

Wolfe," and all my property at home. It took us two years to sell off the great accumulation of stock on hand, after I arrived in Glasgow.

It was the Fall of 1828, before I got all paid off so that I could prepare to carry the whole of my family out to permanently live in Canada, where I had, a year before, sent my second son, Adam, and Donald Murray, who had for long been a clerk in my employ.

I must not forget to mention that I had for long been a little acquainted with Sir Walter Scott.

He had a nephew, Wm. Scott, then about 18 years of age, who became acquainted with a number of very wild and dissipated young men of Edinburgh. He was becoming a sad annoyance to all his relatives. Sir Walter asked me, as a great favour, if I would take charge of him, and send him out to act as an assistant in our Stores in Montreal.

I agreed, and he came to Glasgow in March, 1828, and stayed at my house until the time the ship sailed. This at once brought on a more intimate correspondence with Sir Walter, and both he and his nephew were very grateful for the little I did for them. I still have a few of his letters. I gave letters to several gentlemen who expressed a strong wish to have his holograph.

The end of this year, the famous law suit called Harvey's Dyke Case came to a close, after having taken between six and seven years of litigation in the Courts in Scotland, and the House of Peers. I will here give a short account of its rise and progress:—

In 1821, the Estate of Westthom, bounded on the South by the River Clyde, and about two miles above the Green of Glasgow, or Rutherglan Bridge, came into the market for sale, and was purchased by a distiller and spirit dealer, by the name of Thos. Harvey, a low upstart, who, in his early years, used to drive into the City of Glasgow, a sour milk cart. He immediately began trying to stop passengers from using a road in said property, which led from the eastern suburbs of the City, through all the properties on the banks of the Clyde, until Boswell Park and Bridge, which were eight miles up, were reached, and which had been open and patent to the public for time immemorial. Indeed in old times, it was the principal road in that direction. It was a favorite resort and walk for the citizens, particularly those in the suburbs of Camlachie and Tollcross, which were in the immediate neighbourhood of said property. The people tore down the palings which Harvey erected to keep them from using the road. He then began to build small forts upon the top of the bank, which rose almost perpendicularly from the river to about 100 feet. He placed on the forts, two small cannon, and had the audacity to fire them, loaded with shot, over the heads of parties who would proceed to use the road, notwithstanding his violent threats. This occasioned a strong hatred against him, particularly amongst that desperate class of people, the colliers, who lived and wrought in the pits in that neighborhood. They, I do believe, would have murdered him, had they got him in a quiet place. So determined was he, that he next employed a multitude of masons and labourers,