

**GLASGOW STREETS  
AND PLACES: NOTES  
AND MEMORANDA**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649456741

Glasgow Streets and Places: Notes and Memoranda by James Muir

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**JAMES MUIR**

**GLASGOW STREETS  
AND PLACES: NOTES  
AND MEMORANDA**



GLASGOW STREETS AND PLACES.



o

GLASGOW  
STREETS AND PLACES:

NOTES AND MEMORANDA

BY THE LATE JAMES MUIR, C.A.

*EDITED, ARRANGED, AND SUPPLEMENTED, WITH A MEMOIR*

BY BENJAMIN TAYLOR.

*Glasgow and Edinburgh:*  
WILLIAM HODGE & CO.  
1899.

---

## CONTENTS.

---

PORTRAIT, . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	PAGE
MEMOIR, . . . . .	vii
MEMORIAL NOTES, . . . . .	xxi
NOTES ON STREETS AND PLACES, . . . . .	1
Introductory Note, . . . . .	3
PAPERS—	
House No. 71 Queen Street, . . . . .	105
Partick, . . . . .	119



1

4

1

4

6

8

4

---

## JAMES MUIR.

---

*Born 7th November, 1839; Died 8th December, 1898.*

---

SOME one has said that consummate men of business are almost as rare as great poets, and more rare than saints and martyrs. Like most apothegms, this is not free from exaggeration; but it has enough of truth to impress all who, by experience and observation, have learned to distinguish between the first-class man of business and the ordinary business-man. In Scotland, of course, we recognise a professional quality in the "man of business" not suggested in the apothegm, and it so happens that the subject of this memoir was pre-eminently a man of business, both in the general and in the Scottish sense. Not six months have gone, whilst these lines are being penned, since he passed suddenly away, with that peculiar shock of suddenness which marks the departure of one with whom you have never associated the thought of death. To all of us who knew him and loved him,

*Memoir.*

James Muir seemed always the embodiment of vital energy. With him the mere act of living was a joy—to be and to do was to live. He was one of those happy beings who find a ceaseless interest in everything—from the stones underfoot to the stars overhead ; who hear a message in the rushing breeze as well as in the still, sad music of humanity ; and to whom nothing is a trifle that can give to any a moment's joy or a moment's care. Of James Muir's life it can truthfully be said that it was life indeed, for he was as catholic in his tastes as in his sympathies, and as active in his body as in his mind. In heart, too, he was ever young, filled with the love of youth, and with interest in the pursuits of the young. He was not merely, as the saying is, "fond of children"—he had the faculty of entering into their thoughts, of sharing their feelings, of establishing a sympathetic union with them. His was the priceless gift of the faculty to enjoy till the end not only the love for youth, but also the love and trust and comradeship of the young.

It is not of such men we say, "Call him not happy until he be dead." Of him one likes to think that happiness was his in this life—the happiness that the healthy nature finds in congenial work and occupation, the happiness that a loving heart finds in tender family relations and in the warm ties of friendship. Man, says Carlyle, is rather the architect than the creature