side, armorial bearings are represented, with, in one case, the motto ‘Sperandum est;’ and in the other, which represents a hand grasping a key, the words ‘Corda serata pando.’ The cherubs on each corner support a line of scrolls, bearing respectively the following sentences:—

“O Death where is thy sting?
O Grave, where is thy victory?
Blessed are the pure in heart,
For they shall see God.”

In the same terrace is a plain tombstone, exhibiting the following lines on the base of the structure:—

“Keep safe these treasures, chest of clay,
Till they are called for at the judgment-day;
For while these jewels here are set,
The grave is but their cabinet.”

And in the second lower terrace is a monument to three children, inscribed with these lines :—

“ Oh, weep no more, fond parents,
That God should take his own ;
But think how blest
In Heaven to rest,
Ere sin their souls had known !
And still they live for you ;
Death for a time may sever,
But cannot part,
Those bound in heart
To serve the Lord for ever.”

Still descending the hill, the visitor will find, at the northern extremity of the broad walk which divides DELTA from LAMBDA, a stone erected in memory of two sons, aged respectively 19 and 25 years, expressing this sentiment :—

“ The grave has eloquence ; its lectures teach
In silence louder than divines can preach—
Hear what it says—ye sons of folly hear—
It speaks to you—lend an attentive ear.”

There is meaning and poetry in these lines, although there is unfortunately a sad want of point in the concluding verse, unless, indeed, it is uttered, or supposed to be uttered, with very great emphasis. The first couplet is good. The eloquence of the grave is a silent, and yet significant, eloquence. ‘There is no voice heard;’ or if heard at all, it is a ‘still, small voice;’ and yet the expressive silence of the grave is louder than the loudest utterance of articulate language. Sometimes the grave speaks in a voice of thunder; or we may compare it to the terrible sound of the earthquake, uttering forth loud alarms from its subterranean caverns. The grave speaks from the earth, and its awful warning is sometimes heard by those who are deaf to the loudest sermon that ever awoke from their slumbers the echoes of yon majestic Cathedral. Viewed in this light, the first two lines are good sense as well as good poetry. We cannot say quite so much of the other two.

Advancing southward along the same walk, we encounter, on the left hand, a neat square structure, crowned with an

obelisk and vase, and bearing the following inscription, which deserves to be recorded as a testimony to a worthy man, and a relique of a former order of things :—

“Sacred to the memory of David M’Grigor, Builder, who died 15th January, 1837, in the 57th year of his age. He was for many years one of the Magistrates of Calton, and was distinguished by his attention to its best interests. He bequeathed a large portion of his estate for the purpose of building and endowing a Public School in that Burgh for the education of poor children.

This monument is erected by his Trustees.

The sixth or seventh monument on the opposite side is erected over the grave of one whose name, at least, may be esteemed public property, and who, being dead, now speaketh perhaps louder than he ever preached when living. The stone to which we allude is “in memory of the Rev. John Fairley, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in this city, who died Aug. 8, 1837, aged 71, and in the 46th year of his ministry.” Added to the short and simple annals of the Presbyterian divine, is this appropriate quotation :—

“And when the Chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory which fadeth not away.”

This verse is evidently not addressed, like the short poetical inscription quoted in the preceding page, to the ‘sons of folly.’ We suppose the majority of visitors will think the poetry the more applicable of the two to their own case. They have their choice. The Necropolis is a many-mouthed divine, and preaches to all comers from many different texts.

The second beyond this, bears to be “Erected by James Corbett, Merchant, Launceston, Van Dieman’s Land, who died in London on the 18th June, 1841, in the 49th year of his age.’ ‘At first sight this inscription appears a little anomalous. It seems to confound time and place. Mr. Corbett was a merchant in Van Dieman’s Land ; he dies in London ; and the stone is erected by himself.

Near the middle of the same avenue, is a humble, unpretending tombstone, the inscription on which is nearly obliterated, although it appears to be the sole memorial of one who

had died at a distance from his friends and kindred. The stone is contiguous to the well-enclosed burying-ground of 'Archibald Graham, Esq., Solicitor, Westminster;' and we think it is a duty to snatch the inscription from oblivion before it becomes quite illegible :—

Sacred
To the Memory of
JAMES MARK FERGUSON,
Student of Philosophy,
Who died 24th October, 1834,
Aged 19.

We are not acquainted with the history of this simple monument, or with the history of him of whom it appears to be now the sole record. Probably he died while pursuing his studies at the University here, and the stone was erected by a few of his fellow-students. The inscription makes no allusion to any relative of the deceased. The stone stands alone, detached and isolated, as it were, in the midst of the family groups around. 'This—this is solitude,' even in death. James Mark Ferguson may have been struggling against an adverse fortune, cheered in the prosecution of his midnight studies by the hope of a comfortable independence. Perhaps even the prospect of literary eminence and world-wide renown glimmered like a bright lamp in the far-distance, shedding even some cheering rays on the darkness of the present hour, when the lamp of life flickering in its socket went out, and with it was extinguished all the blaze of a bright and glorious future in this world, seen, as we see things at the age of nineteen, through a *couleur-de-rose* atmosphere, which afterwards sobers down into a grey cold twilight. James Mark Ferguson may have had no relative near him to soothe his dying hours; and his fate, if we have conjectured aright, reminds us of those magnificent lines with which the 'Minstrel' is introduced :—

" Ah ! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar ;
Ah ! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with fortune an eternal war ;

Checked by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
 And poverty's unconquerable bar,
 In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
 Then dropt into the grave unpitied and unknown !”

Passing several graves, we arrive at a very elaborate and ornamental monument, crowned with an urn, on which a sculptured female figure is leaning in an attitude of affliction. On this monument a little bird built its nest for three successive summers, in a small recess or niche immediately under one of two cherubs with which the tablet is surmounted; and juvenile visitors remarked, with much natural wonder, that the finger of the cherub pointed down to the exact spot where the little ‘dweller among the tombs’ was sitting. To visitors of more mature years, impressed with the sacredness of the grave, the following passage from the Psalmist might occur—“Yea, the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of Hosts.” This monument bears an inscription to the memory of a young man who died in the 20th year of his age, and three of his sisters, who died in infancy—under which is the following :—

“To commemorate the virtues
 of
 An excellent youth, a darling son,
 As ever cheered a happy home.
 Alas ! how soon his glass is run,
 And left us all to mourn him gone !
 Few were his faults ; admired by all,
 For noble mind and sterling worth,
 A purer soul since Adam's fall
 Ne'er wing'd its way to Heaven from Earth.
 O happy group ! should Heaven decree
 Our parted spirits again to meet,
 And join with saints and angels free
 To worship aye at Jesus' feet.”

It is painful to criticise an epitaph in disapproving terms. We cannot exactly do so in the present instance. These verses seem to have been dictated by sincere affection, blended with deep, unavailing sorrow, all too natural in the circumstances. Somewhat highly colored is the panegyric

however, even supposing the amiable deceased to have possessed all the virtues and very few of the failings incident to fallen humanity. Such sentiments, perhaps, would have been better cherished in private. Unfortunately, the poetry, if we may so call it, is only of a mediocre character.

Immediately beyond this is a tall, painted pillar, without any inscription. The hand of affection may have raised this mute memorial, but no flatterer has dared to write the epitaph. The one monument says too little, and the other, perhaps, too much. The contrast between them in this respect, standing as they do immediately contiguous to each other, is worthy of notice. At the same time, the number of elaborately sculptured monuments in the Necropolis, left perfectly blank as regards name, or record, or inscription of any kind, is not a little remarkable. To what peculiar feeling shall we attribute this expressive silence? Is it a grief too deep for utterance—too sacred to be intruded upon the public gaze, that thus conceals what it commemorates with such costly care? The names that are *not* written there, are written deep in some hearts, otherwise the monuments that mark the mouldering ashes would rise less proudly. On the whole, we would rather have a little too much than just nothing at all. The Necropolis would be very dreary and uninteresting—a death-like wilderness of monumental stones—if all the monuments were destitute of inscriptions. Who would care to peruse a book, consisting of nothing but a dull and monotonous succession of blank pages? No record over a grave is not in good taste. Where there is a monument there ought to be a name at least, if nothing more. On the other hand, there are epitaphs so long, and of such a character, as almost to deserve the rebuke which was administered to Dr. Friend, a great writer of long epitaphs in his day:—

“ Friend, with thy epitaphs I’m grieved,
 So very much is said;
 One half will never be believed—
 The other never read.”

On the opposite side, surrounded with a handsome iron-railing, is a square monument supporting an urn, and under the principal inscription are the following lines:—

“When, sorrowing, o’er his grave we bend,
Which covers all that was our friend,
And from his hands, his face, his smile;
Divides us for a little while,
Our Savior marks the tears we shed.
For ‘Jesus wept’ o’er Lazarus dead.”

On another part of the same structure is recorded the name of a child who died in his fourth year, with these words subjoined:—

“This little flower was early crop’t,
But crop’t by Love Divine.”

Still advancing to the south, and passing Hugh Hamilton’s monument on the left, we arrive at a tall, tapering pillar, bearing to be erected ‘in memory of David Kennedy, smith.’ This monument is constructed wholly of cast-iron—a fact which is not at first perceptible, the whole being painted a stone color, except the tablet on which the inscription is engraven. The entire structure is the work of a son of the deceased. A little further south, the visitor may observe, on his right hand, a plain but neat tombstone, inscribed to the memory of three children, and bearing these lines:—

“Happy innocents! We fell,
Like flowers before the reaper—
Weep not if thou lov’st us well,
We’re happier than the weeper.”

The last monument in this direction is the obelisk nearest the bridge, which bears the following appropriate passage from Scripture:—

“As for man, his days are as grass;
As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth;
For the wind passeth over it and it is gone,
And the place thereof shall know it no more.”

Proceeding from this point along the margin of the Molen-dinar toward the Jews’ burying-ground, the visitor will observe about a dozen monuments, constituting the lowest of the three terraces into which LAMBDA is divided. At the

furthest extremity of this row, is a neatly-designed stone, erected in memory of an infant son, and expressing the following paraphrase of a Scriptural sentiment :—

“Thou wert not, Solomon, in all thy glory,
Arrayed, the lilies cry, in robes like these,
How vain your grandeur, Ah ! how transitory
Are human flowers.”

The adjacent monument is also enriched with a quotation from Holy Writ :—

“Thy word, O God, was found of me,
And I did eat it, and it was to me the joy
And rejoicing of mine heart.”

Near the south end is one erected in memory of a deceased wife, which bears the following lines :—

“What joy when she resigned her breath,
For as her eyelids closed, she smiled in death.”

A little above this, in the second or middle terrace of the same compartment, is a very plain structure, dedicated, in somewhat general terms, ‘in memory of departed friends,’ with this admonition added :—

“Learn, then, ye living ! By the mouths be taught
Of all these sepulchres, instructors true,
That, soon or late, death also is your lot,
And the next opening grave may yawn for you.”

Near this is a monument of soft brown stone, rapidly crumbling to pieces, but on which the following inscription may still be deciphered :—

“Erected by the Members of the Highland Garb Society, in memory of their late President, David Stewart Irving, Merchant in Glasgow, son of the late Rev. Dr. Irvine of Little Dunkeld, and nephew of the late General David Stewart of Garth. Born at Dunkeld 14th July, 1810 ; died at Glasgow, 29th December, 1839.”

The inscription on another plain monument, further south in the same terrace, is like the monument itself, very simple, but deeply impressive. It bears to be erected in memory of a deceased wife and no less than seven sons and daughters, varying in age from 10 months to 22 years ; all whose names, with the dates of their birth and decease, are simply recorded in as many successive lines, like a parish obituary ; and un-

der the melancholy list, are briefly inscribed four words, expressive of all that the human heart can utter in such circumstances:—

“Thy will be done !”

Passing about a dozen monuments of every variety of design, and then a blank space, we reach a little antique-looking stone, erected ‘to the memory of Dr. John Grahame and family,’ on the lower part of which, almost concealed by the lowly shrubs around it, the following lines are inscribed :—

“God is the treasure of my soul,
The source of lasting joy,—
A joy which want shall not impair,
Nor death itself destroy.”

“This sacred spot we much revere,
That holds the remains of those so dear ;
Redeem’d by grace and saved in love,
And now they live and reign above,”

Another, erected to the memory of the late Mr. Primose Bell, merchant, is inscribed with these lines :—

“My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet’s dreadful sound ;
When I awake with sweet surprise,
And in my Savior’s image rise.”

A little beyond this, on the same line of walk, is a neatly designed and well-preserved monument, bearing the following inscription :—

“In Memory of Thomas Slater, late of Strawberry Hill, near Bolton, Lancashire, who died in Glasgow, 16th October, 1837 ; aged 37 years.”

“Here sleeps a saint, whose soul was ne’er cast down
By earthly troubles ; now a heavenly crown
His brow adorns, while angels of the light
Hail him as brother in those regions bright,
Where ail is glorious, Christ in all appears,
And souls live happy through eternal years.”

We have said that poetical inscriptions are more frequent in this part of the Necropolis than in any other. They are found chiefly on a certain class of the older tombstones, and one may almost infer from the appearance of the monument itself the character of the verses which will be inscribed upon it. On the whole, it must be confessed that the elegiac literature of the Necropolis is not, generally speaking, of a

very high order. There is little to gratify a thoroughly poetical taste, except in the poetry of nature—the flowers, the shrubs, and the grassy slopes, which utter their eloquent teachings in a language that all men can understand. We love to visit the Necropolis at all seasons, but especially when the trees are putting forth their young and tender leaves:—

“And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers
Fair-hauded spring unbosoms every grace;”

—or even at an earlier period, when drooping over the graves may be seen the pale snow-drop, already languishing with premature decay while yet the other members of the vegetable kingdom are only struggling into life. Perhaps there exists not in Flora's wide domain, a finer or more appropriate emblem of that idea which the exquisite poetry of Christianity naturally associates with the tomb, than this modest and unassuming flower, bursting forth with its spotless white petals, like the expanding wings of a seraph, amid the surrounding darkness and desolation of winter's dreary reign. It indicates the existence of life even in death. It hastens in early spring to manifest the secret and irresistible working of that omnipotent arm which penetrates even the frozen chaos of winter with reproductive energy. Silently it bursts forth from the prison-house of the grave in which all nature has been entombed, scarcely distinguishable from the snowy wreath in which, as in a winding sheet, it was enveloped, and eloquently teaching in the silent 'language of flowers' the consoling doctrine of a future state, and a 'resurrection unto life.' This is nature's poetry, written all over the Necropolis, and well expressed in the following beautiful lines by Dugald Moore:—

“Yet emblem of the soul, sweet flowers are springing
In silvery beauty from the dreary sod;
They whisper thus, that all our spirits, winging
Their way o'er death, shall blossom yet with God.”

And now we must here conclude our walks in the Necropolis, in which we have spent many agreeable hours, blended with some melancholy feelings, in the solemn com-

pany of the dead. In the lives of the distinguished departed among our fellow-citizens we have seen that even silence has a voice, and that the very sanctuary of death may be fraught with instruction to the living. We have given biographic sketches of several eminent persons in different positions of life, who have acted a prominent part in this city; and well aware as we are that the task has been imperfectly performed, we trust that it may not have been ungrateful to some who were interested in their memory. Amid so many beautiful monuments, it cannot be doubted that we have omitted not a few which would have deserved to be noticed, but any individual who considers the extent of our task will perceive that such omissions were unavoidable, unless we had descended to a mere catalogue of names. What we regret more than this, is the silence with which we have unconsciously passed over much of the modest merit and unassuming worth that must of necessity be unchronicled. Could but the Necropolis unfold its own history, how many interesting memoirs might be revealed—tales of silent suffering, known in the domestic circle alone, or buried in the heart's own sadness—biographies unwritten by human pen, but not unrecorded in the book of Divine Providence. It is not for us to open that mysterious volume, in the pages of which an inscription is written over every grave, though covered with nothing but the green turf or the evanescent flower. In walking the Necropolis we can read only what is written—not what is unwritten; and if, in deciphering a few inscriptions, we have sometimes intruded within the sanctuary of feelings that are too sensitive to meet the world's gaze, or if we have improperly given the slightest offence by any remark that may have escaped us, we hope the unintended injury will be forgiven. For ourselves, we can only say, in the emphatic words of the poet:—

“What is writ is writ—
Would it were worthier!”

APPENDIX.

LIST OF DIRECTORS OF THE MERCHANTS' HOUSE, AND MEMBERS OF NECROPOLIS COMMITTEE.

(Note to pp. 21, 22.)

THE following gentlemen were elected Directors of the Merchants' House at the annual meeting on the 7th October, 1856 (p. 155). The Lord Dean of Guild is usually re-elected for a second year; and twelve of the thirty-six Directors retire annually:—

JOHN JAMIESON, ESQUIRE, LORD DEAN OF GUILD.

DIRECTORS.

Messrs. Wm. Brown. James Hannan. John M'Ewan. David Anderson. A. Ronaldson. Duncan Smith. H. E. C. Ewing. Wm. Jamieson. G. Somervell. Sam. R. Brown. Wm. Bankier. David M'Kinlay.	Messrs. J. F. Jamieson. John Cogan. Wm. Stirling. Michael Connal. J. Brown, jun. C. C. Mackirdy. Thos. Maxwell. M. P. Bell. Wm. Bruce. G. P. Macindoe. Alex. Kay. W. S. Lorrain.	Messrs. W. G. Mitchell. T. Buchanan. W. W. Watson. Robert Stewart. Alex. Ewing. Geo. Readman. John M'Donald. J. S. Black. A. Galbraith. John Stewart. John Middleton. John D. Bryce.
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ARCHIBALD NEWALL, Collector and Clerk.

JOHN SMITH, Assistant-Collector and Clerk.

Committee on Cemetery, Lands, and Quarries.

* THE LORD DEAN OF GUILD, Chairman and Convener.

William Brown. Thomas Buchanan. William West Watson. Alexander Ronaldson.	David M'Kinlay. Robert Stewart. * John M'Ewan. * James Hannan.	* H. E. Crum Ewing. * William Bankier. * Archd. Galbraith.
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Three a Quorum.

N.B.—Those gentlemen whose names are thus marked * form the Sub-Committee on the Cemetery, of which Mr. M'Ewan is Sub-Convener, and two a Quorum.

NINIAN SLIGHT, Superintendent or Warden of Cemetery.

BOUNDARIES AND RELATIVE POSITION OF THE COMPARTMENTS INTO WHICH THE NECROPOLIS IS DIVIDED.

(Note to pp. 45, 46.)

AN alphabetical list of the compartments into which the Necropolis is divided, with a statement of the principle on which the nomenclature is founded, has been given at the pages above referred to; and occasional allusion has been made to this artificial division throughout the body of the work. For convenience of reference, however, a summary view of the boundaries and relative position of the compartments is here added; and, to avoid repetition of boundary lines, the compartments are given, not in alphabetical order, but in that of local succession or contiguity, proceeding, as a general rule, from north to south:—

ALPHA

Is a narrow stripe, in the form of three sides of a square or rectangle, the position and limits of which may be best defined by stating, that the visitor will keep it entirely on his left hand by following the walk that leads directly northward from the bridge along the bank of the Molendinar to the Jews' burying-ground, then ascending by successive flights of steps to near the top of the hill, and thence round to Dr. Wilson's sepulchre, which terminates the upper arm of this compartment. Dr. Rae Wilson's tomb (p. 156), the Egyptian obelisk erected to Mr. Mackenzie of Craigpark (p. 58), and the Jews' burying-ground (p. 336), are its principal features. In the lower arm, which stretches along the bank of the dam, there are only one or two Jewish tombs erected outside the enclosure, and a small cenotaph; but here a pit was dug in which were interred the remains of many who died of cholera during the first visitation of that terrible disease in 1832.

LAMBDA.

The visitor will retain this compartment on his left, by following the carriage-way from the bridge to near Hugh Hamilton's monument, then advancing along the broad walk which passes on the west side of that structure, descending the steps to the gate of the Jews' burying-ground, and thence returning to the bridge along the bank of the Molendinar.

DELTA,

Commencing in the angle at Hugh Hamilton's monument, is bounded on the west or lower side by the broad walk above-mentioned, which divides it from LAMBDA; on the east or upper side by the carriage-way; and on the north by the narrow belt of ALPHA. The most prominent monument in this compartment is Mr. Lockhart's (pp. 57 and 352). It also includes the grave of the author of 'Caledonia Romana' (p. 330).

GAMMA

Is bounded on the south or south-west by the carriage-way which ascends obliquely from Hugh Hamilton's monument to Mr. M'Gavii's;

on the west by the principal carriage-way, which first divides it from DELTA, and then sweeping round its northern extremity, ascends by a gradual slope in front of the Egyptian vaults to the brow of the hill. This compartment includes the grave of the author of 'Tom Cringle's Log' (p. 55), Motherwell's monument (p. 61), the obelisk erected to Mr. Monteith of Carstairs (p. 75), Dr. Wardlaw's grave (p. 86), the seraph, or winged figure, erected to Mr. Lawrence, sculptor (p. 259); Mr. Montgomerie's monument (p. 260); and the burying-ground of the Dilletanti Society (p. 261).

KAPPA

Commences in the circular piece of ground at the northern extremity of GAMMA. By following the carriage-way from this point to Dr. Dick's monument, then ascending by a walk which leads directly to the summit at the back of Knox's column, advancing along 'Knox's avenue' to Dr. Wilson's sepulchre, and thence continuing northward to the walk that descends by successive series of steps to the circular plot above-mentioned, the visitor will perform the circuit of this compartment, keeping it on his left hand. It embraces Knox's monument (p. 168), Mr. Ewing's (p. 182), the Egyptian vaults (pp. 38 and 74), and the adjacent series of sepulchres on the same side of the carriage-way (p. 73).

OMEGA

Is bounded on the south by the carriage-way which passes in front of Dr. Dick's monument (p. 98), Mr. Alexander's (p. 108), and Dugald Moore's (p. 122). Its eastern limit is the terrace which embraces the obelisk erected to the memory of Mr. Kettle (p. 130); on the north it is separated by the bend of the carriage-way from Dr. Wilson's sepulchre in ALPHA; and on the west it is divided from KAPPA by Knox's avenue, and the walk which descends from the base of Knox's monument to Dr. Dick's (p. 143). The late Mr. Reddie (p. 143), is interred in this compartment; and, in addition to the monuments above-mentioned, it includes Mr. Atkinson's (p. 103), Dr. Black's (p. 213), Dr. Muter's (p. 233), Mr. Tennant's of St. Rollox (p. 161), Mr. Miller's of Muirshiel (p. 152), Mr. D. Robertson's (p. 140), &c.

EPSILON

Is a recently enclosed compartment, lying on the east side of OMEGA, and at present contains only a few graves, including that of the late Lord Dean of Guild, Robert Baird, Esq. of Auchmedden (p. 153).

SIGMA

Is bounded on the north by OMEGA, and constitutes the whole of the southern half of the summit embraced within the sweep of the carriage-way. It is divided into two sections by the avenue that passes eastward at Mr. M'Gavin's monument. In addition to that conspicuous structure (p. 251), it includes the grave of the late Dr. Thomas Thomson (p. 236), Rev. Mr. Brash's monument (p. 248), Mr. Dunn's of Duntocher (p. 284), &c.

UPSILON

Is a small crescent lying exterior to the carriage-way at the southern extremity of the summit, overlooking the lower Necropolis. It embraces Major Monteath's sepulchre (p. 293), Mr. Buchanan's monument (p. 296), and that erected to the memory of Colin Dunlop of Tollcross (p. 297). It includes also a narrow stripe running along the base of the cliff (p. 305).

BETA

Is divided from GAMMA by the carriage-way which descends transversely along the face of the hill from Mr. M'Gavin's to Hugh Hamilton's monument. From this it extends southward to a point a little beyond the Pattison group of monuments; and is chiefly included, in its whole extent, between the carriage-way that passes in front of this group, and that which proceeds along the brow of the hill from Mr. Lumsden's obelisk to the base of the cliff at Major Monteath's sepulchre. It embraces also the group of monuments immediately adjoining the façade, which are not included within this boundary (p. 328), Mr. Pinkerton's monument (p. 53), Mr. Davidson of Ruchill's sepulchre (pp. 265 and 266), Mr. Hill's burying-ground (p. 267), Dr. Heugh's obelisk (p. 271), Colonel Pattison's monument (p. 325) &c., are in this compartment.

MNEMA

Embraces the façade and the whole of the steep bank to the south, included between the lower carriage-way and that which passes in front of Colonel Pattison's monument. It contains Mr. Mitchell's interesting monument (p. 309), and that of the poet Rodger (p. 312). The meaning of the name of this compartment is explained at p. 46.

OMICRON

Extends southward from the bridge between the carriage-way and the Molendinar, as far as the latter continues to form the boundary of the Necropolis. A narrow walk which leads down to the old lodge, forms its southern limit (p. 311). At present it contains only five or six monuments, all of a private character.

IOTA

Forms, as it were, a continuation of OMICRON, extending round to the south and west, so as to include the angular space, planted with trees, near the Lady Well. Among its few monuments, is that erected to the memory of Dr. Lauder, on the site of his grandfather's dwelling-house (pp. 310, 311).

ETA

Commences at the projecting angle of the wall in which IOTA terminates (p. 308), and extends from this point to the gate in the middle of the wall beyond, forming at present the triangular space which lies on the south side of the carriage-way between these points (p. 306). This compartment is about to be extended into the old excavation of the quarry.

ZETA

Commences on the other side of the gate at which ETA terminates, and forms at present a small untenanted irregular space, extending northward along the wall to the base of the steep declivity which stretches down to the quarry. This compartment will divide with ETA the new portion about to be reclaimed from the quarry (p. 306).

THETA

Embraces the whole of the central portion of the lower Necropolis, included within the sweep of the carriage-way, and bounded by lower UPSILON, ZETA, ETA, MNEMA, and BETA. An enclosure containing two tombstones, on the south side of Colonel Pattison's monument, forms the southern limit of BETA (p. 303), of which THETA may be regarded as a continuation. This compartment contains no monuments invested with much public interest (pp. 305, 306).

ABSTRACT OF THE NECROPOLIS REGULATIONS AND CHARGES.

(Note to pp. 46 and 51.)

THE separate tombs and parterres in each compartment are distinguished in the Necropolis books by Nos. 1, 2, 3, &c., applied, however, in chronological order, and not in the order of their local or geographical position—the nature of the ground and the regulations of the cemetery rendering it impossible to mark out beforehand the place and boundaries of each particular tomb. Thus, one lair may be BETA 10, and another immediately adjacent to it, BETA 40, &c. In selecting sites, much is left to the taste of purchasers and proprietors, subject to the approval of the committee; and, therefore, it was thought desirable to number the tombs in each compartment in the order of time, rather than in that of local position.

Purchasers in perpetuity pay from one guinea to three guineas per square yard, according to circumstances. On paying the stipulated price, a certificate of registry is given to the purchaser for a small fee, containing a specification of the lot or tomb sold to him, and the property thereof, which is transferable or alienable by special indorsation under the hand of the purchaser or his heir-at-law. There is likewise a small fee for interment, varying according to the style of the funeral, from half-a-crown to one guinea.

In 1840, it was agreed that, in addition to the then existing mode of disposing of family burial-places by measure only, burial-places should be offered for sale which would enable any family to acquire a small lair for two or three guineas, according to situation. Purchasers of these lairs receive certificates of registry on the same terms as those previously granted. Single interments may also be obtained in vaults or safes, with every possible security, but without the right of property in or over the ground, on terms varying from four shillings to two shillings, according to the style of the vault and age of deceased. Single graves in private ground, without right of property, may also be obtained for 7s. 6d to 2s. 6d., according to age of deceased.

A great number of excavations or vaults are now always in readiness; but new ones can be executed to order at any desired spot. Proprietors may erect any mason-work or monument, and put thereon any inscription, provided a plan of the erection and a copy of the inscription have been submitted to the House and receive its approbation. This condition is obviously requisite to prevent the construction of

monuments in very bad taste. Proprietors are not permitted to dig, found, or bury at a depth of more than ten feet, nor to cut down or injure any of the trees without the consent of the House. Coffins cannot be placed nearer the surface than twenty-four inches at least. The Superintendent causes the ground to be neatly dressed immediately after every interment, and constantly kept in good order, thus relieving the proprietor of that duty; but if the latter erects a monument, he is obliged to preserve it, as far as possible, from decay; and if, after intimation by letter, he neglects to do so, the House performs the necessary operations, and charges the proprietor with the expense of the same, which must be reimbursed to the House before any other interment shall take place.

Proprietors are bound, on each interment, to furnish the warden of the cemetery with the name, designation, and age of the deceased, which are immediately inserted in a register.

In all sales the House reserves to itself the right of making and disposing of vaults, catacombs, or lower tiers of tombs, where the slope and character of the ground permits it, but not so as to injure or interfere with tombs already purchased. The House likewise reserves the whole rock or sand excavated in digging the tombs, beyond what purchasers may require for their own use in building or forming the same. The warden, or superintendent, is responsible that no burial-place shall be opened without undoubted personal or written authority from those who have a right to give it. No hewing of stones, except under certain regulations, and no dogs, cattle, &c., are permitted within the precincts of the cemetery. Though night-watching may now be considered unnecessary, and though every burying-place is expected to be, by its construction, effectually secured against any risk of violation, yet, to prevent improper intrusion, injury to the monuments, or other accidents, a night-watch is constantly kept on the premises from 6 P.M. to 6 A.M.

TABLE OF FEES.

THE following 'Table of Fees' is affixed to the lodge at the gate:—

IN FAMILY GROUNDS.

(Besides the expense of opening and closing the tomb).

When the body is in a hearse drawn by four horses, or carried shoulder-high, . . .	£1 1 0
In a hearse drawn by two horses, . . .	0 10 6

On handspokes, with or without ushers, -	£0	5	0
In a chaise, with ushers, if a child, -	0	10	6
“ without ushers, “ -	0	5	0
Otherwise, - - - - -	0	2	6

IN DRESSED GROUND.

(Without right of property.)

Still-born child, - - - - -	£0	2	6
Under five years, - - - - -	0	3	6
Five years, and under twelve, - - - - -	0	5	0
Twelve years, and upwards, - - - - -	0	7	6

IN COMMON GROUND.

Under five years, - - - - -	£0	2	0
Five, and under twelve, - - - - -	0	3	0
All above twelve, - - - - -	0	4	0

NOTICE.

“The lairs and grounds in the Necropolis are dressed and kept in good order by and at the expense of the Merchants' House. Any party wishing to have shrubs or flowers planted in their burying-ground, are specially requested to send them to the lodge at the gate, with their name affixed thereon, and addressed to the superintendent, who has instructions to direct the gardener to plant the same. And further, no gratuity or fee of any description whatever to be given or paid to any of the servants in the employment of the Merchants' House at the Necropolis.

By order of the DEAN OF GUILD,

ARCHIBALD NEWALL, Collector.”

 JAMES FILLANS.

(Note to pp. 61, 68, 122, and 265.)

JAMES FILLANS was born of humble parents at Wilsontown, in Lanarkshire, on the 27th March, 1808. His father had been in the navy, and was at the time of the sculptor's birth employed in connection with an iron-work at Carnwath. When young Fillans was about eight years of age, his father was thrown out of employment by the discontinuance of the iron-work, and removed with his young family to Busby, in the parish of Mearns, where he rented a small quarry, and engaged in agricultural pursuits. The future artist was first employed in tending cattle, and then worked for a short time

at a printfield at Busby. His father afterwards removed to Paisley, and opened a small shop for the sale of provisions. Fillans was here apprenticed to the loom, and already began to exhibit the bent of his genius by modelling figures in clay. Disgusted with the weaving business, he resolved, in less than a twelvemonth, to quit it; and determining on giving the rein to his instinctive love of sculpture, he apprenticed himself to a master-builder in Paisley. At this time he executed several spirited designs; and Motherwell, then editor of the 'Paisley Advertiser,' having noticed the promising efforts of the young artist, took him warmly by the hand, and enabled him to set up in Paisley his first studio. His first commission was a bust of Motherwell, and this was followed by others, which proved highly successful. His fame having reached Glasgow, and encouraged by several orders, he subsequently opened a studio in Miller Street, in this city. In 1833 he married Miss Grace Gemmell, daughter of Mr. John Gemmell, manufacturer, Paisley. In 1835, he visited the continent, with a view to improvement in his profession; and on his return he established a studio in London, where he remained, with his family, executing various important works, till towards the close of 1851, when he resolved to return with his whole establishment to Glasgow, and opened a studio in St. Vincent Street. He had hitherto been struggling with many difficulties. At this time better prospects appeared to be dawning upon him, but these were destined never to be realized. A rheumatism, which was supposed to have originated in the damp studio of his London premises, and which ultimately heightened into a fever, carried him off somewhat suddenly, on the 27th September, 1852, at the early age of forty-four. His remains were removed to Paisley, and interred in a most beautiful situation in Woodside Cemetery; but we regret to say, that the spot is only marked at present by a rude shapeless stone. Fillans was an artist of decided genius; he possessed a retentive memory; and though his education was necessarily very limited, he expressed himself with great facility in writing, and even courted the Muses. His 'Lament of Jeanie Morrison on the Death of Motherwell' is not without true poetical merit. In addition to Motherwell, some of his earliest patrons were Mr. James Dick, bookseller, Paisley; James Walkinshaw, Esq.; the late Archibald M'Lellan, Esq.; Messrs. Thomson & M'Connell, shippers; Mr. David Chapman and Mr. M'Iver (of Liverpool); and Robert Napier, Esq. of Shandon. Among the most prominent of his works were—the Birth of Burns,

in alto-relievo; Blind Girls Reading the Scriptures; Madonna and Child; Grief, or Rachel weeping for her children; the statue of Sir James Shaw at Kilmarnock; bust of Professor Wilson; &c. Writing with reference to the time when he opened his studio in Miller Street, Mr. Hedderwick of the 'Glasgow Citizen,' says:—"It was here that we first made his acquaintance. He was young, and strong, and handsome, with a noble, artistic head, somewhat grave and silent in his manner, but full of a deep poetic enthusiasm for his art." His life, from the pen of Mr. James Paterson, and containing beautiful drawings of his principal works, including the basso-relievos on Motherwell's monument, was published in Paisley in 1854.

REV. EBENEZER ERSKINE AND REV. JAMES FISHER.

(Note to pp. 88, 183, and 272.)

THE Rev. Ebenezer Erskine, son of the Rev. Henry Erskine and Margaret Halero, was born on the 22d June, 1680, ordained parish minister of Portmoak in 1703, and called to be one of the ministers of Stirling in 1731. On 10th October, 1732, as moderator of the Synod of Perth and Stirling, he preached the famous sermon against patronage, on account of which, by a sentence of the Commission, pronounced on the 16th November, 1733, he was declared to be no longer a minister of the Church of Scotland. The same sentence was passed on three other ministers who were 'associated' with him in these proceedings, namely, Mr. William Wilson, minister at Perth; Mr. Alexander Moncrieff, minister at Abernethy; and Mr. James Fisher, minister at Kinclaven. These four brethren then declared their 'secession,' and formed at Kinross the 'Associate Presbytery,' of which Mr. Erskine was the first moderator. This was the nucleus of the future 'Associate Synod,' which afterwards became divided into the Burgher and Antiburgher Synods. Mr. Erskine died at Stirling on the 2d June, 1754.

The Rev. James Fisher was born at Barr, in Ayrshire, on the 23d January, 1697; was ordained minister of the parish of Kinclaven, near Perth, in 1726; and in July, 1727, married Miss Jane Erskine, eldest daughter of Mr. Ebenezer Erskine. After his secession, along with his father-in-law, in 1733, he continued for some years at Kinclaven, where he was highly popular; but in 1741 he accepted an unanimous call to the newly-formed Secession congregation of Shuttle

Street (now Greyfriars), Glasgow, where he remained, universally respected, till his death, on the 28th September, 1775. In 1749 he succeeded his father-in-law as Professor of Theology to the Burgher Synod. He published several sermons, besides composing the larger portion of the work known as 'Fisher's Catechism.'

ATKINSONIAN HALL—SUMMARY OF MR. ATKINSON'S WILL.

(Note to p. 106.)

THE following is a much condensed summary of that part of Mr. Atkinson's will which relates to the money bequeathed by him for founding an Atkinsonian Hall, and now under litigation:—

"1.—The trustees shall accumulate the annual proceeds of his means and estate until the amount of capital shall be at least £5000, and shall then assume into the trust with themselves the following persons, viz. —The members of Parliament for the city, the Lord Provost, the Dean of Guild, the editors of the various newspapers, &c., so as to make the number of trustees 25 in all.

"2.—The trustees shall establish a public institution in Glasgow, for the purpose of affording instruction at an easy rate in the branches of knowledge after-specified.

"3.—The trustees shall purchase, build, or rent a handsome hall, to be situated in one of the most central streets of the city, in which there shall be taught by lectures, examinations, and exercises, and in a clear, simple, and popular style, the following branches of knowledge, namely:—The principles of the English language; logic; the science of mind, either phrenologically or otherwise, as the spirit of the age inclines; political economy, the science of government or legislation, and general politics, without allusion to temporary controversies, but with constant reference to the great doctrine, that to secure the greatest happiness to the greatest number, is the noblest of earthly aims for every member of the human family; the philosophy of history; domestic economy; poetry and the theory of taste and beauty, and the practice of sound criticism in the *belles lettres*; the French language, in the most thorough manner; the elements of the Latin language; and the imitative arts: their history, theory, and practice.

"4.—The trustees shall commence with such of these branches as they may consider the most useful, and add of the others, from time to time, as the increase of revenue may warrant. They shall not be bound to appoint permanent lecturers, but rather to obtain the occasional services of young men of great talent, or of men of established reputation, to visit the city, and deliver one or two courses only at a time, thus avoiding the annual repetition of lectures without variation or improvement, and preserving a perpetual interest in the institution.

"5.—The constitution of the institution, which shall provide for the future election of trustees, and regulate their management, is to be drawn up in the most liberal spirit, avoiding equally a leaning either to aristocratic or to democratic principles—and it is the testator's wish

that it be printed and extensively circulated, and afterwards submitted to a public meeting of the citizens, to be finally determined on.

“6.—In carrying into effect these provisions, the trustees shall not be restricted by any want or limitation of power, and therefore there is conferred on them and their successors the fullest powers to execute the trust reposed in them, they being merely enjoined to adhere to the spirit and intention of the will, without feeling themselves bound to be hampered by details which time may show to be useless, or which may be found injurious to the object in view.”

It must prove a source of lasting regret, if the object of a will so liberal and enlightened should be frustrated by the legal proceedings now in progress. By extending or modifying in some points the constitution of the existing Glasgow Athenæum, this appears to be the very institution which would meet the views of the testator; and its usefulness would be vastly increased by the acquisition of the funds now under litigation; while it may be stated that, in regard to the name, the testator does not make this a *sine qua non*, but leaves it much at the option of the trustees, desiring that they shall be guided in the matter by public opinion and feeling.

EXECUTION OF JAMES WILSON.

(Note to p. 189.)

THE following account of the execution of Wilson, for ‘conspiring to levy war against the king, to compel him to change his measures,’ is given by the late Dr. Cleland:—

“Wilson was a hosier to trade, and a poacher by profession, simple and inconsiderate through life, and so thoughtless, that he could never be brought to see his crime, nor the awful situation in which he was placed. When the Rev. Dr. Dewar had preached what is called the condemned sermon in the chapel of the prison, Wilson said to a bystander, that he thought the minister was very personal; on taking leave of his wife the day before his execution, he gave directions for the sale of a favorite dog, and the transplanting of some gooseberry bushes in his garden.

“The culprit (30th August, 1820), was drawn in a double-seated hurdle, from the prison to the scaffold, with his back to the horse, when the headsman, disguised in frightful attire, and face covered with black crape, placed himself in the opposite seat in the hurdle, holding up the edge of the fatal axe to his face, every spectator was appalled but Wilson, who seemed to be quite unmoved; when the procession had gone about 100 yards, the hurdle came in contact with the parapet wall of the prison, on which Wilson very coolly said to the driver, ‘Haud your horse head t’ye.’ Having ascended the platform as if nothing particular was to happen, he coolly said to the town’s executioner, ‘Thomas, did ye ever see sic a crowd?’ After the Rev. Dr. Dewar and the Rev. Dr. Greville Ewing had prayed with him, the dog fell, and having hung about half an hour, his body was let down on a platform. At this period the disguised headsman made his appearance,

and with one stroke severed the head from the body, and having held it up, exclaimed 'Behold the head of a traitor!' On this, some persons in the crowd, which was unprecedentedly great, cried out 'Murder! murder!'

"The Commission was also opened at Dumbarton, Paisley, Ayr, and Stirling. At Dumbarton, Robert Munro was acquitted. At Paisley, James Spiers, weaver in Johnstone, was also acquitted. At Ayr, Thomas M'Kay pled guilty, received sentence, and was afterwards pardoned. And at Stirling, twenty-two persons were arraigned for appearing in open rebellion, and engaging the King's troops at Bonnymuir. Andrew Hardie and John Baird were tried and found guilty, and afterwards hanged and beheaded at Stirling; twenty pled guilty, and were recommended to mercy, nearly the whole of whom were transported for life."

A fine monument, covered with inscriptions, has been erected to Hardie and Baird in Sighthill Cemetery, to which their remains were removed from Stirling, by permission of the Government, in July, 1847, and honored with decent interment.

THE IRVINGITES IN GLASGOW.

(Note to p. 232.)

It may not be generally known, that there exists at the present moment a church or chapel in Glasgow, the worshippers in which are sometimes termed 'Irvingites,' although they disown the name, and call themselves the 'Catholic Apostolic Church.' We believe they are the same to whom allusion has been made (p. 228) as the 'Albury School of Prophets,' with whom Mr. Irving associated, and held not a few opinions in common. They affirm, if we mistake not, the sinfulness of Christ's nature; the existence in the church of 'gifts of healings, helps, governments, diversities of tongues,' and of different orders of spiritual instructors, corresponding to the various offices indicated in the New Testament. The presiding clergyman of each church is termed the Angel; and associated with him are prophets, evangelists, pastors, elders, teachers, &c., all of whom, robed in surplices, officiate by turns in the different parts of the service. The Rev. Mr. Watson, late of Greenock, is the angel of the church in Glasgow, which is really a magnificent place of worship, opposite the Town's Hospital, in Parliamentary Road. The building is 124 feet in length within the walls; and is, therefore, so far as we are aware, the longest ecclesiastical structure in Glasgow, with the exception of the Cathedral, to which it may well be compared in the beauty and grandeur of the interior. The chancel is floored with ornamental, encaustic

tiles, and enclosed with a carved oak screen, within which are twenty-four stalls for the priests. The forms of worship closely resemble those of the Romish Church, as regards the intoning of the liturgy, genuflexions, burning of incense, &c. At one end of the building is the grand organ, with the confessional; and the altar is in the circular apse forming the eastern termination. The hours of Divine worship on Sundays are, 6 and 10 A.M., and 4 P.M.—the door of the church being opened precisely at the hour, Greenwich time. Henry Drummond, M.P., of Albury Park, who occasionally visits his friends in Glasgow, is recognized as the head or presiding Angel of the two branches of the ‘ Catholic Apostolic Church’ in Scotland and Switzerland.

STRATA FOUND IN BORING IN THE MERCHANTS’ QUARRY.

(Note to p. 291.)

We were indebted to the kindness of Mr. George Milne, first superintendent of the Necropolis, for the following journals of the bores put down in the quarry in 1834, and which it may be interesting to preserve:—

FIRST BORE ABOUT THE MIDDLE OF THE QUARRY.

	Ft.	In.
Rubbish, - - - - -	0	11
Bastard Whinstone, - - - - -	2	8
Broken Rock, - - - - -	2	5
Soft Sandstone, - - - - -	2	10
Fire-clay, - - - - -	0	7
White Freestone, - - - - -	4	7
Dark “ - - - - -	6	6
Bleas, - - - - -	0	2
Dark Freestone, - - - - -	11	10
White “ - - - - -	9	9
Grey Rock, - - - - -	3	6
Lleas, - - - - -	1	0
Dark Soft Sandstone, - - - - -	3	4
Total, - - - - -	50	1

SECOND BORE, ON EAST SIDE OF QUARRY.

	Ft.	In.
Rubbish, - - - - -	0	10
Blue Whinstone, - - - - -	15	8
Bastard “ - - - - -	5	3
Bleas, - - - - -	4	0
Fire-clay, - - - - -	0	8
Soft Sandstone, - - - - -	2	3
Fine White Freestone Rock, - - - - -	15	6
Dark Brown “ - - - - -	3	6
Total, - - - - -	50	6

Speaking with reference to the second of these bores, on the south-east side, Mr. Milne says :—

“When we abandoned it, we filled up the bore with clay to within about twenty feet of the top, when the water made its appearance again at the mouth of the bore, and has continued to flow ever since. The fine white sandstone post we met with, of 15 feet 6 inches, is the same soft moulders’ sand which crops out on the west side of the cemetery, about half-way betwixt the bridge and the north boundary wall, but in the quarry it is consolidated. Underneath this moulders’ sand we had the dark brown sandstone; and under it two seams of coal, one 6 inches, and the other about 3 inches. There is also, but at a great depth, an excellent seam of fire-clay, which crops out at the burn near the Jews’ monuments; and there is likewise a vein of ironstone running from the south side, behind the old lodge, in a continuous line to and through the north boundary of the cemetery. There are other strata worthy of notice, such as seams of round pebbles, evidently run and rounded by the action of water.”

We have merely to add, that the distinguished chemist who is mentioned at p. 291 as having made the analysis of the water, namely, Dr. Thomas Graham, is no longer Professor of Chemistry in University College, London, but Master of the Mint. At that time he was Professor of Chemistry in the Andersonian Institution; and his portrait may be seen in the hall of the Glasgow Philosophical Society, of which he was president, and where it is associated with that of his successor as president, the late Dr. Thomas Thomson.

SUMMARY OR GUIDE,

FOR THE

IMMEDIATE USE OF VISITORS.

THE Necropolis was the first ornamental or garden-cemetery formed in this country, on the model of the cemetery of 'Père la Chaise' at Paris; and is generally admitted to be, in point of situation, the finest in Europe. It belongs to a municipal and charitable corporation, the Merchants' House of Glasgow, by whom the ground was converted from a fir park to its present purpose in 1833. The hill, or rather the ridge which terminates in the Necropolis, consists chiefly of a mass of overlying trap, rising to a height of 225 feet above the level of the Clyde. On the highest point is erected a monument to the memory of the great Scottish Reformer, John Knox,—which existed several years before the cemetery was formed, and when, as the Fir Park, it was merely an agreeable place of public resort for the citizens.*

The rivulet or *burn* which divides the Necropolis from the Cathedral grounds is known by the curious name of the 'Molendinar'—a term of monkish-Latin origin, derived from its furnishing the water-power for the Subdean Mill. The elegant modern bridge which crosses the stream, and forms the approach to the Necropolis, is sometimes not inappropriately termed the 'Bridge of Sighs.'

The fine Elizabethan façade at the inner end of the bridge was originally intended as the entrance to a tunnel, to be carried sheer through the hill, to a large, quarried excavation on the opposite side, and to contain a series of catacombs for aristocratic interment; but this idea has been very properly abandoned. The excavation was continued only a few feet, and is used as a depository for the tools of the workmen employed in the cemetery.

* The bearded figure, with Bible in hand, on the top of this tall column, is therefore not Sir William Wallace, as we are told that English visitors sometimes suppose.

Turning to the left at the façade, and proceeding northward along the principal carriage-way, the visitor will find himself conducted to the summit by a gradual winding ascent. The first monument of a public character is that erected to the memory of Hugh Hamilton, a cloth-lapper, opposite the foot of a connecting branch of the carriage-way which here ascends in a straight line to the top of the hill at Mr. M'Gavin's monument. Hugh Hamilton's name is connected with no history beyond what is stated in the inscription; but, advancing northward to near the point where the carriage-way begins to bend round to the east, the visitor will observe on his right hand a plain tombstone, which indicates the grave of Michael Scott, the author of 'Tom Cringle's Log,' and 'The Cruise of the Midge.' Further to the north, and down a little from the carriage-way on the left hand, is an elegant and much-admired private monument, belonging to Mr. Lockhart, clothier. Opposite the bend of the carriage-way is a circular green space, beyond which, a true Egyptian obelisk, having no pedestal or base, is erected against the boundary-wall.

Following the curve of the carriage-way, until it begins to return in a southward direction, the visitor will observe on his right an elegant Gothic monument, enriched with a marble bust by Fillans. This is the tomb of the poet Motherwell, as stated in the inscription on the back of the pedestal. The designs carved on the other sides of the structure are explained at pp. 68-70.

Opposite Motherwell's monument is an elegant private sepulchre; and further on is a series of similar structures erected against the steep bank on the same side of the carriage-way; none of which partake of a public character, except that which is situated almost directly under Knox's monument. This is known as the Egyptian vaults, and was formed by the Merchants' House for the purposes of temporary interment, when it might happen that a tomb had not been previously prepared, or could not be ready in time to receive the remains of the deceased.

On reaching the level of the upper platform of the hill, the visitor will observe on his right hand a beautiful obelisk of Peterhead granite, resting on a graduated base of black marble, which is much discolored by the atmosphere. This has been erected by Robert Monteith, Esq. of Carstairs, to the memory of his father, the late Henry Monteith of Carstairs, who was twice elected Lord Provost of Glasgow, and for some years represented in Parliament the Falkirk district of

Burghs, before the passing of the Reform Bill. The eminent firm of Henry Monteith & Co., which still exists in full efficiency, has raised the reputation of Glasgow throughout Europe in connection with the dyeing of Turkey-red; and the father of the gentleman to whom the obelisk is erected was the founder of the muslin manufacture in Scotland.

Immediately contiguous to Mr. Monteith's obelisk, on the south side, are interred the remains of the celebrated Rev. Dr. Wardlaw—a name universally known as that of one of the most eminent divines and polemical writers of the age; and to whom an elegant monument is about to be erected by the congregation over which he presided—formerly of West George Street Chapel, now of Pitt Street Independent Church.

On the left hand, opposite Mr. Monteith's obelisk, is a fine hexagonal temple, erected to the memory of another distinguished divine—the late Rev. Dr. John Dick, minister of Greyfriars' U.P. Church, Glasgow, and Professor of Theology to the Associate Synod. Dr. Dick's theological lectures, published in four volumes after his death, are much and justly admired.

Near Dr. Dick's monument is a small pyramidal structure, erected to the memory of Mr. Thomas Atkinson, a literary bookseller in Glasgow, who wrote 'The Sextuple Alliance,' 'The Chameleon,' and other miscellaneous works of considerable merit. A sum of money which he left to found an educational institution in Glasgow is now under litigation (see p. 105). Mr. Atkinson died at sea, to which his remains were consigned, and therefore this monument, as well as Mr. Monteith's and Dr. Dick's, is merely a *cenotaph*,* or monumental memorial.

Pursuing the bend of the carriage-way eastward, the visitor will observe on his left hand, a stately and beautiful monument, erected to the memory of the late Mr. Alexander, so well known in Edinburgh, Dumfries, and other parts of the country, as for many years proprietor and manager of the Theatre-Royal, Glasgow. This fine monument has been erected by the widow and family of the deceased.

The next is a colossal bust, in white marble, by the late Mr. Fillans, erected to the memory of Mr. Dugald Moore, another literary bookseller in Glasgow, who published several volumes of poetry, including 'The African,' 'The Bard of the North,' and various other compositions of great merit and still higher promise.

* Compounded of two Greek words, *kenos*, empty, and *tafos*, tomb.

In the blank space, lying to the eastward of Dugald Moore's monument, are interred the remains of the late Mr. John Tait, a self-educated man, who, from being a weaver, took to political writing during the exciting times of the Reform Bill agitation, and exhibited considerable talent as editor of a newspaper termed 'The Glasgow Liberator.'

Still further to the east is a tall and elegant obelisk of unpolished granite, erected to the memory of the late Robert Kettle, Esq., a merchant in Glasgow, highly distinguished for his philanthropy and Christian zeal, but more especially by his exertions in the temperance cause. Mr. Kettle was for many years president of the Scottish Temperance League; and besides editing some of the journals connected with that association, exhibited a warm interest in the cause of Sabbath observance.

Near Mr. Kettle's obelisk, a beautiful monument is about to be erected to the late Mr. David Robertson, bookseller, who died of cholera in 1854. This gentleman was much beloved for his many amiable qualities, and was well known to most of the literati of the west of Scotland.

Mr. Robertson is interred nearly opposite a tombstone, belonging to Mr. Samuel Dow; and immediately behind this stone is a grave, which encloses the remains of the late James Reddie, Esq., LL.D., for many years the principal Town-clerk of Glasgow, and eminent as a profound lawyer, and writer on international law. Mr. Reddie was the intimate friend and college-companion of Dr. Thomas Brown, the distinguished metaphysician, and of Lord Brougham, who acknowledges Mr. Reddie's superiority in learning to all his class-fellows, including some who were afterwards the greatest men of the age.

A few yards to the north of Mr. Reddie's grave is a beautiful stone of polished Aberdeen granite, which contains a melancholy record of the wreck of the 'Orion' steamer.

Near the middle of the row which commences with Mr. Kettle's obelisk, the visitor will observe an elegant sarcophagus erected to the late Mr. Miller of Muirshiel; and advancing to the northern extremity of the same terrace, he will notice, a little to the eastward, a recently-formed semi-circular area, in which are interred the remains of the late Robert Baird, Esq. of Auchmedden—one of the members of the eminent firm of the Bairds of Gartsherrie. This gentleman died in office as Lord Dean of Guild, or President of the Merchants' House, to which the Necropolis belongs.

Conspicuous at the northern limit of the highest platform of the hill, is a lofty octagonal structure, crowned with a stone

cupola; and pierced at one side for an entrance, through which may be observed, on a tablet of white marble, the name of Dr. William Rae Wilson, the well-known traveller in the Holy Land.

Pursuing the carriage-way which now returns southward in a straight line to the base of Knox's monument, the visitor will notice, on his left hand, a fine colossal statue of white marble, erected to the late Charles Tennant, Esq. of St. Rollox. This gentleman was the inventor of the bleaching-powder (chloride of lime), and established the St. Rollox chemical works—the largest in Europe—of which the gigantic stalk may be seen about half a-mile to the north, soaring above all others.

Advancing to the southern extremity of this avenue, the visitor will arrive at the base of Knox's monument, on which is engraved a variety of inscriptions, given in the body of this work. We must also refer to the same chapter (pp. 179-80) for an eloquent description by the late Mr. M'Lellan of the splendid and interesting view from the summit.

On the green bank sloping down to the south from the base of Knox's column, is a massive sarcophagus of Peterhead granite, resting on a graduated base, which marks the grave of the late Mr. Ewing of Strathleven, one of the merchant-princes of Glasgow, and chief promoter of the Necropolis. This gentleman was the last Lord Provost of Glasgow under the old Burgh regime, and was one of the first two representatives of Glasgow under the Reform Bill. He wrote an excellent history of the Merchants' House, by which he was twice elected to the office of Lord Dean of Guild; and among his magnificent bequests, which are appended to our account of his life (p. 197), he left not less than £30,000 to that institution.

Opposite the south-east corner of the pedestal of Knox's column, is another large and elegant sarcophagus, erected to the memory of the late Rev. Dr. Thomas Brown, of Free St. John's Church, Glasgow. This excellent clergyman was the second successor of Dr. Chalmers in St. John's parish church, before the Disruption; and he was the immediate successor of Dr. Chalmers, as the second moderator of the Free General Assembly.

Proceeding southward a few yards, by the walk which passes in front of Dr. Brown's grave, the visitor will arrive at the splendid Gothic structure erected to the memory of the late Rev. Dr. William Black of the Barony parish. This fine monument is distinguished by its lofty, oblong quadrangular

canopy, surmounted by two gilt crosses, and rising over an elevated tomb, on which is a recumbent statue of the deceased. The numerous Scriptural illustrations sculptured on different parts of the structure, are fully explained at pp. 313-315. The Barony church, of which Dr. Black was the much esteemed pastor, stands on the right hand of the entrance to the lane which approaches the Necropolis bridge.

Near the south-east corner of Dr. Black's monument, is a massive square pillar of polished Aberdeen granite, inscribed to the memory of that distinguished but unfortunate divine—the Rev. Edward Irving, of the Scotch National Church, London, who for some years astonished the world by his eloquence and his doctrinal eccentricities. Mr. Irving is interred in the crypt of the Cathedral; and this stone is erected over the grave of his eldest sister, who was married to Dr. Dickson, the companion of Clapperton in his travels.

Near this is a lofty, square monument, somewhat gloomy and Egyptian in its character, erected to the memory of the Rev. Dr. Robert Muter, of the Duke Street United Associate Congregation.

The visitor may now return westward to the point at which he reached the upper platform of the hill, at Dr. Dick's monument; and nearly opposite the inscription on that structure, he will observe a handsome tombstone which marks the grave of the late distinguished Professor of Chemistry, Dr. Thomas Thomson. This eminent philosopher was one of the greatest chemists of the age. He invented the system of chemical symbols, was the chief exponent of the Atomic theory; and his well-known 'System of Chemistry' was long the standard work on the science.

A little further to the south is the fine monument, crowned with a colossal statue, of Mr. M'Gavin, who was born of humble parents in Ayrshire; became first a weaver, and then a teacher in Paisley; was afterwards a mercantile clerk in Glasgow, then a merchant, and finally a bank manager. Mr. M'Gavin was a lay preacher, and a somewhat voluminous writer; but his reputation rests on 'The Protestant,' a work exposing the errors of Popery, which was published periodically in Glasgow until it extended to several volumes, and was the means of exciting the anti-popish enthusiasm, which resulted in the erection of the neighboring monument to John Knox.

Opposite Mr. M'Gavin's monument, a carriage-way, already referred to, descends to the foot of the hill; and a few yards down, the visitor will observe a beautiful sculptured figure of

a seraph or winged youth, which is much admired. Pursuing the walk which passes behind this statue, he will notice, erected against the rock, a magnificent Gothic monument belonging to Mr. Montgomerie, writer; and at the further extremity of the same walk, a piece of ground which belongs to the Dilletanti Society. Here are interred the remains of two of the founders of that society—one of whom, Andrew Henderson, was a portrait-painter, a contributor to 'The Laird of Logan,' and editor of a 'Collection of Scottish Proverbs.'

Descending by another walk, which returns and rejoins the carriage-way, near the winged figure above-mentioned, the visitor will notice below, on his right, an elegant sepulchre in the form of a rectangular Greek temple, which encloses the remains of the late Mr. Davidson of Ruchill; and opposite the statue a walk branches southward, which conducts to the beautiful burying-ground of Laurence Hill, Esq., writer in Glasgow, and formerly collector to the Merchants' House, in which capacity he took a most active and influential part in promoting the conversion of the Fir Park into a garden-cemetery. It will be observed that the gates of the enclosure are literally constructed of poetry, written in letters of iron.

Reascending to the carriage-way in front of Mr. M'Gavin's monument, and passing a few yards to the south, the visitor will observe, on his right hand, a graceful obelisk of Peterhead granite, erected to the memory of the late Rev. Dr. Hugh Heugh, a distinguished United Presbyterian divine, but chiefly known by his labors as a writer and platform speaker in the Voluntary cause. Dr. Heugh was for fifteen years minister of the Anti-burgher congregation in Stirling, of which his father was the first pastor, contemporary with Ebenezer Erskine; and in 1821, he received a call from a congregation in Blackfriars' Street, Glasgow, with which he remained till his death.

At a little distance behind Mr. M'Gavin's monument, another structure, in a somewhat similar style, but without the statue, is erected to the memory of the late Rev. William Brash, of East Campbell Street United Presbyterian Church.

Near this, is a massive and majestic octagonal granite monument, terminating in a stone cupola, erected to the memory of the late William Dunn, Esq. of Duntocher. This gentleman began life as a millwright, and afterwards established machine-works in Glasgow, which gained a high repute at the time when power-looms and spinning machinery came into general application. He then established spinning

mills of his own ; and ultimately died possessed of several estates and spinning factories at Duntocher and other places near Bowling ; besides the extensive machine-works in Glasgow, which still maintain their pre-eminence.

A beautiful avenue, passing in front of Mr. Dunn's monument, proceeds southward to the carriage-way, near the edge of the cliff, which commands a magnificent view of the Cathkin hills, the valley of the Clyde, and the eastern part of the city. Below, in the foreground, is the lower Necropolis, and on the left an extensive trap-quarry, which belongs, like the Necropolis itself, to the Merchants' House ; and the visitor will observe that operations are now in progress to extend the Necropolis into the quarry.

At the south-western angle of the cliff, is a large circular structure, which is sometimes not unnaturally mistaken by English visitors for a chapel. It encloses the remains of the late Major Archibald Douglas Monteath, an officer in the service of the East India Company, who left by his will £1000 for the erection of this sepulchre. His brother, the late James Monteath Douglas, Esq. of Rosehall and Stonebyres, is also interred in a vault within the same building.

Near this is an elegant hexagonal temple, erected to the memory of the late James Buchanan, Esq. of Dowanhill. This structure suffered severe damage in the dreadful hurricane of the 6th and 7th February, 1856. It originally consisted of two parts, the upper of which was blown down, and has not yet been replaced. The capitals of the lower columns are similar to those of the 'Tower of the Winds' at Athens, supposed to be the earliest development of the Corinthian order ; the columns of the upper structure, which is laid prostrate, exhibit the Corinthian order in its maturity.

The third conspicuous monument in the same group is a massive, square pillar of granite, erected to the memory of Colin Dunlop, Esq. of Tollcross, who was educated as an advocate, was proprietor of Clyde Iron-Works, and represented his native city in Parliament from January, 1835, to July, 1837. At the general election in the latter year, he declined to again present himself as a candidate, but took a deep interest in the proceedings, and died suddenly on the morning of the election. On account of his amiable qualities, his kindness to the poor, and his liberal political views, he was intensely popular, and was honored with a public funeral, and this monument to his memory.

The visitor may now descend to the lower Necropolis, following the carriage-way which passes southward under the

rocky foundation of Major Monteath's sepulchre, advances eastward to the gate in the quarry wall, and then sweeps round to the right, in a direction almost due west. Pursuing this course till he arrives at the projecting angle of a wall on the left hand, he will notice, a little beyond this point, an interesting, isolated monument on the right, which occupies the very site of the dwelling-place of the proprietor's parents; and by continuing to advance about forty or fifty yards in the same direction, he will find on his left hand another tombstone, of humbler character, deriving a peculiar interest from the same circumstance.

But instead of continuing our course in this direction, we have now to request the visitor to turn back to a branch of the carriage-way which passes off to the right before arriving at the first of the two monuments last-mentioned. Pursuing this upward course a few yards, and then turning off to the left, we are conducted to a handsome square monument, which marks the resting-place of Alexander Rodger—a man who never rose beyond a humble position; but who, by the native energies of his mind, acquired considerable local celebrity as a poet; and many of his songs obtained an extensive popularity.

Returning, and advancing northward some distance along the same carriage-way, the visitor will soon arrive at the enclosure containing the monumental statue erected to the gallant Colonel Pattison, and other monuments to different members of the same respected family. The ample inscriptions on these monuments tell their own history, and are given in the body of this work (pp. 324-327). One of them contains a consolatory letter from Lord Fitzroy Somerset, now better known as the lamented Lord Raglan.

The next enclosure is in the form of a beautiful ivy-mantled rockery, and is the property of Samuel Higginbotham, Esq., of the firm of Messrs. Tod & Higginbotham. Beyond this are two elegant monuments, one of which is in imitation of some of the rocky excavations seen amid the ruins of Petra.

The visitor now descends upon the principal carriage-way a little beyond the façade, or near where he started on his pilgrimage through the silent city. Advancing along the carriage-way a few yards, and turning into a broad, straight, horizontal avenue which passes northward on the west side of Hugh Hamilton's monument, already mentioned, he will find, near the middle of this avenue, on his right hand, a massive, irregular, oblong monument, inscribed 'to the

memory of James Robertson, Esq., ironmonger; and in the next terrace behind this, will observe a plain tombstone marked as 'the property of William Stuart.' The antiquarian will pause and ponder over this stone, when told that here are interred the remains, not only of Mr. William Stuart, the father—a man of liberal education, literary acquirements, and antiquarian tastes—but also of Mr. Robert Stuart, the son, author of that delightful work, 'Caledonia Romana,' and of 'Views and Notices of Glasgow in former times.'

Proceeding to the northern extremity of this avenue, and then descending a few steps, we finally arrive at the burying-ground of the Jews, conspicuous by the Hebrew inscriptions on the tombstones, and the elegant monumental column and gateway, also covered with inscriptions, one of which constitutes a part of the gate itself. For these, and for some interesting historical incidents connected with this 'synagogue of the dead' (which is now full), the visitor must peruse at his leisure the chapter expressly devoted to the Jews' burying-ground; at which, like the way-worn wanderers to Jerusalem and the Holy Sepulchre, we appropriately conclude our pilgrimage among the tombs.

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