

to work again to try and make a third fortune. I commenced again the job printing, employing the needy calico printers to print my cloths. I had employed them around Glasgow for twenty years previous to this, and at Manchester since 1811. I sold part at home and exported the rest to Canada, the Mediterranean, Brazil, &c.

About this time old Major John Cartwright came to Glasgow while on a tour through the principal cities and towns of England and Scotland. He came for the purpose of stirring up the people to continue their public meetings for reform. While he stayed a considerable time about Glasgow, he and his manservant slept at a hotel, but he was mostly at my house. I may here mention, the different times I had been in London I received the greatest kindness from him and Sir Francis B. Pett. The Major's tour through the kingdom gave a fresh impulse to the good cause, and in both Houses of Parliament it was fast gaining ground. Even some of the Ministers of the Crown were compelled to admit that reform was necessary, and to a certain extent would be conceded, but not at that time as the minds of the populace had been overheated by the violent speeches of the Major and other demagogues all over the country.

About this time I detected a very gross fraud committed against me by a Mr. Richard Gillespie, a calico printer in Glasgow. His works were in the suburbs. It was of such a nature, that had it been followed out at law, he to a certainty would have been either transported or otherwise severely punished. The case got wind and made a great talk all over the City. I pitied the man and said nothing. He was foolish enough to put a letter in the newspaper denying the report and speaking boastfully as to getting those who had raised it severely punished. This I could not let quietly pass without comment, so I sent the original affidavits of a Mr. McIntosh, Mr. Galbraith and others who proved the fraud to the newspapers. When these appeared I fancy the poor man's mind had become deranged, for that forenoon while I was standing with some gentlemen in the Lontine news room he came behind my back and struck me a most violent blow on the crown of the head, which cut my hat through and wounded me severely. I had a stick in my hand, with which I could with one stroke have killed him on the spot, but I threw it away and gave him a blow with my knuckles which sent him on his back. A cry got up, "Well done, take the law in your own hands, it has been denied you in the Courts." The cheering seemed to further enrage him, for getting on his feet he made at me again. I evaded the blow, and gave him a duplicate of the first, on the other cheek, which put him quite beyond walking. He was carried into Mr. Bennett's office, and a doctor dressed his wounds, and sent him home in a carriage, and was not able to make his appearance in public for long. He fast sank so much in the public estimation, that nobody would deal with him: He went all wrong and became quite an outcast in society. I took this means of retaliation in several after cases of the kind. I had from early life been famous for boxing and walking. I fought often in schoolboy times, and never met one who could beat me. I had gained bets by my