



MALCOLM
ARCHIBALD



GLASGOW:
THE
REAL MEAN
CITY

TRUE CRIME AND PUNISHMENT IN
THE SECOND CITY OF THE EMPIRE



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True Crime and Punishment in the Second City of the Empire

Malcolm Archibald

BLACK & WHITE PUBLISHING

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Dedication

FOR CATHY

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A great city with a strong leaven of scoundralism in its population.
— *Glasgow Herald*, 7 October 1850

Preface

My grandfather, George Frederick Archibald, was a regular soldier. He joined the Royal Scots in 1897 aged 19, and left in 1919. During these twenty-two years, the world changed forever. He served in India, Burma and Ireland and throughout the First World War from Mons until the Armistice, and survived with a chest full of medals, lungs full of gas and a head full of stories with which he tantalised young grandchildren. Among the well-known tales such as 'The Angel of Mons', 'The Christmas of 1914', 'Ladies from Hell' and 'The Crucified Canadian' were many I have never seen written in any book about the Great War. Two of these involved regiments from Glasgow.

The first anecdote was of a time when a staff officer visited the trenches and saw a handful of Glasgow soldiers escorting a large number of German prisoners to the back areas. The officer was horrified to see that many of the Germans had broken noses and bruised faces. He accused the Glasgow men of abusing the Germans after capture. My grandfather, a CSM at the time, informed him gently that in hand-to-hand combat this particular regiment sharpened the rim of their steel helmets and used it as a weapon: a trench-warfare Glasgow kiss. The second story was similar; he told me of having served alongside a regiment of Glasgow Bantams, men under five feet in height who had the reputation of having disposed of more of the enemy by the bayonet than by the bullet.

As a long-eared child with all a boy's interest in the gore and supposed glory of warfare, I lapped up these tales and often wondered what sort of men these Glaswegians were. I did not know then that Glasgow contributed an estimated 200,000 men to the British Army in that horrendous mass slaughter or that in 1914 Glasgow reputedly built more ships than all of Germany or the United States of America. I was later to hear of the landlords who tried to evict women while their men were fighting in France, leading to the largest rent strike in British history and proving that Glaswegian women were every bit as formidable as their men. Much later, I read about Red Clydeside and a British government so afraid of supposed Glaswegian communism that it sent 10,000 English troops backed by tanks and artillery to the city, while confining the local Highland Light Infantry to barracks in case it joined the strikers. I heard of the police baton charge in George Square that was repelled by strikers who were campaigning purely for decent working conditions. I learned of Glasgow gangs that fought with bayonets, and of razor gangs a thousand strong battling it out in the streets. In time, I also knew about the Orange Marches and the bitter rivalry between Celtic and Rangers, two of the most famous football teams anywhere.

The stories and legends, true, half-true and pure fiction, all painted a picture of a city that resounded with verve and violence, yet when I visited I found forthright, cheerful and friendly people who were more than willing to share all they had. I had read of a city of bleak black tenements and foul slums but although there were bad areas in Glasgow, as in every city, there were also splendid museums and beautiful parks, and some of the Victorian buildings were of such high quality they would be an asset anywhere. There are churches by 'Greek' Thomson, an Art School by Rennie Mackintosh, a City Chambers that would rival that of any city in the world and a number of quality universities. This city produced two British prime ministers and arguably Scotland's most controversial socialist in John Maclean; it built many of the Empire's railway locomotives and a huge proportion of the world's ships; it boasted the largest timber importing business in the world, as well as the artist Charles Rennie Mackintosh. Throughout the nineteenth century Glasgow was a beacon of progress, and there were probably more Gaelic speakers here than in any other city in the world ... there were many sides to Glasgow. And yet the legends of crime and violence persisted. I wondered what had created this negative image of Glasgow and when it had earned its reputation as a grim dark place.

The answer does not lie very far back in time; it was the nineteenth century that saw Glasgow

flourish as Scotland's largest city and fostered Glasgow's multi-faceted reputation for culture, progress, engineering and crime. This book will not attempt to write a history of Glasgow; far better qualified historians than I have done and will continue to do that. Instead, I will attempt to draw a picture of the criminal side of Glasgow in the nineteenth century – not only the obvious crimes of robbery, assault and brutal murders but also the more unusual, the fraudsters and child strippers and ship scuttlers, who all added to the overall pattern of crime.

The book starts with a brief explanation of the creation of industrial cities and the fear of crime they instigated, followed by a look at Glasgow itself. The bulk of the book consists of thematic chapters that cover the whole spread of the century. As it is impossible to cover even a fraction of the crimes that occurred with a major city over this time period, what is mentioned is merely a representation of events, but hopefully enough to capture the atmosphere of Glasgow in the nineteenth century. Within these pages is the dark side of the city, but even here there are the bright splurges of humour, strength, courage and undoubted humanity that help make Glasgow the great city it undoubtedly is.

Victorian Cities, Glasgow and Crime

When the English gentleman Edmund Burt visited Glasgow in 1730 he thought it ‘the prettiest and most uniform town that I ever saw and I believe there is nothing like it in Britain’. In 1772 the Welsh naturalist Thomas Pennant thought Glasgow ‘the best built of any second-rate city I ever saw’. There were only two of the travellers who gave favourable comments on Glasgow when the town had not yet mushroomed. Glasgow had been a quiet city that languished on the banks of the Clyde, always important but never quite central until eighteenth-century trade and nineteenth-century industry catapulted it into Scotland’s largest city, the second largest city in Great Britain, the Second City of the Empire and the greatest shipbuilding centre the world had ever seen.

Glasgow’s position on the West Coast of Scotland gave certain advantages with trade to North America during the troubled eighteenth century. It was distant from the main bases of the French privateers that wreaked havoc with English and East Coast Scottish shipping, and it was free of the tides and winds of what was then termed the British Channel, thus making the transatlantic passage less hazardous. Geography ensured the passage would take less time from the Clyde than either the Thames or the Severn. When the Glasgow merchants used these advantages and added kinship connections with the smaller tobacco plantations in North America, they began to create vast commercial fortunes; history remembers them as the Tobacco Lords.

The tobacco trade between Scotland and the North American colonies had begun in the seventeenth century but escalated after 1707 when Scotland united her parliament with that of England to form Great Britain. Within a few decades Glasgow overtook Bristol and Liverpool in the transatlantic trade and used the wealth to create industries and deepen the Clyde so shipping could penetrate upriver as far as the Broomielaw. Although the American War of Independence severely damaged the tobacco trade, by then Glasgow’s industry was well established and the city grew year on year. Glasgow was Scotland’s boom town.

Of course, raw human material was required to fuel the constant expansion, and in the nineteenth century there was massive immigration into the city. Improvements to agriculture saw thousands of small farmers evicted throughout the country, to be replaced by modern techniques. Unemployed countrymen drifted to the new mills and factories of the towns. First from the Lowlands and then from the Highlands, where the Clearances destroyed a people in what was as sordid a display of cultural genocide as any in history, the dispossessed and unwanted found new homes and a new way of life in Glasgow. Then the Irish arrived. From at least the 1820s and perhaps particularly in the 1840s, so many Irish people immigrated into Glasgow that it had the second largest expatriate Irish community in the world, with only New York’s being greater. In 1848 1,000 Irish arrived a week. They added to the cultural mix in Glasgow – not always amicably, as religious differences and poor housing combined to create tensions that could explode into violence. Glasgow became nearly ghettoised by different religions, backgrounds and levels of employment drove people into separate areas of the city.

These incomers were housed in hastily erected tenements containing houses of one and two rooms and frequently lacking sanitation. The middle-class speculators minted money by cramming families into these hovels and charging rents that could sometimes only be afforded by sub-letting, leading to unhealthy overcrowding. In many ways, Glasgow was a microcosm of a procedure that occurred throughout the industrialising world as the land drained its people into the towns. The nineteenth century saw perhaps the greatest population shift in history, and Glasgow was a part of the phenomenon that created a plethora of new opportunities but also a raft of new difficulties and

greater awareness of crime and criminality than ever before.

As Asa Briggs stated in his *Victorian Cities*, the vast expansion of urban areas created a perception that industrial cities held new problems and a different lifestyle from older urban centres. This assumption may have owed its origin to the speed of growth, as the population of cities increased year on year, far more than their administrative or housing capacity to cope. Perhaps it was not surprising that this large influx of strangers into what had been relatively small and stable communities created insecurity, with some inhabitants of the towns scared of a perceived increase of crime. They were not alone.

The rise of industrial urbanism was a phenomenon that shook much of the nineteenth century establishment. These new types of towns seemed to be creating a sub-society about which they knew little and which they found hard to regulate. Large industrial cities were outwith the accepted social strata, which was still largely based on rural paternalism. Observers toured impoverished urban areas and created reports that castigated the poor as an inferior race with criminal habits. For example, in 1839 J. C. Symonds, Assistant Handloom Weaving Commissioner, wrote of Glasgow: 'I did not believe, until I visited the wynds of Glasgow, that so large amount of filth, crime, misery, and disease existed on one spot in any civilised country.' Symonds reported twenty people, male and female, clothed and unclothed, sleeping in a single room in a Glasgow lodging house, which suggested immorality to him.

As people crammed into the city, certain areas became notorious for congestion, disease and pestilence: the area south of the Trongate, Calton, the area west of the Saltmarket and the region near the old High Street contained housing that was amongst the worst in Europe. Here there were numbers of wynds and alleys, unlit, unventilated and occupied by the hopeless, the destitute and often the criminal.

For example, in 1871 the Laigh Kirk Close at 59 Trongate housed twenty brothels and three shebeens, illegal and unlicensed drinking houses. According to the Glasgow author and historian Jack House in his book *The Heart of Glasgow*, inside one-sixteenth of a square mile of central Glasgow there were 150 shebeens and 200 brothels. The best of the shebeens could hold up to forty dedicated drinkers; the worst saw the near destitute rub shoulders with prostitutes and thieves as they shared a dram of kill-me-deadly in some festering slum.

Arguably the best-known account of British poverty is Frederick Engels' *The Condition of the Working Class in England*, published in 1844. Engels' description of conditions in the poorer quarters of industrial cities include mind-shuddering gems, such as 'the streets are generally unpaved ... filled with vegetable and animal refuse, without sewers or gutters ... filth and tottering ruin ... foul liquors emptied before the doors ...' Even allowing for Engels' socialist agenda, the description argues for poor living conditions in industrial towns; this way of life both appalled and frightened observers from more favoured areas. In his *London Labour and the London Poor*, the journalist Henry Mayhew wrote of 'a prostitute ... with her eye blackened, [who] stood by the bar. She was also well-attired, and ready to accompany them. Burglars of this class often have a woman to go before them, to carry the housebreaking tools ...' Mayhew's description is a microcosm of contemporary observers who presented the life of the urban poor as intertwined with vice and crime; the worst areas were seen as a breeding ground of criminality, with drink a principal cause. Glasgow was no different from other large cities.

Although the middle and upper classes enjoyed their tipples as much as anybody, the temperance movement was still viewed as the engine of social advancement with tracts such as *Moral Statistics of Glasgow* (1849) and *Facts and Observations of the Sanitary State of Glasgow* (1844) intending to prove the connection between vice, drink and morality. These reports helped formulate perceptions of Glasgow and other cities as places where drink fed poverty, crime, begging and prostitution. Although

most published comments were from middle-class observers with different backgrounds and values from their subjects, their judgements shared a general perception that reducing the alcohol consumption and raising the moral standards of the poor would reduce the crime rate. Crime, drink and poverty were seen as synonymous, and for much of the period the poor were blamed for their own misfortune.

In common with other Scottish urban centres, from 1833 in Glasgow, £10 householders, which meant those whose annual rent was worth £10 or more, elected councils, magistrates and the Commissioners of Police, who were responsible for much more than just the control of crime. They also governed water hygiene and public health. The town councils controlled much of the trade and used local Police Acts to regulate the conduct of the inhabitants and improve the physical environment. Therefore, although the bulk of the urban population were from the working classes, the middle classes ran the administration and created the townscape. Glasgow Police also gained the power to regulate lodging houses, so the poorest people were subject to some rigid social control with their homes liable to be legally raided and inspected at any hour of the day or night. It was understandable that the police were not always the most popular people in the world.

By the middle of the century, the middle classes generally regarded society as split between the respectable and the residuum. The respectable included that section of the working class who shared middle-class morality; the residuum was those who did not. The unemployed and unemployable, the drunken, the petty and not-so-petty criminals, the destitute, the vagrants, the travelling folk and anybody else who could not be adequately controlled, categorised or pigeonholed were not considered respectable. Living alongside these, mingling with them and often hiding in their ranks were who were thought of as an entire underclass: the criminal class. The perceptions of increasing crime in the early nineteenth century encouraged the growth of criminology, so in *The Criminal Man* Cesare Lombroso propounded the theory of this class of born criminals, and in 1851 Thomas Plint stated in his *Crime in England* that the criminal class were found amidst the 'operative class'. This perceived class apparently lived entirely from crime, and occupied a distinct society that lived alongside the respectable, but in what became known as 'the slums', which was originally a slang word for a room. Contemporary theories argued that crime could be eradicated if this class was either bred out of society or reformed by punishment or improved morality.

The judge Lord Cockburn was a believer in a criminal class. In *Circuit Journeys* he mentions the case of Mary Boyle, who was released from a long spell in Perth Penitentiary in November 1843, but in spring 1844 was back in the circuit court. Cockburn termed Perth Penitentiary the 'very school of penal virtue'. Boyle was believed to be reformed but after a few weeks she joined a group of men in burglary at the house of Alexander Alison, an ironmaster of Sauchiehall Street. Immediately Cockburn sentenced her to ten years' transportation; she dropped her humble air that had nearly fooled the judge and, according to Cockburn, began 'cursing prosecutor, judges, jury, her own counsel and all concerned in the coarsest terms'. She gripped the iron bars that penned her in the dock and held on until she was literally dragged away. Mary Boyle was no older than sixteen and looked very gentle and demure. Cockburn gave the comment that 'crime ... runs in families ... and this lady belongs to a race of thieves. She has a father and mother and two brothers or sisters already in Australia.' Her two remaining siblings were also convicted thieves with one, John Boyle, being a member of an active criminal gang. Perhaps there was something to be said for the theory of criminal families, if not the criminal class.

Although the slums in Victorian Britain were probably larger than and just as repugnant as the Georgian counterparts, progress through the century diminished the fear of the mob erupting from the morass and overturning established order. Rather than the casual brutality of eighteenth-century justice, nineteenth-century authority was visible in the tall figure of the uniformed police, backed by

an acceptance of discipline that started in the schoolroom and was reinforced by the churches. Yet although the possibility of revolution was virtually extinguished after the failure of the 1848 Chartist outbreak, the fear of crime persisted as the respectable Victorians shunned the areas where the poorer people lived. As with most ancient cities, many of Glasgow's worst slums were near the centre of town in areas that had once contained the elite.

As the towns became more industrialised, so the centre of population shifted as those who could afford it moved to spacious suburbs such as the fine terraces in Kelvinside and the villas south of the Clyde. The poor remained in the older parts or were confined in hastily constructed areas often surrounding the mills or factories where they worked. This vertical segregation often destroyed the social harmony of the towns and helped create a new consciousness of class. However, class in Glasgow was not a uniform concept; the time-served skilled workers of the shipyards were as proud of their status as any entrepreneur, and would look down on the unskilled labourers as an inferior breed. Although there was a general perception of urban degradation in many towns, there was no uniform acceptance of the cause, although many blamed industrialisation as the root of social, criminal and moral evil. The *Dublin Penny Journal* of 6 July 1833 put its case succinctly: 'The vice and misery which is the fearful accompaniment of the introduction of manufactures ... a process of physical and moral deterioration is continually going forward.' From these areas, the criminals or the desperate slithered into the more fortunate quarters of Glasgow to see what they could steal.

Such was the fascination of the perception of a criminal class that police detectives published their memoirs, and authors such as Dickens introduced criminals as characters in their novels. During the course of the century a new genre of literature – the detective novel – appeared and became firmly ensconced as a favourite in libraries and bookshops. The forerunners of these books – chapbook broadsheets and accounts such as the *Newgate Calendar* – had often been produced to show the degradation and immorality of crime, but in some cases there grew a sneaking admiration for the clever thief, such as the Viscount Georges de Fontenoy, who operated in Glasgow in the 1870s. For the respectable, however, the thief was beyond the pale and was literally kept at bay by barred windows, high stone walls topped with broken glass and an array of laws with sometimes brutal punishments.

Although Scotland had a Poor Law, able-bodied men were ineligible for relief and after the 1847 Poor Law Amendment (Scotland) Act, any claimant required five years' residency. This stipulation was probably intended to relieve the parish of the burden of providing for a host of unemployed incomers, but it also ensured that, without any safety net, the desperate had little choice but to turn to criminal merely to eat. And many of the people who crowded into Glasgow were very desperate indeed; there are tales of men selling their only shirt to feed their family, so petty theft to fend off starvation was only a small step.

By the end of the nineteenth century, habitual criminals were regarded as products of racial decline created by industrialised urban life. To some, the perception of a criminal class was akin to Darwinian racism: the habitual criminal was a person from a lower species of humanity and therefore could be treated differently. There were theories that repeat offenders suffered from an innate condition and they were termed 'degenerate' or 'incurable'. Some blamed the demise of transportation in the 1860s for an apparent surge in violent crimes, and Hugh Miller spoke of 'a formidable class of wild beasts – the incurable criminals'. Today many criminologists agree that crime and poverty are linked, although others think an unbalanced society where great wealth exists side by side with relative destitution is an even more important key. Nineteenth-century Glasgow was home to both extremes.

Before the advent of uniformed police, towns were regulated in a variety of ways, but in the event of serious disorder the army was called in. This fallback was understandable in the case of riots or civil unrest, but the army was not an option in the case of the much more common theft or assault. As the population of cities expanded, the authorities sought more efficient ways to control crime.

Edinburgh had a uniformed City Guard but in 1779 it was Glasgow that was first to create a professional uniformed body of civilian police under Inspector James Buchanan. Although originally there were only eight men to control crime in the entire city, within two years lack of money led to the disbandment of the force. It was established again in 1788, but without a parliamentary bill to support it, there was a second collapse within two years. However, Glasgow is a persistent city, and tried a third time. In 1800 the Glasgow Police Act was passed. Funded by local taxes, the Act led to the formation of the City of Glasgow Police, the oldest in Great Britain and the forerunner of all other British uniformed police forces.

In common with the other Scottish forces, the Glasgow Police Force was only part of a holistic community, a force intended more to prevent crime than to enforce the law, although eventually it managed to do the latter very well indeed. David Barrie, in his *Police in the Age of Improvement: Police Development and the Civic Tradition in Scotland, 1775–1865*, suggests that the Scottish police were a development of the Scottish Enlightenment, created to secure the new wealth of the nation and voted for by a representative civic government. Nevertheless, as late as 1857 Glasgow dismissed 100 police officers out of a force of 700 men.

Glasgow was the most important Scottish port as well as a city of heavy industry. Trade increased exponentially after 1815 and shipbuilding, made easier by the coal and iron of Ayrshire, Stirlingshire and Lanarkshire, erupted. Native genius and skilled men ensured Glasgow became a world leader in engineering – ship, locomotive and civil. While work made it a magnet for inward migration, shipping ensured there was also a mobile population, both of seamen and people using Glasgow as a port of embarkation for further emigration. Many stayed – not always by choice, but steady immigration ensured a city whose population rose constantly throughout the century, while the shipping was also a magnet for crime.

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By mid-century there were between 500 and 1,000 people to the acre in central Glasgow, with dilapidated housing and narrow streets. The middle classes and artisans had moved west so only the poorest remained, but because of the density of population, the accumulated rents made retention of run-down property profitable. Life in the worst areas was a lottery; if the population escaped crime they still faced the probability of early death by disease. Cholera ravaged the city in 1832, and during the hungry 1840s the death rate reached an appalling annual 39.9 per 1,000. It fell thereafter, only to rise with a typhus epidemic in the early 1860s. Crime, naturally, continued throughout the period, with peaks and troughs that were of interest only to the statistician or the academic, the ordinary person who had to live with the reality rather than assess the theories.

The following chapters will look at some of these crimes that blighted what was undoubtedly one of the greatest cities of the nineteenth century.

Robbing the Paisley Union Bank

Bank robberies are not common things. Successful bank robberies are even less common. They are the epitome of the cracksman's art, for if banks are buildings that are virtually guaranteed to contain a great deal of money in a concentrated space, they are also by their very nature difficult to rob. There were two main problems about robbing a bank: the first was getting into the vaults, and the second was getting away with the takings and not getting caught. The robbers of the Paisley Union Bank in 1811 faced both problems and were, to an extent, successful in both, at least for a while.

Five Hundred Guinea Reward

Most people learned of the robbery when the newspaper, the *Caledonian Mercury*, printed an indignant advertisement on 18 July 1811. After offering a reward for an astounding five hundred guineas, the proprietors of the bank gave some details of the robbery. They said that the 'office of the Paisley Union Bank Company at 49–51 Ingram Street Glasgow was this morning discovered to have been broken into since Saturday night'. The advertisement said that 'bank notes ... to a very considerable amount' were stolen. To gain the reward, which was around ten years' wages for a skilled man, the informant had to give information that led to conviction of the thief and recovery of the money. If an accomplice of the thief were to convict his companions, then not only would he gain the reward but the bank proprietors would also apply for the royal Pardon. There was no guarantee that His Majesty would assent, however, so Mr John Likely, the cashier, and Mr Andrew Templeton, the chief manager of the bank, waited in vain for informers to queue up. Naturally, people were also requested to watch for the stolen banknotes.

The Paisley Union Bank was situated on the ground floor, with cellars beneath and rooms used as a warehouse above. John Thomson was the porter responsible for locking both the safe and the bank. On the evening of 13 July 1811, the bank had a box from Sir William Forbes and Company, a private banking company based in Edinburgh, who acted as the Paisley Bank's agents in the capital. The box held around £4,000 in notes, which Thomson counted before he locked the box, and then placed it in the iron safe, which was situated in the inner room of the tworoom office. There were also a large number of banknotes, many of the Paisley Union Bank, together with a considerable amount of gold. After placing the box inside the safe, Thomson locked the safe, closed and secured the office door and took the keys to Mr Templeton in St Enoch Square. The key of the bank was placed in a box, which was also locked, and Thomson placed the box, as always, in a press in the lobby of Templeton's house.

Around half past seven on Monday morning Thomson returned to the bank; the safe was locked but the box from Forbes was lying on the floor, empty. When he opened the safe he saw the drawers had also been opened and the banknotes extracted. The robbers had not used any violence. They had used a skeleton key – then called a false key – to get into the bank on the Saturday night and had left without causing any fuss, without damaging a single lock or door or alerting anybody. They had lifted at least £20,000, although estimates varied to an astonishing £50,000, which was a sum equivalent to millions in today's currency, in probably as professional an operation as Glasgow had ever seen. Thomson raised the alarm and within a short time half the police in the city were searching for the bank robbers.

However, it was sheer blind chance that gave the police their first big break and led to a chase that stretched the length of Britain. Early on the Sunday after the bank was robbed, an elderly wringer named David Clacher was out walking. He lived nearby and he was heading toward the Stirling road. Dawn comes early in July, so he was well able to distinguish the three men he saw sitting on a wall, but wondered what they were up to at that time of day. He stood still and watched as they opened up a basket and divided up a pile of banknotes and some silver, and saw they had a foot-long bundle lying between them.

With the money divided, the men walked toward Sandy Leith's George Street coach yard, and were soon lost to sight. When Clacher heard of the bank robbery the next day he hurried to the bank and reported what he had seen. The bank immediately notified the police and the Glasgow force sprung into action to try and trace the movements of the three suspects.

When Sandy Leith was questioned he frankly admitted the men had hired a post chaise and headed for Airdrie. Two officials from the Paisley Bank hired another post chaise and traced the robbers from Airdrie across Scotland to Edinburgh. The robbers had chosen top-quality accommodation and the best wine on their journey, for which they paid with Paisley Bank notes. The bank officials had good descriptions of the wanted men. Two appeared like gentlemen; the first was about five foot ten, 'stoutly made and active with a full plump face and ruddy complexion'; he was marked by smallpox and could speak in both a Scots and an English accent. The second was five foot eight and slim, while the third was more like a tradesman, five foot nine, 'slender and ill made'.

Following the Trail

The robbers tipped the post boy, the driver of the chaise, so well that he remembered these 'kind liberal gentlemen', but once they left him in Princes Street they vanished. The Edinburgh Police checked the smacks from Leith to London, the mail coaches and the stagecoaches, but without success. They picked up the trail again in a small inn in Rose Street, where three supposed Englishmen had paid for a meal with a twenty-pound note of the Paisley Bank. With that clue, the police found that the suspects had hired a post chaise from Drysdale's Hotel and had driven on the Haddington road. The police then knocked on the magistrates' doors and obtained warrants for their arrest, and from there decided what was best to do.

Robert Walkinshaw, a Writer and one of the bank officials, together with John Likely, the cashier, decided not to sit idle and to follow the suspects, while a Glasgow Messenger-at-Arms, James McCrone, returned to Glasgow to search for information there. Picking up professional help in the person of Archibald Campbell, one of the Edinburgh city officers, Walkinshaw and Likely hired a post chaise and set off in pursuit.

Less than twenty miles away, Haddington was a bustling market town with a selection of inns. The suspects had called at the Blue Bell Inn, where they changed a ten-pound note of the Paisley Bank before moving on to the Press Inn, to change a twenty-pound note. Walkinshaw, Likely and Campbell followed the paper chase of notes to Berwick-upon-Tweed and the border with England. From the English frontier onward the suspects were able to swap their two-horse post chaise for a fast four-horse chaise, a type that was common in England but unusual in Scotland. A four-horse chaise was probably the fastest means of transport for long-distance travel on land, as a single horse would tire while a post chaise could change horses at regular posting inns throughout the country.

The bankers and Campbell enquired at stables and inns as they traced the suspects further and further south until they left the Queen's Head in Durham and reached the Talbot Inn in Darlington. Here they met George Johnson, a helpful waiter who said the suspects had been at the inn just over a week before at about three in the afternoon. They had carried a large number of Scots and English notes and had tendered a Scottish twenty-pound note to pay for the hire of a chaise with some sherries and biscuits. Notes of that high a denomination were so rare that the landlord had to visit Hollingsworth's bank to obtain change and one of the suspects paid him 2/6d for the privilege. Not surprisingly, Johnson examined the men and claimed he would recognise them without difficulty.

The bankers and Campbell recruited this useful waiter and continued the pursuit. Johnson had already told them the suspects were travelling in a chaise and four. They drove southward and ever southward following the trail of banknotes, hiring post boys who had already driven the suspects and knew exactly where they had been, and inevitably the trail led all the way to London.

Spreading the tale that the pursuers were highwaymen, the three men looked south as each innkeeper added his little bit of advice and help. At the White Hart Inn in Welwyn, Herefordshire, two stages north of London, a waiter named Henry Cumington had witnessed the suspects openly dividing banknotes. He said they had left a portmanteau and a coat to be sent on to a man named John Sculthorp at an address in Tottenham Court Road in London, with a further address in Coventry Street.

Bow Street Runners

When their post chaise rolled into London, Lively, Walkinshaw and Campbell drove straight to the Public Office at Bow Street and enlisted the help of the famous Bow Street Runners, a force of professional thief takers similar to the King's Messengers in Scotland. Funded by the government, they were attached to the Bow Street Magistrates' Court and could arrest criminals nationwide. It says much for the significance of the crime that three of the best came to help the search: John Vicker, Stephen Lavender and Harry Atkins. Together with Campbell, the Runners raided Sculthorp's house. Although they did not find the portmanteau, they did find a box with a selection of skeleton keys, picklocks and a number of other tools used in the art of housebreaking. The box had an address on it: Coventry Street.

That same night, Campbell and the Runners visited Sculthorp, a stove grate manufacturer, locksmith and the owner of the Coventry Street house. He lived in St George's Fields, but when they got there they also found a character by the name of Hufton, Henry or Houghton White. As soon as he saw the Runners, White made a dive for the window but he was held and hauled back inside the room.

Huffey White

There was no hesitation in arresting White. Better known as 'Huffey', White was one of the most notorious criminals in England. He had been sentenced to be transported for life but had escaped from the stinking Portsmouth hulks in which he had been penned prior to the long voyage south. The authorities had searched for him with no success, until now.

When the Runners arrested White they found a number of Bank of England notes and sixteen guineas in gold, but nothing from the Paisley Bank. There seemed no direct evidence connecting him with the Glasgow robbery, but White was undoubtedly an escaped convict, so the Runners took him to Bow Street, questioned him closely and locked him up for that instead. When Cumington was brought

from Welwyn, he identified White right away, but there was still no concrete evidence. White was held in custody and examined again at the beginning of August, shortly afterward being prosecuted for escaping from transportation before his sentence had expired.

The wheels of justice ground on, slow, sure and inexorably ruthless. The perpetrators knew they could expect no mercy if they were caught. With property being the god of the authoritarian classes, the punishment for stealing such a sum would only be execution – but perhaps bribery would help. The thieves tried to ease White back into favour by anonymously handing back most of the money in the hope of reducing his inevitable death sentence. There appear to be two versions of what happened next. According to one, White was condemned once more, but escaped again that December, sliding off the *Retribution* hulk as she lay moored in the Thames off Woolwich. He did not go alone, but took three other convicts with him, and added the guard for good measure. The second account claims that when the sum of £11,000 was paid back to the bank, White, his wife and Sculthorp were all quietly released under a free pardon. Either way, by mid-December White was back at large, bitter after his incarceration and thirsting for success.

By that time the authorities knew the names of the other two robbers and sent placards around the country hunting for them. One was an English lock picker named Harry French, and the other was a Scotsman named James Moffat, alias McCoul. Neither Sculthorp nor White was literate, but Moffat was an educated man and so very useful in the thieving trade.

While the bankers had been busy in London, McCrone, the Messenger-at-Arms, and the Glasgow Police had not been idle. They had been making their own enquiries, which came out in a later trial. A man named James McCoul was arrested in London, and Archibald Campbell brought him to Glasgow by the mail coach, handcuffed by wrist and ankle. Moffat/McCoul remained in Glasgow jail for some time but was released due to lack of evidence and returned to London, thumbing his nose at authority.

Then in October 1812 Huffey White turned up again like a crooked penny. After his escape from the hulks, he had adopted the name Wallis and had roamed through Northamptonshire, Huntingdonshire and Cambridgeshire causing mayhem before he decided to become a highwayman. On the 26th he robbed the Leeds mail coach between Kettering and Higham Ferrers. The General Post Office immediately offered a £200 reward for his capture. They also issued a full description, saying he was a native Londoner, a cabinetmaker by trade in his mid-thirties, about five foot eight, upright and stoutish, with brown hair above a full forehead and a pale face with light grey eyes. This handsome, mild-mannered man was marred by the pockmarks of smallpox, he had a turned up nose and perhaps surprisingly, was described as having a ‘squeaking voice’, not quite what may be imagined in an expert thief, jail breaker and highwayman.

However, White’s luck ran out as this time he was caught and after a trial that lasted over fourteen hours, he was found guilty and sentenced to death. This time there was no escape, and in October 1812 he was hanged at Northampton.

A Man of Many Aliases

Moffat was more professional than White. He was a man of many aliases, but most commonly travelled under the name of McCoul or Moffat, and was well known to the criminal fraternity and the police of Edinburgh. He returned to Scotland in 1815 and lived in high style in Portobello with a woman he claimed was his wife. When he tried to pass over £1,800 in Paisley Bank notes in exchange for a banker’s draft, the police were called. Moffat affected surprise that he should possess any stolen notes and promised to return home to Portobello and collect them. He left police custody and, n

surprisingly, vanished.

However, Moffat was a bold man. He returned to London and legally demanded the return of 'his' £1,800, plus compensation for his time spent in Glasgow jail. The bank issued a counter claim for theft against him and the wheels of the law ground slowly on until they decided in the bank's favour. By that time the robbery of the Paisley Bank and the recovery of the remaining £8,000 slipped from the front of public thought, as other events became more important. There was war in India, the Navy was making heavy weather against the French in the Indian Ocean and Wellington was winning plaudits in the Peninsula; the robbery of a Glasgow bank was stale news.

The years rolled on. There was a war with the United States; Wellington defeated Bonaparte at Waterloo; there was trade depression in the Lowlands and the horror of the Clearances in the Highlands; the robbery of the Paisley Union Bank faded from public memory. One of the two remaining suspects, Harry or Henry French, was tried for murder, acquitted and then in 1818 tried for robbery at Middlesex and transported to Australia for seven years on the ship *Speke*, which sailed in December 1820. After that, French fades from history.

Then in June 1820, nearly nine years after the robbery, Moffat (alias McCoul, Martin or Wilson) came to trial in the High Court of Justiciary in Edinburgh. The charge was read out and Moffat pleaded not guilty. This time the prosecution had built up a formidable case against him. John Thomson, the porter, was the first witness and after detailing how he locked the safe and the office on the Friday and reopened on the Monday, he mentioned there was a note from the Renfrewshire Bank that had been torn and was fastened with a pin. That had also been stolen. The prosecution mentioned that John Likely had travelled to London to try and trace the missing money and when he returned a month later the torn Renfrew note was among the £600 or so he brought back.

Macauley's Evidence

Gradually the witnesses built up a story and the evidence against Moffat mounted. One significant lady was Margaret Macauley, who had lived in the Broomielaw in 1811. She spoke of Moffat and another two men who called themselves Downs and Stone lodging with her, initially for three weeks but staying much longer. The men had a trunk, a portmanteau and two greatcoats. When Macauley moved house, the men came as well, but they frequently remained out late, with Moffat claiming he was going to Liverpool or Bristol. Macauley said that the other two men had clothes marked with initials that did not match their names and they were marked with smallpox; they also spoke with English accents.

Both Macauley and another witness, John Stewart, said that Moffat was waiting for a small parcel from the London mail coach. The three men also lodged with Stewart but left on 9 July, taking a large portmanteau with them. David Clacher, who had witnessed the three men dividing money beside the Stirling road, identified Moffat as one of the men. James Stirling had been the guard of the Telegraph Coach and porter of the George Street Coach Work in Glasgow; he recognised Moffat as one of three men who hired a chaise on 13 July. Moffat had carried a bundle under his arm and claimed to have a sick brother in Edinburgh. James Muir drove them to Airdrie, where they hired another chaise, paid for with silver. John McAusland, tavern keeper in Edinburgh's Rose Street, also recognised Moffat as having come to his house on 14 July in company with two others; they ate quickly and travelled to the east.

And so it continued; a succession of post chaise drivers, innkeepers and waiters all identified Moffat. Possibly the most significant single comment came from Alexander Livingston, a Leith

merchant who knew Moffat personally. When he saw him in Leith Livingston remarked, 'Some storm is brewing as Moffat has come back to the country.'

Lavender and John Vickery of the Runners also recognised Moffat, and knew him as a thief with connections to Sculthorp, the stove grate manufacturer. Atkins, the third Runner, also knew Moffat's wife by the name of Mrs McCoul, while Mary, Huffey White's wife, confirmed that Moffat knew her husband. It was Mrs McCoul who bargained for White's life by handing back most of the proceeds of the robbery. There was talk of the remains of the money being buried in St Pancras Churchyard, or stored in the vault of a bank; talk of a man named Gibbons, a hackney coach master and bull baiter who acted as go-between with the banks, the Runners and White; but most of these conversations were speculative and none gave definite proof that Moffat was involved in the robbery, or that he was innocent.

William Gibbons hammered home the final nails in Moffat's coffin. He said he knew Moffat and knew he was in London in 1811. He detailed their meetings at the Black Horse and he detailed the amount of money Moffat had, including the denominations of the notes. He knew that Mrs McCoul kept the money stored at arm's length up the chimney in a back room and brought out around £14,000 for Mr Likely of the Paisley Bank.

Sculthorp was equally damning. He freely admitted that he made skeleton keys for White and Moffat; he spoke of letters ordering specific keys and signed by White, but as White was illiterate Sculthorp thought Moffat had written the letters. The keys were sent to Glasgow, so presumably they were used to break into the Paisley Union Bank. The first keys he sent did not fit, so Moffat sent him a wooden model to work from; the second or third key was accepted. Sculthorp also mentioned that Moffat had promised him £5, but despite the money he had stolen, he was chary of actually paying anything out.

The jury did not have to deliberate long before they found Moffat guilty, and he was sentenced to be hanged in Edinburgh on 26 July 1820. Strangely, he seemed surprised and thoughtful at the sentence as if he had expected to walk away.

There are many questions remaining in this case. Was the money paid by Mrs McCoul a bribe to the Runners or a sweetener to persuade the bank not to prosecute Huffey White? The figure of £14,000 counted out by Mrs McCoul did not correspond with the £11,000 brought back to Glasgow. Did the payment have anything to do with White's providential escape from the hulks? And what happened to the remaining £8,000? Is it still stashed in a chimney somewhere in London, or perhaps sitting in a bank vault waiting to be claimed, with interest, or even more intriguing, could it possibly be buried in St Pancras Graveyard, waiting for some hopeful adventurer with a shovel and a dark misty night?

Deadlier than the Male

The McMillan family were a bad bunch. The females of the breed had the nasty habit of presenting their charms to lonely men, inviting them to their house in the tenement known as the Rookery in O Street, knocking them down and robbing them blind. Their method was very simple: a nice smile, wriggle of the hips, a brush of the hand and an invitation to stay the night. Immediately the unwary man stepped inside the house, and then the mother, Margaret McMillan, and the daughter, Elizabeth McMillan, together with Elizabeth's equally unpleasant sweetheart Joseph Mackie would fall on him. They would not only take his money and watch, but also most of his clothes, and leave him all but naked, battered, bruised and bemused. However, their luck ran out in February 1876 when Margaret's two young sons informed on them and they each were given thirty days in jail. The two boys were sent to an industrial school to protect them from their own mother.

As Kipling said, the female of the species is more deadly than the male, and there were occasions in Glasgow that seemed to prove the truth of that old adage. However, there was also one high profile murder case where a woman was the prime suspect, but which ended in dispute and confusion.

'She Cannae Answer the Door When She Was Dead'

All murders are sordid affairs, but the murder of Jessie McPherson was arguably the most brutal that Glasgow saw in the nineteenth century. McPherson was an attractive thirty-five-year-old and worked as maidservant to eighty-seven-year-old James Fleming. They lived at 17 Sandyford Place, an elegant address close to Sauchiehall Street in the west end of the city. James had a son, John, who lived at the same address, but owned a second home at Dunoon, down the Clyde coast.

When John Fleming took his family away to Dunoon in July 1862, he was probably quite surprised to return to find the servant decapitated and her body sprawled bloodily on the floor of her locked bedroom. There were over forty shallow but ugly wounds on her. Fleming's surprise would heighten when his father informed him that McPherson had been away all weekend and he had not seen her.

Although old James Fleming was the first suspect as he had apparently been alone in the house with McPherson, the police were not totally convinced. They found that the bedroom floor and the kitchen next door had been partially, but not thoroughly, cleaned; they found that a chest in McPherson's room had been broken into and some items of her clothing stolen, together with some silver-plated forks, spoons and knives. They also found blood on the other clothes in the chest and in different parts of the house, including small and bloody footprints on the bedroom floor. As it was unlikely that Fleming had robbed his own house, and the footprints were certainly not his, the police widened the search; they concentrated on the stolen silverware.

It was normal for the police to check pawnbrokers for stolen goods, but this time the pawnbroker came to them while Fleming was still being questioned. The broker had heard of the murder and robbery and was a bit suspicious when a woman calling herself Mary McDonald handed in a small piece of silver-plated cutlery engraved with the letter 'F', which could stand for Fleming. The police followed the trail. The address the woman had given was false, and so, they reasoned, was her name. At first they had no clue as to the woman's identity, until helpful James Fleming suggested it might be a woman called Jessie McLachlan.

When the police realised that the pawnbroker's description of the mysterious Mary McDonald

matched McLachlan perfectly, they traced and arrested her, together with her seaman husband. McLachlan was soon released, as he had been at sea at the time, but McLachlan was held and closely questioned. McLachlan did not deny being at the house at Sandyford Place. She said she was a friend of McPherson's, as they had worked together as fellow servants in the house. She admitted visiting McPherson on the night she was murdered, but after that her story grew confused and implicated James Fleming.

In fact, McLachlan gave several versions of events. In her first, she claimed that she, McPherson and old Mr Fleming had been drinking together; they had run out of whisky, but McLachlan ran out to fetch more supplies. She returned to find McPherson dead, half-naked and Fleming wielding a cleaver. McLachlan swore she would tell nobody, and pawned some of his items.

However, when the case came to trial, McLachlan was caught out on a few minor details. In another version of her story, she had claimed to be at home most of the night of the murder, while a witness Mrs Campbell, had seen her go out in the evening and return the next morning, wearing a different dress. Some of McPherson's clothes had been found in her possession, but she claimed she had been given them to have them altered. The police found bloodied fragments of McLachlan's original dress in McPherson's room. The bloody footprints also matched McLachlan's shoes.

In her defence, McLachlan again tried to implicate James Fleming. The trial came down to a contest between these two. James Fleming said that McPherson had been missing all weekend, but he did not mention the absence of his servant on either of his two visits to the church. He swore he had heard a yell at about four in the morning and got up about nine, although the milk boy swore he had been fully dressed by half past seven when he answered the door. When he was asked why he answered the door in person rather than wait for his servant, James Fleming was said to have replied, 'She was dead, ye ken, she cannae answer the door when she was dead.'

James Fleming also denied knowing Jessie McPherson, although she had worked for him relatively recently. Either the old man's memory was failing or there was something a bit shady about him. The defence dug out all the dirt they could. They gave evidence that Fleming had appeared before the Kirk session for improper advances toward women and tried to prove he had also made moves toward McPherson. They came a bit unstuck when they said Fleming had asked McLachlan to pawn his silverware as Fleming was well off and had no need to pawn his own possessions.

McLachlan's closing statement was her fifth version of events. She now claimed that she had spent nearly the entire night drinking with McPherson and Fleming; she left to buy drink and returned to find McPherson lying on the ground with her head cut open. McLachlan said she had dressed the wounds and when she asked what had happened, McPherson told her that Fleming had made advances toward her and attacked her when she refused him. It seemed that Fleming had a habit of putting sexual suggestions to her. According to McLachlan's story, after a few moments Fleming regretted his actions and helped put McPherson to bed. It was when she was helping her friend that McLachlan's clothes had been smeared in blood.

During the night, McPherson's condition had deteriorated and McLachlan tried to go for a doctor, but Fleming stopped her. She ran upstairs to look out of the window and came back down to see Fleming hacking at McPherson with a meat cleaver. Fleming told McLachlan that she was too deeply involved to escape and offered bribes for her compliance, so she helped him tidy up the body and make the murder scene look like a botched robbery by pawning some silverware and moving some of the clothes.

That was McLachlan's final story and there are elements that hint of the truth, but after her previous attempts, the jury was not inclined to believe her. Neither was the judge, Lord Deas, and his final summing up was nearly an accusation of guilt. Even before the jury reached their verdict fifteen minutes later, Lord Deas had his black cap, signifying the death penalty, ready. McLachlan was

sentenced to death but reprieved after 50,000 Glaswegians petitioned for mercy. Instead she was imprisoned for life, being released in 1877 after she had served fifteen years in Perth. By that time her husband had vanished and after moving to Greenock, McLachlan eventually settled in the United States where she died in 1899.

Old James Fleming was never brought to trial, but the Glasgow public was against him and he had to leave the district. The truth will probably never be known, but it seems unlikely that James Fleming was completely innocent, or McLachlan completely guilty. In this case the female may not have been deadlier than the male, but she was certainly suspected of being so.

Other women were more obviously dangerous.

Honey Trap

On the night of 22 November 1843, Thomas McIntyre was walking along the High Street. He was a fruit merchant on his way home from work, and when an unknown woman smiled to him he responded. She came closer and asked him to come with her up a nearby close. Either very naive or very tired, McIntyre agreed, but no sooner had he arrived at a house in the close than he realised somebody was lying on the ground at his feet. He looked down, but the person grabbed his ankles and hauled forward so he fell backward. His head crashed against the paving stone. As he lay there stunned, four women swarmed all over him. One smashed him in the teeth with a wooden club and the others punched and kicked him into submission before picking his pockets of a gold watch, guard, keys and chain.

The police arrested Martha Doherty, Jean McKirdy, Elizabeth McInulty and Mary Thomson, who were all transported for fourteen years.

This type of assault was so common that it was surprising that any man in nineteenth-century Glasgow responded to a woman's smile with anything other than suspicion. Other women arguably had more justification for their actions.

A Vengeful Lover

Although many if not most of the crimes of the nineteenth century were no different from those committed today, there were some that were virtually period specific. One was the unpleasant habit of throwing vitriol – sulphuric acid – in the face of ex-lovers.

On Monday, 13 January 1868, Agnes McTaggart walked up to Thomas Hayes, a hammerman, in Paul's Close in Whitflat, Old Monkland, produced a phial of vitriol and threw the contents over him. Hayes screamed as the acid covered his face, burned through his lips and tongue, his right eye and dripped down his neck. When he lifted his hands to protect his face they were also burned, as were parts of his head. As a result, Hayes lost the sight of his right eye and his face was permanently mutilated.

Agnes McTaggart was no bitter old woman but an attractive youth of only eighteen. She had not attacked Hayes in a fit of rage, but after a period in which she had been deeply hurt and felt let down and betrayed. Thomas Hayes had been her sweetheart for over nine months and she had walked off with him in the full expectation of becoming his wife. Accordingly, they had slept together and she had become pregnant.

However, as soon as she announced her happy news to her intended, his attitude altered. Instead of

hurrying the marriage arrangements forward as a respectable man should, he suggested she should have an abortion. McTaggart refused point blank and carried on with the pregnancy and birth. When Hayes refused to help support the baby, McTaggart took him to court and obtained a decree. Her triumph did not last long though, for the agent said he would not pass it on to Hayes until the fees of £2 were paid, and McTaggart had no money at all. She tried to ask for help from her brother, with whom she lived, but he was already giving financial support to their mother and father, and instead of helping, threatened to throw her out of the house.

McTaggart had few places left to turn. She tried the Inspector of Poor, but he also turned her down, and finally, with her hope just about extinguished, she once again approached Thomas Hayes to ask for help in raising their child. She ran to his work and pleaded with him for money, but again he turned her down and this time he was nasty about it, saying she would regret asking him. They stepped into the close outside and there McTaggart pulled out her vitriol and threw it in his face.

However sympathetic the court may have been over McTaggart's predicament, the judge could not condone such a vicious assault and sentenced her to five years' penal servitude.

A Vengeful Wife

Margaret Broadly was not a happy woman. It was August 1882 and she was estranged from her husband James. Even worse, she knew he was seeing other women, getting drunk and generally enjoying himself, while she was living in utter misery. Not that he had been a good husband even at the best of times, as they had quarrelled incessantly and he liked his drink too much.

Margaret Broadly had taken to following him. She saw him laughing and carrying on; she saw him with another woman; and she nursed her wrath, keeping it warm with memories of better times. She visited a pharmacy and bought a bottle of vitriol, and waited for her opportunity. On 26 August she had her chance for revenge. James Broadly had been imbibing too freely again and was more than a little happy. He staggered out of a public house and into the court off Great Eastern Road where he lived, and there he collapsed, to sprawl on his back on the ground.

After months of pent up frustration and jealousy, Margaret had no thought of mercy. She adjusted her husband's clothing, took out her bottle of vitriol, and emptied the contents on him, from his navel to his thighs. The results can only be imagined. James Broadly was taken to the infirmary but he was permanently maimed. The judge, Lord Deas, was unsure what to do when Margaret Broadly pleaded guilty, but he decided that five years' penal servitude would be a fitting punishment. No doubt as she suffered in her cold cell, Margaret contemplated her actions, but there is no doubt that in her case, the female proved herself to be very dangerous to the male of the species.

Environs of the City

It was not only the centre of Glasgow that could be dangerous. In the nineteenth century the roads and seemingly idyllic fields that surrounded the town often hid sombre secrets.

Poachers in Pollokshaws

In the middle of the nineteenth century Glasgow was an expanding industrial city and areas that are now thought of as part of the city were then still rural. Among these areas was Pollokshaws, and although it was not densely populated, it had its own type of crime. Sir John Maxwell owned much of the land and his gamekeepers were hard pressed to keep the local poachers under control.

At around one in the morning of Friday, 2 January 1848, James Kirk and James Hutchison, two of Sir John's gamekeepers, were on patrol. It was a quiet night, with fair moonlight, and when they reached Cowglen they saw a small huddle of men on the private road to Laigh-Cowglen. There was no lawful reason for anybody to be there at that time of night, and when the keepers saw a dog trot across the adjacent field, they knew the men were poachers. Only a few months previously Hutchinson had been one of two keepers that poachers had attacked at nearby Drumbreck, so they were well aware of the danger. Perhaps for that reason Hutchison had a six-barrelled revolver in his pocket.

Carrying their guns in the crooks of their arms, the keepers challenged the suspected poachers. Immediately as they did so, one of the poachers threw a dead hare over the hedge. When the dog ran onto the road toward them, Hutchison lifted his gun, fired and wounded it. That seemed to be the signal for a general melee, for all three poachers drew weapons – two bludgeons and an iron poker – and attacked the keepers. After only a few seconds, Kirk broke and ran to the Laigh-Cowglen farmhouse for help, but Hutchinson was slower, so all three poachers concentrated on him. He tried to fight back with his now empty gun but the poachers stabbed him in the back and breast and smashed him over the head with the poker and a bludgeon. He fell to the ground, unconscious.

The poachers lifted the injured dog, rifled Hutchinson's prone body of the unused revolver and ran off. By the time Kirk returned there was nothing he could do but take care of his wounded companion. Hutchison was badly bruised, but the stab wounds were superficial, while Kirk was bruised but still mobile. The keepers, however, had the last word. They had recognised all three poachers and had them arrested and put into jail in Pollokshaws.

Other encounters with poachers had more tragic outcomes.

Death of a Keeper

'Not Proven' is a verdict unique to the Scottish justice system. Sir Walter Scott termed it 'that bastard verdict, not proven'. It is not quite a 'not guilty', but means the accused is acquitted because the judge or jury has reasonable doubt. It is a logical statement where the jury is not quite sure if the accused has committed the crime, so does not want to put him or her in prison or on the scaffold.

In nineteenth-century Glasgow there were a number of cases where guilt was almost, but not quite proven. One such was the killing of a gamekeeper near Cambuslang in September 1849.

Although evening was drawing in, it was still quite light at seven o'clock on 5 September 1849.

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