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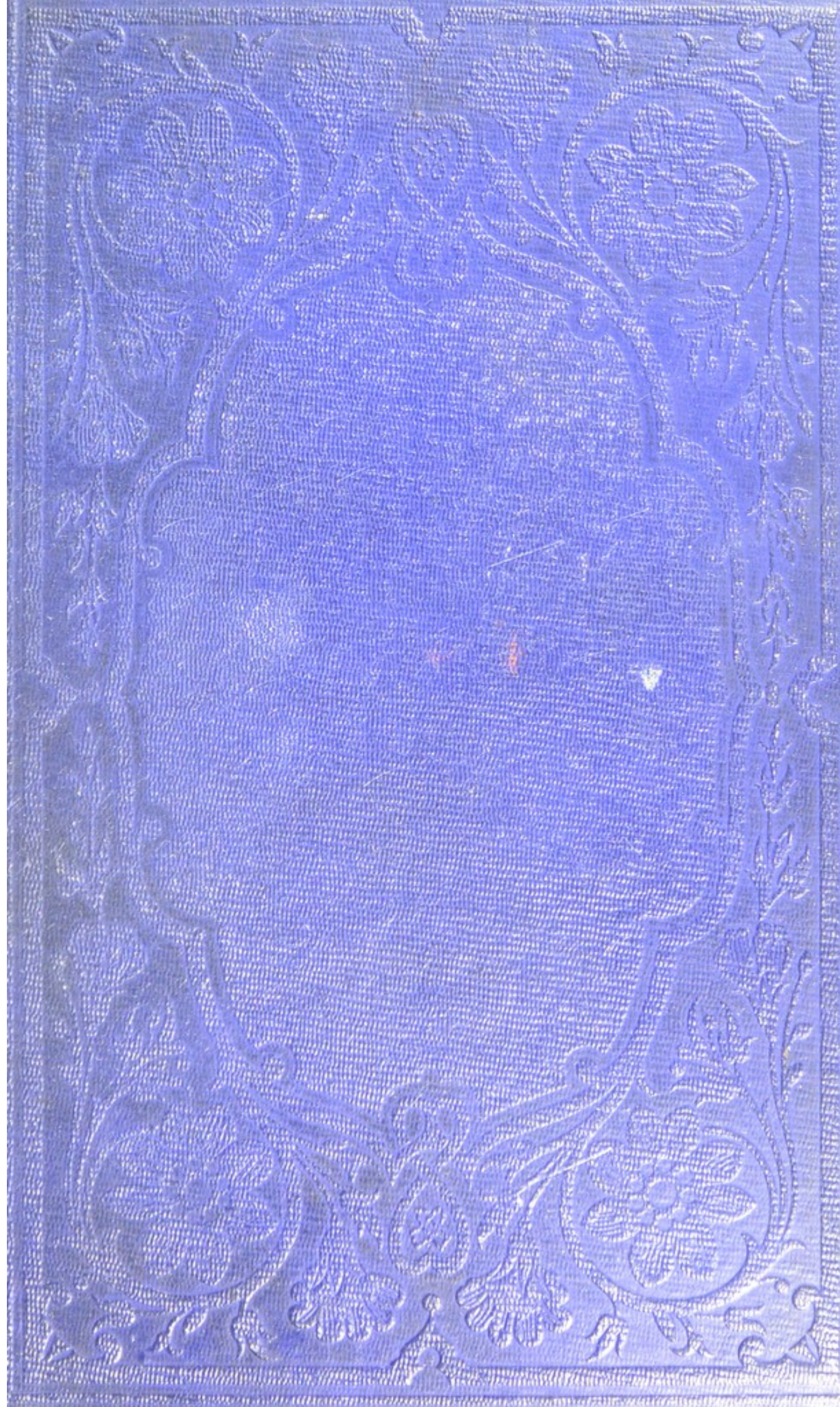
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OR

## GLIMPSES

OF THE

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BY

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AUTHOR OF "GERMANY IN 1831," "SOCIAL & ECONOMIC STATISTICS OF GLASGOW," &c.

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## PREFACE.

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IT is not without considerable hesitation that the following pages are submitted to the public; for the writer cannot conceal from himself the fact that the lighter matters they contain are very foreign to his ordinary pursuits and avocations. Although nearly thirty years have passed since the idea was first entertained of snatching from oblivion the salient characteristics of a few of the more remarkable Clubs, connected with a City which has always been famous for the number and variety of its social fraternities,—and although, too, even at that early period, an attempt was made to sketch some of the more notable of these, it was not till accident, about eighteen months ago, brought again one or two of the long lost and very imperfect pencillings under the author's notice, that the thought occurred to him of entirely remodelling them, so as to render those social Clubs the vehicle through which the ever-changing manners and habits of Glasgow society might be popularly portrayed

and chronicled. The writer then began to collect his materials, from various public documents, and from the information of private individuals whose memories still preserved such fast-fading subjects; and he has, during the intervals of his leisure hours, arranged these floating facts and traditions in the form in which they are now presented,—if not with that spirit and playfulness which a more practised penman might have displayed, yet, it is to be hoped, with that truthfulness which may at least render the following pages not altogether unworthy exponents of the social history of Glasgow during the past and present century.

To these brief preliminary remarks, the author has only to add his sincere apology for the imperfect manner in which he has performed his somewhat difficult task; trusting that, while his deficiencies cannot be wholly overlooked, the multifarious duties and anxieties incident to an important public office will, in some degree, ex-tenuate any inaccuracies he has committed, and induce his readers to treat with indulgence that which an other-wise exacting criticism might condemn.

22 WOODSIDE-PLACE,  
GLASGOW, 1st November, 1855.



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## GLASGOW AND ITS CLUBS.

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### GLASGOW ABOUT 1750—AND THE ANDERSTON CLUB.

---

COURTEOUS READER! if thou canst forget for a moment the large and noisy City, known by the appellation of GLASGOW, which now contains within its still extending boundaries upwards of one hundred miles of streets, and nearly four hundred thousand living beings, busied with all the arts, trades, and handicrafts which commerce and manufactures have created; and, casting thy mind back rather more than a century, picture to thyself a small quiet town, with a few leading thoroughfares, and counting scarcely five-and-twenty thousand souls; then wilt thou be able to comprehend somewhat of the aspect and character of the place which could at that period boast of even more than exist at present of those knots of social and congenial spirits who, linked together by a cabalistic name or a common cordiality, met for politics, pastime, or pleasure, under the roof of some well-known hostelry—the only equivalent then known for the modern Club, Athenæum, or News-room.\*

\* The population of Glasgow in 1755 was only 23,546; and these figures included persons living in houses beyond the bounds of the City. The population had doubled from the period of the Union with England.



Among the many fraternities which, between the years 1750 and 1760, nightly or weekly congregated in the fashionable taverns then situated in High-street, Gallowgate, and Saltmarket, perhaps the most distinguished was the one which, while all its members belonged to the City, yet had its place of meeting, not in the City itself, but in one of its suburbs. The suburb we allude to had not then attained, as it has since lost, the dignity of a burgh of barony, but was known, as it now is, by the name of "the village of *Anderston*;" and, as villages then went, was a place of some importance. One proof of this may be gathered from the fact that it possessed at least one excellent hostelry, which at that time was kept by "ane God-fearing host," yclept John Sharpe, whose courteousness and cookery attracted thither many lovers of "creature comforts." Among those who patronised this long-forgotten establishment, there were none more regular in their attendance than the members of the "*Anderston Club*," a brotherhood which, a few years after the Rebellion of Forty-five, was founded by Dr. Robert Simson, of mathematical memory,\* who, living as all the learned professors then did within the walls of our venerable University, most religiously and hebdoma-

\* Dr. Robert Simson was born in 1687, at Kirktonhall, Ayrshire; was educated at the University of Glasgow, and was elected to its chair of Mathematics in 1711, in which chair he continued to give his most learned prelections till 1758, when he was assisted by Dr. Williamson, who was in 1761 appointed his assistant and successor. Dr. Simson died in 1768, in the 81st year of his age, and was buried in the Blackfriars' Church-yard. His chief works are—"A Treatise on Conic Sections," "The Loci Plani of Appollonius Restored," "Euclid's Elements," &c. &c. Dr. Simson left his mathematical books to the University of Glasgow. The collection is considered to be the most complete in the kingdom, and is kept separate from the rest of the University library.



dally exchanged, with certain other of his companions in literature and science, the dull atmosphere of the cloistered College for the smokeless sky of the yet *cottonless* village.\*

What a wondrous change has taken place in all things appertaining to the appearance of the City, and to the manners of the citizens, since the first meeting of the Anderston Club! At that period the scenes which met the eyes of Professor Simson and his college companions, as they journeyed on to their Saturday rendezvous in the west, may be better imagined than described. The University, whose now venerable walls were so lately threatened with demolition under the all-prevailing spirit of utilitarianism, was then comparatively speaking as it came from the brain of its original architect, instinct with the style of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV.† As yet no modern masonry had defaced its regularity. The building was in perfect harmony, calm and classical, with its cloistered arcade and unsullied quadrangles; while its lofty spire, then apparently fearless of the thunderbolt, stretched up boldly into the sky without a lightning-rod, exhibiting on its base the still *sharp* effigies of old Zachary Boyd, one of its oddest yet best benefactors.‡

\* The village was formed by Mr. Anderson from one of his farms of Stobercross in 1725. For a further account of the progress of Anderston, see "*Anderston Social Club*."

† The present College buildings were completed in 1656. For subscriptions of contributors, and the accounts of the expense, see "*Munimenta Alme Universitatis*," lately published by the Maitland Club. In this curious work we find that "Principal Fall records, with some pride, that in his time (1690) the rail of stone ballusters was put up on the great stair which comes up to the Fore Common Hall, with a lion and a unicorn upon the first turn."

‡ Mr. Zacharias Boyd, who was born in Ayrshire some time between the



The *High-street* and *Trongate* were then free from the factory-built and square-formed mansions of the present day, but were generally flanked with picturesque Flemish-looking tenements, with their *crow-stepped* gables, and here and there a thatched house to eke out the variety. The shops, now so large and lofty, and redolent of all the gorgeousness which gold and mirror can produce, were at that time small, low-roofed, and dismal, each with its half-door usually shut, over which but too frequently the shopkeeper leaned, as if looking out for a customer. Few of these shops, or rather *booths*,

years 1588 and 1590, and studied at the College of Glasgow, was minister of the Barony Church of Glasgow. He left twenty thousand pounds Scots to the University of Glasgow, for which gift the College placed his marble bust, with a Bible in his hand, in a niche in the lower part of the spire. Boyd was an avowed Nonconformist, and published a poem on the defeat of the Royal army at Newburn. The following lines will best illustrate his singular style and peculiar sentiments:—

“ In this conflict, which was both sowre and surily,  
Bones, blood, and brains went in a hurly-burley;  
All was made hodge-podge, some began to croole,  
Who fights for prelats is a beastly foole.”

On Cromwell coming to Glasgow on 11th October 1650, the Magistrates and Ministers fled, but Zachary Boyd remained at his post; and from a letter by George Downing, dated 18th October 1650, it appears that in his pulpit addresses he had used no very courteous language to the conquerors. “ There was,” says the writer, “ one Scotch Minister who stayed and preacht on the Lord’s day, and we gave him the hearing morning and afternoon, with all his poor stuffe and railings of course. I doe believe the man’s ambition was to have been a sufferer by us, but we would not honour him so farre.” Boyd was both a prose writer and a poet. In the former walk he will stand a comparison with the writers of the period in which he lived, but in the latter he was poor and cold, and somewhat ludicrous both in his conceits and his rhymes. “ The Four Evangels ” in English verse, “ The Songs of the Old and New Testament,” “ The Songs of Moses ” in six parts, and the “ Psalms, with Scripture Songs,” are the best known of his rhyming productions; and of his prose works, which are very numerous, perhaps the most notable is “ The Last Battell of the Soul in Death,” originally published in 1629. The catalogue of his whole works extends to 45



stretched much beyond a few hundred yards on each side of the Market Cross, and of these the majority were placed under the Doric colonnades or piazzas which extended along the basement floors that skirted both sides of each of the four streets whose centre formed the Cross—colonnades which, although to modern eyes they might appear mean and paltry, nevertheless called forth the wonder of Morer in 1689,\* and the praises of the better-known Defoe in 1726.† Looking southward along the

different productions. The following strange letter, addressed as a watchword to the General Assembly, appears after the preface to "Garden of Zion":—

"RIGHT REVEREND,—Our Schooles and Countrey are stained, yea pestered with idle bookes; your children are fed on fables, love songs, baudry ballads, heathen husks, youth's poyson. It much concerneth you to see to this, and carefully to banish out of the land all the names of the pagan gods and goddesses, which (as God has expresslie told us) should not bee taken into our lips. These words of God in Exodus are verie.... 'In all things I have said to you bee circumspect, and make no mention of the names of other gods, neither let it be heard out of your mouth.' Seeing this by God himself is required, it lyeth upon you to ordaine by the visitors of schooles that all these monuments of idolatrie be removed, and that only such bookes have place that may help children to know God and Christ his Son, which is life eternal.—Your humble servant,

Mr.

"From Glasgow, the 28 of May, 1644.

ZACHARY BOYD."

\* "Glasgow is a place of great extent and good situation, and has the reputation of the *finest town* in Scotland, not excepting Edinburgh, tho' the royal city. The two main streets are made crosswise, well paved, and bounded with stately buildings, especially about the centre, where they are most new, with piazzas under 'em. It is a Metropolitan *See*, and at the upper end of the great street stands the archbishop's palace, formerly, without doubt, a very magnificent structure, *but now in ruins*, and has no more left in repair than what was the ancient prison, and is at this time a mean dwelling."—*Morer's Account of Scotland*, 1689.

† "Glasgow is the emporium of the West of Scotland, being for its commerce and riches the second in the Northern part of Great Britain. It is a large, stately, and well-built city, standing on a plain in a manner four-square, and the five principal streets are the fairest for breadth, and the



street, whose north-west corner contained the *Coffee-house Land*,\* and in which street Bailie Nicol Jarvie is said to have been domiciliated, and beyond the point where the piazzas then terminated, was a long succession of *outré* wooden-faced houses, conveying a clear idea of the cause of the many devastating conflagrations that in former times brought so much ruin on the City, and occasioned so much loss and misery to the occupants of those combustible tenements.†

finest built that I have ever seen in one city together. The houses are all of stone, and generally uniform in height as well as in front. The lower stories, for the most part, stand on vast square Doric columns with arches, which open into the shops, adding to the strength as well as beauty of the building. In a word, 'tis one of the cleanliest, most beautiful, and best built cities in Great Britain. Where the four principal streets meet, the crossing makes a very spacious market-place, as may be easily imagined, since the streets are so large. As we come down the hill from the North-gate to this place, the Tolbooth and Guildhall make the north-west angle or right-hand corner of the street, which was rebuilt in a very magnificent manner. Here the Town Council sit; and the Magistrates try such causes as come within their cognizance, and do all their other public business, so that it will be easily conceived, the Tolbooth stands in the very centre of the city. It is a noble structure of hewn stone, with a very lofty tower and melodious hourly chimes."—*Defoe's Tour in 1727*.

From the following entry in the City Records, it appears plain that the authorities were endeavouring to extend the piazzas in 1751:—"As Messrs. Williamsons have taken down their land on the east side of John Armour's tenement in Trongate, in order to re-build, the Council remit to the said Magistrates, Dean of Guild, and Deacon-Convener, to agree with them for a part of the front of their ground, for making piazzas and arched pillars in a line with those of the Town's-house, and the walk betwixt the shops and these piazzas to be the same breadth as in the Town's land, and the pillars and the piazzas to be upon the Town's charge." 24th June 1751.

\* This land took its name from being used as a sort of Exchange, or place of meeting for the merchants, before the erection of the Tontine.

† In the Records of the Corporation, we find the following entry regarding the great fire that took place in Glasgow on 17th June 1652:—

"22d June.—The same day, forasmeikle as it hes pleased God to raise on Thrusday last was the 17th of this instant, ane suddent fyre, in the hous of Mr. James Hammiltoun, above the Crose, quhilk hes consumed that close—



The most salient objects, on proceeding at that period along the Trongate, were, first, the *Old Tolbooth*, with

the haill close—on both sydes, belonging to Wm. Stewart, Thomas Norvell, and ithers; with the haill landis nixt adjacent therto, quhilk belongit to umqll. Peter Jonstoun and Patrik Maxwell, baith bak and foire; and the haill tenement, bak and foir, on the south syde of the said umqll. Patrik Maxwellis tenement, betwixt that and the lands occupyet be Jon Bryssoune and siklyk; the haill houssis, bak and foir, upon bothe sydis of the Saltmercat; with the houssis on the west syd of Wm. Lawsounis close in Gallowgait; and the houssis on the west syd of Gilbert Merschellis close; with divers housses on the north syd of the Briggait,—Wherby, efter compt, it is fund that there will be neir fourscoir closes all burnt, estimat to about ane thousand families, so that, unles spidie remidie be vseit, and help sought out fra such as hes power, and whois harte God sall move, it is lyklie the toune sall come to outer ruein; and, therefore, they have concludit and appoynted that the Proveist, with Johnne Bell, to ryde to Air to the Inglisch officers there, quha hes bein heir, and seen the townis lamentable conditione—such as Collonell Overton, and others, and to obtaine from them lettres of recommendation to suche officers or judges who sits in Edinburghe, to the effect that the same may be recommendit be them to the Parliament of Ingland, that all helpe and supplie may be gotten therby that may be for supplie of such as hes their landis and guidis burnt.

“*25th June.*—Persons appointed to visit or survey the haill landis burnt, and tak the names of the heretors and occupyers therof, &c.

“*Same Day.*—Regulations for the payer of workmenis wages, ‘seeing the work is lyklie to be great anent the building up and repaireing againe of the decayit pairts of the toune, and that the work is of such a necessitie that it might be presentlie gone about.’

“*28th June.*—The said day appoyntis those who formerlie teuk up the number of the brunt houssis to tak up now the value of them also, and of other losses sustenit be the laite suddent fyre.

“The same day order takin for cleiring of the calsay of red, and for opening the Kirk dooris, as may benefit people now want chalmberis, and other places, to retein for making of their devotiounes.”

There was a general collection throughout the kingdom made for the sufferers from this fire, and the Session empower a Committee of Council to distribute all such money.

From these Records, we also find the following order, made by the Magistrates and Council on the 4th December 1677, consequent on another great fire that took place on the 2d November of that year, and which no doubt tended to improve the City architecture. There were above 130 houses and shops destroyed, and as the Tolbooth at the Cross was at that time crowded with persons who would not conform to Episcopacy, it was broken open under pretence of saving the persons from the fire:—

“*4th Dec.*—The said day, the said Magistrats and Counsell, taking to their serious consideratioun the great impoverishment this burgh is reduced to, throw the sad and lamentable wo occasioned by fyre, on the secund of Novr. last, that God, in his justice, hath suffered this burgh to fall under, and lykwayes the most part of the said burgh being eye-witnessis twyse to this just punishment for our iniquities, by this rod, which we pray him to mak us sensible of, that we may turne from the evill of our wayes to himselfe, that so his wraith may be averted, and we preserved from the lyk in tyme



its crown-like spire, carved front, grated windows, and outside staircase,\* flanked by the equestrian statue, cast

to come: And becaus such things ar mor incident to burghs and incorporatiounes, by reasone of their joyning houss to houssis, and, on being inflamed, is reddie to inflame ane uthir, especiallie being contiguouslie joyned and reared wp of timber and deall boards, without so much as the windskew of stone; Therfor, they out of their dewtie to sie to the preservatioune of their burgh and citie, doe statute and ordain, that, quhen it sall pleas God to put any of their nighbors in ane capacitie and resolutioun to build *de novo*, or repair their ruinous houss, not only for their probable securitie, but also for decoring of the said burgh, That each person building *de novo* on the Hie Streit, or repairing, sall be obleiged, and is heirby obleist, to doe it by stone work from heid to foot, back and foir, without ony timber or dail, except in the insett thereof, quhilk is vnderstood to be partitions, doors, windows, presses, and such lyk; and this to be done, or engadged to, before they be suffered to enter to building; And seeing that severall heritors at present are not in a capacitie to build, and many vthirs having wnder boothies, and no intrest in the houss covering them, they being at present aither not fitting to build, or unwilling, or may be belonging to minors, by which they have their chops uncovered, repairing to the Magistrats for libertie of covering themselves the best way they can for present, till it sall pleas God to capacitat the owners to doe the same, which desyre the said Magistrats and Counsell thought but just, Therfor, they thought fitt to licence the same to be done be the grund heritors, They alwayes enacting themselves to uncover the same againe quhen it sall pleas the super heritor to build, and not to com no farder out with the vpper structor nor the foir face of the vnder chops, and to build the same with stone, except the Toune Counsell licence them, quhilk they will tak into their consideratioun how far they may, without spoyling the broadnes of the streit, they alwayes repairing it with stone in the foir wark, by arched pillars, and how many as the Toune Counsell, by the advyce of architectors, sall think most convenient, &c. &c.

"The said day recommends to Provest Bell, the Baillies, Deane of Gild, and Deacon Conveiner, to lay doune some fitt way for getting the red of the brunt houssis takin aff the streit."

On 25th September 1725, the Corporation paid £50 sterling for a fire-engine got in London. On 22d January 1726, the following Minute shows the anxiety felt by the Corporation regarding fires:—

"Which day, &c., the Magistrats represented that, in pursuance of a former act, &c., they had mett with the proprietors of the sugar houses, and had received in from them some proposals, viz.:—That, upon the town's exeeming their servants from keeping of the town guard, in respect their labour and work in the sugar house necessarily requyres their working in the night time as well as throw the day, they, in lieu thereof, agree and condescend that the suggar boyler of each of their sugar houses, with their servants, which will be ten, at least, from each sugar house, shall be ready at all tymes when fire happens in the city, on their being advertised by the drum, or bell, or first allarm thereof, to attend the Magistrats, and give their best help and assistance, The toun provyding each suggar house with four slings, and stands and buckets, So that, upon the first occasion of fyre, they shall come to the place with them filled with water, and thereafter observe the orders and directions of the Magistrats, and others whom they shall ap-poynt."

\* There was another Jail or Tolbooth at the Cross before this. It is mentioned in the Session Records of 1600. This building had a clock, for



in Holland, of the hero of the Boyne, but lately presented to the City by Governor Macrae;\* and next, the *Town Hall*, with its elegant arcade and Corinthian pilasters, fresh from the hands of its builder, Deacon Corse, and expressing, in the grotesque faces which formed the keystones of the arches, the coming fame of his afterwards more celebrated foreman, Mungo Naismith, who carved the caricature countenances which so long excited wonder and laughter among crowds of gaping gossipers.† Proceeding westward, and abutting on the street, the *Tron Steeple* was encountered, in which was the ancient Tron, and which marked the proximate site of the then unburned Collegiate Church of St. Mary and St. Anne. Next came the *Old Guard-House*, with its colonnaded front projecting into the street, in which the honest burghers were wont to meet when acting as the sole night-guardians of the City; then *Hutcheson's Hospital*, with its quaint architecture, rustic gateway, and short square steeple; and last, not least, "*The Shawfield Mansion*," separated from the

in 1610 we find "George Smyth reowler of the Tolbuith Knock." The town had booths or shops when the pillory was taken down in 1626.

"15 May 1626.—The said day the grund stane of the Tolbuith of Glasgow was laid."—*Council Records*.

"8 Aprile 1626.—The said day Gabriel Smythie undertuick to scherp the haill masons' irones during the tyme of the building of the Tolbuith and Stipell thereof qll the work be ended, for fortie poundes money."—*Council Records*.

\* James Macrae, Esq. late Governor of Fort St. George, died at his seat of Orangefield, in the shire of Ayr, on 21st July 1744.

† The foundation-stone of the Town Hall and first Assembly-rooms was laid by Provost Coulter in 1736, and the Hall was opened in 1740. When the spire of the Cathedral was struck by lightning in 1756, Mungo Naismith showed great genius in the erection of a scaffold for its repair. As a historical fact connected with this accident, it may be mentioned that a party of recruits being at drill in the nave, a serjeant and one recruit met their deaths from the fall of some stones.



street by a high stone parapet, surmounted by an iron railing. This last building was then on the very western verge of the City, but, although a private residence, was remarkable from being associated, as it then was, in the minds of many living citizens, with the baneful effects of mob-law and mob-spoliation,\* or, what was still more memorable, with the fact that Charles Edward Stuart, the

\* Mr. Campbell, the proprietor of the house, having voted for the extension of the malt-tax to Scotland, a number of his constituents took offence, and on the 23d June 1725, this fine mansion was attempted to be demolished. After damage had been done (for which Parliament paid to the extent of £6,080 sterling), and the silver plate which his lady had brought from West Shields had been carried off, the military interfered, and nine men were killed and seventeen wounded. As it was but too justly believed that the Magistrates sympathised with the mob on the occasion, the Lord-Advocate, accompanied by General Wade, who commanded a considerable force, proceeded to Glasgow, and committed the Magistrates to their own prison, and afterwards carried them to Edinburgh. The following curious song, entitled "*The Glasgow Campaign*," appeared at the period:—

" To Glasgow, to Glasgow, to Glasgow we'll goe,  
With our cannon and mortars we'll make a fine show,  
With 3,000 stout men, so gallantly led,  
By our <sup>1</sup>Advocate Generall and his Aidecamp Wade.

" There's <sup>2</sup>Daniel the traitor and <sup>3</sup>John of Goud sleeves,  
And <sup>4</sup>Campbell of Carrick and his Highland theeves,  
With loyall <sup>5</sup>Sir Duncan and his Diamond so bright,  
Which he got for abjuring the Hanover right.

" To chastise these rebels for appearing so keen  
For the House of Hanover in the damn'd year <sup>6</sup>fifteen;  
Long live the <sup>7</sup>grate Walpole, may he wisely thus reign,  
But if George gets his eyesight he may happen to string."

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Duncan Forbes, Lord-Advocate.

<sup>2</sup> Daniel Campbell of Shawfield, M.P. for Glasgow district of burghs.

<sup>3</sup> Provost Campbell, the only Provost who used broad sleeves on his coat.

<sup>4</sup> Commander of the Independent Highland Companies.

<sup>5</sup> Sir Duncan of Lochiel, Captain of an independent Company, who went up with an address from the Tory Clans, in the last year of Queen Anne, and had a mark of Her Majesty's favour.

<sup>6</sup> Glasgow maintained some companies of volunteers at Stirling camp in 1715.

<sup>7</sup> Sir Robert, Prime Minister to King George II., who introduced much bribery and corruption by packing Parliament.



Pretender, had taken up his abode in it when he and his Highland host passed the Christmas week of 1745-46 in Glasgow, on his flight from Derby.\* A few years before this period, the *West Port* or Gate had here formed a real barrier between town and country. This ancient structure, however, like the old wall and several other portals of the City, set up for defence or for dues, had been already swept away.† But still, although the girdle was broken,

\* This mansion, with its garden, was first sold to Mr. Glassford of Dugaldston, in whose hands it long remained, and was afterwards, in 1792, disposed of for £9,850 to Mr. Horn, who opened up Glassford-street. The extent of the ground was about 15,000 square yards. Connected with the history of this mansion we find the following curious Minute of the Corporation on 6th May 1746:—"Which day, John Cochran, Mr. of Work, represented that, by advice of the Magistrates, he had sent to London to sell the broken necklace of diamonds, which several years ago were found among the rubbish of Daniel Campbell of Shawfield's house, when mobbed by the crowd in the year 1725, and exposed by some of the mobb to sale, with a piece of gold coin, and that the same had been offered back to the Lady Shawfield, who refused to take it, in regaird Shawfield was satisfied by the Parliament as to his damages, and the town fyned upon that account, and that, accordingly, the said necklace was sold at £30 sterling, and the piece of gold at £2:10s. (Ordain him to pay the same over to the Treasurer)." With the compensation money which Shawfield received from the Government, amounting to £9,000, he was enabled afterwards to purchase the island of Islay, which, after a generation or two, has passed into other hands at about £450,000. What a satire on Aristocracy! The father of the individual who built this celebrated mansion was a notary who lived in the "Goosedubbs." It was built in 1711. For a most interesting account of this mansion, and of its successive proprietors, see "GLASGOW, PAST AND PRESENT," vol. ii. page 176.

† The ancient Ports of Glasgow, which were in existence in 1574, were as follows:—

1. Stabilgrene Port.
  2. Gallowgate Port.
  3. Troyngate Port (West Port).
  4. The Southe Port (Water Port).
  5. The Rottenrowe Port,
  6. The Greyfriar Port,
  7. The Drygate Port,
  8. The Port besyde the Castel-gett.
- } Ports to be maid sure and lockit.



from the increasing pressure of the population from within, little more than a few thatched cottages, malt-barns, and villas were yet to be seen beyond the site of that western gateway, until the successive little villages of Grahamston, Brownfield, and Anderston were reached.\* On either hand, along the road leading to Dumbarton, there were a double row of umbrageous elm trees and a thick hedge-row, with merely a few cottages, surrounded by corn-fields and gardens, resounding in spring with the sweet carol of birds, and in summer with the hoarse yet not unpleasant cry of the land-rail.

If this be something like a rude sketch of the outward aspect of the centre of Glasgow, at the period when we would introduce thee, kind reader, to the Anderston Club, how can we convey to thee any distinct idea of the peculiar appearance and bearing of the living beings who so sparsely perambulated the streets that are now crowded by jostling thousands—streets, it may be remarked *en passant*, which were then but roughly causewayed, redolent of dust or mud, and altogether destitute, save at the Cross, of side pavements or crossings? Men and manners have so much changed during a century, that it would require Ovid's pen to paint the metamorphoses. Let us turn, however, to the neighbourhood of the Cross, which was at that period the only portion of the City that could be said to be much frequented, and where we shall find objects for contrast. There, if any-

\* A little to the west of this Port, about that period, stood a small hostelry, with the sign of a goodly black bull, with the usual gilt appendages, stuck up in front; and near it was held the cattle market. To its proximity to this ancient hostelry, the new Black Bull Hotel, since converted into warehouses, owed its appellation.



where, could be seen a specimen of all grades and classes of the inhabitants, from the Highlandman skulking in his tartan kilt and jacket,\* ready to perform the most servile office, up to the scarlet-cloaked merchant or physician who, with gold-headed cane, and cocked hat perched on powdered hair or wig with dangling club-tie or pig-tail, strutted about in peacock magnificence, as if he alone of all had the right to pace the *Plainstones*.† On each side of the streets, at a respectable distance from the aristocratic atmosphere around the front of the public offices, might be observed a few tradesmen or shopkeepers—donned in blue or brown coats with clear buttons, breeches of cloth or corduroy, rig-and-fur stockings, and all sporting knee and shoe buckles—watching to catch the eye of their princely patrons, and waiting a signal to make an approach to their acknowledged superior, which they but too frequently did with all the subserviency of a Sir Archy M'Sycophant. Beyond the precincts adorned by the statue of King William, there were few persons seen either loitering within the wooden posts which in certain parts of the Trongate kept vehicles off the shops, or pacing the “crown of the causeway,” which was rarely trod by plebeian foot. Classes in Glasgow, in those days, were as distinct as the castes in Hindostan. Trade and commerce could not happily, as now, transfer in a few short years the industrious mechanic from a stool in the workshop to a seat in the House of Commons;

\* “Last week a Highland lad was taken up, and committed to the Guard, for wearing trouse, contrare to a late Act of Parliament.”—*Glasgow Courant*, May 1749.

† “*The Plainstones*,” the only part of Glasgow that was then paved, extended merely in front of the public offices and Town Hall at the Cross.



or transmute, even in less time, a knight of the shuttle into a knight of the shire. Society was then altogether differently constituted, for, although the great majority of those who prided themselves on their lineage, or what in Glasgow is still so ill applied, on their "gentility," only dwelt in *flats*, entering from a common stair, and for the most part received visitors in their bed-rooms; still it would have been as impossible for one belonging to the then shopkeeping class to enter, at two o'clock, the dining-rooms of the scarlet-cloaked aristocracy, as it was for a craftsman's daughter to thread the mazy dance, at seven, under the vaulted roof of the then new Assembly-room at the Cross.\*

It never has been the habit of the better class of ladies in Glasgow to parade much on the street at any recent period, far less a century ago. With the exception of Sundays and other holidays, when every house has been accustomed to pour forth its best-dressed inmates, to grace either church, chapel, or conventicle, it has always been difficult to catch, on the pavé, the precise character and cut of the prevailing fashion. About the time of which we are speaking, a lady or two during a week-day, or

\* The Assemblies, previous to this, were held first in a small Assembly-room, built by subscription, to the west of the Town Hall in Trongate; and thereafter in the Merchants' House, Bridgegate, whither many a fair dame was borne in a sedan chair—the only mode of transport then patronised. Although dancing was considerably in vogue among the higher classes, who were of course very limited in number, especially at the time when the Duchess of Gordon used to patronise them, it seems pretty obvious that dancing was not very generally encouraged by the masses, since Mr. David Burrel, who alone had for two and twenty years previous to 1750 taught this accomplishment, required the aid of the Corporation, in the shape of an annual salary of £20, to enable him to continue his profession. His terms appear to have been reasonable, each pupil being called on to pay only 25s. for seven months, with 5s. for a ball, and 1s. for a practising, when attended.



what has been more curiously designated a *lawful* day, might occasionally be encountered wending her way—in a towering head-dress, long-waisted gown, and powdered hair—to the public market,\* tripping on pattens if the day was wet, or pacing on high-heeled and toe-pointed shoes, under the shadow of a goodly-sized fan, if the sun was shining; or, as the old song says—

“ Little was stown then, and less gaed to waste—

Barely a millen for mice or for rattens;

The thrifty housewife to the flesh-market paced,

Her equipage a'—just a guid pair o' pattens.

“ Folk were as gude then, and friends were as leal,

Though coaches were scant, with their cattle a-canterin',

Right air, we were tell't, by the housemaid or chiel,

' Sic, an' ye please, here's your lass and a lantern.' ”

A few servant-girls—either encased in close-fitting, short-sleeved short-gowns, and plain white caps or *mitches*, or enveloped in scarlet *duffles*, and guiltless of shoes and stockings—might be observed, each carrying, probably, a basket, in the wake of her mistress, or bearing a couple of wooden *stoups* or pitchers for water, to be drawn from the few public wells which here and there abutted on the roadway; and towards the most favoured of these—that situated near the *West Port*—the majority of these female drudges were wending their

\* The Flesh-Markets in King-street were opened in May 1755. For many years about this time fresh butcher-meat could be got only on market-days, except, perhaps, lamb during the summer months. Sea-fish, excepting herrings, was rarely seen; but salmon was both plentiful and cheap; in proof of which, the following extract from the *Glasgow Journal*, of 18th July 1748, may be quoted:—“ There has been a larger quantity of salmond taken in Clyde this week than has been known for many years past; it was currently sold in our market for about one penny a pound.”



joyous way, unconscious of the still undiscovered luxury of water-pipes, or the thousand and one advantages which have arisen from the modern appliances of hydraulic science.\* A few rude carts or cars might be seen moving along at a snail's pace during the day, and were by their masters—having no fear of any police before their eyes—left quietly on the street during the night. The roads throughout all Scotland were at this period so narrow and so bad, as to resemble more the course of a rivulet than a highway, and consequently even few carts could go beyond the great highways. To country towns and villages, goods were almost invariably carried in sacks on horseback; and the carriers from Glasgow to Edinburgh had baskets or creels on each side of the horses, and the *cadger* placed between them. With respect to anything like coach communication between distant parts of the country, that may be

\* The late Mr. D. Bannatyne states that, during the greater part of the first half of the last century, the habits and style of living of the citizens of Glasgow were of a moderate and frugal cast. "The dwelling-houses of the highest class in general contained only one public room—a dining-room, and even that was used only when they had company; the family at other times usually eating in a bed-room. The great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers of many of the present luxurious aristocracy of Glasgow, lived in this manner. They had occasionally their relatives dining with them, and gave them a few plain dishes, all put on the table at once; holding in derision the attention which they said their neighbours, the English, bestowed on what they ate. After dinner the husband went to his place of business, and in the evening to a club in a public-house, where, with little expense, he enjoyed himself till nine o'clock, at which hour the party uniformly broke up, and the husbands went home to their families. Up to the years 1750 and 1760 very few single houses had been built—the greater part of the more wealthy inhabitants continuing, to a much later period, to occupy floors, in very many cases containing only one public room." Perhaps nothing can mark the mode of living more clearly than the fact, that the City clergy were paid, in 1750, only £111 : 2s. 2d. for stipend and communion elements.



said to have been almost unknown. Journeys then, even between the most important cities, were both difficult and tedious. For, even so late as the year 1763, there was only one stage-coach in all broad Scotland in communication with London, and that "set out" from Edinburgh only once every month, its journey thither occupying no less than from fifteen to eighteen days! At this period there was very rarely the rattle of a four-wheeled carriage heard in any quarter of the town, for the plain reason, that there was only *one* gentleman's chariot kept in the City; and the only other vehicle that could be encountered, was either some nobleman or gentleman's coach from the country—when it was certain to arouse the curiosity of the passing citizen, and excite the astonishment of the youthful urchin—or else the "Edinburgh Heavy," which, after ardently pursuing its course from morning's dawn, reached "Auld Reekie," "God willing," long after "set of sun!"\*

\* The establishment of the first regular stage-coach between Edinburgh and Glasgow may be gathered from the following Minute of the Council of Glasgow, dated 29th July 1678:—"The said day, ordains Frederick Hamilton to have ane warrand for the swme of four hundred merks, payd to Wm. Hoome, merchant in Edinburgh, for twa yeares sallerie, advanced to him in hand, for setting up and keeping the Stadge Coach betwixt this and Edinburgh, conform to the agreement made thereanent, quhilk agreement was produced and red to the Proveist and Baillies commissionat to subscrieve the samyne in name of the tounne." Sixty-five years after, it appears that the difficulty of making a regular communication between the two cities was equally felt; for, by a Minute of Council dated 15th October 1743, we find that "there was a proposal produced, signed by John Walker, merchant in Edinburgh, for erecting a stage-coach betwixt Edinburgh and Glasgow; and to set out twice a-week from Edinburgh to Glasgow, and twice a-week from Glasgow to Edinburgh; and the coach or lando to contain six passengers, with six sufficient horses, for twenty weeks in the summer; and the rest of the year once a-week; and each passenger to pay ten shillings sterling, and to be entitled to fourteen pounds' weight of baggage; and that as



Such were a few of the most interesting objects which, at the period we allude to, must have occasionally attracted the eyes of the aristocratic set of worthies who every Saturday paced, with solemn step, towards the comfortable hostelry of Anderston, beneath whose roof all were wont to expect one afternoon of fun and frolic out of the seven; and where, so soon as the clock struck two,\* there was sure to appear the erect figure of the president entering the door of the Club-room; immediately after whose arrival, there was placed, on the white-covered board, a dish which both Dods and Kitchener have failed to register. This strange and now long-forgotten *plat*, which has been sacrificed to the *Julienne* and *Mulligatawny* of modern days, was denominated "hen-broth," and was nothing more nor less than a simple decoction of two or three *howtowdies* (Anglice, fowls) thickened—to use Mrs.

long as he continues the stage-coach, that the town should insure to him that two hundred of his tickets shall be sold here each year." The proposal was remitted to a committee, but it does not appear that it was entertained. What a singular insight this gives us into the condition of Scotland not quite a hundred years ago! The following advertisements appear in the *Glasgow Courant* of 1749:—"That the Glasgow and Edinburgh caravan sets out this day at nine o'clock, and goes to Livingston this night, and is to be in Edinburgh on Tuesday about nine in the morning; sets out from Edinburgh at 3 afternoon, and back to Livingston at night, and at Glasgow Wednesday night; sets out again Thursday, from Glasgow, at 9 o'clock, and to Livingston at night and to Edinburgh." "This, the Edinburgh stage-coach, being now to come to Glasgow by the Falkirk road, it will be at the house of James Young (the George Inn), above the College, on Tuesday next, from whence it sets out for Edinburgh, by the same road, on Wednesday at 6 o'clock in the morning.—October 1749."

\* The common dinner hour among the citizens was one o'clock, husbands returning to business in the afternoon; while their wives gave tea at four to their female friends. For a long period this meal was vulgarly called "*four-hours*," even after it was postponed to six. Shopkeepers usually locked their shops during breakfast and dinner hours.



Hannah Glass's phraseology—with black beans, and seasoned with black pepper. To the devotees of our modern apoplectic cookery, it will perhaps appear apocryphal how so coarse and so simple a condiment could have provoked an inhabitant of Glasgow to undertake what was then considered a Sabbath day's journey; yet true it is and of verity, that the said *hen-broth* proved the acknowledged attraction, and the material link of union, as has already been hinted, to some of the wisest and most notable of Glasgow citizens.\*

As a key to the particular *set* who planted their legs under John Sharpe's *plane-tree*, we have to recall the name of the founder of the Club, Professor Simson, the celebrated mathematician. Every Saturday, for years, did this gifted personage sally forth from his comfortable bachelor manège in the University, as the College clock

\* Although, previous to 1750, the general characteristic of the inhabitants of Glasgow had been an attentive industry, combined with a frugality bordering upon parsimony, it appears that they, notwithstanding, paid some little attention to cookery, which taste may perhaps be traced in some degree to their original connection with France. The following singular entry, in the Council Minutes of the 8th May 1740, shows that the northern Corporation of Glasgow were, like many others in the south, not insensible to the benefits to be derived from a knowledge of the culinary art:—"Which day, anent the petition given in by James Lochead, Teacher of Cookery, mentioning that he being regularly educated by his Majesty's cooks, under whom he served in the art of cookery, pastry, confectioning, candying, preserving and pickling, and of making milks, creams, syllabubs, gellies, soups and broaths, of all sorts; and also taught to dress and order a table, and to make Bills of fare for entertainments of all kinds; and that of late he has successfully taught severall young ladies, to their own and their parents' satisfaction; and that for instruction of his scholars he is obliged to provide, on his own charge, flesh, fowls, fish, spiceries, and severall other ingredients, but when dresst, lye on his hand for want of sale, by which he is a loser, and will be obliged to lay aside his teaching unless he be assisted in carrying it on; and, therefore, craving a yearly allowance, &c., remit to the Magistrates to agree with him as to teaching, and allow him £10 Sterling yearly



struck one, and turned his face in the direction of Anderston. The Professor, like all individuals who have devoted their energies to the study of the exact sciences, was in everything precise to a fault. It was his rule to assert or believe nothing without a Q. E. D.; and hence his life might be said to have been the very beau ideal of ratiocination. Upon no occasion whatever, when absent from the walls of *alma mater*, was the Professor of trigonometry ever at a loss to tell the exact number of paces that would bring him back to his own snug elbow-chair. Invariably in his promenades did he note each step he took from home; and, although accosted by an acquaintance, was never put out of his reckoning, from the habit he had acquired of repeating, during the pauses of conversation, the precise number of paces he had journeyed. To his friends this love of mensuration often proved singular enough—to strangers it was sometimes absolutely ridiculous. As an instance of the latter kind, the following anecdote may be taken as an illustration.

during their pleasure." The following advertisement is taken from the *Glasgow Courant* of 1749, relative to the foregoing individual:—"That James Lochead, at his house opposite to Bell's-wynd in Glasgow, begins, upon the 10th inst., to teach, as formerly, in a plain and easy manner, how to dress, with very small expense, all sorts of Flesh, Fowl, and Fish; also Pastry and Pickling, preserving any kind of meat in summer, from spoiling; dressing Roots and Herbs; likewise he teaches many useful things fit for families of all ranks, too tedious to mention. Any person who designs to be taught to dress meat, &c. as above, will be attended upon in his school, at any hour of the day, and will agree with them by the month, at a very easy rate. He hopes great satisfaction will be given to the ladies who are desirous of learning the art of Cookery, &c., by which in a short time, they will be able to direct their servants to dress any dish of meat to their own mind. And if any persons have occasion to make publick Entertainments, he is ready to attend them, to their satisfaction, as he has had the opportunity to be frequently employ'd on such occasions, both in Scotland and England."



One Saturday, while proceeding towards Anderston, counting his steps as he was wont, the Professor was accosted by a person who, we may suppose, was unacquainted with his singular peculiarity. At this moment the worthy geometrician knew that he was just *five hundred and seventy-three* paces from the College towards the snug parlour which was anon to prove the rallying point of the *hen-broth* amateurs; and when arrested in his progress, kept repeating the mystic number, at stated intervals, as the only species of pnemonics then known. "I beg your pardon," said the personage, accosting the Professor; "one word with you, if you please." "Most happy—573!" was the response. "Nay," rejoined the gentleman, "merely *one* question." "Well," added the Professor—"573!" "You are really too polite," interrupted the stranger; "but from your known acquaintance with the late Dr. B——, and for the purpose of deciding a bet, I have taken the liberty of inquiring whether I am right in saying that that individual left five hundred pounds to each of his nieces?" "Precisely!" replied the Professor—"573!" "And there were only four nieces, were there not?" rejoined the querist. "Exactly!" said the mathematician—"573!" The stranger, at the last repetition of the mystic sound, stared at the Professor, as if he were mad, and muttering sarcastically "573!" made a hasty obeisance and passed on. The Professor, seeing the stranger's mistake, hastily advanced another step, and cried after him, "No, sir, *four* to be sure—574!" The gentleman was still further convinced of the mathematician's madness, and hurried forward, while the Professor paced on leisurely towards



the west, and at length, happy in not being baulked in his calculation, sat down delighted amid the circle of the Anderston Club.

Here the mathematician ever made it a rule to throw algebra and arithmetic "to the dogs," save in so far as to discover the just *quadratic equation* and *simple division* of a bowl of punch. One thing alone in the Club he brought his mathematics to bear upon, and that was his glass. This had been constructed upon the truest principles of geometry for emptying itself easily, the stalk requiring to form but a very acute angle with the open lips, ere its whole contents had dropped into the œsophagus. One fatal day, however, Girzy, the black-eyed and dimple-cheeked servant of the hostelry, in making arrangements for the meeting of the Club, allowed this favourite piece of crystal, as many black and blue-eyed girls have done before and since, to slip from her fingers and be broken. She knew the Professor's partiality for his favourite beaker, and thought of getting another; but the day was too far spent, and the Gallowgate, then the receptacle of such luxuries, was too far distant to procure one for that day's meeting of the fraternity. Had Verreville, the city of glass, been then where it has since stood, the mathematician's placid temper might not have been ruffled, nor might Girzy have found herself in so disagreeable a dilemma.\* The Club met—the hen-broth smoked in every platter—the few standard dishes disappeared, the *Medoc* was sipped, and was then succeeded, as

\* The manufacture of flint-glass or crystal was first introduced into Glasgow, at Verreville, Anderston, in the year 1777. A bottle-house, for the manufacture of green bottles, had been established at the foot of Jamaica-street so early as 1730.



usual, by a goodly-sized punch-bowl.\* The enticing and delicious compound was mixed, tasted, and pronounced nectar—the Professor, dreaming for a moment of some logarithm of Napier or problem of Euclid, pushed forward to the fount, unconsciously, the glass which stood before him, drew it back a brimmer, and carried it to his lips, but lo! the increased angle at which the Professor was obliged to raise his arm, raised him from his momentary reverie, and pulling the drinking-cup from his lips, as if it contained the deadliest henbane, exclaimed, “What is this, Girzy, you have given me? I cannot drink out of this glass. Give me my own, you little minx. You might now well know that *this* is not mine,” holding up the crystal with a look of contempt. “Weel a wat it is a’ I hae for’t, Maister Simson,” answered Girzy, blushing. “Hush, hush,” rejoined the mathematician, “say not so; I know it is not *my* glass, for the outer edge of this touches my nose, and *mine* never did so.” The girl confessed the accident, and the Professor, though for some moments sadly out of humour, was at length appeased, and swallowed his *sherbet* even at the risk of injuring his proboscis.

Of the other members of the Club, it might be reasonably supposed we should next say a little, but alas! the scanty muniments of the fraternity that remain make the task somewhat difficult. It may be sufficient, however, to state, that of the many highly-gifted individuals who originated and then formed the famous “Literary

\* Little wine was then drank at the tables of the middle class of the people; and a dinner given to any beyond the family circle, which was always of the most ordinary kind, was even a rarity.



Society,"\* which met every Friday evening in the University during the session, there were not a few present every Saturday in the Club-room of Anderston. Among these we may merely notice Dr. James Moor, the accomplished Professor of Greek; Dr. Cullen,† and Mr. Thomas Hamilton,‡ the great advancers of medical science; Professor Ross, a very Cicero in Roman literature; Adam Smith, the now world-renowned political economist;

\* The following is a list of the members of the Literary Society of Glasgow during the years 1752 and 1753:—

Mr. James Moor, Professor of Greek.  
 Dr. Robert Hamilton, Professor of Humanity.  
 Dr. Leechman, Professor of Divinity.  
 Mr. James Clow, Professor of Logic.  
 Mr. Hercules Lindsay, Professor of Law.  
 Dr. R. Dick, Professor of Natural Philosophy.  
 Rev. Mr. Craig, Minister of Glasgow.  
 Mr. George Ross, Professor of Humanity.  
 Dr. Wm. Cullen, Professor of Medicine.  
 Mr. Adam Smith, Professor of Moral Philosophy.  
 Mr. Richard Betham.  
 Dr. John Brisbane.  
 Mr. Wm. Ruat, Professor of Church History.  
 Mr. Robt. Bogle, Merchant, Glasgow.  
 Mr. Alexander Graham.  
 Mr. William Crawford, Merchant, Glasgow.  
 Mr. George Maxwell.  
 Dr. Robert Simson, Professor of Mathematics.  
 Sir John Dalrymple, Advocate.  
 William Mure of Caldwell.

The Rev. and Hon. P. Boyle.  
 Walter Stewart, Advocate.  
 Mr. Thomas Melville.  
 John Grahame of Dougalstown.  
 John Callender of Craigforth.  
 Mr. David Hume.  
 Mr. George Muirhead.  
 Mr. Robt. Foulis, University Printer.  
 Mr. John Anderson, afterwards Professor of Natural Philosophy.  
 Mr. Ferguson.  
 Mr. Wait.

The additions from 1753 to 1760 were:  
 Mr. Andrew Foulis, Printer.  
 Mr. William Campbell.  
 Mr. Alexander Wilson, Professor of Astronomy.  
 Dr. Joseph Black, Professor of Medicine.  
 Mr. Andrews.  
 Dr. Alexander Stevenson, afterwards Professor of Medicine.  
 Rev. Mr. M'Kay.  
 Mr. Thomas Hamilton, Professor of Anatomy.  
 Mr. James Buchanan, Professor of Hebrew.  
 Rev. Mr. James Crombie.

† Dr. Cullen was elected to the Lectureship of Chemistry in the University of Glasgow in 1746, and afterwards to the Professorship of Medicine in 1751, which he held till 1756, when he was elected Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh, after which he obtained the Professorship of Medicine. After a life of professional reputation to which few attain, he died in 1790, in the 80th year of his age.

‡ Mr. Thomas Hamilton was Professor of Anatomy and Botany in the University, and father of the more celebrated Dr. William Hamilton.



and though last, not least, the brothers Foulis, the never-to-be-forgotten Elzivers of the Scottish press. With a few such men at every meeting, eked out with several of the more literary and intelligent of the mercantile aristocracy, it may well be conceived that the conversation with which the dinner was wound up, was of no ordinary kind, or such as now rarely falls to the lot of any regular diner-out to listen to. Would that stenography had been then as generally practised as it is in the present day, and that some cunning reporter could have been so placed as to have given us but a single "night with Simson and the Club." What a couple of hours' delectable disquisition we should now possess, on philosophy and science, on art and literature—on all the world then knew, and all that it was predicted it would become! When it is recollected, too, that in the present times the blatant blusterings of every muddle-headed charlatan, who has the impudence to place himself on a public platform, must necessarily be *pencilled* and *typeset*, before the lapse of a few hours, to meet the eager eyes of modern quidnuncs, may we not keenly regret that there was no Club Hansard, to catch and retain for posterity the thoughts and sayings of those gifted men, many of whom have left elsewhere splendid proofs of their wisdom and philanthropy? If, however, we cannot now give the *ipsissima verba* of a Club-sitting at Anderston, we may safely assume, from the characters who composed it, that the president, in spite of occasional abstractions, generally indulged in a succession of humorous anecdotes connected with the various correspondents with whom he was in daily com-



munication, and was, moreover, ever ready to troll out a Greek ode, to notes of modern music, with the view of adding to the hilarity of the afternoon. Only imagine how a Sapphic or Anacreontic stanza, in all its original purity, would now be understood or relished by the most erudite of our present club-going citizens! Even Latin, we fear, in these unscholastic and utilitarian days, might be found at a serious discount, when it is well known that several commonplace quotations lately made use of by a classical Bailie, who never forgets the apophthegm "*ne sutor ultra crepidam*," were absolutely received with gaping wonderment and ignorant astonishment by those who were not *at* but *of* the Bar!

That the Hellenic poesy of Professor Simson should have been, as it certainly was, highly relished in the Anderston Club, will not appear strange, however, when it is remembered that there were at least two listeners in the company, in the persons of Dr. Moor and Mr. Ross, whose classical acumen had done much to render the typography of yet another listener, Robert Foulis, so justly celebrated for its correctness and beauty. At that period, too, the practice, with few exceptions, was, that all professors in Scottish colleges gave their prelections in the Latin tongue; and hence, not only were professors themselves better versed than they now are in the dead languages, but students also were obliged to *grind* assiduously before they could with any hope of profit enter a class-room. We must recollect, also, that Dr. Cullen, although he was the first in the Glasgow University who broke through Latin trammels, and gave his lectures in English, was nevertheless a first-rate scholar;



and also that Adam Smith had been a respectable exhibitor at Baliol. In a congregation of such men as wagged their bag-wigs or pig-tails round the Anderston board, it can readily be imagined that there was never any lack of instructive and agreeable converse. The gentlemen unconnected with the College had always some tale or adventure to tell, in relation to Prince Charlie and his bare-legged followers during his late fatal expedition\*—of his peculiarly princely aspect but dejected expression†—of his fondness for Miss Catherine Walkinshaw‡—of Provost Buchanan's pertinent reply to the demand for £500,§ and of the evils arising from the cruel con-

\* Prince Charles's forces, on entering Glasgow, did not exceed 3,600 foot and 500 horse. To conceal their weakness, the Prince caused his men, after passing from the Trongate into the gate of Mr. Glassford's house, to return by Ingram-street and Queen-street to the front, and again march in as if they were fresh troops.

† According to a writer in the *Attic Stories*, who had the information from an eye-witness, Charles Edward's appearance was indeed princely, "and its interest was much deepened by the dejection which appeared on his pale countenance and downcast eye. He evidently wanted confidence in his cause, and seemed to have a melancholy foreboding of that disastrous issue which ruined the hopes of his family for ever." Gib, who acted as steward of the Prince's household, mentions that he dressed more elegantly when in Glasgow than he did "in any other place whatsoever." This compliment to the ladies does not however appear to have softened their political prejudices, or gained a smile from any fair lips but those of his favourite and admired Catherine Walkinshaw.

‡ Catherine Walkinshaw was the third daughter of John Walkinshaw of Barrowfield. Her beauty attracted the notice of the Prince. Whether the *liason*, which at a later period existed between Charles and Miss Walkinshaw, commenced in Scotland, is not perfectly known, but it is certain that from 1751 she lived with him, sometimes in Switzerland and sometimes in Flanders, as his mistress. By her he had a daughter, who was legitimatised in 1787, whom he created Duchess of Albany. She died the following year.

§ Provost Buchanan of Drumpeller, when required by the rebels to contribute £500 for their immediate use, coolly replied, "They might plunder his house, if they pleased, for he would not pay one farthing."



tribution which the Prince had levied on the City, leading almost to its bankruptcy\*—of the successful mission of Provost Cochrane and Bailie Murdoch to London,† whereby they obtained no less than ten thousand pounds' indemnity for the loss sustained by the City—of the disapprobation shown by the populace to those who patronised the first theatre, which was then erected against the wall of the Episcopal palace near the Cathedral, (when such matters were looked upon by the mass of the inhabitants as a sin)—and, in fine, of a thousand other ruling topics of the day.

But there was certainly no topic, of a local kind, on which the Club were more cordially agreed than this, that never was there a period in the history of the nation in which greater feebleness and misconduct, on the part of a Government, was more strikingly manifested than

\* The demand made on Glasgow for broad-cloth, tartan, linen, bonnets and shoes, amounted to nearly £10,000 sterling, besides which the rebels got a sum of money. At that time the whole annual revenue of the City was only £3,000, and its expenditure £3,081.

† From the following Minute, extracted from the Council Records, we are presented with the details of Provost Cochrane and Bailie Murdoch's expenses to and from London. The Minute is dated 28th Jan. 1769:—

“The which day Andrew Cochrane, Provost, and George Murdoch, late Bailie, gave in an account of their charge and expenses in relation to their late journey to and from London about the Town's affairs, which is as follows:—To a chaise and maker's servant, £28 : 2s. 6d. To John Stewart, the servant, at several times on the road, £6 : 7s. 2d. To ditto at London to account, £5 : 8s. To the servant, to carry him with two horses, £1 : 10s. To charges at Whitburn, and four days at Edinburgh, £8 : 10s. To charges on road to London, 11 days, £28 : 10s. To lodging at London, and house account for coals, candle, tea, sugar, breakfasts, &c. £61 : 15s. 9d. To Wm. Alloe, the servant, for wages, boarding, and incidentals at London, and for turnpikes and expenses on road down, £17 : 13s. 3d. To shaving and dressing, £2 : 7s. To Mr. Burden for liquors to quarters, £4 : 12s. To chaise-mending, 10s. To post hire from London to Edinburgh, £21. To hostlers, riders, horses, &c. £2 : 2s. To charges on road from London, £5 : 12s. 6d. To charges at Edinburgh and Whitburn, £2 : 13s. 6d. To charges from Edinburgh home and the driver, £2. To extraordinary entertainments in London, £30. To writing copies petition and memorial, &c. £7 : 11s. To expenses and incidentals, ordinary and extraordinary, at London, viz.: By Andrew Cochrane, £125 : 12s. By George Murdoch, £105 : 4s. ½d. To



during the rising of 1745; and that no community had so much reason as Glasgow to complain of its interests being compromised and neglected. Well might Provost Cochrane complain, as he did, of the craven withholding of assistance on the part of the Minister for Scotland, the Justice-Clerk, and the deliberate abandonment of the community to the harsh measures of a retreating and undisciplined army. At this time of day, the conduct of the authorities in Edinburgh is indeed scarcely credible. Occasionally Dr. Moor detailed the hairbreadth escapes he had made, and the difficulties he had encountered in his journey to London, in those days when men made their wills before undertaking such a dangerous pilgrimage; and when he, though a leal and devoted Protestant, hurried, at all risks, to the English metropolis, to do what he could to save the life of his kind but unfor-

a writing-master to come down [no doubt to improve the character of the City penmanship], £5 : 5s. To charge of advertisements, 6s.—extending the said sums to £472 : 11s. 8½d. sterling."

Considering the then value of money, it seems pretty plain that the civic authorities of that day understood deputation expenses as well, if not better, than their successors in office. The vast difference between the Corporation transactions a century ago, and those of the present day, may be briefly illustrated by the following entry in the Minutes of the Magistrates and Council of the 26th September 1754:—

"Resolve, that a cash account be opened with The New Bank Company [Glasgow Arms], upon the Town's account. To draw by a cash account from thence what sums the Town shall stand in need of, and that the Provost for the time being be their operator and drawer of those sums. The sums to be drawn by the said cash account not exceeding *One Thousand Pounds Sterling*, and to be drawn for as the Town shall have occasion for the same."

The Glasgow Arms Bank was commenced about the latter end of the year 1750. The firm was "Cochrane, Murdoch, & Co."—the two celebrated Provosts. The office was built in the Bridgegate, and thereafter moved, in 1778, to the south end of Miller-street, and continued there till it stopped payment in 1793, along with the Merchants' Bank and The Thomsons' Bank. It is satisfactory to state that all the three Banks paid their debts in full.



fortunate patron, Lord Kilmarnock, whose misguided zeal in the Stuart cause brought him to the scaffold.\* Next came Professor Ross, who, forgetful for a moment of the higher walk of Greek and Latin criticism, at once leapt into a disquisition on the more immediate literature of the day, and particularly on the then just published works of Tobias Smollett, viz. "Roderick Random" and "Peregrine Pickle." We think we hear the laughter yet of the merry group, over such extracted scenes as those where Bowling chastises the cruel-hearted schoolmaster; where Commodore Trunnion and Lieutenant Hatchway are found journeying to the marriage of the former; where the exploits of Strap, whose type was then living in the City, are recorded; or where are given the unfortunate *contretemps* of Pipes and Pallet! Thereafter, too, might be heard Robert Foulis expatiating on all he had seen in France and Italy—descanting on the *chefs d'œuvre* of art at Rome, Florence, Parma, and Bologna—and telling all he had himself done to bring art to Glasgow, and all he still proposed to do for its encouragement and extension. And, when these subjects were not his theme, which was rarely the case, he would doubtless portray the rise and progress of the Glasgow press—not

\* Dr. Moor was Professor of Greek in the University. After finishing his college education he became tutor to the son of the unfortunate Lord Kilmarnock. He afterwards became tutor to Lord Selkirk, and with both he travelled on the Continent, and was introduced into the first society in Europe. On returning to Glasgow, Mr. Moor was appointed Librarian to the University, and was afterwards, through the kindness of Lord Selkirk, elected to the Chair of Greek, on the payment of £600 to the occupant to retire. Dr. Moor took the deepest interest in the classical publications of his brother-in-law, Robert Foulis. Along with Professor Morehead he superintended the printing of the famous Homer in 4 vols. folio. Every proof-sheet of this celebrated work was read over six times.



forgetting his predecessor Urie, and his contemporary Andrew Stalker—that editor of the *Glasgow Journal* who, curious to state, was only remarkable for what editors of the present day cannot certainly be accused of, shameful timidity.\* And then, to crown all, the author of the “Wealth of Nations” might be there heard telling, as he was often wont, of his experiences at Oxford, where he was deterred from adopting the clerical profession,

\* In 1744, Mr. Robert Foulis brought out what has been called his “immaculate” edition of Horace. The work was so carefully executed, that each sheet, previous to its being worked off, was hung up in the College, and a reward offered to all who could discover an inaccuracy. Notwithstanding all this trouble and care, Dr. Dibdin points out six typographical errors. In the year 1751, Mr. R. Foulis went abroad for the fourth time; but before this journey was undertaken, the scheme for instituting an Academy for the Fine Arts in Glasgow had been pretty well digested, and often formed the subject of debate in private conversation. The following extract, from Mr. Richard Duncan’s contribution to the Maitland Club, will best explain the rise and fall of this unfortunate institution:—

“Robert Foulis having previously sent home his brother with a painter, an engraver, and a copper-plate printer, whom he had engaged in his service, returned to Scotland in 1753, and soon after instituted his Academy for Painting, Engraving, Moulding, and Drawing. The University allowed him the use of what is now the Faculty Hall, as an exhibition-room for his pictures, and of several other rooms for his students; and three Glasgow merchants, with a liberality which reflected the highest credit on themselves, afterwards became partners in the undertaking. These were Mr. Campbell of Clathie, Mr. Glassford of Dougalstone, and Mr. Archibald Ingram—the last a man certainly of no literary pretensions, nor even liberally educated, but possessed of intelligence and public spirit. The students, according to the proposed plan, after having given proofs of genius at home, were to be sent abroad at the expense of the Academy. The whole scheme seems generally to have been considered romantic, and we have Foulis’s own testimony that ‘there seemed to be a pretty general emulation who should run it most down.’ This opposition, however, only increased his determination, and the Academy was continued long after he might have known that it would ultimately ruin him if persevered in.”

The Academy was broken up on the death of Mr. Ingram in 1770, and the collection of pictures was sent to London, whither Robert Foulis also repaired. The pictures were afterwards sold at a ruinous loss, and Foulis’s mortification was most acute. He turned back to Scotland, and expired in Edinburgh, on 2d June 1776, on his way to Glasgow. His brother, Andrew, died of apoplexy, September 18, 1775. The printing-house of Messrs. Robert & Andrew Foulis, in Shuttle-street, was advertised for sale on 31st October 1782.



in consequence of the unceremonious manner in which he was treated by the superiors of Baliol, when they discovered him studying one of the early lucubrations of Hume. While, what was still better, he might be heard pouring forth his incipient ideas of the advantages of Free-trade, which, strange to say, many of the merchants who then listened to him, although monopolists in heart and practice, did not even deny; and which, after many party conflicts, are now acknowledged by all who lay claim to the character of statesmen.\*

In such society, it may well be conceived that time passed more quickly than usual; but however happy the members always were, still the arithmetical precision of Professor Simson never permitted even the most in-

\* Adam Smith was born at Kirkaldy on the 5th June 1723, and entered the University of Glasgow in 1737. Chosen an exhibitioner on Snell's Foundation, he was sent to Baliol College, Oxford, in 1740, whence he returned to Kirkaldy in 1747. In the end of the year 1748, he removed to Edinburgh, where, under the patronage bestowed on him by Lord Kames, he delivered lectures during three years on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres. His literary reputation being now well established, he was elected in 1751 Professor of Logic in the University of Glasgow, and in the following year he was removed to the Chair of Moral Philosophy. In this situation he remained for thirteen years, which he used to consider the happiest of his life. In 1759 he published his "Theory of Moral Sentiments," a work which greatly contributed to extend his fame and reputation as an author. Towards the end of 1763, he was induced to leave the University Chair of Glasgow, to accompany the then young Duke of Buccleuch during his tour of the Continent. In 1766, Dr. Smith returned with his pupil to London, and soon after took up his residence with his mother at Kirkaldy, where, with the exception of a few occasional visits to Edinburgh and London, he resided constantly during the next ten years, engaged habitually in intense study. In 1776, he published his "Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations;" after which he resided for two years in London, where his society was courted by the most distinguished persons in the Metropolis. He was thereafter appointed, unsolicited, to a Commissionership of Customs in Scotland, and he removed to Edinburgh, where he spent the remainder of his days. In 1787 he was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. He died in 1790.



teresting discussion to prevent him calling the bill at an early hour, and of dissolving the meeting so as to enable all to reach their homes in the City within *elders' hours*;\* a matter then perhaps more necessary than in these days of gas and watchmen, when it is remembered that even an oil-lamp was a rarity on the Trongate, and when the only light to guide the footsteps of the members through the streets in winter, was a farthing candle stuck in a shop window, or a brace of "*muttons*" blazing from the street-openings of some joyous dining-room, whose occupants would probably not part till a portion of them, at least, lay under the table! Notwithstanding, however, the absence of all those municipal blessings which improved manners and increased taxation have brought about, we have never heard of any accident befalling any member of the Anderston Club, on their homeward course to the City, during the many long years they met in John Sharpe's hostelry. With the death of Professor Simson the Club was finally closed, and like him, all its members have since finished their earthly course; but it may be truly affirmed of this fraternity, what can rarely be said of any other club-going brotherhood of the City, that although the greedy grave has long ago swallowed up the mortal coil of each and all of its members, their spirit still lives to enlighten, to guide, and to instruct the generations which have already succeeded and may yet succeed them. Peace to the manes of the Anderston Club!

\* The phrase "*elders' hours*" was synonymous with all belonging to the family being in the house in time for evening prayers, which were offered up immediately before supper, then a common family meal. At this period almost all ranks adhered more or less to the habits of the Covenanters, and hence family worship was almost universal.



## THE GLASGOW TOBACCO ARISTOCRACY AND THE HODGE PODGE CLUB.

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IF the world has had its ages of iron, silver, and gold, Glasgow also assuredly had, during even the last century and a half, its peculiar and distinctive mercantile ages. It had, for example, its salmon and herring, its tobacco, its sugar, its cotton, its iron, and its steam-boat building ages in regular progressive succession,—one peculiar business or handicraft generally holding for a season its paramount sway, and then calmly yielding the supremacy to another.

Previous to the union of Scotland and England, the fish trade with foreign countries, carried on as it was particularly by Walter Gibson, who at one time was Provost of Glasgow, must be regarded as one of first-rate importance, when we consider the size and situation of the town—bringing the City, as it then did, into active commercial intercourse with France and Holland, and exchanging thereby the products of the Clyde for the luxuries of the Continent.\* After the happy compact—

\* The curing and export of salmon and herring, by Glasgow merchants, commenced as early as 1420, and was the chief foreign trade connected with the City till the Union. M'Ure states that "Walter Gibson packed and cured 300 lasts of herrings in one year; and having freighted a Dutch ship called the *St. Agatha*, of 450 tons, the ship with the great cargo arrived safely at *St. Martin's* in France, where he got for each barrel of herring a barrel of brandy and a crown; and the ship, at her return, was loaded with salt and brandy. The product came to a prodigious sum, in consequence of which he bought this vessel and other two large ships, and traded to France,



or *unhappy* as it was regarded by many in Scotland at the time—was signed and sealed, which certainly linked more closely two otherwise rival commercial communities of the same isle, an immediate impetus was given to the commerce of Glasgow. The American Colonies, hitherto the exclusive field for English enterprise, were opened to the merchants of the West of Scotland; and partnerships were at once formed, and vessels chartered and thereafter built, for carrying on at first an extensive barter trade, and at length a regular commercial intercourse with Virginia, Maryland, and Carolina.\*

Perhaps among the changeful peculiarities connected with the commercial chronology of Glasgow, there is none more extraordinary than the rise, progress, and decay of the Tobacco Trade, or of the lofty position in the social scale which the limited class of citizens engaged in that lucrative traffic so speedily attained and so soon lost. This trade seems to have originated about the

Spain, Norway, Sweden, and Virginia." In 1681 the exports from Glasgow to Bordeaux consisted of herrings, salmon, grind-stones, and coals. It does not appear that any of the coarse woollen manufactures of this district were then sent to France. The "Accompt Current between Scotland and England, 1705, written by John Spreul, merchant and citizen of Glasgow," gives some very curious particulars of the trade of Scotland at that period. Mr. Spreul relates that he had sold his herrings in several parts of the world at sixpence each. The articles which he proposed to exchange for gold dust and elephants' teeth, on the coast of Guinea, were—"linnen and woollen manufactures, knives, scissors, small looking-glasses and other toys, strong water, tobacco and beeds and peuther dishes; Glasgow plaids and blue bonnets may do for their *kings* and *queens*!"

\* It is stated by most of the historians of Glasgow, that the first adventure to America was placed under the charge of the captain of the vessel, who acted also as supercargo. Being asked on his return for a statement of his management, he said he had none to give, "but there were the proceeds," producing, at the same time, a large *hoggar* or stocking filled with coin.



year 1707, and was conducted on principles which could not fail to prove lucrative. The method for a considerable time of carrying on this business was to despatch with every vessel a supercargo, who, on arrival, bartered his goods for tobacco, and remained until he had either sold all his goods, or at least got sufficient tobacco with which to load his vessel, when he returned home with his cargo and any goods that were unsold. Each adventure in this way was at once closed, and the profit on the transaction was known and realised. The first vessel belonging to Glasgow which crossed the Atlantic was in 1718; and soon after the imports of tobacco became so considerable in the Clyde, as seriously to diminish the imports of the same article at the ports of Bristol, Liverpool, and Whitehaven. Frugality on the part of those who were early engaged in this traffic has been assigned for the success of the Glasgow tobacco merchants; while, on the part of others, it has also been insinuated that not a little was due to the fact of the whole trade being cunningly conducted *in partnership with the Crown*, by which more was to be gained than can now possibly be done, in these days of stringent Excise and Customhouse *surveillance*. Be this as it may, it is at least certain that the English, when they found themselves smarting under the competition, brought forward this allegation of fraud on the part of the Glasgow importers of tobacco, to crush the trade in the West of Scotland; for we find that in the year 1721 the whole individuals engaged in this trade throughout England banded themselves together to effect this object, through the Government of the day; but, for the honour of Glasgow, it is consolatory to know that all their evil



endeavours proved ineffectual, and instead of being able to put down, as they hoped they would, the commerce so energetically maintained between America and Glasgow, their envious efforts only tended to increase and enlarge its power. In the year 1735 the Virginia merchants in Glasgow could boast of having fifteen large vessels, belonging to the ports of the Clyde, engaged in the tobacco trade, besides many others which they had chartered from other ports; and, by the year 1750, they had a still greater number.\* The twenty following years may indeed be considered as the very hey-day or culminating point of the tobacco trade in Glasgow. During that period an unexampled extent of business in the intoxicating weed passed through the Glasgow merchants' books; and having there paid toll in the shape of profit, it was sent to all parts of the Continent of Europe, and to not a few of the leading ports of England and Ireland.† The fact is, that between the year 1760 and 1775, Glasgow became the great emporium for tobacco in the empire;‡ for, while the whole import into Great Britain

\* From the year 1729 to 1749 the duties paid on tobacco at Port-Glasgow, whereof no part was repaid, amounted to £80,850: 8s. 5d. The duty paid in 1749 was alone £7,175: 12s. 4d.

† In 1772 the following quantities of tobacco were imported into the Clyde:

From Virginia, .....	33,986,403 lbs.
North Carolina, .....	755,458 "
Maryland, .....	11,313,278 "
	<hr/>
	45,055,139 "
	<hr/>

‡ Besides considerable quantities shipped to Norway and Dunkirk, the exports from Glasgow to the Continent were in 1772 as under:

To France, .....	20,744,943 lbs.
Holland, .....	14,932,543 "
Italy, .....	311,707 "
Germany, .....	3,868,027 "



in 1772 was 90,000 hogsheads, Glasgow alone imported 49,000!\*

From the large extent to which this particular branch

\* The history of tobacco itself is extremely curious. Compared with most luxuries, it is of very recent use in Europe. It is supposed to have been first introduced into England by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1586, and so rapidly did the taste for this soothing weed spread, that we find, about thirty years after, from the "Counterblast," by James VI., that such sums were expended on it by the people as to awaken serious fears in the mind of that pedantic monarch. In his astounding invective against the use of tobacco, he says—"Have you not reason, then, to be ashamed, and to forbear this filthie noveltie, so basely grounded, so foolishly received, and so grossly mistaken in the right use thereof? In your abuse thereof, sinning against God, harming yourselves both in persons and goods, and raking also thereby the markes and rites of vanity upon you by the custome thereof, making yourselves to be wondered at by all forrein civill nations, and by all strangers that come among you, to be scorned and contemned. A custome loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmfull to the braine, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black, stinking fume thereof nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoake of the pit that is bottomlesse." The plant was at first cultivated in England, but was prohibited by James, and afterwards by Charles I. It appears, however, that its cultivation was not finally arrested till the days of Cromwell; since which time, we have depended on foreign countries for the supply of what has served successive Governments with the most effectual means of raising a large revenue. Although Great Britain is perhaps the smallest consumer of tobacco of any nation in Europe, yet the use of it has increased much during the last thirty years. From a Table given by Mr. John Crawford, in the "Statistical Journal" of 1852, we find that while in 1821 the consumption per head was 11.71 ounces, it increased in 1851 to 16.86 ounces. The amount of tobacco consumed in the United Kingdom in 1851 was 28,062,968 lbs., and the revenue derived from it was £4,485,768. In Denmark, the consumpt per head, in 1848, was nearly 70 ounces! Mr. Crawford also reckons the consumption of the whole world to be little short of two millions of tons; and, he justly adds, that "certainly no invention ever made by man has been so universally pervading as the seemingly trivial one of the use of tobacco." "Next to salt," says that able and accurate writer, "tobacco is the article most universally consumed by man. In one form or another, but most generally in the form of fume or smoke, there is no climate in which it is not consumed, and no nationality that has not adopted it. To put down its use has equally baffled legislators and moralists; and in the words of Pope, on a higher subject, it may be said to be partaken of 'by saint, by savage, and by sage.'"



of business was carried on in Glasgow, it seems almost miraculous how a sufficient capital could at that period be found for it, either in the East or West of Scotland. In those days, however, the Virginia merchants, in making their export purchases, did not go, as foreign traders now do, with cash in hand or with an acceptance to pay for them at a certain limited date; the only understanding between buyer and seller being, that on the return of the vessel which carried out the goods payment would be made; and if any poor manufacturer or tradesman had the hardihood to ask for payment before the tobacco lord offered it, he could never again expect to be favoured with the great man's custom. By adopting this very knowing plan of purchase and payment, it is quite plain that these tobacco merchants traded chiefly on the capital of those from whom they bought their goods; but, as the sellers were numerous and the purchasers few, the disadvantages to the one class from such a system were less felt than were the advantages to the other.\* For the goods purchased in the English market such facilities could not be asked, nor, if they had been, would they have been granted. But to meet any want of capital then, the new banks, established in the City by several of the leading tobacco lords themselves, were found ready to do the needful.†

\* Dr. Smollett states, that in conversing with Mr. Glassford, he discovered that merchant to be one of the greatest in Europe. During the French war, which immediately preceded the war of American Independence, he is said to have had at one time five and twenty ships, with their cargoes, his own property, and to have traded for above half a million sterling a-year."

† The following graphic picture of the way persons conducted business about the tobacco period of Glasgow history, we extract from "GLASGOW,



During the period when this trade was in the ascendant, it is perhaps scarcely necessary to repeat what all the old historians of the City have told us, that the persons engaged in it ruled with a very high hand. With a hauteur and bearing, indeed, since altogether unparalleled, they kept themselves separate from the other classes of the town; assuming the air and deportment of persons immeasurably superior to all around them; and treating those on whom they looked down, but on whom they depended, with no little superciliousness. For one of the *shopocracy* or *corkocracy* to speak to a tobacco-aristocrat on the street, without some sign of recognition from the great man, would have been regarded as an insult. They were princes on the *Plainstanes*, and strutted about there every day as the rulers of the desti-

PAST AND PRESENT":—"A gentleman in the City had sold Provost French some trifling articles for shipment, amounting to about £37; and upon the arrival of the ship from Virginia, and after the return cargo had been sold, he received a circular from the Provost, requesting his attendance at the countinghouse, on a certain day and at a fixed hour, when payment would be made to him of his account. The gentleman was accordingly punctual at the appointed place and hour, when he was astonished to see about thirty persons in waiting, all sitting on forms in the room where the Provost's clerks were writing. The Provost himself was in an adjoining room, the door of which was ajar, and the gentleman said that ever and anon he beheld the Provost *keeking* through an opening to see if the whole parties summoned had arrived. At last, after a considerable delay, the Provost (who was an excessively pompous and consequential man) threw open the door of his private room, and after taking a glance of the parties waiting for payment of their accounts (but without deigning to speak to any of them), called out to his clerk with a loud voice, 'John, draw for £3,000 and pay the accounts.' His lordship then, with a most dignified strut, re-entered his own apartment. This farce was concocted in order to astonish the natives at the magnitude of the sum drawn from the bank; but most unfortunately for the Provost, it had quite the contrary effect, for it afterwards became a standing joke among those very sellers, when any one was calling upon them for payment of a small account, to bawl out to the youngsters, 'John, draw for £3,000 and pay this account.' "



nies of Glasgow. Like the princely merchants, too, who formerly paced the Piazzetta in Venice, or occupied the gorgeous palaces in the Strada Balbi of Genoa, the tobacco lords distinguished themselves by a particular garb, being attired, like their Venetian and Genovese predecessors, in scarlet cloaks, curled wigs, cocked hats, and bearing gold-headed canes.\* How long this state of matters would have continued, had not the outbreak of the American war interposed to arrest this tobacco traffic, and to compel the traders to seek for employment and wealth in other channels, it is impossible to say. All we know is, that very soon after that event, the tobacco aristocracy ceased to lead, and the scarlet cloaks gradually disappeared from the pavement.†

\* The following is a list of the chief importers of tobacco in the City of Glasgow in 1783:—

Colin Dunlop & Sons.	Patrick Colquhoun.
Cunningham Corbet.	George Buchanan.
Christie & Smith.	Alexander M'Caul.
George Oswald & Co.	George Buchanan, Jun.
James Hopkirk.	William Cunninghame & Co.
John Glassford & Co.	John Campbell, Sen. & Co.
Speirs, French, & Co.	Thomas Donald & Co.
Robert Findlay & Co.	Archibald Govan.
French, Crawford, & Co.	Robert Dreghorn.
Robert Scott.	John Riddell.
David Crosse.	Archibald Henderson & Co.
Thomas Crawford & Co.	Henry Riddell & Co.
Henry Ritchie.	Murdoch, Hamilton, & Co.

† The following anecdote of one of these dons, who, among their other peculiarities, appeared to have made use of the foreign mode of salutation, we extract from a paper in "Chambers' Journal" of 1851. We are there told that "a certain tobacco lord, who was familiarly known under the appellation of Provost *Cheeks*, besides having the peculiarity of visage which had gained him this soubriquet, was gifted with an uncommon capacity of mouth, extending from ear to ear. He was complaining one day of some d—d fellow (swearing was then in greater repute than it is now) who had come up to him on the *Plainstones*, and, will he nil he, bussed him on both sides of the face, slavering him with his filthy saliva. 'If I had been you,' said his friend, looking significantly at his mouth, 'I would have *bitten off his head!*' "



Although the period during which this trade flourished in Glasgow was by no means long, yet how many monuments of its success and greatness have been left, either in the princely estates purchased from its gains, or in the magnificent city mansions reared for the accommodation and comfort of the merchant princes who then conducted it!\* Of the few of the latter which still stand intact within the precincts of the City, there are enough remaining to illustrate the wealth of the parties who could rear such structures, and who could maintain within their walls, as their possessors were wont to do, the style and hospitality of princes; while with those still mightier mansions which the wants of recent times have either sadly altered or entirely swept away, there were associated, but a few years ago, even more palpable evidences of bygone wealth and wassail.† The wealth realised during the existence of the tobacco trade in Glasgow, must have been very great; and what is more,

\* Sir John Dalrymple, in the Appendix to his "Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland," published in 1788, says:—"I once asked the late Provost Cochrane of Glasgow, who was eminently wise, and who has been a merchant there for seventy years, to what causes he imputed the sudden rise of Glasgow. He said it was all owing to four young men of talents and spirit who started at one time in business, and whose success gave example to the rest. The four had not ten thousand pounds amongst them when they began." The following were the four young men alluded to by Provost Cochrane:

Mr. Cunninghame,	afterwards of	Lainshaw.
Mr. Speirs,	"	of Elderslie.
Mr. Glassford,	"	of Dougaldston.
Mr. Ritchie,	"	of Busby.

The large and elegant mansion, built by Mr. Cunninghame in Queen-street, was offered for sale in August 1789; it was afterwards re-exposed, and purchased by Mr. Stirling; it next became the property of the Royal Bank; and finally was converted into the present Royal Exchange.

† Among the early mansions of the tobacco aristocracy, which still stand



it gave a stimulus to the future commerce of the City, which has materially aided in bringing it to its present condition. Supercilious though the possessors of such wealth as a class certainly were towards their less opulent fellow-citizens, they were nevertheless individually a gay and joyous set, on the most familiar and friendly footing with each other, and with those also who, in other walks of life, were justly looked upon as the notables of the City. No doubt, the circle in which these tobacco lords moved was more narrow and limited than any that has since succeeded it; but, at the same time, the parties of which it was composed were men possessed of that education, activity, energy, and talent, that almost justified them in assuming the position which they did. The pride of the tobacco prince, like the tobacco palace has, however, long passed away; leaving, we suspect, to us, in these latter days, but an indistinct idea of the height to which, in point of extravagance, it was actually carried.

It was when the society of Glasgow was thus constituted, that there arose and flourished a Club, whose members—although some consisted of what might be denominated the "*fruges consumere nati*," and others leaders of the tobacco aristocracy—comprised not a few bright stars, well calculated to pour an ethereal light over its early meetings. Among the latter was the

entire, are—the Buck's Head Hotel, formerly the residence of Provost Murdoch, and the adjoining mansion belonging to the late Mr. Rae Wilson and formerly the residence of Provost Dunlop. These were erected about the year 1753; and among those removed was the handsome residence at the head of Virginia-street, belonging to Mr. Buchanan, on the site of which now stands the Union Bank of Scotland.



celebrated Dr. John Moore—the author of “Zeluco,” and other well-known works—who for many years had made Glasgow his home, and where he long and ably practised the therapeutic art.\* The Club to which we refer was denominated “THE HODGE PODGE,” and originated in an association of gentlemen who, in the year 1750, agreed to meet in a tavern, kept by one Cruikshanks, once each fortnight, at seven o’clock in the evening. The names of the originators of this afterwards famous brotherhood were—Messrs. James Luke, James

\* Dr. John Moore was born in Stirling in 1729; being the eldest son of the Rev. Charles Moore, one of the ministers of that town, and of Marion Anderson, daughter of John Anderson of Dovehill, Glasgow. Upon the death of his father, which took place in 1737, he accompanied his mother to Glasgow, being her birth-place and the residence of her relatives. After the usual course of instruction in the rudiments of Classical learning, at the Grammar-school, he was matriculated at the University, and attended the several classes of languages and philosophy with diligence and success. By the advice of his relatives, and his own predilection for the medical profession, he was apprenticed to Mr. John Gordon, a surgeon of extensive practice; and, while under his tuition, he attended the lectures of Dr. Hamilton, then Anatomical Demonstrator, and those of the celebrated Dr. Cullen, at that time Professor of Medicine at Glasgow. In the year 1747 he was recommended by his relatives to a situation in the army, and, under the protection of the Duke of Argyle, whose regiment was then about to embark for Flanders, he arrived at Maestricht, where, in the capacity of a mate, he attended the military hospitals, then full of wounded soldiers, after the unfortunate battle of Leffeldt. Having obtained the approbation of the Director-General of Hospitals, he was removed to Flushing, to assist the surgeon of the Coldstream Guards. He accompanied this regiment from Flushing to Breda, where he spent the winter of 1748 in garrison; and, on the conclusion of peace, he accompanied General Braddock to England. After remaining some time in London, where he attended the lectures of his countryman Dr. Hunter, he proceeded to Paris, which at that time had deservedly the reputation of being the best school of medicine and surgery in Europe. The Earl of Albemarle, who, when Colonel of the Coldstreams, had been his early patron, was at this time Ambassador at the Court of France, and, soon after his arrival in that city, appointed him surgeon to his household. After residing nearly two years in the French capital, Mr. Moore was invited by Mr. Gordon to return to Glasgow, and to enter with



Simson, Robert Maltman, Peter Blackburn, Dr. Thomas Hamilton, John Dunlop, and Dr. Moore, who were soon after joined by Messrs. Thomas Wright and William Anderson. These nine gentlemen, with the exception of Mr. Maltman, were in the full vigour of youth, and found their convivial meetings so pleasant, as soon to determine them to form themselves into a Club, and to subject themselves to certain rules and regulations. The records of the brotherhood commence on the 5th May 1752, when the Club was baptised with its happy

him into partnership; he complied with this invitation, and soon after left Paris. In this partnership he continued for two years, when Mr. Gordon having obtained a *diploma*, became a consulting physician. Mr. Moore having continued to act as a surgeon, and enjoying almost immediately an extensive practice, found it convenient to assume a partner, and he chose Mr. Hamilton, Professor of Anatomy, as his assistant. For many years after this his life was chiefly devoted to his professional labours; and, when his reputation was established, he married a daughter of the Rev. Mr. Simson, Professor of Divinity in the University. At this period of his life he was a favourite with the best society of the City and neighbourhood. His ready wit and vein of playful irony made his conversation be courted by a numerous and respectable circle of acquaintance. In 1769 a circumstance occurred which totally altered Dr. Moore's prospects in life. In that year he was called by the Duchess of Hamilton, with his friend Dr. Cullen, to attend her son George James, Duke of Hamilton, whose illness, ending in consumption, baffled all the efforts of medicine, and after a lingering illness he died. Dr. Moore's assiduity, although unavailing, however, led to a close connection with the noble family of his late patient; and, when the Duchess afterwards determined that his brother Douglas, Duke of Hamilton, who was also delicate, should travel, Dr. Moore was chosen to be his travelling companion, for his knowledge of medicine and his acquaintance with the Continent. The young Duke and his companion remained abroad for five years, during which they visited France, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy. On returning from the Continent, which took place in 1777, Dr. Moore removed with his family from Glasgow to London; and, in the year 1779, published his celebrated work entitled "A View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland, and Germany." In less than ten years this work passed through seven editions, besides having been translated into French, German, and Italian. Two years later, he published a continuation of the same work, entitled "A View of Society and Manners



name; and although at that time the resolution seemed to have been formed that the number of the members should be always limited to that of the Muses, still this law was soon broken, and a considerable addition was thereupon made to the joyous circle.

In its original plan the Club partook of the nature of a literary society; the meetings being ostensibly held for the purpose of improvement in public speaking, or at least in political and literary composition; it being the duty of each member, in rotation, to propose a question for discussion, some of which were certainly as odd as they were original. This practice, however, became

in Italy." In 1785 he published his "Medical Sketches." His next work was his celebrated novel "Zeluco," which was printed in 1786. Neither the extraordinary success of this singular picture of human nature, his long residence abroad, nor his accession to the enlightened society of London, could wean him from the cordial love he bore to his native country—to his relations—and particularly to the early friends of his choice; and, in the summer of 1786, he undertook a journey to Scotland, and passed some time at Glasgow, where he received the respect and attention of his fellow-citizens, and the congratulations of the companions of his youth, with peculiar satisfaction. In 1787 he commenced his remarkable and interesting correspondence with Robert Burns, which is to be found in the collected works of that poet. In 1792 he, in company with Lord Lauderdale, visited Paris, and had an opportunity of surveying the theatre of the Revolution, and estimating the characters of its founders. He was present at the attack on the Tuileries, and was a witness to many other sanguinary deeds; and, soon after his return to England, he began to arrange the materials which he had collected during his visit, and in 1795 published "A View of the Causes and Progress of the French Revolution." In 1797 he became the biographer of Dr. Tobias Smollett. This work was followed by his novel of "Edward;" and this again in 1798 by "Mordaunt," at which period Dr. Moore had attained his 70th year. This was the last publication Dr. Moore gave to the world. His life, so honourably and usefully spent, was rapidly drawing to a close. Anticipating advantage from a change of air, he removed from London to Richmond, where he gradually sunk, and expired on the 21st of January 1802, in the 73d year of his age. His wife, who cherished his memory with the warmest affection, died in London on the 25th March 1820, in her 86th year.



ere long somewhat irksome, and sixpenny whist was resorted to as a *succedaneum*. The hour of meeting at the commencement of the Club, as we have hinted, was seven; but, after whist was introduced, it was changed to five—the dinner hour among the better classes being at that period two. With whist and conversation the evening passed till nine o'clock arrived, when a hot supper was placed on the table, and the cream of the night's jollity and fun followed.\* In process of time dinners alternated with suppers, till at length the latter were totally given up; and the Hodge Podge Club endeavoured, at least in their summer meetings, to have always the material badge of their union smoking on the table.

Before the lapse of many years, after the first inauguration of the Club, we find that at least five-and-twenty choice spirits united to encircle the fortnightly board, ready at once to greet a smoking sirloin and to drain an oft-replenished bowl; and it may easily be imagined, that there was neither lack of sense to season the one, nor wit to give—what, perhaps, it did not so much require in those drinking days—*spirit* to the other! It was in the circle of these powdered pig-tails that the author of “Zeluco,” “Edward,” and “Mordaunt” first displayed the sprightliness of his wit and the playful

\* The following Minute of the Club, dated 18th February 1768, shows the great difference which existed between the price of a fashionable supper at that period, and that of the present day:—“The Club having observed that Mr. M'Donald has been a sufferer on the article of supper, by several thin meetings of the Club, have unanimously resolved that, for the future, he shall always charge six shillings at least for each meeting; and, when the members present exceed the number of nine, he shall charge 8*d.* per head for the number present; and, as a fund for this purpose, it is agreed that each member shall pay 2*s.* 6*d.* in advance (being for five meetings), the surplus to be put into the poor's-box.”



vein of his irony, and where not a few of those well-known stories which help to eke out his amusing "Tour through France, Germany, and Italy," were first narrated. Long, long before the worthy Doctor had paced with Douglas Duke of Hamilton the picture gallery of the Palais Royal, or gazed with rapture on the untroubled bosom of Lake Albano, did the members of the Hodge Podge roar a laughing chorus to the story of the would-be connoisseur, and at the characteristic sentiments of the Scotch and English scene-hunter; and it was to characterise and register the various members of this noble fraternity that he indited, in the spirit of Goldsmith's "Retaliation," the following unambitious but graphic stanzas:—

"A club of choice fellows, each fortnight, employ  
An evening in laughter, good humour, and joy;  
Like the national council, they often debate,  
And settle the army, the navy, and state.

"In this club there's a jumble of nonsense and sense,  
And the name of *Hodge Podge* they have taken from thence;  
If, in jumbling verses, this ditty I frame,  
Pray be not surprised if a Hodge-Podger I am.

"If you choose to know more of this merry class,  
Like the kings in Macbeth, they shall one by one pass:  
The man that can't bear with a good-humour'd rub,  
I am sure is not worthy a place in this club.

"He who leads up the van is stout Thomas the tall,  
Who can make us all laugh, though he laughs at us all;  
But *entre nous*, Tom, you and I, if you please,  
Must take care not to laugh ourselves out of our fees. (a)

"Rough Peter's the next, who is about to appear,  
With his weather-beat phiz, and his heathery hair;  
His humour is blunt, and his sayings are snell,  
An excellent heart in a villanous shell. (b)

(a) Dr. Thomas Hamilton—(b) Peter Blackburn, Esq.



- “ Honest David slinks in with a slovenly air,  
Beloved by his friends, though o'erlook'd by the fair;  
About women or dress he ne'er troubles his head,  
But pulls out his pigtail, and takes to the quid. (c)
- “ What whistling and singing now grateth our ears?  
By the music, 'tis Campbell of Clathie appears:  
To do good he in will nor ability fails—  
I wish he'd leave whistling and mumping his nails. (d)
- “ With feelings too keen to be ever at ease,  
A lover of satire, but afraid to displease;  
When applauded a wit, but when censured a dunce—  
Retort on Dunlop, and you gag him at once. (e)
- “ An obsequious Doctor appears next in view,  
Who smoothly glides in with a minuet bow;  
In manners how soft! in apparel how trig!  
With a vast deal of physic contain'd in his wig! (f)
- “ Does a merchant, a squire, or a soldier come next?  
Or a medley of all these three characters mix'd?  
No better companion than Baird have I known,  
When he apes no man's manners, but sticks to his own. (g)
- “ Easy Murdoch comes sauntering, as if in a dream,  
Who strives with the current, but follows the stream:  
In your voyage through life, Peter, choose your friends well—  
'Tis in *their* power to lead you to heaven or —. (h)
- “ What precise dapper gentleman now treads the scene?  
How sagacious in look, and how formal in mien!  
Why, Ritchie runs counter the general rule—  
Though he always looks wise, yet, in faith, is no fool. (i)
- “ Begot, born, and bred in John Calvin's meek faith,  
How dar'st thou thus rage, like a Pagan in wrath?  
'If works, without faith, do not turn to account,  
G— d— me,' says Archie, 'if my soul shall mount.' (k)
- “ A pair of gold buckles, without any carving,  
The fashion and finishing not worth a farthing;  
At home manufactured, with plenty of metal,  
Are emblems of Orr, and they hit to a tittle. (l)

(c) David Cross, Esq.—(d) John Campbell of Clathie—(e) James Dunlop of Garnkirk—(f) Dr. Stevenson—(g) John Baird of Craigton—(h) Provost Murdoch—(i) Henry Ritchie of Busbie—(k) Archibald Henderson, Esq.—(l) John Orr of Barrowfield.



- “ Make way, here advances a physical face—  
 But why, my dear Doctor, this rueful grimace?  
 We allow you have parts, but that need not, I think,  
 Make you screw up your face, as if smelling a stink. (m)
- “ He, so meagre and wan, who appears next in view,  
 Is the modestest youth I ever yet knew;  
 Such bashfulness cannot have place in my lays,  
 For 'tis equally hurt, or by satire or praise. (n)
- “ The next who comes forward is honest Will Coats,  
 Not a friendlier heart betwixt and John Groats;  
 Behold how he strutteth, so careless and smart,  
 And looks, as if saying, ‘ I don’t care a —.’ (o)
- “ Squire Dougall, your servant, with all your good luck,  
 You cannot well be both a beau and a buck:  
 Leave the bowl or the ladies,—‘ Done,’ cries the good soul,  
 ‘ Then hang up the women, and fill up the bowl.’ (p)
- “ He’s follow’d by Simson, so lean and so lank;  
 You’d know, by his looks, there’s a run on the bank:  
 Ah! why thy bag-wig dost thou shake at me so,  
 Thou canst say I did it, ghostly Banco? (q)
- “ He who slounges in next, so composed in his mien,  
 Slips quietly through life, as he slips through this scene;  
 Esteem’d by the Club, he abhorreth a throng,  
 And wieldeth a poker, and nods to the song. (r)
- “ A hogshead rolls forward, the worthiest among;  
 What grumbling and growling it makes at the bung.  
 ’Tis as jolly a cask as ere loaded the ground—  
 ’Tis plump John Dunlop, with his belly so round.
- “ Great Bacchus himself, our meeting to grace,  
 Displays his wide belly and jolly round face.  
 ‘ Who? Bacchus, Sir?’ No faith, you must guess again,  
 Honest Hugh is no god, though the greatest of men. (s)
- “ Oh! how shall I hit off thy character, Graham?  
 Thy picture’s a Proteous, not two hours the same.  
 Shall I paint thee impetuous, volatile, mad?  
 Whip, presto, begone! he’s staid, sullen, and sad. (t)

(m) Dr. Robert Dick, Professor of Natural Philosophy—(n) James Luke, Esq.—(o) William Coats, Esq.—(p) J. Dougall of Easter House—(q) Mr. Simson, of Baird & Simson—(r) Mr. William Anderson—(s) Hugh Blackburn, Esq.—(t) Graham of Dugaldston.



“Montgomerie has pass’d, and will still pass his days,  
Unwounded by malice, regardless of praise;  
Untainted by party, unruffled by strife,  
Unharass’d by children, and sacred from wife. (u)

“Despising all airs, detesting all art,  
The thought bursts spontaneous from Douglas’s heart.  
Of the dregs of his vigour the best let us make,  
He may do for a leech, though he’s done for a rake. (x)

“The surly companion, who brings up the rear,  
Who looks so morose, and still speaks with a sneer,  
Would fain have you think he’s a poet and wit,—  
But, indeed, Mr. Moore, you’re confoundedly bit. (y)

“At length we have finish’d our motley review;  
Let a bumper be fill’d to the health of the crew;  
In that flowing bowl let our sorrows be drown’d,  
And may jollity, happiness, and friendship go round!”

Although there is no record to tell the precise date of these verses, there is enough of circumstantial evidence left to convince us that they could not well have been penned before 1766; but as one or two of the parties portrayed in the song had been admitted some years afterwards, it is likely that additions were subsequently made to it. Be that as it may, it may easily be imagined with what gusto the Doctor sped down the staircase of the house which he so long occupied, on the north side of the Tron-gate, opposite the Laigh Kirk Steeple,\* to attend the anniversary meeting of the Hodge Podge, with the consciousness that he would there successfully characterise his boon and jolly companions, and that, ere a few hours had passed, his literary effort would be rewarded with the approbation of even those whose *amour propre* might suffer from his faithful limning. Whatever may have been the effect produced in those who first heard the effu-

(u) James Montgomerie, Esq.—(x) Dr. Colin Douglas—(y) Dr. Moore.

\* It was in this house that his son, Sir John Moore, was born.



sion, it is at least certain that it soon came to be regarded as a just and clever sketch of the Hodge Podge worthies of the period; and so much has it been valued by the members of the past and present day, that no anniversary ever passes without its being sung in all its entirety.

Notwithstanding the retirement of Dr. Moore from Glasgow, which took place in the year 1772,\* in order to accompany the Duke of Hamilton on the grand tour of Europe, at that time deemed so necessary a branch of every young nobleman's education, the Hodge Podge continued its monthly meetings, and recruited its time-diminishing ranks with some of the best of Glasgow citizens, and of the most remarkable notabilities in the neighbourhood.†

\* Dr. Moore appears in the sederunt of the Club in March 1772.

† The following is a correct list of the members of the Hodge Podge, from 1752 to 1802:

James Luke, merchant.  
 James Simson, merchant.  
 Robert Maltman, one of the masters  
 of the Grammar-school.  
 Peter Blackburn, merchant.  
 Thomas Hamilton, surgeon.  
 John Dunlop, merchant.  
 John Moore, surgeon.  
 Thomas Wright, merchant in Edin-  
 burgh.  
 Wm. Anderson, merchant, Glasgow.  
 William Coats, merchant.  
 William Anderson, College.  
 Dr. Robert Dick, Professor of Natu-  
 ral Philosophy.  
 James Montgomery, merchant.  
 John Campbell of Clathie, merchant.  
 David Crosse, merchant.  
 James Dougall, merchant.  
 Dr. Alexander Stevenson.  
 Hugh Blackburn, merchant.  
 Peter Murdoch, merchant.  
 John Baird, merchant.  
 Henry Ritchie, merchant.  
 John Graham of Dougaldston.  
 Colin Douglas, physician.

James Dunlop, merchant.  
 Archibald Henderson, merchant.  
 John Orr of Barrowfield.  
 Mathew Orr of Stobcross.  
 William Craig, advocate, afterwards  
 Lord Craig.  
 Robert Scot, merchant.  
 John Dunlop, merchant.  
 Thomas Donald, merchant.  
 James M'Dowall, merchant.  
 William Mure of Caldwell.  
 James Murdoch, merchant.  
 Robert Houston Rae.  
 William M'Dowal of Garthland.  
 Andw. Buchanan of Mount Vernon.  
 James Maxwell of Williamwood.  
 Archibald Campbell of Blythwood.  
 Henry Glassford of Dougaldston.  
 John Hamilton, merchant.  
 George Munro of Calderbank.  
 Charles Stirling of Kenmure.  
 Sir John Maxwell of Pollok, Bart.  
 James Dunlop of Househill.  
 John Blackburn, merchant.  
 Campbell Douglas, merchant.  
 General Peter.

From the records it appears that Dr. Moore was present at a Club dinner on 4th February 1777.



Among those whom death cut off from the convivialities of the Hodge Podge Club at a rather early period, were Dr. Colin Douglas and Dr. Alexander Stevenson, two very eminent physicians, and who, by the elegiac poet of the fraternity, Mr. John Dunlop,\* were honoured with the following epitaphs, which are regularly placed

\* Mr. John Dunlop was the younger brother of Mr. Dunlop of Garnkirk. He was originally a merchant in Glasgow, and attained the dignity of Lord Provost of the City. He was afterwards appointed Collector at Borrowstounness, and ultimately Collector of Customs at Port-Glasgow, where he died. He was a man of sound sense, considerable wit and humour, sang beautifully, and possessed in fact every qualification calculated to render him a delightful social companion. He had a considerable talent for versification, and contributed many gems to what may be called *the theatre of mortality*. Among these are two given in the "Coltness Collections," printed by the Maitland Club; the first intended for a tablet, designed by Lady Frances Stewart for that connubial arbour at Coltness, which was the favourite retreat of her husband and herself in the bright days of their early love, and again in the mellow calm of their declining years; and the second the appropriate and feeling tribute to the memory of Lady Frances herself; the last of which appeared in a privately circulated collection of similar effusions, by the same author. As a fair specimen of his elegiac powers, we give the latter:—

"For beauty and for youth let others weep,  
Laid by the hand of death in life's last sleep;  
Their fate lament, their merits blazon o'er,  
Lost to the world that ne'er shall see them more.  
Tho' neither youth nor beauty slumbers here,  
Yet age and virtue claim the parting tear:  
A tear to grace the spot where wisdom lies,  
Wit without malice, truth without disguise.  
Here rests religion, void of vain pretence,  
Founded on reason and matured by sense,  
With every Christian attribute adorn'd,  
By all who knew, who felt its influence mourn'd,  
Blest be the heart that heaves the generous sigh,  
Sacred the drop that springs from sorrow's eye;  
Yet reason shall our selfish grief restrain,  
And check the tear that now must flow in vain.  
Far, far removed from sorrow's sighs and tears,  
Thy holy spirit dwells in heavenly spheres,  
Welcomed by angels to their high abode,  
Pure as themselves and reconciled to God."

Mr. Dunlop did not confine himself altogether to epitaphs, but at times indulged in the gayer music of the lyre. Among the many lyrics which he



on the records of the Club, in token of respect to their memory. The first is

ON DR. COLIN DOUGLAS.

“ The plain good man who lies beneath this stone  
 Detested flattery. Let us give him none.  
 Endow'd with probity and manly sense,  
 With genuine knowledge, void of vain pretence,  
 No sneaking caution, nor low venal art  
 Check'd or disguised the dictates of his heart;  
 Free from his lips his sentiments did flow,  
 Unawed by wealth or power, by friend or foe.  
 Reader! if thou canst boast as firm a friend,  
 As true, sincere, and void of private end,  
 With thy best care endeavour to retain  
 What kings can't give nor Eastern treasures gain.”

The next is

ON DR. ALEXANDER STEVENSON.

“ Let hireling bards on splendid marbles tell,  
 How kings and heroes lived and how they fell;  
 To private worth this humble stone we raise,  
 Inscribed by Friendship with no venal praise.  
 The man whose hallow'd dust lies here enshrined,  
 Was bountiful, beneficent, and kind;  
 From honour's path he never did depart,  
 Mild were his manners, tender was his heart,  
 Joy and good humour fill'd his honest soul,  
 When mirth and fancy sparkled round the bowl;  
 And when dull care sat brooding on the brim,  
 The recreant fled his merriment and whim.  
 Friendship shall mourn and Medicine deplore  
 The heart that glows, the hand that heals no more;  
 While every reader joins the general tear,  
 For gentle, generous Stevenson lies here.”

At the anniversary dinner of 1806, the Club, in consideration of the respect they felt towards the memory

penned, we may merely mention the well-known songs of “ Here's a health to the year that's awa',” and “ O dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye?” both of which still keep their place among the most popular songs of the day. On talking lately to my venerable friend, Principal Macfarlan, respecting Mr. Dunlop, with whom he was acquainted, he mentioned that at the first meeting of



of its founder, Dr. Moore, and for the military ability and great gallantry of his son, unanimously elected Sir John Moore an Honorary Member; and the Secretary, Mr. Peter Murdoch, was instructed to intimate the same to the then Lieutenant-General. The rapid rise of this distinguished officer to the lofty position which he had already attained was justly deemed a high honour to the City of his birth, and was peculiarly grateful to the group of patriotic men whom his father had so early and so cordially linked together by the tie of a friendly brotherhood. The compliment thus paid to Sir John Moore was considered no empty one by him who was the object of it, for we find the gallant officer lost no time in replying to the notice of his election, in the following words:

“ LONDON, 21st May, 1806.

“ MY DEAR MURDOCH,

“ I am very sensible of the distinction shown me by the Hodge Podge Club; and am much flattered by it, both as a compliment to myself, and to the memory of my father. I beg you will request the Club to accept my best thanks. When times are quiet, I hope to avail myself of the seat they have given me amongst them; in the meantime, I must pursue the career I have been engaged in for these last thirty years. I am preparing to go to Sicily, where I hope to do nothing to render me unworthy of being a member of the Hodge Podge.

“ Yours sincerely,

“ JOHN MOORE.”

From this period forward “the times” to Sir John Moore

the Sons of the Clergy which the Principal attended, which was in 1795, Mr. Dunlop sat, as being then the Provost of Glasgow, on the right hand of the Chairman, Dr. Porteous, and showed himself well worthy of holding that distinguished office. It may be stated that Mr. Dunlop was father of the well-known Sheriff of Renfrewshire, whose work on “The History of Fiction” justly gained for its author the highest credit and reputation.



never became "quiet."\* During the three succeeding years of his life he was kept in constant occupation and anxiety, and hence never had an opportunity of taking his seat at the Hodge Podge board. On 1st February

\* Sir John Moore was born, as already mentioned, in Donald's land, on the 13th November 1761, and in Glasgow he received the rudiments of his education, which was completed on the Continent, whither, in 1773, he had accompanied his father, then in the Duke of Hamilton's suite as medical attendant. He entered the army in 1776, and, after passing through all the intermediate gradations in due order, became Lieutenant-Colonel of the 40th. In 1786 he represented the Lanark district of burghs in Parliament. As a soldier, Moore first distinguished himself in the Mediterranean, by an attack on the fortified town of Fornelli, in Corsica, which he carried by assault on 17th February 1795. Soon after he displayed equal gallantry at Calvi, where, although severely wounded in the head, he entered the enemy's works in company with the Grenadiers, whom he led. In 1795 he was promoted to the rank of Colonel in the army, and was then sent with the 51st Regiment to the West Indies; where, after the capture of the Dutch Colony, he was employed in the reduction of St. Lucie. In 1798 he assisted in suppressing the Irish Rebellion; the victory gained at Wexford being mainly attributed to his skill and courage. Early in 1800 he was sent, under the orders of Sir R. Abercromby, to Egypt; and, as Major-General, was chosen to head the first landing party, which he did with such intrepidity as to render even the most courageous resistance vain. The French retired to Alexandria; and Moore next day received the thanks of the Commander-in-Chief. In the subsequent action of the 21st March, during which the British troops were attacked with great impetuosity, and in which General Abercromby was killed, Moore was again wounded when leading on the reserve, against which the principal attack of the enemy was directed; he recovered, however, in time to assist at the siege of Cairo; and, after the reduction of Alexandria, he was appointed to escort the capitulating army to the place of embarkation. General Moore thereafter returned to England, where he received the honour of knighthood, with the Order of the Bath, and where he also remained till 1805. Having attained the rank of Lieutenant-General, and obtained the Coloneley of the 52d, he was once more despatched, in 1806, under General Fox, to the Mediterranean, whence he returned early in 1808. In that year he was sent to the Baltic with an armament of 10,000 men, to assist the King of Sweden, whence he almost immediately returned to England. After spending a few days there, he was sent with a body of troops to Portugal, to act under Generals Dalrymple and Burrard. He reached the head-quarters of the British army soon after the important convention of Cintra. The superiors in command having been successively recalled, Sir John Moore at length as-



1809, at the first meeting of the Club immediately succeeding the victory of Corunna, and the melancholy death of the hero who there sleeps "with his martial cloak around him," the whole members present appeared

sumed the chief command, to which he ought to have been at first nominated. Amid many difficulties—caused by the ignorance of the Government at home, and of their agents at Madrid, as well as by the imbecility of the Spanish Junta, and the treachery of the Spanish nobles—Sir John Moore commenced his advance to Sahagun, and thereafter his retreat to Corunna. It is unnecessary here to enter upon the able manner in which that gallant soldier conducted a difficult march, in the face of a very superior French force, flushed with unbroken victories over every Spanish army, and ultimately led by Napoleon himself. Under his guidance the British army reached the port of embarkation in sufficient time to have got on board without trouble. But the transports had not arrived, and before the embarkation could be safely accomplished, the French, on the 16th January 1809, attacked the British position; yet in spite of all their efforts they were defeated, and our troops remained masters of the field. It was when in the act of ordering up the Guards to support the brave Highlanders, that Sir John Moore received his death-wound, by a cannon ball, on the shoulder, and was conveyed from the field in a blanket by six soldiers of the 42d. Captain Hardinge, observing that his sword incommoded him, attempted to unbuckle it. "It is as well as it is," said Moore, calmly; "I had rather that it should go out of the field with me." He was so sensible of his approaching dissolution that he said to the surgeons, who offered him their assistance, "You can be of no service to me; go to the soldiers, to whom you may be useful." "You know," said he to his friend Colonel Anderson, "that I have always wished to die this way. I hope the people of England will be satisfied." His last moments were consecrated to tender remembrances, and inquiries about the fate of his friends. He was buried in his uniform, upon the ramparts of Corunna. A monument to his memory has since been raised by the Marquis Romana, at the village of Elvina, where he fell, and whither the remains of this lamented hero were afterwards removed. The following inscription is placed on the monument:

"A la Gloria  
Del General Ingles Moore,  
Y sus valientes Compatriotas,  
La Espana agradecida."

General Hope, on whom the chief command devolved, took advantage of the success which had been obtained to embark the army before it should be overwhelmed by the increasing numbers of the enemy; and this was happily accomplished during the night. Although the British lost upwards of 5,000 men in this retreat, it has always been regarded as a great military



in mourning, thereby paying a tribute of affectionate respect to the memory of a brother, called forth by the solemn and striking events connected with his death.\* It is gratifying to remember that the feelings then evoked by the brilliant talents and untimely death of the gallant soldier, who had been born and bred within the precincts of the City, did not fruitlessly evaporate, but soon thereafter took a tangible shape, in a subscription for the erection of Flaxman's famous statue of the Hero of Corunna, which has now been long a leading ornament of Glasgow.†

We cannot even allude to the thousand and one joyous meetings which have taken place during the more than one hundred years' existence of the Hodge Podge Club, whose onward life has survived every change of sentiment, and every alteration of manners; but, of these happy assemblies, we may be pardoned for selecting two. First,

achievement. By a rare union of natural sagacity, military skill, firmness of mind, vigilance and circumspection, decision, and promptitude of action, Sir John Moore extricated the British army with great glory, and with far less loss than was to be expected, from a situation in which the improvidence of both the British and Spanish Governments, the puerile and frantic interference of individuals, and the treachery of others had involved it.

\* The sederunt of the Club on this occasion consisted of the following members:—William Mure of Caldwell, *Preses*; Messrs. Peter Murdoch, William M'Dowall, George Munro, William Dunlop, James Murdoch, Kirkman Finlay, Samuel Hunter, and a stranger, Mr. A. Dunlop.

† In the course of a few days, upwards of £4,000 was subscribed by the citizens of Glasgow; and a monument was ordered to be erected to the memory of their fellow-townsmen, Sir John Moore. On the 16th August 1819, a bronze pedestrian statue of the hero, by Flaxman, was erected on a granite pedestal in George-Square. The City Corporation subscribed £100 towards this statue. On the 17th July 1809, a grand Oratorio was performed in the Cathedral in memory of the hero; the principal singers being Mrs. Dickons, Miss Shepley, and Messrs. Bellamy and Trueman; Mr. Hindmarsh, leader, and Mr. Donaldson, organist.



the dinner, given on the 16th November 1807, to the then father of the Club, Mr. Peter Murdoch, who on that day had been a member of the Hodge Podge for half a century;\* and, secondly, we would mention the centenary anniversary of the Club, which took place on the 5th May 1852—on which occasion the Earl of Glasgow acted as chairman, and fourteen members of the Western Club were present, it being now a rule that only gentlemen belonging to this latter Club can be admitted into the more narrow circle of the Hodge Podge. On both occasions the Club sustained its character for joviality and good fellowship—forgetting, in their hearty libations, neither their *fathers* nor the *fair*; while each member cordially joined in the choral couplet of Dr. Moore,

“ In the deep flowing bowl, let our sorrows be drown’d,  
And may jollity, happiness, and friendship go round.”†

Among the early members of the Hodge Podge, there were not a few whose sayings might have contributed to eke out the pages of any modern “Laird of Logan;” and among these we may mention Mr. Baird of Craigton, who, besides being a man of old family, was from his wit and pleasantry courted by the best society in the

\* The following members were present in honour of Mr. Murdoch :

John Dunlop, Preses.  
Peter Murdoch.<sup>1</sup>  
William Mure of Caldwell.  
John Blackburn of Killearn.  
Provost John Hamilton.  
Henry Ritchie of Busbie.  
James Farie, of Farme.  
Archd. Campbell of Blythswood.  
George Munro of Calderbank.

William Dunlop.  
Charles M‘Intosh of Dunchattan.  
Sir John Maxwell of Pollok, Bart.  
James Dunlop of Househill.  
*Strangers.*  
Sir David Hunter Blair.  
William Stirling.  
John Ferguson.  
Robert Wallace, of Kelly.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Peter Murdoch died on 11th May 1817; and at the meeting which followed the members appeared in deep mourning.

† On the 50th anniversary of the Club, which took place on the 5th May 1802, Mr. John Dunlop wrote and sang the following song, and which we



City and County. This gentleman lived in Trongate, near the bottom of Brunswick-street, and carried on business with the West Indies, where he had some property. Among the many floating anecdotes which oral tradition have handed down, the following may be mentioned. One day, while he and Mr. Orr of Barrowfield were riding in the country, they observed a carriage pass

verily believe he repeated at the dinner given to Mr. Murdoch, at which he acted as Chairman:—

“ Once more we meet in social glee,  
Though fifty years are o’er,  
And press around the flowing bowl,  
To drain its juice encore;  
While Friendship hovering round the board,  
Applauds the jovial vein,  
And whispers every honest soul,  
‘ Come, fill your glass again.’

“ Though Time with dread resistless step,  
Hath march’d our phalanx through,  
And claim’d from those we loved so well,  
The debt by nature due;  
Why, therefore, should we fret or fume?  
Or why perplex our brain?  
For hark! those guardian spirits cry—  
‘ Come, fill your glass again.’

“ To you, ye friends and brethren dear,  
The glass surcharged behold,  
You’ve gone the way we all must take,  
The timid and the bold;  
But ere the slippery path we tread,  
Let none that’s here disdain  
To seize the courage wine can give,  
And drink his glass again.

“ Long may we quaff the social cup,  
In merry mood below,  
And may we meet, whene’er we part,  
Such friends where’er we go;  
In youth, in manhood, and in age,  
Whose hearts unchanged remain,  
Who wisely prize the present joy,  
And fill their glass again.”



them at a furious rate—the horses having ran off—in which was ensconced Mr. G. M——, a very unpopular and *quis-quis* character. The danger appeared imminent, and had it not been for a bold individual who, at great risk to himself, rushed forward and stopped the horses, there was every likelihood of the carriage being dashed to pieces, and its occupant killed on the spot. By the time that the horsemen got up, the carriage had moved onward, when Mr. Orr inquired of the courageous individual whether he had got anything for the great risk he had run? “Oh! yes,” said the man, “I’ve got a shilling;” upon which Mr. Orr broke out into a towering passion at the idea of a gentleman only giving a shilling for saving his life, when Mr. Baird coolly remarked, “Come away, Sir, it is quite enough; every man best knows the value of his own life!” On another occasion, on going out in winter to Williamwood, he told Mr. Maxwell on arrival that he had ridden a considerable way with a Mr. Haddow, but as it was *snowing* he thought he would soon be a *whiting*. Mr. Maxwell, brimful of the equivoque, repeated the saying at the first meeting of the Club; but finding no one enjoying the joke, he cried out “Why do you not all laugh? Is it not a capital story?—at least it was so when Baird told it to me.” Upon which Mr. Baird calmly said, “True, James, but you have forgotten the *snow!*”

Before closing this rather hasty sketch of a fraternity that has so long flourished in Glasgow, we must be allowed to record a practice which was early begun, and has since been most religiously followed; we allude to the practice of selecting, or rather *electing*, at each



anniversary, a list of reigning *belles* or *beauties* to be the standing toasts for the twelvemonth.\* What a galaxy of departed loveliness is stereotyped in those unchanging records of Club taste! What a succession of forms and faces worthy of the pencil of the tasteful limner of Nell Gwynne, or of la belle Hamilton; ay, even of the budding and bursting beauties of Sir Joshua Reynolds himself! Sure are we, that had the countenances of those to whose health so many flowing bumpers were quaffed by the Hodge Podge Club been transferred to canvas, by such artists as our own Graham or M'Nee, the world would have found some difficulty in determining whether the beauties of the Second Charles or those of the Hodge Podge Club were most worthy of admiration!

While the lists of elected beauties, which are so regularly and so long recorded in the annals of the Hodge Podge Club, have necessarily been subjected to continued change, either through mortality or matrimony, there is happily one relic, connected with the history of the brotherhood, which has survived all the dangers of time and accident, and that relic is the Club snuff-box. Although it has now for many years been the receptacle of that "diverting powder," so necessary to titillate the noses of the members, it still

\* Among the hundred annual lists of toasts regularly entered in the Minute-book of the Club, that of 1809 contains a perfect galaxy of beauty, all of whom we remember to have seen in our own boyhood. It was of one of those lovely young ladies belonging to that period, the following anecdote was told:—Being one day talking with a stranger gentleman from a distance, about Glasgow and its gaieties, the conversation turned upon balls, and those who attended them; when the stranger laughingly asked this fair toast of the Hodge Podge, "Have you many *beauties* in Glasgow?" on which the young belle naively replied, "There are five of us!"



looks as young as on the day that it came from the turning-lathe of "Simson the pastor." In form and ornament it is redolent of the style and taste of the middle of the last century, and speaks, to all who may have the good fortune to gaze upon it, in the following words:

" Simson the pastor\* turn'd my frame,  
 With his own holy hands;  
 Simson the merchant† bound the same  
 In these fair silver bands:  
 But, what delights me more than all,  
 Great Hugo‡ did me dub  
 To be the Snuff-mill General  
 Unto the Hodge Podge Club."

One sentence more and we have done. Of all the Clubs which club-creating Glasgow has produced, the Hodge Podge, perhaps, is the only one which can hold a comparison with the well-known London "*Beefsteaks*," in having had a poet-laureate in a Moore instead of a Morris; and although, since the demise of the literary Doctor, there has certainly arisen no equally caustic singer who could pluck the long silent harp from the willow, to characterise the successive members of this necessarily changing brotherhood during its more than one hundred years' existence,§ yet it must never be forgotten, by those who may

\* The Professor of Divinity, and father of Dr. Moore's wife.

† Mr. Simson, a partner of the Ship Bank.

‡ Hugh Blackburn, Esq.

§ Mr. James Murdoch, the son of Mr. Peter Murdoch, attempted to follow in the wake of Dr. Moore, by endeavouring, at a later period of the Club's existence, to characterise certain of the then members. We shall select a few verses from this lyric, which was sung to the air of "Derrydown." Mr. Murdoch published a thin volume of poetical effusions for private circulation:—

" Father Murdoch comes first, with manners paternal,  
 So easy and mild, may his reign prove eternal;



prefer Peden to Pope, that within these few years the Club could boast of a *Samuel*, whose political prophesies were as attentively listened to, and as religiously believed,

Long may he live with us, forgetting ills past,  
Endear'd to the Club, and esteem'd to the last. (a)

“ What versatile talents in Dunlop prevail!  
Thou genius of Hodge Podge! friend of mixture, all hail!  
A merchant, a sportsman, a mayor, a collector,  
Squire, captain, and poet, politician, and factor. (b)

“ Brimful of good humour, his mind all in tune,  
See Macdowall how neatly he handles the spoon;  
He has point in his jokes, he has wit in his fun,  
And full quaintly he tickles our souls with a pun. (c)

“ Squire, lawyer, and merchant, and soldier comes next,  
Not fictitious in song, but true as the text;  
In Glassford, these characters mix and agree,  
And surely no better Hodge-Podger than he. (d)

“ Next Maxwell appears—but here let me pause,  
There's no opening for satire, and he shrinks from applause;  
Sees some led by fashion, and others by pelf,  
Regardless looks on, and still acts for himself. (e)

“ What talents convivial, what manners refined,  
What sentiments just in our Garthland we find!  
Our hearts on a prize, which worth only reaps,  
What his merit hath gain'd, and his modesty keeps. (f)

“ Go, search our whole circle, we never will find  
A better companion, one man to our mind,  
Than Houston, whose temper, all mildness and ease,  
Harmonises each feeling, and fails not to please. (g)

“ With air magisterial, and dignified mien,  
The bailie who hopes to be provost struts in;  
He sticks to his glass, at a bowl never flinches,  
And becomes as it empties, a great man for his inches. (h)

(a) Peter Murdoch—(b) Mr. John Dunlop—(c) Mr. James Macdowall of Castlesemple—(d) Mr. H. Glassford of Dougaldston—(e) Mr. Maxwell of Williamwood—(f) Mr. Macdowall of Garthland—(g) Mr. Houston of Jordanhill—(h) Provost John Hamilton.



as those of his ancient and illustrious namesake.\* Soft may the sod rest on the ashes of this departed Solon of the Hodge Podge Club; of whom it may be truly affirmed

“ Whose features are these with intelligent glow?  
See, good nature she beams from the face of Monro;  
His manners are never presuming or loud,  
In the Club-room they please, but are lost in a crowd. (i)

“ Ever cheerful and gay, see, Stirling hops in,  
Keeps dashing away through thick and through thin;  
While action and feeling have mark'd his career,  
As the vot'ry of friendship, and soul of good cheer. (k)

“ Next Blackburn appears, though with argument teeming,  
'Tis argument fill'd full of matter and meaning;  
As far as we see he breeds true from his stock,  
And proves a good chip from a worthy old block. (l)

“ When we speak of our friend, who brings up the rear,  
Let us say what we think, without flatt'ry or fear;  
In Househill, worth, honour, and plainness we trace,  
They fashion his manners and show in his face.” (m)

(i) Mr. Monro of Calderbank—(k) Mr. Charles Stirling of Kenmure—  
(l) Mr. Blackburn of Killearn—(m) Mr. Dunlop of Househill.

\* Mr. Samuel Hunter, to whom allusion is made above, was the son of the minister of Stoneykirk, in Wigtownshire, and was born at the manse of that parish on the 19th March 1769. After receiving the rudiments of his education in his native place, young Hunter was sent to the University of Glasgow, where he completed his studies in a very creditable manner; and, at the close of the last century, served in Ireland as a Surgeon, and subsequently as a Captain in the North Lowland Fencibles. Some time after his return from the sister kingdom, he took up his residence in Glasgow, and almost immediately became a great favourite with the best society in the City, not more for his wit and good humour, than for his innate principles of honour and gentlemanly deportment. On the 10th January 1803, he was announced as part-proprietor and sole conductor of the *Herald and Advertiser* newspaper; and immediately thereafter, the nation being again at war with France, and constantly menaced with invasion, his knowledge as a military man was turned to account by his fellow-citizens, and he was appointed Major in a corps of Gentlemen Sharpshooters, which had been raised, along with many others, for the defence of their country. At this period Major Hunter was the caressed and respected of all, for there was no political partisanship in those days. Subsequently, Major Hunter was ad-



that, among the many worthies who from time to time have encircled their board, none ever possessed a sounder head or a warmer heart. All respect to the memory of honest Samuel Hunter, and long life and prosperity to the Hodge Podge Club!

vanced to be the Colonel-Commandant of the Fourth Regiment of Highland Local Militia, at which time his popularity was at its height; and it may be in the recollection of many persons, with what emotions of satisfaction he was welcomed when he headed his Gaelic legion, donned in the full paraphernalia of the Highland garb! Mr. Hunter, who was always active, was next chosen a member of the City Council, and in due course was elected a Magistrate, in which capacity many anecdotes highly creditable to him as a judge have been related. At another period of excitement, namely in 1819-20, he was once more brought into active service, as Commandant of a very fine corps of Gentlemen Sharpshooters; from which time, and until he withdrew from the direction of the *Glasgow Herald* in 1837, he was constantly before the public, respected and beloved by every one. On abandoning the editorial chair—at the moment when the journal which he had so long and ably conducted, had begun to reward him for the talent and industry which he had bestowed on it—he first retired to Rothesay, and thereafter to the manse of his nephew, the Rev. Dr. Campbell of Kilwinning, where he finished his earthly career, surrounded by his relatives and friends, and in the full possession of all his faculties, on the 9th June 1839. Mr. Hunter was possessed of an enlarged and cultivated mind, but his distinguishing quality was sterling sound sense. His style of writing was terse, clear, and occasionally epigrammatic. Affectation and conceit to him were an abomination, and in spite of his constant good nature, he was occasionally tempted to pour out a vial of pungent satire on those who exhibited either of those disgusting peculiarities. Towards those with whom he associated, he ever proved himself a warm and sincere friend; and towards those who required pecuniary assistance, he was eminently tender-hearted and kind, but would have blushed if his benevolence were publicly known. In short, he was a man of high honour, of true patriotism, of considerable learning, of sound sense, and of unostentatious benevolence; and, as a guide and controller of public opinion in the West of Scotland, he was regarded as little less than an oracle; the Glasgow quidnuncs being in the habit of asking, during Mr. Hunter's editorial career, not "What are the news?" but "What is Samuel saying to it to-day?"



GLASGOW FROM 1750 TO 1780—AND MY LORD  
ROSS'S CLUB.

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DURING the thirty years which immediately followed the establishment of the Anderston and Hodge Podge Clubs, great changes had been gradually taking place in all things connected with Glasgow. Commerce and manufactures had given it a stimulating and onward progress; while science and the arts had added their mighty aid in effecting improvement. As proofs of the latter influence, it may be mentioned that in 1759 the first Act for deepening the river Clyde was obtained; and that in 1764 James Watt\* made his first model of a steam-engine, to the benefits derived from which Glasgow and

\* James Watt, on attempting to set up as an instrument-maker in Glasgow, was prevented doing so by the then privileged Incorporation of Hammermen, as not being free of the craft. Attempts were next made for obtaining their leave for a very small work wherein to make his experiments, but this was peremptorily refused. The University, however, in his difficulty came to his rescue, and granted him a room within the precincts of the College, which was free of the incubus of all guilds—and there he completed the model of his steam-engine, and which model is still in the possession of the University, and looked upon as one of its greatest treasures. It was in 1764 that Watt was employed to repair a model of Newcomen's steam-engine, and it was when so engaged that the idea of a separate condenser occurred to him; and in 1766 it appears, from the College accounts, that he was paid £5 : 11s. for repairing the said steam-engine. Mr. Muirhead mentions, in his *Life of Watt*, that "the interesting model, as altered by the hand of Watt, and preserved in all safety and honour within the precincts of its ancient birth-place, has been appropriately placed beside the noble statue of the engineer in the Hunterian Museum—a sacred relic worthy of such a shrine—and there visited by many a worshipping pilgrim."



its harbour owe everything. Necessity and utilitarianism combined also to sweep away many of the old land-marks; and among these we find that—first in 1755, and again in 1788—the remains of the once celebrated Castle, or Episcopal Palace, (and which is first alluded to in 1300, when Edward the First had possession of nearly the whole lowlands of Scotland,) began to be barbarously used, like the Amphitheatre of Vespasian at Rome, as a common quarry; its final demolition having been postponed till the year 1789, when its whole ruins were removed to make room for the open space in front of the Royal Infirmary.\*

Of the fourteen Lord Provosts who, from 1750 to 1780, had been elevated to the high office of presiding over the Council and community of Glasgow, there are perhaps none, with the exception of Provosts Cochrane and Donald, whose civic fame has come down to the present hour.† They were all, no doubt, most respectable

\* This ancient stronghold was surrounded by a very high wall, which latterly, on the western side, hung for a long time over Kirk-street so very considerably, that Mr. Coulter could never be advised to go near it, from a belief in the story, that whenever the wisest man in the City came in contact with it, it would fall and smother him!

† Provost Andrew Cochrane, according to the prefatory notice to the Cochrane Correspondence, published by the Maitland Club, "was born in 1693, and was bred to mercantile life. He was first chosen Provost (after having been Bailie for several years) in 1741, and was re-elected to that dignity in 1744-45, at a crisis when unflinching integrity of purpose and great firmness of conduct were required. Under his official guidance, Glasgow fully maintained the reputation of a staunch adherence to the Protestant Constitution; and to his skilful management was owing the recovery of compensation for the losses sustained from the rebels by its loyal inhabitants." The Cochrane Correspondence displays in the strongest manner the public spirit of the Provost, and the anxiety and labour which the Rebellion and its consequences imposed upon him. He had, however, for reward the gratitude of his townsmen, and that conscious rectitude which dictated his famous ejaculation, "I thank God my magistracy has ended without reproach!" Mr. Cochrane was elected for the last time Provost



men in their day and generation, and maintained the dignity of the office not only in the chair of the Council chamber, but also on the right hand seat of honour at any civic feast—whether it might have been a dinner at three, or a supper at eight—then given by any of their admiring close-corporation constituents. It is a matter of history, however, that two of those Provosts had their names engraved on the foundation-plates of two new churches; and that two others had likewise their honours stereotyped on those indestructible metal tablets which

in 1760; and till the close of his life, his exertions were bestowed on the support of Hutcheson's Hospital, of which he died Preceptor in 1777. A handsome monument was erected to his memory in the Cathedral, and which now ornaments the renovated Nave. When the American war was carried on, Provost Donald proceeded to London, and offered to George III. to raise a regiment of a thousand men at the expense of the citizens, which, considering the limited wealth and population of the town, was no small effort. The offer was accepted, and the corps was called the Glasgow Regiment, and afterwards the 83d. His Majesty offered Provost Donald a knighthood, but he declined to accept the honour. The raising of this regiment occasioned a great stir in the City, and so enthusiastic were the leading classes in getting the ranks filled up, that many gentlemen paraded with drums and fifes, offering large bounties for recruits. The first public movement to raise the Glasgow Regiment was made by Mr. Gray of Carn-tyne, Mr. James Finlay, and ex-Provost Ingram, who met somewhere in the Gallowgate, whence they proceeded as a recruiting party towards the Cross; Mr. Gray, who was a tall handsome man, wielding a sword as the sergeant in front—followed by Mr. Finlay, playing the pipes—and Mr. Ingram bringing up the rear. On arrival in front of Peter M'Kinlay's, a famous tavern near the Exchange, this trio followed the example of other recruiting parties, by halting and proceeding up stairs, where they were instantly joined by a number of their friends from the Reading-room, anxious to know the success they had met with. Upon which Mr. Ingram said "There's a sergeant and a piper, but I am the regiment!" It was not many days, however, before a thousand men were obtained. Mr. Ingram, as formerly stated, was one of three public-spirited individuals who supported the Messrs. Foulis in their endeavour to establish a Fine Art Academy in Glasgow; and from him the now busy thoroughfare leading to the present Royal Exchange owes its name. It is said that Provost Ingram began the world by selling a peck of "haws."



were placed, with a masonic benediction, under the piers of two new bridges.\*

But of the rest, and perhaps even of the whole of those once most important functionaries, we can only repeat, what has been so laconically said of the Kings of Israel and of Judah, that they each reigned two years, and thereafter disappeared in the common circle of society; while it may also be added that, of their acts—of the kirks that they built, and the bridges which they founded—and all that they said and did, are they not written in the chronicles of the Corporation of Glasgow?

In glancing over these chronicles, which were at that time prepared by Archibald M'Gilchrist and John Wilson, town-clerks, we find many things there more worthy of notice than the mere elections of lord provosts and magistrates—subjects, in fact, well entitled to a few moments' consideration. Bear with us, therefore, patient reader, while we now become the brief chronicler of a few of the more salient matters connected with our civic economy during those bygone times.

From the records, both before and subsequent to the period we are now attempting to illustrate, it seems plain that one thing has always marked the conduct of the Corporation of Glasgow, and that is its sense of gratitude to every one who ever conferred a favour on the community.†

\* The name of Provost Christie is associated with St. Andrew's Church, that of Provost French with St. Enoch's, Provost Murdoch's with Jamaica-street Bridge, and Provost Buchanan's with Rutherglen Bridge.

† The following are a few of the early "Propynes" made by the Town. In 1609—"30 Pounds to buy wyne, to the baptisme of the Provostis barne, and 20 Pounds for sugar and sweet meatis thairwith." On 1st December 1641—"It was ordained that sume Holland cloathe and Scottis linning cloathe, with sume plydes, be sent as a propyne to Mr. Web, the Duiks



Besides the gifts which we have already alluded to, or may afterwards notice, we find that, on the 16th June 1756, Mr. Richard Oswald, merchant in London, was voted a piece of plate for his services in obtaining the Act for erecting a lighthouse on the island of Cumbræ; and that this handsome gift, after having been manufactured by Mrs. Margaret Murdoch or Glen, relict of Mr. Glen, goldsmith in Glasgow, was duly presented to the eminent individual who had so well merited the civic compliment. We also find that, on the 31st January 1776, "the Treasurer is ordered to pay to Milne & Campbell, goldsmiths in Glasgow, the sum of £35:8s. for a two-handled silver cup made by them, and given by the Town to Mr. Goulborn, engineer, on account of deepening the river Clyde."\* And again, in 1776, "the Treasurer

servant, as a testimonie of the townis thankfulness to him for his paines for the townes business." On 16th December 1667—"Ordaines Johne Andersoune Yr. of Dowhill to have ane warrand for the sune of eight hundreth fourscoir sevine punds twa shillings, deburst be him out of the monye receavit be him fra the collectors at the mylnes to Thomas Moncur, goldsmith, for making the propyne of silver work which was given to the Ladie Elphinstoune, the Bischops daughter, at her marriage." In 1687, when the impost on all ale and beer brewn or imported into Glasgow—granted by the King for the town's use—was entrusted to the Council, we find the following strange minute:—"The said day the said Magistrats and Councell, taking to their consideration that there is ane gratuitie to be given to the procurers of the said gift from his most sacred Majestie. They ordaine ane thousand pounds sterling to be borrowed and made readie with all expedition, to be payed on the first end of the said gratuitie." On 3d October 1726, there is "payed to Provost Miller, which he gave in compliment to the Lady Barrowfield (this was on the purchase of the lands by the Town), £1575;" no doubt for her good services on the occasion! On 24th September 1731—"Authorise Robert Luke, goldsmith, to be paid £385:16s. Scots, for a Silver Tea Kettle and Lamp, given in compliment by the Town to Alexr. Finlayson, clerk."

\* Mr. Goulborn only engaged to deepen the channel of the river to seven feet at the quay at the Broomielaw in neap tides.



is ordained to pay to Dr. Irvine £8 : 8s. for his trouble in searching round Glasgow for water to be brought into the City!" How easily contented must the authorities in 1776 have been as to obtaining a proper supply of pure water! What a contrast does their conduct afford to the almost universal feeling evinced by the Magistrates of 1854, and their expenditure of many thousands of pounds, in endeavouring to obtain 40 millions of gallons per diem of the purest water, brought all the way from Loch-Katrine!

If the Corporation and the citizens appear for a long period to have been by no means very clamant about a better supply of water, which they then could only obtain from a few public and private wells, it appears evident that the Magistrates had determined on making a dead set against the town-officers getting any more buns and ale at the expense of the public; for, on the 12th April 1757, we find the following rather curious entry in the Minute-book of the City:—"The whilk day, and considering that the town-officers have been in use to get buns and ale upon the day on which the Lords of the Council come to town, by which sundry abuses have happened, and for remedying whereof in time coming, the Magistrates and Counsell ordain, that for hereafter, the officers be allowed one shilling sterling at each time the Lords come to town at the Circuit." When we reflect on the notoriously bibulous faculties of these functionaries, we may conclude that this enactment must have proved to them no light grievance. The Provostorial *regime* of this period seemed indeed to have been marked by a species of *Hume-like* reform; for in the course of



a very few days after the carriers of the civic fasces were deprived of their cakes and ale, the poor grave-diggers were called upon, out of their narrow funds, to provide the spades and shovels necessary for making "the narrow houses that last till doomsday!"

The cheese-paring system pursued during Provost Christie's reign appears, however, to have been somewhat changed under that of his successor; for we find that on the 18th June 1759, James Scruton,\* who, by the way, was induced to come down from London several years before to teach Italian hand-writing in Glasgow, was, in addition to a yearly allowance of £25, "admitted a burghess without fee, on account of his care and assiduity in teaching."† On the 25th January 1760, the Magistrates also most unnecessarily contribute £25 to the building of Shettleston church; and on the 27th March of the same year they unceremoniously give away from the Corpo-

\* The following advertisement appears in the *Glasgow Courant* of 16th June 1749:—"James Scruton, writing-master and accountant from London, invited down here by the Provost and other gentlemen of the City, to qualify young gentlemen in writing, arithmetic, and merchant accounts, and an expeditious running-hand fit for business, with command of hand. *N.B.*—I shall open school on Monday the 24th of this instant at Hutcheson's Hospital."

† Native talent seems about that time to have been so scarce, that the Corporation was obliged, for the better education of the citizens, to bribe parties from a distance to settle in the City. Mr. Scruton was brought in 1750 by a supplementary annuity of £25; and a teacher of book-keeping obtained at a yearly salary of £8:6s.8d.; while Mr. Daniel Burrell was also paid out of the public purse as a teacher of dancing. Toward the latter accomplishment, there was, during 1751, more favour shown than fifty years previous, as appears from the following minute of the Corporation, 11th November 1699:—"The quhilk day the Magistrates and Towne Council convened, They, upon a supplicatione given in be John Smith, dancing-master, allow and permitt the said John to teach danceing within this burgh, with and under the provisions and conditions under written, viz.:—That he shall behave himself soberly, teach at seasonable hours, keep no balls, and



ration, *the Butts*—that ancient place for archery and other popular amusements—as a present to the University, upon the plea, forsooth (certainly not very comprehensible at the present day), “to prevent the vacant ground ever injuring the Observatory lately erected.”\*

From the accession of George III., to whom the Magistrates, as in duty bound, swore allegiance on the 24th May 1760, the Corporation seems for several years to have showered its patronage on the Established Kirk; for, not content with rebuilding, at great expense, the Wynd Church on its former site,† it also resolved, on the 1st September 1763, to call a seventh minister to the City; and accordingly, on the 11th June 1765, we find that the town was divided into seven parishes, and a new burden was consequently imposed on the burgh funds. At this period, however, when almost every family belonged to what might be well designated “the universal

that he shall so order his teaching, that there shall be noe promiscuous danceing of young men and young women together; but that each sex shall be taught be themselves, and that one sex shall be dismissed, and be out of his house, before the other enter therein; and if the said John transgress in any of these, appoynts the Magistrates to putt him out of this Burgh.” For a considerable time even after this period, none durst teach dancing in public or private without a licence from the Magistrates!

\* The Observatory, above referred to, originated from the circumstance of a Mr. Alexander M'Farlane having died in 1755, and having bequeathed to the College of Glasgow the contents of the Observatory which he had in Jamaica; and connected therewith I find that Mr. James Watt, who had just returned from a short sojourn in London, where he had been studying the profession of a mathematical instrument-maker, was employed by the Professors to unpack and repair the instruments, for which he received £5 5s.; after which they were transferred to the M'Farlane Observatory in the College Garden, the foundation-stone of which was laid in 1759.

† The oldest Wynd Church was built in 1685 by the citizens for behoof of the Presbyterians. After lying in ruins for some time, it was rebuilt in the summer of 1761.



Kirk of Scotland," such an appropriation of common funds was looked upon as not only expedient but just. Anti-patronage notions and dogmatical hair-splitting had already, no doubt, shown itself among the followers of the celebrated Ralph Erskine; but it may be truly affirmed that as yet dissent had made little progress in Glasgow among the great mass of the then church-going community. What a contrast does this state of ecclesiastical union afford to the clerical dissension existing at the present day, when at every turn the eye encounters conventicles of separate and warring sects; and, what perhaps is more to be regretted, one finds under too many a family roof-tree, the picture of diverse religious dogmas, or at least of "a house divided against itself." Strange that a belief in doctrinal differences, which the subtlest intellect can scarcely discover, should have led to so many family severances! While, as we have seen, the Corporation of Glasgow, about the year 1763, was thus ostensibly testifying its attachment to the faith of their Protestant fathers, it cannot be denied that the mode to be pursued in the future election of town ministers, became the source of many long disputes at the Council board, and of many able protests on the part of the minority against the findings of the majority. The question at issue was, in fact, the widely discussed subject of Patronage, which had already thrown schism into the Church; and to remedy the imagined dangers of which, it was the wish of several of the then Councillors to make some reasonable concession to the people.

As the *Cross*, both before and after 1765, was the great centre of attraction for all the various grades in the City,



it is not difficult to understand how, towards this much frequented portion of the town, the Council should have manifested so much attention. In addition to the watchfulness which each member of that body exhibited, in maintaining in all their pristine condition the piazzas or arcades—which then radiated from each corner of the Market Cross—they also insisted that these piazzas should be continued in the new tenements built on the sites of those taken down. Moreover, each and all appear to have felt the greatest pride in the music bells, which had been erected at so great a cost in the Tolbooth steeple. By a minute dated 22d April 1765, we find a palpable proof of this, when we are told that “Considering Rodger Redburn, musician, who had the office and charge of playing on the Music Bells, died lately, the Council are of opinion that the foresaid office should be bestowed on a person learned in the parts of music, and recommend the Magistrates to cause intimate in the public newspapers, that any person skilled in playing on bells, as well as on the violin, spinnet, or harpsichord, and well versed in church music, will meet with good encouragement.” This advertisement seems to have done good, for, on the 9th October 1765, we find a Mr. Collett of London “agreed with for playing the Music Bells.” From no entry appearing on the municipal record on this subject till 17th March 1772, it might have been inferred that the Englishman had tinkled the bells for seven long years; on that day, however, Joshua Campbell\* is appointed to that

\* The following appears in the Council records of 27th July 1791:—“The said day, upon petition of Joshua Campbell, agreed to augment his sallary for playing upon the Musick Bells to Twenty-five Pounds Sterling, per an-



office, not as the successor of Mr. Collett, but of John Holden, deceased, which clearly shows that the flattering hopes held out to the Londoner, from teaching music in Glasgow, were altogether delusive.

From the year 1765 to 1780, the Magistrates appear ever and anon to have busied themselves in improving the condition of the City. As a reform in the lighting of the principal thoroughfares which alone boasted at that time of the luxury of a lamp, we find that the Council recommend "the Magistrates to cause remove any lamps put up by the Town and furnished with oyl by the Town, standing in private closses, to the *high streets*, where they may be judged necessary, and of more general service." The existence of these lamps in private closses seems to indicate something like jobbing on the part of the predecessors of the then Councillors! It may be mentioned, however, that the lamps were never lighted during moonlight, it being no doubt felt that "M'Farlane's bowat" was far better than all the oil lamps that could be lighted.\* About the same time the Council resolve that the streets ought to be better kept, and for this purpose we find £30 per annum was voted for keeping the

num; the augmentation to commence at his next quarterly payment, upon condition that he shall play one full hour upon the said bells, from two till three o'clock in the afternoon, each day, Saturdays and Sundays excepted, and authorise the Chamberlain to pay the said augmented sallary in time coming." Joshua Campbell had a small cooperage in a closs near to where Stirling-street is at present. He led the music at the assemblies, and published an excellent collection of reels, many of them of his own composition. He had a brother a dancing-master of considerable repute.

\* Sir Walter Scott mentions in "Waverley" that the clan of M'Farlane, occupying the fastnesses of the western side of Lochlomond, were great depredators on the low country, and as their excursions were made usually by night, the moon was proverbially called "the lantern."



streets clean—certainly no great amount, considering that there was at that time very bad causeways and no sewerage at all. The sum, however, seems to have accomplished the little that was then wished, for no increase appears to have been granted towards this object till the 14th October 1777.\* In addition to a better arrangement of the street lamps, and the streets being kept better cleaned, attempts were next made to render some of the almost impassable outlets from the City patent to the lieges. As an instance of this, we find that on the 8th April 1766 the *Cow-loan* (now Queen-street), which was then a mere cattle-path to the Cowcaddens, was agreed to be paved, on condition however “that the properties flag the sides of the street to the extent of seven feet at least, and to maintain the same in all time coming.” We gravely suspect that this was among the earliest attempts on the part of the municipal authorities to burden street tenements with the maintenance of the foot pavement. Another crying evil, about the same time, attracted attention, and loudly called for reform. This evil was the almost universal practice of carters and carriers leaving their unloaded carts and waggons on the public streets during night, to the great danger of the lieges, and in a town too where, in a moonless night, it was difficult to see a few feet before you. The Magistrates having no

\* “14th October 1777.—The said day the Magistrates and Council, considering that there are only two men employed in cleaning the streets of the City, and which have not been properly cleaned; they therefore agree that a third person should be employed, along with the said two men, in cleaning the streets in time coming. And, in the winter season, the said three men, if they clean the streets properly, shall be paid one pound sterling weekly, and ten shillings weekly in the summer.”



doubt felt the necessity of interference, issued an order, on the 7th April 1769, against the practice of leaving carts on the leading streets during night, and ordering their removal therefrom, under a severe penalty. From all we have read on this subject, we believe that the order was very partially attended to; and it was not till the more stringent powers of the Magistrates were carried into execution, under the Police Act, that this nuisance was wholly abolished.\*

Although Glasgow from the earliest times could never lay claim to the once unenviable distinction of "Auld Reekie," so graphically portrayed by Smollett in the pages of "Humphrey Clinker"—and although, from the prevalence of this Mrs. Maclarty practice, not a few strangers, from lending a deaf ear to the ominous sounds which nightly issued from the uplifted windows of the endless flats in the High-street and Lawnmarket, became the unfortunate sufferers from that which was ironically called "the flowers of Edinburgh"—still it appears that it was no uncommon practice in the now western metropolis, during a portion of the last century, for the inhabitants to carry out the contents of their ashpits, at unseasonable hours, into the public streets, and to allow this nuisance to lie there till a fitting opportunity offered for transporting it to the country. The Magistrates finding this to be a serious infringement on the rights of

\* As a proof of this we find, from an entry in the Council records dated 15th April 1779, "The said day, in order to encourage the heritors of the City to pave the sides of the streets opposite to their properties, resolve to allow no carts or nuisances to be rested for any due time upon the sides of the public streets, and recommend to the Magistrates to cause to move such carts and nuisances."



a public thoroughfare, and which, moreover, might be easily remedied by attention, issued, on the 31st January 1776, an order "for removing all dung and rubbish from the streets within forty-eight hours, under a penalty of 5s. for each offence." What would the Board of Health of the present day say to *forty-eight* hours being allowed for the removal of such a crying nuisance? Surely the olfactory nerves of our ancestors were not so sensitive as their children's seem now-a-days to be. Perhaps it may be to this peculiarity of the nasal organs, that we can best account for the City mortality having been at that period even less in proportion to the population, than it is at this all-sanitary engrossing moment!

In early times there were few towns which suffered more from "dearths" than Glasgow; and, even so late as the years 1782 and 1800, the inhabitants were threatened with famine. The consequence of both of those dearths was, that the poor people were reduced on each occasion to the greatest distress; and had it not been for the humane interference of the Magistrates and other philanthropic gentlemen in the City, it would have been difficult to keep the populace within the bounds of order. At an earlier period, however, viz. the winter of 1765-66, there occurred another notable dearth, and which, although not quite so severe as those alluded to, was such as to call forth the most vigilant measures on the part of the Magistrates of the day. By an entry in the Town Council records of the 20th December 1765, a Committee was named "for considering of the proper measures of providing meal and victual for the use of the town, and



with power to borrow such sums as may be necessary for that purpose, and to purchase and provide meal and victual, and to give the necessary rules and directions for the disposall thereof; and to report to the Council their proceedings." How fortunate it is for the City now-a-days, that it can depend on its merchants for a far more certain defence against famine, than all which any magistracy, however wealthy and philanthropic, could accomplish!

Whether it was from the increased mortality arising from restricted food, or from an increasing demand from other causes for some better receptacles for the ashes of the departed than the City at that time afforded, it is certain that, on the 28th March 1766, a piece of ground at Ramshorn Church was purchased for a burial-place by the Corporation, "for the convenience of the inhabitants."\* At that period, the church was placed in the midst of green fields and gardens, and consequently, had the burgh of Glasgow remained like her sisters the burghs of Rutherglen, Renfrew, and Dumbarton, from whose united suffrages there then emanated *one* Member to the British Legislature—that is to say, had Glasgow like them attained to the character of being a "*finished town*,"—perhaps no better spot could have been selected

\* By a minute of Council, dated 13th January 1719, we find that "the tacksmen of Hutcheson's Hospital yard at the head of the Candleriggs was paid the soume of £108 : 16s. 4d. Scots money in full satisfaction to them for the loss and damage by the rooting out of their cherry and apple trees, gooseberry and curran bushes, kaill, leeks, and other ground herbs upon the one rood and an half taken off the said yard for the church and church-yard to be builded thereupon, and benefit of the gooding of the ground." This was purchased for the site of the old Ramshorn Church and the old burying-ground. The above was an addition to the church-yard.



for a cemetery. But marching forward as the western commercial mart has done, and lately with such gigantic strides, we find this once retired and silent burial-ground now placed in the very centre of a crowded and noisy community, and loudly demanding, from its insalubrious position, the instant attention and power of Parliament to control or rather to close.

The spirit of litigation, so peculiarly characteristic of Scotland, appears abundantly conspicuous in the number of law pleas that were instituted and carried on during these thirty years by the Corporation. Once every twelve months a long list of these pictures of Scottish pugnacity were laid before the City Council, but without apparently producing any diminution in their annual number. The fact is, it now seems quite plain, that it must have been considered absolutely necessary for certain official persons connected with the City to have always at least a dozen of good-going law pleas on their hand. Of these there was certainly one that was often paraded, and which lasted many long years, and what is perhaps by no means strange to say, was ultimately lost by the Corporation, with all expenses. This plea arose out of an attempt to deprive, *brevi manu*, a most respectable wright and citizen, afterwards known by the title of Mr. Fleming of Sawmillfield, of the use of a saw-mill, erected by him on the lower part of the Molendinar burn in 1750. It appears that after some very angry correspondence and verbal bickering, the Lord Provost of the day, with some of his associates in the magistracy, having, it is to be feared, the organs of destructiveness more powerfully developed in their crania than those of logic, caution,



and justice, ordered the worthy burgher's mill to be forthwith demolished; and, in accordance with the solemn dicta of the Provostorial Dogberry and his brother Vergeses, the mill wheels were arrested, and the building destroyed. For this serious aggression on the rights of property, Mr. Fleming commenced an action against the Magistrates before the Court of Session; which, when brought up for ultimate judgment before the famous *fifteen* of those days, was terminated on the 9th July 1768 by the Judges finding the said Magistrates liable to the pursuer in no less a sum than £610:1s.1*d.* sterling money, with an obligation to relieve him of the expense of extracting the decret!\*

\* The following excerpt from the evidence taken on this trial, in 1765, illustrates the state of the timber trade in Glasgow about the years 1750-60:—"John Muirhead, wright in Gorbals, depones—That Scots fir, by which he means fir regularly planted, is now become a staple commodity in this country; and the increase in the use of it, for some years past, has kept in the country sundry considerable sums of money which formerly used to be employed in purchasing foreign fir; and that, preceding the year 1750, there was not the half of the demand for Scots fir as there has been since; and that since the said year 1750, the price of Scots fir has greatly increased, and he knows that such fir trees as he purchased about the year 1750 from 6*d.* to 10*d.* per piece, has been since sold for 4*s.* sterling and upwards. Depones—That Colonel Campbell, Finab, informed him, about ten or twelve years ago, that Mr. Fleming had bought from him Scots fir to the value of £500 or £600; and he knows that he also bought several other considerable quantities of fir from other persons. He knows that the expense of carriage of fir by water to Glasgow, from any part of the country below or about Greenock, or from Lochlomond or any of the Highland lochs, does generally far exceed the original price. Depones—That he is of opinion that fir can be brought from North America to Greenock cheaper than Scots fir can be brought from Lochaber to that place; but he is of opinion that Scots fir can be brought from any place within the Clough of Clyde to Glasgow cheaper considerably than either North American fir, or fir from Lochaber, can be brought from these places to Glasgow. That planted Scots fir sells about a third part cheaper than either North America or Norway fir sells for; that Scots fir is of an inferior quality to either North America fir or Norway fir;



The successful plaintiff against the City Corporation, appears to have been a bold as well as a pugnacious character. About the year 1753-54, being extensively engaged in the Scotch fir trade—which he may be said to have introduced into Glasgow for useful purposes, and which timber he regularly brought up the Clyde in boats or flats to his saw-mill situated on the Molen-dinar—we find that he purchased a large quantity of this wood then growing at the head of the Holy-Loch; and, with the view of looking after the wood-cutters, he occasionally repaired thither during the summer. Kil-mun, now so fashionable and well-built as a watering-place, was then a very remote and secluded Highland hamlet, with all the accompaniments of Mrs. Maclarty's *manège*. The accommodation, in fact, was so bad as to

but he is of opinion that Scots fir is as fit for making boxes or lath as any fir whatever, and is also as fit for making coffins; and Scots fir sells at half of the price for which Dantzic fir is commonly sold.—William Lang, merchant in Glasgow, depones—That, since the erecting of the said saw-mill, the most part of the boxes used for the packing of goods in his calender have been made of Scots fir. That for the common size boxes made of foreign fir there used to be paid 6s. for each box, and 5s. for each box made of Scots fir, which are larger in size than the boxes made of foreign fir; and although the boxes made of Scots fir do not look so well, they are stronger and thicker, and have the general approbation of merchants. Depones—He some time ago lathed a new house built by him with Scots fir, and he thought the same answered the purpose as well as foreign fir would have done; and he believes and is certain that he was cheaper with the said Scots fir for lathing than he could have been by purchasing foreign fir, he having purchased the Scots fir at 7*d.* per foot, and having paid from 12*d.* to 13*d.* for foreign fir, for lathing, per foot. Depones—That from looking into his accompts, he observes that from 1756 to 1762 he has paid Mr. Fleming, for fir boxes made of Scotch wood, the sum of £251:11*s.*2*d.* There are in Glasgow nine calenders, including the deponent's, and that in some of the said calenders besides his own, he has seen Scotch fir boxes used. Mr. Fleming was the first person from whom he ever bought boxes made of Scots fir, at 5*s.* per piece."



induce Mr. Fleming to get a temporary bed put up in the burial-vault of the Argyll family, and there to sleep, surrounded by the quiet and peaceful coffins of departed dukes and duchesses, rather than to submit his flesh to the thousand and one living and predaceous animals that thirsted for the blood of any lowland immigrant. While occupying this dark and dingy cineral depot, he on one occasion stepped out rather early on a fine Sabbath morning, in his white night-dress, and while indulging in stretching himself and giving a loud yawn, he was perceived by some sailors who were loitering near the tomb, waiting for a tide to carry their small craft, which was moored in the loch, to Greenock. The superstitious sailors, as may well be conceived, were quite appalled by the supposed apparition issuing from the charnel-house, instantly took to their heels, and hurrying into their boat set off to Greenock, where, on their arrival, they gave such a connected and circumstantial account of the resurrection of at least one of the Dukes of Argyll, as to induce the authorities to make a formal inquiry into the circumstances.\*

Probably few things are better calculated to throw light on the manners and sentiments of a period than its *sign-boards*. This matter is more important than at first

\* Mr. Fleming, as has been hinted, was the first person to introduce the use of Scottish timber for many purposes for which foreign only had been previously employed. Having been summoned to serve as a jurymen, soon after the decision of the law-suit in his favour, he was taken somewhat unwell in the Court; on observing which the presiding Judge, having heard who he was, found fault with the local authorities for troubling a gentleman who had been so great a benefactor to his country as to introduce and encourage the consumpt of home-grown timber. It is suspected that the sapient Justiciary Lord had fir plantations of his own!



sight it would appear to be, for it really illustrates the progress of arts and civilization, and, what is equally interesting, marks the ruling *popularity* of the day. A French author has said, with much justice, “*que la littérature étoit l’expression de la société;*” but he might have also said as much of sign-boards. For of this we are certain, that if we could only lay our hands on a correct catalogue of the hotel and tavern signs, along with the shop insignia of Glasgow, at any one period of her history, we should be able to arrive at a better idea of, and have a better insight into, the habits and feelings then prevalent among the people than we possibly can otherwise. All, however, that we know connected with this subject, has been gathered from newspaper advertisements and the Council records of the day. And from a careful perusal of these documents, we are led to the conclusion, that during the thirty years’ progress of the City, from 1750, nothing seems to have increased in a greater ratio than sign-boards and shop insignia. Every tavern and hostelry had then some outward swinging sign as a guide to its tempting comforts within. Red lions and white, cross keys, blue bells, laughing Bacchusses, white swans and black, tuns of many numbers and all sizes, and suns, both rising and setting, had been appropriated; while the talents of the limner of portraitures had been called into requisition to furnish heads of Ligonier, Wolfe, Boscawen, and Anson—alas! to be in due time superseded by phizzes of more modern heroes, to attract hungry and thirsty travellers. About the same period, shops of all kinds were less indicated by the names of the streets (numbers being out of the question) than by



some tangible symbol hung out above the door. These, although sometimes not very appropriate, were upon the whole generally illustrative of the wares to be disposed of within. There were, for example, several golden fleeces swinging over the entrances of cloth-merchants' shops—golden gloves and golden breeches dangling in front of glovers' booths—and even a Galen's head looking down from a druggist's establishment; while golden fish, appended to a line and rod, floated from the windows of several front flats in Trongate, despite of Dr. Johnson's definition of an angler.\* Indeed, it may be fairly inferred, that about this period almost every leading shop and retail place of business in Glasgow had some emblem hung out, either as a guide to the purchaser, or as a token of the shopman's calling; and as a proof to what length this rage for shop and tavern insignia had gone in 1772, we find that the Magistrates and Council, on the 2d November of that year, totally ignorant of the value of these historical emblems, came to the *Vandal* resolution of "recommending to the Dean of Guild to cause take down and remove all the signs which hung over the *high streets* of the City, as they interrupt the views along the streets, and *darken the light of the lamps in the night time.*"† This darkening

\* "A stick and a string—a worm at one end, and a fool at the other."

† I recollect when first in Paris, in the year 1817, to have been much struck with the highly-finished paintings that served as signs to several shops and warehouses. I was in fact so much astonished with the execution of *Les deux Odalisque du Serail* in the Rue Vivienne, *Monsieur Pigeon* in the Rue de Seine, *Les trois Graces*, and various others,—that I asked a French gentleman why such paintings, whose match was often not to be met with in the drawing-room, should have no better fate than being hung up as signboards? He replied, that I need not be at all surprised at this, as



of the lamps was certainly a poor reason for depriving either the lieges of the pleasure of gazing on these decorative insignia, or the country people of a quick recognition of the place to which each emblem was wont to lead them for their purchases.

While the Corporation were thus showing themselves somewhat litigious, yet by no means inattentive to what they honestly, though sometimes absurdly, considered advantageous to the comfort and convenience of the citizens in general, they appear to have been not altogether forgetful of their own personal glorification. The black attire and cocked hats which the Magistrates daily donned, being found at that period to be no distinctive mark of superiority—seeing that every one who was mourning the loss either of a friend or relative always wore the one, while the cocked covering of the *caput* was common to all save the lowest of the citizens,—it was thought necessary to have some really uncommon mark to distinguish those who were at once “a terror to evil doers, and a praise and protection to those who do well;” and with this view, it was resolved that the aid of some cunning goldsmith should be asked for, and not deeming those then resident in the City suffi-

several of the best artists had employed their pencils on this species of painting; and that, in this way, men otherwise unknown had been brought into notice, and had thereafter made no small figure in the higher branches of art. I observed, however, that although those signs appeared to be often a *sine qua non* for every splendid shop, they rarely gave any very perfect idea of the profession of those over whose doors they were suspended; for example, I have seen a confectioner with the sign of *la petite Allemande*—a bootmaker, *au Soleil*—a haberdasher, *à la petite Ecossaise*—a mercer, *à la Balayeuse*—and a grocer at *Y Grec*. There possibly might be discovered some sarcastic connection between *une marchande des modes* and *une petite Vestale*; or a lottery-office and *la petite Candide*!



ciently *cunning* for their purpose, they employed one in London, who in due time despatched the necessary number of magisterial gold chains and medals, which, by a minute of Council, we find to have reached Glasgow on the 15th January 1767, and “were thereupon delivered to the Magistrates, to be worn by them as badges of honour.”\* How many an ambitious sigh has the sight of these emblems of official dignity excited, since the golden effigies of Justice with her scales was first thrown around the neck of Provost Murdoch and his worthy colleagues! How many griefs and glories have been evolved and have passed away, since these insignia of office have successively ornamented or left the breast of the long catalogue of our civic rulers! To how many plots and counter-plots has the chance of possessing one of these badges—or the pleasure of disappointing a competitor from receiving one—from time to time given rise! What a mortifying sermon, in short, do these ever-changing medals preach on the instability of magisterial power and popular gratitude! The history of a magisterial chain, in the hands of an able novelist, would surpass in interest the famed “History of a Guinea.” It might, in fact, in the hands of some of our modern peripatetic philosophers, be made the medium for the most profound of psychological lectures!†

\* Provost Murdoch, Bailies Buchanan, Bannatyne, and Clark, Dean of Guild Campbell, and Convener Jamieson, were the first persons who wore the chains. The Convener's chain was made by Napier & Bell, and cost £40 : 10s. 1d.

† A few years ago the old chains were sold, and new ones got to meet the demands of the increased Magistracy. We believe the ancient chain of the Provost was purchased by Sir James Campbell, who had formerly worn it for three years when in the honourable office of Chief Magistrate.



If, as we have already seen, from the years 1750 till 1780 the higher dignitaries of the Municipality of Glasgow have, through their individual talents, rendered themselves but little known to posterity, it is but fair to state, that this was not at least the case with respect to one of the very subordinate functionaries of the Corporation, who also figured during that period. While of the Provosts and Bailies, therefore, little is known even to the name, still all literary antiquaries know that to the Bellman, Dougal Graham, the world owes a correct, though coarse rhyming chronicle of the Stuart Rebellion of 1745, and the largest of that racy catalogue of chap literature which so long enjoyed the patronage of the working-classes in town, and of the whole rural population throughout the length and breadth of Scotland. Of the birth and parentage of this rather celebrated official, who gained fully more notoriety by the broad humour of his printed lucubrations, than by the witty accompaniments of his skellet bell, nothing is known. Of his early life we can gather only, from what he says himself, that he left Glasgow to follow the contending armies, from the time "the rebels first crossed the ford of Frew till the fatal battle of Culloden"—not, however, in the dangerous capacity of a combatant, but in the more peaceful and safe position of a pedlar or sutler. In this neutral situation he could act on either side, and it is credibly believed he did so; for, while his after circumstances in life forced him to declare himself boldly on the side of the high Protestant party of Glasgow, it is more than hinted that he had, in the outset of his career,



exhibited a strong desire for Prince Charlie's success. No sooner did Dougal, however, return to Glasgow, after the battle of Culloden, than he sat down to pen his metrical account of the Rebellion; and, as a proof of his diligence and his facility in composition, it may be mentioned that in the autumn of 1746 the work was in the hands of the printer, and ere many days was ready for sale.\* Of the merits and demerits of this curious metrical chronicle, much has been said. It is perhaps enough here to add, that thousands upon thousands of copies were disposed of through the country, and that new editions succeeded other altered editions in regular order; that also, in 1812, a new edition was called for, published, and sold; while, so late as the year 1830, Sir Walter Scott even "entertained the idea of printing a correct copy of the original edition," with the view of presenting it to the Maitland Club as his contribution, stating, as he did in a letter addressed to the writer, that he thought "it really contained some traits and circumstances of manners worth preserving." This highly favourable criticism from such a man entitles us to look on the Bellman's rhymes with no ordinary degree of attention. In 1752, Dougal Graham

\* The following advertisement appears in the *Glasgow Courant* of 29th September 1746:—"There is to be sold, by James Duncan, printer in Glasgow, in the Saltmercat, the second shop below Gibson's-wynd, a Book entitled 'A full and particular account of the late Rebellion in the years 1745 and 1746; beginning with the Pretender's embarking for Scotland, and then an account of every battle, siege, and skirmish that has happened in either Scotland or England: to which is added several addresses and epistles to the Pope, pagans, poets, and Pretender—all in metre;' price fourpence. But any booksellers or packmen may have them easier from the said James Duncan, or the author, D. Graham. The like has not been done since the days of Sir David Lindsay."



styles himself a "merchant"—a term in those days more frequently illustrative of a perambulating packman, than of anything akin to the Colonial and Foreign traders of the present day. It appears, however, that he very soon thereafter unburdened himself of his pack, threw aside his ellwand, and betook himself to an occupation which was perhaps more congenial to his genius as an author, we mean the business of a printer. It was while engaged in lifting brevier and primer that Dougal produced so many of those contributions to the vulgar literature of Scotland, upon which his fame chiefly rests; for of all those who ever indited chap books, or contributed to the Saltmarket press of Glasgow, or to the equally classic presses of Paisley, Stirling, and Falkirk, there was assuredly no one at all equal or comparable to the Bellman of Glasgow. Like a few authors, he was in the habit of at once spinning thought into typography, not through the common medium of the writing-desk, but at the printer's case;—instead of requiring to fix his thoughts by ink on paper, Dougal at once *set up* his ideas in the *composing-stick*, ready for the chase and printing-press. Of the vulgar literature to which we have referred, and of so much of which Dougal Graham was the author, it is enough to say that it really constituted the chief literary pabulum enjoyed by the bulk of our countrymen in the humbler walks of life; and though the jokes therein promulgated certainly were broad, and sometimes even grossly indecent, they were not untrue portraitures of Scottish life and Scottish manners. By means of the numerous merchant pedlars who, in those days of bad roads and worse conveyances, perambulated the country,



these chap stories of Dougal Graham were introduced into every cottage where any of the dealers rested for a night, or were disposed of by them at any country fair which they might chance to visit; hence the exploits of "George Buchanan," the histories of "John Cheap the Chapman," "Leper the Tailor," "Lothian Tom," "Paddy from Cork," "The Creelman's Courtship," "Simple John and his Twelve Misfortunes," and such like, although all saturated with indecency, formed the chief materials of the peasant's library;\* and which, notwithstanding all that has been said about the moral and religious character of the country people, proves how much the national

\* In a manuscript of the late Mr. M'Vean, the antiquarian bibliopole of the High-street, we find the following list of the *Opera Dugaldi*, so far as he had met with them, keeping out of view his lyrical productions, which were very numerous. Perhaps no man ever devoted more time to ferret out bibliographical curiosities connected with Scotland than Mr. M'Vean. To his industry the antiquarian owes much; while the literary man is indebted to him for an improved edition of "M'Ure's History of Glasgow," and for Zachary Boyd's "Battell of the Soul in Death."

1. George Buchanan, 6 parts.
2. Paddy from Cork, 3 parts.
3. Leper the Tailor, 2 parts.
4. John Falkirk the Merry Piper.
5. Janet Clinker's Oration on the Virtues of the Old and Pride of Young Women.
6. John Falkirk's Curiosities, 5 parts.
7. John Cheap the Chapman, 3 parts.
8. Lothian Tom, 6 parts.
9. The History of Buckhaven, with cuts.
10. Jocky and Maggy's Courtship, 5 parts.
11. The Follower of Witless Women; or, the History of Haverall Wives.
12. The Young Creelman's Courtship to a Creelwife's Daughter, 2 parts.
13. Simple John and his Twelve Misfortunes.
14. The Grand Solemnity of the Tailor's Funeral, who lay nine days in state on his own Shop-board; together with his last Will.
15. The Remarkable Life and Transactions of Alexander Hamwinkle, Heckler, Dancing-master, and Ale-seller in Glasgow, now banished for Coining.
16. The Dying Groans of Sir John Barleycorn, being his grievous Complaint against the Brewers of bad Ale; to which is added, Donald Drouth's Reply, with a large description of his Drunken Wife.
17. A Warning to the Methodist Preachers.
18. A Second Warning to the Methodist Preachers.



humour and peculiarities of the humbler classes of the Scottish population were then, as we believe they still are considerably, imbued with coarseness and indelicacy.

When Dougal Graham was busy in his vocation, composing and printing for the taste and mirth of his humble countrymen, the office of Bellman of the City became vacant, and Dougal became an aspirant to the situation. Although there is no record of his appointment in the books of the Corporation, it is pretty certain that it was not till the year 1770 that he got possession of the civic bell. Whether it was his known literary talents, or his peculiar capabilities for calling his various "Oyes," that insured his election, it is now impossible to say; but we know this much, that he did not obtain the office without competition, and that the trial of skill, which at length gained him the day, took place at the back of the old Town's Hospital near the Clyde, in presence of several of the civic authorities of the time. The list of candidates was long, and Dougal was the last on the leet. Each applicant tinkled and tried his best call; and when it became Dougal's turn to seize the bell, he rattled like a hero, and then roared out at the top of his voice—

" Caller herring at the Broomielaw,  
Three a penny—three a penny."

And then he added, with a sarcastic leer,

" Indeed, my friends,  
But it's a' a bleflum,  
For the herring's no catch'd,  
And the boat's no come!"

At the period when Dougal was first called to ring the skellat bell, the office was one of no small importance



and emolument. For in those days everything of the least importance was best made known to the lieges by the tinkle and call of the public crier, who was constantly employed, from morn till night, in doing what is now almost wholly accomplished by newspaper advertisements and flaring posters.\* Of the various important duties in which he was daily engaged, we have the best evidence, from an elegy which was published "On the much-lamented death of the witty Poet and Bellman," which took place on the 20th of July 1779, and from which we make the following extracts:—

" Ye mothers fond! O be not blate  
To mourn poor Dougal's hapless fate,  
Oftimes you know he did you get  
Your wander'd weans;  
To find them out, both soon and late,  
He spared no pains.

" Our footmen now sad tune may sing,  
For none like him the streets made ring,  
Nor quick intelligence could bring

\* The bellmen of burghs in early times were rather important functionaries, and what is more, the situation appears to have been rather a lucrative one. That the office was valuable even in Glasgow may be gathered from the following Minutes of Council:—"14 June 1590. The quhilk day, the Provest, Baillies, and Counsall, hes givin thair twa commoun bells, viz. the mort and skellet bells, togidder with the office of printerschipe, to George Johnstoune for ane yier, to cum bund for the ssume of thrie scoir pundis, to be payit in maner following, viz. twentie pundis thair of in hand, twentie pundis at Lukismes, and twentie pundis in complete payment of the said thrie scoir pundis, at Beltane thereafter and hes fund caution, &c. Item the Provest, Baillies, and Counsall hes discernit and ordainit that gif any persone rais ane outcry aganis the said George in using of said offices, to be punishit in this maner to pay for everie falt xvi,s for otheris and being beggeirs, to be scurdgit throu the toun, and otherwayis punishit at the discretion of the Baillies;" and then, on 27th August 1730, "which day, allow Isobell Marshall, relict of James Hepburn, late bellman, to have the benefit of each third week of the bell, for the space of half-a-year from the date hereof, in respect of her poverty, she furnishing one to cry the bell."



Of caller fish,  
Of salmon, herring, cod, or ling,  
Just to their wish.

\* \* \* \*

“ The Bull Inn and the Saracen,  
Were both well served with him at e'en  
As oftimes we have heard and seen  
Him call retour,  
For Edinburgh, Greenock, and Irvine,  
At any hour.

“ The honest wives he pleased right well,  
When he did cry braw new cheap meal,  
Cheap butter, barley, cheese, and veal  
Was selling fast.  
They often call'd him ‘ lucky cheil,’  
As he went past.

\* \* \* \*

“ Had any rambler in the night,  
Broken a lamp and then ta'en flight,  
Dougal would bring the same to light  
'Gainst the next day,  
Which made the drunk, mischievous wight  
Right dearly pay.

“ It is well known unto his praise,  
He well deserved the poet's bays,  
So sweet was his harmonious lays;  
Loud-sounding fame  
Alone can tell, how all his days  
He bore that name.

“ Of witty jokes he had such store,  
Johnson could not have pleased you more;  
Or with loud laughter made you roar  
As he could do:  
He had still something ne'er before  
Exposed to view.”

\* \* \* \*

The appearance of this functionary, as seen in a copied effigy taken from one of his own publications, and transferred to the *Paisley Magazine* of 1828, is certainly more odd than prepossessing. Only fancy a little man scarcely five feet in height, with a Punch-like nose, with a hump



on his back, a protuberance on his breast, and a halt in his gait, donned in a long scarlet coat nearly reaching the ground, blue breeches, white stockings, shoes with large buckles, and a cocked hat perched on his head, and you have before you the comic author, the witty bellman, the Rabelais of Scottish ploughmen, herds, and handicraftsmen! Among all who ever rung, we believe there were few, not excepting even his successor Bell Geordie, who surpassed him for broad and varied humour; and, among all who ever wrote for the chapman and flying-stationer, there never was one who equalled Dougal Graham. In the opinion of Mr. Caldwell of Paisley, the celebrated bibliopole of bawbee ballads and penny histories, and for whom he wrote much, "Dougal was an unco glib body at the pen, and could screed aff a bit penny history in less than nae time. A' his warks took weel—they were level to the meanest capacity, and had plenty of coarse jokes to season them." With the opinion, however, of a far better judge, the late Mr. William Motherwell, we shall conclude our notice of the Glasgow Bellman of 1770:—"Had Graham only written the metrical account of the Rebellion, we believe he never would have occupied our thoughts for a moment; but as one who subsequently contributed largely to the amusement of the lower classes of his countrymen, we have to think of the facetious Bellman. To his rich vein of comic humour, laughable and vulgar description, great shrewdness of observation, and strong though immeasurably coarse sense, every one of us—after getting out of toy-books and fairy tales—has owed much. In truth, it is no exaggeration when we state that he who desires to ac-



quire a thorough knowledge of low Scottish life, vulgar manners, national characteristics, and popular jokes, must devote his days and his nights to the study of all the productions of Dougal's fertile brain, and his unwearied application to the cultivation of vulgar literature. To refined taste, Dougal had no pretensions. His indelicacy is notorious, his coarseness an abomination; but they are characteristic of the class for whom he wrote. He is thoroughly imbued with the national humours and peculiarities of his countrymen of the humblest classes, and his pictures of their manners, modes of thinking, and conversation, are always sketched with a strong and faithful pencil. Indeed, the uncommon popularity which the chap books of the Bellman have acquired, entitles them in many a point of view to the regard of the moralist and historian. We meet them on every stall and in every cottage. They are essentially the 'library of entertaining knowledge' to our peasantry, and have maintained their ground in the affections of the people, notwithstanding the attempt of religious, political, or learned associations to displace them, by substituting more elegant and wholesome literature in their stead."\*

\* A history of the vulgar literature of Scotland has been long and is unquestionably still a desideratum, for certainly nothing could tend to throw so much light on the manners and tastes of the great body of the people as such a work. In 1830 it was hoped that Sir Walter Scott—than whom no man could have so well and so heartily performed the task—would have undertaken it as a preface to Dougal Graham's History of the Rebellion, which, as we have hinted, he proposed giving to the Maitland Club, but unfortunately he abandoned the idea; yet, in doing so, Sir Walter, in a letter dated 10th May 1830, to the writer of this volume, among other things of Dougal, said—"Neither had I the least idea of his being the author of so much of our *Bibliothèque Bleue* as you ascribe to him, embracing unquestionably several coarse but excessively meritorious pieces



While Glasgow, irrespective of such rude rhymsters and chap writers as Dougal Graham, has at all times furnished its fair quota of men to the army of English literature and science, it at the same time has given little encouragement to such as remain denizens of the City. The demand for this species of mental labour in a trading and manufacturing town has always been trifling; while the metropolitan fields, better fitted to employ and recompense literary and scientific talent, have been always ready to welcome every new comer. At the commencement of the last century, the purchase of books in Glasgow must have been restricted to a very few individuals, beyond the students attending the University, whose annual wants were very easily supplied;

of popular humour. The *Turnamspike* alone was sufficient to entitle him to immortality. I had, in my early life, a great collection of these chap books, and had six volumes of them bought before I was ten years old, comprehending most of the more rare and curious of our popular tracts." What an insight this gives us into Scott's early taste for the study of national manners! It was next hoped that Motherwell would have taken up the subject, who, after the author of *Waverley*, was perhaps the best fitted for the work in Scotland. But he, alas! soon after Scott relinquished the subject, died; although, from the article from which we have made so long an extract, we find that Motherwell really projected a work of this kind, but abandoned the undertaking, from the difficulty of obtaining material and from the want of sufficient leisure. With a view to such a work, he had, however, made a pretty fair collection of Graham's penny histories, as printed by John Robertson, in the Saltmarket of Glasgow, which, he believed, might well be esteemed first editions; but he adds that "Some unprincipled scoundrel has bereaved us of that treasure. There are a number of infamous creatures who acquire large libraries of curious things by borrowing books they never mean to return; and some not unfrequently slide a volume into their pocket at the very moment you are fool enough to busy yourself in showing them some nice typographical gem or bibliographic rarity. These dishonest and heartless villains ought to be cut above the breath whenever they cross the threshold. They deserve no more courtesy than was of old vouchsafed to witches under bond and indenture to the Devil."



hence, with the exception of Messrs. Dunlop & Wilson,\* and a few others of those who then dubbed themselves with the honourable title of booksellers, the general traders in literature depended more on the sale of stationery, merchants' books, Bibles, and chap stories, and on book-binding, than on the disposal of the publications of the day, or of the classics either in the dead or living languages. As a curious fact connected with the state of the bookselling trade in Glasgow, even so late as the year 1776, it may be mentioned, that the persons engaged in the sale of typography and stationery amounted then to sixteen persons only; and that even these, finding that some *land-louping* bibliopoles were seriously interfering with their usual limited sale of books, by pushing off quantities of modern and other publications by auction, presented a long and anxiously-worded memorial to the Magistrates, as guardians of the rights and privileges of the burghers called upon to pay local taxes, requesting them to interfere and prevent those sales, which they alleged, "if not interdicted, would lead to the ruin of themselves and families."† What a curious illustration does this simple

\* The shop of Messrs. Dunlop & Wilson was on the south-east corner of Candleriggs, and they were the most fashionable bibliopoles in the town. Their windows were ornamented with stucco busts of Adam Smith, David Hume, and other literati. They supplied the prize books for the Grammar School.

† The following are the names of the parties who signed the memorial:

John Bryce.  
John Smith.  
J. & J. Robertson.  
William Smith.  
James Duncan.  
James Brown.  
Peter Tait.  
Dunlop & Wilson.

John Gilmour & Co.  
James Knox & Co.  
Robert Farie.  
John Williamson.  
Archibald Coubrough.  
John Sutherland.  
John M'Callum.  
Mrs. Orr.



fact afford of the mercantile sentiments of the day, so perfectly at antipodes to those now in the ascendant!

From the year 1750 till 1780, the population of Glasgow had increased from about twenty-five thousand to forty-two thousand eight hundred and thirty-two, and the habitations had not only increased in a greater ratio, but were also larger and more comfortable. The extension, however, was chiefly limited to what is now the centre of the City. Although about the latter period the *Westergate*, amid its irregular thatched houses and malt-barns, then boasted of a few new and really elegant mansions, and *Miller-street* presented a succession of handsome "self-contained houses," in which some of the leading merchants and Virginia lords were domiciled; still, considering the limited size of the City, it is surprising how many spacious mansions were actually scattered over the town, marking a far greater distance between the castes of civic society than exists in the present day. As yet not a single habitation had been erected in Hutchesontown, Laurieston, Tradeston, or Bridgeton. In these suburban localities, the ploughman was still to be met with in spring urging on his team, and the reapers in harvest were still "kemping" to gather in the fruits of the corn-fields. The only human occupants of the princely estates of Blythswood and Milton were, at that period, the herd or the gardener; while the present densely-built portion of western Glasgow, which lies between Jamaica-street on the east and Stobcross-street on the west, and south from Anderston-road to the river, was then still lying in patches of common vegetables, with here and there a thatched steading



for the habitation of those who either raised or protected them.\*

The piazzas or arcades, as we have already hinted, running along each street from the Cross, were still extending; and there was as yet no foot-pavements save the *Plainstones* in front of the public offices, and those just laid on a portion of the north and south sides of the Trongate.† Hutcheson's Hospital,‡ with its spire, the old Guard-house, with its open flagged piazza,§ and the "Shawfield Mansion," still ornamented the principal thoroughfare from the east to the west; but, from the head of Candleriggs to the Cow-loan, or Queen-street,

\* A proof of the rural condition in which one of the most densely built portions of present Glasgow was when Lord Ross's Club was meeting, may be found in the following advertisement, which appeared in the *Glasgow Mercury* of May 8, 1783:—"Enoch Bank to be Sold.—The mansion-house, offices, and garden, lying within ten minutes' walk of the Cross. The house consists of 13 fire-rooms. There is a stable, byre, laundry, gardener's room, and washing-house, churn-house, house for poultry, and a little dove-cot, stocked. The garden consists of nearly an acre of ground, well enclosed, and has brick walls on the west and east sides. The walls covered with fruit trees of the very best kinds, all in flourish, and in the most complete order. The garden and walls contain 103 fruit-trees, besides a great number of gean and plum trees planted in the pleasure-grounds, in which there is a canal well stocked with fish, the banks of which are covered with an hundred different kinds of shrubs. The park to the north of the house is enclosed with double hedging, and verges of various kinds of wood." Enoch Bank is now nearly the centre of Glasgow!

† The first foot pavement was laid in 1777. It was on the east side of Candleriggs, from Trongate to Bell-street. The next was in 1780, on south side of Trongate, from Tron Steeple to Stockwell.

‡ This Hospital, which was finished in 1650, was about 70 feet long fronting the Trongate, and was taken down in 1795, in order to open Hutcheson-street. In the *Glasgow Mercury* of that year, we find that a man was killed at the taking down of the steeple. This occurred on the 29th May.

§ The Guard-house was taken down in 1786, and removed to Candleriggs, and thereafter to the east side of Montrose-street.



there was nothing except a stone wall. The public Green was limited, to the east, by the trees which extended across from the Peat-bog; and near the middle of the low Green, on the river side, was a small island, where women washed and bleached clothes and practised Scottish waltzing in a tub!\* The Corporation had been, as we have already seen, wisely looking to the necessity of erecting additional lamps in all the leading thoroughfares, but, withal, they only tended to make darkness in a dark night more visible.† The shops, however, which were still chiefly clustered around the Cross, had become much better than they were during the preceding thirty years; and the wares exhibited in their windows had become more costly and varied. The citizen of 1780 could now find more than one silversmith, when he wanted a marriage-ring, or a set of porter-cups to be presented as a wedding-gift.‡ A lady had now sundry *haberdashers* to visit, when the call of necessity or curiosity urged her to examine the newest fashions; while she could find, both in the High-street and Westergate, according to an advertisement in the *Mercury*, “tincture and dentrifice, French rouge, black sticking-plaster for patches, tongue scrapers, white and black pins for dressing the hair, French chalk, powder machines,

\* The old Green mentioned by M'Ure as situated between Stockwell and Jamaica-street, and which, in his day, boasted of 150 growing trees, was much frequented by the citizens from 1750 to 1780. Within this Green was the rope-work, and at its west end was the old bottle-work.

† By a Minute of Council, dated 16th August 1780, nine lamps are ordered to be erected on the south side of Trongate, being the same number as there are on the north side.

‡ In 1780 there were four silversmiths' shops, viz. that of Bailie M'Ewan, Milne & Campbell, Adam Graham, and Robert Gray.



powder bags, silk and swandown puffs, crimping, pinching, and truffle irons, Bath gaiters, soft and grey pomatums, and violet hair-powder," so needful in those days for every fashionable toilet! The individual also in want of a hat had at least *one* shop (Heaven knows how many there now are!) to get a covering for his cranium.\* A sportsman could now get a pair of buckskin breeches and gloves without sending to London for such luxuries; while the lover of light literature could obtain the perusal of a novel or a romance without the cost of purchasing either.†

Previous to 1780, many great improvements had taken

\* The first shoe shop was opened by Mr. W. Colquhoun, a little west of the Tron Church, in 1749. The first haberdashery shop was opened by Mr. A. Lockart in 1750. Among the early silversmiths was Mr. R. Luke, who commenced business in 1754; and the first hat shop was opened by Mr. J. Blair in 1756. In 1780, the following advertisement is given as an illustration of the locality of haberdashers at that time, as well as the cost of their wares:—"Just arrived at Kirkland's, Fiddlers'-closs, High-street, Glasgow, Langley's rich and elegant assortment of India, London, and Manchester goods, which will be sold remarkably low, viz.: muslins, plain and fancy, 2s. 6d. to 15s. a yard; thread satins and shagreens as low as 21s. a gown piece; worked and plain cherryderries and gingham, sprigged, 22s. a gown piece; Turkey mantuas, 3s. 6d. a yard; gentlemen's vest pieces beginning at 9s.; silk velderins for ladies' shoes or vests, 9s.; gingham waistcoat fronts, 3s. 6d.; silk handkerchiefs, 3s. to 5s.; gown chintzes, 25s. to 52s. 6d.; real corded silk tabbies for gents' waistcoats and breeches; worked aprons, &c."

† In 1779, George Tassie & Co. advertise shammy, buck, and doeskin breeches, at the Golden Glove, head of King-street. Mr. Basil Ronald, however, was the chief in this line, having put on his sign "Breeches-maker from London"—a spell of potent power in those times, when the metropolis loomed so mighty by distance in the eye of every Glasgow citizen. In the same year, two keepers of "Lending Libraries" advertise, the one being John Smith, at the George Buchanan's Head, facing the Laigh Kirk, Trongate, placing 5,000 volumes at the service of the public; and the other, Archibald Cobrough in the High-street, who offered 4,500 volumes. In 1783, Mr. Smith advertises his catalogue at sixpence, in which the terms of a year's reading is fixed at ten shillings.



place in the City. Jamaica-street Bridge\* had been commenced in 1768, and Stockwell-street Bridge was widened in 1776.† Ingram-street and Buchanan-street had been formed, and St. Andrew-square had been laid off for building.‡ The “Belly of the Wynd,” or “Bell o’ the Brae,” had begun to attract the attention of the Corporation, who in 1772 voted £50 to render the access of the Cathedral more easy to the crowd of church-goers.§

\* “On Monday, August 22, 1768, the workmen began to dig for the foundation of a new bridge, which is to be built over the Clyde from the foot of Jamaica-street. On Thursday, September 29, 1768, the foundation-stone of the New Bridge, to be built at Glasgow, was laid with great pomp by George Murdoch, Esq. the Lord Provost, as Grand Master-Mason, attended by the Magistrates, the Masters and Brethren of the different Lodges in the City, and a fine band of music.”—*Scots Magazine*, 1768. From the Council Minutes it appears that on the 7th April 1769, £4 : 12s. was paid to R. & J. Foulis, for engraving a plate to put into the foundation-stone of Jamaica-street Bridge.

† On the 2d October 1775, the estimate for widening the Old Bridge, on the east side, was approved of—the amount being £1,033; the additional breadth being 10 feet 6 inches, with £115 for taking down old work and re-building the southmost arches; and £40 for taking down and re-building the north-west arch.—*Council Records*.

‡ From the *Scots Magazine* we find that, on the 24th February 1768, the Royal assent was given to “an Act for making and widening a passage or street in the City of Glasgow, to St. Andrew’s Church in the said City, and for enlarging and completing the church-yard of the said church, and for making and building a convenient Exchange or Square in the said City.”

§ “The Bell of the Brae” is the most elevated portion of the High-street, and was formerly the Cross of Glasgow. It formed the centre of the ancient City, and from this point two streets of great antiquity strike off towards the east and west. The former is still called the Drygate, and was formerly the leading thoroughfare of the town, ay and until the bridge over the Clyde was founded by Bishop Rae in the fourteenth century. In the upper part of this street, in a lane called the Limmerfield, stood the prebendal house of the Parson of Campsie, who was Chancellor of the Chapter of Glasgow. It was in this house that Lord Darnley resided when he came to meet his father, the Earl of Lennox, and where, stretched on a bed of sickness, he received a visit from his lovely consort, Mary Queen of Scots. Nearer the



The Forth & Clyde Canal\* and the Monkland Canal were partly completed.† Several new banks had been established. Two new theatres had been successively erected and destroyed; and, in short, there were abundant tokens to show that the City was steadily advancing. While all these things exhibited very great extension during the course of thirty years, it may however be fairly affirmed, that Glasgow was still, comparatively speaking, a small place, when it is recollected that in the year 1780 an advertisement appears in a local news-

Cross stood the ancient Mint; and here Robert III. struck several coins, on one side of which appears the King's crest, crowned with this inscription—"Robertus Dei Gratia Scotorum," on the other, "Dominus Protector," and in an inner circle, "Villa de Glasgov." One of these rare coins was in the possession of the late Mr. James Hardie. It had the king's crest, crown, and sceptre. The street running to the west from the old Cross is also still called the Rottenrow, along which, in Roman Catholic times, the processions of monks passed on festival days to the Cathedral.

\* The Act for making the Forth & Clyde Canal was passed on the 8th March 1768.

† The celebrated Mr. James Watt in 1769 made a survey and estimate of this canal, which was carried out under his direction and superintendence. From Mr. Muirhead's Life (just published) of this great man, who was so long a denizen of Glasgow, and where he found two wives, we learn that while he was busily experimenting on the steam-engine, he also devoted much time to civil-engineering, having made a survey of a canal to unite the rivers Forth & Clyde by a line known as the Lochlomond passage, also a survey of the Clyde, and a report on the best means of improving the harbour of Ayr. The most remarkable of his engineering works, however, was that which he did in 1773, being a survey and estimate of a navigable canal to pass through the chain of rivers and lakes in the wild and remote tract of country between Fort-William and Inverness; being the same line in which, at a considerably later period, the celebrated Caledonian Canal was successfully constructed by Mr. Telford. The remuneration paid engineers in the last century was very different from that now demanded. Mr. Watt for his great survey only charged £1:17s. per diem for his talent and travelling expenses; and in 1791 Mr. Rennie was only paid £2:2s. as an engineer.



paper, of "Summer Quarters to be let at the west end of Rottenrow, in the common Gardens."

If such be something like the contrast which the Glasgow of 1780 would present to that of 1855, how different would the dress of the citizens of that period appear, compared with the garbs of the present day! Gentlemen and tradesmen invariably wore dark blue coats with clear buttons, not double-breasted as in modern days, but having buttons on one side only; the vest being usually of the same cloth and colour, with deep pockets and pocket lids. The breeches of tradesmen were always of corduroy, buckled at the knee; with which they wore rig-and-fur stockings, and shoes pointed at the toes, fastened with bright brass buckles, while their costume was completed with a cocked hat. The garb of the higher classes was not much different except in quality, the buttons on their coats being gilt, and the shoe and knee buckles of silver. With the exception of young boys and clergymen, every man in the City wore long hair, soaked with pomatum and covered with powder; some having their hair wrapped round with a silk ribbon, lying on their backs like a pig-tail; while others had a bunch of their hair bound with a knot of ribbon, dangling on their shoulders, called a club.\* At that period, too, the dress of the ladies was at perfect antipodes to that which we meet with on the streets of Glasgow at this moment. Instead of the small fly-away bonnet of the young ladies of the present day, we find that their

\* The boys of this period all wore breeches which were made of leather, and supplied by skimmers at from one shilling and sixpence to two shillings pair.



grandmothers and great-grandmothers sported towering head-dresses—their hair being all hard-curled, anointed with scented pomatum, and white with powder. There was perhaps not such a contrast in the shape of the gown, it being then worn particularly long-waisted; but in place of the now neat boots or satin slippers, there was nothing then in use but shoes with sharp-pointed toes, ornamented with stone and cut-glass buckles, all having French heels at least three inches high and as small as a man's middle finger; and a large fan completed this fashionable toilet. When ladies had occasion to walk out, the streets were so full of puddles and mud as to render the use of pattens almost universal; and, from umbrellas being yet unknown in the City, each woman found it necessary in wet weather, (and Heaven knows how often, if the climate was no better then than it is now!) in order to protect herself against wind and rain, to don a duffle cloak or black silk calash, which last looked like “a huge floating baloon enclosing the whole paraphernalia of the head-dress.” What a contrast does this present to the movements of the ladies of the present day, who, with all the advantages of every modern safeguard from the climate, persevere in sweeping the foot-paths with their silken flounces!

It was at this point of our City's progress—viz. about 1780, when as yet many of the respectable merchants and manufacturers of Glasgow were in the habit of collecting their dinner guests at three o'clock (the common dinner hour being *one*), in a bed-room, instead of receiving them, as at present, in a gorgeous and glittering saloon—there assembled, at the convivial hour of six, a



Club of gallant gay Lotharios, in the ground floor of a house situated in that quarter of the town which, but a few years before, from having been the residence of the respectable and the wealthy, was most appropriately designated the *Golden Acre*, but which, to the mass of our youthful townsmen, will now be better known by the less respectable appellation of the High-street.\* The fraternity to which we allude, was known by the high-sounding and aristocratic denomination of MY LORD ROSS'S CLUB, a title which it derived, not from any connection it ever had with the bold baron who figures in Debrett, but from the simple circumstance of the worthy landlord's sires, who bore that honourable surname, having dreamed of matrimony, like their fellows, and by such means entailed the cognomen on the host. In short, the Club obtained its designation from the landlord's name being Ross—the baronial adjunct being conferred not by the Crown but the Club. Every evening, from Monday till Saturday, did this choice brotherhood meet over their tankard of twopenny and glass of Jamaica, running up a nightly score of from three to four pence each, or at most to sixpence, when it was agreed to wind up the main-spring of life, yclept the stomach, with a substantial *rabbit*. On Sunday, My Lord Ross's Club never assembled, for in those church-going days, when it was thought sinful even to light the street lamps, or to allow any food to be cooked upon

\* The rents of dwelling-houses in flats about 1780 and 1782, ranged from £6 to £12 a-year. Shops or merchant booths from £10 to £20. Most of the shops had under-ground premises, called *laigh shops*, which were let separately.



a Sabbath, it would have been deemed little less than sacrilege to swill grog or tap ale in a tavern.\*

The members of this high-styled fraternity may be said to have been, at this *Tontine-building*† period, among the class of our City Corinthians—a character to which they must have thought themselves not unjustly entitled, from the circumstance of the Club candelabra being a mahogany copy of one of the celebrated columns of the Temple of Jupiter Stator in the Roman Forum, which, as all the world knows, has long been considered the most perfect model of the Corinthian order! Be that as it may, however, the individuals who composed My Lord Ross's Club were all persons who might fearlessly pace the “Plainstones,”‡ or, what is more, who could proudly

\* The stern Puritanical spirit, which attempted in Glasgow to force every one either to go to church or to keep within doors on Sundays, was carried so far, that persons were employed, called *Bum Bailies*, to perambulate the streets and the public Green, and to seize upon all they found in the open air during divine service. Mr. Blackburn, the grandfather of the present laird of Killearn, having been taken into custody, according to the persecuting spirit of the period, for walking in the Green on Sunday, brought an action against the Magistrates for unwarranted exercise of authority, and carried his suit to the Court of Session, who at once decided against the preposterous attempt to prevent walking on Sunday, either on the streets or on the Green. The result of this Puritanical severity was very soon found in the fearful laxity of the succeeding generation in this respect. Would that the citizens of 1855 could take a lesson from the consequences of which the pharisaical stringency of 1780 was productive!

† The Tontine buildings, which were erected immediately to the north of the Town Hall at the Cross, were commenced in 1781. The Coffee-room or Reading-room was long considered the most elegant in Britain. “How have the mighty fallen!” There were 107 shares or lives, at £50 each, at its foundation in 1780, and in 1853 there were still 12 alive.

‡ The “Plainstones,” as formerly noticed, was the only pavement in Glasgow at one time, and was placed in front of the piazzas of the present Tontine buildings. It was still the promenade, *par excellence*, of the leading dons of the town, and was protected by a row of cannon stuck in the



dispute "the crown o' the causeway" with any of the then rather paralysed tobacco-aristocrats of the Westergate. They were persons, too, whose life and conversation were not confined, like many of their fellows of the period, to *one* solitary idea. They soared above such vulgar topics as tobacco and sugar, or the warp and weft of a long lawn or blue and white check! The *beaux esprits* of whom we speak left such subjects to be discussed by the magnates who daily strutted in peacock magnificence around the statue of King William, to the tinkling melody of the music bells, or to be canvassed by the *corks* (small manufacturers), who might be called to quit their not unusual posture of leaning over the half shop-door, for the purpose of taking their *meridian* with a customer. The members of My Lord Ross's Club flew at higher game; for they ever seasoned their hours of innocent revelry with discussions on literature or the fine arts. Amid the hopes and fears excited by the closing events

ground, with their muzzles uppermost, over which the boys attempted to play at leap-frog. Many an odd tale is associated with this promenade. Among these, one was told me the other day which illustrates alike the costume and the characters who at that time met there. It appears that Dr. Moor, the Professor of Greek—to whom we have alluded as belonging to the Anderston Club—was rather a natty as well as learned man, that is to say, he was particular in the cut of his dress, and most particular as to the curl and powdering of his wig. Strutting about one day, as he was wont, apparently pleased with his own appearance, he was noticed by a young spark of an officer, not long in commission, who, thinking to annoy the Professor, whispered in passing to his companion, loud enough, however, for the Doctor to hear—"He smells strongly of *powder*." Upon which the Doctor at once turned round and said—"Don't be alarmed, my young soldier, it is not *gunpowder*!" *Senex* mentions, in "GLASGOW, PAST AND PRESENT," that "the last personage who continued to walk these *Plain-stanes*, decked out with his scarlet cloak and cocked hat, was Dr. Peter Wright." This gentleman was a regular member of My Lord Ross's Club.



of the American war, they could enter upon a criticism of the works of Hume or Ramsay. They knew the merits of Handel, Raphael, and Roubilliac, as well as the burgesses and boatmen knew those of either Dougal Graham or Bell Geordie;\* and could have pointed out each original picture of Foulis's exhibition in the College-court, on a king's birth-day, as easily as the president of the then undreamed of, and since forgotten, Dilettanti Society could once select the sheep from the goats in the Hunterian Museum!

With minds so illuminated, it may be easily supposed that the Club ale required not to be spiced with gossiping detraction, nor the Club rabbits to be seasoned with scandal; and on the annual dinner day, when above a score of the social band sat down to the standard dish of "beef and greens," and after

"The clang of plates, of knife and fork,  
That merciless fell like tomahawks to work,"

was stilled into silence by the cloyed appetite, and when the generous juice was placed upon the board to whet their understandings, it was never found necessary (although some of the members were connected with the City Corporation) that the beverage required such *sentimental* provocatives as "the Lord Provost and Magistrates," and "the Trade of Clyde;" or that the evening's jocularities needed to be *heightened* by those "unaccustomed as I am to public speaking" orations, which, at the present moment, so *distressingly* mark the mighty march of intellect. In My Lord Ross's Club, such

\* See the *Accidental Club* for a sketch of this well-known and somewhat notorious functionary.



tiresome, heartless, and pointless pastime was not known, and what is more, would not have been tolerated; for there each member truly

“Indulged his genius; each was glad,  
Jocund, and free, and swell'd the feast with mirth.”

As a key to the jovial-hearted brotherhood which, seventy years ago, made the low roof of a High-street parlour often ring with the choral chaunt of “Down the burn, Davie lad,” we may mention its last blithe-faced president, Bailie David Hendrie, whose memory is still revered by all who ever heard of him. The facetious pleasantry of this delightful bottle companion, whose very form was the emblem of good humour and jocularity, proved indeed the chief bond of union to the fraternity; and when he poured out his own manly voice, as he was often wont, to the humorous ballad of “I am a tinker to my trade,” he so electrified his audience that there was not a bag-wig present, from the late Dr. Peter Wright to that of Professor Cumin of Oriental language memory, which did not dance and shake with laughter.\*

Although there is not now one of the members of My Lord Ross's Club left to bewail its president's harmless gibes and flashes of merriment, to recall his portly form, or to remember his jovial songs, we are happy to think that we, at least, some twenty years ago, were acquainted with the last survivor of this effete fraternity. Sworn antiquarians, as we confess we are, we never once gazed

\* We may mention, that among the other few members of this Club now known, were the late Provost Black, Dr. Marshall of Neilsland, Mr. Robert Morris of Craig, and Mr. John Miller of Miller & Ewing.



on the gold-headed cane which had borne this respectable gentleman along the Trongate, from the May to the December of life, without recalling the joys of his dancing days—days associated to the last with the pleasures and the friendships of My Lord Ross's Club. While we looked, too, on that happy portrait of a former age—a graphic index of the change of men and manners, by no means flattering to the men of modern times—we often regretted the loss of that race of bag-wigs and pig-tails, which, by the present youthful generation, are utterly unknown, and by the elder almost forgotten. And now that this worthy and warm-hearted octogenarian has also, like his former companions, put off this mortal coil, we have only to add that Glasgow never possessed a better specimen of its ancient citizens, nor My Lord Ross's Club a worthier representative of its former glory, than Mr. John Miller, of whom it may verily be said, that

“Age sat with decent grace upon his visage,  
And worthily became his silver locks;  
He wore the marks of many years well spent,  
Of virtue, truth well tried, and wise experience.”



GLASGOW FROM 1777 TO 1783—THE MORNING  
AND EVENING CLUB.

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PREVIOUS to the opening of the Glasgow Coffee-room or News-room at the Cross, which took place about the year 1782, there was no regular rendezvous for quidnuncs—no public place where the citizens could assemble to peruse the English or Scotch newspapers, and discuss their contents. It was then needful for the *gobemouche*, thirsting for news, to hurry to some well-frequented tavern where, for the accommodation of regular visitors, there was always kept in readiness the necessary political pabulum to satisfy his cravings. The period to which we refer was one of great interest and excitement; but it was one, also, when locomotion was in its infancy. About that time the communication with the metropolis, either of Scotland or of England, was most tedious—so much so, that a London newspaper of nearly a week old was looked upon as a novelty. To remedy in some measure this great inconvenience, Provost Buchanan was sent to London, in 1778, to endeavour to obtain a more speedy communication, by post, between the two Cities—the intercourse being then only thrice a-week through Edinburgh. But it may be argued, from a subsequent entry which appears in the Council Records, dated 28th September 1781, that although something, consequent on the chief magistrate's visit,



had, in the interval, been done to better matters in this respect, still the Corporation and the citizens seem to have remained far from being satisfied with the Post-office authorities of the day, and to have been loud in their demands for improvement; nor considering the eventful times in which these individuals lived, is this to be wondered at.\* It was then that the unfortunate quarrel with America, and its baneful consequences, kept the whole nation on tenter-hooks; while the domestic turmoil occasioned by the Popish bill introduced by the then Government, and ending in Lord George Gordon's riots in the metropolis, awakened the most intense anxiety among the Protestant community.† Both subjects peculiarly interested Glasgow—the one from the long and successful intercourse which its leading merchants had held with Virginia, and the other from a long-cherished affection for the severest Presbyterianism, and from a deep-rooted hatred of Popery. Perhaps no subjects, therefore, at any one period of Glasgow's history, awakened more anxiety in all classes of the inhabitants, than these two, more particularly the Popish bill, by which it was intended to repeal the penal statutes against Roman Catholics, and put them on the same footing as the other sectarians in the land. Not forget-

\* "The Council appoint a Committee to consider what steps are proper to be taken for bringing the posts from London (*via* Carlisle, Moffat, &c.) to arrive at Glasgow as early as they arrive at Edinburgh; and to have six posts from London weekly, as Carlisle and Dumfries now have."—28th September 1781.

† On the 9th September 1778, the Town Council of Glasgow resolved to send twelve cannon to Greenock, under the belief that there might be an attempted invasion of the west coast. This was never carried into execution.



ful of the sufferings which many of their fathers had endured at the hands of the Popish party when in the ascendant, or even of the exactions to which the City had been subjected during the last struggle of the Stuarts in Scotland, the citizens of Glasgow almost unanimously declared their hostility to the measure, while, at the same time, they banded themselves together to oppose this attempted attack on their high principles of Protestantism. Thus, no fewer than eighty-five separate societies were formed to oppose the bill; while, through the pulpit and the press—powerless though that press comparatively was at that time—the minds of the working-classes were so inflamed as to render them capable of any outrage against the abettors of the Catholic faith. Unlike the present day, Glasgow was totally destitute of those hordes of Milesian helots which have since so materially added to the population of the western commercial mart, and so seriously altered the creed of many of its breathing inhabitants. One obscure mass-house, situated in the High-street, was then the only consecrated temple of Popery within the Covenanted borders of Glasgow; and book and bell were there used in a manner somewhat stealthily.\* While we speak thus

\* In 1778 there were only about 30 ostensible Roman Catholics in Glasgow. In 1785, when Bishop Hay came from Edinburgh to celebrate mass, he met the Catholics in a back room of a house in Blackstock's closs, foot of Saltmarket. In 1792, the Tennis-court in Mitchell-street was fitted up as a temporary Catholic chapel. In 1797 a small chapel was built in Gallowgate; and in 1815 the handsome Gothic structure in Clyde-street was erected. Since that time several very large and elegant churches, connected with the Roman Catholic worship, have been built in various parts of the City. In 1819 the number of Roman Catholics in Glasgow was only 8,245, whereas in 1851 they were estimated to be about 90,000.



of the Presbyterianism which so generally pervaded the people, it must not, at the same time, be denied that there were some whose early habits and education inclined them to the worship of the Virgin. It should not be forgotten that a goodly sprinkling of the old Celtic Jacobite race, drawn from the Highlands, then did the work which is now generally assigned to the modern Patlanders; and Popery, therefore, was not altogether unsympathised with by certain persons of the community. Among those, there appears to have been a person named Robert Bagnall, who, being a native of France, still religiously and regularly worshipped at least every Sunday within the walls of the High-street mass-house. This personage was a potter by trade, having his shop in King-street, and his manufactory and house at the east end of the Gallowgate. At that polemical period, the Popish peculiarities of this, we believe, industrious and respectable citizen, unfortunately excited the wrath of the populace, who, not content with destroying, *à la* John Knox or his abettors, the pictured saints which decorated the high altar of the High-street chapel, of which Mr. Bagnall was a notable member—and that, too, during the time of divine service—again, on the evening of the 9th February 1779, assembled by some as yet occult power, at once attacked his house, situated where Tureen-street now stands, and burned it and its furniture, before the Magistrates had arrived at the conflagration. This accomplished, they forthwith proceeded to his shop in King-street, which they gutted of its pottery, in spite of all magisterial and military efforts to save it. It has been stated, as a proof of the almost universal



feeling which prevailed against the Catholics and their religion at this time in Glasgow, that although the then great reward of one hundred pounds was offered for the apprehension of any of the ringleaders, no one ever was induced to *peach*.\*

No sooner was this religious ferment somewhat quelled, by the abandonment of the Popish bill, than another equally opprobrious measure was introduced into the House of Commons, which again excited much fear and discontent among the inhabitants of Glasgow; we allude to a proposal to repeal the duty on French cambrics. At that time the *corks*, or small manufacturers, of Anderston† had done much to improve the manufacture of cambrics, not only by their own ingenuity, but also by the importation of a colony of French women. Fearing competition, and utterly regardless of the principles enunciated by Adam Smith, they were strongly excited against the measure; and a mob of weavers paraded the

\* “The Magistrates and Council, on 16th April 1779, agreed to apply to Parliament for power to assess the inhabitants for the damage done to Robert Bagnall’s property by a mob on the 9th of February last.” The bill was prepared but abandoned from the opposition given to it.

† Among the leading Anderston *corks* about this time were the following:—

Messrs. James & John M’Ilwham.

Mr. James Monteith, grandfather of Mr. R. Monteith of Carstairs.

Mr. John Semple.

Mr. James Wright, commonly called “*Cash down*.”

Mr. Allan Arthur.

Mr. Alexander Glasgow.

Messrs. Grant & Fraser, the former one of the family of the famous Grants of Manchester.

Mr. Gillespie.

It was the custom for some of the above, and most of the smaller *corks*, to take their “meridian” at *Pinkerton’s*, which was then in the Trongate, opposite to the Laigh Kirk Steeple.



City with an effigy of the Minister who brought in the measure, holding in one hand a piece of French cambric, and in the other a bill for importing that manufacture. The procession, after marching through the town unmolested—as might well have been expected from the universal sympathy felt for their case—ultimately arrived at the Cross, where the effigy was hung up at the public place of execution, and thereafter blown to pieces by the firing of some combustible materials placed in the interior of the figure.\*

It was during the fitful alternations of the American conflict, and the equally oscillating policy of our domestic Legislature—which so deeply interested the citizens of Glasgow,—that a Club of well-known quidnuncs and greedy gossipers began to assemble in a rather celebrated tavern, situated in Currie's closs, on the east side of the High-street—not after dinner, but long before even the hour of breakfast. At that period the Edinburgh mail—bringing the newspapers of the Scottish metropolis, and with these the latest intelligence from London—reached Glasgow about five o'clock in the morning. On the arrival of the postal messenger, whose appearance was then looked for with more than ordinary anxiety, a gun was regularly fired at the Cross, to announce the great fact to the inhabitants; and in those days, when the City was small, it was easy to do so by such a simple contrivance, as the great majority interested in such matters lived within earshot of the Tolbooth. At this well-known sound the mem-

\* The proposed legislative measure was withdrawn, to the great delight of the Glasgow manufacturers and weavers.



bers of the *Morning Club* started from the blankets, dressed themselves in their morning garb, and hastened to the High-street, where the newspapers, which by that time had been got from the Post-office, were found ready dried and laid out on the table, waiting the arrival of the eager quidnuncs.\*

But although the news of the day, stirring as they then were, formed perhaps the chief attraction to those worthies to leave their beds at so early an hour, there were other inducements to enter Currie's closs before breakfast. In the comfortable tavern, with its blazing fire, situated in this then fashionable locality, the members were always sure of getting either a tankard of hot herb ale—whose medicinal qualities were considered no bad antidote to the rather uneasy effects produced by the previous evening's heavy potations—or that beverage which was then well known by the designation of a "*baurie*," and which consisted of a half-mutchkin of rum, with a due proportion of hot water and sugar, poured out and *skinked* in a quart mug. With either placed on the board, and with a newspaper in hand, each member felt himself quite in

\* The newspapers then published in and received from Edinburgh were—the *Courant*, the *Caledonian Mercury*, and the *Advertiser*. It is not precisely known when the *Courant* was first begun to be published, but it is certain that in 1710 the celebrated Daniel De Foe got liberty from the then all paramount Town Council to publish the same. It was, from its start, published thrice a-week. The precise period when the *Caledonian Mercury* was commenced is also unknown; but it was long published by the well-known scholar and antiquary, Thomas Ruddiman, M. A.; Mr. John Robertson having purchased the copyright from the Ruddimans in 1772. The *Advertiser* was commenced after 1772 by Mr. Alexander Donaldson, whose son and successor in the property of the newspaper left his fortune to found Donaldson's Hospital.



his element. After the perusal of each paragraph, he could take his mouthful of soothing tippie, and was thus fully prepared to meet any intelligence that might too harshly excite his feelings. When the newspapers were duly scanned, which, considering the editorial brevity of that period, took no very long time to accomplish, the members at once encircled the board, and the Club thus constituted commenced discussing, with a gusto peculiarly their own, the various topics of the day. Having thus sat and talked till the Cross clock struck eight, at which hour men in their circumstances breakfasted, the sitting was adjourned—not till the following morning, as might have been anticipated, but only till seven o'clock in the evening, when the Club again regularly met, to talk over, not the news of the country, but the news of the town.

As a sample of the worthies who composed the brotherhood meeting under the title of the MORNING AND EVENING CLUB, and who for many long years darkened with their forms one of the eastern closes of the High-street, we may mention Mr. Archibald Govane, writer, whose original character and convivial habits were ever sure to attract around him a knot of congenial spirits, and whose love for his Club was such that he rarely was known to be absent from a sitting. It was here, especially, that this celebrated clubbist, who may be said to have been an excellent representative of the drinking character of the age, most unreservedly indulged in his own peculiar and favourite species of tippie, but in which, considering the cost of the material whereof it was manufactured, and the quantity which he generally contrived to swallow, he



had few followers among the brotherhood. The beverage was no less, *for a beginning*, than a bottle of good port-wine *mulled*, flavoured with large slices of lemon, and poured into a quart mug. This rather odd Club drink was nicknamed "*mahogany*," and, ere long, the soubriquet was conferred on himself. With his legs below the tavern mahogany, and with his own tankard of *mahogany* before him, this worthy worshipper of wine and waggery gossiped on till near midnight, and not unfrequently did not quit his chair till he had impounded the mystical number of *three* bottles in his stomach. At this period of Glasgow's history, tippling at all times of the day and drinking in the afternoons to excess were practised both by "gentle and simple." Among the shopkeepers and manufacturers, a *meridian* glass was an almost universal habit, while forenoon *gilling* prevailed through the whole range of the different craftsmen. To transact business of any kind without the bargain being sealed with the stamp of the *stoup*, would have been looked upon as shabby as it would have been unsafe; and so far was the practice carried, that even the most sacred matters were settled in a manner befitting "thirsty souls"—that is to say, the clergy and their flocks were in the habit of discussing the weighty matters of the Church over a tankard of twopenny or a glass of Glenlivet!\* About this period, too, when a dinner party

\* A story told of the Rev. Dr. John Hamilton and one of his parishioners, which occurred about this time, will best illustrate this. Having both something important to talk over in the forenoon, they retired as customary to a public-house, and called for a gill of spirits and a piece of oat-cake. Both were brought in and laid on the table; but before attempting to partake of either, Dr. Hamilton asked a blessing, which, closing his



was given—which was, however, a rare occurrence compared with the practice of the present day—the guests, after the somewhat heavy repast, invariably set in for serious drinking. The landlord immediately began to ply his bottles and his bowl; and, in order to prevent any one skulking away before he had drank more than he could well carry, the dining-room door was locked, and the key snugly consigned to the host's pocket. A host, in fact, was looked upon as miserable and mean who did not testify his kindness by sending his guests reeling home, without any recollection of what had occurred during the closing part of the evening; and it was the great glory of many a stalwart diner-out to play but too frequently the part assigned to the "Doctor" in the autumn hunt dinner given in "Thomson's Seasons," whose

" Tremendous paunch,  
Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink  
Outlives them all; and from his buried flock  
Retiring, full of rumination sad,  
Laments the weakness of these latter times."

It was, in fact, an age of deep drinking, both in town and country; but it must be recollected that although the "*bouts*" were long, they were rare. The story of

eyes, he lengthened out with such a copious infusion of Presbyterian doctrine, that long before its conclusion, his friend became tired, and, sip by sip, drank off the spirits placed before him. On arriving at "Amen," the minister stretched out his hand to take hold of the gill-stoup, but lo! on raising the lid, he found the vessel empty. "Ring the bell!" cried he, evidently annoyed either at the supposed neglect or indignity offered to them; adding, "this is really too bad." "Hooly, hooly!" said the parishioner, "it is all right enough. I am to blame for that. If you had been less lengthy in your prayer it would not have happened. But let me give you a hint for the future, that the Scriptures tell us 'to watch as well as pray!'"



the laird of Garscadden and his compeers, who never thought it reasonable to rise from the table on the same day on which they sat down, may be regarded as no indifferent type of the men of the period! They were, in fact, the very counterpart of a celebrated bailie of a neighbouring borough, in more modern times, whose grave-stone declares that

“ Here lyes—read it with your hats on—  
The bones of Bailie William Watson,  
Who was famous for his thinking,  
And moderation in his drinking.”\*

Of the other regular members of the thirsty fraternity, who spent both their mornings and evenings in the Club-room, it is perhaps unnecessary now to say more than that each and all of them belonged to the then widely disseminated family of the *Sit-lates*, a family which was slowly but steadily declining in numbers long before Forbes M'Kenzie's effort to extinguish it. The *Sit-lates* of the Morning and Evening Club, however, having no fear of any interference with their prolonged enjoyment of good company, continued to sit and drink till they could do so no longer; but that was at least not until their chairman, “Mahogany,” was prevented by death

\* Scottish “*Galraviches*,” as these drinking *bouts* were called, are well known to all acquainted with the “annals of the bottle,” and the one in which *Garscadden* took his last draught has been often told. The scene occurred in the wee clachan of Law, where a considerable number of Kilpatrick lairds had congregated for the ostensible purpose of talking over some parish business. And well they talked, and better drank, when one of them, about the dawn of the morning, fixing his eye on *Garscadden*, remarked that he was “looking unco gash.” Upon which *Kilmardinny* coolly replied, “Deil mean him, since he has been wi' his Maker these twa hours! I saw him step awa, but I didna like to disturb good company!”



from placing his limbs under the well-garnished mahogany of the High-street hostelry.\* Before we close this sketch, we may mention one of the irregular members of the brotherhood, Mr. Matthew Gilmour, writer, who to a strong love of the ludicrous, united a propensity to play tricks on his neighbours.† On his way one morning to the Club, when few were on the street, he discovered a ladder, and ascended the statue of King William, at the Cross, where he seated himself on the horse, immediately behind the hero of the Boyne. The singular position of the member, however, soon attracted the attention of a curious passenger, who at once cried out, "What are you doing there?" "Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Gilmour, "I am looking at a most wonderful sight, such as I never saw in all my life before, and if you will only come up you may see it too!" The stranger, without thought, took advantage of the ladder, and mounted to the top of the pedestal. "Stop there till I come down, and you will get up;" and so saying the member slipped down, and the stranger ascended to the vacated seat.

\* The sworn boon companions of the president of the Evening and Morning Club were—Dr. Whyte, High-street, Deacon Murray, Mr. James Stewart, spirit-dealer, and others of the same class of forenoon toppers. Meridian drinking about this time was almost universal among the middle classes of Glasgow society.

† Of this curious individual's odd pranks many have been told. The following, given on the authority of Mr. John Aitchison, may be relied on:—Having observed a pretty conspicuous sign in front of a house in the Bell of the Brae, on which was painted "R. Carrick, shoemaker," Mr. Gilmour thought it would be no bad joke to remove it during the night and place it on the Ship Bank; and in the morning the people were not a little surprised to find that Robert Carrick, the manager, had added to that of his many other occupations the business of a cobbler! These practical jokes were by no means uncommon during the last century.



Mr. Gilmour then counselled him to look stedfastly down the Gallowgate; and while he was thus employed, the ladder was removed and Mr. Gilmour with it, leaving the poor man on an elevation from which there was no practicable and safe descent!



THE GÆLIC CLUB.

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It is perhaps strange to say that, while at the present hour so many sons of the Gael are found among the ablest of our merchants and manufacturers, the period is not far remote when scarcely one of the numerous cadets of the Highland clans would have dreamed of taking up his abode in lowland Glasgow. To confine a Highland gentleman, a couple of centuries ago, to the drudgery of a shop or a countinghouse, or, what was worse, to that of a workshop or a manufactory, would have been felt a degradation and a punishment never to be submitted to. The chivalrous spirit of the child of "the mountain and the flood," eschewed disdainfully at that period the profitable employment of the shuttle, and everything akin to weaverism and chapmanship. He felt no reluctance to sell his sword to a foreign power, but he could not condescend to enrich by his industry his own country. The sentiments which Sir Walter Scott has put into the mouth of Rob Roy, were the opinions formerly entertained and acted upon by many a chieftain of the Highlands; and although some time before the Rob Roy period, which the great novelist so well illustrates, the Eldorado blandishments of trade had begun to attract some of the more energetic sons of the mountain to settle on the banks of the Clyde, it was not till some years after the last Re-



bellion in favour of the Stuarts, that the scions of the Gael were found seated in the high places of Glasgow society.

About the close of the seventh decade of the eighteenth century—when the successful sons of many Highland clansmen had by their industry won a prominent position among their Lowland competitors for fortune or power in Glasgow—a knot of rather remarkable men thought of establishing a Club, on a peculiarly Celtic basis, which has formed a bond of union among them even till this day, and was thus phrased in their first minute,—“To remind them of Ossian, the melodious and noble prince of poets, as well as to converse as friends in the bold and expressive language of heroes in ages past, the Highland gentlemen of Glasgow have resolved to meet statedly as a society.”

On the 7th March 1780 the Gaelic Club was established—its first president being Mr. George M‘Intosh of Dunchattan, father of the late Mr. Charles M‘Intosh; and its first secretary the zealous Mr. M‘Diarmid, the original Gaelic clergyman of Glasgow.\* In addition to the hearty bond of similarity of tastes, which kept together the members of this brotherhood, they procured a charter from the Highland Society of London, which, among other privileges conferred on them by their patent, delegated specially to this fraternity the power of awarding the annual prizes given by the London Society at the Tryst of Falkirk for the encouragement of bagpipe music; and during many years, it appears, a committee of the Gaelic Club annually proceeded to that great gathering of men

\* In 1779, the Town Council voted £50 for re-building the Gaelic chapel.



and bestail, to adjudge the valuable medal appropriated for the best pibroch.\*

The original qualification for becoming a member of the Gælic Club was, that the individual should be a Highlander either by birth or connexion. Another requisite was, that he should be able to speak the Erse, or be the descendant of Highland parents, the possessor of landed property in the Highlands, or an officer in a Scots or Highland regiment. These conditions were perhaps very necessary, when it is mentioned, that among the standing rules of the fraternity, when first established, it was a law that the Club should meet on the first Tuesday of every month, in Mrs. Scheid's tavern—then a first-rate house in the Trongate—at the hour of seven at night, and that the members were “to converse in Gælic, according to their abilities, from seven till nine.” In the progress of time, it may be easily sup-

\* In the *Glasgow Mercury* of 23d October 1783, we find the following paragraph:—“The competition for the annual prizes given by the Highland Society, for the encouragement of the ancient martial music of Scotland, took place at Falkirk, on Wednesday the 15th current, under the direction of a committee deputed by the Glasgow branch of the Society, when, after a trial of skill, which lasted from nine in the morning till five in the afternoon, before select judges and in presence of a very numerous and respectable company assembled on the occasion, the first prize and the bagpipe were adjudged to Neil M'Lean, piper to Major Campbell of Airds; the second prize to Archibald M'Gregor, fourth son of old M'Gregor; and the third to John M'Gregor, piper to the City Guard of Edinburgh. As soon as the judges and the company had taken their places, the bard, *Mac an Taoir*, was introduced, and pronounced his annual Gælic poem in praise of the martial music and prowess of the Caledonians; and the whole was concluded with a grand procession to the church-yard of Falkirk, where the victors at the three competitions marched thrice round the tombs of the immortal heroes, Sir John Stuart, Sir John the Graham, and Sir Robert Munro, playing the celebrated ‘M'Crimman's Lament’ in concert on the prize pipes.”



posed that those original regulations were departed from, and that, although the claim for membership was restricted to the applicant's ability to count kin with some Highland relative, the chance of his admission into what soon became a most aristocratic brotherhood, would depend more on his position in society, and on his connexion with the leading members who governed it, than on anything peculiarly Celtic in himself. Alas! how guiltless are the Highland gentlemen of the present day of the tongue which was at first the chief link of their union and cordiality!

From the very full and interesting Minutes of the Gaelic Club, which narrate the transactions of the brotherhood from 1780 down even to the present day, we find that, during the first ten years of the existence of the fraternity, the meetings were both regular and numerous; and that to add to the hilarity of their entertainments, they in 1784 appointed Neil M'Lean to be piper to the Club, allowing him five shillings every evening that he touched his chanter for their amusement. But scarcely four years had run their course before a successor appears to have been nominated, named M'Kechern, who, besides the usual fee of five shillings, enjoyed the advantages of a coat, bonnet, and kilt every two years. Again, with the view of characterising the assembly by some ostensible marks of the Gael, it was agreed that each member should henceforth appear, at all stated meetings, in a tartan short-coat, under a penalty for non-compliance of the usual punishment of the day, viz. the cost of a bottle of rum, which, being translated into coin, sounded something like eight shil-



lings sterling. And further, to encourage those who might love to sport the habiliments of their earlier years, it was enacted, "that those who chose to appear in any additional particulars of the Highland dress, would be considered still more meritorious members of the Society of the descendants of the Clans of Caledonia."\*

During the ten years above alluded to, the regular meetings of the Club, from November till April, were monthly; but it held only two meetings from April till November—summer emigration being then, as now, a characteristic of Glasgow society and a foe to all Club assemblages. Wednesday was then the day on which the Club met, and was chosen as being a blank post-day to London, showing that a letter at that not very distant date took three days to perform its journey from Glasgow to the metropolis!

Of all the social fraternities of the City, there never existed one which gave more palpable proofs of a spirit of hospitality than the Gaelic Club. While Glasgow through its private circles was never wanting in attention to strangers, it is only just to say, that in her public

\* It is perhaps curious to state, that at a very early period there was a regular town piper elected and paid by the Corporation. The following is a minute of the Town Council on this subject, dated 3d April 1675:—"The said day the Magistrates and Counsel being convened. In answer to the desyre and supplicationne given in be John M'Claine, pypper, craving to be admitted as the towne's minstrell, they have given and granted, and hereby gives and grants to him that office, as common pypper or minstrell within the said burgh, ordaining him heirby to goe throw the toune every day, morning and evining, or at such tymes the Magistrates sall appoynt using his office, for quhilk they are to pay him yearlie during his service thereintill, the sowme of ane hundreth marks Scots money, at twa termes," &c.



capacity she has done absolutely nothing; and while many of the leading cities of England have, through their several municipalities, given substantial proofs of the known hospitality of Old England, by inviting every remarkable stranger who might visit their locality, to some tangible expression of their admiration for him as a statesman, scholar, soldier, or philanthropist, it has been the general practice of the members of our municipality to show any little attention they did show—to themselves, and scarcely any to strangers. Perhaps this peculiarity may be attributed more to the poverty of the public purse than to any unwillingness on the part of those who for the moment held the purse-strings—in short, to decline to do collectively in the Town Hall what individually they were always ready to perform at home. If the Corporation, even amid Toryism and self-election, was in this respect chary in showing attention to strangers, the Gælic Club was most liberal and free, particularly towards the brave defenders of their country; for, whenever any kilted corps took up their residence in our City, the officers were sure of being invited to the hospitable board of the Gælic Club, and thereafter, through this very influential brotherhood, were introduced to the best society of Glasgow.

The first important entertainment which we find in the records, as given by the Gælic Club, was on the 2d January 1788, when Colonel Forbes and his corps were quartered in the City.

The next great public dinner of the Club was given to the 42d Highlanders, or Black Watch, in the year 1792; on which occasion, no effort on the part of the



entertainers was spared to convince their guests that Highland hospitality could be shown even in Lowland Glasgow. Although this gallant corps had not yet attained the high pitch of renown to which by its deeds of bravery it was soon elevated, it must never be forgotten [that it was then composed of men who felt that their fathers, amid their rocky fastnesses, had always successfully stemmed the inroads of advancing foes; and that, though other portions of the island had become at times the prey of the conqueror, the glens of the Highlands had never been polluted by the foot of a foreign aggressor. Besides, if the "Old Black Watch" had not yet won their red feather, they had at least shown enough to convince the most sceptical, that if ever the bonnet and the plaid should be called into the field of fight, it would be scarcely possible for any opponent, however brave, to offer an effectual resistance to *Clann nan Gael a gualibh a chiele*. (The children of the Gael—shoulder to shoulder.)\*

While the Gaelic Club was thus in its early days peculiarly attentive to the brave defenders of their country, they were at the same time by no means blind to the beauty of their fair compatriots. With a spirit of gallantry worthy of imitation by other brotherhoods of the community, the Gaelic Club gave their first ball and

\* The original *Reicudan Dhu*, or "Black Watch," was a corps of provincial militia, whose duty it was to protect the lives and properties of the Scottish people from distant plunderers. The corps was wholly composed of Highlanders, and was supported by an impost, which, if not sanctioned by Act of Parliament, was at least levied by custom and local institution. It was, however, extorted in a manner no less compulsory than the more private contribution of "black mail." The independent companies of this said "Black Watch," about the year 1730, from the celebrity they acquired,



supper on the 7th March 1792, when there appears to have been present twenty-nine members, ten stranger gentlemen, and forty-five ladies—making a party in all of eighty-four individuals. The company were invited to meet at seven o'clock, and were provided with tea, coffee, and cards. Dancing immediately succeeded, to the stirring music of "M'Lachlan and his Bass," the best and only orchestra of the City for such parties. As a regular hot supper was put on the table precisely at ten o'clock, and as this could only be done in the large room devoted to the dance, it was after this ball resolved, in the event of any future entertainment being given of the same kind, "that a collation should be laid out in an adjoining room, whither the company might retire *in sets*, or small parties, in the course of the evening, leaving to all the liberty of quitting the ball-room and going decently home at any time one might think fit." The fact was, the formal supper, conducted as it had been on this occasion, was found to have been attended with great delay, and moreover "exposed the company to cold *while the table was covering*." How refreshing to modern hearts to think of the simplicity of our grandfathers and grandmothers, who thus, in the same apartment, wound up the reel and the country dance with a wing or leg of a warm roasted turkey,

became regular troops, receiving regular pay, and were the origin of the gallant 42d Regiment, which was known for a long time as the "Highland Watch." At the period of their being made regular soldiers, many of them were of a higher station in society than that from which soldiers in general are raised, being cadets of gentlemen's families, sons of gentlemen-farmers and tacksmen; and in addition to the advantages derived from their superior rank of life, they possessed in an eminent degree that of a commanding external deportment.



or some equally substantial restorative; and when the whole, too, was washed down with hearty libations of mulled port and hot toddy! The alteration proposed to take place was also urged on the score of the company getting more quickly home than they seem to have been able to do, when, rising all at once from the table, they could not find sufficient sedan chairs, the then only practical mode of transit for a lady from one part of the town to another.\* What a change has taken place in this respect since the first Gælic ball, and especially since the first *noddy* was launched by M'Intosh in Dunlop-street! And what an insight does this fashionable party give us into the less showy but mayhap more friendly manners and habits of the Glasgow beau monde, during the last decade of the last century, compared with the present late hours and their heartless accompaniments!

Up to the year 1798 the Gælic Club appears to have held its monthly and anniversary meetings under the roof-tree of several hostelryes in the City. After leaving Mrs. Scheid's, where it is supposed the Celtic tongue was alone generally spoken, it seems to have next gone to Mrs. M'Donald's, and there continued till 1794, when it removed its sittings to Hemming's Hotel. It was in the Star Hotel that the anniversary of 1798 took place; and it was at this meeting, of the 7th March, that the old Gælic Club was formally dissolved, and a new one organised, with amended rules and regulations, making it a preliminary step to membership that each

\* In olden times sedan chairs were very numerous. Their bearers wore blue cloaks and carried lanterns, ladies having no other means of being conveyed in wet weather to church, or, when in full dress, to assemblies, concerts, theatres, and dinner or supper parties.



person admitted must be a member of the Highland Society of Glasgow.\* It was also a rule that all future meetings should take place in the Black Bull Inn, that being the property of the Highland Society; and that in the election of members two black balls should exclude an applicant.

The Club thus newly constituted held its first meeting on the 11th July 1798, on which occasion a splendid turtle, presented to the Club by Mr. Alexander Campbell of Hallyards, attracted a powerful assemblage of the fraternity around the comfortable board of the Black Bull Inn.† By the new Club there was also elected a new piper, who, it appears, required other *considerations* on taking office than the mere salary and Highland toggery formerly given, for, according to the minute of Angus

\* The Glasgow Highland Society was first established in 1727; and in 1750 the regulations for conducting its affairs were approved of by the Magistrates and Council. The exclusive object of this very benevolent institution, is the education and clothing of Highland boys and girls, and putting them out to trades. The number of children at school in January 1854 was 703 day scholars, exclusive of evening scholars, both making a total little short of one thousand.

† Mr. Alexander Campbell, like many others of the same name who have “come out of the Highlands,” was the architect of his own fortune; having, through unwearied activity, high probity, and great mercantile ability, raised himself to the head of one of those leading West India houses which were at that period in the ascendant in Glasgow. At the time he presided at the entertainment alluded to, he was justly regarded as one of the leaders of the then dominant sugar aristocracy, which has in its turn resigned the supremacy to other more modern enterprises. To individualise the many *Campbells* who belonged even to the Gælic Club, was no easy matter, and many forms of doing so were adopted. One was called after his sire’s property, another after his own, a third after his father’s farm, others according to the colour of their hair or the peculiarity of their form, while a worthy gentleman received his soubriquet from the circumstance of having at one time exhibited so anxious a desire to dispose of a ship, as to have put up the common sale emblem not upon *one* but on *two* masts!



Mackay's election, we find this important piece of good fortune prepared for the piper, "that the married men present promised to recommend him to their ladies as a good grocer!" And well they might do so, for not very long after his appointment, Angus became one of the most marked and celebrated characters of the fraternity. In port and appearance he was the very beau-ideal of a Highland piper; to his artistic talent of pressing the bag and fingering the chanter, he united the bold bearing of an ancient chieftain, and a strutting pace which spoke aloud of conscious supremacy over all musical mortals, especially when marching around the board of the Gaelic Club! Long did this happy interpreter of Celtic strains continue his vocation, but at length, one evening after fulfilling his usual duties, he left the Club-room with his pipes under his arm, and before he reached the end of the adjoining corridor he expired! Angus M'Kay may be truly said, therefore, to have died in harness—the last breath which he ever emitted having been poured into his bagpipe!\*

Into the newly-organised management of the Club,

\* Angus M'Kay was piper to the Glasgow Highland Volunteers, and when that corps was sent on permanent duty to Linlithgow, he so enamoured the authorities with the music of his chanter, that he soon after became the town piper of that burgh, and continued to perform the regular municipal duties of the office till his death, coming only to Glasgow at the meetings of the Gaelic Club. He was a great favourite with all strangers who during his time encircled the Gaelic table; and it is stated that he particularly took the fancy of the late lamented Colonel L. Maule, when, as captain of the 97th and a guest of the fraternity, he encountered the piper. The truth is, Angus M'Kay became so much petted, and, as it were, so much a part and portion of the Club, by having so long contributed to its amusement, that the members got the likeness of the piper taken in the full paraphernalia of his office, and which effigy has ever since ornamented the wall of the Gaelic Club-room.



an increasing love of good eating and good fellowship appears to have entered. Turtle feasts followed each other in regular succession; the most remarkable being that given on the 18th July 1799, when no fewer than thirty-five, including many distinguished strangers, sat down to their calipee and calipash, and did not rise from table till the whole was washed down with many hours' uninterrupted flow of that universal beverage yclept "Glasgow punch," manufactured of the best rum, with lemons or limes, and by one of the most experienced makers of the day. The party which encircled the board of the Gælic Club on that occasion may be said to have been the elite of Glasgow society, and gave a prestige to its position, as a social fraternity, which rendered its future membership particularly desirable. In 1800 the members belonging to the Gælic Club numbered forty-one; but as years ran on, the numbers became more and more restricted, till in 1805 they were reduced to thirty.

With the commencement of the new century, a novelty appears to have been introduced, in the dress to be worn by the members of the Club on their days of meeting; for, by a resolution adopted in 1802, it was decreed that henceforward the dress should be a short tartan coat of the plaid of the 42d Regiment, with a green velvet collar and gilt buttons, and the inscription "*Cormin nan Gael.*" The coat too was to be cut to a particular shape, as shown by a model chosen by Mr. M'Gilvra. With the coat was to be worn a plain white Marseilles quilting or kerseymere waistcoat, while the lower integuments were to be either tartan trouse or a kilt, with the usual accompaniments of the hose and



sporan. A fine of half-a-crown was imposed on every member who appeared at any meeting without this uniform.

During the stirring period of our national history which intervened between the short peace of Amiens and the close of the French war, when Glasgow had its barracks filled with troops, who had either learned or were learning the art of war, the Gælic Club was ever and anon showing their hospitality to the sons of Mars, and particularly to those who boasted the philabeg and plaid.\* Among the most celebrated of these entertainments, we may mention a splendid turtle feast, given by the brotherhood, on the 3d September 1803, to Colonel M'Alister, on his taking the command of the Glasgow Highland Volunteers, which was presided over by Mr. George M'Intosh, and honoured by the presence of the then Lord Provost Craigie. Another was given on 20th January 1804, to the Duke of Montrose, when commanding in Glasgow the Stirlingshire Militia, on which occasion several of the members danced the Highland fling to the music of the pipes, and showed "a dexterity and grace that even astonished the Highland nobleman!" Again, on the 13th February 1805, the Club entertained the officers of the 5th North Bri-

\* I shall never forget the fun which during my boyhood my companions and myself had in witnessing the daily drilling of the new-caught Highlanders on the low Green, or the pity we felt for the cruel usage of the poor fellows, by the cane-wielding sergeants or corporals who were putting them through their facings. No doubt some of them were stupid enough, and what was worse, it was their misfortune to comprehend but indifferently the English word of command, so much so that it was found absolutely necessary to chalk their left feet, and instead of crying out, when marching, "left—right," the common call was "*caukit foot foremost!*"



tish Militia, then commanded by the Earl of Caithness, whose daughter was soon after married in Glasgow, and became the leader of all fashionable parties in the City. But by far the most celebrated *mangiare* ever given by the Club—and it is the last to which we would refer—was that given on the 11th November 1816, to the officers of the 42d Highlanders, being the second pledge of hospitality offered by the Celtic fraternity to this distinguished corps. During the four-and-twenty years which had elapsed, since the Highland Watch had joined in bumpers to the “Horn, corn, wool, and yarn” Gaelic toast, at the hospitable board of the Club, the regiment had been engaged in many a bloody and glorious conflict. In Egypt they had testified to the *vincibility* of the French *Invincibles*; in the Peninsula they had gained many honourable *clasps*; and in the summer of that very year they had, at Quatre Bras and Waterloo, won imperishable honours. No wonder, therefore, that we find it to have been the unanimous opinion of the members of the Gaelic Club, that a more than ordinary mark of respect was due to “the Standard of the Royal Highlanders, in acknowledgment of their national attachment, and of the high sense which each member entertained of the military glory early acquired and maintained by a series of gallant achievements, down to the last most brilliant service at Waterloo.” On this resolution and opinion, the dinner was given, and £20 out of the general fund voted to supplement the amount to be paid by the members present. The chair was filled by Mr. Kirkman Finlay, the then Member of Parliament; and although this well-



known gentleman bore no Celtic name, yet, from having become the laird of Toward, in Argyleshire, he had the best of all titles for presiding over the Gælic Club, and his qualifications for the office were of no ordinary kind. Perhaps no man in mercantile Glasgow ever possessed so many of the characteristics of a first-class merchant. His intimate knowledge of all matters connected with the proper management of home as well as foreign transactions, placed him in the front rank of his western contemporaries in trade, and on a level with those of the most distinguished in the British metropolis. He was, in fact, an acknowledged authority in all commercial matters in Glasgow, and was not unfrequently consulted by the Government itself.\* Under his presidency, twenty members turned out to welcome the gallant soldiers who had been invited, of whom twenty-three were present, with the addition of Colonel Campbell of the 40th. The dinner seems to have gone off with great éclat, and with a spirit worthy of the object which the entertainers had

\* Mr. Kirkman Finlay was born in Glasgow about the year 1772, and for half a century was known throughout the commercial world as one of the most enterprising and active of British merchants. Endowed with peculiar personal activity and a well-cultivated and well-balanced mind, he, on the breaking up of the old tobacco trade, at once extended the name and commerce of Glasgow to the farthest corners of the civilised globe. No individual certainly did more to destroy the monopoly of the East India Company; and no sooner was the trade with the East opened up to free competition, than he despatched a vessel of 600 tons to Calcutta, being the first ship ever sent direct from Scotland to India. Mr. Finlay's opinions on matters of trade were entitled to the highest consideration, and were frequently quoted by his friend Mr. Huskisson in the House of Commons. In 1812 he was elected Lord Provost of the City, and in a few days thereafter was chosen Member of Parliament for the Clyde district of burghs. His return was a very popular one, and, amid many enthusiastic rejoicings at his success, he was drawn by his fellow-citizens in an open carriage from the Town Hall to his house in Queen-street. In a subsequent Parliament



in view. After each had quaffed from his own *slighe-chreachainn* a fair quantum of the generous juice of the vine, the glorious punch-bowl, redolent of everything exciting, was introduced, and oft and again was its voluminous interior replenished. To add to the hilarity with which the delicious libations dedicated to every possible sentiment of loyalty and patriotism that could be dreamed of were given, the band of the regiment alternately with the Club piper, took up the martial theme; and although at first the former seemed to have been decidedly preferred, still, as the night wore on, and as the glasses became emptied, it was plain that long before the *deuch-an-dorus* was pledged, the bagpipes had become the favourite.\*

If the history of this Club is one of constant hospitality to military strangers, it is also certain that it has proved itself the no less kind caterer for the amusement of the ladies of Glasgow. We have already hinted at the first ball which was given by the fraternity in 1792, and which perhaps more than anything else gives an insight into the precise condition of the past society

he sat for the burgh of Malmesbury; and in 1819 he was elected Lord Rector of the Glasgow University. With almost every one of the charitable and public institutions of Glasgow, Mr. Finlay was connected; and it may be truly affirmed, that for a long series of years he lent his helping hand actively and personally to every well-digested scheme for the improvement of the City. After thus pursuing a most energetic and useful life, he died on the 6th March 1842, at Castle-Toward, which he had built on the estate purchased with the fruits of his industry.

\* That this was the fact appears certain from the following extract from the Club Minutes:—"While the band appeared at first to be decidedly preferred, still as *judgment ripens* by experience, intrinsic worth is seldom permitted to remain long unnoticed, for, *late in the evening*, the bagpipe became the favourite."



of Glasgow. At the commencement of a new century, however, the efforts of the brotherhood to offer amusement to their fair countrywomen seem to have been increasing. A grand ball was given on 7th March 1806, the anniversary of the Club, when the company, amounting to 110 ladies and gentlemen, assembled in the Tontine Hotel, not as now at the late hour of ten o'clock, but at the more reasonable hour of seven. At this seasonable hour the dance was opened with the reel of Tullochgorum; and with reel and country dance the floor was never left vacant till midnight chimed from the adjoining Cross steeple, when—with a *skirl* as loud as ever roused the Sassanach from his slumbers—the piper, with the highest pressure on his bag, announced that an elegant entertainment—consisting of all the delicacies of the season, the choicest fruits and confectionery which could then be obtained from “Baxter’s Italian Warehouse,” and wines worthy of the cellars of the Duke of Importance or of Provost Hamilton—was laid out in the Coffee-room, which was splendidly decorated and lighted for the occasion. At the roast-beef pibroch from the pipes, the whole party left the dancing-hall and proceeded to the refectory, where, after the accustomed clang of knives and forks, the usual Highland toasts were given with the usual Highland accompaniments; these finished, the dancing re-commenced and continued till early dawn.

Another ball was given on 9th March 1812, in the Assembly-rooms, the numbers being increased to 160; and what is more noticeable, the hour of meeting had stretched out to nine o'clock, showing what even six



short years could do towards changing the fashionable habits of a city. Of the other splendid balls which have been successively given by the Club, it is only necessary to say, that each surpassed its predecessor in numbers and brilliance; while the last—which took place on 24th January 1841, and at which, being a fancy ball, there were consequently displayed the costumes of all nations—has ever been remembered and talked of, as the most splendid that ever took place in the western metropolis.\* The only regret expressed by those who really love the joyous hilarity of the dance, is the fear that the Gaelic Club may have adopted the too prevalent idea of the present day in Glasgow—that the conduct of David King of Israel in the eyes of Michal was a sin!

So much for the hospitality and kindness of the fraternity whose history we have been attempting thus slightly to sketch.† Let us now for a moment allude to the heartfelt interest which the members took in each other's welfare. Nowhere has a brotherhood been united to each other by more friendly ties, or felt greater sorrow when these ties were snapped by death. It is, alas! too true that clubs, like communities, are, in the course of years, subject to many changes; but although

\* The following are the dates of the balls which were given by the Club since 1831:—

24th April 1831,.....	160 persons present.
25th March 1835,.....	250                   "
7th March 1838,.....	275                   "
24th March 1841,.....	300                   "

† We must not forget to mention, that the Club did not restrict itself to mere tokens of hospitality, but opened its purse for other objects; the latest instance of its generous benevolence being the gift of one hundred pounds to the Glasgow contribution of £48,000 raised for the widows and orphans of our brave army now in the Crimea.



the Celtic brotherhood was established as early as 1780, it does not appear that it lost any one of its members by death till 12th November 1800, when the minutes mention that the brethren attended that meeting with a black crape round the left arm, as a mark of respect for the memory of Mr. James Campbell and Mr. Alexander M'Pherson, who had just paid the debt of nature. On the anniversary dinner, too, of 7th March 1804, the Club appeared in full mourning, as a token of respect towards the memory of Mr. M'Gilvra, the father of the Club. On this occasion, the meeting appears to have been both numerous and highly respectable—the chair being occupied by Mr. Kirkman Finlay, who, with deep feeling, proposed the memory of their departed brother and friend. After each member had quaffed his glass in solemn silence, and the Club piper had poured out a solemn lament, Mr. George M'Intosh, the old and intimate friend of the deceased, rose, and after saying a few words in testimony of the singularly amiable character of his departed companion, concluded his touching oration in the following rather remarkable words:—"The father of the Club—the oldest in years—the gayest in all juvenile and innocent amusements—the first in the dance—the last to part with a social friend. His venerable countenance and grey locks created respect, while his cheerful good humour diffused mirth. In all his dealings and conversation he was strictly just and honourable; in religion and piety sincere. We have lost one of our best members, and many poor Highlanders their best friend." With those concluding sentiments, he proposed the following toast:—



“ May we all live in health and comfort to the age of *Calum* ;

And when we cease to be members, may we be regretted like *Calum*. ”

Among many others whose decease, during the long career of this remarkable Club, called forth tokens of sorrow on the part of the members, we shall only allude to Mr. George M‘Intosh, one of the originators of the Club. On the Sunday immediately following the demise of that highly-esteemed gentleman and citizen, the Club as a body went in deep mourning to St. Andrew’s church, accompanied by the Magistrates and the Directors of the Highland Society, and preceded by the charity boys belonging to the Society, to hear a funeral sermon preached by Dr. William Ritchie; who, on that solemn occasion, in the just and tasteful panegyric which he pronounced on the character of the departed Celt, found a sympathetic echo in every listener’s breast.\*

\* Mr. George M‘Intosh, the chief founder of the Gælic Club, was born at Newmore in Ross-shire, in the year 1737. Being the fourth son of a farmer in that northern county, he cannot be supposed to have been in his earlier years in the possession of much wealth or of very brilliant prospects; and we accordingly find that, on his removal to Glasgow, he, as a very young man, was employed as a clerk in a concern known by the name of the “ Glasgow Tan-work Company.” In 1773 he separated himself from this company, and soon became a formidable rival in one branch of its business, viz. shoemaking, employing nearly 500 men. About this time, Mr. M‘Intosh was engaged in a glass-making concern, and in the West India trade. In 1777 he commenced the manufacture of a dye-stuff called “ cudbear,” which he carried on to a great extent. In 1785 he, with Mr. David Dale, established, under the direction of M. Papillon of Rouen, a Turkey-red dye-work, at Dalmarnock on the Clyde; and here the first Turkey-red was dyed in Great Britain. The copartnery continued till 1803, when the works were disposed of to other parties. In 1797, when apprehensions were entertained of a French invasion, Mr. M‘Intosh made an offer to the Magistrates of Glasgow to raise a volunteer corps of Highlanders. The Magistrates voted him thanks, but declined his offer, seemingly under the impression that it might, if accepted, interfere with the formation of the 2d Regiment of Glasgow Volunteers, then being raised. In 1791, Mr. M‘Intosh established a cotton-mill and a weaving-factory on the Frith of Dornoch, in



Among the many topics of interest which from time to time attracted the attention of the Gaelic Club, peculiarly connected with the native language and mountain manners of Caledonia, there appears to have been none that excited more discussion and more difference of opinion than the Gaelic toast of "Horn, corn, wool, and yarn." As a means of better clearing up the difficulties which surrounded this rather occult subject, the late Mr. Robert Dennistoun—then a zealous member of the brotherhood—drew out a statement which, in a great measure, set the matter at rest, and by which he won for himself not a little fame. In this document, which

Sutherlandshire. In 1803 these works contained about 6,000 spindles; and from 80 to 100 weavers were located in the village. Want of success obliged the concern to dispose of the works, which were soon thereafter destroyed by fire. While Mr. M'Intosh was thus employing his time as an energetic merchant and manufacturer, we find that about the year 1794 he embarked with extraordinary zeal and success in raising recruits in Glasgow for the King's service; and in this respect he was very instrumental in filling the ranks of the Gordon Highlanders, and of the 133d (then commanded by Colonel Simon Fraser), of the 78th, and of the North Lowland Fencibles. After the peace of Amiens, and when war again broke out with France, Mr. M'Intosh was once more at his post, and was speedily successful in raising a battalion, 700 strong, called the "Glasgow Highland Volunteers," but which, from never having been in the army, he declined to command. In 1804 the Canadian Fencibles, when stationed in Glasgow, having mutinied, General Wemyss made application to Mr. M'Intosh to interfere; and he having hastened among the soldiery, and addressed them in their native tongue, the soldiers, electrified by his Gaelic address, instantly returned to their quarters and resumed their duty. Mr. M'Intosh, about this period, took a deep interest in City affairs, and became the chairman of the Chamber of Commerce; but while thus busied in mercantile pursuits and many benevolent objects, he was called to make a journey to England, in the summer of 1807, on returning from which he was seized at Moffat with inflammation, and there expired on the 26th July of that year. Among the men to whom Glasgow is indebted for its onward progress, there are few who have surpassed Mr. George M'Intosh in activity, public spirit, and beneficence. The acts of his life showed that business, carried on for the acquisition of wealth, is perfectly consistent with beneficence;



is given at full length in the minutes of the Club, his accurate acquaintance with the niceties of the Gaelic tongue is at once illustrated and proved; while there is displayed throughout the paper a highly critical appreciation of the genius of that difficult language. To the lovers of Celtic literature, its perusal cannot fail to be both pleasing and instructive. But in spite of all the enthusiasm displayed by those who have attempted, or may still attempt, to perpetuate the tongue of Ossian, it is to be feared that all future exertions on this score are destined to prove a failure. Against the steam-boat penetrating every Highland loch, and carrying along

and that commerce, conducted by a liberal mind, capable of applying science to the practical purposes of life, opens a field for exhibiting with advantage all that is virtuous and worthy of praise. He was pious without ostentation and without fanaticism. In the eloquent words of Dr. Ritchie, we may add that "the bigotry of prejudice, the gloom of superstition, the contempt of those who adopted modes of worship different from him, never disgraced his creed, never soured his temper, never polluted his conversation. In him piety was combined with charity, and the love of God with the love of his neighbour." Mr. M'Intosh at an early age married Miss Mary Moore, daughter of the Rev. Charles Moore, and sister of Dr. John Moore, the author of "Zeluco," and consequently the aunt of Sir John Moore. His son, Mr. Charles M'Intosh, who was born in Glasgow in 1776—an equally worthy member of the Gaelic Club—did also much for the manufactures of his native City. In 1786 he introduced the making of sugar-of-lead; and in 1797 established the first alum-work in Scotland at Hurlet, and thereafter at Campsie. In 1799 he first prepared the chloride of lime in a dry state, which he patented, and which, with Mr. Charles Tennant, he carried on as a manufacture with great success. He also discovered the process for rendering any sort of fabric waterproof, and which has since been carried on, particularly at Manchester, to a great extent; and, in fine, in 1823, among many other valuable discoveries, he discovered a process for converting iron into steel, by submitting it in a close vessel to the action of carbonetted hydrogen gas. For Mr. M'Intosh's services to science, the Royal Society of London elected him a Fellow in 1823. His son George, four years after his father's death, which took place in 1843, printed and privately distributed a limited number of copies of memoirs of his life.



with it the language and manners of the Sasunnach, it is vain for the modern Celt to contend; and although we are far from discountenancing, but would rather encourage national characteristics, as a means of inspiring and keeping alive the spirit of emulation among the mixed tribes of which this and many other nations are made up, still, it is to be dreaded that ere the lapse of this daily-changing century, the Scottish Gælic may have shared the same fate as that of the Cornish or Waldensian!

Patient reader! we have now attempted to give thee a few of the more striking points in the history of a fraternity, which has stood the test of a seventy years' existence, with honour to itself and with benefit to the community. For while the Gælic Club has exhibited, in its onward course, the evidence of a well-conducted and highly respectable knot of Highland gentlemen, proud of their lineage, of their Alpine country, and of their Highland usages, it at the same time has shown a degree of hospitality and kindness towards their brave countrymen and fair friends unexampled by any other of the many social brotherhoods of Glasgow.\*

Long may the Club continue their sittings, whether in philabeg or trowse, either for their own special gratification, or for that of those on whom they bestow so much hearty kindness! And while we say this for themselves and their encouragement, we would likewise, in

\* One of the members was so proud of his Celtic origin, that on one occasion he exclaimed, in the hearing of the fraternity, "I thank God that there is not a single drop of lowland blood in my veins!" On hearing which, Mr. Samuel Hunter, who happened to be present, at once rejoined, "You are certainly thankful for sma' mercies!"



the name of the fair girls of Glasgow, earnestly plead for such another ball as that which, in 1841, displayed so much grace and beauty, and excited such general satisfaction.

With these cordial wishes would we now—under fear of encroaching any longer on thy patience, kind reader, take the advice of our old friend, the author of “Whistlebinkie,” as we would also advise the Gælic Club to do when the Club-room is small—“put the pipes in the pock!”



GLASGOW FROM 1780 TO 1795—AND THE  
ACCIDENTAL CLUB.

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KIND READER! it may be remembered that before introducing thee to the Anderston, Hodge Podge, and my Lord Ross's Clubs, we attempted to make thee in some degree acquainted with the more salient points of Glasgow history, and with the more striking peculiarities in the habits and manners of her citizens, at the various periods when these fraternities were first established. And before commencing to tell thee of other convivial brotherhoods, who began their sittings a few winters before the last decade of the eighteenth century, it may be perhaps proper to attempt another brief sketch of the City and its inhabitants, about that *transition* period, when the commercial metropolis of the west made its first great start in progressive population and importance.\*

\* Mr. Smellie took a census by order of the Magistrates in 1791, and the following were the results:—

Inhabited Houses within City Royalty and New Town,.....	10,291
Inhabitants in Ditto,.....	41,777
Do. in Suburbs, including Gorbals, Calton, Grahamston, Anderston, &c.....	20,076
In whole City and Suburbs,.....	61,853
Country part of Barony Parish,.....	4,330
	<u>66,183</u>



During the forty years that had passed since Professor Simson first met his Club associates in the village of Anderston, and even during the ten years since my Lord Ross's Club first assembled, great changes had been gradually taking place, not only on the outward aspect of the City, but in the manners and tastes of those who dwelt within its borders. A progressive improvement was apparent in everything; but withal there still remained so many of the peculiarities and attributes incident to a comparatively small town, that these, when now viewed, through the spectacles of the present day, will be found to realise a sufficiently striking contrast between the Glasgow of 1795 and that of 1855.

Betwixt 1780 and 1795 the City had certainly very much increased in size, and the houses ('bating those of the tobacco lords) had been gradually increased in their dimensions. A manifest improvement, too, had become apparent in the exterior architecture; the streets and thoroughfares were rather better paved, and a commencement was made towards the modern luxury of sewers. A building company, during the course of five years from 1788, had expended no less than £12,000 on new tenements, and the example was soon followed by other wealthy citizens. There were still, however, a few of the houses on each side of the Trongate which had roofs of thatch, while very many of those in Saltmarket and High-street had still fronts of wood. Along all the leading thoroughfares, proceeding from the Cross, one could still pace under piazzas, secure from rain and from sunshine, although there were already powerful efforts



making to have the dingy shops brought out to the front of the street.\* In 1795, Hutcheson-street, Wilson-street, John-street, and George-square, were known by the common appellation of "the New Town," as this quarter of the City then really was. Many of the most respectable inhabitants then lived in Charlotte-street, Stockwell, Jamaica-street, Saltmarket, and High-street. The high and mighty commercial *dons* generally occupied houses in Virginia-street, Miller-street, Queen-street, and Buchanan-street, and in the three squares, viz. St. Enoch's, George, and St. Andrew's; but, with the exception of the last, there was not a place of business in any one of those now bustling localities.

St. Andrew's-square was at that time the great seat of manufacturing establishments, while almost no places of business were found farther west than Glassford-street or farther north than Ingram-street. With respect to retail shops, it may be truly said that not one of any note was situated to the west of Miller-street. As yet not a single private house had been built to the west or north-west of George-square; and between Madeira-court and Anderston, grass fields and gardens were all prevalent. Although the manufacture of articles in silver and gold was practised early in the City—(since, by an Act of Council, William Cockburn, goldsmith in Edinburgh, was allowed to exercise his calling in Glasgow in 1660, and in 1716 a sum of £35 : 1s. 9d. sterling money was given to James Luke, goldsmith, by the Town for a silver

\* On the 14th August 1793, Sir William Miller and Mr. Archibald Campbell, advocates, gave an opinion to the Magistrates, that the proprietors could not bring out their shops to the front of the piazzas. This was afterwards accomplished by an Act of Parliament.



tankard, &c. to be sent to Colonel William Maxwell of Cardonell, for the good service he had done during "the rebellion and confusion,")—still in 1790 there were, if we omit watchmakers' and those which might be properly designated jewellers' or goldsmiths' shops, only two at all notable in Glasgow, one of which was kept by Mr. Adam Graham in King-street, and the other by Mr. Robert Gray in Trongate; and, strange to say, the latter silversmith could, in addition to his more valuable wares, always furnish a customer with a cane or an umbrella—the latter luxury, though then a modern invention, being at that time generally made of yellow or green glazed linen. These novelties were also very large, with a ring at the top by which to hang them; and although they are at present found indispensable to the comfort of every Glasgow pedestrian, they were then only to be seen in the hands of a few of the more fashionable of the community.\* In addition to the two rather celebrated silversmiths† mentioned, there was at that time a somewhat noted individual, yeleft Angus M'Donald, who sold plated goods in great variety, and who besides eked out his business by the sale of tea and quack medicines, more particularly of the famous balm of Gilead.‡ Of

\* The late Mr. John Jameson, surgeon, on returning from Paris in 1782, brought an umbrella with him, which was the first in this City. "Senex" mentions that about the year 1786 an attempt was made to manufacture umbrellas, by Mr. John Gardner, father of the optician; but the article was so clumsy that it did not succeed.

† Previous to 1790, as we have already shown, there was a most respectable firm as jewellers called Milne & Campbell in the Trongate. In the *Glasgow Mercury* of March 1783 we find that their shop had been broken into.

‡ In 1790, among the many advertisements of wares which appear at this



apothecaries' or druggists' shops there were, up to the latest time we are attempting to sketch, only two of any great celebrity, and these were kept by Mrs. Balmanno\* and Mr. Wright;† for the other half-dozen small vendors of salts and senna, in Trongate, High-street, and Gallowgate, were of no note or character. The cloth shops for the working classes and country people were all on the

time by Angus M'Donald, we find black tea at 3s. 8d. to 6s. 6d. per lb. and green tea at 6s. to 12s. His shop was at first at the head of Saltmarket, but latterly at the foot of Brunswick-place. His porter, Murdoch M'Donald, according to the advertisements, had been cured of every disease by the use of the medicaments and electuaries his master sold, and by the *abuse* of the balm of Gilead he did all in his power to intoxicate himself and ruin his employer.

\* This celebrated drug establishment was situated at the north end of the Laigh Kirk-closs, at the sign of the Golden Galen's Head. It is now nearly a century since it was first established, and it still continues to dole out pills, potions, and electuaries, in spite of all the opposition it has met with from apothecaries' halls, plate-glass, and large coloured bottles! Although its most palmy days were certainly those when the mother of the late Dr. John Balmanno surveyed the salves and tinctures from her stuffed arm chair, it continued to be well patronised even after her death; and most deservedly so, for while the drugs were perhaps fully as well attended to by two old faithful servants, the poor and the afflicted had the advantage of obtaining the advice of her benevolent-hearted son without fee or reward. In a rather clever satirical work, called "Northern Sketches," in which many of the Glasgow characters of the day are shown up, the Doctor is somewhat unjustly handled. The only part of the picture which is really true is his introduction on the scene. "This, ladies and gentlemen," says the author, "is Dr. Quotem, something like a statue, as Pope says, 'stepped from its pedestal to take the air!'" The first opponent with which the old Galen's Head had to contend was the large wholesale and retail business set up by Dr. James Monteath and Mr. William Couper, at the north-east corner of Stockwell-street, which continued to maintain a first-rate position till a few leading medical gentlemen joined together and formed the Apothecaries' Hall Company, in a court on the south side of Argyle-street, near the Buck's Head Hotel, whence it was removed to its present site in Virginia-street.

† In 1786, Mr. Archibald Wright advertises himself as a seedsman and druggist.



south side of the Trongate, between the Laigh Kirk-closs and the Cross, under what was usually called "the pillars," with a few stray ones about the head of the Gallowgate. For broad cloths, for the better classes, there were only three shops of note, and those were kept by Mr. William Aitken, Mr. Patrick Ewing, and Messrs. Miller & Ewing. The hardware shops were all on the west side of the Saltmarket; and among these was that of the well-known Mr. James Lockhart, who was perhaps one of the very best specimens of the good old-fashioned morality of bygone times;\* while on the opposite side of the same street were located all the dealers in ready-made coarse shoes. There was then not a tailor's shop in the whole City; cutters of garments being confined to the upper flats or garrets of houses, and in their art giving little proof of much taste or acquaintanceship with the mysteries of Bond-street.

From all that can be gathered on the surface of past society, it appears that trade rather than literature has

\* In proof of this, the following anecdote has been told of Mr. Lockhart:—One day a country girl came into his shop to buy a pair of garters. Having asked the price, Mr. Lockhart told her they were fourpence. The girl said, "I will not give you a farthing more than threepence for them." "Weel, lassie, you'll not get them," replied the shopkeeper. Shortly afterwards the girl returned and said, "I'll noo gie you fourpence." "Gang awa, lassie, gang awa," replied Mr. Lockhart, "and no tell lies!" We have heard also an anecdote of another worthy man, who kept a shop immediately adjoining, which at once illustrates the high principle and simple manners of one who lived when profane swearing was but too common. One day a woman came into the shop of this person, whose son has lately filled an office in the City magistracy, and asked the price of his goods; and on hearing the cost, she cried out at the top of her voice, "Lord, preserve us!" which was no sooner enunciated, than the good religious man touched her gently on the arm, and with a look of kindness said to her, "It is very good always to pray." "Was *I* praying, Sir?" asked the woman. "Indeed you were; but you might do so more reverently!"



been at all times the peculiar characteristic of the now western metropolis; and as an illustration of this, it may be stated that, with the exception of the College and Stirling's Libraries, there were in 1793, as in 1779, only *two* circulating libraries in the City, the one belonging, as formerly hinted, to Mr. John Smith\* in the Trongate, and the other to Mr. John Coubrough in the High-street—the rather greasy *tomes* which these well-known bibliopoles kept for the public use and instruction, consisting chiefly of such novels and romances as were afterwards known under the appellation of the “spawn of the Minerva press.”

The quidnuncs of the day, although eager and somewhat violent politicians, had been nevertheless for a long period content with three local newspapers—the *Journal*,† the *Mercury*,‡ and the *Advertiser*§—whose editors generally restricted themselves to the chronicling of local events, leaving the graver matters of the state and

\* Mr. Smith's library was commenced in 1753, being only eighteen years after the establishment in Edinburgh, by Allan Ramsay, of the first known circulating library in Britain. It counted 5,000 volumes, and was the first of the kind established in Glasgow.

† The earliest newspaper published in Glasgow was the *Glasgow Courant*, price 1*d.* to regular customers, and 1½*d.* to others. The first number is dated November 14, 1715. This paper soon changed its name to the *West Country Intelligencer*, and before many months had elapsed disappeared. For at least five-and-twenty years no local paper was printed. The *Glasgow Journal* appeared July 20, 1741, and was followed by the *Glasgow Courant* on 14th October 1745, which, like its namesake, had but a short existence. The first *Chronicle* commenced in 1766.

‡ The first number of the *Mercury* appeared on the 8th January 1778; and on the 9th December 1794, Messrs. Duncan & Chapman announce that the *Mercury*, which had been so long published as a weekly newspaper, would now be published twice a-week, price 4*d.*

§ The *Advertiser* was begun in 1783, and continued till 1801.



country to be canvassed by the conductors of the metropolitan press.\*

In those days, the chief food of the people was obtained, not in shops, but in market-places. The butter, egg, and poultry market, for example, was held at the Cross. Butcher-meat could be got nowhere save in the markets in King-street and Bell-street; nor could a single green thing be had except in the vegetable-market in Candleriggs. The meal and cheese market was opposite the College; while the fish market in King-street (at that time but indifferently supplied), was the only place where the tenants of our seas or our rivers could be shown off, with the exception perhaps of fresh herrings, the sale of which, during the season, was carried on at the Broomielaw. In addition to the live poultry market at the Cross, there were two or three small *houfs* in Prince's-street for the disposal of dead fowls and game, the latter being then looked on as contraband and sold and purchased in the same way as smuggled whisky. Good housewives always made their own markets, and rarely trusted to servants to obtain the necessary articles for the consumpt of a family. This arose, perhaps, as much from a greater paucity of servants than is now to be found in such establishments, as from a regard to economy. As there was as yet no water in the City, except what was to be had from public and private wells, the servants, also, had more to do than those now-a-days, when everything is brought to their hand without trouble. Going to the well was at least a daily duty; and on Saturday nights,

\* The first number of the *Courier* did not appear till 1st September 1791.



when the Sunday's water must be also laid in, on which occasions there was always a crowd round the large double-headed pump at the West Port, hours were sometimes consumed before the girl's *turn* arrived to draw water. But although during this long time each house was deprived of the attendance of a servant, it is certain that she herself was not idle—at least with her tongue. It was, in fact, around this much-frequented fountain that the whole gossip of the town was retailed, and where what were vulgarly known as “clashes” were put into general circulation!\*

As travelling before 1790 was but in its infancy in Scotland, it could not be expected that, even with all the patronage offered by the English bagmen, when waiting on their Glasgow customers, there could be much demand for inn accommodation. The fact is, that up to the year 1755, when the Saracen's Head Inn was erected in the Gallowgate, on the ancient site of the “auld kirk-yard” of little St. Mungo, near the Gallowgate Port, there was really no place for the accommodation of respectable strangers or travellers, save in the hostelries of those stablers where “entertainment” was alone offered and obtained, according to the phraseology of the period, for “men and horses.” The establishment of this once celebrated hotel was indeed an era in the history of Glasgow—associated as it is with the recollection of the doings of the Lords of Justiciary,

\* The ancient West Port well was a heavy stone-built fountain, from twelve to fourteen feet high, situated between the south-west corner of Glassford-street and the now changed Black Bull Inn. Denholm mentions that in 1803 there were drawn on an average 5,850 gallons of water daily from this well.



who so long held their levees, and gave their dinners, redolent of claret—of the whims of the sporting Duke of Hamilton, when waiting on the chances of a “main” at the cockpit\*—of Dr. Samuel Johnson, and his biographer, Boszy, when returning wearied with their Hebridian wanderings, and thankful to have at length escaped from Highland hospitality and peat smoke;† and, though last not least, two events which of all others then marked the onward progress of the City—the marshalling of the procession to lay the foundation-stone of the Jamaica-street Bridge, formerly alluded to, but now swept away—and the first arrival of the London

\* In 1783, there was a celebrated cockpit at Rutherglen Bridge, kept by a Joseph Payne. In the *Mercury* of 26th June an advertisement appears, stating that “there will be there, on the 11th July, fought for a *high-bred mare*, by sixteen cocks, and by way of Welsh Main. Four pounds twelve the highest in weight.”

† Boswell says, that on their arrival at the Saracen’s Head Inn, Dr. Johnson “put his leg upon each side of the grate, and said, with a mock solemnity, by way of soliloquy, but loud enough for me to hear it, ‘Here am I, an *Englishman*, sitting by a *coal fire*!’” On the following day, some of the College Professors, consisting of Drs. Thomson, Reid, and Mr. Anderson, breakfasted with the great lexicographer; and although Boswell omits to tell that Johnson and Adam Smith met at Glasgow, it appears that they really did so, and in a manner not very creditable to either. Sir Walter Scott, on the authority of Professor John Millar, states that “Smith, leaving the party in which he had met Johnson, happened to come to another company where Millar was. Knowing that Smith had been in Johnson’s society, they were anxious to know what had passed, and the more so as Dr. Smith’s temper seemed much ruffled. At first, Smith would only answer, ‘He’s a brute—he’s a brute!’ but, on closer examination, it appeared that Johnson no sooner saw Smith than he attacked him for some point of his famous letter on the death of Hume. Smith vindicated the truth of his statement. ‘What did Johnson say?’ was the universal inquiry. ‘Why, he said,’ replied Smith, with the deepest expression of resentment, ‘he said, *you lie*!’ ‘And what did you reply?’ ‘I said, you are the son of a —!’ On such terms did these two great moralists meet and part, and such was the classical dialogue between two great teachers of philosophy!”—*Croker’s Boswell*.



mail-coach with four horses, which took place on the 7th July 1788, a vehicle now also sent to the tomb of all the Capulets by the introduction of railways.\*

About this period which we are attempting to describe (we mean between 1790 and 1795), there were only four hotels of respectability in the City, and these were the "Black Bull,"† "Buck's Head,"‡ "Star,"§ and "Tontine;" but perhaps these four, had it not been for the public dining qualities of the citizens, might have been found even more than sufficient for the business, when it is further considered that the London mail-coach arrived before breakfast on the third day after leaving the English capital; that there was only one conveyance every three days to Stirling; and, what is perhaps more astonishing still, that, even so late as

\* It may be curious to state, that in the year 1763, there was only one coach to London from Edinburgh, which set off once a-month, and was from twelve to sixteen days on the road. In 1783, there were fifteen a-week, and they reached the capital in four days. In 1786, two of these stage-coaches reached London in sixty hours, by the same road that required eleven to eighteen days to complete the journey in 1763!

† The Black Bull Inn (in 1851 discontinued as a hotel) was advertised to let in January 1786. Besides having then a large hall, it had a dining-room, eleven parlours, eighteen bed-rooms, and stables for forty horses.

‡ When the Buck's Head, which was formerly the mansionhouse of Provost Murdoch, and thereafter that of the Hopkirks of Dalbeth, was first established, it appears to have been rather a humble hostelry. The following advertisement, as given in 1788, at once testifies this:—"C. Macfarlane, Buck's Head Inn, has an ordinary every day at his house, at three o'clock; charge, 8*d.* per head."

§ The Star Inn, which formerly stood on the site of the present Bank of Scotland, was taken by Henry Hemmings in 1795. The stables attached could accommodate seventy horses. Mrs. Hemming was succeeded in the Star by Mr. John Gardner, and he by Mrs. Younghusband, whose pretty daughter won the admiration of many a sighing swain, till at length she found one she could love, and was married.



1792, there were only a couple of diligences and three heavy coaches to Edinburgh, and so slow was their speed that the passengers who took advantage of them were obliged both to dine and drink tea on the road; while one was so accommodating as to offer, "if taken in full, to set out at any hour the company chooses!"\*

While, to the bad roads throughout the country, and to the unostentatious habits of the citizens, may be justly attributed the limited use of stage-coaches and private carriages, it must, however, be recollected that the same causes gave encouragement to the keeping of riding horses. The fact is, that at this period of Glasgow history there were more riding horses nightly stabled in the City, in proportion to the population, than there are at this moment, for without a horse who could either visit or carry on business beyond the boundaries of the

\* One coach started from the Black Bull Inn every lawful day at eight morning, and arrived at John Cameron's, Grassmarket, at six o'clock. The other two got over the ground rather quicker, but to go to Edinburgh was to consume a day. From what Mr. Robert Reid has said, who, under the soubriquet of "*Senex*," has preserved so much that is really valuable connected with the social condition of Glasgow, it appears plain that considerable progress had been made, in 1790, in the rapidity of travelling between Edinburgh and Glasgow. In the summer of 1784, when he first visited the Scottish metropolis, we find that the "*Edinburgh Diligence*" set off daily from the Saracen's Head Inn, Gallowgate, at seven o'clock in the morning, and arrived at Edinburgh at eight o'clock at night. The following is a brief account of his journey:—"As we passed," says *Senex*, "along the Gallowgate, we came to the quarters of Gabriel Watson, who was then unloading the great Newcastle waggon. This was a ponderous machine, with six broad wheels, and drawn by eight horses. It generally carried a great portion of the Glasgow linen and cotton manufactures to the London market. It travelled at the rate of twenty-five miles per day, and was three weeks upon the road between Glasgow and London, resting always on Sundays. It was said that the first trip which Mr. John M'Ilquham made to London was in this conveyance. After passing Gabriel Watson's quarters, we soon arrived in sight of the noted sign of the Saracen's Head, and truly



town? Horsemanship was therefore practised both by "gentle and semple;" and although, in most instances, the town equestrians gave but sorry tokens of an acquaintanceship with the precise directions laid down by Gambado, still there were a few who were quite alive to the common rules of the manège, and the joyous excitement and firm seat of the chase. It appears that, so early as 1771, a pack of hounds was kept by certain of our Glasgow worthies, and in a manner, too, that would not have disgraced the master of many of the most crack kennels in England. The pack to which we allude was called "the Robertson Hunt," or "the Glasgow Hounds," and seems to have originated in a meeting which took place on the 8th April 1771, at which Messrs. John Orr, John Baird, and Robert Dunsmore were present; and on which occasion certain regulations were

a frightful fellow he was, with his truculent countenance, glaring eyes, his hooked scymitar, and crimson Eastern dress. The horses being now harnessed, and our luggage strapped and secured on the top of the diligence, we fairly set off for the great town of Edinburgh. Coachie, however, did not show much diligence in the use of his whip, for we travelled very slowly—not more, perhaps, than six miles in the hour; and whenever any little eminence occurred, the horses were allowed to take a comfortable walk to its summit. We arrived at Cumbernauld shortly after nine o'clock, where we stopped upwards of an hour and a half, in order to give us time for breakfast, and allow a little rest and a feed to our horses, they being destined to carry us forward another stage. About two o'clock we arrived at Linlithgow; and after a very comfortable dinner there, we again took our seats, expecting to get a little quicker forward, seeing that the horses were now changed, but in this we were disappointed, for we just proceeded at the former jog-trot pace for a couple of hours or so, when we stopped at an inn upon the road, where the horses were fed, and got a long rest, to enable them to finish the remaining stage of our journey. In the meantime, while the horses were thus resting and feeding we had our tea, and spent the time in the best manner we could, but rather tired at the delay. Being again seated as before, we drove on, and were finally set down safely in the Grassmarket of Edinburgh about eight o'clock at night."



agreed on, the chief of which were that Captain Robertson was appointed master for the year, and Mr. Mathew Orr, treasurer, and that the Hunt should have a uniform, which was fixed to be "a dark brown frock, of hunters' beaver, made without lapelles and to button at the sleeves, with a waistcoat of the same cloth with lapelles and lined with white shag, both to have plain silver buttons." It was also agreed to appoint, as was then wont in other parts of the country, a regular earth-stopper, who in addition to his wages, was to have "a coat and waistcoat of green cloth, with red cape, and two pair of plaiding breeches and a leather cap;" and to this important office Thomas Greer was nominated. A kennel was afterwards erected; and on Thursday the 17th November, the first *meet* took place, when a fox was found at Hamilton moor, and was duly killed "above ground."\*

Among the first rules of the Hunt we find the following:—That each member shall pay a guinea to defray contingent expenses; that a board shall be made of an oval form, to enlarge the dining-table at Bothwell; that the treasurer shall bespeak four delf bowls, to make a bottle of rum each, with *The Robertson Hunt* written on

\* The following is a list of the Robertson Hunt, taken from the diary of the late Mr. Orr of Barrowfield:—

Captain Robertson, *Preses*.  
 Messrs. John Baird.  
 " John Bogle.  
 " Archibald Bogle.  
 " Allan Scott.  
 " Andrew Houston.  
 " Andrew Leitch.  
 " Robert Dunsmore.  
 " John Orr.  
 " Robert Dreghorn.  
 " William Bogle.  
 Captain Stuart.

Messrs. Mathew Orr.  
 " Thomas Houston.  
 " George Buchanan.  
 Sir Thomas Wallace.  
 Messrs. Thomas Dunlop.  
 " John Stuart.  
 " James Dunlop, Carmyle.  
 " Jas. Dunlop, Househill.  
 " Robert Muirhead.  
 " Bruce Campbell.  
 Captain Napier.



them; that the treasurer shall send up six or eight gallons French brandy, put into a Dutch case, and shall also send up a hogshead of London porter, six dozen strong beer, five dozen port wine, and one dozen sherry; that the first hunting meeting shall begin on the first Glasgow Fast-day; that all the members be obliged to take off the uniform from Mr. James Hamilton, and that no member shall appear in the field without it, under a penalty of one guinea for each offence; and, in fine, that Alexander Gray shall, each day during the meeting, provide a dinner at thirty shillings, for which each of the gentlemen shall pay two shillings—if the number does not amount to fifteen the difference to be made up to Gray by the treasurer, and if they exceed that number the money to be disposed of as the members shall think proper. Connected with the future history of the Glasgow Hunt, it may be mentioned that, on the 1st November 1779, a fox was found at Tollcross at nine o'clock, and was followed till half-past four in the afternoon. He crossed the Clyde three times, ran over a great tract of country, and at last got to ground in Hamilton wood. The chase could not be less than fifty miles. This great run recalls an unfortunate occurrence which took place some time afterwards, when Mr. Struthers, in following hard after the pack, came to the Clyde, near Bothwell, which was at that moment swelled with rain, fearlessly leaped into the stream, and urged the huntsman to follow, which he did with hesitation; the consequence was, that Mr. Struthers and the huntsman's horse with difficulty reached the opposite bank, but the huntsman and Mr. Struthers' horse were drowned.



If, from the lack of travellers, the Glasgow hotels were limited in number, it is certain that from the afternoon convivial and club-going propensities of the inhabitants, the taverns, even so far back as 1780, were by no means scarce. The best frequented, and most celebrated were situated in the High-street, Saltmarket, and Gibson's-wynd or Prince's-street. There were, however, also the *Black Boy* in the Gallowgate, *Jane Hunter's* in the Trongate, *Lamont's* at the head of the Stockwell, and the *Bacchus* in the Laigh Kirk-closs.\* The leading oyster-house in the town was kept by a Mrs. M'Alpine, Iron Ravel-closs, north side of Trongate; and as shell-fish were looked upon, no doubt from their scarcity and costliness, as rather an aristocratic indulgence, the house was necessarily patronised by not a few of the Corinthian order of Glasgow citizens. The more common supper dishes of tripe and cow-heel could only be obtained from a couple of "gaucy goodwives," who long retained the monopoly of *monieplies* in the Bridgegate.†

For a few years previous to 1790, and for many years thereafter, the fashionable lounge was on the north side of Trongate, from the Cross as far west as the south end

\* In 1799, Mrs. Lamont has the following advertisement:—"Soups from 12 till 2 daily. Hams at any time." This tavern was afterwards kept by one called M'Pherson, otherwise denominated "Major M'Pherson," after the very popular song of the period, "Major M'Pherson heaved a sigh." In 1800, the frequented change-house on the west side of the Laigh Kirk-closs is advertised to be let; and, as an inducement for a good tenant, it is stated that "the closs is very soon to be widened into a handsome street"—an improvement which, up to this day, has not been carried out.

† In earlier times tripe and cow-heel were hawked through the streets in the evenings; the vendors crying at the top of their voice, "*Nouts' feet and cow painches!*"



of Queen-street; and there it was that many a young lady gained the envied notoriety of becoming a town and club toast. The Green, now so deserted by the wealthy, was then much frequented as a fashionable promenade, both by ladies and gentlemen. At that time the smoke nuisance did not at all exist, for there was not a single steam-engine nearer than the Govan Colliery, then known by the startling title of "the Fire-work," and which was situated at a considerable distance beyond the now demolished mansionhouse of Little Govan.\* The verdure of the public park, and the foliage of the elm and beech, were then in all their pristine beauty, and pedestrians in summer could at that time enjoy a promenade almost round the whole park beneath the canopy of a wide-spreading double row of trees. The cows there pastured were milked chiefly at the south ends of Saltmarket and Charlotte-street; and thither were attracted, in the mornings and evenings, the nursery-maids and children, armed with their tin jugs and bits of bread, to enjoy warm milk from the cow. "Arn's Well"—which then, as it does still, poured out a stream of the purest water, and which was encircled with a large clump of fine alder trees, alas! now no more—was a favourite trysting-place with the lovers of those who went to draw water. At that time, too, the Green had sufficient *hazards* for the golfers; while down the centre of it meandered a small burn or rivulet, fortunately as yet unpolluted with the thousand and one impurities which at present poison

\* The first steam-engine in Glasgow for moving machinery was made by Mr. Robert Muir, and was put up in Messrs. Scott & Stevenson's mill at Springfield, exactly ten years after Bolton & Watt obtained their patent.



every stream connected with the City, and which threaten to render even the once pellucid Clutha a pestilential canal.

While the Green consequently offered at this time a pleasant and healthful promenade to all classes of the community, it also afforded the only facility which a town without soft water had for washing the clothes of the inhabitants. If it was necessary, even for proper domestic ablutions, to carry water from the Clyde to every house that could afford to employ either their own servants or others for this labour, it was certainly almost the universal practice in well-regulated families to have their regular washing-days, on which occasion the servant-maid was despatched early of a morning to the public Washing-house, to perform what is now done in a washing-house attached to every modern domicile. This important public establishment was then situated near the spot where Nelson's Monument now stands, and was amply supplied with all the requisites for cleansing purposes; and here daily might be seen congregated—provided any man had the courage to encounter the tongues or the suds of the washerwomen—some hundred strapping nymphs, many of them well worthy of becoming, in form at least, the worthy attendants of any modern Diana, though it may be doubted if they would have all as religiously stuck to their creed as their mythical predecessors! In those times, the washing-day was one which was always regarded with dread by every husband who liked the comforts of his own domestic circle, for on such occasions nothing was to be obtained at home, and it was almost the universal practice of such



to palm themselves on their friends, with the excuse that "their wives had a washing."\*

If the better classes were thus obliged to send their clothes to the public Washing-house to be purified, it was to the lower Green, then covered with thick grass, that the housewife or sister of the labouring man carried her burden of soiled linen or cotton to be washed and bleached. Then, along the side of the river might be seen, in fine weather, the smoke of a hundred black pots, placed in the interstices of a wall that ran along the margin of the Clyde, and from which the hot water was transported by each washer to her own tub. It was indeed a curious as well as pleasing sight to look upon this large city bleaching-field, particularly when a dozen of tubs were being used for what was designated "tramping clothes," or, in other words, when many couples of well-made happy-looking girls kilted above the knees, waltzed, if not with the grace at least with the agility of the best *danseuse* at the Opera.† In

\* As a proof of the universal discomfort of washing-days, it has been told of a vain Paisley bailie, whose cranium doubtless had a larger bump of ideality than of conscientiousness, that having been asked as a joke, on his return from London, whether or not he had seen George III., and whether he had been invited to the palace to dine, coolly replied "On course, I saw the King, and, while he was very happy to see me, added that he was very sorry indeed to say that he could not ask me that day to my dinner, as the Queen was thrang wi' a washing!"

† In 1789, Lackington, speaking of this Glasgow practice, says:—"Having both read and heard much stated of the manner of washing their linen, which, I must confess, I could not credit without having ocular demonstration during my continuance at Glasgow, curiosity led me to the mead by the river side. For the poor women here, instead of the water coming to them as in London, are obliged to travel laden with their linen to the water, where you may daily see great numbers washing in their way, which, if seen by some of our London friends, would incline them to form very unjust and uncharitable ideas of the modesty of the Scottish lasses.



the words of the author of "the Siller Gun," it might be truly said:—

"Whae'er has dauner'd out at e'en,  
And seen the sights that I hae seen,  
For strappin' lasses tight and clean  
May proudly tell—  
That search the country, Glasgow Green  
Will bear the bell!"

While the respectable classes of the community took pleasure in a lounge on the Trongate, and a promenade in the public Green, they also patronised the assembly-room, the circus, and the theatre. At the period we are attempting to illustrate, the new temple of Terpsichore, in Ingram-street, was not built, and consequently the reel and country dance of the *beau monde* were still indulged in at the Tontine.\* The circus was then in Jamaica-street, and the theatre stood in Dunlop-street, on the site of the present elegant structure; and, from the great patronage bestowed on the arena as well as the stage, it has been alleged, and perhaps with some

I had walked to and fro several times, and began to conclude that the custom of getting up tubs and treading on the linen either never had been practised or was come into disuse; but I had not waited more than half an hour when many of them jumped into the tubs, without shoes or stockings, with their shift and petticoats drawn up far above the knees, and stamped away, with composure on their countenances and with all their strength—no Scotsman taking the least notice or even looking towards them, constant habit having rendered the scene perfectly familiar. On conversing with some gentlemen of Glasgow on this curious subject, they assured me that these curious laundresses were strictly modest women, who only did what others of unblemished reputation had been accustomed to for a long series of years, and added, that any other time a purse of gold would not tempt them to draw the curtain so high."

\* The scheme for building the Assembly-rooms in Ingram-street, instituted in 1790, was divided into 267 shares at £20 each, amounting to £5,340. For many years these rooms were patronised by the Glasgow aristocracy, both in dancing and music; but within these few years the building has been converted into an Athenæum and reading-room.



truth, that the equestrian and histrionic talents of the *artistes* employed were of a higher order than are now to be found in these days of almost universal progress.\*

There is certainly nothing more remarkable in the history of Glasgow, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, than the mental and bodily thralldom in which the Presbyterian Church held the people—a thralldom, be it remembered, however, to which they almost universally submitted, under the belief that they were thereby serving and doing honour to God! From the year 1583 down to the close of the seventeenth century, the Kirk-Session of Glasgow in fact ruled with an iron hand, and assumed to itself a power far superior to that of the Magistrates. Their enactments were not limited to ecclesiastical matters, but applied to the every-day concerns of commercial and domestic life. While they exercised a scrutinising surveillance over the morals of the citizens, they likewise interfered with or attempted to change their innocent habits and amusements. In short, they exercised a tyranny, if not physically certainly mentally, over the people little inferior to that which the Spanish Inquisition wielded over its deluded votaries. Like that secret conclave, too, they for a long time carried on their sittings in secret, for we find on the 24th October 1588

\* In 1752, a temporary theatre was fitted up against the wall of the Bishop's palace, which in 1754 was demolished. The first regular theatre built in Glasgow was in Alston-street in 1762, which was burned on 5th May 1780; the second was erected in Dunlop-street, and was begun on 17th July 1781; the third, in Queen-street in 1804, which was burned in 1829; and the fourth, on the site of a former one in Dunlop-street, which is now allowed to be one of the handsomest out of London. In 1793, the celebrated Messrs. Lewis and Palmer, and Mrs. Esten, Mrs. Bland, and Mrs. Billington walked the boards of Dunlop-street Théâtre.—See "THEATRICALS IN GLASGOW," in a subsequent part of this volume.



the Session enacted, that "to prevent their deeds and acts being publicly known, the whole elders and deacons are sworn with uplifted hands to reveal nothing that shall be voted in the Session nor the voters." The *bitter* observance of the Sabbath, and the sin of incontinence, afforded this clerical conclave abundant matter for legislation and edicts, and accordingly we find, for the long period of more than a century, that their minute-books are crowded with enactments in relation to the one or the other. That the members of the Kirk-Session, however, only carried out to the letter the sentiments of the great bulk of the people who then resided within the precincts of Glasgow, will scarcely be denied; at the same time it must be conceded, that while each and all of this ecclesiastical court and its subjects cried out for liberty of conscience, neither had one particle of toleration for the honest opinions of those who differed from them. Presbyterian dogmatism was the order of the day, and the dicta of the ecclesiastical council of the City of St. Kentigern were as submissively obeyed by its inhabitants as were the edicts of the Councils of Nice or Trent by the widely spread abettors of book and bell.\*

\* The following extracts from the Session records will fully corroborate what has been stated:—

14th Nov. 1583. The Session enacts "that there should be no superfluous gatherings at banquets or marriages; that the price of the dinner or supper should be 18*d.*, and persons married should find caution to that effect."

28th Nov. 1583. "That the booth doors of all merchants and traffickers be steekit on Wednesdays and Fridays in the hour of sermon, and that masters of booths keep the hour of preaching under the penalty of £20, without a lawful cause admitted by the Session. No flesher to kill meat in time of the preaching on week-days."

26th Dec. 1583. Five persons were adjudged "to make public repentance because they kept the superstitious day of Yule or Christmas, and the baxters were ordered to be inquired at when they baked Yule bread."

17th Jan. 1590. The Brethren interpret the Sabbath to be from sun to sun; no work to be done between light and light in winter, and between



The business of kirk-going and the time spent in listening to sermons, appear to have been a most serious matter about the second decade of the seventeenth century, for we find that the General Session on the 5th April 1621 appoints "the new kirk to be opened at five hours in the morning and closed at nine at night for the summer half-year, and for the winter from seven in the morning

sun and sun in summer. On the 18th Aug. 1640, the Brethren change their views, and declare "the Sabbath to be from 12 on Saturday night to 12 on Sunday night." Which are right?

In 1595, "the Session directed to go through the town that there be no bickering nor plays on Sundays either by old or young. All games such as golf, alley, bowls, &c. are prohibited on Sundays, as also no person to go to Ruglen to see vain plays on Sunday.

In 1599, the Session enacts that whoever shall be chosen Provost or Bailies after this, shall be enrolled as elders of the Kirk for the time to come.

In 1600, the Session ordains the Deacons of the Crafts to cause search for absents from the Kirks in their Craft of all the freemen, the one-half of the fine to go to the Kirk and the other to the Craft. The same year "searchers are directed to pass on the Sabbath into the houses to apprehend absents from the Kirk."

In 1601, the Session "discharges all speaking ill of the dead, or of casting up the faults of the dead who have suffered for their demerits to the living, under pain of standing two days at the pillar, and fined *at the will of the Session.*"

In 1604, the Session appoints a wardhouse to be made in the Blackfriars steeple for the confinement of offenders. It appears that one person was *steepled* about this time for eight days, nothing being allowed to the *steepled* but "bread and water." In 1634 the ordinary prison for Kirk delinquents was the back gallery of Blackfriars Kirk.

In 1640, the Session ordains "that all masters of families shall give account of those in their families who hath not the Ten Commandments, Lord's Prayer, Creed, &c., and that every family shall have prayers and psalms morning and evening." Ports to be shut on the Sabbath day at 12 o'clock; to observe that no traveller go out or come in the town, and watchers to be set where there are no ports.

In 1642, the Session "directs the Magistrates and Ministers to go through the streets on the Sabbath nights, to search for persons who absent themselves from church—the town-officers to go through with the searchers."

In 1643, the Session appoints some of their number to go through the town on the market-day, to take order with "*Banners and Swearers.* Swearers to pay 12*d.* of fine."

In 1644, the Session directs "that the Magistrates shall attend the tables at the Communion in the Hie Kirk, and keep order."

In 1645, no horse meat nor any other thing be cried through the streets on Sabbath, and that no water be brought in after the first bell to the forenoon sermon.

In 1648, all keeping of cattle out of doors on Sabbath, except by the Town herd, forbidden on pain of censure.

In 1652, the Session appoint a clandestine committee to go about searching for persons who sell milk on the Sabbath—the committee to be four elders, and they to get two pence a-week from the treasurer



to five in the evening." What the worthy "Kettle-drummles" of those days could find to say to their listening flocks during such long diets, it is difficult to conjecture, but that edicts should thereafter have been issued against "women sleeping their way in church," may be easily imagined.\*

Whether the more common practice with many, of lamenting over the obvious degeneracy of the present

In 1691, those who wander on the Sabbath, or stand before the door, will be called before the Session.

In 1698, the Session recommends to the elders and deacons, two and two, to search the change-houses in their proportions on Saturday nights at 10, and dilate drinkers and houses to the Magistrates.

For the sin of incontinence the punishments enacted by the Session were very severe towards the poor, and very partial towards the rich.

In 1586, the Session enacts "that the punishment for adultery should be to satisfy six Sabbaths at the pillar, barefoot and barelegged, in sackcloth, also be carted through the town."

In 1594, the Session enacts "a cart to be made to cart harlots through the town; appoints a pulley to be made on the bridge, whereby adulterers may be ducked in the Clyde."

In 1599, the two midwives in the town are discharged to go to any unmarried woman till first they signify the matter to some of the Ministers or Magistrates in the daylight; and if it be in the night time, that they take the oaths of the said women, before they bear the bairn, who is the father of it, as they will be answerable to God and the Kirk.

In 1605, the Session enacts that all fornicators should not only pay their fine, but stand one Monday at the Cross with a fast band or iron about their craig, and a paper on their forehead, and without cloak or plaid.

In 1621, the Session pass Dr. Ross, trilapser in fornication, having paid 100 merks to the poor; also, an honest young man take 40 merks from him for the poor, repentance and all.

In 1643, adulterers were imprisoned, and banished out of town on a cart, with a paper on their face, to stand in the Jugs three hours, and to be thereafter whipped.

In 1647, two hair gowns are bought for the use of the Kirk.

In 1665, the West Session resolves that so long as the English continue in town, they will put no person upon the pillars, because they mock at them.

In 1725, the Session enacts that "the elders and deacons go through their proportions, and take notice of all young women that keep chambers alone, especially them suspect of lightness, and warn them that they will be taken notice of, and advise them to get honest men, or take themselves to service."

\* "The Session enacts that no woman, married or unmarried, come within the kirk-doors, to preaching or prayers, with their plaids about their heads, neither lie down in the kirk on their face in time of prayer, with certification, their plaids shall be drawn up, or they raised by the beddal. The Session, considering that great disorder hath been in the kirk, by women sitting with their heads covered in time of sermon, *sleeping their way*, ordains intimation to be made that none sit with their heads covered with plaids in time of sermon."



times when compared with the strict observances of a past age, has or has not anything to recommend it, we shall leave to others to determine. One thing, however, is plain, that whatever may have been the conduct of the people of Glasgow during a period considerably anterior to 1780, the City churches during the fifteen closing years of the last century, were by no means so well attended as they had been or are at present, at least by those who prided themselves on their "gentility."\* However indecorous it may be thought by some to say that there is a fashion even in religion, it is certain that the duties of the Sabbath-day were not then so strictly practised as they had been and now are by the better classes, and that Sabbath desecration, as some consider certain practices to be, was then pretty

\* The religious feelings of the people of Glasgow, during the first half of the last century, are well illustrated in many diaries which were kept by certain of the citizens. I particularly allude to two which I have lately seen in MS.; the one written by an ancestor of Mr. John Loudon, insurance-broker, and the other by Mr. George Brown, an ancestor of Mr. Young of Blythswood-square. The latter, born in 1720, and educated at the College of Glasgow, was some years in the Town Council, and was several times Dean of Guild. His diary—which is principally a journal of his progress in religion—is interspersed with notices of passing events; it commences in October 1745, and is pretty complete up to 1747. The first extract gives a picture of the manner in which a Sunday was spent in Glasgow in those days.

"Sabbath-day, Nov. 10, 1745.—Rose about seven in the morning—called on the Lord by prayer—read the 9th chapter of Job—then attended on family worship, and again prayed to the Lord for his gracious presence to be with me through the whole of the day, and went to church at ten of the clock—joined in the public prayers and praises in the assembly of his saints—heard the 17th chapter of Revelations lectured upon, and sermon from the 81st Psalm, 13th and 14th verses. In the interval of public service I thought on what I had heard, and wrote down some of the heads of it; went again to the house of the Lord, and heard sermon from the same text—came home and retired and thought on the sermon. About five at night joined in family worship, and afterwards supped—then retired again and wrote down some things I had been hearing—then read the 9th chapter of Romans, and prayed; after this I joined in social worship a second time, and went to keep the public guard of the City at ten o'clock at night."



generally indulged in by the young and fashionable portion of the community. In fact, a rather reckless neglect of Sunday observances was about this time the almost universal attribute of a man of fashion; and it may be easily believed that the example was pretty generally followed by those who were desirous to follow in the aristocratic wake. Notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, the churches, in proportion to the people, were then far fewer in number than they are at present. Dissent\* was as yet at a discount, so far as regarded numbers and churches, and the whole kirks and chapels connected with the then dominant Establishment in the City and Barony numbered only eleven.†

Thus it appears that, besides his private devotions, this worthy merchant heard two sermons and a lecture, and attended family worship three times! The second extract gives a curious insight into the character of his religion:—

“For these two or three days,” says he, “I have been in much perplexity concerning my duty with respect to the rebellion; whether I was called to rise up in arms in defence of my religion and liberty, and go on my own charge to Stirling or elsewhere as a volunteer for that end or not. The reasons that sometimes inclined me to one side, and at other times to the contrary, I design to write down in full, if the Lord will, afterwards.”

This “afterwards,” like most of our more convenient seasons, seems never to have arrived, at least there is no trace of it in the MSS. Mr. Brown, however, did go to Falkirk, but in the matter of *arms*, the only thing he took to, like the rest of his party, was “his heels!”

\* The first Secession Church opened in Glasgow was by the Rev. James Fisher in 1741.

† Contrasted with the religious feeling and practice of even thirty years previous to 1790, it may be truly said, that the attendance in the church was greatly neglected, particularly by the men. Families began to think it *un-genteel* to take their servants to church with them; the streets were not as formerly deserted during the hours of public worship, and even the evenings were frequently loose and riotous. Family worship was little practised. Visiting and catechising were little followed by the clergy; and church censure, so much in vogue during a century before, was disused, and the cutty-stool was fairly kicked out of every fashionable church and chapel. At the census of 1851, there were no less than 143 places of public worship within the boundaries of Glasgow, affording sitting room for 114,278



If there was now less sessional interference with the conduct and far less puritanical strictness about the religious observances of the people than in a former age, there was also less superstition. Although some of the more aged yet believed in the existence of warlocks, witches, and ghosts, and could almost approve of, or at least remember the approval of their parents regarding the sentence of the last witch that was burned in Renfrewshire, still such things were regarded rather by the manhood of the period as a myth than a reality.\* In the minds of the domestic servants, however, drawn as these drudges chiefly were from the country and from the Highlands, there no doubt still lingered many su-

persons; and it was calculated that, deducting the Catholic inhabitants, there were only about 250,000 Protestants to be provided for.

\* As a picture of the barbarous infatuation and ignorance of former times in Scotland, with respect to witches, we give the following extract of the sentence pronounced against five poor women at Borrowstounness, December 19, 1679:—

“Forasmeikle as Annabill Thomson, widow in Borrowstonness, Margaret Pringle, relict of the deceasit John Campbell ther, Margaret Hamiltown, relict of the deceist James Pollwart ther, William Craw, indweller ther, Bessie Wicker, relict of the deceist James Pennie ther, and Margaret Hamilton, relict of the deceist Thomas Mitchell ther, prisoners in the Tolbuith of Borrowstonness, are found guiltie be ane assyse, of the abominable cryme of witchcraft comitted be them in manner mentioned in their dittages, and are decerned and adjudged be us under subscribers, Commissioners of Justiciary, specially appointed to this effect, to be taken to the west end of Borrowstonness, the ordinar place of execution ther, upon Tuesday the twentie-third day of December current, betwixt two and four a’clock in the efternoon, and there be wirried at a steack till they be dead, and thereafter to have their bodies burnt to ashes. These therfoir require and command the baylie principal off the regalitie of Borrowstonness and his deputts to see the said sentence put to dew execution in all poynts, as yee will be answerable. Given under our hands, at Borrowstonness, the nynteenth day of December 1679 years,

W. DUNDAS.  
RICH. ELPHINSTONE.  
WA. SANDILANDS.  
J. CORNWALL.  
J. HAMILTON.”

In order that a more distinct idea of trials for witchcraft, as then conducted, may be conveyed to the reader of the present day, we subjoin the following



perstitious prejudices and many odd customs, and on certain days and under certain circumstances these not unfrequently peeped out. They could not easily forget that in the distant parishes to which they might belong, it was considered indisputable, when a child fell into a weakly state, and when a cow lacked milk, or when a horse had taken the *batts*, that the cause was invariably traced to some evil eye, and that some active step was necessary to be taken to remove the incantation. The clicking death-watch and the "candle spail" were also regarded with fear, and almost believed as religious truth, while the reading of the fortune-telling tea-cup was but

short account of a trial before the High Court of Justiciary, and an extract of the indictment. Ten women were accused of witchcraft. The facts from which the crime libelled was inferred were pretty much the same. The indictment against one of them is as follows:—

"Nevertheless ye are guilty of the said crime, in so far as, about two years since, ye the said Isobell Elliot being then servant to Helen Laing in Peastown, an witch, ye at her desire staid at home from the kirk, and was present at a meeting with the devil, the said Helen Laing and Marion Campbell, witches, in the said Helen's house, where the devil kissed you and offered to lie with you, and caused you renew your baptism, and baptised you upon the face *with an waff of his hand like dewing*, calling you Jean; and ye being with child, the devil did forbear to lie with ye; but after ye were *kirked*, the devil had carnal copulation with you; and since that time ye have had several meetings with the devil and several witches, and has many times had carnal copulation with him." They were all convicted on their own confessions, condemned to be strangled at a stake, and burned.—*Records of Justiciary*, September 13, 1678.

What a contemptible estimate must every one at the present day form of the popular opinions then prevalent, when the Crown advocate could prosecute, fifteen jurymen convict, and the supreme Judges of the land condemn to the flames ten women in one day, for having had carnal copulation with the devil! Is it not possible that future generations may look upon our own opinions and conduct in some things, with equal surprise and detestation?

As a farther proof of the ignorance and superstition which prevailed even to a very late period among the educated in Scotland, we find that on the 12th March 1698, the Magistrates of Glasgow granted six pounds eight shillings Scots to the servitors of the jailor, "for maintaining witches and warlocks in the Tolbooth, by order of the Commissioners of Justiciarie at Paisley."



too universally indulged in by almost every maid-servant and by even many of their better educated mistresses. The mysteries of Halloween, so well portrayed by Burns, were also still patronised by "gentle and simple," while all the singular appeals made to some powerful and occult influence were still laughingly but *half-trustingly* made by all those who yet indulged in the mystical forms of that once famous Catholic festival. On New-Year's day, few would allow the light of a candle to be carried out of their houses to those of their neighbours; neither was it thought right to lend any article to persons out of doors, in the belief that by so doing all their "good luck" would be given away during that year. If a barefooted person, or a beggar, or one empty-handed happened to be a "*first-foot*," this was considered a bad omen, and certainly prognosticated ill fortune throughout the year. There were also other superstitions which still lingered among the people; for example, at *flittings* the *salt-box* was always the first article moved and lodged in the new house. It was deemed unlucky to flit on Saturdays:

"Saturday flit, short while sit."

In removing a cradle from one house to another, a pillow was always put into it; and when a woman was in child-labour, the husband's breeches were sometimes put under the pillow, to bring about a safe and speedy delivery! The Bible even was put under the pillow, to preserve the woman from *skaith*. If a child fell or met with any accident, a table-spoonful of water mixed with salt was partly applied to the brow of the child and partly poured down its throat. A piece of *rowan-tree*, sewed in the hem



of a child's petticoat, was considered a sure protection from witchcraft; and if a sucking-child cried without intermission in the dead of the night, those awake were sure to look if the ladle was in the kail-pot, for if it was, then the cause of the child's crying was certain!

About this period, the street dress of the gentlemen was generally more showy than elegant. They wore coats, which were of blue, grey, or mixture cloth, invariably unbuttoned, which permitted the wearers to display in full force their rather gaudy buff and striped waistcoats. Their shirts, which were also pretty conspicuous, were ornamented with a broad frill like a mainsail, and around the neck was tied a large white stuffed neckcloth which generally covered the whole chin. Drab breeches, with white stockings and shoes, were the almost invariable order of the day, except in very wet weather, when a pair of black *spats* or half-boots were occasionally sported. A few of the more sporting characters patronised buckskins or white *cords*, with top-boots; and almost all had a large bunch of gold seals dangling from under their waistcoats. Elderly gentlemen generally carried a *ratan* under their arm. No individual of any degree wore trousers, except sailors, and as these were rarely encountered at that time on the streets of Glasgow, such an attire was looked upon as an oddity. If the forenoon dress was, according to our modern ideas, not quite *en regle*, the evening costume was both tasteful and elegant; it consisted of a blue or brown coat, black silk breeches and stockings, and white satin waistcoat, occasionally embroidered, with hair well curled and powdered. The fact is, that hair-



powder was universally worn, and was not confined to the mere adornment of the head, but was also spread over the neck and back of the coat. The hair was gathered into a cue, and such was the attention paid to the hair and head-gear, that no gentleman sallied forth from his breakfast without having had a visit from his barber. The craft of the puff and curling-tongs was then in the heyday of prosperity; and from its members being usually men of fair education, and necessarily regarded as the collectors of the whole gossip of the City, their presence was looked for every morning by their customers with as much anxiety as is now experienced for the runner with the morning newspaper.\*

Before leaving the subject of male attire, it may perhaps be as well to state that there were then few persons to be seen dressed in black. This costume was restricted to those who might be called to attend a funeral or to mourn for a relative, and to the Lord Provost and Magistrates, at all times and on all occasions, during the period they exercised the magisterial function—the former on state occasions being dressed in a velvet suit, bag-wig, and hand-ruffles, and the latter sporting cocked hats and chains. Notwithstanding the universal love for coloured clothes which then prevailed, few citizens failed to keep a black suit, for performing the last sad offices which the living in Glasgow have always so becomingly paid to their departed friends and kinsmen; and hence at every funeral there appeared coats whose colour and

\* In 1793, at a general meeting of the Incorporation of Barbers, it was resolved to advance their prices as follows:—Shop-shaving, 1*d.* sterling each time; dressing not less than £2 : 12*s.* sterling per annum, each *lawful* day—the customer always finding materials.—*Advertiser.*



cut illustrated many of the long past successive *ages* of fashion!

The front of the Tontine and the Coffee-room under the piazzas, were at this time the great daily rendezvous of the leading notables of the community; and at the upper end of that so celebrated news-room, to be considered a sight for all strangers, were always congregated, from one till three o'clock, those who either were the acknowledged—or else imagined themselves to be—the dons of the City. These daily meetings were not as might be supposed for exchange or business matters, but merely for gossiping, or, what was equally important, for arranging where they should dine, or at what hour the particular Club of which they were members should assemble. At that period, the pacers of the news-room boards were a jolly-looking, well-dressed, red-faced, gentlemanlike set of fellows, with a roar and a laugh always at command, and a sort of independent swagger, bespeaking full purses and no backwardness in opening them. Hospitality was their ruling characteristic, and woe betide the head and stomach of the stranger wight, with anything of a social turn, or in the garb of an officer or a gentleman, who once got fairly introduced among this jovial and convivial band!

The ladies were not so gorgeously attired when out of doors as they are now, nor were their gowns made so redolent of silk or of muslin as to *scavenge* the pavements. A long narrow black silk cloak, trimmed with black lace, was the common dress of the married, and a dark or coloured spenser of the young and single. Parasols were almost unknown, but in their stead was used a large



green paper fan, nearly two feet long when closed, which was suspended from the wrist by a ribbon, forming an immense circle when opened, and which was used as the only protection against sunshine or ogling! In evening dress, muslins, which were then expensive, were much patronised by those who tripped on the light fantastic toe, and rich silks and satins, as at the present day, were worn by wives, aunts, and grandmothers. The forms of all were invariably encased in stiff unbending whale-bone stays, the business of a staymaker being then in the hands of men, and evidently an extensive and profitable business.\* A very few elderly ladies still adhered to hair-powder and patches, although that peculiarity of an earlier age was fast fading away, and in a few years thereafter was unseen. Fashion at all times is whimsical enough, but never did it show itself to be so more than at the period we are sketching. For we find, that in defiance of aching heads or heated brains, the ladies of the *mode* wore heavy beaver hats and thick black silk calashes in the dog-days, while, with equal consistency and in defiance of the rude blasts of winter, they stuck a few paltry feathers in a bit of silk which scarcely covered the top of their heads, and called it a bonnet!

Dancing in private was then much in vogue among all classes, while public assemblies were also frequent and much patronised. The Lord Provost, in full court dress, always presided at the Queen's assembly, which took place on the 18th January. On that occasion all the young belles of the City and neighbourhood were in the

\* During the summer of 1785, no fewer than eight parties connected with the City advertise and offer "constant employment to men-staymakers."



habit of making their first public *entrée*, or, as it was emphatically called, "*came out*"—a step in life which most of our fair citizens seldom failed to talk of, and few in after life were willing to forget.\*

In the garb of the working-classes, and particularly of the servant-girls, a far greater change is discernible than in that of the lady of fashion. It was then the custom, happily now given up, for the generality of the lower class of females to go about without either shoes or stockings, and instead of flaunting, as they now do in silks and satins, and hats and feathers, they were never known to sport a *long* gown except on Sundays—and then the gown was limited to one of dark printed calico, with generally a petticoat of the same colour. The fact is, servant-girls in those days had less money to spend on dress than at the present moment; besides, clothing of all kinds was much more costly, the common wages per half-year being then 20s. and an apron. There was, however, always a dark-brown *duffle* cloak, with a hood to it, belonging to every kitchen in the City, which was indiscriminately used by the servants on rainy days or cold nights.

If there was not among all classes during the early history of Glasgow, so much extravagance exhibited in

\* Dancing and card assemblies appear to have been held weekly during the winter of 1783; for in the *Glasgow Mercury* of the 25th September of that year, the following advertisement appears:—"Mr. Smart [the lessee of the Tontine] presents his respects to the ladies and gentlemen who honour him with their company on Thursday evenings; and begs leave to inform them that, with the advice of his friends, the rooms and assemblies are to be held at the Merchants' Hall, in Bridgegate, till further notice, owing to the entry to the Tontine Assembly-rooms being under repair; and to begin this evening at the usual hour." The Tontine Assembly-rooms had been opened only a year or two before.



the dress of the living as there is now, it is certain that far more attention was paid, up to the close of the last century, to the adornment of the dead. The persons employed in this mournful and lugubrious occupation seem to have driven, at that period, a most profitable trade; this branch of industry and the materials used for the dressing of corpses, were considered so important by the politicians of the day, that Acts of Parliament were regularly passed in favour of woollen or of linen, as the one or other branch of manufacture required support and encouragement.\*

For a few years previous to the period we are attempting to describe, the City records afford evidence that the Magistrates had become sensible of the necessity of a more effective force than the town officers, for the suppression of the increasing outrages committed on the lieges and their property. Scarcely a night passed during which madcaps did not break lamps, or blackguards assault and put in bodily fear the unprotected and the timid. To remedy the evil, after two unsuccessful attempts to obtain a Police Act, the Magistrates created a small force about the year 1788; and for which a sum of

\* The following advertisements will best illustrate this subject. In 1747, "James Hodge, who lives in the first closs above the Cross, on the west side of the High-street, continues to sell burying-crapes ready-made; and his wife's niece, who lives with him, dresses dead corpses at as cheap a rate as was formerly done by her aunt, having been educated by her and perfected at Edinburgh, from whence she has lately arrived and has brought with her all the newest and best fashions." In 1789, "Miss Christy Dunlop, Leopard-closs, High-street, dresses the dead as usual in the most fashionable manner." In 1799, "Miss Christian Brown, at her shop west side of Hutcheson-street, carries on the business of making *dead flannels*, and getting up burial crapes, &c. She also carries on the mantua-making at her house in Duncan-closs, High-street, where a mangle is kept as formerly."



£135 : 2s. was paid to Richard Marshall, for himself as superintendent of police, and for his officers, on the 23d July 1789.\* From a subsequent entry in the Town's minute-book, it is plain that this force was armed,† and no doubt assisted the citizens, who were then called to watch and ward; night-work, however, appeared to be their chief vocation;‡ for, during the day, the keeping of the peace seemed to be almost altogether left to the town-officers, who were then better known by the appellation of red-coat officers or *hornies*. Those important functionaries, who were not as now limited to half a dozen, but counted at least twenty, in addition to their legal duties and to *marshalling* the Lord Provost and Bailies regularly every Sunday to the Wynd Church, save when visiting the other places of worship belonging to the Establishment, were always found at the entrances to, and sometimes even inside of, every dancing-school, ball-room, or regular dancing assembly; and it has been

\* A Police Bill was introduced into the House of Commons by the Magistracy in the year 1789, and the Provost and Town-clerk were sent to London to carry it through. The measure had the unanimous approbation of the City Corporation and the Merchants' House, but was opposed by the Trades' House, and owing to the shortness of the session was withdrawn.

† 23d July 1789.—“ Authorise the Treasurer to pay to Robert Gray, silversmith, £38 : 17s. for a sword and silver badge to the lieutenant of police, and a gold chain to the intendent of police; also, to James Graham, cutler, £9 : 9s. for sword belts and brass plates for the police-officers; also, to Angus M'Donald, £1 : 4s. for badges furnished to police-officers.”—*Council Records of Glasgow*.—It is worthy of remark that Edinburgh had no police till 1805.

‡ On 27th December 1790, the Magistrates, by an advertisement in the *Glasgow Mercury*, “ require all the male householders, citizens, and inhabitants, under the age of 60 and above 18, whose yearly rents are £3 sterling, to the number of 30, every night as they shall be warned by an officer, to repair to the Laigh Council Chamber at ten o'clock at night, and to continue on guard and patrolle till next morning, subject to such orders as shall be given by the Magistrates.” The fine for absence was 3s. 6d.



even alleged that they occasionally assisted in eking out the magnificence of a Provost's civic entertainment. If the Bailies were then, as they have always been, a "terror to evil-doers," the *hornies* proved themselves similar *terrors* to the idle boys and girls outside, and to the light-hearted juveniles who were flattering a parent's heart with the well-executed steps of the "Minuet de la Cour," the "Dusty Miller," and the "Princess Feather," within the sacred precincts of Fraser's Hall or Sillars' rooms; quadrilles, waltzes, galops, and polkas being then unknown to the most fashionable and most accomplished professor of the dance.\*

If there was no day police except these *hornies*, there was always a subaltern's guard, from the regiment in the Barracks, marched daily to the City Guard-house in the Candleriggs, which, besides furnishing sentinels for the Jail, Bridewell, the Custom and Exise Offices, the Royal Bank and Bank of Scotland, with a sergeant's squad for the Powder Magazine,† likewise turned out to

\* On the 13th Oct. 1783, Mr. Fraser advertises that he will open his dancing-school in M'Nair's land, King-street. The hall still exists. On the same day, Mr. Sillars also announces the opening of his school in Buchanan-closs (the third west of the Exchange). About the same time, Mr. Campbell and Mr. Dick were also instructing both sexes in the art of *cutting* and *shuffling*—the former being looked upon about that period as rather the most *distingué*. With the growth of the City, however, there came new dancing-masters. In Oct. 1799, Mr. Park announces the opening of his ball-room at the King's Arms, Trongate, and Monsieur D'Egville in Hamilton-street, New-town. In after years followed the two Hamiltons, Charlesford, &c. &c.

† The first public Powder Magazine was opened in 1782. By an advertisement from the Magistrates, the building is described as standing in a remote locality near the Garscube-road. Its ancient walls remain in the centre of a most populous district, although it is not now used for the storing of gunpowder.



preserve order at fires, or to quell any serious riot. As there was no water except what could be procured from the public wells, or from the Clyde, a fire was always a more serious calamity than it now generally turns out to be. The fire-engines, which were few and of no great power, were filled from leathern buckets belonging to the Corporation, or from the barrels of the City bakers, who, in these rather rude times, were the chief water-bearers, and whose appearance at the scene of any conflagration was always hailed with approbation and encouragement by the excited populace.\*

At this period a stranger would have experienced considerable difficulty, small though the City was, in at once hitting on the dwelling-house or place of business of any of the inhabitants, seeing that the mystery of numbering the streets, if as yet discovered, was at least not much practised in Glasgow. Closes and lands had no doubt particular names with which the residences of parties were associated, but at the present day these names have been so lost as to render the precise spot with which any celebrated individual is linked almost unknown.

If there were, however, few or no numbers on the streets, between 1780 and 1790, to guide the stranger to the shops and dwelling-houses of the inhabitants, there was at least a printed Directory to tell the names, occupations, and dwelling-places of the chief citizens. The first, a very tiny volume, was published by John Tait in 1783; and the second by John Mennons in 1787, under

\* There were six fire-engines in those days, but they were small as well as ineffective.



the title of "Jones's Directory," it having been edited by Nathaniel Jones,\* keeper of the Coffee-room and of the "Servants' Register-office, 2d stair left hand, Presbyterian closs, Saltmarket." What a flood of light do these now scarce records of names, of crafts, and of abodes pour on the then existing habits and condition of the City, so very different from those of the present day! At that time every man of mark, in trade or manufactures, was to be found at his business post in the few streets which encompassed the Cross, and at only a few minutes' walk from that central rendezvous of all classes. It appears, too, that a very large number of the leading citizens actually lived and slept within ear-shot of the Music Bells; and certain are we that the grandchildren of those who may have the good fortune to have had grandfathers living in Glasgow at that period, would be vastly surprised, on consulting these address-books, to find their ancestors occupying houses in localities which, now-a-days, their own porters, or even their miserably paid weavers, would have some hesitation in acknowledging as their homes.† From these records, also, we gather that the learned professions bore a far greater proportion to the general mass of the inhabitants than they do now-a-days; and what, perhaps, is more remarkable, that a greater number of those worthies stood out more prominently in the general

\* It appears that Nathaniel Jones was once a shoemaker, and that he was the son of Ryce Jones, an overseer of Bell's tan-work, who had a house in the line of St. Andrew-street, mentioned in the Act of Parliament for opening that street in 1768.

† It may be here mentioned that the late Mr. Henry Monteith of Carstairs lived in 1789 in the third flat of Lightbody's land, south side of Bell's-wynd.



world than the professors, procurators, and doctors, even with all the advantages of modern science and civilization, do at the present hour. Where, for example, in all the College houses, during the last twenty years, do we find such men domiciled as Dr. Thomas Reid, John Millar, John Anderson, William Richardson, and John Young?\* Where among the long list of the pre-

\* Dr. Reid was born in 1710, was educated at Marischal College, Aberdeen, and was appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy in King's College, Aberdeen. In 1764 he was elected Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow, as the successor of Adam Smith, and died in 1796. His principal works are "An Inquiry into the Human Mind"; "Essays on the Intellectual Powers of Man"; "Essays on the Active Powers of Man." His able biographer, in drawing the character of this eminent and excellent man, sums it up in these words:—"Its most prominent features were—intrepid and inflexible rectitude, a pure and devoted attachment to truth, and an entire command over all his passions."

Professor John Millar was born in 1735 at Shotts, and was educated at Hamilton and Glasgow. He was called to the bar in 1760, and in 1761 he was elected to the Chair of Law in the University of Glasgow. As a lecturer he obtained great celebrity, from the familiar and animated manner in which he treated his subject; and in 1787 he published his "Historical View of the English Government." Some time after he printed a treatise "On the Origin of Ranks." He died in 1801. The distinguishing feature of Professor Millar's intellect, according to the *Edinburgh Review*, "was the great clearness and accuracy of his apprehension, and the singular sagacity with which he seized upon the true statement of a question, and distinguished the point in dispute from the mass of sophisticated argument in which it was frequently involved." In a letter of James Watt to Mr. Craig of the Waterport, dated in April 1805, the celebrated engineer mentions that he first became acquainted with Mr. Millar about the year 1752 or 1753, and adds that he frequently met him at "an irregular club a few of us had at Mrs. Scheid's, the members of which were William Muirhead of Herbertshire, John Allan of the Row, your father (Mr. Craig), Mr. Millar, and myself. I am not sure whether Mr. Archibald Hamilton of London and Mr. R. Carrick were of the number—at least occasionally. I remember Mr. Millar was always looked up to as the oracle of the company; his attainments were greater than those of the others; he had more wit and much greater argumentative powers, of which he was not sparing, as those who engaged with him felt to their cost; at the same time he was perfectly good-humoured, though he had an air of firmness which was apt to dismay his antagonist. In short, such as you knew him in age he was in youth, allowing for his



sent Faculty of Procurators, with all the accumulated knowledge of business and law of modern times, is such a galaxy of remarkable names to be found as among the short list of that body given in Jones's Directory of 1787? Where, among the numerous practitioners belonging to the Physicians and Surgeons of the present day, do we find a like per centage of ta-

more matured judgment. Our conversations, besides the usual subjects with young men, turned principally upon literary subjects, religion, morality, belles lettres, &c.; and to those conversations my mind owed its first bias to such subjects, in which they were all much my superiors, I never having attended a College, and being then a mechanic."—*Muirhead's Life of Watt.*

John Anderson, F.R.S. was born in 1725, and was appointed Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Glasgow in 1756, whence he was translated, in 1760, to the Chair of Natural Philosophy, for which his pursuits and talents more eminently fitted him. His "Institutes of Physicks" was printed in 1786, and went through five editions in ten years. As a lecturer he was most popular, and in the experimental course of Natural Philosophy, which he established for those of the City who thought fit to attend, he extended a taste for science even among the working classes. Professor Anderson died in 1796, and left the whole of his apparatus and property to found an educational institution under the title of "Anderson's University."

William Richardson was born at Aberfoyle in 1743, and became a student at Glasgow College in 1758. In a few years thereafter he was appointed tutor to the two sons of Lord Cathcart, with whom he remained at Eton for two years, after which he accompanied his pupils, with their father, to St. Petersburg, to which Court his lordship was sent as Ambassador Extraordinary. There Mr. Richardson remained from 1768 till 1772. In the year following he was chosen Professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow, and remained in that Chair till his death in 1814. He was a fine scholar and able teacher, a poet and miscellaneous writer. Among his works are "Anecdotes of the Russian Empire"; "Essays on Shakspeare's Dramatic Characters"; "The Indians," a tragedy; and "The Maid of Lochlin," a lyrical drama, with other poems. He was a contributor to "The Mirror" and "Lounger," and to "Stewart's Edinburgh Magazine." The Professor was methodical in everything. In his dress he appeared in the morning *en dishabille*; but as the day wore on he became more in order, till, in the afternoon, he was always seen *en grande tenu*, which, in those days, might be designated a powdered wig, lace ruffles, knee breeches, and silk stockings. He was a great favourite and dined out much, and unfortunately, from this latter cause, became a martyr to gout. Good



lented and remembered names as occurs among the learned *twenty-one*, who were *typeset* by honest John Mennons, the editor of the Glasgow Journal? And where, in fine, when we look to the limited circle of the City clergy (then no more than fourteen), can we discover, among the more than hundred of the present day, men who will be so well remembered, after a thirty years' absence from this forgetful world, as the Christian-minded Dr. Balfour,\* the able Dr. Gillies, and the literary

living was in fact his passion. In illustration of this, the following anecdote is told of him. Dining out one day where the turtle soup was splendid, he exclaimed, after repeated *helpings*, "I know there is gout in every spoonful, but I can't resist it." He was beloved by his pupils, and from the peculiarly soft and silvery way in which he spoke or even *fined*, he obtained for himself the not very elegant soubriquet of *Cheeper!*

John Young was one of the most celebrated Greek scholars and critics that ever occupied the Greek Chair of the University. He succeeded Dr. Moor, of whom we have already spoken. None of his many pupils can ever forget the enthusiasm with which he descanted on a figure of Homer, or on the power of the Greek language in that poem, to produce, by mere sound, the meaning wished to be conveyed, or the delight with which he translated an ode of Anacreon, or a dialogue of Lucian. In 1783 Mr. Young published his well-known criticism of Gray's "Elegy;" but it has always been regretted that he did not do something better suited to his talents and learning. He was a great admirer of the stage, and was a devoted supporter of Edmund Kean, like many other of the Professors of that period. He was best known by the students under the soubriquet of *Cocky Bung*, his father having been a cooper. The following epigram on Mr. Young was penned by a poetical ex-Provost of Glasgow:—

"On Glasgow's Thespian boards yestreen,  
The very Jew I've surely seen,  
That Shakspeare painted,—play'd by Kean,  
While plaudits loudly rung;  
But what was all his *acting* fine,  
Or Shakspeare's *Comedy* divine,  
To the diverting *pantomime*,  
Display'd by *Cocky Bung*."

\* Dr. Robert Balfour was born and educated in Edinburgh; and, after being licensed as a preacher, was presented to the parish of Lecropt, where he officiated for five years. In 1779 he was removed to the Outer High Church of Glasgow, and continued in that charge till the close of his valuable life. He died in February 1818, in the 71st year of his age and the 40th of



Dr. Ranken\*—the staid appearance and cocked hat of the last being perhaps better recalled by those who lived at the period, than his own valued history of France will ever be by any appertaining to “young Glasgow”? What a singular insight likewise do these tiny repertories give us with respect to the limited correspondence and commerce of the City in 1787, when we find there recorded that the whole Post-office staff consisted of *five*, of whom two were letter-carriers; and that the whole complement

his pastoral incumbency in Glasgow. In few characters were there ever more excellent qualities associated—qualities of the mind and of the heart, developed in public as well as in private life, and securing to their possessor an equal measure of admiration, of esteem, and of love. One of the principal charms of this character was warmth of heart and cordial kindness of disposition. In the social circle he opened his heart to all the reciprocations of kindness; his familiar conversation was characterised by a cheerful and facetious pleasantry. Having himself experienced the bitterness of domestic afflictions, and the sweetness of the consolations of religion, he excelled as a comforter of the mourner. He especially endeared himself to the young, towards whom he ever displayed an insinuating tenderness, which never failed to win their hearts, and to draw them with the cords of love to the paths of piety. All his pulpit addresses, whether doctrinal or hortatory, bore the impress of the Cross. His was not the icy coldness of speculative orthodoxy, but the warm gushings of a heartfelt faith. During the whole period of his ministry he grew every day in the affectionate admiration and esteem of his numerous congregation; and when he died his remains were attended to the narrow house by a large assembly of sincere mourners, and amidst an unprecedented concourse of spectators along all the streets through which the cortege passed, affording an impressive testimony of the universality of the public sentiment of regard towards this Christian pastor.

\* Dr. Ranken was a native of Edinburgh, and received his education at the University of that City. Shortly after being licensed, he was presented to Cambusnethan Parish, where he officiated for a short time. In 1785 he became minister of the North West Parish of Glasgow, in which charge he continued till his death, which took place 23d February 1827. As a public preacher, his discourses were distinguished for perspicuity, chasteness, and simplicity; conveying to his hearers, not by poetical metaphor or brilliant expression, but by clear, forcible, and simple language, fitted equally for the learned and the ignorant, in the most affectionate and unobtrusive



of the Customhouse was *two*, who were located, as might be expected, at the Broomielaw; while the officers of the Excise, in which office almost all the great taxes of the country then centred, consisted of only two principals, two superiors, and forty gaugers or examiners, and who, strange to say, were located in the Old-vennel!

If there were many wants connected with Glasgow, which a more than common social progress has since met, it must not be forgotten that a far more independent spirit, in respect to public charity, prevailed during the last twenty years of the eighteenth century than is now exhibited. At that period the direst necessity alone could induce any one to apply for public aid, and hence the poor-rates levied in the City were of the most trifling kind; the whole sum raised in 1790 being only £1,460. Perhaps fully as many beggars might be seen prowling about as at present; and among these there might also occasionally be observed one or two *Blue Gowns*, now altogether unknown, showing their badges and asking

manner, practical illustrations of the great moral truths of the Bible. Out of the pulpit he was kind, affable, and condescending; modest yet dignified in his manners; always accessible to the virtuous poor, he warmly interested himself in everything that concerned them. He was the author of several works, among others the "History of France," and the "Institutes of Theology." Although he was a most laborious compiler, he wanted sufficient genius to be a historian. His "History of France" is a correct but very ponderous production, and, as such, fell still-born from the press. Like most authors, however, the Doctor loved his most ricketty progeny the best; and, being anxious to discover what the world thought of his work, he imagined he could best do so by applying to the librarian of Stirling's Library. With this view he entered Hutcheson's Hospital, where the Rev. Mr. Peat sat as librarian—a man of rather a harsh and sarcastic disposition; and, in order better to conceal his connection with a work of which he was eager to get an opinion, he on entering merely put the following query, "Pray, Mr. Peat, is Dr. Ranken's History of France *in*?" To which the caustic librarian curtly replied, "It never was out!"



alms; still the former were far from exhibiting anything like Hibernian importunity, while the latter were, like the *Edie Ochiltree* of Sir Walter Scott, always listened to with attention and kindness.\*

If such be a sketchy outline of some of the outward peculiarities of Glasgow between the years 1780 and 1790, we trust we shall be excused if, like Asmodeus, we attempt to unroof a few of the habitations, and to take a glimpse of their interior economy and their various inmates. As we have already hinted, the houses, with the exception of those occupied by the leading men and merchants of the City, were chiefly in flats; and the furniture in these, although very inferior either in taste or elegance to that of the present day, was nevertheless good and comfortable. The chairs in the dining-room were all of excellent mahogany, straight-legged, high-backed, and covered with striped haircloth; and the dining tables—although of excellent Jamaica or St. Domingo wood—were narrow, and by no means fitted either for a plateau, epergne, and wine-coolers, or for a party of four-and-twenty guests! Sideboards, which were then novel pieces of furniture, were beginning to be pretty generally patronised; but in all the old dining-rooms there still lingered the former invariable accompaniment of a Scottish *salle à manger*, viz. a cupboard or

* In 1790, the Poor in hospital amounted to.....	314
" Children at nurse, .....	111
" Families supplied with meal, .....	205
" Population, .....	<u>62,000</u>
In 1851, Persons receiving in-door and out-door relief, .....	5,671
" Cost of maintaining Poor, .....	£45,638:4s. 6d.
" Population of old Burgh, .....	<u>148,115</u>



buffet, with shelves fancifully shaped out and their edges painted in different colours, such as green and light blue, and even tipped with gold. On these shelves were displayed any pieces of silver plate that were considered worth showing, and also the most valuable and richest coloured China punch-bowls, jugs, and cups—such in fact as are now frequently seen on the chiffonier of a modern drawing-room. Below these shelves there was a hanging leaf which during dinner was upraised and served as a sideboard, and when dinner was ended, it was again let down, and shut in with doors opening from the centre and reaching nearly to the ceiling. These buffets, nevertheless, were continued in many dining-rooms long after sideboards had become common. Where, however, a sideboard was seen, there were invariably two and sometimes three mahogany cases placed on it, the one for the reception of the silver spoons, and the other for the green or white handled knives, these cases being generally left open for display when company was expected. The dinner table on party days was, as at present, invariably covered with a fine white double damask table-cloth, which, however, was removed so soon as the repast was ended; well kept and showy tables being at that time—as at this day—the peculiar pride of good housewives to exhibit. There were, however, no table napkins, each with its pear-shaped roll enclosed, placed before the guests at dinner, although sometimes these modern comforts were sported at the tea-table; and such articles, if ever seen, were certainly not fringed with *lace*, which some upstarts have lately been attempting to introduce; and had any innovators



exhibited such effrontery at that less luxurious period, they would certainly have run the risk of being sent either to Coventry or Bedlam! There were no silver forks then in use, and forks of steel with more than two prongs were even a rarity. The dinner hour in the best families was three o'clock; and when a party was given, four was generally held to be quite *à la mode*. During the days of Fielding, only four-and-twenty years prior, the fashionable dinner hour in London was two. Swift speaks of dining with some of his noble friends, and getting home from his repast at five or six o'clock! That the metropolitan hour of dining had, after that time, rapidly advanced towards night, is no doubt certain; but certainly the Glasgow four o'clock dinner hour of the period we are sketching, had followed fast in the wake of the fashion of London. It may be mentioned, also, that in the days of Queen Anne it was the common practice among the higher circles, that the dinner should be put on the table, and the ladies placed at the dinner board, before the gentlemen were called or allowed to enter. This was also a practice almost universally followed in Glasgow up to the beginning of the final decade of the last century; and was felt the more necessary when a bed-room was the only reception-room in the house. Most of the small-company dinners in Glasgow were at this period placed on the board at once, after which there might be a remove of the upper and lower end dishes, but nothing more. On great occasions, however, there was sometimes a regular second course; but as to a third and a dessert, these were altogether reserved for an after age. The wines generally were port



and sherry, and occasionally a bottle of Madeira. As to a bottle of French wine—such as claret—which, thirty years before, was so common throughout all Scotland, it may be said to have been, in 1793, in most houses a *rara avis in terris*. Oat cake and small beer were to be had in every family; the former was presented even at state parties, and the latter was always placed in two or more China jugs at the corners of the table, for any guest who might wish to quaff such a luxury. Drinking water at an entertainment was altogether unpractised. Cheese was invariably produced at the close of every repast, and was always accompanied with London porter, which was decanted into two silver cups, when the parties had such to display, or into a large crystal goblet or China jug; and, like the love-cups of the University, these were sent circling round the board, and were accordingly mouthed by all inclined to taste the then fashionable English beverage. Ices and finger-glasses were still in the womb of fashion; and each person generally carried in his pocket a small silver dessert-knife, which was unhesitatingly brought from its hiding-place if a golden pippin or a moorfowl-egg pear by any chance called for its aid. When dinner was over and the dessert removed—which was invariably the case after it had stood a short time—the wine bottles made a few circles, and were immediately succeeded by the largest China bowl in the house. In this gorgeous dish, which was of course placed before the landlord, the universal beverage of cold punch was quickly manufactured; and towards its proper concoction many opinions were freely offered; but to these, the host, if a regular punch-maker, paid little attention. The



ceremonial was always gone through with great deliberation, and with an air of self-importance that must have made a stranger smile. The pleasing decoction once made and approved of, it was now the time to sit in for serious drinking—and serious, indeed, it often was; for, while toast followed toast and bowl followed bowl, it rarely happened that the party broke up till some of the members at least were not in a condition to retire to their homes without the aid of companions who, if their heads were less *muzzied*, possessed more stable legs. The retiring of a guest to the drawing-room was a rare occurrence indeed; and hence the poor lady of the house was generally left to sip her tea in solitude, while her husband and friends were getting *royal* over their *sherbet*. The fact is, that drinking and swearing were characteristic of the dinner parties of the last century, not only in Glasgow, but everywhere else. To be found muzzy after dinner was too frequent even with the most respectable; for we find that Prime Ministers were not ashamed to “move the House” when they were tipsy, nor did some of their leading opponents blush to tell that they went to bed frequently in a state of helpless intoxication. There was a Bacchanalian stamp about the every-day life and conversation, as well as about the literature of the last century; and the man who could talk longest about wines, and who could likewise carry off the most bottles, was looked upon with favour and admiration. It was, in fact, at that time an exception to the general rule for a man to be either willing or capable of joining the ladies after dinner. In those days, however, dinner parties were certainly not so numerous as



at present. The great visiting in Glasgow was limited very much to supper parties; but then those agreeable reunions, although not quite so ceremonious, partook much of the same style as a dinner of the present time. The invitations, although not issued for a month in advance, were often despatched a week or ten days before; and on such occasions it was the custom for the ladies to continue at the table till a very short time before the general break-up. These, too, were generally very merry meetings, and the evening's pastime was always enhanced by a glee, a catch, or a song; or sometimes, where there were young ladies, by a rondo or air on the spinnet or piano.\* Tea parties, also, were very common. Ladies frequenting such entertainments—which were ever redolent of cookies and shortbread—at the hour of six, rarely remained beyond eight o'clock, at which time “the lass with the lantern” was formally announced—the constant accompaniment of every lady (whether protected by a gentleman or not) who might, in those *gasless* days, be out after nightfall.† The almost total abandonment at the present time of the good old custom of tea-drinking, so invariably practised about the period we are sketching, is more to be regretted than perhaps any other that can be mentioned. It was an easy and economical method of assembling many pleasant people, without much previous preparation and

\* In 1790 Mr. M'Gown kept a music-shop at the head of Stockwell-street. This was, it is believed, the earliest warehouse strictly devoted to music. Previously, new music and song-books were only to be had from the booksellers.

† Previous to 1795 no lamps were erected or lighted in Wilson, Hutcheson, Brunswick, or John-street. By a minute of the Council of 9th September of that year, they were only ordered to be put up.



without any formality. When twenty or thirty friends lived within a few hundred yards of each other, they were soon invited and as easily collected. It was, in fact, some recompense for a crowded population and common stairs. On such occasions, it was indeed a joyous thing to see—

“ The chequer’d chairs, in seemly circle placed;  
 The Indian tray, with Indian china graced;  
 The red stone tea-pot, with its silver spout;  
 The tea-spoons number’d,\* and the tea fill’d out.  
 Rich whigs and cookies smoked upon the board,  
 The best that *Boyd* the baxter could afford.  
 Hapless the wight, who, with a lavish sup,  
 Empties too soon the Lilliputian cup;  
 Though patience fails, and though with thirst he burns,  
 All, all must wait till the last cup returns.  
 That cup return’d, now see the hostess ply  
 The tea-pot, measuring with equal eye.  
 To all again, at once, she grants the boon,  
 Dispensing her gunpowder by platoon.  
 They chat of dress (as ladies will), of cards,  
 And fifty friends within three hundred yards;  
 Or, now they listen, all in merry glee,  
 While ‘Nancy Dawson,’ ‘Sandie o’er the lea,”  
 (Than foreign music truly sweeter far)  
 Ring on the jingling spinnet or guitar.  
 The clogs are ready, when the meal is o’er,  
 And many a blazing lantern leaves the door.”

When these entertainments occurred in the houses, particularly of the old maiden class in good society, it was not uncommon to find, after the very tedious ceremonial connected with tea-drinking was over, that the lady of the house washed, with her own fair hands, the China cups at table. For this purpose a wooden bowl, kept for this business alone, was usually introduced, and the work

\* The numbers on the spoons enabled the hostess to return to each guest the cup that he had before.



was gone through with the most perfect gravity and grace. It is now gravely suspected that the practice served the double purpose of preventing breakage and of assisting the servants, who were neither so numerous nor so neat-handed as they are now-a-days.

If such be a few of the more striking points of the interior economy and exterior aspect of Glasgow during the five or six years immediately preceding and immediately following 1790, it is perhaps more difficult to convey anything like a perfect or precise idea of the then prevailing political and social opinions of the thinking and better educated portion of the community. Certain it is, however, that they differed almost *toto cœlo* in everything from those now generally held by the same class of the inhabitants. At that time the spirit of Toryism ruled paramount among all in high places throughout the country; and nowhere was it more rampant than among the civic authorities of Glasgow, who—amid the deep distress occasioned by the renewed war and the dearth of provisions, and which affected particularly the working-classes in 1793, consequent on the failure of so many commercial and manufacturing concerns—were always ready to check the cry of the unemployed and the starving, backed in calmer times by the honestly patriotic, for a more powerful control on the part of the people over the affairs of the State.\* While the

\* In July 1793 a vast number of the private banks throughout England stopped payment, tending almost to a universal bankruptcy. In Glasgow "The Arms' Bank," and "Thomsons' Bank," stopped, although ultimately both paid every one. The Royal Bank, even, was in sad trepidation, so much so, that Gilbert Innes and William Simpson were accustomed to meet with David Dale and Scott Moncrieff at the Half-way House to



successful struggle by which America had obtained her freedom from arbitrary power, coupled with the revolutionary outbreak in which France was at that moment engaged, had no doubt strengthened the belief in the truth of the liberal doctrines held by the few educated abettors of political reformation in Britain;\* still the discordant discussions which as yet characterised the Government of the United States, joined with the cruel and lawless tyranny which the various party-split sections of the French democracy were every day exhibiting, tended not only to confirm the wavering against accepting a like panacea for the evils of the moment, but at the same time strengthened the wary in their belief that it is "better to bear the ills we have, than fly to others

Edinburgh, to discuss the position of bank matters; and so terrified were they about the result, that they shortly afterwards increased their capital by half a million. The misery, however, which was created during that year among all classes was wide-spread and severe, and may be easily conceived, when it is mentioned that almost all kinds of goods fell nearly fifty per cent.

\* By the following advertisement in the *Glasgow Mercury* of 5th July 1791, we find that there was a small knot of persons who had for at least two years celebrated the anniversary of the Revolution in France:—

"The 14th of July being the anniversary of the late glorious Revolution in France, by which so many millions have been restored to their rights as men and as citizens, the Friends of Liberty in Glasgow and neighbourhood are invited to celebrate the second anniversary of that Revolution, at the Tontine Tavern, on Thursday next, in order to certify their joy at an event so important in itself, and which is likely so essentially to promote the general liberty and happiness of the world.

"Lieutenant-Colonel DALRYMPLE, of Cleland, Dr. REID, Professor of Moral Philosophy in Glasgow University, Mr. WARDLAW, Glasgow, Mr. GILLESPIE, Anderston,	}	Stewards."
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In consequence of the above announcement, a numerous and highly respectable body of gentlemen belonging to Glasgow and neighbourhood assembled, Colonel Dalrymple being in the chair, and Professor Millar, of Millheugh, croupier.



that we know not of.”\* Political progress in such a state of matters was necessarily out of the question; and the least desire manifested for political amelioration was at once met, without compunction, by the terrors of an undefined law, at that time unhappily administered by men whose early education and habits of thought led them to interpret it in a manner against which the gorge of every intelligent and honest man of the present day rises with indignant remembrance. Who can read the trials of the kind and benevolent clergyman of Kirkintilloch (Rev. Mr. Dunn†), or of the enthusiastic, noble, and able advocate (Mr. Thomas Muir‡), and not weep for their cruel fate, and blush for Scottish justice? In these and other political trials of the period, are mirrored

\* The few liberal politicians who existed in 1793 among the higher classes in Glasgow were the objects of many bitter attacks in the *Glasgow Courier*, which had just been established. The most trenchant of these appeared under a succession of letters signed *Asmodeus*, which were afterwards reprinted in an 8vo. shape. Among those attacked, it is not difficult to discover Professors Millar and Young, and Messrs. Alexander Oswald and Dugald Bannatyne.

† The charge against the Rev. Mr. Dunn was the “having torn from a book, entitled ‘Minutes of the Friends of the People at Kirkintilloch,’ three leaves.” Mr. Dunn acknowledged, when arraigned before the High Court of Justiciary, that he had torn the leaves from the said Minutes, but that he had done so from motives of delicacy, as they contained the thanks of the Society to him for the Synod sermon he had preached. He acknowledged, however, the impropriety of this act, and threw himself on the clemency of the Court. And what was its clemency, think you, towards this amiable and good minister of the Gospel? Why, in the first place, the Court told him that if he had been tried by a jury and found guilty, the Court must have inflicted the highest arbitrary punishment; and secondly, they ordained the clergyman to be imprisoned in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh for three months.

‡ Mr. Muir was condemned to transportation, and was sent in irons to the hulks, for advocating a reform in Parliament for which others have since obtained the highest honours which the country could confer. The



the political feelings of the dominant party; while in the many cruel sentences of despotic power which were carried into execution, may be found the key to that widespread but concealed discontent among the working-classes, which terror alone confined to the even then

two following letters speak loudly against the political and judicial tyranny of the age:—

*Extract of a Letter from Mr. MUIR to a friend, dated Cambridge,  
Dec. 3, 1793.*

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“I received yours at Edinburgh with the sincerest pleasure; your sentiments and mine are equally accordant. The great lesson we have to learn in this world is submission and resignation to the will of God. This lesson strikes upon the heart, not by the force of cold and abstracted precept, but by the example of Him who was the object of all suffering, and the pattern of all perfection. Much need have I to be taught in his school. Hurléd, as it were in a moment, from some of the most polished society in Edinburgh and London, into one of the hulks upon the Thames, where every mouth is open to blaspheme God, and every hand is stretched out to injure a neighbour,—I cannot divest myself of the feelings of nature; I cannot but lament my situation; and, were it not for a hope of immortality, founded upon common Christianity, alas, I might accuse the Father of all justice and of all mercy with severity. But, blessed be God! everything in the great system of nature—everything in the little system of individual man corresponds with the great dispensation of the Gospel and demonstrates its efficacy.

“Much consolation does the reflection now afford me, that, in prosperity, I always regarded this Revelation of Heaven with profound reverence.

“In solitary exile there is dignity; there is a conscious pride which, even independent of philosophy, may support the mind; but I question much if any of the illustrious of ancient ages could have supported an exile similar to mine, surrounded by the veriest outcasts of society, without the aid of the religion and of the example of Jesus.

“I have been separated from Mr. Palmer; he is in one hulk, I am in a different one. The separation was an act of *unnecessary cruelty*. My state of health is poorly; the seeds of consumption, I apprehend, are planted in my breast. I suffer no acute pain, but daily experience a gradual decay.

“Of everything relating to my future destination I am utterly ignorant. Honour me by your correspondence; I am sure it will ameliorate my heart. Farewell, my truly worthy and respected friend.

“THOMAS MUIR.”

*Extract of a Letter from Mr. FYSHE PALMER, Dec. 2, 1793.*

“Last Saturday we were put on board the Stanislaus hulk; after being treated with every attention and kindness by Captain Ogilvie, we were put in irons and slept in a room with about 100 cut-throats and thieves. Our company, however, was a mutual solace to one another; but last Saturday we were deprived of this by his removal to the Prudentia hulk, two miles higher up, by orders of the Under-Secretary of State. His heroic spirit rises under every difficulty.”



deemed dangerous expression of petitioning against the war with France!

If the ideas of Glasgow be changed, as they certainly have long been changed, with respect to political amelioration, they have also been most happily altered respecting the punishment of crime, since the period when Lord Braxfield wore the scarlet toga of the Justiciary Court. In those days there was scarcely a *Glasgow Ayre* which closed its sittings without two or three unhappy persons being left for public execution, and frequently for crimes which now-a-days would be visited with a few months' imprisonment; while the Bailies of the day, under the advice of their learned Assessor, Mr. John Orr of Barrowfield, were ordering many to be drummed out of the City—sentencing others to the pillory—and, what was worse, condemning not a few to the torture and degradation of a public whipping through the town, and for misdemeanors, too, almost as trivial as those which our police functionaries of the present day are punishing by a fine or a few days' confinement in Bridewell. As to the justice of such punishments, however, it is only fair to state that there were very few indeed of the whole community who did not think them fitting and necessary. The fact is, it was the punishment not the cure of the criminal which was then dreamed of. Against the general cruelty of the law the people had no great horror; the age, in short, was far more sanguinary than it now is. The executioner of the law, *Jock Sutherland*, though a poor silly creature, did not in those bloody days hold a sinecure office; for, whether from his frequent attendance at



the public pillory—the wielding of the cat-o'-nine-tails through the streets—or the more fearful duties connected with the scaffold, which, for the execution of criminals, was then erected at the Cross, whither the unhappy victims were brought from the adjoining Tolbooth, or prison, arrayed in a garb of white, to be launched into eternity between the hours of two and four o'clock, amid the gaze of gaping thousands that came far and near to witness the revolting and debasing spectacle,—the cadaverous and pock-pitted functionary had enough to employ him. In those days all carts for hire stood in the Trongate, at the south end of Candleriggs; and it was generally at the tail of one of these waiters for a job that the poor culprit condemned to be flogged was attached. It was, in fact, the cart belonging to a well-known character, called *Tam M'Cluckie*, that was generally chosen for this duty; and well, indeed, was the selection made, for it would have been difficult to say whether the *driver* or *dragged* was the worst in appearance. Tam was a wicked drunken wretch, and his horse was so ill attended to, that it fully realised the line in the old song of *Tam o' the Linn's* grey mare, that “all her banes they did rattle within.” It was quite plain that if its owner had spent less money on whisky, and more on oats, the one would have exhibited fewer carbuncles on his countenance, and the other far more flesh on his carcase. The disgusting punishment of a public whipping was in those days but a too frequent accompaniment of the market-day. On such occasions, the effects of the *cat* were first tried at the Cross, where, after a few strokes were applied to the back of the cri-



minal, the procession, preceded by the town-officers with staves, moved down the Saltmarket, along Bridgegate, up Stockwell, and back by the Trongate to the Cross, and occasionally even up and down the High-street; the hangman being called to do duty at every crossing of a street, at which point Tam M'Cluckie halted his horse, and Jock Sutherland brandished his whip.\* The windows of the houses lining the streets through which the sad procession moved were filled with curious spectators; while a crowd of noisy urchins and blackguard women followed, hooting and hallooing in the wake of the disgusting cavalcade, which, happily for the honour and the feelings of the community, has been for many years discontinued, never, it is hoped, to be revived.†

During the fifteen years which ran their onward course from 1780 to 1795, eight Lord Provosts occupied the civic chair, of whom three only have won for themselves anything like celebrity. The first and most notable of the three certainly was Mr. Patrick Colquhoun, who, through the death of Mr. Hugh Wylie, while he held the office of Provost, was fortunately chosen by ac-

\* The following portrait of this functionary is given by Dr. Mathie Hamilton:—"Jock Sutherland was of ordinary stature but lank and shrivelled, with a small head, having a white and wizened countenance, spindle-like legs, which, when he was in full dress, were adorned with white stockings; he had also buckles to his shoes and at the knees. His clothes were of blue cloth, including a long coat, with collar, cuffs, and other facings of scarlet, and cocked hat with white edging. At times he showed frills from his wrists reaching to the knuckles of his skeleton-like fingers, which wielded the cat-o'-nine-tails."

† The punishment of whipping was not confined to males, but was extended occasionally to females; the last female who suffered under this degrading and brutal sentence was Mary Douglas in 1793.



clamation to fill the vacant chair.\* To the great aptitude for public business, and to the indomitable energy and good sense of that able administrator, Glasgow owed much. It was while occupying a humble place in the Town Council of the City, that Mr. Colquhoun first broached the idea of establishing the Exchange at the Cross, which was afterwards carried out with so much advantage to the community. It was when he was so worthily sporting the double chain of office, that he laid the foundation of our Chamber of Commerce and Manufactures, and thereupon became the first chairman of that important institution. Being a fearful glutton for business, he found no difficulty, even amid the incessant demands on his time as chief magistrate of the City, to act at the same time as chairman of the Forth & Clyde Canal, and to take a leading part in the management of all the public institutions of the City. While he filled the provostorial chair, his bed was certainly not one of roses, seeing that during the year he entered upon his office, the City was visited with one of those fearful dearths by which Scotland was in early times so frequently afflicted, and which too often resulted in riots and disturbances on the part of the populace.† To the experience which Mr. Colquhoun must necessarily have acquired during this disastrous period, may be attributed

\* Mr. Hugh Wylie is the only instance, for nearly two centuries, of a Provost dying while holding office. Mr. Colquhoun was elected on 26th February 1782.

† On 21st December 1782, £200 was voted by the Corporation for a bounty on grain brought to the City. The Trades' and Merchants' Houses voted a similar sum for this purpose; and on the 20th March 1783, £6,000 was borrowed by the Magistrates to purchase grain.



the singular success which subsequently attended his exertions, when called to meet similar difficulties in the wider sphere of the English metropolis, and which gave him confidence to propose one of the cheapest and most effective systems of feeding a poor and starving population which had yet been tried.\*

The second rather remarkable Provost during these times was Mr. James M'Dowall of Castlesemple. It was to his energy and public spirit that Glasgow chiefly owes

\* Mr. Patrick Colquhoun was born at Dumbarton on the 14th March 1745, his father being a relation of Sir James Colquhoun of Luss. Left an orphan at an early age, he proceeded to America to push his fortune. Having settled in Virginia, he there carried on a rather extensive business for upwards of five years, after which he returned to Glasgow, when only twenty-one years of age, and commenced business as a merchant. At the beginning of the American war he was one of the leading contributors to the fund for raising a regiment in Glasgow, which was offered to and accepted by the King. From 1785 to 1789 he devoted much of his time and talents towards the improvement of the trade and manufactures of the country, and may be said to have brought the muslins of Glasgow under the notice of Continental purchasers. In the latter year he went to London with his family, and there he permanently resided. There, too, he devoted himself to the improvement of the police and magistracy, and was soon after appointed to work out his own reforms, which he did with credit to himself and benefit to the country. In 1796 he published his well-known "Treatise on the Police of London," which gained for its author much honour; and in consequence of this work he was appointed, by the Government, agent in Great Britain for the Colony of the Virgin Isles. In 1800 he published his work on the "Police of the River Thames," which was the origin of the River Police, which has since proved so effectual in protecting the shipping from the pillage to which it had previously been subjected. In 1806 he published "A New System of Education for the Labouring People," which was followed in 1808 by his "Treatise on Indigence." The University of Glasgow conferred on Mr. Colquhoun, in 1797, the degree of LL.D.; and on the 28th December 1797 the Corporation voted thanks to that gentleman for his most useful "Treatise on the Police of the Metropolis." His whole works amount to twenty, the last of which appeared in 1814, entitled "A Treatise on the Population, Wealth, Power, and Resources of the British Empire." He died on 25th April 1820.



the erection of the Royal Infirmary,\* and the establishment of its first industrial Prison or Bridewell, which, at its outset, was so conducted as almost to cost nothing to the community. During his reign, too, the Trades' Hall was founded, and the Physicians' Hall was built in St. Enoch-square; but what perhaps is better to be told, it was during his provostorial sovereignty that the Provosthaugh was purchased from Mr. Bell and added to the Green,† and that the eastern field, which had been so long leased to Mr. John King for grazing cattle, was thrown into the public park, and which, strange to say, still retains the very equivocal designation of "King's Park."

The third still remembered Provost was Mr. Gilbert Hamilton, who, during his active and difficult reign, contrived to rebuild the Tron Church and Session-house, and to repair and reseat the ancient Cathedral.‡ The difficulty of that gentleman's position may be conceived when the severe commercial calamities of 1793 are remembered, which threatened the country with almost universal bankruptcy; for, at that period, to the failure of merchants and manufacturers was to be added the still more disastrous failure of numerous country banks.§ It was to the judicious measures adopted by

\* The foundation-stone of the Infirmary was laid on the 18th May 1792.

† On the 1st May 1792, Provosthaugh was purchased for £4,000.—*Council Minutes*.

‡ The contract for rebuilding the Tron Church Session-house was £2,180.

§ The total number of bankruptcies passing through the *London Gazette* was as follows:—

1791—	769, of which	1	was a country bank.
1792—	934,	1	" "
1793—	1,956, of which	26	were country banks.



this able administrator that the working population of Glasgow was saved from much of the misery by which it was surrounded; and it was to the influence which he brought to bear on the Government, that means were adopted to ward off the almost universal ruin which threatened the manufacturers. While no individual could better save the community from want, none better embodied the idea of starvation than this able but scarecrow Provost, or was physically better fitted to offer, in his own person, as he certainly did, before the Prime Minister, the palpable evidence of a famishing City!\*

If we except the market-day—when there was a more than ordinary bustle on the leading thoroughfares, and when the sides of the High-street were encumbered with a profusion of wooden dishes, such as churns, tubs, pails, bowls, &c. and when the south side of the Trongate was also crowded with shoe and other stalls—there was on other days little or nothing in the streets to attract particular attention, far less to create any risk of detention or of damage. Indeed, during the last ten years of the past century there was scarcely anything so striking as the stillness of the City, at least when compared with the continued hum and hurley-burley of the present day. The rattle of a coach or a carriage was then a rare sound; and as to carts going at the present high-pressure speed, that was altogether unknown, and if tried would certainly have been put down by the Magistracy, not only as dangerous to the lieges but as hurtful to animals! Time then appeared to be no object, and the day was felt to

\* When arrayed in his velvet suit and court-dress, a wag remarked of him, that he “looked like Death running away with the mortcloth!”



be always fully sufficient for all its wants. The populace loitered along the streets without the fear of anything to molest them, and stopped in knots, to gossip and to *claver*, on the busiest thoroughfare, without the risk of at all incommoding the passenger traffic. In short, nothing of the universal turmoil, noise, and jostling which now characterise the City was heard; and consequently when any one either raised his voice to cry or to sing, he was at once heard and listened to. It may be easily supposed that the streets, under the favourable circumstances of little noise and little traffic, became a favourite arena for gaining notoriety, or for awakening the public attention to what was wished to be communicated—an announcement by the City-crier being then held to be more effective for most things, both moral and physical, than an advertisement in the *Mercury* or *Journal*. The City-cries, which were then numerous, and which modern hubbub has almost put *hors de combat*, were easily heard, and what is more, at once attracted universal attention. The City bell—then rung by George Gibson, better known by the appellation of *Bell Geordie*—always secured a goodly audience, for no sooner was the triple tinkle of his skillet heard, than each house in the neighbourhood was sure to despatch a messenger to hear what he had to communicate. Of this well-known functionary—who for so many years filled the public ear, and what is more, who gratified it not only by the news he had to tell, but by the clever and original manner in which he told his tale—it is perhaps enough to say, that no individual ever paced the Tron-gate, during his time, who was better known or longer



remembered; not certainly for his taste, sobriety, or virtues, but chiefly for the coarse caustic humour which he displayed, and the fearless sarcasm which he not unfrequently poured out ungratefully on those who more immediately presented him to the office; and for the indulgence of which latter passion—unfortunately for himself, and more so for the community—he was deprived of that bell which had rung him into fame, and which likewise threatened to ring the knell of a then well-known Bailie's popularity. When we knew this celebrated bellman, he had been deprived of his scarlet coat of office, and, donned in a thread-bare brown coat, was led by a girl, blind and silent, through the streets on which he had won his laurels. Stone-blind though he was, he still carried about with him the tokens of his former burleyiness. His head, though hanging from age and disappointment, bore all the phrenological marks of the physical power, courage, and combativeness which at one time so strikingly characterised him; and although the paucity of his purse and the opacity of his visual organs had now extracted the rubicund colour from his cheeks, a goodly remnant of this tint was still left on his carbuncled nose, as if to mark the rock on which he had shipwrecked his fortune! The aged spoke of him, in the recollection of all the happy exhibitions he had made in their manhood, when, surrounded by a gaping and laughing audience, he ran over his long catalogue of proclamations, including the rich bounties then offered for recruits, and winding up the whole with the loud stentorian exclamation of "God save great George our King!"—while the young ever



regarded him with pity, and willingly stretched forth their hand to present him with an unasked-for *aumus!*\*

If Bell Geordie was ever sure of attracting a willing audience, there were other street orators who, in those comparatively silent days, were likewise certain to have a hearing, and a crowd of at least youthful followers. Among those who particularly addressed themselves to the taste of the latter, was a hale, powerful-throated, well-dressed female, her head encompassed with a scarlet handkerchief, who solemnly paraded the centre of the causeway, with a small basket hanging on her arm, capable of holding both the receipts and the expenditure of her calling. This busy and strangely excited-looking personage offered, to handless housewives and careless servants, the means of restoring their cracked china and broken crystal; and in payment for her art she was content to take, not the copper of the realm, but any old brass of equivalent value that might be offered her. She was also ready to barter the sweets, which she carried in her basket, with any boy who might have gained a string of buttons during a course of successive struggles with his companions, at the then favourite game of "hole first" and "hole lag."† The cry of this every-day per-

\* In 1789 Bell Geordie petitioned for an increase or augmentation of fees, but the Magistrates refused on the ground that the situation was sufficiently lucrative.

† The game of *butts*, or buttons, was long a favourite with the boys of Glasgow, and was absolutely a game for money, arising from the pence which could readily be obtained for the string of buttons gained by selling them to any of the coppersmiths in the town. When the farmers gave up wearing large brass buttons on their coats, and the gentlemen took to horn, cloth, or basket buttons, the game of *butts* lost its chief interest.



ambulator of the principal Glasgow thoroughfares, like Bell Geordie's stentorian announcement of "Fresh herrings at the Broomielaw," continued till the beginning of the century; and we yet remember with delight the pleasing sound of "Fine Lunnan candy! good for the cough and the cold and the shortness of breath; come, buy my Lunnan candy!" which sounded in our ears, and which occasionally extracted a parental penny to purchase the then so highly-prized bonbon! At that time, too, there was another competitor for street fame and street pence, whose wares were, like the other, chiefly addressed to the young; her cry was—"Young lambs to sell!" and then she sagely added, "Had I as much money as I could tell, I'd never go crying young lambs to sell." How many a nursery *aumry* of the day gave tokens of the power of her persuasive eloquence, in the number of lambs purchased and paraded there for youthful slaughter! And, as a last specimen of those who then paced the streets for profit, the tall thin figure, hung round with many of the implements of the kitchen, must not be forgotten; his cry was—"Roasting jacks and toasting forks!" and never did a Parisian *badaud* rattle the R with greater *birr* than did the vender of jacks and forks pour forth the initial letter of his street call. The roll of the letter was like the distant rattle of thunder, and seldom failed to draw the cook from the broth-pot to the window, even though in the act of wielding the everyday potent sceptre of her calling—the ladle!\*

At this period, too, from the great quietude of the

\* In these times broth and beef formed the almost daily dinner in every family.



leading thoroughfares, and also from the absence of all police control and interference thereon, we find that the somewhat improved streets, and the lately introduced pavements, had become the common play-ground of the young people of all classes and both sexes. In dry days especially, the young misses indulged in scoring the flag-stones with their *peevors*, for the purpose of playing at *pal-lall*; while their brothers were alike busily engaged in the more energetic and exciting pastimes of *smuggling the keg*, of *robbers and rangers*, and of *I spy*. In the long evenings, or in moonlight nights, the streets were likewise peopled with gay and happy boys and girls—the one making the welkin ring with the stirring cry of “Through the needle-eye, boys!” or the other dancing and singing the inspiring roundelay, “About the merry-ma-tanzie!” while both might be heard occasionally mixing their happy voices in the famous old choral chaunt of

“ London bridge is broken down,  
Dance over, my ladye gay;  
London bridge is broken down  
With a gay ladye.  
We’ll build it up with stone and lime,  
Dance over, my ladye gay;  
We’ll build it up with stone and lime  
For a gay ladye.”

Among the many social peculiarities of Glasgow in these modern days, certainly none is more striking than the annual migration of families from the City to the coast. With the same certainty that we may count on the swallow leaving in the autumn for a more southern clime, do the denizens of Glasgow quit their snug and comfortable houses in the town, and hie away, with



bag and baggage, to the various watering-places which chequer the banks of the Clyde estuary, and there remain till the whistling winds of the Equinox urge them to return to enjoy the luxuries of smoke and gas-light. While this passion, though calculated to sever almost every week the husband from his wife, has been nurtured and increased with the growing facilities afforded by the steam-boat and rail, yet true it is, it had its origin and was indulged in long before either the one or the other of these modern luxuries had been dreamed of. In spite of all the difficulties which a bypast age offered to family locomotion, and which peculiarly existed about the year 1790, there were found not a few of the better class of citizens, and particularly those who were blessed with large and youthful families, who annually expended their money on what was designated "saut-water quarters," which were then limited to Helensburgh, Gourrock, Innerkip, or Largs—the last, however, on the score of distance, being rather beyond the purses of most visitors. To reach any one of these health-giving villages was no easy matter, at least for an honest pair and six small children. The transit of such a family, with the many requisites which coast houses and coast purveyors then demanded, could only be accomplished by taking the fly-boat down the river, or hiring a cart surmounted with hoops covered by a blanket. By the latter conveyance, there was some likelihood of reaching the destined watering-place before midnight of the day on which the party set out; but by the former, the chance was that the boat required to wait a tide at Bowling, or perhaps might be detained at Dunglass for a day or two from



stress of weather. How many a tale has there been told of sea-suffering, after one of these summer excursions, which has served to eke out many a winter's night! How many strange scenes were then witnessed within the hostelries of Bowling and Dunglass, when the *tide-fixed* fly-boats vomited forth their starving passengers on an unprovided larder. Think of the effects of a youthful appetite, sea air, and long fasting! Shade of a Gourock skipper, how much hast thou had to answer for! The journey once over, however, the change was always hailed with delight, particularly by the boys just relieved from the labour of lessons and the *taws* of the schoolmaster; and although the living at the coast in those times was rather roughish, it was nevertheless relished most greedily. The harbour of the Broomielaw, from which these water diligences sailed and arrived, was then a poor affair. The quay extended no farther down the river on the north side than the bottom of Oswald-street, where stood a solitary crane, the very picture of inactivity. No heavier or handsomer craft than a *gabert* troubled the pellucid stream, and it was not an unfrequent occurrence to find the harbour without even a masted vessel.\* How polluted are thy waters now, O Clutha! but in return, and as a

\* According to the curious report of Thomas Tucker, one of Cromwell's servants, who was appointed to arrange the Customs and Excise of Scotland in 1656, we find that Glasgow had then only 12 vessels, and these ranged from 12 to 150 tons burthen each—the whole tonnage being 957. In 1692 the vessels belonging to the port amounted to 66. In Tucker's time, no larger vessels could come up to the Broomielaw than those carrying from 3 to 6 tons; the others stopped at Port-Glasgow. In 1755, there was, according to the report of Smeaton, only 3 feet 8 inches water at spring-tide at Pointhouse-ford. The depth was much the same in 1768, when Mr. Golborne undertook the deepening of the river.



recompense, how many richly freighted ships from every quarter of the globe are at this moment resting on thy bosom!\*

When Glasgow was such as we have now endeavoured to sketch, there assembled a squad of honest-hearted, loud-laughing beings, in a well-known domicile in the Gallowgate, occupied by one named John Tait. To become a member of this fraternity, it was not requisite that the applicant for admission should have his name placarded in the Club-room; the simple affirmation of a member that the gentleman was his friend, and no foe to jocularity, was the only passport requisite to entitle him to a free *entrée* among the brotherhood. This CLUB, which held its meetings previous to and during the latter years of the last century, was called the ACCIDENTAL, like many others which, since that period, have arisen out of its ashes. Whether this appellation arose from its members being only by some accident present, or never by any accident absent; whether from their accidentally becoming gay upon ale, or accidentally keeping sober on toddy; or whether from their accidentally stealing softly home to bed, or accidentally being carried *riotous* to the Laigh Kirk Session-house—at that period, as we have already hinted, the only *civil* watchhouse in the

\* From 1752 to 1770, the Tonnage-dues of the harbour of Glasgow was only £147, or £8 per annum. In 1780 they amounted to £1,515; in 1800 to £3,319; in 1820 to £6,328; in 1840 to £46,536; and in 1854 they amounted to £86,580. The following curious notice, which we extract from the *Glasgow Weekly Museum* of 1773, shows the state of the river and harbour at that period:—

“It is with pleasure we acquaint our readers, that Mr. Golborne is still successfully carrying on his operations in deepening the river Clyde, and that three coasting vessels arrived lately at the Broomielaw directly from Ireland, with oatmeal, without stopping at Greenock as formerly to unload their cargoes.”



City\*—it is now of little moment to inquire. All we need say is, that no one who, at any time and by any accident, joined the fraternity, ever gave it up till he, and at length the whole Club, became one day connected, we would hope, with another, more happy, and more enduring brotherhood!

As an index to the many members of this Club, it is only necessary to mention the name of Mr. John Taylor, to whom several of the fraternity, and far more of our grey-headed and yellow-wigged ancestors, were indebted for their first notions of penmanship and arithmetic. Being a man of genius, humour, and strong sense, and moreover a gentleman, it is not difficult to understand how he soon became, and long continued, the nucleus of a happy and clever set of citizens, whose evening meetings were characterised by constant sallies of wit, and by not a few sparks of poetical sarcasm. It was among these social acquaintances that he frequently mounted his Pegasus, and poured out many *improvisatore* effusions, which occasionally surpassed even those that were more carefully conned and thereafter typeset in the famous collection of "Original and Selected Poetry," published at the close of the century by Messrs. Brash & Reid, the

\* The Laigh Kirk Session-house was burned, along with the Church, on the morning of the 15th February 1793. By seven o'clock they were both completely destroyed. The records of the Presbytery and Session of Glasgow, since the year 1582, which were deposited in the Session-house, are almost entirely lost. The cause of the fire is supposed to have arisen either from the carelessness or the folly of some of the persons then on guard. When the City patrol left the Session-house at three o'clock, all was safe; from which, and the fire being so general throughout the Church, it is conjectured to have been wilfully done, as the two candlesticks belonging to the Session-house were found in the grate after the fire was over. The Church was originally founded in 1484, and had been rebuilt in 1592.



well-known bibliopoles of the Trongate. It was in the Accidental Club that Mr. Taylor was accustomed to receive that deference to which the possession of the "leaden crown"—which he had so worthily won for his unapproachable poem of "Nonsense,"—so justly entitled him; and it was here where he continued to *cow*, by his presence, the coarse sallies of his nephew and successor Andrew Taylor\*—better known by the name of the *Cub*,—ay, and until he was prevented from meeting his social companions by his last illness.† Connected with this, the following strange but authentic story has been told. Feeling himself near his dissolution, he sent for his nephew, and stated to him that, having a fearful presentiment that something would go wrong at his funeral, he begged, as a last favour, that he would be particular in seeing his obsequies conducted with propriety. The nephew promised, and the event occurring

\* For some account of Mr. Andrew Taylor, see *Face Club*.

† Mr. John Taylor was a tall man; and, in common west-country parlance, "came out of the Water of Endrick." It is said that he used to amuse himself by writing amatory ditties for some of his pupils addressed to their mistresses, and never failed to mingle with them a little touch of the sarcastic, in which vein he was rather an adept. Old literateurs used to talk in our own hearing, of the famous poetical contest betwixt him and the Rev. Dr. Gillies of the College Church, a man much esteemed in his day and generation. The subject chosen, was a poem addressed to "Nonsense," in which the indispensable condition was, that no line should contain an intelligible idea. A leaden crown was the prize proposed to the victor, and to be decided by Dr. Robert Hamilton, Professor of Anatomy. On giving judgment on the efforts of the two who had striven for the prize, the learned Professor said, that "it would have been difficult for him to determine the case, were it a mere question of ability; but, on comparing the poems, it seemed to him that there was something like an idea in one of Dr. Gillies's lines, but that Mr. Taylor's verses were totally free of any such imputation." Mr. Taylor, of course, gained the crown. Considerable extracts of this singular poem were printed in vol. xv. of *Chambers' Journal*. Mr. Taylor was an intimate acquaintance of Professor Arthur, and it was



soon after, he instantly employed the very first undertaker of the City (then a Magistrate, we believe) to carry the last and sacred bequests of his uncle into effect. The funeral cards were consequently addressed and circulated by the leading beadle of the City, and the invited acquaintances in due time arrived at the mournful mansion. The City bells were tolled, as of wont, at doleful intervals. Two worthy divines, with due unction, poured forth each an impressive prayer. A glass of wine was sipped in solemn silence—the grave summons was solemnly pronounced by the leading usher, and the company calmly quitted the apartment. The procession was soon formed, and preceded by sombre *saulies* with black hunting caps and sable batons, moved solemnly on towards the High Church or Cathedral burying-ground, greeted, as all such processions were wont to be in those days, by the requiem rattle of the Alms-house bell.\* But lo! when the mighty

an every-day habit of these able personages to take their meridian glass together. Mr. Taylor's school-room was in Buchanan's land at the head of King-street, on the site of the handsome structure lately erected by the Buchanan's Society. It was up two stairs, and had several desks, each of which boasted its own particular attendants. The first leading desk, was what was called "the *dawties*' desk," as it was surrounded by the favourites of the master, and particularly by those whose fathers were in the habit of entertaining the master on Saturday—although this was perhaps more the case during the incumbency of his nephew, who generally dined out on the closing day of every week, and ever on such occasions made it his duty to get jolly, and sometimes even to become *glorious*.

\* The Alms-house or Trades' Hospital was erected "as a retreat for a certain number of reduced members of the fourteen incorporated crafts. In addition to the accommodation requisite for its inmates, this building contained a diminutive hall—in which, prior to the erection of the premises in Glassford-street, the foundation-stone of which was laid on 9th September 1791—the members of the Trades' House were accustomed to assemble." At every passing funeral, the little bell in the turret was rung, and a small offering was always thrown into the poor's box, which was fixed in one of the windows of the building.



receptacle of the ashes of Glasgow sires was just about to be entered, it was discovered that the magisterial coffiner, although correct in all the primary preparations, had neglected the last and by far the most important part of his duty,—that of ordering a grave to be dug! In this dilemma, heightened no doubt by the fulfilment of the presentiment of the deceased, it was suggested that the body should be deposited for a little in the south aisle of the Cathedral, and that the company should retire to a neighbouring public-house, in Kirk-lane, to await the final preparations for the interment of their friend. Both were accordingly done; and while the grave-digger was executing his thoughtless and callous task, and the mourners were soothing their sorrow by swallowing a comfortable allowance of potent punch, one of the company, the late Mr. Alexander Park, writer, who had often laughed loud and long in the Accidental at the poetical vagaries of his departed acquaintance, produced the following very clever impromptu:—

“ When the corpse of John Taylor approach’d the church-yard,  
 Mother Earth would not open her portal!  
 Why?—because she had heard so much said of the Bard  
 That she verily thought him immortal!”

As a fair specimen of the unambitious humour of Mr. Taylor, and the pleasantry of the Accidental Club, we subjoin the following poetical bill, which was given to the landlord one evening by three of its members, when he by some *accident* was unable to change them a pound note. We add also the discharge demanded in consequence of the liquidation of the debt:—

“ Severally, or else conjunct,  
 You, or your heirs if you’re defunct,



Precisely after date a day,  
To me or to my order pay—  
Sixteenpence sterling, which must be  
Sustain'd as value got from me;  
To Messrs. Kirkpatrick, Taylor, and Scott,  
Contracted for want of the change of a note.”

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“ All mankind by these presents know,  
That in my house five days ago,  
When James Kirkpatrick, and James Scott,  
And lang John Taylor, drank a pot  
Of porter and a triple gill,  
For which they gave a conjunct bill;  
Which bill I've lost—and therefore they  
The sixteenpence refuse to pay,  
Unless they get a full discharge,  
Which, here to them, I give at large;—  
Again, I say, know every man,  
From John o' Groat's house to Japan,  
That the said bill is paid to me;  
And, therefore, I discharge and free  
Them and their heirs for evermore,  
Of that and each preceding score.  
Moreover, to prevent deceit,  
I here subscribe my name—

JOHN TAIT.”



## THE FACE CLUB.

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It was a little after the period, but under the same peculiarities incident to the time and to the social condition of Glasgow which characterised the sittings of the Accidental Club, that another most joyous group of citizens were wont to plant their thread-hosed limbs beneath the mahogany of a worthy hostess at the Cross. The name by which this notable fraternity was known, not only to themselves but to the town, was the FACE—by no means a bad quality for either a man or a body of men to make way with in the world. Courteous and youthful reader! perhaps you may be curious to know why so strange an epithet should have been chosen as the link of union and congeniality. Imagine not, however, because you are deeply versed in the papers of the *Tattler* and *Spectator*, that the term indicated that each member was necessarily gifted with the fair features of an Antinous, or the hideous lineaments of a Gorgon—that, in short, the epithet indicated any generalising peculiarity of visage. No, truly; such a bond of union was never dreamed of by the rising merchants, the *blue and white corks*, leading shopkeepers, and comfortable craftsmen who nightly quaffed their limited allowance in *Lucky Black's* tavern, and drew in their chairs to a weekly



dinner, so soon as the music bells had ceased to tinkle, from the Cross steeple, "The flowers of the forest."\* The appellation arose simply from the circumstance of each member, on this dinner-day, having continually placed before him a full-fed smoking sheep's head, whose well-sized *face*, by paying regular toll to every member's mouth through which it passed, was destined to bestow an unwrinkled smoothness to the phizzes of these Glasgow gourmands.†

The Face Club, which was holding its sittings during the final decade of the last and first few years of the present century, had rather a numerous list of names on its muster-roll; and hence, there were never less than fifteen to twenty sheep-heads seen smoking on the board at every dinner-meeting of the brotherhood. What a glorious study it must have afforded to the physiognomists of the past, and might have opened up to the phrenologists of the present age! What an insight it might have given to the scientific world anent the sources of ovine meekness! One thing is certain, that all the specimens which were there paraded were such as to give the best idea of that race of animals to the seat of whose intelligence the Club was so devotedly attached.

Among the most regular attendants of the Face Club was Mr. Andrew Taylor—the nephew of the worthy caligrapher whom we have already attempted to sketch

\* Mrs. Black's tavern was down a long closs at the head of the Gallowgate. She was famous not only for sheep-heads, but also, and most particularly, for beef-steaks, black puddings, and "a skirl in the pan."

† Among some of the early and higher class members were the Messrs. Watsons the bankers, Robert Young, John Berry, &c.



—and who was better known among his companions by the soubriquet of the *Cub*. To a joyous nature, this rather singular dominie united a most sarcastic disposition; and when rallied, not unfrequently, by several members of the fraternity, was discovered to be by no means a simple customer. He was in the habit of letting fly his shafts of ridicule right and left, and alike on friend and foe; but being a privileged individual, much was tolerated from him that would not have been permitted from others. The truth is, his presence gave an agreeable acidity to the conversation of the Club, which perhaps otherwise would have been more commonplace; and hence his sarcastic countenance was always welcomed, with more than ordinary gusto, at the Face board. His sarcastic style of talking, however, was not confined to the Club, but frequently displayed itself in the school-room; here he could of course give full scope to his nature, without much dread of giving offence. As an example of many sallies in which he there indulged, we may mention that, on the afternoon before some coming Christmas, one of the boys, who rather bore the character of the bird from which his pen had been plucked, having said—“I suppose, Mr. Taylor, we’ll hae the play the morn to eat our goose?” The master at once replied, “Ou ay, man, Robin; but there has been sic a slaughter o’ thae animals, I wonder that you hae escaped!” It appears it was on this same Robin that he liked to play off his wit; for it is also told, that while this boy was one evening mending his pen by candle-light (no gas then), he happened to singe his hair, when



the master, coming up to him from his desk, remarked, "Lord, Bob, that pickle birse of yours has made as meikle smell as if it had been a hale sheep's head!" Of course on these and such like occasions, the laugh from the boys was, like the landlord's laugh—"a ready chorus."\*

When we consider the number of ovine countenances which were required to meet the necessities of one Club sederunt, it will be seen that it was no easy matter at that period for the landlady to fulfil the duties which were weekly laid upon her. But, perhaps, with all her anxious wishes and endeavours to do what was hebdomadally required, she might have failed, had she not had a worthy deacon of the marrow-bone and cleaver corporation, and an equally worthy deacon of the hammermen, as regular members of the fraternity. To the former, she ever applied in her hour of need, and rarely failed to obtain all which her own heart and his palate desired; while to the latter, she was sure she could trust her own *head*, far more her *sheep-heads*, without fear of

\* Mr. Andrew Taylor, though a good teacher, became in after life perhaps rather too fond of social excitement, and consequently his classes fell off. It was his invariable practice to dine out on Saturday, and he rarely reached home on that day by the most direct road, and when he did so, it was with some difficulty that he found his way into bed. It appears, too, that he had little recollection next day how he had done so, and accordingly it is scarcely surprising that, on one occasion, after returning home and going to bed, on a Saturday night, well "refreshed," he happened to waken up in a hurry on hearing the clock strike in the morning, and forgetting the day of the week, rung his bell violently, and on his servant coming cried out "Jenny, Jenny, bring shaving water as fast as possible; what will the boys say and me no at the schule?" "Oh! Maister Taylor," said the domestic, "it's the Sabbath-day!" "The Sabbath-day!" quoth the dominie,—“Glorious institution the Sabbath!” and forthwith turned himself round for another snooze.



other damage than was absolutely necessary to fit them for the broth-pot! For months and years this Club pursued, under all the landlady's difficulties, the even tenor of its prandial way, until, one fatal Saturday, a circumstance occurred which threw a momentary cloud over the usual hilarity and good humour of the brotherhood. It was in the trying moment, which was never afterwards forgotten, when the president discovered that the *tongue* of the standard dish which stood smoking before him was *non est inventus*, and when each member caught with masonic quickness the president's look of horror, and turned his eye on his own smoking platter. Alas! the little troublesome member was found a general absentee, and its absence gave instant mettle to the tongues of the astonished fraternity! Ernulphus' vocabulary of damning epithets was nothing, to the shower that fell from a score of disappointed lips, upon the butcher, the smith, the hostess, the startled maid—a shower which only fairly ceased when the punch-tied tongues of each *Highgate* dog became "unable to take up the cumbrous word." The deacon of the cleaver allowed not a moment to pass, after the fatal discovery, before he lisped out, as he was wont, "'Tis these thieves o' smiths!" although it was more than insinuated by the representative of Vulcan, that an unusual demand at that time for these tid-bits, for some great civic feast, pointed out more truly the burglar! What a glorious sketch the Face Club would have afforded, for the pencil of Phiz or Cruickshanks, under the effects of that trying moment!

With the exception of this single mistake, however,



it appears pretty certain that, up to the last day on which the fraternity assembled around the sheep-head board, there was never anything seen akin to this ovine Babel or *dispersion of tongues*. Had it again occurred, the expulsion of both deacons from the Club would have been a certain consequence. The members of the Face belonged, as we have hinted, to that comfortable and rising class of citizens who were destined to win the highest places in the City, and were characterised, moreover, as a band of most joyous rogues. It is not too much to say, that their gibes, their jokes, and their flashes of merriment would have given employment to a dozen of reporters at a sitting, and well repaid them for their trouble, particularly if the said reporters could have made themselves invisible! It was indeed a Club where Momus held each week his laughing carnival. Alas! how few, if any, are now left to wag the tongue each wagged so glibly for lack of one!

The Face survived only a few years longer than the century which gave it birth. Most of the ruddy countenances which so often had grinned with delight over the stumbling-block of Winifred Jenkins, have now, as Hamlet says, "none to mock their grinning;" and were it not that we are occasionally reminded of its existence by partaking of the ligament of its union, either on a Sunday at home, or at the annual dinner of the Society of the Sons of the Clergy in George-square—or, what is better, by recalling the traits and tales of several of the long-departed members of the Club, when sometimes gazing on the *memento mori* insignia of its name



upon the frieze of the Hunterian Museum, we should perhaps never have dreamed of becoming its unworthy annalist.\*

\* At the Sons of the Clergy dinner in Glasgow, there are always four standard Scotch dishes paraded; and which, *not* strange to say, attract even more attention than the more fashionable specimens of French and English cookery. The four dishes are—a haggis, a sheep's head, tripe, and black puddings.



GLASGOW LOYALTY—AND THE GROG CLUB.

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It is a remarkable fact, that during the whole civil and foreign wars with which we have been afflicted since the Revolution, no City in Scotland has exhibited stronger proofs of loyalty and more devotion to the Protestant cause, or contributed more heartily to our national defences against aggression, than Glasgow. In 1715, when the Stuarts' claim to the throne was attempted to be established by the sword, Glasgow at once took her side with the House of Hanover, and raised a battalion of six hundred men to aid the Duke of Argyll in quelling the insurrection. In 1745, when Charles Edward Stuart again attempted to win the crown which his predecessor had forfeited, Glasgow was once more on the side of religious liberty, and on that occasion raised, for the service of the Government, two battalions, of four hundred and fifty men each, which, it is well known, suffered severely at the fight of Falkirk. On the breaking out of the American war in 1775, we have already seen that Provost Donald hastened to London and offered to raise a regiment of a thousand men at the expense of the City. His offer was accepted, and the battalion was afterwards designated the Glasgow Regiment. Again, when the conflict consequent on the French



Revolution commenced, the military spirit of the City was roused in support of the British Constitution and in defence of home.\* In April 1794, a number of the most patriotic citizens began to enrol themselves as volunteers, and by the following April the corps was ready for active service, under the command of Colonel Corbet, and then received the colours, under which they doubtless inwardly swore to fight to the death. In 1797 this battalion was increased to ten companies, amounting in all to seven hundred. A second battalion was also raised, and maintained at the cost of the citizens, consisting of five hundred men. A body of older citizens, known by the appellation of "the Ancients," was likewise embodied; and, to complete the armament, a troop of volunteer cavalry was soon seen in full charge practice on the public Green, to the terror of the cows and the dismay of the town herd.†

\* By a minute of the Council, dated 29th December 1777, the Corporation "resolve to raise a Battalion of Infantry to aid the Government to put down the Rebellion in America, and obtain subscriptions for effecting the same." This was accordingly done, and Provost Donald and Convener Niven were, as we have formerly seen, despatched to London to offer its services to George III. The King gratefully acknowledged the kindness of Glasgow, and accepted the regiment, which was called "the Glasgow Regiment." By a minute dated 31st March 1778, the Council agreed to pay the Provost and Convener's expenses, in going to London, on the occasion in question, amounting to £162:18s. 6d. Whether or not a "white bait" dinner was included in this rather large sum, there is now no trace; but considering the then value of money, it might have been well afforded!

† The following piece of wit, connected with the volunteer mania, appears in the *Glasgow Courier* of 1797:—"At a meeting of the *cows* of the Green of Glasgow, in common pasture assembled—the *bull* in the chair—a petition has been drawn up, unanimously adopted, and to be presented to Queen Charlotte by the *town-herd*, against the continual parading of *volunteers* on one of the best grass plots in Scotland, that has not been ploughed up since the Revolution—a lapse of time during which three million Glasgow people have been born or died, on a moderate computation."



It was when the shrill note of the trumpet, and the reviéllé rattle of the drum—those martial sounds which, during the last decade of the eighteenth century, but too frequently wakened the snoozing citizens from their morning slumbers, to summon some of the most handsome and the most active of their number to an early drill—that there arose a Club, all of whose members could boast of belonging to one or other of the volunteer corps who served without pay. The members were chiefly bachelors, and were for the most part in the heyday of manhood. They were found ever ready to throw a quoit against any opponent; and as to a match round the Green at the noble and manly game of golf—which, alas! in these degenerate days, is altogether abandoned—there was at least one among the number who had challenged Scotland, and had gained the silver club.\* Like the generality of their military contemporaries, although they despised *Dutch* courage when on active service, they were not insensible to the fascination of swallowing a glass of “somewhat” when idly listening to the gossip of the town, or the more exciting news

\* The game of golf is one of the oldest amusements in Scotland, and is still in great favour in Edinburgh and St. Andrews. In Glasgow it was long a favourite pastime, and continued to be so till the improvements on the public Green took away all the *hazards*, without which there is no play. At the period when the Grog Club was meeting, the Golf Club was in its heyday; and some of our first-class citizens were frequently seen with club in hand following the balls that flew on every side over the then undulating park. Among the best players were Messrs. James Spreull, Cunningham Corbet, John Craig, Laurence Craigie, David and James Connell, and the then editor of the *Courier*, James M’Nair, LL. D., who erected a villa on the summit of Woodlands, which, for its odd architecture, was best known by the title of *M’Nair’s Folly*, and stood on the apex of the hill on which the square is to be built connected with the West-end Park.



of the war. To talk or listen without having something before them was poor sport, and in this spirit the brotherhood were sure to encounter each other in that most comfortable of all taverns of the time, yclept the "Black Boy," near the Gallowgate bridge, there to swig grog and listen to the kindly *burr* and smart repartees of its clever and facetious landlady.\*

The CLUB which we have just introduced to your notice, indulgent reader, was in fact called the GROG—an appellation which arose altogether from the practice of making this well-known beverage of the navy in a large *quaigh*, which was circulated regularly round the table; and as long as it contained a drop, was successively *mouthed* by each member of the fraternity. The Club, although it usually met late, sat but rarely to "the witching hour." The members, however, or at least the bachelor portion of them, generally continued to suck in as much grog and good humour, at even their shortest sitting, as to return home with a song on their tongue and a sedative in their stomach. How long this jovial-hearted brotherhood might have continued to assemble, had its Club-room remained under the same kind superintendence which it first enjoyed, it is impossible to say; but all we positively know is, that no sooner had the bustling hostess of the "Black Boy" doffed her widow's garb, and entered again into the bonds of matrimony,

\* Among the most regular members may be mentioned Messrs. Alexander Dennistoun, Peter MacAdam, John Macleroy, John Strang, James Aitken, John Gilchrist (of singing notoriety), James Ramsay, John Telfer, John Gibson, John Gardner, Jun., George Buchanan (better known by the soubriquet of Stocking Geordie), John MacGilp, and William or rather Billy M'Creicht.



than the Club became defunct. The goodly quaigh, alas! was lined no more with grog, and dry and deserted it was borne away to the "Buck's Head" hotel, where it became as guiltless of its primeval usefulness, as did the helmet of that beau-ideal of chivalry, Don Quichete de la Mancha.

Of the many animating topics connected with "the turf," "the sod," and "the ring," all of which peculiarly characterised the jovial sittings of the Grog Club, none excited the tongues of the members so easily as the one connected with the deeds of the army, and particularly with the doings of their own volunteers.\* How many roars of laughter were produced by the recital of an awkward fall, or an odd collision during the hours of drill; how many strange tales about mistaken words of command, and the many mishaps which these necessarily had led to; how many wry faces were talked of, that might have appeared more happy, if the evening potations had been but shortened! But among these and many other military exploits, the two certainly

\* At this period, a very general interest was taken in horse-racing, which was greatly encouraged by the patronage bestowed on it by the Duke of Hamilton, and in the annual races which took place in that nobleman's park. At that time the Duke and Mr. Baird of Newbyth were leading men on the turf; and in 1791 the famous match betwixt these two celebrated individuals was run over the course at Hamilton. Cock-fighting, also, was much encouraged by many of the leading citizens, and numerous *mains* were fought under most aristocratic patronage. And as to "the noble science of self-defence," as pugilism was denominated, it is certain, from the many advertisements which appear in the newspapers of the period, that this *sport* was looked upon with considerable favour. Fawtrell and Partner frequently sparred with great encouragement in Hemming's great hall in 1791. In the same year Big Sam twice exhibited his powers in the same hotel, and Daniel Mendoza also wielded the gloves against Fawtrell, while in training for his famous contest with Ward.



which created the greatest noise, and called for the greatest circulation of the quaigh, was the expedition connected with bringing up the French prisoners from Greenock,\* and the never-to-be-forgotten *Battle of Garscube*. As the circumstances of the latter conflict were communicated to us many long years ago, by one of the brotherhood, and one, too, who himself was in active service on the occasion, we then imagined it would be a sad misfortune if such a volunteer victory should be for ever lost for want of a chronicler. Impressed with this idea, and full of the facts furnished by this Grog Club eye-witness, we quietly sat down, some five-and-twenty years ago, and presented a sketch, as a humble tribute of respect towards the manes of a Club which had been, even then, so long dissolved, and as a small token of love for the memory of a long departed member who had been our kind informant and quondam counsellor.†

\* The French prisoners, above alluded to, were captured off the Irish coast, and were brought to Glasgow about the close of the year 1796. An immense number witnessed their entrance and procession through the City. The officers were lodged in the Tontine, and the men in the old Customhouse.

† For the *Battle of Garscube*, see APPENDIX. This paper was originally printed in the "Englishman's Magazine," published in London in 1831. It was afterwards transferred, without the author's knowledge, full of errors, to a collection of "Original and Selected Papers," published in four volumes at Glasgow. It again appeared in "The Pickwick Papers," under the editorship of Dickens, for the benefit of the widow of Mr. Macrone, bookseller; and, in the Appendix to this volume, it now appears with the last corrections of the writer.



THE CAMPERDOWN CLUB.

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KIND and courteous reader! if thou art one of those who still remember the fearful anxiety which prevailed over the length and breadth of this land, when the fatal news of the mutiny at the Nore struck the boldest hearts with dismay, then canst thou also recollect the universal joy which was felt when the intelligence of Duncan's glorious victory, over the Dutch fleet at Camperdown, was celebrated in every city and hamlet of Britain. Amid the fame of our naval triumph, the momentary delusion of our British tars was soon forgotten; while, in the capture of De Winter and the elevation of Duncan to the peerage, the country exhibited at once its glory and its gratitude. It has been the fate of most heroes to obtain, in addition to the usual higher species of adulation bestowed on them by their countrymen, the lesser kindness of having their effigies made the loadstar to houses of public entertainment, and even to those smaller temples of pastime especially dedicated to jollification and merriment. How many countenances of our naval and military commanders have, in their day and generation, been seen swinging in front of our famous hostelries or most comfortable taverns, even from the modern days of Marlborough to the yesterday of Wellington! And, alas! how many a time and oft has



the scarlet coat of the long-departed soldier been metamorphosed into the blue jacket of the successively ascendant sailor. In our own day, for example, we have seen the portraiture of Wolfe changed by the pencil of some cunning limner into that of Rodney, and even the countenance of Nelson altered into that of Moore! *Sic transit gloria mundi!* If it be so with signboards, those best emblems of popularity, so is it also with Clubs. The world-acknowledged but passing name, which has formed so many powerful links of companionship, loses in a few short years its charm. The flag under which the past and passing generation occasionally have *fallen*, is at length struck, and younger men assemble under another banner. So has it been with many a fraternity, and so it now is with the CAMPERDOWN CLUB.

It was amid the rejoicings which followed the victory of the 11th October 1797,\* that a choice band of patriotic citizens first assembled to congratulate each other on the glorious result of British valour, and resolved that they should henceforth choose—as the symbol of the brotherhood which was that night established—the ever memorable epithet of Camperdown. The first meeting of this famous fraternity was held in a tavern in Tron-gate, at that time kept by the well-known Jane Hunter;

\* On 21st November 1797, the Corporation of Glasgow presented Lord Duncan with the freedom of the City, in a handsome gold box, “in testimony of the high sense which the Magistrates and Council entertain of the services performed by him to his country *in his professional line*, and in particular by the brilliant and important victory which he obtained upon the 11th of October last, with the British fleet under his command, over the navy of Holland, in which the good conduct and bravery of the gallant admiral, and the officers and the crew of his fleet, were equally conspicuous and objects of admiration.”



and so numerous and respectable did the Club soon become, that the landlady saw it her interest to enlarge the Club-room, in order to retain the fast-increasing brotherhood. The members who founded this Club might be regarded as the very embodiment of the now almost forgotten *ism*—Toryism—in its most palmy days. They were, in fact, in sentiment very much like the great majority of their fellow-citizens who belonged to the higher and middle classes. They detested the French, without knowing much about them, and swore against democrats and democracy as most pestilential to the well-being of the social system. They were hence aristocrats in their own way, and in imitation of their idols, the great *fruges consumere nati*, they held that there was no wisdom to be relied on, save the wisdom of their ancestors. Unlike the wavering politicians of the present day, their creed was fixed and determined; and, as a proof of their faith, any man would have been deemed a fool or a foe to his country, who could imagine that any other individual could steer the bark of the State save “the Pilot who weathered the storm.” The points of the charter held by the original members of the Camperdown Club were—a firm belief in the divine right of kings, in the glorious and undivided union of Church and State, in the infallibility of Pitt, and in a sovereign contempt for all new-fangled doctrines about parliamentary reform or religious liberty. With such men and such sentiments, it is easy to conceive how every victory, whether naval or parliamentary, was individually and collectively hailed with satisfaction, and that the capture of every French lugger, or the sinking of every



Spanish ship, proved a theme of universal jubilation; and as such events were not rare, but occurring almost every day about the close of last century, it is plain that there was no want either of stimulants to add to their jollification, or of subjects suitable for the Club sederunts.

Among the founders of this notable fraternity, whose eight o'clock evening meetings were frequent—the four o'clock one being confined to the anniversary dinner—it is perhaps necessary to mention one individual as an index to the others, for in this case it might truly be said that, *ex uno disce omnes*. The gentleman we allude to, was the late highly respected Mr. Walter Graham, better known in the City, or rather in the coffee-room, by the soubriquet of the *General*. Of this notable personage, it may perhaps be safely affirmed, that during a long life, he was never known to change an opinion which he had once fairly adopted, either on religion or politics. He detested changes, and declaimed against every innovation even in that most mutable of mundane things—fashion; for, it is well known, that when all his contemporaries were ready to follow the suggestions of Messrs. Miller & Ewing, or any other of the authorities on outward habiliments, he showed his contempt for such vagaries, by sticking to breeches and white worsted stockings, long after the oldest man in the City had discarded them. At the origin of the Camperdown Club, Mr. Graham may be said to have been in the heyday of manhood, and a very fine specimen of humanity he was. Tall, erect, and with a lordly bearing, he strutted along the Trongate, cane



in hand, with the air of the wealthiest of the sugar aristocracy—a class of Glasgow society, which, in those days and for some time after, was in the ascendant; and with which interest he was in some way partially connected. He was the steady advocate of high discriminating duties in favour of Colonial produce, and was ever found to patronise rum rather than the choicest Glenlivet, although the latter belonged to our own native industry. The Club beverage, at the close of the century and for many years thereafter, was for the most part limited to rum punch and rum toddy; and when it is recollected, that every importer of sugar or molasses usually received by each arrival from the West Indies, his half-dozen barrels of delicious limes, to present to his friends and companions, it is plain that there was no lack of that important ingredient to form the mixture, which, according to Glasgowerian taste at least, was long accounted the nearest approximation to the nectar of the gods. On ordinary Club nights, each member sipped his tumbler of punch or toddy, according to his humour; but on anniversary occasions, every glass of punch was accompanied by a toast,—not, however, as in the present day, with the accessory of that foe to all hilarity—a regular set speech. The toast was given simply with “Here goes!”—and with “Here goes again!” it was swallowed. After the president had given the “King and Constitution,” and the “Hero of Camperdown,” each member in succession was left to give his own *say*; and although there were frequently above a score at the board, it rarely happened that the brotherhood separated before at least



half a dozen rounds of healths and sentiments had been proposed by each, and swallowed by the whole.\*

Although the fame of Camperdown was soon somewhat dimmed by that of the Nile† and Copenhagen, and was almost lost in the blaze of Trafalgar, still the members did not forget their first love, but continued long to assemble under Duncan's banner. As years moved on, members necessarily moved off; and with them, some of the opinions and prejudices of the former age were cast off too. The Club was gradually weeded of its extreme opinions, and, a few years after the beginning of the new century, men were admitted to the brotherhood who could advocate the policy of Charles James Fox without running the risk of being tossed out of the window. When the humble annalist of the Camperdown Club was first permitted to join the circle at the annual dinner table of the 11th October—which was at that period laid out in the house of honest John Neilson of London porter notoriety, and which, like all tavern dinner tables of

\* At that period of Glasgow history, there were very few public dinners, and far fewer persons who could make speeches, than at the present moment, so particularly remarkable for solemn and distressing *clavering*—a passion which has, however, necessarily been on the increase since the passing of the Reform Act, which opened up the public platforms to all forward and wordy politicians. The practice is becoming every day more and more a crying nuisance, and is calculated to banish, ere long, sensible men from scenes redolent of such senseless mouthing and servile drivelling. Would that some of our modern after-dinner speechifiers were possessed of the temperament of the great Lord Nelson, who, it is said, was only once afraid in his life, and that was when he was invited to a Lord Mayor's banquet, and was expected to make a speech!

† The *Glasgow Courier* of 9th October 1798 states, that “the illuminations in and about the City were so brilliant, that the people who saw them from Mauldslee Law, near Carlisle (eighteen miles off), thought Glasgow must have been in flames.” There was also an illumination in Glasgow, on the 20th April 1801, for the victory at Copenhagen.



the time, groaned under the weight of everything but a French repast—the aspect of the fraternity had much changed. For although rampant Toryism might still be seen represented by the honest “General,” there was at least one worthy *Crum* of Whiggery to maintain the balance of power! The fact is, the Club was then composed of men of all shades of opinion; and although, from this circumstance, a sufficiently animated discussion was frequently heard, particularly at the period immediately preceding the Reform agitation, still there was never one word uttered that created more discord than was at once easily modulated into perfect harmony by a bumper or two of punch or toddy.

The last anniversary dinner of the Camperdown Club took place in the year 1829. It is associated in our recollection chiefly with the melancholy fact, that scarcely one person who was present that day is now in this vale of tears. The highest and the happiest of those whose tongues that night wagged so glibly are now silent and at rest; while the spirited verbal *passage des armes*, between the worthy and warm-hearted Doctor MacArthur and his bosom friend and constant companion, Mr. James Crum, which that evening afforded so much fun and merriment to all, is now felt as one of those bright visions or conflicts that can never be repeated. Many happy hours have we spent with these two joyous beings. They quitted the scene of their constant companionship within a few days of each other, and like many others who knew them, the expression of our inmost heart was—“*pax vobiscum!*” The last Camperdown dinner, also, is associated in our recollection with a less



grave, or rather, we should say, with a somewhat curious topic, which for some time occupied the attention of the Club. The subject was anent the posthumous celebrity which the half-mad and odd characters of a city or parish invariably obtain over their wiser contemporaries. The assertion was a startling one, yet, on thinking over it, every one had successively something to offer in support of its truth. The half-witted *natural* who is found strolling through the nettled pathway of the country church-yard, is generally far better remembered than the departed pastor of the parish, and the fitful fancies of the one are often repeated, when the solemn warnings of the other are altogether forgotten. And so is it with the City oddity; for, even among the Provosts who sported chains about the middle of last century, who is so memorable as Dougal Graham who rung the skellat bell?\* or who does not remember more of the traditionary tales about Bell Geordie, and of the wit that gained him his appointment, than of the important Bailie's ire that occasioned the poor bellman's dismissal? In addition to the stories repeated about those City characters, one told a tale about *Dall*,†

\* Among the many stories which have floated down the stream of time connected with the hump-backed Dougal Graham, the following little anecdote may be noted:—Walking one morning along the Trongate, the bellman was accosted by an officer who had just returned from the American war, who, laying his hand on Dougal's hump, jeeringly asked what it was that he was carrying on his back? to which the witty bellman at once replied, "It's Bunkerhill. Do you smell the gunpowder?"

† The following short extract is taken from a long and rather graphic picture of this singular looking personage, which appeared in the *Reformer's Gazette* newspaper:—

"The curious go to a menagerie, at feeding-time, and pay a shilling extra to see the wild beasts at supper. But that was nothing, compared with Dall's devouring a penny pie, or a triangular scone. One grand bite, and all was over. Down the whole concern went at a bound. The



the porter of the Mail Coach-office, whose mouth, for size and capacity, would have shamed any of the largest specimens that ever graced the pannel of a Lad-lane stage-coach. Another hinted at the doings of *Wee Johnie Robertson* alias *Cuckoo*; another described the dancing talents of *Johnie Hill*, the delight of the female frequenters of the public Washing-house; and, in fine, a fourth praised and repeated the glorious couplets of *Blin' Alick*, alias the *Glasgow Homer*—not forgetting the important fact, that this peripatetic minstrel was perhaps the first who circulated, among the *street* public, the news of that victory which had given the name to the Camperdown Club—news which he poured forth in the following never-to-be-forgotten stanzas:—

“ Good news I have got, my lads,  
For country and for town;  
We have gain'd a mighty fight,  
On the sea at Camperdown!  
Our cannon they did rattle, lads,  
And we knock'd their top-masts down—  
But the particulars you will hear  
By the post, in the *afternoon*!”

The conversation of the last meeting of the Camperdown Club suggested the idea of our writing the history

nose shook, the lip soaked in grease, or powdered with scone-flour, paused, while the tremendous cavern underneath gaped wide for more. Dall's raiment consisted of a queerish coat, corduroy knee'd breeks, rig-and-fur stockings, quarter-boots, well dozed with tackets, and laced with leather whangs, a red comforter, the whole surmounted by a hat, generally a good deal bashed, from concussions caught in the course of his profession with trunks and other luggage of the mail-coach travellers. He belonged to the ancient fraternity of carriers, or bearers of burdens, now commonly called porters, but was more particularly a sort of hanger-on at, or *attaché* to, the old Mail Coach-office, which then faced the Tron steeple. The best place to see him, was either there or between King William and the French-horn-closs. When the coach was away, and time hung rather heavy on his hands, Dall might be seen with the boys, trying his powers at leap-frog, over the well-known row of old 24-pounder cannons that stood on end, along the edge of the 'plainstones,' opposite the Tontine, a feat that required considerable agility.”



of the Club laureat; and so we did, immediately after the wandering minstrel and patriotic improvisatore had bade adieu to this ungrateful and unpoetical world,—his death having occurred on the 9th February 1830.\*

\* The Life of Blind Alick was printed in the *Scots Times*, on the 6th March 1830, and afterwards reprinted, to a very limited extent, in a neat 8vo. form, and privately circulated among a few bibliomaniacal acquaintances. Since that period, this *brochure* has been the quarry from which several modern writers have drawn garbled extracts without any acknowledgment. In the APPENDIX to this volume, it is again printed as it first appeared when it received the approval of Sir Walter Scott, Mr. John G. Lockhart, and other literary authorities of the day.



## THE MERIDIAN CLUB.

CONSIDERATE reader! if thou hast ever wandered from the *Cross* of Glasgow to its *Westergate*, before that portion of the City had attained the ducal appellation of Argyle-street, which it now bears, then mightest thou remember to have seen, on leaving the Trongate, an old dingy square building, two stories in height, with small dirty windows, and having two doors, one in front and one behind. At the back of this gloomy mansion, and within a wall, there was a piece of vacant ground bearing one or two stunted trees, and generally occupied by a large hay-stack.\* Within the domain itself, now many years removed, it may be truly said that, during the progress of at least half a century, many a happy or painful moment was experienced in the breasts of the active and bustling individuals who daily frequented it. It was in fact here that the oldest banking establishment connected with Glasgow was located, on its removal, about 1776, from the Bridgegate, where it was first fixed in 1750. In the street floor of the tenement, formerly the western wing of the Shawfield mansion, all its monetary transactions were carried on;

\* A petition to the Magistrates was presented on the 4th November 1795, for the removal of all hay-stacks in Trongate, Hutcheson-street, and Wilson-street, but was refused.—*Council Records*.



and in the flat above, the head and regulator of its weighty affairs lived and died. The banking-house to which we allude, it is perhaps almost unnecessary to state, was that known as "the Ship," and the business was carried on under the firm of Carrick, Brown, & Co. The notes which the Company issued were printed partly in blue and partly in black ink, and sported on their face the figure of a vessel in full sail; and being partly *Guinea* notes, were far more greedily taken, throughout all parts of the West of Scotland, than were even the golden effigiae of George III. on the coin of the same value.\*

As this was the first bank that in boyhood we had entered, the impression which that and hundreds of successive visits made on our memory can never be forgotten. We distinctly see before us the dark passage which led into the principal business room, where the cash for cheques or discounted bills was given—the high wooden partition, with its rail and screen, which separated the banking officials from the public—the old desk, of common wood, covered with dirty leather, in which were placed the various notes—the constant motion to which the hinges of this receptacle of money were subjected by

\* The original firm of the Ship Bank was Dunlop, Houston, & Co., the first in the firm being the grandfather of the late Mr. Colin Dunlop, M. P. for the City. It was next changed to Moore, Carrick, & Co., and afterwards to Carrick, Brown, & Co. The partners in this latter firm were Robert Carrick, Nicol Brown of Langfin, David Buchanan of Drumpellier, John Buchanan of Ardoch, and some others. When joint stock banks became the rage, the Ship, having first joined the Glasgow Bank, at length was swallowed up by the Union Bank of Scotland. During the halcyon days of the Ship, Mr. Robert Carrick ruled paramount over its concerns. Mr. Carrick, although devoted to the bank, accepted the office of Bailie of the City in 1796, and of Dean of Guild in 1802 and 1803.



the active cashier,\* whose head was ever and anon required to support the uplifted lid—the slow and solemn enumeration of names by the tall pig-tailed accountant—the cantankerous-looking countenance of the individual who received payment of the bills, and who, with some others, occupied an equally dingy apartment on the south side of the building. We can never likewise forget the small chamber assigned to the then manager himself, well known by the epithet of the “sweating-room,” where, seated on a wooden-legged stool, at a high desk, he received all his customers with the greatest coolness and politeness; and when even declining to discount a bill, he ever did so with a courteous smile, and with the never-to-be-forgotten saying—“It’s not convenient,” which saying, when once uttered, was never to be recalled. What a striking contrast does such a state of things afford to the present day—to the gorgeous telling-rooms of our modern banks, and the administrative superiority of our modern officials!†

We have been more particular than perhaps may be considered necessary in describing this establishment of former days, from the circumstance that it was to the peculiar tastes and habits of certain of its officials that

\* Michael Rowand, Esq. of Linthouse, who entered this establishment as a lad, and who, by assiduous attention and persevering industry, raised himself to be at last the director-general of the whole establishment.

† A countryman having applied in December to Mr. Carrick to discount a bill which had three months and seventeen days to run, the banker, after carefully looking at both sides of it, as was his invariable custom, said that “it was not usual to take bills of a longer date than three months;” upon which the applicant, scratching his head and looking slyly at Robin, said “That may be your usual way, sir, but ye ken the days are unco short at this time o’ the year!” The bill was discounted.



Glasgow owed the rise of her MERIDIAN CLUB. The fact is, it had been the custom of the Ship Bank, since its first establishment, to shut its doors between the hours of one and two o'clock—that being the then universal time for dinner in the City; and hence, during that space of time at least, every one connected with it was allowed to go where or to do what best pleased his fancy. While, therefore, the more youthful and sedate dedicated the idle hour to a walk or some other sober occupation, it was the daily duty of certain of the older and more singular to join a squad of carbuncle-faced worthies, who regularly met in a back parlour of a house in Stockwell-street, for a long time famous for the excellence of its trade and its tippie. The members of this fraternity were all such sworn friends of John Barleycorn, that although it was held by the majority of mankind, even at that drinking period, to be not altogether *en regle* to call for him before dinner, they, in spite of the fashion, made it an invariable rule to shake hands with that soother of humanity as nearly at noon as possible. The appellation of the *Meridian*, which was happily made choice of as the sign of their union, will appear as appropriate as it was descriptive, when it is recollected that some of the brotherhood were even busy in their vocation of taking *spiritual* comfort ere the sun had attained to “high meridian;” and what is more, many of them had a bottle under their belt, and a bee in their bonnet, long before the hour at which modern exquisites conceive that the day can possibly be sufficiently well *aired* for sunning themselves on the *pave*!



The sittings of this Club, although daily held, were never known to be on any occasion either long or noisy. The individuals, indeed, who composed the Meridian, assembled not to speak but to swallow; a can and not conversation was their object; the greatest extent of their loquacity being rarely carried beyond a "Here goes!" and a "Here goes again!" The fact was, this whisky-bolting divan, being business men, never dreamed of occupying the club-room for more than an hour, or of spending more time than was absolutely necessary for clearing their throats or soothing the irritated coats of their stomach. We shall never forget the slender six feet nucleus of this knot of forenoon toppers—his prismatic proboscis, planted on a cadaverous countenance, and the leering look of his small twinkling eye when any handsome form or pretty face by hazard crossed his path, when wending his way from the bank to the club-room; neither can we forget the mode which he pursued for concealing his *Meridian* manners from the olfactory nerves of his staid and sober employers. As the clock struck one, it was quite certain that down from the bank the member ran to join his already assembled *cordial* companions. And as the sittings of the fraternity were so short, and his business *sanctum* so near, there was no difficulty in performing all the duties of a member of the Meridian within the limited term of its daily sederunt. The only difficulty, in fact, he experienced, was how he might best kill the flavour of the Ferintosh, which, he well knew, was little less than poison to the populace before one o'clock, although felt to be palatable and medicinal after four. He thought of many modes of



sweetening his stomach's tell-tale zephyr, and at last, for that special purpose, hit upon a specific equal to the most potent lozenges which any modern Butler has since invented. Delighted with the discovery, he felt determined one day, on returning from Stockwell, to communicate the valuable secret to another equally Meridian-minded banking-house brother. Armed, therefore, with the required specific in his hand, and a goodly portion of it in his stomach, the copper-nosed member slipped into what was emphatically designated "the other room," and stealing behind a blue-coated character, occupying the place of his bottle companion, he gave him a hearty slap on the back, and presenting the specific, cried out, with joyful satisfaction, "Here, my old cock, is one of Robin's deceivers for you!" The hawk-eye which was immediately upturned from gloating over the folios of a gold-telling ledger—of one of whom, in verity, it might be said with Spenser, that

" His life was nigh unto death's door yplaste ;  
And thread-bare cote and cobbled shoes he wore ;  
He scarce good morsell all his life did taste,  
But both from backe and belly still did spare  
To fill his bags, and richesse to compare,  
Yet child ne kinsman living, had he none  
To leave them to,"—

and who, that day, most unfortunately had wandered, during the interval, from his *sweating* chamber, told the would-be deceiving member of the Meridian, that he himself was at least in this instance the *deceived*. Ashamed of having thus, by mistake, *indorsed* the back of his employer for that of his associate, he would have fain *protested* against his want of attention, as he was wont to



do against that of others;\* but the “not convenient” look and bow of his master—for it was really him—stilled him into silence, and caused him to retire with as sorrowful a heart as ever fell to the lot of any hapless needy wight, who was doomed to receive the like hope-blasting answer to a demand for discount. We have frequently thought what a striking picture this occurrence would have made in the hands of an Ostade or a Wilkie! The master’s short, round, composed-looking figure, with his keen and scrutinising features, over which flowed a rather thin crop of greyish hair, tied together behind with a small black ribbon into a sort of petty pigtail—his coat of dark blue, double-breasted, and hanging down to his heels—his woollen waistcoat, with broad and narrow stripes running up and down, and ornamented with pearl buttons—his nether garments, reaching only to his knee—and his limbs encased in white broad-ribbed stockings, with their extremities planted in a pair of wide high shoes, tied like his hair with a similar black silk ribbon; before him the open ledger, and all the singular still-life adjuncts of the curiously-lighted apartment; and next, the servant, with his

\* Mr. Marshall was then in the habit of protesting all unpaid bills, or what was then ironically designated furnishing them with a *great-coat*. The specific which Mr. Marshall adopted to conceal his Meridian manners was a mouthful of oat-cake toasted brown. SENEX tells the following anecdote of this worthy:—Meeting with Dr. Towers one day on the street, and being desirous to obtain even some better specific than his burned oat-meal cake against the smell of whisky, he put the question, what was the most effective remedy for this? upon which the Doctor readily answered, “Oh yes, I can tell you;” and tapping Mr. Marshall gently on the shoulder, said, “Johnie, my man, if you tak a glass o’ aqua, and dinna want ony body to ken o’t, just tak twa glasses o’ rum after it, and the deil a ane will ever suspect o’ your ha’ing tasted a drap o’ whisky!”



tall gaunt form, and face redolent of every colour with which a limner might dream to *set* his pallet, before beginning to idealise the character of John Barley-corn himself—his hoary locks, gathered into a heavy club-tie—his piercing eye and outshot lips when anything excited him, and particularly when the idea of a brimming goblet flitted, either in memory or anticipation, athwart his brain—his odd-cut coat, shaped as with the shears of many a bypast age—his straight but slender legs, frequently “faithless to the fuddled foot,” and protected from cold by worsted hose—his left hand outstretched, filled with the concentrated essence of *deceit*, while his upraised right was at the instant falling with all the rapture of a successful dodge on the shoulder of his unknown master;—what a glorious speaking group would such a pair have formed! A picture like this would have required none of that endless *drumming* for support, which is now-a-days so pertinaciously practised in behalf even of the most meritorious of modern pictorial efforts. As to the original, we may safely affirm, that while the banker himself might probably have grudged to give so much gold for so little canvas,\* sure are we, that each member of the Club of which the worthy accountant was the loadstar, would have exerted himself to preserve for posterity so illustrative a record and reminiscence of the Meridian

\* It is told of a well-known manufacturer and friend of the banker, who, having called on an artist of some celebrity in the City, with the view of purchasing some of his landscapes, and having admired one, demanded its price. “It is only twenty guineas,” said the painter. “I am afraid,” said the man of muslin, “it’s too dear for me, for I am buying far bigger pictures for less siller!”



Club. The two individuals of whom we have just been speaking, are now long gone to that "undiscovered country," to which the one could not transport his gold, and in which the other will not need to declaim, as was his constant custom, when carrying a glass to his mouth, against the brandy-denying duties of the Excise.

The Meridian Club continued to meet for years even after the demise of its original and most regular member; for verily the mantle of this pig-tailed father of the fraternity most happily fell on the shoulders of an equally worthy pig-tailed character, commonly called the *Sherra*,\* whose daily devotion to the cause of forenoon potations tended, in a great measure, to keep together, longer probably than modern usages would have permitted, this most remarkable knot of noontide toppers. They have all, however, each in his turn, been doomed to drink the last *bottom* of the favourite beverage of the brotherhood. The score, in fact, has been made up, and the reckoning settled. But we must in justice add, that, notwithstanding all which temperance societies and restricted licensing have done to restrain the bibacious propensity of Scotsmen, we believe there are yet, at the present hour, many occasional Meridian Clubs held within this great and growing City—that it is, in fact, still the custom for the craftsman of the town, and the farmer from the country, to imagine that no business can be properly settled except when sealed with the spirit of John Barleycorn. Some of these, we have no doubt, may still be found nestling about the head

\* Mr. M'Lellan, coach-maker, father of the late Archibald M'Lellan, Esq.



of Stockwell-street;—but, as a faithful annalist, before closing for ever the door of the singular and long-frequented Meridian Club-room, we must chronicle the melancholy fact, that even the bustling Boniface who, at the final meeting of the far-famed Meridian, ministered to the members' wants, has likewise reached the goal of all earthly toil and anxiety, where the thirsty cease from *fuddling*, and the "weary are at rest!" From our heart we say of all, *Requiescant in pace!*



THE PIG CLUB.

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PREVIOUS to the breaking out of the unfortunate American war, in 1775, Glasgow may be said to have been almost exclusively a commercial City; and at that period wealth, as we have seen, was confined to but a few notable individuals, who lived apart and rarely mixed with the other more numerous class of the population, who, comparatively speaking, were in but ordinary circumstances. The style and living of the two classes were totally different, and there was then a status in point of rank and bearing far more marked than what exists between the peer and the successful tradesman of the present day. The shock which this fatal war gave to the property of the City was terrible. Some of the Virginia lords ere long retired from the trade, and others of them were ultimately ruined. Business, for a time, was in fact paralysed, and a universal cry of distress was heard throughout the town. At length the exertions of the citizens were thrown into other channels—the West Indies offered its sugar cultivation to some, and the introduction of the cotton manufacture attracted others. Through these means, many years had not passed over before riches became more widely diffused, and a more general respectability became apparent. The chasm between the merchant and the tradesman was gradually



being filled up; the difference of rank and position became less evident; and, along with this, a great improvement took place in the habitations and dress of the whole population. By the time that the French Revolution again brought the country into war, the City had increased very considerably; and, during the few years which preceded that event, foreign commerce was found to be daily increasing, while manufacturing establishments were rising on every hand. The fruits of this industry soon exhibited themselves in the extension of the City. Handsome private mansions were being erected, both in the east and the west; while public edifices, devoted to religion or dedicated to amusement, were rapidly rising throughout the City. The general character of the people, which, at a more early period, was remarkable for its ascetic severity and apparent sanctity of manners, had somewhat changed; and the inhabitants of Glasgow had become, in liberality, more in unison with the feelings and conduct of their neighbours. The theatre was not now looked upon as altogether the temple of Satan. Mrs. Siddons and Jack Bannister were patronised by most classes without compunction; while dancing—that enlivening pastime for the young—was as much encouraged as it had formerly been denounced. Times had changed, and manners too. Industry had produced wealth, and with it generally came increased comfort, and even luxury and elegance.

It was when Glasgow had reached this comparatively comfortable condition, that there arose a Club which, from the proud position attained in society by its several members, may well be designated a truly aristo-



cratic fraternity. The Club to which we allude was certainly known by a very odd name; but the reason why that name was adopted is not now very certain. Under the designation of the PIG, a CLUB began its sittings in the month of October 1798, and continued to assemble till the year 1807. It has, however, been suspected, and perhaps with some truth, that the origin of the fraternal symbol might be attributed to the necessary appearance of a roasted suckling, of six weeks old, being placed before the president at every Club dinner; but if this be found to be apocryphal, it is at least known for certainty, that the president was bound to wear round his neck, at every meeting, a silver chain, to which was attached the figure of a pig; and so strictly was this enforced, that on every occasion when the member occupying the chair appeared in the Club-room, either from hurry or neglect, without exhibiting the Club jewel, he was instantly fined in a bottle of rum for the benefit of the Club.\*

This gustative and joyous brotherhood, who may be justly accounted the chiefs of the then dominant sugar aristocracy, and who also may be said to have patronised turtle as much as pig, never held their meetings in summer, but only during the cold and comfortless months of winter, and these were limited to one evening during the week. The session always commenced with a dinner, and was also closed by a repast of the same description. The fraternity, in their hebdomadal assemblies, met ostensibly for the purpose of playing whist—more, however,

\* “May 9th 1807.—The preses, Mr. Gordon, is fined in a bottle of rum for neglecting to bring the pig.”—*Club Minutes*.



for pastime than for gain; and ever and anon wound up their gains or their losses with a hot supper and an hour's free and easy gossip. The annual subscription was thirty shillings, out of which and the numerous bets that were greedily offered and taken, a large proportion of the expense of the weekly suppers and the whole charges attendant on the opening and closing dinners were paid.\* All the bets which were offered, and they were most numerous and singular, were in bottles of rum, which, however, were necessarily convertible into the current coin of the realm, at the rate of eight shillings the bottle—a cost which, even in those days of protection and monopoly, must have satisfied the ideas of the most rampant Jamaica proprietor. The Club was, some time after its establishment, limited to twenty members, and those who were not present at its original formation were admitted by ballot; but the sieve was by no means small, as it required three black balls to exclude. It appears, also, from the minute-book, that the Club circle was occasionally enriched by the appearance of one or two favoured visitors,—seeing that the names of Mr. Kirkman Finlay, Mr. Samuel Hunter, Mr. George Alston, Mr. Dugald Bannatyne, and Major Craigie are found in the sederunts†—gentlemen whose well known

\* The amount paid out for each evening supper was limited to 15s.

† LIST OF THE PIG CLUB:—

Colonel James Corbet.	Mr. Archibald Smith.	Mr. Campbell Douglas.
Professor Richardson.	" John Maxwell.	" Cunningham Corbet.
Mr. Gilbert Hamilton.	" John Leitch.	" Colin M'Lachlan.
" Henry Glassford.	" W. Craig.	" Archibald Wallace.
" John Gordon.	" Laurence Craigie.	" Patrick Carnegie.
" William Bogle.	" James Black.	" John Blackburn.
" John Alston.	" Thomas Hopkirk.	" William Maxwell.
" Robert Muirhead.	" David Connell.	" Colin Thomson.
" John Buchanan.	" Charles Stirling.	



conversational capabilities could not fail to add to the zest and hilarity of the meetings.

The first individual who sat as preses of the Pig Club was the late Mr. John Gordon of Aikenhead; and the same gentleman also presided on the 9th May 1807, the date of the last recorded sitting. Perhaps few in the community held a more prominent position than this leading partner of the well known firm of Stirling, Gordon, & Co., whose members were then, and for a long period thereafter, justly regarded as the chiefs of the flourishing West India aristocracy. Mr. Gordon and his partner, Mr. Charles Stirling, were also looked upon as the central luminaries of the Tory party, then dominant in the City; and it was within the walls of their business establishment, that the leaders of Mr. Pitt's most ardent supporters were always summoned, for consultation and counsel. Here the qualifications of gentlemen attempting to become Members of Parliament were canvassed, and hence came forth the decree that was to render them either eligible or not to a seat in the House of Commons. It was for many years the peculiar sanctum and safeguard of the interests of Mr. Campbell of Blythswood; and hence it derived, through the great Parliamentary influence of that gentleman, a reciprocal power in matters connected with the Government and its patronage. Mr. Gordon resided in an elegant mansion which, with its large garden, occupied the site of the Prince of Wales' Buildings in Buchanan-street; and while there, like the Member whom he so ardently supported, he was lavish in entertainments to his friends, which he conducted in a style of Apicean taste and



luxury. He was always ready with his purse when City wants required his aid, heading, at that period, every subscription, whether opened as a tribute to the good or the brave, or as a fund for the relief of epidemic disease or manufacturing distress; while he did not fail to imitate the perhaps too sensitive benevolence of his other large-hearted associate in business, Mr. Fyffe, in his daily gifts to the wandering mendicancy which ever tracked the latter gentleman's footsteps.\*

While it is true that the chairman of the Pig Club gained at that period no little celebrity, from the luxury and even magnificence of his private dinner parties, it is equally certain, from the cost of the dinners, as detailed in the minute-book kept by the secretary, the late Mr. David Connell, that Glasgow had not then generally attained, in its prandial repasts, to such luxurious extravagance as she now exhibits. Bills of fare, tastefully lithographed and printed in gold on white satin, and containing the multifarious list of a four or five course dinner, couched in a lingo almost unintelligible, save to a Ude or Soyer, were then undreamed of; while champagne, hock, and hermitage, now so common, were found in few private cellars in the City, far less in the public bar of a tavern. Rum punch was, in fact, the universal beverage of the members of the Pig at their dinners, as it was at those of all the other

\* Mr. John Gordon, after a long life of mercantile activity, of political consistency, of great hospitality, and of much charity, died on the 2d December 1828. He was a jolly-looking well-made man, with rather a lordly bearing, and showed himself as strict a Conservative as Mr. Walter Graham, by sticking to breeches and stockings, after all the world had discarded them.



jovial fraternities in the City; and rum toddy was also, as elsewhere, the never failing accompaniment of every supper. Whisky in those days, being chiefly drawn from the large flat-bottomed stills of Kilbagie, Kennetpans, and Lochrin, was only fitted for the most vulgar and fire-loving palates; and when a little of the real mountain-dew, from Glenlivet or Arran, could be obtained, which was a matter of difficulty and danger, it was sure to be presented to guests with as sparing a hand as the finest *Maraschino di Zara* is now offered by some laced lackey, or some butler-metamorphosed beadle, at the close of a first-class repast.

The minute-book of the Pig Club, which, although little more than a succinct chronicle of bets and a distinct account of its revenue and expenditure, brings, however, to recollection the numerous topics of public interest which then prevailed, and serves as a sort of index to the hopes and fears which were then daily arising in the minds of all who had their country's welfare and happiness at stake, as had assuredly the several members of this Club. From these *munimenta disjecta*, we are reminded of the dread anxiety felt as to the result of Napoleon's Italian campaign, which was wound up so unfortunately for the Austrian cause at Marengo. We there behold mirrored the ever-changing aspects of the war in Egypt—closing with the victory of Alexandria and the death of Abercrombie. Next, we have recorded opinions respecting the peace of Amiens; then the probability of the new war—the threatened invasion of our island—the battles of Trafalgar and Austerlitz, which gave to England the sea and to France Europe. There,



too, we find indices to our changing politics at home—the demise of Pitt, and the elevation of “all the Talents” to power—the death of Fox, and the restoration of the Tory rule. In short, we find there key-notes to the whole history of the hurly-burly conflict of notions and opinions which, perhaps, at that more than at any other time, afflicted a wicked world; and which, for the happiness of mankind, it is to be hoped may never again be repeated on a European stage.\*

While the Pig Club thus busied itself with the leading topics of the day, it did not altogether forget matters of lesser moment connected with the City in which it met. The members, as a body, could occasionally patronise and pay for a ball, and were ever ready to assist at the winter assemblies, which, in those halcyon days for youthful

\* The following few excerpts from the minute-book of the Club are taken at random:—

April 10, 1799. Colonel Corbet bets that the French will be driven out of Italy (Mantua excepted) by the 1st of October next. Mr. Glassford says no. Colonel Corbet loses—paid 17th May 1801.

March 9, 1801. Colonel Corbet bets with Mr. Muirhead that by the 1st April there will not be a Frenchman in arms in Egypt. Colonel Corbet loses—paid 12th May 1801.

August 3, 1801. Mr. Craigie says the French will not attempt to land 10,000 men in Great Britain or Ireland in three months. Mr. Muirhead says they will. Mr. Muirhead loses—paid 8th May 1801.

17th March 1802. That the definitive treaty will be signed on or before the last day of this month, or broken off altogether. Messrs. Craigie and Black say yes. Messrs. Glassford and Corbet, no—the latter lose.

5th April 1802. That in the event of a change of ministry, Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox will not come in together. Messrs. Glassford, Dunlop, and Bogle say yes. Messrs. Gordon, Connell, and C. Corbet say no. The former lose—paid 11th May 1805.

August 31, 1804. That the French will land 10,000 men at one point within six months. Messrs. M'Lachlan and C. Corbet, yes. Messrs. A. Dunlop and G. Alston, no. The former lose—paid 11th May 1805.

8th August 1805. Colonel Corbet bets with Messrs. Gordon, M'Lachlan, and Connell that five ships of the line, part of the combined fleets, will be captured before they return to port, over and above the two Spanish ships already brought in. Colonel Corbet loses—paid 15th May 1806.

22d January 1806. Mr. Gordon bets with Mr. Black that in the event of a change of ministry during the life of the King, Mr. Fox will be in the new administration. Mr. Black loses—paid 15th May 1806.



beauty, were held *weekly* in the Assembly-rooms in Ingram-street, which were first opened on the 18th January 1798. Alas! how changed has Glasgow become since that joyous period, when, out of a very limited population, a party of at least 460 sworn worshippers of Terpsichore could be mustered, on a Queen's birth-night, to take a part in the now almost neglected reel and country dance, then the only practised movements at a fashionable ball! And now, when the population has trebled—when wealth is more diffused—when music is so varied and improved—when, in short, everything looks apparently so favourable for the success of such assemblages, we find that our Assembly-rooms are abandoned; and that when a few, belonging to a certain coterie who still retain a portion of the dancing passion of their grandmothers, dreamed lately of a polka or a waltz, they were under the necessity of tripping it on the vulgar and unbending battens of the Trades' Hall! *Proh pudor!* say we, from our inmost heart; and in this sentiment, we are certain, we should have been joined by every member of the Pig Club, had they only lived to see to what a sad unsocial condition false pride, parvenu vulgarity, and wide-spread bigotry have brought us!

When we look over the array of names that made up the now long-forgotten Pig Club, we feel bound to acknowledge that it would be somewhat difficult, at the present hour, to select out of the wider field of the City's wealth, a body at once so influential and so similar in position, or men who, in the eyes of their fellow-citizens, could be looked up to as the really acknowledged rulers of Glasgow. The days of so limited and united a City



aristocracy as prevailed at the middle and the close of the last century, however, are now gone. The territory is at present far too wide, and the combatants for high places far too numerous, for any coterie, however wealthy and honourable, to lead, far less to rule, the hundred and one circles of society into which Glasgow, by its almost unexampled progress, has been split. But whatever may be the advantages which have accrued, or may still accrue to the community from this altered state of men and things, it will at least be readily allowed, by every one who can look back to the social condition of Glasgow during the heyday of the Pig Club, that such a fraternity will never again meet under such class circumstances or amid more momentous events.



STOCKWELL-STREET—AND ITS BEEFSTEAK OR  
TINKLER'S CLUB.

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AMONG the many streets and wynds of Glasgow, there is perhaps none that held at one time a more prominent place in the regards of the citizens than the "Stockwall-gait," or what is now better known as Stockwell-street. Situated, as it was for a long period, on the western boundary of the City, and forming, as it did, the leading thoroughfare to the only bridge that for many centuries spanned the Clyde at Glasgow, it necessarily partook of any little bustle and importance which might belong to what were long designated the "High streets" of the town. But while the "Stockwall-gait" certainly could boast of this peculiarity, from being the connecting link which united the more populous part of the City with the open country lying on the left bank of the river, and with the unbuilt portions of the now populous suburb on the south of the Clyde, still the mansions which lined its eastern and western sides long continued in the category of villas; in other words, the houses were surrounded with trees and gardens, and to some were attached large spaces of open ground, with summer-houses, wherein the proprietors occasionally disported themselves, with their children, when the business of the day was over.



Although the Stockwell must, for a considerable period, have been regarded as a sort of suburban or rural street, it was, at the same time, long famed for the purity, the quality, and the abundance of its spring water; for we find, so early as the year 1638, according to the Burgh Records, that one of the public wells was removed from the "Hie-street" and carried to the "Stockwall;" and that "the head of ane wall at the Croce" was carried therefrom to decorate the "new one in the Stockwall-gait." And in the course of about five and twenty years thereafter, by another minute of the Town Council, we find "the Deacon Conveinar and others of the Counsell dwelling in Stockwall-gait," are called "to adopt and sie to the commoune well there, that it be not wronged, as is reported, by washing thereat or otherwayes."\* The water was no doubt too valuable for domestic uses to be wasted on washing clothes, seeing that what was wanted for this purpose might always be had in abundance from the Clyde.

From the architecture of one or two of the old houses which still grace this now common and modern-built street, as well as from a recollection of many others, with even more striking features, which have been removed during the last thirty years, it is obvious that at one time the Stockwell must have been rather a fashionable locality, while its better tenements must have long afforded shelter to some of the more opulent class of the inhabitants. Although this must have been particularly the case during the latter years of the seventeenth and the first half of the eighteenth centuries, still

\* Burgh Records, 21st August 1663.



it did not altogether lose its character for gentility till many years after the beginning of the present century. In the days when old M'Ure penned his quaint history,\* we find, for example, that no fewer than three of the mansions situated in this street belonged to the then Bailies, while one was owned by the Provost of the Burgh; that one was in possession of Mathew Craufurd of Balshagry, and another of John Graham of Dougalston, while three others were in the hands of Daniel Campbell of Sauchfield, William Buchanan of Bankel, and Mathew Brown, one of the under-clerks of Council and Session. There were likewise in this street or its immediate neighbourhood, two of those "great and costly buildings for the use of the managers, partners, and proprietors of" those joint-stock works, which at that time characterised the commerce and manufactures of Glasgow. We allude, in the first place, to the South Sugar-house, which was placed on the west side of the street, and consisted of "a large court, high and low apartments, cellary, store-houses, and boiling-houses, with distilling apartments, pleasant gardens, and all conveniences whatsoever;" and, second, to the Rope-work, which was situated also a little to the west of the same street, and which consisted of "two stately lodgings belonging to the proprietors, good store-houses, spinning-houses, garden, and boiling-houses, and the old green for spinning large cables, tarr'd, and white ropes, with a pleasant garden." In the days, too, of the ancient Clerk of the Seisins of Glasgow, the narrow thoroughfare from Stockwell to Bridgegate, now known

\* In 1736.



by the degraded title of the "Goosedubbs," still retained the appellation of "Aird's Wynd," from being close to the residence of a Provost of that name, who had been frequently raised to the chief chair of the Magistracy, and who had, during his long official career, done much permanent good to the community.\*

During the course of years which succeeded the period in which M'Ure lived and wrote, the "Stockwall-gait" continued to be accounted a most desirable town residence; and, from our own reminiscences, we can state, that not a few of the leading merchants and notabilities of the City, connected with the present century, were either born or bred in this locality. It was in one of the stately lodgings of the Rope-work, that Alexander Oswald of Shieldhall was wont to pass many of his most active days, for his own benefit and that of the community; and that his son, James Oswald of Auchencruive, frequently resided, during the troublous period which preceded the passing of the statute under which

\* Provost Aird died about the year 1735, fourteen years after the erection of the Ram's-horn Kirk, which was built when he was last Provost. In those days, the Provost and brethren in the Council were wont to assemble at the house of Neps Denny, at the head of the Saltmarket, who kept one of the most comfortable hostelries of which Glasgow could at that time boast. At one of the meetings after the goodman's decease, it was proposed that an epitaph should be composed by one of the members of the Club; but whether it was that the Magistrates of those days were less poetical than their successors, or that the task could not easily be assimilated with the ordinary duties of a civic functionary, it was found necessary to call in the assistance of the buxom landlady. Perfectly familiar with her subject, and under no fear of severe criticism, Neps produced the following lines:—

" Here lies Provost John Aird,  
He was neither a great merchant nor a great laird;  
At biggin' o' kirks he had richt guid skill,  
He was five times Lord Provost and twice Dean o' Gil'!"



he became the Representative of his native City in Parliament. It was also in a small corner of the South Sugar-house that the world-known house of Pollock, Gilmour, & Co. laid the foundation of their immense fortune, which at one time rendered them the largest ship-owners in the country, and has since made them among the most important land-owners in Scotland and Ireland. And it was in a house on the east side of Stockwell-street, where a more notable individual than all—Major-General Sir Thomas Monroe, if not cradled, was at least brought up and passed his boyhood,—a man than whom, to use the words of George Canning, “Europe never produced a more accomplished statesman, nor India, so fertile in heroes, a more skilful soldier.”\*

\* Sir Thomas Monroe was born in Glasgow on the 26th May 1761. He was the son of Mr. Alexander Monroe an eminent merchant, his mother being the sister of Dr. William Stark the celebrated anatomist. After going through the English and Grammar Schools, he entered the University of his native City, where he remained for three years. He at first pursued merchandise, and soon after went to India in 1779. He returned to Britain in 1807, when he revisited Glasgow. In 1814 he married a daughter of Mr. Campbell of Craigie, and then returned to Madras. Having greatly distinguished himself in the Mahratta war, he returned, on its favourable conclusion in 1819, to England: but here he was not long permitted to remain, Mr. Canning having appointed him Governor of Madras, an office on which he entered in 1820, and held till the spring of 1827, when, on a tour through the provinces, he was seized with cholera and carried off in a few hours. In an article in *Chambers' Journal* of 1851, we find the following anecdote of this celebrated son of the Stockwell:—

“When visiting Glasgow, Sir Thomas Monroe paid a visit to an old schoolfellow, a worthy candlemaker of the name of Harvie, who had a shop in Stockwell-street. ‘Well, Mr. Harvie,’ said Sir Thomas on entering the shop, ‘do you remember me?’ Harvie gazed for some time at the tall gaunt figure before him, striving to recall his features. At last he said, ‘Are ye Millie Monroe?’ ‘I am just Millie Monroe,’ said the other; and the quondam schoolfellows had a long chat about the days o’ langsyne. Sir Thomas was represented by his school companion as having been a hero of a hundred *stone* fights or battles of any other kind; in short, the bully of his class, in which, from his proficiency in *milling*, he received the above nickname.”



While Stockwell-street could thus boast of many excellent and comfortable mansions, which altered circumstances have now either swept away or sadly metamorphosed, it also partook of the mixed character of the thoroughfares belonging to small towns. In the immediate vicinity of a good house and garden, for example, there was occasionally found the thatched abode of the humblest of the citizens. Of these, there was one of a most picturesque form, near the western end of the street, and which, from its striking outline, became the delight of every street limner. Its upper outshot flats, double outside staircases, and crow-stepped chimney-stalk—its front, variegated with many-coloured sign-boards—its irregular roof, covered with thatch—and its stair, peopled with tricky and playful chimney-sweeps (although erased from the street full thirty years ago), still linger in our recollection; while the first fresh bunches of new grass, piled at the threshold of the small tavern, where the best ale “under the sun” was sold, attracted a host of country people, who happily tended to eke out the charms of one of the best street sketches which it is our good fortune still to possess. In the vacant foreground, too, of this small but well-frequented hostelry, at that period kept by one Andrew Purdon, might be seen a couple of cows brought out to be milked, and around which were ever congregated the children belonging to the street and neighbourhood, attended by their maids, waiting to get their *tinnies* filled with warm milk from the cow. There was another group of picturesque thatched houses, which could not fail also to attract attention, although their fronts retreated from



the street, as if ashamed of their position in such a locality. These were situated on the east side of the thoroughfare, nearly opposite Jackson-street. In the open space in front of these were piled up, on one side, the empty casks and barrels of a cooper, who occupied one of the thatched dwellings; while on the other, was nightly placed the carts of a well-known personage yclept James Neilson, who, in the summer season, became the favourite waggoner for transporting families from the City to the sea-coast, during the dilatory days of the Gourock fly-boats, and long before steam-boats had been dreamed of. During the day, this vacant space was occupied by the well-frequented stand of a tidy little old woman, who, dealing in "yellow-man" and "glassy," was vastly admired by all juveniles in the locality, especially by those who could manage occasionally to extract a copper from their indulgent parents, for the purpose of investment.

For a very long period the "Stockwall-gait" was also remarkable for the countrified aspect and costume of many of those who frequented it. This arose from the circumstance of the only cattle-market connected with the City being held in this street—at one time near the old shambles, where East Clyde-street now runs, and at a later period in the open space or green in front of West Clyde-street. It was the place, too, where the Glasgow Fair was long held, and where the mighty yearly mart for bestail and horses, now happily transferred to the eastern extremity of the City, was opened, on the two great days of that time-honoured festival.\* Till the

\* The Fair of Glasgow was established by royal charter in the reign of William the Lion, in 1190.



establishment of the Cattle-market in Graham-square, the Stockwell, which was then the chief entrance to the City from the south, was consequently interrupted every Wednesday of the annual Fair with an endless barrier of restive horses and neighing stallions; while, on the Fridays, it for ages displayed, amid the lowing of bulls and bestail, the coarse courting of country cubs, and the unsophisticated merry-making of whisky-inspired ploughmen and laughing cherry-cheeked dairy-maids. Nature, in fact, as is customary now-a-days, has long eschewed the west end, and is now only to be found in all its pristine purity and rude hilarity in the east!

The Stockwell was at that time, likewise, the rendezvous of all country servants open for hire, as well as for those of the City who were usually "arled" at the *Brig-end*, and particularly of all persons who accounted the Fair a season of fun and frolic. The freaks of Punch and Judy, and the elegances of "ground and lofty tumbling," were then displayed at the north end of the Old Bridge, or in the houses and closses at the south end of the street; and although, in the earlier annals of Glasgow Fair, one would have looked in vain for those wonderful "beasts and beastesses from bottomless bay in the Vest Indies," or for the standard finale to every circus establishment of "the tailor riding to Brentford," which, in these modern days, are annually met with during this uproarious week in front of the Court-houses at the foot of the Saltmarket,—and although, also, one might have looked vainly, in former times, for some hundred square yards of painted canvas, illustrative of some of the most



striking objects of natural history, with an orchestra in front that would not shame the music of Mozart or Beethoven,—still the Fair, when held at the foot of Stockwell-street, could always boast of at least a dozen painted *Jezebels*, who, in front of the several booths, outraged Terpsichore as much in their movements as the Dutch concert of hurdy-gurdies and fiddles, which guided their *heavy* fantastic toes, set defiance both to time and tune! To be sure there were then, as now, both giants and giantesses, fat boys and still fatter girls, learned pigs and unlettered dwarfs; there were also swings to raise the spirits of already too light-headed maidens, and roundabouts to sicken children, at the small cost of a halfpenny; while their patrons, be it remembered, partook far more of a rural than of an urban character. During the long period of this yearly carnival, as well as those of Whitsun-Monday and Martinmas Wednesday, being held at the foot of Stockwell-street, there were far more of the characteristics of a country fair to be seen than are now to be met with, on similar occasions, elsewhere in this overgrown City. At that time, one might have easily fancied himself at the “Tryst of Falkirk,” or the “Moss of Balloch;” but now-a-days, this summer festival appears to be chiefly got up for the entertainment of the budding beauties of our spinning and weaving factories, and for their admiring swains of the engineering-shop or print-work; while the ancient amusements of “cups and balls,” “ground and lofty tumbling,” and “the horse of knowledge” have been exchanged for dramatic entertainments, illustrative of the feats of Jack Sheppard, and such like exciting characters, or



for extensive wax-works, boasting of a "chamber of horrors" equal to any that Madame Tussaud ever exhibited in Baker-street!

In the minds of those citizens who belong to the last century, Stockwell-street cannot fail also to be associated with the numerous stone battles which ever and anon took place, between the northern citizens and southern Gorbalonians, near to the ancient bridge which so long formed the only connecting link between the two banks of the Clyde. The usual source or ostensible object of combat, between these rival partisans, was for the possession of an island, which then lay in the channel of the river, between the Old and Jamaica-street Bridges, and on which Bailie Craig of the Waterport used to pile his timber. Although, to the younger portion of the community, it must almost appear apocryphal, yet true it is, that, for many long years, did full-grown men, attended by hosts of energetic boys, here regularly assemble to do battle against each other, and frequently to the great bodily injury of both sets of combatants. At length, the death of a boy, arising from one of the stone *bickers*, not only put a stop to these dangerous encounters at the foot of Stockwell-street, but to the numerous other stone conflicts that were occasionally indulged in throughout different parts of the City.\*

Since the commencement of the present century, to which period, in particular, we would now recall thy

\* These stone battles, which continued even for some time after the establishment of the Police, were at one time of frequent occurrence, and were, moreover, rarely interfered with by the Civic authorities; and when the Magistrates did appear, they generally arrived just to be too late to prevent mischief. The bump of *combativeness* seems to have been, like that



memory, kind reader, touching the state and peculiarities of Stockwell-street, it may be stated that perhaps a more striking change has taken place in this locality than is to be found in any other street at the same time existing in the City. The Old Bridge, which was built by Bishop Rae in 1345, at first of only twelve, and thereafter of twenty-four feet in breadth, and which, for nearly six centuries, was the only communication between the north and south banks of the Clyde, has been lately swept away, to make room for a granite structure of sixty feet in width. A part of the old wall which formerly connected itself with the Waterport, then exhibited its jagged sides on the space now occupied by "Park's land." Various picturesque thatched houses, in addition to those already alluded to, lined the street, leaving no trace behind them, save what the limner may have preserved; while many of the crow-stepped and Flemish-gabled tenements, which really ornamented this locality, are either wholly removed or sadly disfigured. The street, too, has lost almost all its rustic characteristics—its gardens, its trees, its country fairs, and its country carriers; everything rural has passed away, save perhaps the Wednesday assembly at its northern extremity, where, in spite of Magisterial and Police interference, the contractors for stones, bricks, and pavement still meet in knots with City masons, builders, and other customers, and exhibit, in their manner of transacting

of *destructiveness*, marked characteristics of Glasgow crania—impelling to constant fights between the occupants of one quarter of the town and those of another, between the College students and the more unlettered citizens, and between the boys attending the Grammar-School and those belonging to Wilson's Charity.



business out of doors or in the adjoining tippling-shops and taverns, a not unfaithful picture of Stockwell frequenters of bygone days. While this locality, however, forty or fifty years ago, was characterised, during the greater part of the year, by quietness and respectability, it cannot be denied that, on Whitsun-Monday in particular, it was occasionally the scene of tumult and riot. On that evening, all the loose boys and elder black-guardism of the town were attracted thither, to play tricks on what were designated the country "Jocks and Jennies" who had assembled during the day for country hire. Frequently, on such occasions, have we ourselves seen the mob take possession of the street, and particularly of the avenue leading to the bridge, and thereafter put to the rout both Magistracy and Police; while every man with a decent coat or a good hat was certain of being assailed with a dead cat or some equally filthy missile. We shall never forget the scene in which the honest good-hearted Bailie Waddell, accompanied by the then gigantic Master of Police, Mr. Mitchell, vainly attempted, by "soft sawdor" speeches, to check the increasing disturbing elements of a most uproarious multitude, and who only received for their kind counsels a shower of stones and mud; and although aided by all the police force which they had at their command—which, Heaven knows! was small enough—were thankful to sound a retreat, and to take refuge in a shop, where they might remain in safety till relieved by a party of soldiers ordered from the Guard-house.

Among the various other matters which, for a long period, gave a peculiar character to Stockwell-street as



a great thoroughfare, there was one which made a deep impression on our boyish mind, and that was the singularly striking funereal *cortege* proceeding, ever and anon, from the old Town's Hospital in Clyde-street towards the Cathedral burying-ground. At one time, the inmates of this pauper and lunatic establishment were buried in the ground immediately behind the Hospital itself, but this practice having been at length wisely given up, it became necessary to carry the mortal remains of the poor and the idiotical to some more fitting necropolis. On these occasions, a small trunk-like hearse, drawn by one sorry steed, and *driven* by an old half crack-brained Jehu, donned in a long black cloak, with hat bedecked with a larger than usual sized flag of mourning, was the adopted transport of the pauper corpse from the Hospital to the grave-yard. Slowly it moved along, attracting little or no notice from the bystanders, and followed by ten or a dozen old broken-down and decrepit black-cloaked individuals, whose countenances bespoke satisfaction in getting out of their comparative prison once more into the busy world rather than sorrow for the loss of their pauper brother. That this was the ruling sentiment of those who followed the mendicant bier, was abundantly apparent from the straggling and careless manner in which they walked and stared about them, lagging, too often, hundreds of paces behind the solitary hearse. It was, in fact, a funeral in form but without feeling—a perambulating picture of the sad destiny of penury—a touching stanza on the neglect that awaits the last moments of mendicancy and madness!



It was also no unusual thing, about this period, to see three or four grey-coated, hatless, close-cropped idiots, who occupied the back cells of the Hospital, or what was vulgarly termed "the Shells," wheeling along Stockwell-street barrowfuls of stones, for the purpose of being broken into white sand, then much used for kitchen floors. These poor unfortunates, whose St. Vitus' movements, although frequently attracting the ridicule and hooting of idle boys, carelessly continued to pursue their apparently to them pleasant vocation, which certainly for a time relieved them from Hospital surveillance, and from the insane ravings of their more lunatic associates.

Perhaps among the most remarkable oddities daily to be met with in Stockwell-street, about the close of the last and the beginning of the present century, was the tall, thin, gaunt figure of Mr. Robert Dreghorn of Ruchill, better known throughout the City by the appellation of *Bob Dragon*. This gentleman, who possessed considerable fortune, resided in a large house with two wings, fronting West Clyde-street, and immediately contiguous to that of Mr. Craig of the Waterport; in which, at one time, he maintained a rather hospitable table, surrounded often by a circle of fashionable friends. Whether the peculiar idiosyncrasy for which he was remarkable sprung from the felt ugliness of his countenance, which was not only deeply pitted by the small-pox, but exhibited also a large nose turned awry, with eyes that looked askance, it is useless to conjecture; but certain it is, that the strong bent of his mind seemed to be towards the fair sex, and especially towards such servant girls as



were guiltless of shoes or stockings. As he paced up Stockwell-street, in his single-breasted grey coat and large buttons, with stick under his arm, and whistling as he went, Bob was no sooner espied than he became "the observed of all observers," especially of the female drudges who might be resting near their water *stoups*, or carrying a basket in the wake of their mistress going to market; while his proximity to the objects of his *marked* attention, never failed to excite either a titter or a tremor. Bob was likewise the particular bugbear of all boys on the street, having a strong propensity to lay his cane across the shoulders of any one who might be busy playing at *butts*, or who might cross his path with a sarcastic smile. His name, too, was frequently made use of by mothers to frighten their peevish and noisy children into quietude, which they must have done more as deeming him the embodiment of ugliness than as thinking him the representative of any wicked peculiarity. The fact is, he was a person of rather a kindly disposition, although his outward man certainly bespoke a different nature. It was about the year 1806, that this daily perambulator from the Waterport to the Cross, was missed one morning from the *pave*. The rumour soon arose that he had died by his own hand, and so it soon turned out to be, for well do we remember, though very young at the time, with what curious feeling the funeral cortege was regarded by the populace, arising, no doubt, from the circumstances of his death.\*

\* The house in which Mr. Dreghorn so long lived and died was ere long considered to be haunted; and from this circumstance the individual who



If Stockwell-street, in the days that are past, was not a little remarkable on account of what we have already hinted, it was at the same time peculiarly celebrated for its convivial Clubs. We have already described the famous Meridian Club, which so long carried on its noontide orgies in this locality; and we would now introduce thee, indulgent reader, to another famous fraternity, who regularly assembled in the same street, but under a different roof, at the more becoming hour of four, to discuss a beefsteak, done to a turn by the ex-Kitchener of the "Black Bull;" and, while washing down the savoury morsel with libations of rum and water, vulgarly called "glory," to sound the praises of the fearless "Pilot who weathered the storm," and to pour forth anathemas against the French and General Bonaparte. This Club, at first designated the STOCKWELL BEEFSTEAK, was latterly better known by the title of the TINKLER'S CLUB, particularly when the brotherhood changed the hour of meeting from four to six o'clock, and when the steak was exchanged for a "Welsh rabbit" or "Glasgow

had the courage to occupy it, was looked upon with some suspicion, and as being then engaged in some occult and improper business. The consequence was that, under a popular delusion, some thirty years ago, a desperate riot connected therewith took place on a Sunday forenoon, which ended in the house being completely gutted, and several persons severely injured. This mansion, which at one time was one of the most handsome in the City, is now converted into an old furniture warehouse; and the elegant rooms, redolent of the beautiful plaster-work which was so characteristic of the first-class houses built during the early part of the last century, is fast being mutilated, and will soon be utterly destroyed. When lately ascending the wide staircase, with its handsome mahogany railing, I could not help imagining the feelings that its first possessor, Mr. Allan Dreghorn, who at one time possessed the only chariot in Glasgow, would have experienced, if he could only have foreseen "the base uses" to which his aristocratic domicile was destined to be turned!



magistrate.”\* By the *Tinkler* title, the fraternity was longer known than by its first, which may be attributed to the circumstance of its chief and never-failing load-star being an extensive dealer in ironmongery and smith-work. Around this clever but caustic individual some of the more notable characters in the City were ever found circling, and that, too, even long after the time when the Club marched out, with all their honours, from Stockwell to their new rendezvous in the Trongate.†

At the time when this brotherhood first met as a Beefsteak Club, in Bryce Davidson's, to try the capabilities of his gridiron and the quality of his liquor, the bloody consequences of the French Revolution had produced such a horror against *popular* rule, in the minds of the comfortable and wealthy in Glasgow, that, among the majority, the most common sentiment of liberality was sure to subject the individual who had the courage to offer it, to the opprobrious epithet of *democrat* or of *traitor*. The members of the Beefsteak were all, from their outrageous loyalty, even in those days of political *espionage*, beyond the least suspicion. The poison of the times instigated them collectively to a love of Toryism

\* The common West country appellation for the best fresh or salted herrings that can be got. The name arose from the practice of all persons bringing up this delicious and cheap fish to the Broomielaw, being obliged to send a specimen of their boat-loads to the Bailie of the River for his approval. The consequence of this was, that the samples presented to the *Skate* Bailie, as he was sometimes called, were always the largest that could be selected, and which ultimately ended in giving to all picked herrings the designation of “Glasgow magistrates.”

† The gentleman above alluded to was Mr. Wilsons, of the firm of Messrs. Wilsons & Liddell, and brother of the well known and amiable Mr. Charles Wilsons, surgeon, who so long resided in one of the fine old mansions in Stockwell-street.



and tyranny, but their own milk of human kindness prevented them individually from practising either to the letter.

Among the many standing rules of this brotherhood, there was one of prominent importance;—it was, that each member might drink or not as it suited him, but it was never known that any one availed himself of the latter alternative. In fact, to have done so in such a society, one would certainly have been liable to be taxed with disloyalty, for not a day or an evening passed during which the patriotic toasts of “the King” and “may the Devil take the democrats” were not given from the chair, and expected to be drunk in a bumper. It would have done the then Premier’s heart good, to have seen the sarcastic leer with which the latter sentiment was always repeated by each member, and to have heard the loud roar of harmonious “hip, hip, hips” which followed it. A passing glimpse at the Bacchanalian faces which encircled the Beefsteak board, might have soothed Mr. Pitt’s fears as to the spread of revolutionary principles in Glasgow, and induced him to toss the *Blackneb* portraits, which he had got, of some of our scandalised citizens, from his portfolio, into the fire. How, candid reader! think you, the “Pilot”—who, to save his country from the whirlpool of civil commotion, had steered us into the troubles of a foreign war—would have gazed in admiration at the patriotism of the president of the Stockwell Beefsteak and Tinkler’s Club, on the occasion of a copper-nosed member, after finishing his hot-and-hot slice, with due accompaniment of raw onion, and swallowing a bumper of Scottish mountain dew, thought-



lessly followed it with a brimmer of brandy? "Good God!" exclaimed the witty and sarcastic chairman, seizing hold of two very long cross-headed sticks, which he always bore about with him for support and protection, "What are you about, sir? Why do you disgrace yourself and the Club by such unpatriotic conduct, as to put, as you have now done, a fiddling Frenchman above a sturdy Highlander?" The astonished member, whose eye still glistened with the tear which the powerful Cognac had called forth, stared silently around, as if in search of something to wipe away the fearful blot thrown upon his hitherto unblemished patriotism, and seizing a bottle of real Ferintosh, filled a bumper and tossed it into his stomach. The chairman stared at the pantomime which the member performed; while the copper-nosed brother sprang upon his legs, and placing his left hand upon his breast, and holding his right firmly clenched above his head, exclaimed, "Brand me not with being a democrat, sir, for now I've got the Frenchman between two fires!"



## THE MEDICAL CLUB.

PATIENT reader! if thou art at all imbued with the spirit of antiquarianism, and canst, moreover, decipher the hieroglyphics, now almost incomprehensible, in which the public records of this land were kept, upwards of two centuries ago, then couldst thou easily gather, by merely casting thine eye over the Minute-books of the Municipality of Glasgow, many curious memorabilia of the history and character of the Mediciners and Chirurgeons of the City. In all towns where people have united themselves in a social compact, there has always been found some individual standing out from the mass, who has attempted either to soothe or to cure the many "ills that flesh is heir to"—some far-seeing Hippocrates to pour balm into the broken heart, or to bind up the wounded limb; in short, there has in all times been a temple reared to Æsculapius, in every civilised and even savage country, whither the devotee of Hygeia went for study, and thereafter returned to console his afflicted brethren. But, as among the true worshippers and followers of the ancient health-giving god, as well as of his daughter Hygeia, there were found, in those mythical days, many false pretenders,—so, also, in the more modern periods of the world's history, and particularly during the current of our City's progress, there have



appeared, in connection with the healing art, but too many who unfortunately won for themselves the character of quacks and impostors. To such a length, indeed, had arrogant and shameless empiricism proceeded, and so baneful had its consequences become, that it was deemed absolutely necessary, about the close of the sixteenth century, by the Government of the day, to interfere, in order to prevent or to control the growing evil. For this purpose King James VI. of Scotland granted a charter, while residing in the palace of Holyrood, in the year 1599, in favour of Mr. Peter Low\* and Mr. Robert Hamilton, and their successors, as representatives of the Faculty of Physicians and Chirurgeons of the City

\* We find the following strange entry, connected with this father of the Physicians and Surgeons, in the Council records of 26th May 1610:—"The quhilk day, the provest, baillies, and counsall, understanding that James Braidwood, baillie, resavit fra Will Craig sone and air of unqll Thomas Craig the soume of fourtie pundis money as by run dewties of the saidis Thomas yard, as to ane of the new kirk yardis, set in feu be his father to the town, addebbet and award to the toun; and that the said James Braidwood debursit and gaif furth the said soume to Peter Low, pairtlie for his fey and pairtlie for the expensis maid be him in bowelling of the Laird of Houstoun lait provest. Thairfoir the said James, be this present act, is dischargit of the said soume, resavit be him as said is; and siklyke ordainis ane warrand to be direct to Robert Hogisyard, under subscription of the Clerk to answer Marcoun Steward of the soume of 37lb 10s as for wyne and other expensis furnist and maid be hir the tyme of said provest's bowelling." It likewise appears, from the same records, that in 1609 Mr. Peter Low, chirurgeon, was paid "for his pensioun in anno 1608 addettet be the toun to him liii £ vi s viii d." In 1684 it is ordained that no chirurgeon shall, in future, be pensioned by the town. Dr. Peter Low was married to a daughter of Mr. David Weems, the first Protestant minister of the town, and this lady, after the Doctor's death, which took place in 1612, afterwards married Walter Stirling, Bailie and Dean of Guild of Glasgow, by whom she had several sons. The Stirlings of Glasgow, William, George, &c. are descended in a direct line from this lady. The tomb of Dr. Peter Low is on the south wall of the Cathedral burying-ground, and has a strange but frequently quoted inscription.



of Glasgow, of which the following is an extract:—"To call, summon, and convene before them, all persons professing or using the said art of chirurgery," within the bounds of Lanark, Renfrew, Ayr, and Dumbarton, "to examine them in their literature, knowledge, and practice. If they be found worthy, to admit, allow, and approve them—give them testimonials according to their art and knowledge, that they shall be found worthy to exercise thereafter—receive their oath—authorise them as accords—and to discharge them to use any further than they have knowledge, passing their capacity, lest our subjects be abused; and that every one cited report testimonials of the ministers, or elders, or magistrates of the parish where they dwell, of their life and conversations; and in case they be contumacious, to be lawfully cited, every one to be unawed in the sum of forty pounds *toties quoties*, half to the judge, and the other half to be at the visitour's pleasure." This charter was afterwards confirmed by an Act of the Scottish Parliament in 1672; and when, in the course of time, it was found that the stringent powers granted could not be enforced, and that, consequently, malpractices, producing the most baneful effects on the lieges, had reached a height that was disgraceful to a civilised community, the High Court of Justiciary, so late as March 1812, issued an Act of Adjournal, by which the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons were again armed with power to enable them to control, in some measure, the progress of medical quackery.

Although the professors of the Hygeian art, connected with Glasgow, were formed into a Faculty so early as 1599, it was not till some time afterwards that they acquired



any political power, which they at once obtained by joining themselves to the Corporation of Barbers, with whom they remained associated till 1722, when the bond of union was dissolved, the funds were divided, and the letter of Deaconry confirmed to the Barbers alone.\*

In consequence of the pre-requisites and high education of those who could thus become members of this learned body, it is scarcely necessary to say that its numbers were, for a long period, very limited, and generally confined, moreover, to the higher walks of society. The fact is, the field for the medical man in Glasgow, towards the latter end of the eighteenth and the commencement of the present century, was, comparatively speaking, a limited one. The population was not large, and wealth was not then so much diffused as it has since become; in short, the Faculty was rather a small body, but, at the same time, it was one calculated to expand when any necessity occurred for its extension. It was, however, when the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons could count only a small number of members, that there arose a Club of Mediciners in this City, which, during the period of its existence, may well be accounted one of the best of the social and intellectual brotherhoods that were ever linked together within the sound of old St. Mungo's bell. While it was, as may be supposed, by no means easy to become a member of the Medical Faculty, it was

\* In the Minutes of the City Council there is engrossed, on the 7th November 1719, "an Act determining the difference betwixt the Surgeons and Barbers"; and, after a good deal of discussion, the Surgeons gave in a demission and renunciation of the letter of Deaconry in their favour, in conjunction with the Barbers, which renunciation is confirmed by an Act of 22d September 1722, and the stock divided between the Surgeons and Barbers.



still more difficult to obtain the *entrée* to the MEDICAL CLUB. The fact is, that while each brother of the Æsculapian fraternity required of necessity to be a member of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, it was requisite, at the same time, that, in the estimation of his brother Clubbists, he should be a high-minded social and boon companion. The Medical Club was, in truth, composed of the leading members of the Faculty, and was at its height from the commencement of the century till about the year 1814.\*

Unlike the more jovial fraternities of the City, who congregated every lawful night, the brotherhood of Mediciners met only once a-month—at first, in that most notable tavern of the period, Mrs. Pollock's, in Prince's-street—and latterly, in the still more aristocratic hostelry, the "Prince of Wales," in Brunswick-street. The hour of meeting was sharp four, and the ten o'clock bells were generally allowed to ring out before any one thought of leaving such good company, if not previously summoned away by some unforeseen call for professional assistance. The Club, in fact, was one of the most social that ever met in this social City; and into which there was a determination, expressed by all the members, that no cantankerous individual should be permitted to enter. As a curious illustration of this, it may be stated that, on a well-known and able practitioner—but who, at the same time, had shown his rather captious and troublesome temper at many meetings of Faculty—mak-

\* Drs. Freer, Jeffray, Richard Millar, Charles Wilsone, W. Dunlop, Towers, MacArthur, Anderson, James Monteith, Couper, Cowan, &c. were among the early and most regular members.



ing application, through a friend, to be admitted into the social brotherhood, it was found that even his proposer had deserted him at the last moment! By the laws of the Club, one black ball was sufficient to exclude any applicant; and the gentleman who had reluctantly promised to propose his professional brother, and who had made a speech, too, in his favour, fearing that what he had said might allow this anti-social character to slip in, and thereby injure the harmony of the fraternity, bravely resolved to sacrifice his friend at the shrine of duty, painful though that duty was, and therefore, when his turn came round, he popped a black ball into the ballot-box. But judge of the surprise of all present, when, on opening the said repository of Club feeling, it was discovered that all the balls were of the the same hostile complexion!

Considering the martial spirit which prevailed throughout the country, and particularly in Glasgow, during the few years which immediately preceded and followed the short peace of Amiens, it will not appear strange to state, that while several members of the Medical Club were professionally connected with the various volunteer regiments of the City, at least two or three held commissions in the famous "Armed Association," or corps of "Ancients," whose obesity was perhaps the most prominent feature of this *belly-gerent* body—an obesity of which Mr. George Lobon, of grocer notoriety, and Mr. John Wilson,\* of the Grammar-school, were remarkable types. Although this redoubtable body, like all

\* Better known, by the Grammar-school boys of the day, by his soubriquet of *Gutty* Wilson.



other sons of Mars of that warlike period, wore a uniform—and a uniform, too, for which each was indebted to his own tailor,—still it must be allowed that, from the great variety of lank and paunchy forms which it enveloped, it by no means made a *uniform* body of men.\* Hence the wonder will not appear great, when it is mentioned, that on dressing the line of the “Armed Association,” the drill sergeant, himself a noted Irish marine crimp and wag, should have exclaimed, on one occasion, “Very well, the front rank; but, holy Moses! what a *rear!*” Bating this peculiar defect in the eyes of a martinet, the corps individually showed abundance of patriotism, and that quality, in those days of threatened invasion, covered a multitude of petty sins. In spite of age, sociality, and fatness, each armed associate was attentive to his drill, and turned out in his short broad-tailed blue coat, with purple velvet facings, on a summer’s morning, as lightly and as early as any one of his more youthful volunteer competitors. After many preliminary marchings, facings, and wheelings, the corps was deemed worthy, as well it might, of assuming a position on the public Green, and of being subjected to the ordeal of a public inspection by one whose military antecedents entitled him to some respect.† On the occasion to which we allude, the inspecting field-officer, selected “to look at” the Association, was its

\* How could it be otherwise, when it is recollected that the persons composing the corps varied from 9 to 22 stones in weight—from 5 feet 2 to 6 feet 3 in height, and from 40 to 60 years of age.

† In 1803, the corps was at first drilled frequently in the large ground-floor of a mansion in Stockwell-street, then belonging to Mr. Cunningham Corbet, which about that time was purchased by the late Mr. John Strang, and is still owned by his son, who never ceases to associate that locality with the marchings and counter-marchings of the “Ancients.”



own Adjutant—the ever-to-be-remembered Adjutant Deans. This well-known personage was by no means unaccustomed to the smell of gunpowder in his youth, and when that smell, too, was associated with a shower of destructive bullets. He had likewise led a forlorn hope in his day, during one of our Continental campaigns; and for his success and prowess on that occasion, he had been rewarded with a sword, and had consequently laid down the halbert, which he had long so worthily wielded. Adjutant Deans might be truly said to have been “*il figlio del regimento*,” for he had gone through all the gradations of rank, till at length he ascended to that of Adjutant of the recruiting district of Glasgow—a district which, during the war, contributed so many gallant defenders of the country to the armies of Egypt, the Peninsula, and Flanders. To an indomitable courage in the field, the worthy Adjutant united an indomitable love of approbation at the dinner-table; and when it is added that his education had been neglected in his youth, like that of but too many of his fellow-soldiers, and that, in the absence of all lore, his imagination had been left free to expand and riot, without any curb from the then undiscovered bump of conscientiousness, it will not seem strange that the stories which he repeated of his adventures in Germany, should have almost surpassed the never-to-be-forgotten imaginings of his great prototype, the Baron Munchausen,—or that any one was much startled when he gravely gloried in having frequently dined with the “Diet of Ratisbon!” and, moreover, “found him a devilish pleasant fellow!” Like all soldiers of the ancient regime, he rarely omitted an oath in every sen-



tence he uttered; and even on the field, where etiquette should have demanded more caution, he not unfrequently garnished his approval or his displeasure with some of the then fashionable but now nameless epithets of the day. In military matters, it may be truly said that he was quite honest; and while his whole life was one continued effort to serve his king and country—latterly, by exerting himself to obtain as many recruits as possible—he at the same time never forgot the high drill character of his early position in the army, although he might sometimes thereby suffer from expressing this peculiarity of his nature in a manner to hurt the sensitive feelings of his volunteer companions and friends.

At the inspection to which we allude, and which occurred on one of the spring mornings of the year 1804, the corps of Ancients had mustered in considerable force in the public Green. They were all in their best dress, and each seemed bent on securing the approbation of their expectant inspecting officer. The corps, as was wont, had formed in columns of companies, and were all ready to wheel into line on the order being given to do so. The leading member of the Medical Club, who commanded the right company, stood, sword in hand, ready, with his staid and gaunt visage, to lead the van, while the other captains of companies appeared equally ready to follow his example. The inspecting officer, mounted on a Pegasus whose sire or dam must have been totally guiltless of any relationship with an Arabian ancestor, ambled up, without even an aid-de-camp, to the right of the regiment, and after having taken a cursory look of the corps in column, immediately wheeled it into line.



The dressing of this *belly-gerent* body, as has already been hinted, was, on this as on all other occasions, an affair of some little difficulty; but through the exertions of the officers and the grumbling of the Irish crimp, who was most active on this occasion, the faces if not the paunches of the whole corps soon gave evidence of being in a straight line. Having requested one of the youngest and most active of the regiment to place himself in front and act as fogleman, the inspecting officer instantly began to put the corps through the manual and platoon exercise, which certainly was not done without many heavy sighs and grotesque grinning on the part of those in the ranks, and without what was perhaps more necessary, repeated calls on the part of the Adjutant, to look at the fogleman, who handled his fusee as if it had been a feather, and kicked up his heels like a clown in a circus! This part of the inspection over, which was pronounced to be well done, the Adjutant announced that the most important trial of the corps' efficiency was about to be entered on—that of giving proof of their steadiness and quickness in firing. Having prefaced, with a few pertinent remarks, the great advantages which every corps possessed in being perfect in this part of their drill, he issued, in a voice of thunder, the solemn words—"Prime and load *with* powder." At the dread sound, which threatened to dislocate the shoulders of many who that morning carried the deadly tube, a general apparent fumbling was observed connected with each cartouch-box. The cartridge was nipped by the teeth of each Ancient, the pan of the firelock was opened and shut, the musket was ordered, the ramrod was taken out



and shaken into the barrel with all "*deliberality*" and true time, as then given by the open upraised fist of the fogleman. The gun was shouldered, replete with what was to tell a tale of either good or bad firing. Each captain had stepped out from his place to give the word to his platoon or company, and on the right was the gallant and gaunt Dr. Freer of the Medical Club, solemn and staid to a fault when at the head of his band of Ancient warriors. The Adjutant gave the fearful summons to proceed, and Captain Freer, with all the solemnity and dignity becoming a College Professor and the present trying occasion, commenced, as it was his duty to do, by boldly enunciating the ominous words, "Platoon!—make ready—present—fire!" The order was at once most conscientiously obeyed, by each member of his company cocking his firelock, raising it to his eye, presenting it at a right angle to his body, and drawing with hurried finger the fatal trigger—but, lo! what was the astonishment of the learned Doctor, to find that out of his whole brave platoon only *one* musket went off! or, what was the amusement of the group of gaping gossips, who were carefully watching these martial proceedings, to hear the sarcastic greeting of the facetious Adjutant when he exclaimed, "By God! Captain Freer, that is the closest firing I ever heard in all my life!" The Doctor, on hearing the single shot and the exclamation of the inspecting officer, slowly stepped back to his place at the head of his platoon, and with an imperturbability of countenance which ever characterised him in the most trying situations, muttered, loud enough to be heard, his usual exclamation, "I'm glad of it!"



Whether it was from the fear or love of gunpowder that the company of this valiant corps of veterans, commanded by Dr. Freer, had thus evoked the equivocal approbation of their inspector, it is certain that not many months elapsed before the Glasgow Ancients were relieved by General Wemyss from their loyal labours. On an ever-memorable day, in the spring of 1804, when General Moira reviewed the whole troops in the West of Scotland on the Glasgow Green, the blue coats and purple facings of the thick-and-thin Association Volunteers were last paraded, not in the long line which extended from one end of the public park to the other, but in front of and to restrain the mass of gaping onlookers who had congregated from all quarters to witness that great military spectacle.\*

But, as the French say, "*revenons à nos moutons*," which we will freely translate by saying "let us return to the Medical Club." It will be remembered, from what we have already stated, that this Club commenced its sittings very early in the century, and continued to meet for at least fifteen long years—a period of time which did not fail, in spite of the members being sons of Æsculapius, to make serious havoc among the ranks of its founders. Unlike other fraternities, the Medical Club was not recruited, as it might have been, from the circle of the younger members of the profession; and hence, like all other mundane matters, it came at

\* The force on the Green amounted to at least 7,000 men and eight guns, and consisted of one regiment of Dragoons, a squadron of Glasgow Light Horse, and eighteen corps of Infantry, six of which were certainly not numerically strong. The sight was altogether a grand one, and the conduct of the troops, both in marching and firing, was such as to call forth the highest approbation of the gallant Commander-in-chief.



length to rather a sudden close. During the whole course of its existence, however, it was chiefly remarkable for the social happiness of its meetings, and for cementing friendships which were never once broken by professional rivalry. Had there been one man among the number who could have sat for the picture of *Dr. Wormwood*, by the sketchy limner, whose caustic pencil, during the first decade of the present century, created so much noise in Glasgow, it is certain that the Club would have been sooner entombed; but as each brother, though the votary of art and science, was altogether destitute of the spleen of Swift, the vanity of Pope, the illiberality of Johnson, or the selfishness of *Wormwood*, the result was that the only passion indulged in by the members was that of contributing to each other's enjoyment.\*

\* In the satirical work, published, under the title of "Northern Sketches or Characters of Glasgow," about the year 1810 or 1811—which created a buzz when it appeared, and of which, from having been bought up, a copy is now rarely met with—there were several portraits of the medical practitioners in Glasgow, which, at the time, were considered by many as rather *too faithful* likenesses. It may be here remarked, however, that none of them belonged to the Medical Club. Of Dr. Wormwood's *full length*, there were few who did not at once recognise the clever but selfish original; while, of Dr. Alamode's *Kitcat*, some declared that it was rather a flattering likeness. As both the painter and his subjects are gone far beyond this world's praise or contumely, we, at the risk of indulging in even a past personality, but chiefly as exhibiting a contrast to each and all of the members of the Medical Club, extract the following medical anecdote, from that now almost forgotten work:—It is related, not of Dr. Wormwood, but of one to whom he bears no little resemblance, that a wealthy citizen, who had the misfortune to require his visits, was in the custom of having the gold always ready in his hand to electrify the Doctor when he felt his pulse. One day it happened, on the Doctor's making his stated call, that the servant informed him "All is over!" "Over!" echoed the Doctor, as the remembrance of the customary fee flashed on his mind. "Impossible! he cannot be dead yet. No, no! Let me see him—some trance or heavy sleep, perhaps!" The Doctor was introduced into the sable apartment; he took the hand of the pale corpse, applied the finger



To the leading members of the Medical Club, it may be justly said that Glasgow owed much; not so much for alleviating or curing the many "ills that flesh is heir to," as for preserving the features of some of the fairest of her citizens from the dreadful effects of that destroyer of beauty, to which our City, like many others, had been so long subjected, and which, but for their judgment and decision, might have continued much longer not only to decimate but to deform our infant population. When Jenner made the great discovery which has immortalised him, and when that great man was busy warring against the prejudices so greedily adopted and advocated by his medical opponents in the English metropolis, it is only fair to state that, both in the eastern and western metropolis of Scotland, vaccination was almost at once hailed and practised by the leading men of the Medical Faculty. To many of the members of the Medical Club, Glasgow in fact owes a deep debt of gratitude, for at once and without hesitation diffusing the blessings of this great discovery, and not halting, as many of their brethren did in other quarters of the kingdom, till the medical conflict which raged so long and so fiercely had been ended. It was to the immediate and daily use of the vaccine lancet, that the benefits arising therefrom to life and beauty were in a very few years acknowledged, by almost every class and degree of Glasgow citizens, and at length finally conquered the pre-

to that artery which once ebbed with life, gave a sorrowful shake of his head; while, with a trifling *legerdemain*, he relieved, from the grasp of death, *two guineas*, which, in truth, had been destined for him. "Ay, ay, good folks," said the Doctor, "he *is* dead; there is a *destiny* in all things!" and, full of shrewd sagacity, turned upon his heel!



sumption of the arrogant, the envy of the narrow-minded, and the superstition of the ignorant and bigoted.\*

Like many other professional fraternities, the Club conversation rarely ever turned on matters connected with the particular medical opinions or practice of the members. At their monthly meetings, the scalpel and the pharmacopœia were alike kept out of view. On these occasions, in fact, it was their practice to "throw physic to the dogs;" and, like other less grave individuals, to wile away a few hours amid social mirth and jollity, without once adverting to the fact, that "man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward." The tales and anecdotes, which so happily eked out their evening sittings, were not those of "physicians," but of men of the world. Those members, in particular, who had served in the regular army of the king, as at least three or four of them had done, never failed to tell their tales of war and wassail—of hair-breadth escapes and mighty perils, when called to scour, on horseback, the English coast between Dungenness and Beachy Head, looking

\* The blessings arising from Dr. Jenner's discovery to this City, may be gathered from the following statistical facts. In Glasgow the whole deaths in 1785, out of a population of 43,000, were 1,280, or about 1 in 32.6; but of these deaths no fewer than 365 were caused by small-pox, or 26 per cent. of the whole; whereas the deaths in 1852, out of a population of 370,000, were 10,675, or 1 to 34.66, of which there were only 584 caused by small-pox, or about  $5\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. of the whole. However marvellous the change may be which has taken place in the deaths from small-pox in Glasgow since 1785, still the figure at present is far larger than it ought to be, or really would be, if the Roman Catholic population were more disposed to avail themselves of this certain safeguard against infant death and infant disfigurement, and as we know they are particularly in Paris. The Corporation, speaking the gratitude of the whole community to the discoverer of the cow-pox, conferred the freedom of the City on Dr. Jenner on the 1st September 1808.



out and watching for the stealthy coming of the great flotilla, which then threatened England from the opposite side of the Straits of Dover. Dr. Freer, to whom we have already made pleasing allusion, and who was, in fact, one of the chief loadstars of the brotherhood, was ever seen in this society in all his glory. It was here that he was wont to cast off his peculiar natural reserve, and to tell his strangest adventures, not only when serving on the Continent as a surgeon in the army, but of his college pranks when studying his profession in Holland, from his favourite text-book—the work of the learned *Guabius*; and for the repeated praises of whom, which the Doctor continued to give to the last day of his life, in the medical prelections at the Glasgow University, he won for himself the self-same soubriquet. It was here, too, that he never failed to troll out, with a life and energy altogether at antipodes with the idea which his tall gaunt figure and still gaunter countenance would have suggested, the heart-stirring verses of *Tullochgorum*. On such occasions, the Club was in perfect ecstasy; and around the happy-faced group, who so often surrounded the comfortable board of the chief apartment in the Prince of Wales tavern, it may be boldly affirmed that there was not a foot which did not beat its merry time, or a *tail* that did not wag its merrier shake of approbation.

Of this singular but excellent man, who was formal in all things to a fault, and whose words were few and uniform, many anecdotes have been told connected with his professional peculiarities. And perhaps we may be pardoned for winding up this rather rude sketch of the Medi-



cal Club, with the following little incident which occurred in the Royal Infirmary during one of the thousand and one visits which, as Professor of Medicine in the University, he was daily called on to pay to that noble Institution, of which he and many others of the Medical Club were original projectors and directors. On the occasion to which we allude, the tall figure and grave face of the learned Doctor had reached the bedside of a young woman who, on the previous day, had been ordered a large blister on her breast. He had just solemnly emitted, in broad and sonorous Latin, amid the crowd of students which surrounded and followed him from pallet to pallet, the last patient's prescription, and he was now ready to hear the result of what he had directed to be done on the previous day. Having cleared his throat of the Latinised recipe which he had just given, the Doctor gently laid hold of the female patient's pulse, as he was ever wont to do, and after measuring its beats with those of the large gold repeater which he carried in his left hand, he began to put his never-varying primary queries, "How are you to-day? are you any better? or are you any worse? or are you much in the same way?" To which the poor woman replied, "I cannot well say, sir." "I'm glad of it," said the Doctor. "Did the blister do?" continued the physician. "Oh yes, sir, it rose very much indeed." "I'm glad of it," said the Doctor. "Oh yes," continued the patient, evidently suffering very much from her exertion; "it gave me very much pain and great uneasiness." "I'm glad of it!" exclaimed the Doctor, and passed on, leaving the gaping students to digest the laughable but just



terms in which he characterised the successful effect of his prescription.

In conclusion, let us add, that although a marble monumental slab has long spoken to the visitor of the cemetery, which surrounds the venerable Cathedral of Glasgow, of the many virtues and characteristics of this long-departed mediciner, we regret to say that there is not one of his Club companions now left to read the epitaph which covers his ashes!



GLASGOW THEATRICALS—AND THE WHAT-YOU-  
PLEASE CLUB.

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To those who ignorantly imagine, as certainly some do, that dramatic entertainments in Scotland are of modern origin, it will doubtless appear strange to learn, that perhaps nowhere in Christendom was acting more early introduced, or more regularly practised, either as a means of extending religious truths or of affording amusement to the populace, than where such a Cathedral as that of Glasgow was to be found, with its chapter of ecclesiastics and its accessories of monks and monasteries. The theatre sprung from the church; originally the subjects were Scriptural—the clergy the composers—the church the stage—and Sunday the time of exhibition. In the performance of the religious *mysteries* of early times, as these were called, through which the Saviour's history and the leading traits of saints were palpably portrayed, we find that the people not only took the greatest delight, but would leave their homes, and hurry, at particular seasons, over the length and breadth of the land, to be present at any spot where a temporary stage was erected, either within doors or in the open air. Wherever, in fact, there were friars to enact the "Fall of Man," the "Judgment of Solomon," or the "Marriage of Cana in Galilee," there was no want



of an attentive and enthusiastic audience.\* Toward the commencement of the sixteenth century, the performance of even such sacred pieces, however, as those to which we have alluded, had begun to be undertaken by lay performers; and so common and popular had these entertainments become, particularly on the Sabbath-day, that every means was used by the early reformers of the Church to put them down. Previous, however, to any Church anathema having been issued, it also appears that these exhibitions had been extended from religious subjects to more mundane matters, called *moral plays* or *moralities*, and were given to the multitude in almost every town in Scotland, to which there was usually attached a place for the purpose, called the *Play-field*.†

\* In the preface to the "*Munimenta Alme Universitatis Glasguensis*," we find that, during the early period in which the "*Collegium Facultatis Artium*" was located in the Rottenrow, about the year 1450, "the annual banquet of the Faculty was there celebrated, on the Sunday or Feast next after the Translation of St. Nicholas (9th May), when all the Masters, Licentiates, Bachelors, and Students, after hearing matins in the Chapel of St. Thomas the Martyr, rode in solemn and stately procession, bearing flowers and branches of trees, through the public street, from the upper part of the town to the Cross, and so back to the College of the Faculty; and there, amid the joy of the feast, or as it is said in Latin, *cum letitia corporalis refectionis*, the Masters took counsel for the welfare of the Faculty, and gave their diligence to remove all discords and quarrels, that all, rejoicing in heart, might honour the Prince of Peace and Joy. After the banquet, the whole crowd of Masters and Students were directed to repair to a more fitting place of amusement, and there enact some interlude or other show to rejoice the people."

† In the Municipal Records of Edinburgh, we find the following entries:  
 "15th January 1554.—The Provost, Baillies, and Counsaile ordaines the Thesaurer to pay the werkmen, merchandis, carteris, paynteris, and utheris that furniest the graith to the convoy of the Moris to the Abbay, and of the plai maid thairat Saturday the tent day of Junii instant, the sounge of £38: 16s. 2d."

"27th January 1554.—Ordainis to pay to the Maister of Wark of the maker of the Playing-place, the sounge of £24, for compleiting thairof, quhilk being payit sal be allowit."



Until the Reformation, matters continued in this condition; but immediately after that event the Church not only prohibited religious *mysteries*, but likewise all profane dramas; and the people, in the west of Scotland at least, at once obeyed the dictum of their ecclesiastical leaders, and abandoned this formerly cherished pastime as a deadly sin.\*

In consequence of this change in the opinions of the people, it is certainly true that for many years previous to the Revolution of 1688, there was no city in Scotland whose inhabitants were more imbued with religious

"12th October 1554.—Ordaines the Thesaurer to pay to Walter Bynnyng the soume of £5, for the making of the play-graith and paynting of the handscenze and the playaris faceis, providand alwyse that the said Walter mak the playgeir underwrittin furth cummand to the town quhen they haif ado thairwith, quhilkis he has now resavit, viz. 8 play-hattis, ane kingis crowne, ane myter, ane fulis hude, ane sceptour, ane pair angell wyngis, twa angell hair, ane chaplet of triumphe."

"28 Dec. 1554. The Counsale findis it necessar and expedient that the litill farsh and play maid be Wm. Lauder be playit afor the Quenis grace."

"July 6, 1558. 25 marks to Walter Bynning, painter, for his painting and all his labouris takin be him, in the triumphe maid at our Soverane Ladyis marriage, and 40 shillings to William Lauder for setting furth the play maid at the said marriage."

\* The following are a few extracts anent plays, from the "Book of the Universel Kirk," printed by the Maitland Club:—

"11th August 1754.—The General Assembly of the Kirk give commission to summon the Ministers, Elders, and Deacons of St. Andrews to compare before them, and to try the cause why the Fast was not kept among them, according to the Acts of the said Assembly, and of the violation of the Sabbath-day by profane playes."

"1576.—Anent the supplication given in be the toun of Dumferling for liberty to be granted them to play, upon a Sunday afternoon, a certain play which is not made upon the canonical parts of the Scripture. The Assembly refuses to give liberty to the Bailzie of Dumferling to play on the Soneday afternoon, a certain play which is not made upon the canonical parts of the Scriptures, in respect of the act of the Assemblie past on the contrair, exhorting the Bailzie of Dunfermling, procurator of the Bill, to request the toun to keep the ordinance of the Assemblie."

In 1578, the General Assembly ordains "that ane general fast be observed within this realme, to begin the first Sonday of June nixt to come, and to continue quill the next Sonday thereafter inclusive, with the accustomed exercise of doctrine and prayers, and that intimation be made hierof with the tyme and causes to the King and Counsell, together with a supplication



fanaticism, or in which were to be found parties among whom the Solemn League and Covenant was more zealously looked upon as a test of faith and good citizenship than in Glasgow. For the cause of Protestantism, in contradistinction to Popery, several of her denizens had fearlessly suffered at the stake; and many more had risked their lives and fortunes on what was then deemed equally important, in standing forth as the determined defenders of what they accounted the purer portion of Protestantism, viz. Presbyterianism, against the then dominant power of Prelacy. It may be easily conceived,

to his Grace and Counsell to discharge be open proclamation all kynd of insolent playis, as King of May, Robin Hood, and sich uthers in the moneth of May, played either by bairnes at the schools or others."

In 1569 the following question by the Synodal Assembly of Lowthian was referred to the General Assembly and answered thus. Question—"What ought to be done to sick persons that, after admonition, will passe to May playis, and especially elders and deacons, and uther quha beares office in the Kirk?" "They ought not to be admitted to the Sacrament without satisfaction, in special elders and deacons."

In 1591, we find the following humble petition of the General Assembly of the Kirk, "cravat at His Majestie and Counsell, 'That the Acts of Parliament, made for suppressing the enormities following, may be put into execution:—1st, Against Jeusuits, and the reception of them, and of excommunicants, such as the Laird of Fintry and the Master of Angus: profainers of the Sacraments, provat men and wemen givers thereof, idolators, pilgrimagers, Papistical Magistrates: sayers and herrers of the Mass: givers of the Sacrament according to the Papistical form, and receivers of the sameis: committers of apostasie, public merchants upon the Sabbath-day: violent invaders of ministers by striking of them or shedding of their blood: profainers of the Sabbath-day be Robin Hoodes playis: murderers and blood-shedders, quhilk overflow the land.'"

In Tytler's History of Scotland, we are told, connected with this subject, that, "in 1599, when James VI. sent for Fletcher and Martin, with their company of comedians, from England, the Kirk became alarmed, and poured out a storm of ecclesiastical wrath on these gentlemen of the buskin; and the Magistrates of Edinburgh, acting under the Kirk's influence, prohibited the inhabitants, by a public act, from frequenting the theatre. But in this amusement the king was not to be defeated, and feeling, moreover, an interest in his old favourite Fletcher, who had been in Scotland in 1594, he called his Provost and Councillors before him, compelled them to rescind their act, and proclaimed, by sound of trumpet, not only that the comedians should continue their entertainments, but insisted that next Sunday the ministers should inform their flocks that no restraint or censure should be incurred by any of his good subjects who choose to recreate themselves by the said comedies and plays."



therefore, that anything which partook, in the slightest degree, of the outward characteristics of the abettors either of book and bell, or of surplice and liturgy, was most religiously and anxiously avoided. Religion, in fact, in the eyes of the worthies of the west, was only considered true and to be admired when seen stripped of its gaudy trappings and its established forms, and consequently was looked upon as being more and more pure as it appeared more severed from the mummary of the mass, and the music of a chanted ritual. In spirit and in conduct it may be truly affirmed, that from the days when Archbishop James Beaton was obliged to flee to Paris, carrying with him the archives and valuables belonging to his diocese, till nearly the middle of the last century, the citizens of Glasgow generally displayed not a few of those ascetic and morose characteristics which belonged to the purest cast of the Puritans; while, in the earlier days of their Protestant career, they made choice of the very antithesis of everything practised by other Christian communities.\* In particular, they regarded Art, in her character of the handmaiden of Religion, as altogether sinful and detestable, and would have willingly followed to the letter the conduct of the other architectural spoliators in Scotland, had they not been prevented, by the worthy craftsmen of the City, from pulling down the only Scottish Cathedral which still happily remains, in all its pristine beauty, as the best monument of the taste of our ancestors.

It will not be difficult to comprehend how anything,

\* Beaton deposited the MSS. and other property belonging to the See of Glasgow, in the Scots College in the Carthusian Monastery at Paris.



in the least degree allied to the exhibitions once so universally practised in all Roman Catholic countries, first by monks and friars, and thereafter by laymen, would be at all tolerated by a people imbued with the moody and morose temperament which the ascetic and self-denying creed, then so generally adopted by Glasgow citizens, must have naturally engendered and maintained. The result, in fact, was, that such *Mysteries* as those of Coventry,\* which at one time had been the delight of all whose habitations encircled an Episcopal or Archiepiscopal palace—as well as the later dramatic exhibitions of “Robin Hood”† and the “Abbot of Unreason,” and other more mundane affairs, not only soon ceased—but what was more, their successors, as exhibited in the plays

\* In the original MSS. of Dugdale's *Antiquities of Warwickshire*, is found the following passage upon the performance of the Coventry *Mysteries*, which has been since printed by the Shakspeare Society:—

“Before the suppression of the Monasteries, the College (Coventry) was very famous for the pageants that were played therein on Corpus Christi day. These pageants were acted with mighty state and reverence by the fryars of this house, and conteyned the story of the New Testament, which was composed into old English rime. The Theatres for the severall scenes were very large and high; and being placed upon wheels, were drawn to all the eminent places in the cittaye, for the better advantage of the spectators. In that incomparable Library, belonging to Sir Thomas Cotton, there is yet one of the bookes, which parteyned to this pageant, entituled ‘Ludus Corporis Christi’ or ‘Ludus Coventriæ.’ I myself have spoken with some old people who had, in their younger years, been eye-witnesses of these pageants soe acted; from whom I have bin told that the confluence of people from farr and neare to see that show was extraordinary great, and yielded noe small advantage to this cittaye.”

The “Coventry Mysteries,” as now printed, were written in a quarto volume, in the year 1468.

† The game of “Robin Hood” was celebrated in the month of May. The populace assembled previous to the celebration of this festival, and chose some respectable member of the Corporation to officiate in the character of *Robin Hood*, and another in that of *Little John* his squire. Upon the day appointed, which was a Sunday or holyday, the people assembled in military array and went to some adjoining field, where, either as actors or spectators, the whole inhabitants of the respective towns were convened. In this field they probably amused themselves with a representation of Robin



of Ben Johnson, Ford, and Shakspeare, were regarded as little less than an abomination and a sin. The truth is, that while in the sister kingdom the theatre had been long patronised and encouraged, not only by the Court but by the people, we find that in Scotland there were no regular stage-plays performed, even in the Scottish capital, during the Augustan age of Queen Anne. In short, it was not till after the turmoil occasioned by the Union and the Rebellion of 1715 had passed away, that players would be listened to in Scotland. We find, therefore, that

Hood's predatory exploits, or of his encounters with the officers of justice. As numerous meetings for disorderly mirth are apt to engender tumult, when the minds of the people came to be agitated with religious controversy, it was found necessary to repress the game of "Robin Hood" by public statute. The populace were by no means willing to relinquish their favourite amusement. Year after year, the Magistrates of Edinburgh were obliged to exert their authority in repressing this game, often ineffectually. In the year 1561, the mob were so enraged at being disappointed in *making a Robin Hood*, that they rose in mutiny, seized on the City gates, committed robberies upon strangers; and one of the ringleaders being condemned by the Magistrates to be hanged, the mob forced open the jail, set at liberty the criminal and all the prisoners, and broke in pieces the gibbet erected at the Cross for executing the malefactor. They next assaulted the Magistrates, who were sitting in the Council-chamber, and who fled to the Tolbooth for shelter, where the mob attacked them, battering the doors and pouring stones through the windows. Application was made to the Deacons of the Corporations to appease the tumult; remaining, however, unconcerned spectators, they made this answer, "*They will be Magistrates alone; let them rule the multitude alone.*" The Magistrates were kept in confinement, till they made proclamation be published, offering indemnity to the rioters upon laying down their arms. Still, however, so late as the year 1592, we find the General Assembly complaining of the profanation of the Sabbath by making of *Robin Hood plays*. The "Abbot of Unreason" is the person who in England was known by the name of "Abbot of Misrule," and after the Reformation by that of "Lord of Misrule." He presided over Christmas gambols with dictatorial authority; and, by an address or epilogue which he made, he closed these scenes of festivity. The Abbot of Unreason was also a farcical character in interludes. Under the garb of a dignified clergyman, he entertained a licentious rabble with his absurdities.—*Hugo Arnot's History of Edinburgh.*



the drama was not re-introduced into Edinburgh till about the year 1727, when it was first tried in the Tailors' Hall, Cowgate, and thereafter, in 1746, on the boards of the Canongate theatre.\* In Glasgow, it appears, there was no effort made to re-introduce what Voltaire calls the "chef d'œuvre de la société," (if we except the itinerant performances attempted in Burrel's Hall, on the east side of upper High-street, in 1750,)+ till the year 1752, when a wooden theatre was erected within the precincts of the Castle-yard, and attached to the ruined walls of the Episcopal palace. Within this humble and miserable building, so unlike the gorgeous halls now dedicated to Thalia and Thespis, had the then denizens of Glasgow an opportunity of first listening to a British drama, and of gazing on such celebrities of the day as Digges,‡ Love,

\* The Canongate theatre was the first playhouse to which a licence was given in Scotland, and it served Edinburgh as the only place for dramatic amusements till the erection of the building which yet exists in Shakspeare-square, which was opened on 14th November 1768.

† Burrel's Hall appears to have been the only place for amusements for a long time previous to 1750. It was occasionally visited by strolling players, singers, tumblers, and dancers. The following curious advertisement appears in the *Glasgow Courant* of 1751:—

"Being positively the last night of our performance in this City. For the Benefit of Mr. Dominique. At Mr. Burrel's Hall above the Cross, this present Monday, being the 30th September, will be performed, a Concert of Vocal and Instrumental Musick; Boxes and Pit, Two Shillings; Gallery, One Shilling. Between the two Parts of the Concert, will be given (gratis), Rope Dancing and Tumbling. Particularly, Mrs. Garman will jump over the Garter forward and backward on the Stiff Rope, such as was never done in this City before. Likewise Walking on the Small Slack Wire, by the famous Russian Boy. Dancing, both Serious and Comic, by Mons. and Madam Granier. Likewise a new humorous Dance, called the Soldier and the Sailor, the Tinkler and Taylor, and Bixome Joan of Deptford. To the great surprise of the spectators, Mr. Dominique will fly over the Double Fountain. To conclude with a Pantomime Entertainment, called Harlequin Captive, or the Dutchman Bitt. The doors to be opened at five, and to begin exactly at six. Tickets to be had as usual."

‡ Mr. Digges leased the Edinburgh theatre in 1768 for £500 a-year.



Stamper, and Mrs. Ward! The histrionic efforts of those persons, however, were unable to cope with the prejudices engendered by the Puritanical preaching of the period against all such pastimes, particularly among the lower orders of the people; and, moreover, as it happened that the celebrated George Whitefield had arrived about that time, and was holding forth in the immediate neighbourhood of what he designated the "temple of Satan," a feeling was roused in the vulgar mind to such an extent against the erection, that the excited populace attacked it with stones and other missiles, if not to its destruction at least to its injury.\*

If such be an index to the feelings of the great mass of the inhabitants of Glasgow, with respect to the stage, in the year 1752, it appears that these had not materially altered ten years afterwards; for, although five of the leading gentlemen of the City then agreed to erect a theatre at their own expense, such was the prejudice then existing against the acted drama, that not a single individual who had ground within the Burgh would grant them a site.† They were obliged, in consequence, to go in search of one beyond the royalty; and having at last obtained a piece of ground in Alston-street, a theatre was erected thereon, and was ready to be opened in the spring of 1764. The proprietors thereupon entered into arrangements with the Edinburgh company, the opening night was fixed, and the celebrated Mrs.

\* It is said that persons going and returning from the theatre required to be guarded to protect them from insult.

† The five gentlemen were—W. M'Dowall of Castlesemple, William Bogle of Hamilton Farm, John Baird of Craigton, Robert Bogle of Shettleston, and James Dunlop of Garnkirk.



Bellamy was announced for the occasion. Previous to the night of opening, however, the theatre was wilfully set fire to, through the preaching of a Methodist, who, among other things, told his hearers that he had dreamed, the preceding night, that he was in the infernal regions at a grand entertainment, where all the devils in hell were present—when Lucifer, their chief, gave for a toast the health of Mr. Miller, who had sold his ground to build him a house upon! While the infuriated fire-raisers, upon this instigation, fearlessly proceeded to carry into effect what they deemed a duty to Heaven, it was fortunate that they only partially succeeded in their project of destruction; the stage and the theatrical wardrobe being the chief loss sustained through the frantic and disgraceful arson.\* In spite, however, of the destruction of these most important parts of the theatre, the manager made a bold effort to open his house on the day fixed; and having fortunately got a temporary stage erected, the curtain rose for the play of the "Citizen," and the farce of the "Mock Doctor," in which Mrs. Bellamy, Mr. Reddoch, and Mr. Aiken took the prominent parts.

From this period till 1780, this theatre was successively managed by Mr. Ross, the lessee of the Edinburgh company, by a Mr. Williams, and by Mr. Wilkinson of York; and, just when it was about to be opened by Messrs. Bland, Mills, and Jackson, it was burned to the ground. This unfortunate event took place on the 5th May 1780, and it has always been alleged, and certainly

\* It is said that Mrs. Bellamy lost, by the fire, a wardrobe which she valued at £900.



not without very good reason, that it owed its destruction to design, and to the rancorous hatred that still lingered in the minds of a certain class of the people against the stage and its abettors. The proprietors of the ground on which the theatre stood, having stated that it was not their intention to rebuild it, Mr. Jackson, who had been its lessee, at once decided on erecting one at his own cost and on his own responsibility; and, with that view, he purchased a site in Dunlop-street, and proceeded in making arrangements for the building. In this, however, he met with difficulties, arising from the prejudices of some of the proprietors in its immediate neighbourhood, and from the fear that such a building would injure the value of their adjoining tenements. But, although the objections urged showed the narrow-mindedness which then existed, they were found too futile to hinder him from going on with his undertaking. The consequence was, that the foundation-stone of the Dunlop-street theatre was laid on the 17th February 1781, and the house was opened in January 1782.

From this time, whether from the altered opinions of the people, or from the judicious management of Mr. Jackson, it appears that the theatre became more and more patronised; and well was it worthy of the support of every admirer of the dramatic and histrionic art. Never, perhaps, were the dramas of Shakspeare, the tragedies of Otway and Rowe, or the comedies of Cumberland and Sheridan, produced more effectively, than on these boards, and never were the characters better sustained. When we mention that, many times and



oft, Mrs. Siddons,\* the Kembles, and George Frederick Cooke, enacted the leading personages of the Tragic, while Mrs. Jordan, Miss Farren, Miss Duncan, Mr. King, Jack Bannister, Rock, and Irish Johnston, were the representatives of the Comic Muse, on the Dunlop-street stage, it will be readily conceived how so many in Glasgow were then found to acknowledge the truth of one of Thomson's "Winter" amusements, when he says:—

“ Dread o’er the scene the ghost of Hamlet stalks,  
Othello rages, poor Monimia mourns,  
And Belvidera pours her soul in love;  
Terror alarms the breast; the comely tear  
Steals on the cheek; or else the comic muse  
Holds to the world a picture of itself,  
And raises sly the fair impartial laugh.”†

Although Mr. Jackson, from time to time, endeavoured both to improve and enlarge the Dunlop-street theatre, it was found, soon after the commencement of the present century, to be altogether too small and paltry for the growing theatrical taste of Glasgow. The consequence was, that a subscription was opened for the

\* Mrs. Siddons commenced an engagement in Glasgow on the 12th August 1785.

† Mr. King and Miss Farren, the latter for the first time, appeared in Glasgow, 31st July 1790, in the "School for Scandal;" and on 11th August 1790, in "Much Ado About Nothing," the cast being as follows:—*Benedict*, Mr. King; *Claudia*, Mr. Wood; *Dogberry*, Mr. Wilson; *Hero*, Mr. Wood; and *Beatrice*, Miss Farren. The stock company, about the beginning of the century, at this theatre, consisted of—Messrs. Stephen Kemble, Wood, Young, Rock, Toms, Turpin, Lamash, Grant, Duncan, H. Siddons (then a youth), and Bew; and Mrs. Stephen Kemble, Miss Kemble (afterwards Mrs. Mason), Miss Walstein, Mrs. Duncan, and Miss Duncan (afterwards Mrs. Davidson); all of whom were most respectable at the time, and some of them became very eminent. Glasgow has never since had a company to equal that one.



erection of a more spacious house; and, in the course of a very short time, no less a sum than £7,000 was raised for this purpose. Ground was at once feued from the Corporation, near the head of Queen-street, for a site; and an edifice was erected thereon, which, whether for exterior or interior elegance, was scarcely surpassed by any of the London theatres, and for which a patent was obtained from the Crown.\* This house was opened by a most excellent company in 1804; and it is only just to say, that from the time when the curtain first rose till 1829—when it was shrivelled up amid the flames which consumed the house, and reduced all within to ashes—theatrical “stars” were not lacking to wake the feelings or rouse the laughter of those who visited it.† It was here that Kean ‡ first enunciated in Scotland, amid

\* The following is an excerpt from the petition, sent to Parliament by the Corporation, for a patent for the Queen-street theatre:—

“7th February 1803.—That the City of Glasgow has of late been much extended and beautified, whereby the number of wealthy and opulent inhabitants has much increased; and it has become expedient to provide for their amusement and that of the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood, a public theatre or playhouse, for acting tragedies, comedies, operas, and other performances of the stage, under proper rules and regulations; therefore pray that leave may be given to his Majesty to issue letters patent.”

† The celebrated Mrs. Siddons commenced another engagement at Queen-street theatre, in 1805, in the character of *Jane Shore*; and on the succeeding night, she drew tears from every eye in the character of *Belvidera*.

‡ We shall never forget the terrific squeeze we had in forcing ourselves into the pit on the evening of Mr. Kean's first appearance in Glasgow or in Scotland. The boxes had been all taken for weeks before, and even temporary boxes were erected on the stage for the chief devotees of the histrionic art. Professor Young, of Greek celebrity, occupied one of these; and never shall we forget his little portly figure on that occasion, with his eye piercing through an opera-glass that he held in one hand, while he thumped on the box with the other. Francis Jeffrey and several of the Edinburgh literati were also present, Mr. Kean having, from some quarrel with the Edinburgh managers, refused to go at that time to the Scottish metropolis.



breathless silence, "Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer!"—that Miss O'Neil, as *Mrs. Beverley*, roused the feelings to such a pitch, as nightly to cause ladies to be carried out insensible from the boxes—that Miss Stevens' syren voice first charmed the Glasgow musicante—that John Sinclair aided her in the duets in "Rob Roy" and "Guy Mannering"—that Miss M. Tree drew forth a never-failing encore after her "Home, sweet home!"—and that Madame Catalani first, and many times afterwards, exhibited the powers of her unrivalled vocalisation, and excited that never-to-be-forgotten burst of patriotic approbation, when pouring out, in triumphant notes, above band and chorus, "Britannia rules the waves!"

After the destruction of the theatre in Queen-street, the Dunlop-street theatre, which latterly afforded two places of amusement, was purchased by Mr. J. H. Alexander, who, having also acquired the patent, commenced its improvement, and re-opened it on the 14th December 1829.\* The following are one or two stanzas taken

\* Mr. John Henry Alexander was born in Dunbar, on the 31st July 1796. He came from Edinburgh to Glasgow, with his father, about the year 1808; and was duly entered with his uncle, the late Mr. Proudfoot, whose shop was at the foot of Candleriggs, with a view to his following the humble calling of a glover and hosier. In this situation he continued for more than twelve months; but, although he performed his work with sufficient diligence, his cleverness as a singer, his natural powers of mimicry, and his general histrionic talent were seeking vent in a different walk. He visited the theatre as often as he could. His reading was almost all dramatic. He soon became the leader of a band of private theatricals, who occasionally astonished the inhabitants of the small villages around Glasgow with their histrionic efforts. From this amateur practice, the transition to the theatrical profession was an easy and natural process; and, when he was only fifteen years of age, he made his first appearance on a regular stage, in the Queen-street theatre, then under the management of Messrs. Bartley and



from the prologue, written for the occasion, by Mr. William Anderson of the *Glasgow Courier*:—

“ And now the stage, too long upon the wane,  
Here, where your fathers met, resumes its reign;  
Here, Young and Kemble charm'd the admiring age;  
Here, Siddons swept, like glory, o'er the stage.  
Within these walls your fathers felt the mind,  
That roused to rapture, and entranced mankind.”

The renewed taste which had gradually sprung up for the public stage, had also excited within the breasts of several of the citizens, at least the younger portion of

Trueman. When only sixteen, he obtained a regular engagement from Harry Johnstone, and made his first appearance in Ayr as *Laertes*, in Shakespere's “*Hamlet*.” From Ayr he returned to Glasgow, and made his debut in the Queen-street theatre, then under the management of Mr. Macready, as *Frank Rochdale*, in “*John Bull*,” and continued till the end of the season playing a variety of business. From Glasgow, he went with Macready to open the Newcastle theatre, and there continued for several seasons. After playing for a certain season at Carlisle and Scarborough, he obtained an engagement from Mr. Murray, at the Edinburgh theatre, where he became a favourite, in such characters as *Dandy Dinmont*, *Pizarro*, *Moustache*, *Timour the Tartar*, &c. After ten years' success on the Scottish metropolitan stage, he went to Aberdeen; whence he rejoined Mr. Murray's establishment, then in Glasgow. Leaving this, he undertook the management of the theatre of Newcastle, then leased by Mr. Decamp, but whose engagements at the Haymarket kept him in London. While at Newcastle, he became the lessee of the Carlisle theatre, and opened it, in 1821, with Mr. Decamp's company, and which he retained for twelve years. He took also the Dumfries theatre; and, after the first season, he made his first managerial essay in Glasgow, in the summer of 1822. This was in the lower part of a comparatively insignificant building, on the site of the present elegant theatre, the upper floor being occupied by a company, under Mr. Seymour. On the destruction of the Theatre Royal in Queen-street in 1829, Mr. Alexander purchased the Dunlop-street theatre at a cost of £5,000, and also the patent for £1,000 more. From that hour he confined his labours exclusively to Glasgow, expending large sums in altering and re-decorating his house, which he wholly rebuilt no fewer than three times, rendering it, at last, one of the most handsome theatres in Great Britain. As an actor, his talents were both good and versatile, having assumed, in his day, almost every character in the histrionic calendar. It was in the delineation of Scottish peculiarities, however, that he shone most conspicuous, having, in such personations as *Dandy Dinmont*, *Caleb*



them, a love for private theatricals. Even during the last century, there were but few parents who permitted their sons and daughters to enact the tragedy of "Douglas," or the Scottish drama of the "Gentle Shepherd;" while, about the commencement of the present century, we remember several distinct bands of private performers who really got up some of the plays of Shakspeare, and more particularly the "Miller of Mansfield" and the "Vintner in the Suds," in a very creditable manner, not forgetting all the adjuncts of scenery, foot-lights, and music. With

*Balderston*, &c. scarcely a rival on the stage. As an able theatrical manager, he has rarely been equalled anywhere, and for energy, activity, and resource, never surpassed. In Glasgow he was, for many years, one of her greatest characters, and, in his own character of *Alick*, none was better known or more talked of. The theatrical profession preserve many racy anecdotes of his odd and striking sayings; but, in addition to his wit and humour, he had qualities of sterling worth. Though, in his dealings with others, he was by some accounted keen and parsimonious, he never swerved from the path of honour and honesty. Amid a difficult and arduous life, he still preserved a spotless moral character, redeemed four theatres from bankruptcy, and bequeathed to his family, as the result of nearly forty years of Herculean labour, a handsome competency. Mr. Alexander died in December 1851, and was buried in the Necropolis, where a handsome monument, raised by his indefatigable and kind-hearted partner and mother of his children, marks the spot where his ashes are laid, and on which is inscribed the following true and touching epitaph, from the pen, we believe, of Mr. James Hedderwick, Editor of the *Glasgow Citizen*:—

"Fallen is the curtain! the last scene is o'er!  
The favourite Actor treads life's stage no more!  
Oft lavish plaudits from the crowd he drew,  
And laughing eyes confess'd his humour true.  
But let Thalia here her vigil keep,  
And learn with sad Melpomene to weep:  
No mimic woe now claims a fleeting tear—  
The tragic end of all his toils is here.  
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!  
Full many parts he play'd; yet, to the end,  
His best were those of Husband, Father, Friend."



the progress of the century, the love for this pastime seems to have increased;\* for we find that, in the year 1828, this species of entertainment—which was at one time so liberally patronised by the early sovereigns of England, and so fondly practised by its gay and gallant aristocracy—was successfully exhibited in the mansion of a gentleman living in the neighbourhood and intimately connected with Glasgow. We allude to a temporary stage which was tastefully erected in the dining-room of Craigend Castle, at that time possessed by Mr. James Smith, and to the histrionic talents of a fashionable party of amateurs of the “sock and buskin,” who were assembled in that hospitable house, to enact “How to Shy Her,”† a five-act comedy, written for the occasion by Mr. Alexander Dunlop of Clober, who, with the spirit of an Alfieri, played the hero of his own piece, and received as many plaudits from the gay group of listeners who crowded the boxes and pit of the elegant saloon, as had been bestowed on the poet of Asti by the pope, the princes, and cardinals who attended the private representation of “Saul.” The drama thus introduced

\* When scarcely fourteen years of age, we were connected with a private party of theatricals, who performed several pieces before select audiences. The theatre, which was fitted up in an empty house in Stockwell-street, had several scenes, such as a wood, a chamber, a street, a prison, &c. The late Mr. Elias Gibb, in order to encourage our youthful histrionic endeavours, wrote an excellent prologue for our opening night, which took place about the end of the year 1809.

† The play of “How to Shy Her, or a Peep at the Moors,” was printed in Glasgow in 1828. It indicates neither much originality nor talent, for while the author has been tolerably successful in the delineation of his low grotesque characters, speaking in the true Scottish vernacular, and generally in the whole dialogue; still, whenever he introduces verses, which he frequently does, these never rise beyond those of Sternhold and Hopkins, and would disgrace a boy without a beard.



into private society, created, at the time, no little gossip and some little squeamishness, upon the part of those who were accustomed to breathe a pure Calvinistic atmosphere; but, upon the whole, the practical result of introducing theatricals into the domestic circle, was felt to be productive of no more injury to public morals or private delicacy, than any other recreation incident to our social intercourse. To all lovers of the histrionic art, it must never be forgotten that, to a private theatre and to private actors, the drama owes as much as to the public stage and to hired players. The Italian comedy might, perhaps, never have existed, had it not been fostered by the princes, the marquises, the counts, and even the cardinals of past ages. The French theatre, too, is equally indebted for its progress to the taste of its monarchs, and the passion of its nobility for private *spectacles*. While the British drama might very probably have remained in a state little removed from the mere pageantry of the mask, had not Thalia been welcomed at Windsor, and the Arundels, Cliffords, and Howards, of former days, been proud to "saw the air" as her votaries. Many of our earliest plays, indeed, were written for the temporary proscenium of some private mansion; and not a few of the latest successful efforts of the dramatic muse were first enacted by private performers.

It was about the period when a better feeling towards the drama in Glasgow had sprung up—when the theatre had become a more popular place of resort than it had been, and was consequently patronised by the then more early dining notables of the City—and when, for



these substantial reasons, it was the interest of the manager to bring from London a constant succession of all that was great on the Metropolitan stage, that there arose a Club, which, from the circumstance of its nightly board being open to the stars of the "sock and buskin," became at once, and continued long to be, one of the most celebrated and attractive of all the social conclaves in Glasgow. The CLUB to which we allude was known by the title of the WHAT-YOU-PLEASE, and commenced its sittings about the year 1798. We may truly say, of this wide-spread brotherhood, that it really boasted all the good qualities of the true English Club, stretching forth the hand of fellowship to every honest and respectable man, who had an idle hour to spare and grudged not to throw his mite of mirth into the general fund of merriment. It was a Club without any stringent laws, save the code which is imprinted on the heart of every gentleman, and free of every penalty save that which an extra draught of pleasure invariably will exact. It was a Club without any obligation on time or limit to enjoyment; and was, in a word, one which realised, in all its transactions and all its nightly conviviality, the truth of its well known appellation, the What-you-please.\*

The originator of this once most social brotherhood

\* The leading law was, that any gentleman desirous of becoming a member must be proposed one night, and the next night, if found worthy, he was admitted; and scarcely in any case was a candidate refused membership. The next and most important law was, that no man was permitted to ring the bell, if not ordered to do so by the president; and if infringed, a penalty of a bowl of punch was the consequence. From the impetuous love of bell-ringing exemplified by the members, there was thus occasionally more punch obtained from fines than what the members could well swallow at a sitting.



was a Doctor Drumgold, who occupied, at that period, the situation of inspecting medical officer of the Glasgow recruiting district—a situation which, in those warlike days, was certainly no sinecure, though, from its being so, necessarily poured some supplementary cash into his pay-pocket. Busily employed, no doubt, as the Doctor must have been, in examining and passing his recruits during the forenoon, he naturally resolved to have the evenings to himself; and as he perhaps wisely judged that, for a bachelor, there was no better mode of obtaining the news and gossip of the town, than by a reunion of talkative companions round a comfortable board, with somewhat thereon to wash down the conversation, he, along with some of his brother officers of the recruiting corps, resolved to parade every night, as the clock struck eight, in a comfortable tavern, situated near the head of the west side of Saltmarket-street, which not long afterwards was exchanged for several others, and lastly was transferred to Henderson's Oyster-house, at the south end of the Candleriggs, then the most fashionable rendezvous for the lovers of *Pandores* and other shellfish.

Although this Club was at first wholly composed of military gentlemen, it was not long before it became patent to civilians, and, as we have already hinted, soon afterwards to the *stars* and leading performers of the theatre. Of the civilians who became, from time to time, members of this wide-spreading fraternity, we may only say that, while a few might be put in the category of sedate, sober-minded, married men, still the greater bulk of the brotherhood belonged to the class which the



French call *garçons volages*—to that class, in fact, who really loved fun and frolic, jest and song, *gegger*y and gossip, and who, moreover, were bound neither by their conscience, nor their inclination, nor their domestic arrangements, to be at home at what was in those days still known as “elders’ hours.” It was a Club, too, which knew no *unlawful* days in the week; and, consequently, no obstacle was offered to any of the brotherhood meeting from June to January, or from January to June. But perhaps the most striking peculiarity attributable to the What-you-please conclave, was the varied hour at which special groups were in the habit of arriving at or of leaving the Club-room. The more sedate were always at their post by eight; others belonging to the regular dining-out party did not arrive till ten. Theatrical gentlemen could not appear before the curtain had fallen; while the youthful “peep of day boys” were looking in long after the chairman had risen and paid his *shot*, and a successor had assumed the seat of honour. In this Club, therefore, one was always sure to find a companion at any hour, and on any evening before “the wee short hour ayont the twal.” From the Club-room having attained, in the course of time—certainly not at first—this continuous yet changeful character, it became ultimately patronised by all the *beaux esprits* of the town, who made it a sort of fashionable *finish* to each day’s pleasurable duties.

Of the father of the What-you-please, Doctor Drumgold, it may be truly affirmed, that never was an individual better calculated, from buoyancy of spirit, good temper, and unaffected loquacity, to become the nucleus



of such a numerous and mixed fraternity, as this Club so speedily became. To many excellent social qualities, he added a strong love of *crambo*, and had a salutation in rhyme, on every possible occasion, for all who ever came within the boundaries of the Club sanctum. The fact is, he seemed to have the rhyming dictionary at his tongue end, for never was he at a loss to find a couplet for the oddest names in the Directory. As a proof of this, he was wont to say—

“ Pray, good Mr. Milligan,  
Take off your glass, and fill again; ”

a call which the worthy member, we believe, scarcely ever required to be made so broad as instantly to obey.

Among the early members of the What-you-please, was the well-known, and at that period much *feted*, Mr. Lingham—a bluff, good-looking, English commercial traveller, since more celebrated for his love of eating than for his success in the calling in which he was ostensibly engaged.\* Like the famous Italian priest who sent his servant before him to find out the best wine, and on doing so to write on the house the cabalistic word “ *Est*, ” in order that he might really know where to stop, so as to drink freely and safely; so also did the gormandising Lingham, when trotting his steed over Scotland and the north of England, in search of customers, ever keep his eyes wide awake to any luxury which he might espy; and no sooner did he discover that something peculiarly nice could be had at this or that public-house, than he would at once pull up, send his horse to the stable, and delay

\* It appears that Mr. Lingham was present at a grand dinner of the Club, in Mrs. Porteous’s tavern, on 23d September 1808.



his journey till his expectations were fully gratified. As a proof of this, it has been stated that his love, or rather mania, for sucking pig was so strong, that he absolutely remained at a country inn, where there was a litter just ready for the spit, ay and until he had finished the whole family of young porkers! When in Glasgow, he was a constant attender at the What-you-please, and it may be easily believed that his *pleasure* never showed itself by choosing the worst thing in the house. In the days when he carried a heavier purse than he latterly did, he showed a particular fondness for oysters, served up in every possible way; and to his culinary skill the gourmand owes the delicious *plat des huitres à la Lingham*,\* which Henderson once called, and Glasgow in its present vulgate now designates, "Linghamed oysters." How many a board of Pandores has tickled the gullet of this prince of oyster-eaters! How many expiring *natives* found a ready grave in Lingham's stomach! But oysters, Heaven knows! are not for a poor man's every-day eating; and, consequently, when inattention to business had in a great measure deprived our over-gentlemanly bagman of being invited, as he was wont at one time to be, to the tables of many respectable persons in the City, and when the means of indulging in the expensive luxury of shell-fish had failed, he had recourse to many strange modes for obtaining a dinner. When unsuccessful in his prandial dodge, which, latterly, was too often the case, he sought solace to his greedy appetite, by taking an

\* It is said that the Emperor Domitian, when talking of culinary matters, cried out, "Oh, my friends, there is really nothing like *petit patés*!" This exclamation has made that dish immortal, and why should not "*des huitres à la Lingham*" render its author immortal too?



early supper of tripe at the What-you-please, which, from the quantity he swallowed, proved, alas! for the poor landlord, anything but a profit. If there be any truth in Phrenology, it may be truly affirmed of Lingham that there were but few men who could boast of a larger bump of *Alimentiveness* than he. To satisfy the craving which this bump excited, he had recourse, during the latter days of his career, to many expedients to raise means for its gratification; and, among others, he issued a proposal to publish a couple of volumes, under the title of "My Saddle-bags," which, however, never proceeded farther than the subscription paper, and the payment to himself of the money. With the proceeds, he contrived to eat on a little longer than he might otherwise have done, till at length poor Lingham got the cold shoulder at the Club, and no shoulder at home; and, in the course of a few years thereafter, he took his last journey, with his unwritten "Saddle-bags," to that country from which "no traveller returns," leaving, however, behind him a culinary fame which may keep his name longer in remembrance than the great mass of his more frugal, more active, and less gluttonous Club companions.\*

During the long career of the What-you-please—a

\* The following curious minute of the Club is inserted in the records, dated 15th October 1807:—"Messrs. Lingham, Tait, Ewing, and M'Nair bet two bowls each that Wood gains his bet with Barclay. Messrs. Boden, Dunlop, Campbell, and Boyd Dunlop the contrary;" and by the minute of 17th October, we find "that it having been made public by the newspapers that Barclay had gained his bet, the losing party have agreed to pay their bet, but provided that there has been no collusion between the parties, in which case the winning party engage to refund the losers." There is more ignorance than caution exhibited in this minute. The crown bowls



career which lasted at least from twenty-five to thirty years—there never was, perhaps, a Club established in Glasgow which more successfully fulfilled the objects of its formation. Within its magic circle,\* attracting, as it did, so many of our gay and gallant citizens, there was ever the best feeling maintained; for, although, in the wordy war of wit and humour, evolved by not unfrequent libations, which sometimes led to thoughtless passion, there were many combatants, still, such was the dominant spirit of the society, that there

of punch were accordingly paid by the losers on the evening of the 17th. By a minute dated 26th October 1807, 12 o'clock P. M., we have some idea of the drinking powers of the members at that period:—"This evening, upon the bill being called in, it appeared that seven crown bowls had been discussed; and as five crown bowls and one-half appear to have been the amount of bets, there is a deficiency of one crown bowl and one-half, which falls upon the members present (the losers excepted) to discharge."

\* The following are a few of the leading members, in addition to the host of military honorary members, who regularly attended the Club from 1805 to 1809:—

Mr. Thomas Orr, afterwards of Tobago.	Mr. W. G. Park.	Mr. George Lawson.
" John Murdoch Robertson.	" Charles Todd.	" G. Hamilton, Jun.
" Robert Marshall.	" Thomas Hopkirk.	" Boyd Dunlop.
" Hugh Moody.	" James Haldane.	" Robert Taylor.
" David Pattison.	" Thomas Arthur.	" John Loudon.
" John Miller Ewing.	" James Tassie.	" John Aitken.
" William Tait.	" Wm. Robertson.	" John Wardlaw.
" Robert Robertson.	" John M'Nair.	" John M'Lean.
" M. B. Simpson.	" Robert Gray.	" — Macbeth.
" George Foster.	" John Brown, Yst.	" John Melville.
" Archibald Lamont of Robroyston.	" Adam Bald.	" Hugh Hamilton.
" Andrew Smith.	" William Shand.	" Robert Lindsay.
" M. Lingham.	" James Milligan.	" J. Pattison, Jun.
" William Jack.	" James Graham.	" John Hinshaw.
" Colin Currie.	" Stewart Smith.	" Mathew Buchanan.
" Dr. Rich. Millar.	" Richard Gillespie.	" Alexander Garden.
" Thomas Arnot.	" John Gillies.	" Alex. Muirhead.
" Robert Garden.	" William Scott.	" Arch. Hamilton.
" William Corbet.	" John Austin.	" George Buchanan.
" Robert Mayne.	" T. Hamilton, Jun.	" Wm. Hamilton.
" Bruce Dennistoun.	" Archibald Lang.	" — Boden.
	" Andrew Ranken.	" J. L. Reiss.
	" Charles Foster.	" Edward Gilchrist.
	" A. W. Shand.	" &c. &c. &c.



never existed a quarrel more than was easily soldered up by an additional glass of grog, or by a happy joke from the chairman. Perhaps this peculiarly peaceful attribute of the fraternity it owed to its early admixture of military men with civilians, and the necessarily useful control on the tongue, which at that time military etiquette happily enjoined. Even long after the period when Dr. Drumgold was called away from Glasgow, to fulfil more important medical duties elsewhere, was this Club found a favourite rendezvous of the recruiting officers of the district, and also of the bachelor officers in the barracks; and hence there was always a gentlemanly spirit infused into the whole proceedings of the brotherhood, even up to the latest hour of the sederunt.\*

Of the opinions of the brotherhood, who thus assembled nightly to talk over the affairs of the country and city, it is perhaps enough to say, that although the generality were fully imbued with the dominant Tory feelings of the times, there were a few among their number who occasionally had the courage to dispute the wondrous

\* Among the hundreds of colonels, majors, captains, lieutenants, and surgeons of the army elected honorary members of the Club, we find, from the following minute of 7th April 1809, that the present able Convener of the County of Banff was admitted:—"Robert Mayne, Esq. proposed Harry Lumsden of Auchindoir an honorary member of the Club," who was unanimously admitted on the 10th April. The following historical minute also appears on the 31st July of the same year:—"This day the 3d and 5th Regiments of Lanarkshire Local Militia, lately the Anderston and Trades' Corps of Volunteers, completed their training by carting their field-officers through the streets of Glasgow in post-chaises drawn by men. Some of the carriages were stuck round by flambeaux, and his Majesty's colours were carried in front by armed men. The Duke of Montrose had the day before complimented these corps on their very soldierlike appearance." It is recorded also in the Club minutes that, "on the 30th May 1809, the snow on the ground was six inches deep, yea even on the streets."



“wisdom of our ancestors”—a doctrine at that time much in the ascendant. As a special example of their love for the Scottish Toryism of the day, it may be mentioned, that the Club, on hearing of the acquittal of Lord Melville, at once ordered the illumination of their Club-room, which was done in the most brilliant and effective manner. In this tallow-destroying expression of admiration and satisfaction, the Club appears to have frequently indulged, during the many years they met in Mrs. Porteous’s in the Saltmarket, in Mrs. Elmslie’s in King-street, and in Henderson’s (opposite the Guard-house) in Candleriggs; and while, by doing so, they certainly pleased themselves and flattered their own vanity, they at the same time always succeeded in exciting the astonishment of the more juvenile portion of the public. There was one sentiment, however, in which all the members were agreed, and that was, a patriotic love of their country, united to a feeling of gratitude towards any one who had done the country service. From their minutes, we find that a pretty large sum was first subscribed towards the erection of the monument to Lord Nelson on the Green, and thereafter towards the iron railing which surrounds it. A handsome sum was also contributed by the brotherhood towards the statue of Sir John Moore, while their generosity was frequently shown in considerable donations to the Royal Infirmary.

In perusing the curious records of the What-you-please Club, while one cannot but be struck with the ever recurring evidence that a playful irony was the characteristic of their nightly meetings, he will, at the same time, find that even the chairman himself was not



safe from the *geggery* to which all were subjected. It was when Mr. Thomas Orr sat for some time as perpetual president—in the handsome chair which, with certain other pieces of furniture, had been specially made by Messrs. Cleland & Jack for the use of the fraternity—that no little disturbance arose on that gentleman discovering that some unknown member had appended to his signature of the former night's minute the title of *Kilbuckie*. Whether the epithet had or had not any occult meaning practically applicable to the president, it is impossible now to tell; but certain it is, that the Club at least testified their displeasure against the culprit, by fining him, “if ever discovered,” in two bowls of punch; on which Mr. Orr enters in the minutes the following lines:—

“Whoe'er wrote Kilbuckie under my name,  
Does himself little credit, and I lose little fame;  
Kilbuckie's a title I do not well know,  
Reflects on your wisdom—like mine, 'tis so so.  
I support a great title, the head of this Club,  
The members themselves did me President dub;  
You're a member, 'tis true, but don't me attack,  
The title you gave me, recoils on your back:  
On your back, have I said? it should have been on your head,  
For the censure you'll never get over till dead!”\*

In addition to the excitement of the punch bowl and the tidbits from the kitchen, the Club-room offered likewise the sole use of two Glasgow newspapers, which were got for the special delectation of the members—the papers selected being the *Courier* and the *Journal*, at that time in the heyday of their popularity. It

\* Mr. Thomas Orr soon after went to Tobago. Previous to his leaving Glasgow, the brotherhood, on the 22d October 1807, presented him with a charter to hold a What-you-please-Club in that island, under the annual tribute of sending a turtle to the mother Club.



appears, also, that as a peculiar safeguard against any *ungentlemanlike* conduct, the Club, on the 11th May 1809, purchased a pair of pistols, powder, and ball, which, so far as known, lay long quite undisturbed in the armoury, clearly testifying, that although many of the honorary members hailed from the Emerald Isle, none of them, fortunately, seemed to have inherited the ruling passion of Sir Lucius O'Trigger!

Among the many attractions already mentioned, which the What-you-please nightly presented to its numerous members, there was none, as we have hinted, so great as the occasional companionship of the gentlemen of the theatre. Here it was the invariable practice for those gentlemen, who elsewhere were chary of their talents, to cast aside all professional etiquette and throw their mite into the treasury of the evening's hilarity, by at once volunteering some of their best and most racy songs. Many a time and oft, within the circle of this Club, has Jack Bannister raised the loud and uproarious guffaw; while Charles Incledon made each member's heart thrill with the music of "Black-eyed Susan," or drew forth a tear with the tender notes of "Poor Tom Bowling." Frequently, too, has John Sinclair here dashed off one or two of the melodies of the "Beggar's Opera;" while Mathews has made the roof ring with the horn of his famous "Mail Coach;" and though last, certainly not least, has Irish Johnston electrified his audience with "I was the boy for bewitching 'em." It was on such occasions, that the Club-room was ever found full to overflowing, and that the members invariably forgot either to look at their watches, or listen to the chimes of the clock. At such



moments, no doubt, all present must have felt how true it is that

“ Time, like a pitiless master,  
Cries, ‘ onward,’ and spurs the gay hours :  
Ah never does Time travel faster  
Than when his way lies among flowers ! ”

And, even when the parting bumper was quaffing, all agreed that

“ The sweetness that pleasure has in it,  
Is always so slow to come forth,  
That seldom, alas ! till the minute  
It dies, do we know half its worth ! ” \*

The What-you-please Club may be said to have attained its grand climacteric about the year 1810 or 1812, and continued to be well patronised for at least ten or fifteen years thereafter. About this time, Mr. William Tait, of newspaper-printing and Lyceum notoriety, and who was better known by the soubriquet of *Billy Types*, was then looked upon as the load-star of the fraternity. Almost every night, when in Glasgow, did this anecdotal gentleman, about eight o'clock, take his accustomed chair at the board ; and, by his bland and courteous demeanour, he did much to keep the more youthful and spirited members in order. He was a fellow, if not, like Yorick, of “ infinite wit and most excellent fancy,” at least of good manners, and bung-full of innocent fun. He was a man replete with fine feelings and the gentlemanly bearing of the good old school of French society, before it had been seethed of its *politesse* by the Revolution. Mr. Tait had, in fact, passed some of his early years in France and Holland ;

\* By a minute, we find that Messrs. Foote, Carleton, and Trueman were present on the 12th January 1809.



and, unlike most of his countrymen, had largely benefited by his foreign residence, returning home a more polished and a better man than when he left his native City. In consequence of his polite and agreeable manners, he was, in his earlier days, a welcome visitor at many of the best tables of the City; but, latterly, from the loss of departed friends and accumulating years, he was enabled to devote more evenings to the Club than he was once able to afford. The fact is, that Club habits became more and more congenial to his taste, and he latterly felt it to be almost a sin to allow a night to close without visiting the What-you-please. Being a sworn bachelor, though by no means blind to the fascinations of the fair sex, his ambition was limited; for we have often heard him say, when, like many others more grasping, he was comfortably seated in the "wishing chair," that his highest desire was to have a pound note placed every morning on his breakfast table!

From the circumstance of Mr. Tait being for many years justly regarded as the nightly nucleus of the What-you-please, the Club in the course of time ran the risk of losing its original name. In honour of the chairman, some of the youthful supporters began to call it the "Tête-à-tête;" and some time afterwards it was dubbed the "Finish," and the "New." Under these various epithets the Club struggled on for some time, but at length, like many other *alias's*, its good name became blighted. The older hands gradually became chary of their patronage, and the young ones almost instantly neglected their bantling for something more racy, till the What-you-please, which once boasted more members than



any Club within the sound of St. Mungo's bell, at length dwindled down to something less than a score, and after exchanging its nightly for a weekly meeting, finally gave up the ghost; which obliged more than one of its best supporters to seek refuge from ennui amid the fumes of rum toddy and tobacco in the "Cheap-and-Nasty."

Startle not, fastidious reader, at the designation of a Club, which first held its sittings in the forsaken kitchen of one who claimed an alliance, at least in name, with the valiant Montrose; for, know that the Cheap-and-Nasty had for its supporters not only burgh dignitaries who had been *hatted* and *unhatted*, but justices and ex-justices, bailies and ex-bailies, ay even down to the very functionaries employed in drawing and executing a *mitimus*. Of such a mixed court of *Oyer and Terminer*, it might perhaps be deemed treason to say more than this, that, in spite of the name which it bore, there was no lack of wit and humour amid the puffing of cigars and the rattling of spittoons; and although the room was small and the roof low, still the rum which filled the crystal *timothies* was always found to be a part of Wallace of Kelly's double runnings, and the "soothing weed" the best that Cuba could furnish. For such luxuries, however, the landlord being content to accept of a *shop* not a *tavern* price, it was discovered, ere many years had rolled over, that his trade was not a profitable one. The sale of what teetotallers denominate *poison* was consequently given up; the Club was set adrift; and the worthy Boniface, having asked and obtained from the Corporation the office of a church warden, commenced the lugubrious duty of interring a few of those who may have hastened



their journey to the cemetery through such potations as he was wont to deal in, but far more that had been arrested in life's career through that agency which neither the vegetarian nor the water-drinker can control! One sentence more on the Cheap-and-Nasty, and we have done. Notwithstanding the opprobrious name, which it is believed was bestowed on this Club, not by its own members but by those who had no great admiration for certain rather prominent legal individuals belonging to the conclave, it must not be forgotten that it was in the bosom of this fraternity that Heath and Hopkirk\* received the first idea of the now scarce volume containing those clever west country caricatures which, under the title of the "Northern Looking-Glass," for many months during the year 1825, kept the members of the Police Board in hot water and the citizens in roars of laughter, and contributed not a little by the cutting ridicule of its pictorial illustrations and its literary typography, to arrest the force of the pitiless *muck* which was at that moment running against the character of an excellent public functionary and an old and respectable citizen.†

\* Mr. Heath came to Glasgow, from London, to paint two or three large panoramas, and while here amused himself occasionally in caricaturing the leading follies of the day, as he had previously done in the Metropolis. At that period, lithography was in its infancy in Glasgow—the only press being that belonging to Mr. Hopkirk in George-street, and which was successfully employed in printing the "Northern Looking-Glass." Mr. Hopkirk was the representative of an old and most respectable family, with rather a shattered fortune. He was endowed with an excellent heart and rare natural talents. He possessed a highly cultivated mind and considerable scientific acquirements. He was extensively acquainted with natural history, particularly with botany, and was one of the earliest promoters of the Glasgow Botanic Gardens. He spent the latter years of his life in Ireland, and died there on the 23d of August 1841.

† The late Mr. James Hardie of Lancefield.



GLASGOW FROM 1795 TO 1815—AND THE COUL CLUB.

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HOWEVER much the blessings of peace may advance the substantial interests of a nation, it is nevertheless certain that Glasgow, even during the many miserable drawbacks of the long protracted French war, made unexampled progress, not only in population and wealth, but also in social condition. During the twenty years which preceded the victory of Waterloo—that happily closed the murderous strife which had so long existed between France and Britain, never, it is hoped, to be renewed—the first great step was made in the progress of Glasgow. Previous to that period, the trade and commerce of the City were, comparatively speaking, in the hands of a few enterprising individuals, who were regarded, by the mass of the citizens, with a more than ordinary degree of respect and veneration. While the tobacco trade existed, as we have already seen, the class engaged in this lucrative business was limited, and their position in society was special and prominent. But no sooner had the Virginia lords thrown aside their scarlet cloaks, gold-headed canes, cocked hats, and bushy wigs, and left the field open to the ambition and enterprise of the wider circle of merchants engaged in the growing commercial intercourse with the West Indian Colonies



and foreign countries, than a new order of things began to be developed. Business of all kinds became diffused among the citizens. The two great classes of society, into which the City had been so long divided, gradually disappeared. The merchant and manufacturer were now seen amalgamating; while the strict social barrier, which so long separated the tradesman from the foreign trader, was henceforward swept away, amid the daily intercourse of business men, which, after 1781, had been taking place under the canopy of the public News-room at the Cross. Trade, in fact, was now regarded under a new and more universal phase; and society assumed a more cosmopolitan condition, under a happy amalgamation of all classes. Bear with us, then, kind reader, while we endeavour to chronicle a few of the leading events and peculiarities of those twenty years of progress, as a fitting introduction to the various Club circles of congenial spirits which flourished during that eventful and changeful period.

As a first proof of this onward march of the City, it may be mentioned that the population, in 1795, might be fairly taken at about 70,000; whereas, in 1819, it was 147,000, having more than doubled in four-and-twenty years. With this increase of population, there was consequently a vast increase of building, not only for the accommodation of the increasing inhabitants, but to meet the demands of trade and manufactures. It was now that Glasgow, indeed, first began seriously to break the boundaries of her ancient burgh, and to stretch her streets into a territory free from the incubi of burgh burdens; rendering it at length necessary, in the further



progress of time, to abolish utterly the antiquated obligations on tradesmen, and to extend the municipal limits of the City, under entirely new regulations.\*

During those twenty years, although the private houses externally were very inelegant, the public buildings erected in the City were both numerous and handsome; showing that while domestic habitations, in their exterior aspect unfortunately indicated—as it seemed to be the case everywhere during the war—neither great beauty nor much taste, the architects found, in the public buildings of the day, the means of recording somewhat of both. Indeed, in spite of all the official Vandalism prevalent, and which through ignorant interference with the well-weighed plans of educated architects, tended then as it has at all times done, to destroy public edifices placed under corporate or directorial control, it is satisfactory to think that there were at that time many magnificent and memorable monuments erected in the City. We may merely allude to the Assembly and Concert-rooms in Ingram-street, Hutcheson's Hospital, the Queen-street Theatre (since burned), the Hunterian Museum, St. George's Church and spire, Nelson's Monument, the Gorbals Church and spire, the old

\* From 1795 to 1815, the following streets were opened:—Barrack-street in 1795; North Virginia-street in 1796; Stirling-street and Nelson-street in 1797; Cathcart-street in 1798; M'Alpine, Brown, and Carrick-streets in 1800; Bath, Gordon, Portland, Kent, and Suffolk-streets in 1812; Richmond and St. Vincent-streets in 1804; Stirling-square and Brunswick-place in 1805; South and North Albion streets in 1808; West St. Vincent-street in 1809; St. George's-place in 1810; Dundas-street in 1812; Great Hamilton-street in 1813; and M'Farlane-street in 1815; while all the other streets and lanes in the City underwent, particularly in the shop department, numerous important alterations.



Lunatic Asylum (now the Town's Hospital),\* the new Court-houses and Jail at the Green,† and the Roman Catholic Chapel in Clyde-street; in all of which the peculiar genius of Hamilton, Starke, and Gillespie Graham appear abundantly conspicuous.

While these architectural specimens of the taste of the period were being consecutively erected, other important works were likewise commenced or continued, tending to impel the onward progress of Glasgow. Among these were, the increased deepening of the river Clyde, and the extension of the harbour of the Broomielaw—the introduction of water into the City, by the Glasgow and Cranstonhill Companies—the formation of the Ardrossan Canal—the great extension of a better system of sewerage and a better paving of the streets—and, above all, the practical application of steam to the impelling of vessels. These, with other economic matters, such as the establishment of a new bank, and of new agencies of those established elsewhere—the discovery and application of the power-loom, by Mr. John Monteith—the establishment of the Bandana printing, by Messrs. Henry Monteith, Bogle, & Co.—the introduction of the manufacture of cudbear and other chemical products, by Messrs. George M'Intosh & Co. and of vitriol, bleaching-powder, &c. by Messrs. Charles Tennant & Co.—and the increasing development which the power of steam had not only given to the coal trade,

\* On the 12th December 1809, the Corporation subscribed £500 towards this Asylum.

† The cost of these buildings, to the Corporation, were little less than £40,000.



but towards the first establishment of the manufacture of iron,—all tended to accelerate that onward progress which has since rendered Glasgow one of the first mercantile Cities in the world. Increasing wealth and increasing capital necessarily followed in the wake of this mighty advancement; and, in their train, increasing social comfort and luxury.

Hence, during the twenty years which ran their course from 1795 to 1815, there was, perhaps, a greater change observable in the social condition of Glasgow, than for any twenty years that ever occurred before or since. The change was one, too, that indicated a vast improvement in the condition of the whole inhabitants, permeating as it did, all the varied circles into which the growing City was then, as it has since, been divided. As a leading improvement, it may be stated, that every class lived in a better house, and, what is more, had their houses better furnished than formerly. Receptions in bed-rooms, by any pretending to keep company, were abandoned entirely; while dinner parties, to which ladies were invited, became more frequent. The drawing-room ceased to be disgraced, as it was wont too frequently to be, with the presence of intoxicated men; nor were such any longer seen staggering from the dining-room, with “tongues unable to take up the cumbrous word,” when called upon by the hostess to declare whether they preferred tea to coffee! The fact is, that drinking to excess had gradually become less and less fashionable; and the too common occurrence of finding half a dozen of the guests, at every dinner party, borne away home, by some of their more potent companions, in a state almost approaching to



speechlessness and insensibility, became more and more rare, until the abettors of this over-bibacious fashion entirely disappeared from the scene. If we would indeed contrast the drinking socialities of the close of the last century with those which prevailed after the peace purchased by Waterloo, the improvement would appear most striking. Instead of the great mass of the shopkeepers and other tradesmen of the City, as we have seen, invariably settling their business matters over forenoon potations, the thing became almost unknown, or was at least outwardly unpractised; while the open exhibition of intemperance, on the part of men in respectable stations, and which formerly produced neither a damning effect on their business reputation, nor on their character as gentlemen, was not only abandoned, but, if met with, was looked upon as an offence against good manners, and was invariably visited by certain banishment from all reputable society.

If serious drinking was seen gradually to diminish during the period we are sketching, it is also certain that profane swearing became more and more rare. Oaths which, in the eighteenth century, were wont to be used as a seasoning to the common parlance of every social assembly, and, what is more, distinguished particularly the naval and military vocabulary, were every year less and less heard; till at length the use of such gross and indecent epithets, as are to be met with in the colloquies of Fielding, Smollett, and other writers of these days, came to be regarded as serious blemishes in the character and manners of a gentleman.

With the abandonment of drinking and swearing, the



dining-room became earlier deserted, and the drawing-room more early peopled; the piano-forte was patronised at the expense of the punch-bowl—the song and the glee displaced the endless round of toasts and proverbs—and the innocent hilarity of the reel and country dance was exchanged for the uproarious excitement which had but too frequently ended in rendering “the pavement faithless to the fuddled foot!” An apparent approval of temperance seemed at that time, also, to have reached even the members of the Corporation, who, in earlier days, certainly exhibited no great anxiety about limiting their own libations to spring water; for on 12th November 1812, they agreed to the following very grave, but, at the same time, very necessary minute: “No council-officer, town-officer, water-officer, harbour-master, or officer connected with the Corporation, shall, in future, be allowed to keep a tavern or public-house.”

While the general community were thus improving in many of the socialities of private life, they were not insensible to amusements of a public nature. The stage, dancing and card assemblies, and gentlemen’s subscription concerts were all patronised and enjoyed. The result was, the erection of the elegant theatre in Queen-street and the handsome Assembly-rooms in Ingram-street. The public assemblies, during the period we are now attempting to illustrate, were held, during the winter months, once a-week, alternately for dancing and cards; while there were at least half a dozen first-rate concerts given during the season, to which the company always turned out in full dress. A young lady had thus every opportunity of showing off her face and figure to



the best advantage, amid either the enlivening blaze of the ball, or the more sober splendour of the high-class concert; while those strangers who were permitted to mingle, at these elegant reunions, with the fashionable groups who lolled on the sofas or threaded the ranges of stuffed forms, not unfrequently found load-stars there, which did not allow them either to forget or to forsake Glasgow! Private oyster and dancing parties were also greatly in vogue, and of frequent occurrence, in the Star Inn, Black Bull Ball-room, and the Tontine; in short, there was a gaiety and life among the young people, and even among the old, of those happy days, altogether at antipodes to the staid and gloomy *platform* pastimes which take place in City or Merchant Halls at the present moment.\*

During the first decade of the present century, and for some time thereafter, it is certain that a more Catholic spirit prevailed among the religious community of our City, than at an earlier period or at the present day. Ministers of all denominations readily and cordially held counsel together, for the furtherance of every philanthropic and Christian object, and threw aside for the hour their ecclesiastical differences, for the noble purpose of aiding every good and beneficent cause. The establishment and success of the Bible and other missionary societies in the City, at once showed the value of these united Christian efforts, and tended, besides, to break down those social antipathies which are

\* In 1798, when the Assembly-rooms (now converted into an Athenæum and news-room) were first opened, the company consisted of 370 ladies and gentlemen. In 1799 the Queen's assembly was attended by 460.



so apt to be engendered and upheld through the selfish spirit of *competing* creeds.\*

During this period, too, with the increasing population, there was more than the usual increase of dissent. The truth is, a more decided idea of Evangelism, than had been generally preached by the pastors of the Kirk of Scotland, began to take possession of the public mind; and, consequently, where that peculiarity of faith was most insisted on—as was always the case in the pulpits of the Independent and Burgher Churches—it is not difficult to account for the number of proselytes which these bodies severally obtained.† While dissent was thus extending, and, what is better, its ministers were most handsomely rewarded by their voluntary flocks, it appears plain, from the Council minutes, that the pastors of the Establishment had not much to complain of from the Corporation on the score of stipend. In the course of little more than eighteen years, the stipends of the whole City clergy had been four times augmented, even in the face of a very long and able protest, made by the late Mr. Robert Findlay in 1801, founded on the state of the town's finances.‡

Amid the increasing comfort which Established church-

\* The London Bible Society was instituted in March 1804, and on the 6th July of that year, Mr. David Dale remitted £384:18s.1d. to the parent Society; while Mr. Dale's own family made a present of 500 Arabic Bibles, value £375, exclusive of £50 annually.

† To meet the wants of the increasing Independents for church accommodation, the circus in Jamaica-street was fitted up as a chapel, and opened, in 1799, for Mr. Greville Ewing; while, a few years thereafter, a chapel was built for Dr. Ralph Wardlaw.

‡ The first addition was made 12th May 1796, and was £35; the second on 4th September 1801, was £50; the third on 24th May 1808, was £50;



goers obtained from the lately improved character of all the places of public worship in the City, and which pastors also enjoyed from advancing incomes, there was one thing connected with the whole ecclesiastical establishments, except, perhaps, the Episcopalians and Methodists, which remained a crying evil, to all at least who had the bump of Time and Tune developed in their crania, and that was, the state of the psalmody. The “giving out of the line,” as it was called—which in earlier days was absolutely necessary from the want of Bibles, and from ignorance, on the part of many hearers, of even the alphabet—was still unnecessarily practised in some of what were called the more *orthodox* kirks, where, especially, there also appeared to be a strong liking for vocal discord. It is easy to conceive how the immediate followers of John Knox, in their hatred of greasy monks and their detestation of Popery and its mummeries, should consider the Gregorean Chaunt, when sung by a chapter, or an accompanied madrigal, when echoed by a choir, to be little less than sacrilege. It can also be understood how the stern Covenanters, in the midst of the determined and fearful

and the fourth on 3d March 1814, was £100. Mr. Findlay’s protest, in 1801, against the augmentation was founded on the following state of the City Funds at that time:—

	Income.				Expenditure.			
1796,.....	£8,325	19	2	....	£13,542	2	2	
1797,.....	8,943	4	8	....	9,832	4	0	
1798,.....	8,668	7	7	....	10,475	15	3	
1799,.....	9,296	2	0	....	10,141	19	3	
1800,.....	9,817	12	3	....	11,199	4	9	

showing a deficiency, during five years, of £10,139 : 19s. 9d.—*Council Minutes.*



conflict which they so nobly maintained with the bloody combatants for Prelacy, should have regarded the organ as an instrument of Satan, and the responses of the Litany as little less than profanation. But when the combat about creeds and essentials had been settled, and when peace had been established, and every man was permitted to worship his Creator according to his own version of the Sacred Volume, it certainly does appear strange that that glorious art, which almost from the beginning of time has been used to aid and to excite devotional feeling—that art, which of all others man feels best calculated for pouring forth praises to Him who made men capable of praising him—that art, which in all ages and in all churches has been made the vehicle of the penitent's woe and of the Redeemer's exaltation, should have so long remained, in this the land of our habitation, the land, too, so famous for its secular music—to be so little cherished, nay, so long and so shamefully neglected. If the Creator has given us voices whereby we can approach perfection in the execution of secular music, why should we not strain every nerve to sound with equal perfection the praises of Jehovah? Why should not the psalmody of our churches be at least equal to the music of our drawing-rooms? Why, in fine, should not the united voices of Christians be as *harmonious* in their praises as, it is hoped, they are in their prayers?

Whether it was that some such sentiments as those we have just hazarded were beginning to be entertained by almost all the more enlightened and less bigoted citizens, touching the improvement of the church music of



Glasgow, it is at least certain that, in the year 1806, a bold attempt was made by Dr. Ritchie, of St. Andrew's Church, backed by the whole of his fashionable and intelligent congregation, to obtain the use of an organ, as an accompaniment to the church psalmody. The proposal was brought in regular form before the Heritors, by a memorial addressed to the Magistrates and Council, who—knowing full well the intolerant spirit that has too frequently characterised the West of Scotland, and rendered it ever a prey to over-zealous churchmen—refused to give any deliverance thereon, until a guiding report could be obtained on the matter from their then new and able legal adviser, Mr. Reddie. Before, however, the opinion of the cautious Assessor could be got, some bigoted and gossiping councillor noised abroad the sacrilegious project, which immediately roused the intolerant spirit of the Glasgow Presbytery, who at once saw, in this reform, the most insidious and fatal of all engines to destroy the venerable Kirk of Scotland. The *tender* conscience of the redoubtable Mr. Lapslie of Campsie was at once stung—the *unimaginative* brain of Dr. Rennie of Kilsyth was at once on fire—and the soft and placid tempered Mr. M'Lean of Gorbals was absolutely roused to frenzy. The “Church in danger” was now the clerical cry, and the cry was made loud enough to excite not only a commotion throughout the whole Presbyterian district, but an angry discussion at every tea and dinner table in the City. Every old tabby in the town was heard lamenting the deep degeneracy of modern times, and whistling through her false teeth anathemas against the emulators of “*whistling kirks*,” while good religious men, who knew



much better, were unhappily seen pandering to the vulgar prejudices of the moment.

At length the First Town-Clerk laid his long and well-concocted opinion on the Council table, in which he stated that, while he personally had no possible objections to, nay, rather approved of the introduction of the organ into church worship, he, at the same time, as the legal adviser of the Corporation, must counsel the Magistrates neither to interfere in nor consider the matter in question, ay, and until the sanction of the Ecclesiastical Court be obtained for such an innovation in the public worship of the Kirk of Scotland. It may be easily supposed that the advice given was most greedily adopted, by a Council who had each totally distinct views on the subject, and the consequence was that Dr. Ritchie's memorial lay on the table without any official answer.\*

\* The following is an excerpt from the able Memorial of the Minister and Congregation of St. Andrew's, to the Magistrates and Council of Glasgow, as heritors of the parish:—

“ We are fully persuaded that, in the execution of our plan, we violate no law, either of the Church or of the State. We give no offence to the prejudices of our people, for the congregation are all of one mind. We bring no new burden on the Heritors, for the whole of the expense we bind ourselves to defray. We prescribe no rule of conduct to others; we only adopt what we think and what we feel to be for our own edification. We encroach on no sacred privilege—no civil right of any man or body of men in the kingdom. Acting thus within the limits of the law of the land, of the laws of the Church, and of the obligations of good neighbourhood, we cannot entertain a doubt that our scheme shall not only be permitted but encouraged by our enlightened Heritors, who, we know, are ambitious of promoting every rational improvement—who will observe, with pleasure, our attempt to advance in the knowledge and practice of psalmody—and will gladly concur in the endeavour to rescue our national character from the reproach of having almost entirely neglected the celebration of sacred music. Our Heritors, the Magistrates of one of the first commercial Cities of Europe, will thus give new evidence to mankind that the genius of Commerce is not the contracted spirit of hostility to the Liberal Arts, but the enlivening sun of Science, dispelling, in its progress, the gloomy fogs of prejudice, that have too long benumbed the energies and restrained the feelings of our country. Glasgow has the honour of having first made the public proposal of introducing into one of its churches the most perfect of musical instruments, and of employing it for the generous purpose of tuning



In the course of time, however, the lovers of harmony showed that they were not to be baulked by the abettors of discord; and, without further leave being asked from either Council or Presbytery, an organ was placed in St. Andrew's Church, and the congregation, as fearless of the taunts of heterodoxy as of clerical threats and denunciations, joined the full-toned diapason, in the Old Hundredth Psalm, on the last Sunday of August 1807.

On hearing that this overt and unpardonable act had been committed, the Presbytery was roused to madness; while Provost M'Kenzie, equally inflamed, summoned the Council to action. The lengthy correspondence which had taken place between the Chief Magistrate and the Minister of St. Andrew's Church, relative to playing the organ on the Sunday in question, was read and considered; and, while the Provost loudly protested against so great and grievous an offence, committed by this refractory portion of the Kirk, the Town Council, at the same time, merely agreed not to withdraw the formal intimation which had been made of the fact to the Presbytery. Matters continued in this rather unsatisfactory state till the 8th January 1808, when Dr. Ritchie received an appointment to the High Church of Edinburgh; and, having no doubt been already sufficiently disgusted with the conduct of certain of his copresbyters, he at once accepted the call to the capital, and left posterity to fight, at some more favourable

the public voice for the exercise of praise; and the present Lord Provost [Hamilton], Magistrates, and Council will, we doubt not, eagerly embrace the opportunity of accomplishing a measure that will give additional lustre to their names, and render the period of their administration the opening of a new era in the annals of our national advancement."—*Council Records*.



epoch, for that which he had so manfully but unsuccessfully advocated.

Before the Doctor, however, could well be loosed from his charge in Glasgow, the Presbytery seemed resolved to give him a parting kick. For this purpose, they took the earliest opportunity of bringing his musical conduct before the reverend Court; and after several of the most violent and wordy objectors had poured out their venom on their brother and his heterodox flock, they succeeded in getting a majority of the meeting to agree to the following absurd resolution:—"The Presbytery did and hereby do declare, that the use of organs in the public worship of God is contrary to the *law of the land*, and to the *law and constitution of the Established Church*; and therefore the Presbytery did and hereby do prohibit the use of organs in all churches and chapels within their bounds." Against which finding, Principal Taylor, Dr. Ranken, Dr. M'Gill, Mr. Davidson, and Mr. Jack protested. Here the matter may be said to have ended, except that the Presbytery appointed a Committee to answer Dr. Ritchie's letter, which they did at great length; and the answer, being approved of, was placed on their records. On thanks being thereafter moved to the Committee for their labours, the following names were added to the original dissenters,—Dr. William Taylor, Junior, Dr. Lockhart, and Dr. Ritchie. While the subject thus created, for many months, much discussion and not a little personal feeling among the inhabitants, and no small bickering in the Presbytery, it gave birth, at the same time, to a pungent satirical poem, entitled "Dulness," in which certain of Dr. Ritchie's clerical



opponents were pretty smartly lashed\*—to a printed volume,† in defence of the majority of the Presbytery—and to a very clever caricature, wherein the honest Doctor is represented on his way to Edinburgh, with an organ slung over his shoulders, playing, with all his heart and soul, “I’ll gang nae mair to yon toun!”

The history of the Corporation of Glasgow, during those twenty eventful years, is just what might have been expected from men who really had no personal object to serve, and who conscientiously attempted, by

\* This poetical squib was published in 1807. The poem commences with an account of the goddess *Dulness*, wandering over the world in search of votaries to own her sway; and at last, coming to Glasgow, she proceeds through an “arched gate, where multitudes in deep impatience wait.” Entering the session-house, she listened, in hope of here finding what she urgently sought for. The first who rose pleaded the cause of Music—

“With honest warmth, ’twas much the good man said,  
At which the goddess trembled—half afraid.  
‘What!’ cried she, ‘must I still an exile be?  
‘Oh! reason’s child, thou hast no part in me.’  
Just as she spoke, the great Profundus rose,  
Broad was his forehead, pointed was his nose;  
His swelling cheek and wildly rolling eye,  
Betoken’d pride, that aim’d at something high;  
Fat had he grown beneath the royal hand,  
A famed protector of a sinking land;  
(For much he talk’d, in troublous times now past,  
And got a pension for his talk at last.)  
Man of great words, but man of little sense,  
Now rise, and use thy boisterous eloquence;  
Be thou the mighty bulwark to defend  
The Church, from all the dangers that impend;  
Rise, and display thy law, thy classic lore—  
Each innovation of the times deplore—  
Condemn whate’er thy fathers did not know,  
And all thy pedantry and dulness show.  
And much he spoke—the goddess, foe to sense,  
Listen’d, with joy, to his frothy eloquence;  
She inly hail’d her kingdom now begun,  
And hail’d Profundus an adopted son.”

† This volume is entitled “A Statement of the proceedings of the Presbytery of Glasgow relative to the use of an Organ, in St. Andrew’s Church, in the public worship of God.—Glasgow, 1808.” This is, of course, a very one-sided statement, and is, moreover, written in a very angry spirit.



their conduct, to be the reflex of the enlightened minds of the citizens. From the well kept record of the proceedings of that body, it is quite plain that, however absurd may have been the system of self-election, by which a particular coterie could always keep themselves or their friends in power, yet it is certain that in the management of civic affairs, the persons who then ruled proved themselves as patriotic and honest as any band of corporators have since done, even though emanating from the popular will. Independent of the many momentous matters, specially arising out of the war, which called for municipal assistance and control—such as raising money for the defence of the country, for equipping volunteers, for laying on assessments for militia-men's wives, contributing towards the erection of monuments to those who had fallen in battle or gained fame in the senate, and for conducting the various rejoicings which followed the intelligence of each new victory,—the civic authorities of that day showed themselves, also, to have been actively alive to every plan which was calculated to improve the appearance, health, and wellbeing of the City, or to maintain the credit, advance the prosperity, and increase the comfort of the citizens. Among the beneficial measures adopted for the improvement of the City, may be mentioned the first Act for the establishment of a Police in Glasgow\*—the erection of a new wooden bridge across the Clyde at the south end of Saltmarket-street,† a desideratum after the stone bridge

\* This was passed in 1800, and a piece of plate was voted to Provost Craigie for his services on that occasion.

† This bridge was erected in 1803.



had been carried away—extended improvements of the Clyde and harbour\*—the erection of new Court-houses, public Offices, and Jail, near the Green†—and the conversion of the ground under the pillars or piazzas, in the neighbourhood of the Cross, into shops.‡

While the Corporators at the beginning of the century were probably right, as they were certainly instrumental in changing the whole character of the shop property at the Cross, upon the perhaps sound plea of public necessity and of corporate profit, it appears that their successors, in the year 1814, were on the point of committing an act which would have deprived Glasgow of one not only of its best known landmarks, but of its most striking monuments. It may, perhaps, be remembered that when the public Offices of the Corporation and the Court of Justiciary were removed from the Cross to the south end of the Saltmarket, the famous old Tolbooth, associated with so many historical reminiscences, was sold; and it then became a moot point whether or not the beautiful crown-capped spire, with its musical chime, should be also sacrificed to the argued utilitarianism of a few feet broader roadway, at the neck of the High-street. The Vandal

\* In 1809 the Act was passed authorising these improvements.

† The foundation-stone of these buildings was laid by Provost Black, on the 18th September 1810.

‡ The first encroachment made on the old piazzas—which had been so much admired by Morer and Defoe, and which succeeding generations regarded with so much fondness and preserved with so much care—was made on 3d January 1801, when £5 per square yard was paid to the Town for the ground taken. By the sale of this ground, the Corporation procured a large sum of money. On 16th November 1803, a piece of plate was voted to Mr. John Morrison, late Deacon Convener, for the great attention paid by him to the sale of the areas under the piazzas, from which the Town had derived so great advantage.—*Council Records*.



project, to render this ancient monument a quarry, was solemnly brought before the Civic Council, and lay there fortunately several weeks for consideration, when, happily for the honour of Glasgow and the taste of the majority of its municipal managers, the project—which could only have been instigated by personal interest or ignorant vulgarity—was thrown overboard; and the famous Cross Steeple, which our forefathers regarded as one of the chief beacons of our City, was left to speak its ancient tales and souvenirs to coming generations.\*

Among the other measures more particularly calculated to improve the general and individual comfort of the citizens, the following may be alluded to:—Greater attention paid to the paving and cleaning of the streets—the lighting of the leading thoroughfares—the encouragement given to bringing a plentiful supply of water into the City—the adoption of vaccine inoculation among all classes, as an antidote to that cruel disease which had so long been decimating the young or marring the beauty of those who survived the scourge—and, above all, the securing food for the great mass of the community, during the dreadful famine which occurred at the close of the last century, although the loss connected therewith the citizens, with that “impatience of taxation” which is always most felt by those most able to sustain it, refused to pay,—conduct which

\* On the 4th May 1814, “the Magistrates and Council resolve, by a majority of 15 to 9, that the old Steeple at the Cross be preserved, supported, and repaired.” In those days, the names of members who were in favour and against any project were never taken down, else we should certainly have paraded the minority, to prevent others following their Gothic example.



may well induce future Corporators to pause ere they advance any money through public clamour, unless, at the same time, it is accompanied by a public assurance of honourable repayment.\*

When we mention these Corporate acts, we may, perhaps, be pardoned for alluding to the men who may be supposed to have given a particular impetus to each of them—we mean the seven gentlemen who, during those twenty years, wore the double chain of office and sported the velvet coat, bag-wig, and other insignia of the Lord Provost. Of these gentlemen, two rose to be Members of Parliament, while one of them occupied the Civic Chair thrice during twelve years, and another twice during six. The fact is, that the two latter personages seem to have divided between them for many long years the various high offices, not only in the Corporation, but likewise in the Merchant's House and Hutcheson's Hospital. Whether it was that these repeated honours were heaped upon them on account of their peculiar capacity for public business, or from the want of other first-class men willing to undertake the offices, it is not now easy to determine, but it is quite certain that they, as well as the other gentlemen who filled the Civic Chair for those twenty years, so conducted themselves, as to

\* The cost of the grain purchased by the Corporation and committee of citizens during 1800, amounted to £117,500, upon which there was a loss of about 15 per cent.; although the sum subscribed to meet the loss was £18,600, the ultimate cost to the Corporation connected with supplying food for the lower classes during the dearth, amounted to £7,611 : 2s. 5d. On the 7th of February 1803, a Bill was introduced into Parliament, to tax the inhabitants for the money expended by the Corporation in providing corn, &c. during the dearth of 1799–1800; but, on account of the general opposition offered by the Trades' House and other public bodies, the measure was abandoned on 6th May 1803.—*Council Minutes*.



merit the respect, esteem, and thanks of their fellow-citizens.\*

Of the numerous Bailies who were from year to year, under Providence and self-election, selected from the Council "to decree justice," on the bench of the Police-office and in the Council *Chaumer*, or to judge of the quality of fresh herrings arriving at the Broomielaw—it is perhaps enough to say that, fortunately for them, the public press had not as yet assumed a critical surveillance over magisterial conduct; and that they were consequently permitted to occupy the prominent positions to which they had been elevated, with all the honours which were then willingly paid to men who sported gold chains, black coats, and white neckcloths every lawful day, and wore cocked hats on Sunday. While the great mass of the citizens were thus wisely paying deference to "the powers that be," it cannot be denied that a wag was occasionally found taking pleasure either in criticising some magisterial oration from the Police bench, or attempting to raise a laugh at some judicial escapade, when mingling with kindred spirits round the hilarious Club table. Poetical squibs were also pretty common in those days; and there

\* The following is a list of Lord Provosts elected from 1796 to 1816 :—

1796—James M'Dougall, Esq.	1806—James M'Kenzie, Esq.
1798—Laurence Craigie, Esq.	1808—James Black, Esq.
1800—John Hamilton, Esq.	1810—John Hamilton, Esq.
1802—Laurence Craigie, Esq.	1812—Kirkman Finlay, Esq. M.P.
1804—John Hamilton, Esq.	1814—Henry Monteith, Esq. M.P.

The Bailie of the River, better known by the appellation of the *Water* Bailie, or still better by the soubriquet of *Skate*, was, in those halcyon days, at least for him, presented with a sample of every boatful of fresh herrings, and of dried ling or cod, that arrived at the harbour.



were not a few peculiarly directed against even some of our ablest Corporators. A well known stanza from one of those satires was levelled against two very worthy Bailies of the period, who, however, happily enjoyed the hit as much as its author. It was as follows:—

“ If, in our Courts a stranger keeks,  
His eye meets neither squires nor bankers;  
But *judges* who shape leather breeks,  
And *justices* who souther tankars!”

As a historical fact, however, it may be mentioned that, in the first year of the century (31st July 1801), the number of Bailies was increased by two, to meet the increasing demands which the new duties of a Police Act had made on their time; and what is perhaps equally worthy of remembrance, that, about nine or ten years after, the Bailie of the River and the Chief Magistrate of Gorbals were each presented with a gold badge of office, like their other brethren of the bench, and which, it may be supposed, they respectively valued more as a mark of public confidence than as a matter of private glorification!\*

From the beginning of the reign of the first to that of the last seven Provosts to whom we have alluded, a total and complete change had taken place among the whole officials of the Corporation. Of all those who filled the various legal and administrative situations of the City in 1796, there was not a single countenance that was not changed during the succeeding twenty years. The famous Town-Clerks, Messrs. Orr and Wil-

\* A chain was voted to the River Bailie on 20th February 1810, and to the Bailie of Gorbals on 9th June 1812.



son,\* had each, in his turn, parted with his pen and signet; the respectable Chamberlain, Mr. Walter Logan, had for ever closed his cash-book;† the long-trying Master of Works, Mr. Smellie,‡ had passed his last quarterly accounts; honest Joshua Campbell, who daily tinkled the Music Bells, had played his final melody;§ the whole Grammar-school Masters, Gutty Wilson among the rest, had for ever laid down their taws;|| poor Bell Geordie had been deprived of his scarlet coat and skellat; the Jailor, Robert Hamilton, had given up his dreaded keys, and was no longer seen looking over the *hauf* door for customers, for the porter, ale, and even spirits which were then sold (*mirabile dictu!*) within the prison; while the ill-conditioned and boy-hooted Jock Sutherland, the Hangman, had at length got to the end of his own tether!

Among the many individuals, in addition to those to whom we have already elsewhere alluded, who rendered themselves remarkable by their dress, figure, or character, there were none who for a long time occupied this peculiar position on the Trongate more conspicuously than Captain Patoun, Mr. David Dale, Dr. Porteous, and Dr. Findlay. Every sunshine day, and sometimes even amid shower and storm, about the close of the past

\* On 20th December 1799, Mr. Wilson resigned his office of Town-Clerk; and Mr. Richard Henderson, W. S. was elected to that office on 13th January 1800. On the death of Mr. Orr, Mr. James Reddie, Advocate, was elected, on 6th January 1808, First Town-Clerk.

† Mr. James Spreull was elected to this office on 8th May 1798.

‡ Mr. James Cleland was elected Superintendent of Public Works on the 12th September 1805.

§ Mr. John Weir, late haberdasher, was appointed to play the Music Bells on 17th March 1801.

|| Mr. Chrystal was appointed, on 17th Sept. 1805, to succeed Mr. Wilson.



and the commencement of the present century, was the worthy Captain, in the Dutch service, seen parading the *Plainstanes*, opposite his own residence in the Trongate, donned in a suit of snuff-coloured brown or "genty drab," his long spare limbs encased in blue striped stockings, with shoes and buckles, and sporting ruffles of the finest cambric at his wrists, while adown his back hung a long cue, and on his head was perched a small three-cocked hat, which, with a *politesse tout à fait Français*, he invariably took off when saluting a friend. Captain Patoun, while a denizen of the camp, had studied well the noble art of fence, and was looked upon as a most accomplished swordsman, which might be easily discovered from his happy but threatening manner of handling his cane, when sallying from his own domicile towards the Coffee-room, which he usually entered about two o'clock, to study the news of the day in the pages of the *Courier*. The gallant Captain frequently indulged, like Othello, in speaking

"Of moving incidents by flood and field,  
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,"

and of his own brave doings on the tented field—"at Minden and at Dettingen"—particularly when seated round a bowl of his favourite cold punch, made with limes from his own estate in Trinidad, and with water newly drawn from the Westport well. He was, in fact, a worthy, though remarkable character, and fully entitled, not only to the epithets bestowed upon him by the late able Editor of the *Quarterly Review*, Mr. Lockhart, when he calls him

"A prince of worthy fellows, and a pretty man also ;"



but, likewise, to the touching lament put into the mouth of Dr. Scott, the great odontist of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, when he is made to sing—

“ But at last the Captain sicken’d, and grew worse from day to day,  
And all miss’d him in the Coffee-room, from which now he stay’d away ;  
On Sabbaths, too, the wee Kirk made a melancholy show,  
All for wanting of the presence of our venerable beau.

Oh we ne’er shall see the like of Captain Patoun, no mo !

And in spite of all that Cleghorn and Corkindale could do,  
It was plain, from twenty symptoms, that death was in his view :  
So the Captain made his test’ment, and submitted to his foe ;  
And we laid him by the Ram’s-horn Kirk—’tis the way we all must go.

Oh we ne’er shall see the like of Captain Patoun, no mo ! ”\*

Perhaps among the many philanthropists for whom Glasgow has been celebrated, none held a higher place than David Dale, whose short and corpulent figure formed a perfect contrast on the Trongate to that of Captain Patoun.† During the last years of the century, it may be truly affirmed of this able and worthy gentleman, that he was always found ready to forward every scheme calculated to benefit his fellow-men, and particularly his fellow-citizens, whether that scheme might be to advance their mercantile and manufacturing interests, to ameliorate the condition of the outcast or orphan, or to reclaim the vicious and the criminal. Although a native of Stewarton, Mr. Dale, from his

\* The Captain was a son of Dr. David Patoun, a physician in Glasgow, and long resided with his two maiden sisters and an old servant, Nelly, in the tenement opposite the old Exchange, at the Cross, which had been left him by his parent.

† There is a good effigy of Mr. Dale in *Kay’s Edinburgh Portraits*, and in the “ Morning Walk ” in *Stewart’s Glasgow*. Among the many stories told in illustration of his short, stout figure, the following is one of the best:—Having stated to a friend, that he had slipped on the ice and “ fallen all his length ”—“ Be thankful, sir, it was not all your breadth,” was the apt reply.



long residence in Glasgow (having come to it when in his twenty-fourth year, and spent therein fifty-seven years), may well be looked upon as one of her own sons. He first commenced business in the High-street, in a shop five doors north of the Cross, for which he paid five pounds of rent; but thinking even this too much for him, he sub-let the one-half to a watchmaker for fifty shillings! In these small premises, however, he contrived to carry on a pretty extensive business in French yarns, which he imported from Flanders, till, being appointed in 1783 agent for the Royal Bank, the watchmaker's shop was converted into the Bank-office, and there that establishment remained till its removal in 1798 to St. Andrew's-square.\* Impressed with the value of Arkwright's inventions, he set about erecting the cotton-mills at Lanark, which he soon accomplished, and prosecuted cotton-spinning with singular success. He was also instrumental in erecting the mills at Catrine, and at Spinningdale in Sutherlandshire. Mr. Dale was not, however, content with the spinning of cotton; he joined other parties in the manufacture of cotton cloth, in the dyeing of Turkey-red, and in an inkle-factory, while he himself continued the import of Flanders yarn. Although one or other of those businesses, and particularly that of the bank, might be supposed to have been sufficient for the attention of one man, it was not so with Mr. Dale; for, while he conducted successfully all the important enterprises in which he em-

\* Mr. Dale built, in 1783, a spacious house at the north-west corner of Charlotte-street, which, with its large garden, has since been turned to many strange purposes and had many odd tenants.



barked, we find him devoting both time and money to various benevolent schemes, and also discharging the onerous duties of a City Bailie, first in 1791, and again in 1794. Mr. Dale, though at first a member of the Established Church, and sitting under the ministry of Dr. Gillies of the College Church, ere long seceded from it, and joined Mr. Archibald Paterson, Mr. Matthew Alexander, and others, in forming a Congregational Church, which first met in a private house, and thereafter in a meeting-house in Greyfriars' Wynd, which was erected by Mr. Paterson at his own expense, and which, from the circumstance of that gentleman being a candle-maker, was long known by the appellation of the "Candle Kirk." Within the walls of this unpretending church, Mr. Dale for many years acted as the Christian pastor, and fairly outlived the popular dislike and clamour which was raised against those who dared to preach without having passed through the portals of a university divinity-hall.\* But though a decided sectarian, he was altogether destitute of that bigotry which too often belongs to such bodies, offering at all times his purse and his support to every Christian scheme, by whatsoever clerical party it might have ori-

\* When Mr. Dale began to preach, he was hooted and jostled on the streets, and was frequently forced to take shelter under some friendly roof. Against the meeting-house itself stones and other missiles were hurled, till the roof, windows, and other parts of the building were injured. This feeling, however, soon passed away; and when Mr. Dale was elected a Bailie, his brother Magistrates, while they did not deem it proper to press him to accompany them to the Wynd Church, could not think of allowing a brother Bailie to go unescorted to any place of worship; and it was at once arranged that a portion of the City officers, with their halberts, should attend the Dissenter to the "Candle Kirk."



ginated. He was, in short, respected by the wealthy and beloved by the poor; and when he bade a last adieu to a City which his talents and industry had certainly advanced, and which his philanthropy and religious example had improved, he was universally lamented as one of its ablest merchants, best magistrates, and most benevolent sons.\*

Among the City clergy, about the beginning of the century, there were few more remarkable than Dr. Porteous. He was a tall, dark-complexioned man, with a commanding appearance. While pacing, with solemn step, he was at once recognised from the magnificent wig which he regularly wore, and which was not only always in the most perfect order, but likewise remarkable for its size and symmetry, even in those days when such decorations of the head were commonly exhibited by the senior clergy.†

The numerous changes which the first few years of the nineteenth century had produced on many things, and particularly on the outward habiliments of all classes of

\* A very able sketch of the life of Mr. Dale was lately printed in Chambers' Biographical Dictionary, from the pen of the late Mr. Andrew Liddell of this City, a gentleman of a kindred spirit, and whose loss was equally bewailed by the worthiest of his fellow-townsmen.

† Dr. William Porteous was the son of the minister of Monzievaird, in Perthshire, and was first ordained at Whitburn. From thence he was translated to the Wynd Church of Glasgow in 1770, where for a long time and on many occasions he acted a conspicuous part. During the riots occasioned by the proposed relaxation of the penal statutes against Popery, to which we have elsewhere alluded, he came forward zealously on the popular side of the question, and was accused of having encouraged, if not instigated the anti-Catholic violence which ended in the destruction of a place of worship and a considerable amount of private property belonging to a Papist. Some years after, Dr. Porteous turned his attention to the management of the Town's Hospital, and introduced a system of conducting its affairs in-



the community, failed to alter the costume of the City clergy. The reverend doctors of the Church still religiously adhered to the clerical cut of coat—to breeches, silk stockings, and buckles—and above all to cocked hats; and among those, there was none more remarkable than Dr. Robert Findlay, the Professor of Divinity, who even sported a peculiarity of an anterior age, after all his brethren had discarded it. Dr. Findlay may, in fact, be fairly called the last of the *storied wigs*. Pigtales were still plentiful, but a full-bottomed wig was

volving a more strict investigation of the claims of paupers to relief, than had been followed previously. The measure was most unpopular with those whom it affected. A common cry in the streets was—

“Porteous and the deil  
Buff the beggars weel.”

Even his family were insulted and hooted at, as “Buff the beggar’s wife and daughters.” His system of inspection, nevertheless, stood its ground, and was acted on, with slight changes, till the recent alteration of the Poor law. Dr. Porteous was an original member of the Glasgow Society of the Sons of the Clergy, and took an active part in framing its constitution and directing its early proceedings. He was its president in 1792–93, and always retained a warm interest in its success and prosperity. During the keen political excitement which followed the French Revolution and divided the country at the re-commencement of the war, he, although previously regarded as inclining to Republicanism, took a decided part in support of Government. He became chaplain to the first Regiment of Glasgow Volunteers, and preached before them a sermon which was much talked of, on account of the strong language applied by the preacher to the Republican rulers of France and their abettors in this country. Their proceedings were compared to Milton’s description of Pandæmonium, when Satan gave the signal, and *all hell rose in a mass*. On the erection of St. George’s Church in 1807, Dr. Porteous and his congregation removed to it, from the humble place of worship in the Wynd, which has since undergone not a few transmutations. He had married, before settling in Glasgow, Miss Moore of Stirling—sister to Dr. Moore, the well-known author, and aunt to General Sir John Moore—by whom he left a family. His death took place at an advanced age; and he left behind him the character of a sound divine, a man of considerable talent, and a dexterous politician.



only to be met with on the caput of the Professor of Divinity. The appearance of this old gentleman, either on the street or in the College Hall, was indeed striking and venerable. A figure never very large, but shrunk and attenuated by age, was surmounted by a full-bottomed wig and cocked hat, under the weight of which it seemed to totter. But his mild eye and benevolent expression of countenance secured the deference of the citizens and the affection of his students; while his learning and liberality, and his courteous and kind demeanor, inspired the latter at once with reverence and gratitude.\*

While those well known and most respectable persons were, during the close of last century, filling the public eye, and exciting the public talk of Glasgow citizens, there was, about the same period, a fair and beautiful boy, with a mild and cheerful disposition, who might every day be met hurrying down the High-street, in a scarlet toga, and turning into the University gateway,

\* Robert Findlay, D. D. was the son of Mr. William Findlay of Waxford, Ayrshire, who was born in 1686, and after concealment for some time, was baptised by the Rev. Mr. Osborne, by the benefit of indulgence. As a curious illustration of altered times, it may be stated that when this gentleman was studying logic in Glasgow, under Mr. John Loudon, his bed and board to Mrs. Finnie, near the College-gate, was £25 Scots per quarter. He married in 1715, and the Doctor was the only child of this marriage, being born in 1721. Dr. Findlay was first ordained minister at Stevenston in 1744, and then at Galston, Ayrshire, in 1745. He was translated to the Low Church, Paisley, and afterwards to the Ram's-horn Church, Glasgow, on the 25th March 1756. On 6th January 1783, he was admitted Professor of Divinity in the College and University of Glasgow; and died at a very advanced age in 1814. Dr. Findlay entered Glasgow College as a student in 1735; and while there he paid only £1:1s. a-month for board: it is stated that he paid, in fees, one and a-half guineas for the public classes, one guinea for the private, and two and a-half guineas to Mr. Dick, professor of natural philosophy. After attending divinity in Edinburgh, he finished his theo-



as the tinkling bell of that ancient seminary was summoning the students to their class-rooms. The youth we allude to was then the obscure Thomas Campbell, now the world-known poet, who at that period occupied a small room in a house on the north west side of High-street, within which the dawning dreams of those "Pleasures of Hope," which he afterwards so well illustrated in his immortal verse, first flitted athwart his poetic fancy. It was in the solitude of this upper floor chamber, that, by dint of indomitable industry and undoubted genius, he fully mastered the difficulties of the Latin and Greek classics, and thereby gained not only every prize for which he contended at the University, but likewise won a bursary, for which he stood in no little need.\* It was also within this small apartment that he penned the poetical version of the Greek plays of Aristophanes and Æschylus, and particularly that of "The Clouds," which, at the time, was accounted the very best performance that had ever been presented

logical education as a student at the University of Leyden, and was a very learned man. His vindication of the sacred works of Josephus, from various misrepresentations of Voltaire, published in 1770, is a proof of this. So highly was this work esteemed by Dr. Watson, late Bishop of Landaff, that he took every opportunity of expressing his respect for the author. As Professor of Divinity, Dr. Findlay's lectures were remarkable for their learning and their liberality. But his course was so full and extended that, it was said, it took seventeen sessions to go over it. One student, on being asked what he had heard during the session which had closed, replied that he had "heard the illustration of an attribute and a half!" and another remarked that, "during his attendance, the Professor had hung nearly the whole session on one of the horns of the altar!" During the latter years of his life, either for the greater purity of the atmosphere, or for more convenient access to his class-room, Dr. Findlay lived chiefly in the highest floor of his house.

\* Thomas Campbell in 1792 was nominated by the Magistrates to Archbishop Leighton's bursary for six years.—*Council Records*.



within the walls of the College.\* Little did he imagine when, for seven years, he was pacing the High-street, the unobserved of the crowd which even then thronged that bustling locality, that he should one day return to be "the observed of all observers;" and that his progress to take possession of the Rectorial Chair of his own

\* Thomas Campbell was born in Glasgow on 27th July 1777, his father being a respectable shopkeeper. He was the tenth and youngest child of his parents, and was born in his father's sixty-seventh year—an age, it is somewhat remarkable, at which he himself died. While at the University, he commenced writing poetry, being then only thirteen years of age; and having got one of his juvenile poems printed, in order to defray its cost, he sold copies of it to the students at a penny each. It is said that several persons at one time remembered this beautiful intelligent boy standing at the College-gate, disposing of this his first printed lucubration. On leaving the College, he soon after became a tutor in a private family residing in Mull, where, amid the magnificent scenery of that island, he planned and wrote a considerable portion of the "Pleasures of Hope." Thence he removed to Edinburgh, where he published his celebrated poem in 1799, being then only twenty-two years of age. On the profits of this successful work, which went through four editions in one year, he travelled to Hamburgh, and made a tour through Germany; and, when there, witnessed the battle of Hohenlinden, which at once raised his lyre to the well known spirit-stirring picture of that deadly struggle. On his return from the Continent he proceeded to London, where he was at once admitted into the best literary society, and was introduced by Sir James M'Intosh to the convivial parties of the King of Clubs—a place dedicated to the meetings of the reigning wits of the metropolis. He soon, however, returned to Edinburgh, where he wrote several of his minor poems and ballads. In 1803 he determined to remove to London, as the best field for literary exertion; and in the autumn of the same year, he married his cousin, Miss Matilda Sinclair of Greenock, and made choice of the village of Sydenham as his residence, where he remained for eighteen years. Here he published, anonymously, "Annals of Great Britain, from the Accession of George III. till the Peace of Amiens." Through the interest of Mr. Fox, he received, shortly after that statesman's death, a pension of £300. After this period, Campbell became a working drudge to the booksellers; and his opinion of bibliopoles in general, does not seem to have risen from his connection with them, as it is related of him, that, on being invited to a booksellers' dinner, soon after Pam, one of the trade, had been executed by order of Napoleon, and being asked for a toast, he, with great gravity, proposed to drink the health of



Alma Mater should more resemble the greeting of a sovereign than that of a poet!\*

The period from 1795 to 1815, looking at it politically, was one, perhaps, of the greatest excitement and anxiety that ever occurred in the history of Great Britain; and in no portion of the empire were those feel-

Bonaparte! The company were amazed at such a toast, and asked for an explanation of it. "Gentlemen," said Campbell, "I give you Napoleon—he was a fine fellow—he *shot* a bookseller!" In 1809 he published the second volume of his poems, containing "Gertrude of Wyoming," "Glenara," "The Battle of the Baltic," "Lochiel," and "Lord Ullin's Daughter." In 1820 he became editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*; and, in 1824, he published "Theodric." About this period he busied himself with Lord Brougham, in originating and organising the London University; and, in November 1826, was chosen Lord Rector of his own Alma Mater. In 1834, he published a Life of Mrs. Siddons; and having, in the same year, been left a legacy of £500 by his friend Mr. Telford the engineer, he found himself, with the produce of his literary labours and his pension, in pretty comfortable circumstances. Having afterwards suffered, however, many domestic losses, he became unwell, and ultimately sought health in Boulogne, where, on the 15th June 1844, he breathed his last. He was buried in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey. A full and interesting Life of Campbell has since been published, from the pen of Dr. Baillie of London; and a pleasing sketch of the poet has been likewise given by William Howitt, in his "Homes and Haunts of Eminent Individuals."

\* Thomas Campbell was continued in the office of Rector for three years. In 1827 he received a public dinner from the citizens, from which politics—then running high—were wisely excluded. For this supposed crime on the part of the chief Whig leaders, a few of the more rabid politicians seceded from the dinner management. At the head of these, was Mr. John Douglas, who made use of his many quips and sarcasms to *dish* the dinner. But in this, as in many other matters, the result was, that while he ministered to his own vanity and spleen, he utterly failed in accomplishing the object he had in view. The dinner was then given by the citizens of Glasgow to their townsman, as the best of living poets, on the broad basis of genius alone. Principal Macfarlan occupied the chair, and Messrs. Samuel Hunter and Andrew Mitchell acted as croupiers. Previous to this entertainment taking place, a clever but scurrilous "Anticipation Dinner Report" appeared, which gave great offence to certain individuals who figured therein, and created, from that moment, much personal animosity and newspaper controversy. Glasgow, however, on that occasion solved the problem which



ings more universally experienced and more manifestly evinced than in Glasgow. During those twenty years, the country, with the exception of one short year of a feverish peace, was engaged in a terrible and bloody conflict, at one time almost single-handed against the world, when nothing but our insular position, and our good wooden walls, could have prevented us from sharing the fate of the other European nations which opposed Napoleon. During the first of these wars, the citizens of Glasgow had shown their patriotism by enrolling themselves into regiments of Volunteers, in defence of their threatened country, and in maintaining these corps free of all cost to the Government purse. They had also taxed themselves to pay upwards of £3,000 for raising the City's quota for the army and navy reserve. The Corporation voted £1,000 towards the defence of the kingdom during the emergency of 1798, and presented stands of colours to the then volunteer soldiers out of the funds of the community; while the citizens\* them-

party politicians had proposed to her,—whether it was possible to display the banner of freedom save in the ranks of one party alone?—and she solved it to the dismay of every driveller who raved about its impracticability. At that famous dinner every rational, liberal, and enlightened sentiment was cheered with enthusiasm. Liberty, in fact, had an altar in every heart; and the only struggle was who should be most liberal—who should be most free. The spectacle was one, indeed, of unmingled satisfaction to every patriotic mind; for whether genius, education, the liberty of the press, the reform of the laws, or the appreciation of distinguished knowledge or worth in individuals was the theme—the excitement, the union of feeling and of wish of both speakers and hearers was apparent and complete. In short, sound sense and sound feeling triumphed over the narrow-minded knot of wrong-headed political partisans; while the poet of “Hope” experienced, amid the acclamations of many of the best and most independent men of whom Glasgow could at that time boast, the realization of all that his ambition could ever have sighed for.

\* March 17, 1797.—“The Magistrates and Council approve of the offer



selves remitted no less than £12,938 : 14s. 6d. more, as a voluntary contribution for carrying on the war.

Amid these burdens on their time and purses, the citizens of Glasgow had, as some small recompense, consecutively rejoiced over the naval victories of Camperdown, the Nile, and Copenhagen, and over the land victory in Egypt, only clouded by the death of Abercromby. They had also gloried over the capture of Seringapatam and the destruction of the power of Tippoo Sultaun. Yet, when rejoicing over these triumphs, the cry of sorrow was but too frequently mingled with the shout of victory; for, while the bulk of the citizens felt ashamed of their unpatriotic and rebellious countrymen in Ireland, in the hour of the country's direst danger, they were also forced to weep over the destructive results of Vinegar-Hill and Wexford, and over the unfortunate expedition of the Duke of York in Flanders. And though afterwards they could not but take courage and comfort in the fact of the Union with Ireland, and in the mighty force of Regulars, Militia, and Volunteers, then in arms to protect their fondly cherished homes from threatened insult or destruction, they could not blind themselves to the circumstance that a mighty army lay ready at Boulogne to pass over, if opportunity should offer; so that the war had already assumed somewhat of the character of the struggles that formerly existed be-

made by the citizens to raise two Regiments of Volunteers, for the purpose of assisting in repelling any invasion of the enemy." On 10th August 1797, "the Magistrates and Council resolve to present the 2d Battalion of Volunteers with a stand of colours, and the Light Horse with a standard, and which cost £34 : 16s." The whole sum sent from Glasgow in 1798 was £12,938 : 14s. 6d.



tween the French and English in the days of the Henries and Edwards.\*

When this war of weal and woe was thus alternating, and producing in the minds of all the greatest anxiety, a peace was hastily patched up, and at length signed at Amiens. In Glasgow, the Volunteers laid down their arms, and each house in the City exhibited its happiness in the event by an expenditure of tallow candles unprecedented on any former joyful occasion. But ere, alas! the chandlers had recovered payment from their customers for this expression of delight, the treaty of amity was abruptly broken, and the shrill trump of war had again sounded with redoubled fervour throughout the land.† On this occasion, Glasgow again showed that its patriotism was not a whit blunted; for, not contented with its former quota of Volunteers, it now raised nine regiments of able-bodied soldiers, to cope with the renewed danger.‡ The City Corporation, also, again showed their sympathy with the war by not only voting five hundred guineas towards equipping the Volunteers of

\* In 1801, exclusive of about 300,000 Volunteers, the united Military and Naval Forces numbered no fewer than 476,648 men, as follows:—

Regular Army, .....	193,187
Seamen, .....	135,000
Militia in Great Britain, .....	78,046
Marines, .....	39,000
Fencibles, .....	31,415
	<hr/>
	476,648

† The proclamation of peace took place on 29th April 1802, and the declaration of war on 19th May 1803.

‡ These were the Glasgow Volunteers, the Trades, the Highlanders, the Sharpshooters, the Grocers, the Anderston Volunteers, the Canal Volunteers, the Armed Association, and the Volunteer Light Horse. In 1808 the Volunteer system gave place to Local Militia, when the Glasgow corps were all disembodied, and six corps of Local Militia were embodied in their place.



the City, but also presenting stands of colours to at least two of the regiments.\* While thus employed in preparing to meet every contingency from a foreign foe, the City was again put into hot water by the renewed efforts of their rebellious Irish neighbours; but although the moment chosen was, perhaps, as favourable as any that could have been hit upon, for securing to Irish malcontents the succour of France against England, the rising ended in little more than the execution of the enthusiastic Emmet and his coadjutor Russell. The war now went on more energetically every day. The *Gazette* was weekly filled with captures from the enemy; and although, in the course of two years, Napoleon had declared himself Emperor of France and King of Italy, and had, moreover, gained the battle of Austerlitz, which at once made Austria sue for peace, Glasgow at the same moment was called upon, like all who then inhabited the sea-girt isle, to join the loud peal of gratulation for the glorious victory of Trafalgar, clouded though that triumph was by the death of its immortal hero. Triumph now followed triumph in regular succession, though ever and anon these victories were mixed with tears. The worthy citizens at length shouted at the glorious result of Vimiera, and wept over the sad fate of their own townsman at Corunna; they threw up their hats for Salamanca, and lighted tons of coals for Vittoria. They, in fact, rejoiced and mourned over all the successive

\* The Magistrates and Council, on 16th August 1803, "agree to present a stand of colours to 1st Regiment of Volunteers." On 21st September 1803, they "vote 500 guineas for equipping Volunteers;" and on 14th September 1804, they "agree to present the Grocer corps with a stand of colours."—*Council Minutes*.



struggles of the Peninsula and Flanders, till at length they found exultation and repose in the peace which followed the field of Waterloo. And, assuredly, there were few towns, throughout the length and breadth of the land, where a more intense feeling of joy or of grief, resulting from the war, might be expected to be expressed than in Glasgow, as in none did the British army find more recruits than in the Scottish western metropolis. Several, indeed, of the more conspicuous regiments that served under Moore and Wellington were filled almost to a man from Glasgow; and in the case of the celebrated conflict at Fuentes d'Onor, it may be remembered that the gallant and lamented Colonel Cadogan, with that perceptive quickness so characteristic of his nature, called out, in the enthusiastic moment of success, "Huzza, boys! chase them down the Gallowgate!"

Although, during these eventful years, the minds of Glasgow citizens were, as may well be imagined, chiefly occupied with the engrossing topics of the war, and the every-day changes which it was producing in the mercantile and manufacturing operations of the country, it is pleasing to think that there were some individuals who had both leisure and inclination to attend to matters of a higher and more permanent nature. As examples, it may be mentioned that the Institution to which Professor Anderson left all his property, was fairly started and put in motion, through the instrumentality of Drs. Garnet and Birbeck\*—the latter having made here the

\* In 1799, Dr. Birbeck was appointed Professor of Natural Philosophy in this Institution. In his very first lessons, the want of suitable apparatus



first successful attempt to establish Mechanics' Institutions in Great Britain. Soon after this valuable seminary had been commenced, a Philosophical Society was established, which, uniting, as it did, the man of science with the working mechanic and chemist, formed ere long a most effective nucleus for mutual encouragement and advancement.\* Then followed a Literary and Commercial Society, for the reading of essays, and for discussing the literary, economical, statistical, and political subjects of the day.† And when these had been successively inaugurated, a Society for promoting Astronomy was formed, which, in due time, erect-

was felt; and, as there was no philosophical instrument-maker then in Glasgow, he resolved upon applying to those operators whom he deemed most qualified to make the apparatus of which he stood in need. In this manner he came in contact with the artisans of Glasgow, and in his frequent intercourse with them, he had occasion to remark the eager desire which they manifested to initiate themselves into science; while no institution furnished them with the means of so doing. Dr. B. expresses himself thus: "I beheld, in these unwashed artificers, the evident sign of the sacred flame of science. I could not refrain from asking myself 'Why should poverty prevent these minds from acquiring that knowledge of which they are so eagerly in quest? Why should that poverty close to them the avenues to science?' I found it impossible not to resolve to remove the obstacle, and I determined upon proposing to give them a gratuitous elementary course of Natural Philosophy." The proposal was looked upon, by the most learned of the day, as the dream of a youthful enthusiast; but the project, when carried out, proved eminently successful.

\* The Philosophical Society was instituted in 1802. Mr. Robert Hastie, father of the Member for the City, was twenty-four years a member of this Society, and was president for the six years previous to his death, which took place on the 27th July 1827. His knowledge of mechanics and mathematics was extensive and practical. His conversation was instructive, his manners mild and affectionate, and his address unaffected and modest. He enjoyed the respect and esteem of the Society in life, and his memory is endeared by the recollection of his intellectual and moral qualities.

† The Literary and Commercial Society, which has boasted as members many of the ablest men of the day, commenced its sittings in 1805.



ed an Observatory ;\* and a Botanical Association was thereafter instituted, which at length purchased and maintained a Garden, where the arrangements of Linnaeus and Jussieu could each be most happily seen and studied.†

It was during this architectural progress of the City, and amid those eventful times, as well as during the ever-changing period when the *dramatis personæ* of the civic stage made their several entrances and exits, and the learned and scientific bodies to which we have just alluded had commenced their sittings, that there began and flourished a Club, among many others in those Club-going days, to which all the endless topics we have slightly adverted to, necessarily afforded abundance of daily and nightly gossip and debate. The CLUB to which we would now call attention, was long known by the appellation of the COUL, and was instituted, it appears, on the 12th January 1796, about eleven months after the fearful fall of snow which caused so much suffering over the north of Scotland—closing up, for nearly a whole day, every entrance to house and shop in Glasgow—and which, also, from the absence of all police appliances, continued in vast monumental mounds on the sides of the streets for many weeks thereafter.‡ To thee, antiquarian reader, who art conversant with the dusty records of our primeval history, it cannot be supposed that thou art unacquainted with Old King Coul, that famous ancient

\* The Observatory was begun in 1808, and was erected on the south side of Garnethill, then in the country. It is now removed to a rising ground about two miles west of the City.

† The original Botanic Gardens were laid off in 1816.

‡ This terrible storm of snow occurred on the 10th February 1795.



monarch of Britain, of whom the old ballad thus speaks—

“ Old King Coul  
Was a merry old soul,  
And a merry old soul was he!  
And he called for his pipe,  
And he called for his glass,  
And he called for his fiddlers three!”

But whilst thou mayest be well acquainted with this and similar poetical annals of the past, perhaps thou hast never seen a far more rare prose chronicle, entitled “The Book of the Coul,” which, in point of antiquity and truth, is not inferior either to the once celebrated Chaldee MSS. of Blackwood, or the lately discovered Talmud of the Mormons. From this doubtless moth-eaten writing in the Caledonian tongue, the translation of which must have been recovered through one of the most prying members of the “Trunk-liners’ Society,” we gather, strange to say, the story of Old King Coul himself, and of the Coul Club which was instituted in honour of his peculiar virtues and pastimes. “The Book of the Coul” has thus been written at various times and by divers hands. In particular, we gather from its last chapter that, in imitation of the practice of the ancient king and his knights, each member of the brotherhood, at their meetings, was obliged to sport a thick *wauked* coul or nightcap, just as a bench of barristers are obliged to cover their craniums, even in the dog days, with large horse-hair wigs, when sitting or pleading before the judges in Westminster.\*

\* The following are a few extracts from the *Caledonian* MSS. above referred to:—

#### THE BOOK OF THE COUL.

##### CHAPTER I.

Verse 1.—Behold, it came to pass in those days, when many kings reigned



The Coul Club, when first instituted, and for many years thereafter, was composed of a goodly knot of men of "credit and renown," perhaps rather above the class to which John Gilpin belonged; and among this knot, there were many who, by their intelligence and steadiness, ultimately raised themselves to the very highest seats

in the land, that there arose a mighty man; and lo! he was a great king in Caledonia, and ruled over a fruitful part thereof.

Verse 2.—And he was mighty in battle, and prevailed exceedingly in fight; nevertheless, he loved peace, and rejoiced to live in friendship with the other kings and the princes of the land.

Verse 3.—Howbeit, the kings and the mighty ones often arose against him and sought to overthrow him, because of his power, yea, of his great goodness.

Verse 4.—But he girded his loins with a sword, even with a broad sword, he and all his people, and he overcame the warriors which stood against the people with exceeding great slaughter.

Verse 5.—Now the name of this king was Coilus, and, even unto this day, is a part of the province called Ayr named by his name, yea, it is called Coila, which is Kyle; and the king wore a cap of cloth and drank out of a brown bowl.

Verse 6.—And the king loved good cheer and inclined to make his heart glad with wine; moreover, he was exceeding well pleased to sit at table with his warriors and his mighty men, and to rejoice in the feast, and to enjoy the laugh and the song.

Verse 7.—Therefore did the king resolve within himself to sit at times and seasons with his warriors, his princes, and his mighty men, and to give the heart to gladness and to mirth, and to cast from him the cares which light upon kings and rulers of the land, even as the engrosser of parchment casteth from him the pen to take up the glass in its stead.

Verse 8.—So the king spake unto those of his house and to the people who were gathered together, saying:—Go to, let us make unto ourselves an order of knighthood, and let it be called after my name, and let the members thereof sit at times and seasons with me, and let us sing and be glad, and cheer our hearts with drink, and rejoice exceedingly in our mirth.

Verse 9.—And lo! every man who shall be deemed worthy of being admitted to the table shall sit thereat with me, and a cap of cloth, like unto mine, shall be placed on his head for honour. And the same shall be called a "coul," even so shall it be called after my name.

Verse 10.—Now this was in the third year of the king's reign, and upon the fifteenth day of the seventh month thereof; and the king's words pleased the people.

Verse 11.—So all the people lifted up their voices, and they shouted with a loud shout, and cried "Amen!"

Verse 12.—Now, therefore, from that day, did Coilus the king sit with his knights which he created, at times and at seasons; and they wore couls on their heads, and they gave themselves up to mirth and good humour, and were exceedingly happy one with another; and they did call each other "Sir."

\* \* \* \* \*

The second chapter narrates the death of king Coilus, and of the choice of another by the knights; and the third chapter tells of the ultimate dispersion of the knights, but of the memory of the old king being handed down



in the City.\* The Club only met once a-week, at the goodly hour of eight in the evening, and on ordinary occasions never sat late. It was a joyous and gossiping group of worthies, who had no other object in associating save to add to each other's pleasure and pastime. There was no very stringent code of laws as to membership, except that the candidate for admission required to be a respectable and social companion—one who was neither a bore nor a blockhead. On his name being proposed by a member and adopted by the Club, he was, on the first meeting thereafter, introduced into a chapter of the knights, and after taking on himself certain no doubt important obligations, was crowned with the coul of office.

by oral tradition. In chapter fourth we find, however, that "certain wise men in the City of Glasgow did gather together, and they did agree to meet and to sit at table, in like manner as Coilus and his knights, and they did elect unto themselves a king—and they called him King Coul—and they did even as the great Coilus and his knights had done."

Verse 3.—For they made laws unto themselves—and they wore couls—and they did drink together at table, and were exceeding happy one with another—and they did call one another "Sir."

\* \* \* \* \*

Verse 8.—And behold the king, even King Coul, sits upon a high throne and commands the toast and the song, and he wears a crown upon his head, and into his hand there is put a mallet, and the king has before him a goodly desk, whose feet are like eagles' claws, and are formed of brass.

Verse 9.—And the king sits at the head of the table and the viceroy at the foot thereof, and there is one called a scribe, which sitteth at the left of our lord the king, who noteth down all that is done; and what our lord the king desireth him to do that he doeth.

Verse 10.—Moreover, the knights drink rum toddy in Coul-hall, and they sing songs, and give toasts and sentiments, and sometimes Scots proverbs; and some of them make songs of praise upon the Coul, and are called poets. But these be poor men who are so, as such have been from the first age of poetry even until now.

Verse 11.—And behold the knights do sit at meat with each other twice in each year; upon the twelfth day of the first month, and upon the fourth day of the sixth month, do they dine together, and thereafter settle their shot.

Verse 12.—Now the rest of the acts of the knights, and all the songs and dirges, and odes and melodies which are written by them, are they not recorded in the minute-books or in the Couliana?

\* Among these we may mention the name of ex-Provost Lumsden, who was elected a knight, in 1797, by the title of Sir Cristopher Copperplate.



As the Coul Club was looked upon by the citizens with pretty general favour, it was immediately patronised, and within a few months after its inauguration could count many members. It soon, in fact, became a fraternity in which genius and conviviality were long united and long flourished. The minute-books of this rather famous fraternity, mixed up, as their current acts necessarily are, with the ruling topics of the day, contain, likewise, many poetical gems of sparkling humour and powerful imagination. As a specimen of Coul Club poesy, in its earliest days, we shall select one, not as being the best, but chiefly from the circumstance of its being regarded by all the succeeding members as a most graphic picture of the feelings and sentiments of the whole Club, and, moreover, from its being the composition of Sir Quintin MacQuibble, a gentleman who had always been looked upon as one of the ablest and worthiest of our citizens. Here it is, as it was often sung to the air of the "Humours of Glen," at the close of the last and the opening of the present century:—

" Let proud politicians, in vain disputation,  
 Contend about matters they don't understand,  
 Fall out about peace, and run mad about reason,  
 And pant to spread liberty with a high hand.  
 Through the bye-paths of life I will wander at leisure,  
 And cherish the softer desires of the soul;  
 By contentment and honour my steps I will measure,  
 While pleasure supplies me at night with a Coul.  
 I leave to the great the pursuits of ambition,  
 Nor envy the miser's enjoyment of gain;  
 The simple delights of a humble condition,  
 Produce a sweet peace, less embitter'd by pain.  
 Could they snugly sit down with a group of good fellows,  
 United, the ills of their lot to control,  
 They would feel their mistake, if the truth they would tell us,  
 And eagerly range themselves under the Coul.



Then, dear to my heart be the social connexion,  
 Which freedom, good humour, and harmony guide;  
 There, with wisdom and mirth, in the bonds of affection,  
 Down Time's smoothest current securely I'll glide.  
 And when the long shadows of evening grow dreary,  
 And life's stormy winter around me shall howl,  
 In the peace of my soul I will smile and be cheery,  
 And friendship will bind my old head with a Coul."†

In addition to the necessity of each member of the Club wearing a coul during the sederunts, it was also required that, on his first taking his seat beneath the king or president, he should be dubbed a knight, the rule being that his majesty of the Coul tolerated no table companions, except strangers, under the rank of knights; and of these chivalrous associates he had never to complain that he wanted a sufficient number to form a chapter.\* In this way, each of the brotherhood had won his title—if not like a knight banneret on the field, at least like many a London civic knight—at the *table*! Of the knights of the Coul, one only can here be particularly consecrated; but, of a verity, he was one well worthy of registration, and may prove mayhap a key to many more of his Club companions. The knight to whom we allude was designated Sir Faustus Type; and while to the few who still live to recollect the title and its bearer it must excite most agreeable recollections, to ourselves it is pregnant with mixed sentiments of pleasure and regret. This worthy and tasteful little man owed his title to a long and familiar acquaintance-

\* The vice-president had the title of Prince of Coila or Viceroy, and the mass of knights had all alliterative titles; such, for example, as—Sir Percival Parchment (he being a writer, and secretary to the Club), and Sir Roderick Random, a most worthy boon companion, still enjoying himself at some of the best tables in the City.

† The author of these verses is Andrew Macgeorge, Esq. writer.



ship with *long primer* and *brevier*, and to the elegant use of these for expressing the thoughts of others. In this respect, he filled up the gap in the printing chronology of Glasgow, from the time when the last of the Foulises ceased to overlook the classical *chase*, and before either Khull\* or Hedderwick had taken up the *composing-stick*. To those who knew Sir Faustus best, memory cannot fail to retrace the many happy hours which his company created, which developed all the inherent goodness of his honest heart, and awakened in ourselves the first ambitious dreams of an embryo litterateur. The bland dignity of his demeanor, and the complacency of his good-humoured countenance, when, tired of sipping his toddy—for he was always temperate, either in the knightly or regal chair—he called, as he was often wont, for “something nice;” and the rueful look of disappointment when the call failed to produce the wing of a chicken, garnished with the thinnest slice of Westphalia or Yorkshire, cannot fail to be remembered by every surviving member of the Coul Club.† He was, in sooth, a choice

\* In 1815, there were in Scotland 414 book hawkers, technically termed canvassers, who, on an average of seven years, collected £44,160 per annum, in sixpences and shillings, five-sixteenths of which belonged to Glasgow. Messrs. E. Khull & Co. alone, exclusive of compositors, printers, &c. employed eighty-one canvassers and deliverers, who visited every town of importance in Scotland.—*Parliamentary Return on the Book-Publishing Trade*.

† The following address was read on the 5th June 1815, being the Festival of King Coul, written by Sir Quixote Quarto:—

TO HIS AUGUST MAJESTY FAUSTUS THE FIRST KING OF  
THE UNION COUL.

“ Great monarch of the cup and song—  
Whose joyous reign may God prolong—  
Permit your poet laureat,



little knight, yet certainly seen to the greatest advantage, not in the Coul-hall, but in his own snug dining-room, surrounded by the rarest and most valuable engravings that the burins of Strange, Wille, Woolett, Sharpe, Morghen, or Houbracken ever produced; and by the most choice large-paper copies, in costly binding, of books which would have put a modern Maitlander into raptures, and would have certainly made Dr. Frognal Dibdin, had he seen them, leap and roar with joy. Methinks we yet see the little trigly dressed knight, sitting in his elbow chair—alas! many long years ago—with his silver snuff-box in his left hand, directing thereon with peculiar vigour the fingers of his right, while his eye glistened around the walls, and he broke the silence

In honour of his king, to raise  
His humble strain of loyal praise,  
Unbought by sack or claret.

Faustus the First! your splendid reign,  
On Coul Club annals shall remain  
A never dying story:  
When yielding to oblivion's fate,  
Our Club had sunk to low estate,  
You brought it back to glory.

No selfish faction placed you on  
A vacant and neglected throne,  
To subjugate your knights;  
And blast their laws and constitution,  
By some unhallow'd revolution,  
Subversive of their rights.

You rose to your exalted station,  
To rule the true blue nightcap nation,  
By virtue of its voice.  
What foreign foe shall pull you down,  
Or tear from you a lawful crown,  
While you remain its choice?

Throned 'neath your canopy of state,  
Your knights, in due attendance, wait  
Your mandates to obey;  
At your dread nod, the sparkling glass  
Shall round the circle briskly pass,  
With toast and merry lay.



of admiration by the pithy exclamation, "Show me a sight like that in Glasgow! and yet these belong to a tradesman!" Crotchets to be sure he had, and who is he of any note who has them not? But, assuredly, among the many who, in this City, have passed through a Club to their grave, few possessed more of the milk of human kindness than did this dapper knight and king of the Coul.\*

We have thus attempted to characterise, in particular, one of the members of the Coul, and we have done so, because Sir Faustus Type tended not only to restore life and energy to the Club when it was prematurely threatened with decay, but was more frequently elected than any other to the throne, and contributed also most gene-

In Coul-hall met, each loyal soul  
Drinks a 'good health to old King Coul!'  
Your kingship nods consent:  
Then, rising on your royal shanks,  
You graciously return your thanks  
For this kind compliment.

Your majesty now gives this toast—  
'Duke Wellington, and all his host,  
May Heaven protect from harms—  
And may he, and his gallant train,  
Soon to their homes return again  
With all their legs and arms!'

In honour of the *Stanhope press*,  
This *typographic* toast must pass,  
In manner grave and solemn—  
'Amongst our sublunary sweets  
May we ne'er want—hot-press'd in sheets—  
A little pleasing volume!'

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Thus merrily your nights are pass'd—  
Long may such happy moments last—  
With wit and friendship season'd!  
Sir Quixote herewith grateful sends  
His love to all his Coul Club friends,  
And thanks them for their present."†

\* Mr. Robert Chapman was the Sir Faustus Type of the Coul.

† Alluding to a diploma sent to the poet.



rously towards the splendour and comfort of the brotherhood. Perhaps it would be wrong, however, to pass over this wide-spread and clever fraternity in this summary manner; so we shall shortly allude to two or three of the most conspicuous. And first among the host of Glasgow minor poets which belonged to the Coul, we may mention Mr. William Glen, who, while sitting under the style and title of Sir Will the Wanderer, contributed so many of his earliest and best lyrics to the poetical stock of the Club;\* and secondly, among the equally numerous class of vocalists which made Coul-hall ring with the richest melody, we may allude to Sir Napkin Nightingale,† Sir Malcolm Mahogany,‡ and Sir Robin Reply,§ the latter

“ Banishing all woe,  
When boldly singing—Yo, heave, ho! ”

and thirdly, among the wits and speech-makers, who could compare to Sir Sine-qua-non,|| and his friend Sir Patrick Packet? ¶

But among the better known literary knights of the Coul, we must not omit James Sheridan Knowles, the author of many of our most popular dramas, and who, under the title of Sir Jeremy Jingle, so many times and oft delighted the chapter with his speeches, songs, and Irish stories. The author of “*Virginus*” was then in the heyday of life, full of fun and frolic; and few would have augured that, while sitting under a Kilmarnock coul, he would one day exchange it for a

\* For a short account of Mr. William Glen, author of the *Battle of Vittoria*, see “*Anderston Social Club*.”

† Mr. William Martin. ‡ Mr. James Waddell. § Mr. Robert Smith.  
|| Mr. James Harvey, writer. ¶ Mr. Patrick M'Naughton.



Methodist cassock!\* We must also mention Andrew Picken, author of the "Dominie's Legacy," and the "Traditionary Stories of Old Families," who, with the title of Sir Bertram Balance, before his final departure for London, where he spent his life as a litterateur, occasionally took a part in this hebdomadal *Wappenschaw* of wit and waggery; and though last, not least, we feel bound to bring into view the venerable Ryley, who, under the title of Sir Peter Pension, always delighted his audience by his vocal and social qualifications. Frequently has a large chapter of the knights hung on that old actor's anecdotal lips, while he detailed the green-room dissensions in old Drury, and prated about George Colman and Peter Moore, of Lords Yarmouth and Byron, and of members of both Houses giving directions to scene-shifters, tailors, and painters, as if the interest of the nation depended on their proper fulfilment; and anon, he would repeat the facetious repartees of Mathews and Munden; detail the tricks that were played upon poor Incledon, indulge in *balaam* about Kean and Kemble, and, in fine, retail the slip-slop of the travellers'-room, the wise saws and modern instances of babbling bagmen, the ignorant effrontery of Cockney tailors in search of *horders*, the slang of coachmen, the gabble of guards, *et hoc genus omne!*†

\* Mr. Knowles was then engaged in Glasgow teaching the young idea "how to spout."

† All who were accustomed to *sun* themselves on the Trongate, during the second decade of this century, cannot fail to remember having there frequently encountered a tall, straight, and slender septuagenarian, faithfully pioneered by a French poodle. He was generally dressed in a full suit of goodly sables, that distinguishing and tell-tale garb of theology and physie, of legal bugbears and new fledged bailies, and might have passed with many, in this Calvinistic capital, for some brimstone-dealing Methodist



It is also right to mention, that during the long life of this Club, there were not a few knights whose shields were quartered with a sock and buskin, and that from this corner of the chapter much music and amusement

parson, had not the smart cock of his laughing eyes too plainly intimated that his profession was rather to scatter sunshine than gloom over the pathway of his fellow-travellers through the world. His locks, exposed as they had been to so many winters of strange vicissitude, had attained a silver-whiteness, and his whiskers had assumed so grizzly a hue as to be proof even against the blackening powers of Meek's "real vegetable dye," so very serviceable to our then and present aspirants after *baboon* fame! His confident step and debonair manner suggested the idea that perhaps he had paced another stage besides that to which "Old Will" says all the world is doomed; and that he had "in his time played many parts," ay, more than man's "seven ages." Disappointment and chagrin, the sure attendants on all who are dependent on public fashion or patronage, had worn several deep furrows in his cheek; but a sort of "dam'me who's afraid" smile, which ever and anon played upon his upper lip, testified that though Despair and Hope had been long fighting there for possession, the "fair-eyed goddess" still claimed her witching superiority in the countenance of the veteran. Such were some of the leading traits of a man whom many must have encountered, upwards of thirty years ago, upon his diurnal *beat* from Queen-street to the Coffee-room at the Cross. Such was, in fact, old *Ryley*, the veteran actor who gave lectures in Dunlop-street Theatre—the writer of some *fairish* songs—the concocter of a comedy that was damned at Drury—the author of nine gossiping volumes entitled "The Itinerant"—and the Sir Peter Pension of the Coul Club. The following extract from "The Itinerant" will better illustrate the man than anything further we can say. Old *Ryley* tells us that he had dined with the Fox Club, and had sung several of his patriotic songs—"mounted sixty-three steps to his lodgings, 2 Queen-street"—and gone to bed dreaming of the nibbling "rat of poverty," when, on entering the dining-room on the following morning, where a Scotch breakfast was laid out, he says:—

"As I approached the table I saw a fat-looking letter addressed to me; and, ere I opened it, said in soliloquy 'where dost thou come from, thou lusty lump of manufactured rags—thou canst not bear good tidings to me—thou comest not from Parkgate (the residence of his wife).' But, on breaking the seal, what was my astonishment to find twelve pounds enclosed, with these friendly lines, 'A few of Mr. Ryley's sincere friends beg his acceptance of the enclosed, as a mark of respect due to his literary and convivial talents.' Who's afraid? said I, taking the room at three strides, and placing the notes in my empty pocket-book. Who, after this and many similar instances, will let their noble courage be cast down? My empty-bellied pocket-book had, for the last fortnight, cut so meagre and lank an appearance that the very sight of it became disgusting to me; but now, as it lay on the table,



ever emanated.\* But, perhaps, among the many knights who, from time to time, sat under King Coul, none better deserves to be recorded than Sir Benjamin Bang-up—whose varied talents since, so long devoted to the public service, and whose excellent taste in the fine arts, gained for him a leading position among the denizens of his native City, in whose welfare he ever took the deepest interest, and for whose especial benefit he bequeathed the collected tokens of his artistic taste.†

Like Sir Faustus Type, the Coul Club, with its king, viceroy, and chapter, has now long been defunct; but,

sleek, plump, and aldermanic, my former disgust changed to awful respect, nay, even the red leather appeared more beautiful, and seemed to shine with uncommon lustre. O man! man! what a strange compound art thou! The rich rascal in robes, red or black, obtains more respect than virtuous merit in rags. An awkward, uncouth Manchester man, in the travellers' room, coarse as his county in speech, inflated with self-approbation, arrogant, illiterate, and choked with what is called loyalty, from being almost sent to Coventry, on account of the apparent vacuity of his mind and manners, became on an instant the idol of those who had before despised him! 'Mr. Cop's health, with the Manchester magistrates,' was given in the most profound respect. His silly attempts at art were highly applauded; his obscene stories, in the Lancashire dialect, obtained for him the title of Tim Bobbin the second; in short, he became the Alpha and Omega of the whole company; and all this arose from a whisper in a corner, 'He's worth not less than fifty thousand pounds!'"

\* Among the theatrical members were Messrs. Harry Johnston, Tayleure Bland, Mason, and two Glasgow men who afterwards espoused the stage, Mr. Alexander M'Alpine and Mr. Cochrane the jeweller; the former sitting at the Coul under the title of Sir Christopher Cobweb, and the latter under that of Sir Bauldy Brooch. Of Sir Bauldy, it may be truly said, that if he did not acquire much fame on the boards, he at least gained the distinction of exhibiting a *mouth* which, for size, has scarcely ever been surpassed, save on a "Bull-and-Mouth" stage-coach. For notice of Sandy M'Alpine, see "Anderston Social Club."

† The following is the Club minute when Mr. Archibald M'Lellan was elected a member of the Coul, which appears to have taken place on the 1st September 1814:—"Thereafter Mr. M'Lellan attended, and a chapter of the knights having been held, and that worthy esquire having taken upon him the duties and obligations essential to the high quality of a knight of the Coul, received from his majesty the honour of knighthood, taking the style and title of Sir Benjamin Bangup.



ere we consign it for ever to that oblivion to which all Clubs, like their members, are destined ultimately to be cast, let it always be remembered that this fraternity did not limit themselves alone to the pleasures of the table, but occasionally exercised the higher prerogative of ministering to the wants of their fellow-citizens, by deeds of benevolence and patriotism.\* Among the many acts of this nature, it may be mentioned, that they contributed £50 to the Royal Infirmary, for which they obtained a perpetual right of sending two patients to that

\* The following rather curious picture of the Coul Club was given us by our friend Dr. Mathie Hamilton, and illustrates the peculiarities of this fraternity, when the Club was "in its sere and yellow leaf," that is to say, when it had exchanged its staid and prudent characteristics for those vagaries which seem to have actuated sometimes the youthful members, who succeeded to the vacant chairs of the grey-haired knights, and which, no doubt, hastened the fate of the fraternity:—

"On the evening of the first Monday of January 1815, the members of the 'Glasgow Literary Debating Society' supped together in the Tontine tavern. We met at nine o'clock p.m. and about one o'clock a.m. while enjoying a 'feast of reason and flow of soul,' the landlord gave us notice that, if agreeable, the 'Coul Club' would pay us a visit. We hilariously responded to the intimation, and the Coul Club appeared in our apartment. The members wore masks, one gentleman excepted, who I recognised as an old acquaintance. The Club marched into the room with much formality, every one of them making a 'salaam' to our president; and each of them exhibited some musical instrument or insignia of office: one beat on a little drum, while another played on a small violin, another on a penny trumpet or Jew's harp—which he held in his mouth with one hand, and played on it with his other fingers—one of the gentlemen, who seemed to be a prominent member of the Club, thumped on a tambarine, which he flourished on high and twirled about in a most exciting manner. The couled gentlemen were all seated in a row. A short speech was made by our president; which was most graciously replied to by a couled wag, who closed a laconic and pithy harangue, by intimating that he and his companions would now entertain us with a Dutch concert; but, previous to the music being commenced, it was proposed, and agreed to, *nem. con.*, that all the gentlemen present should wet their whistles, after which, we calmly listened to the queer melody of sounds sent forth by the grotesque-looking group of bipeds who had so unexpectedly appeared before us. When the concert ceased, the player on the tambarine, with the instrument as a begging hat, went round the table at which our Society were seated, and made a collection for the musicians—but which, of course, was afterwards returned by the landlord. The Coul Club retired, as they entered, with all due formality, since which time I never saw them again."



noble institution; they subscribed £25 to the Monument to Robert Burns; and they also gave £25 towards the Monument of the Hero of Trafalgar, which still rears its lightning-struck summit in our public Green. Recollecting these noble deeds, and the many worthy individuals who in this Club once "wore their hearts upon their sleeves," and whose now acheless heads, alas! require no coul, are we not justified in imagining that the few survivors of this once numerous and happy brotherhood, may be apt to think Tom Moore not far wrong when he says,—

"When true hearts lie wither'd,  
And fond ones are flown,  
Oh! who would inhabit  
This bleak world alone?"



QUONDAM STATE OF THE GLASGOW POLICE—AND  
THE GEGG CLUB.

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To those who are now living quietly and comfortably under the protection of our well-managed Municipal Police, it is scarcely possible to convey an idea of the irregularities and dangers to which Glasgow was exposed before the first Police Act was obtained, and for even a considerable number of years after this statute had been put in force. Down to the close of the last century, watching and warding was, in accordance with the Burgess Oath, an obligation laid upon all who had obtained municipal privileges; but the mode practised by the burgesses to evade the duty was, of itself, sufficient to render the whole even worse than a farce. The respectable citizens, instead of proceeding in their turn to the Guard-house themselves, either hired porters, or sent their manufacturing servants to perform the work; while occasionally a set of young madcaps ostensibly undertook the duty, but instead of attempting to allay noise and turbulence, secretly instigated commotion for the sake of diversion. In these circumstances, it may easily be conceived that thieves, vagabonds, and blackguards had their full swing, while, beneath the safeguard of an ill-lighted and frequently a lamp-demolished town, offences of the most heinous kind were safely committed.



Even so late as the commencement of the present century, outrages of every kind and description were daily committed in the blaze of day, while battles with lethal weapons, and pugilistic encounters on the public streets, were of nightly occurrence.\* While this was the case, it must be allowed that many of these irregularities arose more from fun and frolic than from vice and passion, and were created not unfrequently by youthful sparks belonging to the better and more educated classes. At that period, to carry off a barber's basin or to unswing a golden fleece was a common trick; and as to the transference of a sign-board from one shop to another, this was looked upon as no crime, but rather as a most excellent joke. The fact is, that for many years after the Police was established, it was anything but an efficient force. It was invisible in the daytime, and during the night the watching was little better than a mockery. The limited day force, indeed, was chiefly engaged in the detection of grave crimes; while the night force was rather a dread to themselves than to others. It is but the truth when we say, that the watchmen then were chosen, not so much on account of their fitness to guard the lieges against attack or insult, and to protect the property of the citizens from harm and depredation, as, chiefly and mainly, on account of the low wages at which they condescended to remain out of bed during the night and perform their supposed duties. It is easy to conceive that the men who could

\* The *Glasgow Courier* of 1799 and 1800 is replete with accounts of street robberies and assaults, and lamp-smashing in George-square, and particularly in Anderston-walk, where during one night the whole lamps were nearly demolished.



be thus cajoled, were poor, frail, worn-out individuals, generally in early life connected with the West Highlands, and, though ranging from sixty to seventy-five years of age, the greater part of which they had spent in the City, had not been able even to conquer the English dialect. The head of the Police—who was then called *Master*, and who, as police knowledge now goes, knew little or nothing of his business—had, however, the kindness and consideration to envelope the poor old Celts in a kind of domino of grey cloth, and to tie round their waists a coarse cord, from which hung a pair of large wooden clappers. In one hand was placed a useless, unwieldy *rung* or stick, and in the other a lumbering lantern, which emitted a miserable glimmering light. On a stormy night, the shaky old watchman would sometimes draw over his rough-stockinged limbs a pair of coarser *hoggers*, as an additional safeguard from the night air; while, over his wig, if he had such a luxury, was usually planted a Kilmarnock nightcap, and, above all, a hat; the whole head-gear being tied down under the chin by some cast-off shawl or handkerchief. In this garb and guise, the police-guardian sallied forth, not unfrequently accompanied by his wife to the post assigned him for the night, who, after seeing him snug in his box, retired home, never forgetting, however, to give him the strictest charges to take good care of himself! It may be easily imagined, that having just swallowed his supper of porridge and milk, and being somewhat fatigued with his walk, the watchman was not long ensconced in his wooden *surtout* before he felt himself in a tolerably dozy condition; and



as these boxes were made with the upper half-door to open outwards, in the lock of which the key was always left, it not unfrequently happened that the poor *Charley* was locked in, and the key thrown away, by some passing wag, and sometimes even the box and all it contained was tumbled flat on its face, by a knot of mischievous dare-devils returning fuddle-pated from a tavern.\*

\* Police affairs had engaged the attention of the Magistrates and Council for a very considerable time, and so early as 1778 an Inspector was appointed, with a salary of £100 per annum; but which office was abolished in 1781. In 1788, an Intendant of Police and other subordinate officers were appointed, and the Magistrates applied for an Act to assess the inhabitants to defray the necessary expenses; but as the public were not to have a voice in the election of the Ward Commissioners, a powerful and successful opposition was set on foot, by which the Bill was withdrawn. There appears to have been much excitement connected with the matter, particularly among the members of the 'Trades' House, and many squibs and scurrilous publications were sent forth against the promoters of the scheme. Among these was one that made much noise at the time, entitled the "Glasgow Geese," a few verses of which have been handed down to us by an octogenarian memory. From this may be gathered, to how many slanders public men in all ages are exposed. It commenced as follows:—

"As I went forth in harvest-time, I spied a flock of Geese,  
Who wander'd through a stubble field, with nothing like Police.  
Sing hey the Geese of Glasgow! sing hey the Glasgow Geese!  
'Twas wonder how they lived so well, and yet had no Police!

\* \* \* \*

The Council in a passion swore, to these poor simple Geese,  
That they must yield their hoarded store to a Master of Police.  
O silly Geese of Glasgow! O silly Glasgow Geese!  
I think, my lads, you'll cackle low beneath your new Police.  
The plan was in the Council moved by an affected fop,  
Who came from off the Turkish Dun, and so nicknamed Dunlop—  
Who struts still in the foremost rank dull Councillors among,  
Because he apes the Turkey's dance and eke the Peacock's song;  
Thrice did he nod his brainless head, thrice wag his supple tail,  
Then, with a Goose's arguments, his brethren did assail—  
'Gemmen, you know as well as I, our flock are simple Geese,  
Then wherefore, pray, should we be shy in giving them Police?'

\* \* \* \*

'My brother Tom—the Gander fat—shall their Collector be;  
For why, you know that he must eat as well as you or me:  
He will not work, he cannot want, and I'll not give him grain;  
Therefore, you see it is but just the Geese should him maintain.'



Perhaps the following anecdote will illustrate, better than anything else, the absurdity of the system of Police management which prevailed during the first decade of

“Argyll’s lame Goose, with clam’rous throat, arose and clapp’d his wings,  
Just as he does at Durie’s club, when Jackie Turkey sings.  
He join’d was by a great fat Goose, of wond’rous bulk and bustle—  
Who ne’er can listen while you speak, without a song and whistle—  
Quoth he, ‘Unto my office come, I will insure your Bill—  
I’ll whistle Jamie Wardrop dumb, so who can doubt my skill?  
The Bill shall pass, or I’m an ass, by either truth or fiction;  
And every Goose I’ll soundly chase that offers contradiction.’  
A lean malt Goose, from the Trades’ House, cries out, ‘My dear fat brother,  
I wonder much that you should choose to make so great a pother—  
I say, I swear the Bill shall pass; yes, on my life it shall—  
Though every dirty trading ass T——t a scoundrel call.’  
\* \* \* \*

On a stair-head, fast by the Cross, John Orr stood, like a man,  
Geese to cajole, ne’er at a loss, he hemm’d and thus began—  
‘My bonnie Geese of Glasgow! my bonnie Glasgow Geese!  
This is a joyful day, I trow, that brings you a Police!  
This Master, whom you cannot choose, is every way most fit  
To lead one party by the nose, and make the rest submit.’  
O happy Geese of Glasgow! O happy Glasgow Geese!  
I wonder how you’ve lived so long without this grand Police!”

The first Police Act—which had been long attempted to be obtained by the Civic authorities—was passed on the 30th June 1800; and, in September of the same year, Mr. John Stenhouse was appointed Master. He appears, however, not to have liked the office, as we find he resigned in January 1803, and was succeeded by Mr. Walter Graham, who likewise resigned in 1805; the latter again was succeeded by Mr. Mitchell, who—having been a subaltern in the army—assumed the designation of Captain of Police, a title which seems to have vulgarly adhered to the office. Captain Mitchell was a tall, burly, broad-shouldered man, and showed both coolness and courage in the discharge of his difficult duties. We recollect him many times and oft, standing steady, amid the crowd of rioters, at the foot of Stockwell, on a Whitsun-Monday, like Saul among the people, and attempting to cajole them by fair words, and, if not, to daunt them by the force of his brawny arm. Heaven knows he had then but few to help him, the day officers being little beyond a dozen, and the night watchmen, although numbering nearly seventy, being never called to act on such emergencies; in fact, they were not to be had at such hours, the exertions of the night-watching confining them generally to bed till they sallied forth again to their watch-boxes. The first Police-office was in a house at the corner of Candleriggs and Bell-street, close to the old Bowling-green. It was then removed to apartments next to, and above, the Guard-house, at the west side of Candleriggs-street; and, after remaining there for ten years, was ultimately located on the present site in South Albion-street.



the present century. At that period, it will no doubt be remembered that there stood, at the top of High John-street, a strange-looking building, used as a sugar-house, surrounding which there were ever to be seen some dozens of empty sugar hogsheads. One winter's night, a party of young madcaps, returning from a supper-party in the neighbourhood of this refining establishment, determined on not only playing a trick on the watchmen, but producing what they knew would be the result,—putting them in deadly alarm. Having reached the sugar-house, a little before the witching hour of night, they each set about quietly rolling out a hogshead to the summit of the street, and there having arranged a train extending to at least a dozen, into which they placed as many stones as they could lay hands on, and having clogged the lowest, there waited the moment when the City clocks had tolled out the midnight chime. At the first note of twelve, the yawning and timid guardians of the night cautiously slipped out of their boxes, prepared to gurgle out the hour; and, at the last note, the happy and fearless youths removed the cogstone, and off went the hogsheads, rumbling and rattling like thunder down the steep incline, startling from their peaceful rest the sleeping population in the streets and houses along which their progressively noisy course conducted them, and filling with alarm and trepidation the three or four muffled guardians of the night who watched the neighbourhood, and who were rendered thereby speechless even in Gaelic. From the extreme darkness of the night, the cause of the panic was to all a mystery; for the noise, although terrific while it lasted, was neither of long du-



ration nor limited to one spot. The progressive hurley-burley was in fact so extraordinary, that the poor watchmen thought a judgment had fallen on the town; and being both timid and superstitious, they took to their heels as far from the scene of terror as possible, rattling their clappers and crying out fire and thunder. Whether it was from fear or from darkness, it is certain that the cause of the commotion was not discovered till the rising of the sun gave courage to examine the quarter whence the unearthly noise had proceeded; but although the prank might have produced the most serious consequences both to life and property, still, such was the inefficiency of the Police, that until this day the perpetrators of this wild and dangerous trick are unknown. In these days, too, the boundaries of the Police jurisdiction were very much restricted, and consequently it was the easiest thing in the world to escape detection. In the east, the trickster had a city of refuge in Calton; in the south, the Gorbals offered its protection; and in the west, it was only necessary to step across St. Enoch's burn to be safe from the watchman's pursuit. By the *Tom and Jerry* sort of youths with which the City then abounded, the night police of Highland imbeciles was looked upon, as we have already hinted, as a perfect farce, and was calculated rather to excite their derision and instigate their taste for frolic, than to evoke their fear or control their conduct.

It was when the Police was in this disjointed and disorganised condition, and before the Commissioner, Mr. James Hamilton of *grocer* memory, had begun to *weigh* with himself, as he was wont to repeat, the *weighty* mat-



ters brought before the weekly Board, that there assembled a gifted and sprightly brotherhood of acknowledged wags, who were well known as the GEGG CLUB. To the raillery and sarcasm of the individual members of this brotherhood, society at large owed much; and by the pranks which they collectively played, the table was often kept in a roar and the City in laughter. They met often, laughed loud, and generally sat late. They frequently even disdained the tell-tale dawn of daylight, provided *daylight* was never seen within their glasses; and, rather than forego an evening's practical joke upon some green and arrogant booby, they were individually ready to take the alternative of turning out, if necessary, with a pair of hair-triggers in the cool of the morning!

Although, to those who have been accustomed to breathe the atmosphere of Glasgow, it is unnecessary to give any definition of the term which constituted the nominal band of the Gegg Club, it is perhaps incumbent on us to inform those who never paced the Trongate, that the cabalistic term *gegg* signifies a practical joke played on some unsuspecting greenhorn, whereby he is made to believe and to act upon what is in reality not founded on fact, and thereby to occasion laughter and merriment to those who are aware of the truth. Accordingly, the members of such a brotherhood were necessarily men of sharp, acute, and fearless dispositions, who could see farther into a millstone than other people, and could arrive at a conclusion by means infinitely shorter than the world around them. In phrenological language, each member of the fraternity required to have



the bumps of wit, perception, ideality, firmness, combativeness, and love of approbation largely developed; while those of reverence, conscientiousness, and caution were small.

As it may be supposed, the members of this Club, or *College* as it was sometimes designated, were not numerous; and, what is perhaps needful to be told, their meetings were limited to no particular club-room, nor peculiar place of rendezvous. The fraternity as frequently met in a private house as in a tavern; while certain of their most striking and interesting *seances* were held in the hospitable mansion of a gentleman who, with the peculiar gifts which constituted him a worthy member of this brotherhood, united those more amiable qualities which rendered him one of the most beloved members of the community.

The ordinary meetings of the Club were ever limited to *ordinary* members, and were hence characterised by the most gentlemanlike demeanor and playful raillery. The extraordinary meetings, on the other hand, rarely took place, and when held, it was generally for the purpose of gegging a greenhorn, or chastising a self-sufficient spoony, and they were always open to the individual or individuals who were to be made, on the occasion, the butt of the brotherhood's practical joke or gegg. It was, for example, from an extraordinary tavern meeting of the fraternity, that the well-known Beau Findlay—who actually lived on the idea that he possessed the most splendid whiskers and most finished head-gear in Glasgow—was borne home, shorn of his darling pigtail and cultivated whiskers, with a face as black as a Moor, and with the



trophies of his shame in his pocket; a loss and a gain which the now almost forgotten *swell* did not discover till he started at his own strange reflection in the looking-glass on the following morning.\*

It was also from another extraordinary meeting of the Club, that the following ludicrous gegg was played on one who had frequently joined in similar jokes upon others. The circumstances attendant on this gegg were these:—On rather a dark night, during the winter, and before the introduction of gas, or the somniferous receptacles of dozy watchmen had been wisely discarded, the Club had assembled in a well known tavern near the Cross, in considerable force and in the best possible humour. As previously arranged by the chief actors in the practical joke to be that night perpetrated, it was quite certain that the party to be gegged would be present, and in

\* There were few men better known as “pacers of the pavé” than Mr. Findlay, who, being an idle man, and possessed of fair means, was generally to be met with, stick in hand, sunning himself on the Trongate every forenoon between noon and dinner-time. He was peculiarly attentive to his dress, and gained for himself the epithet of *Beau*. He was also particularly proud of his whiskers, and, it was said, devoted much time and no small cost to their cultivation and cut. With the members of the Gegg Club he was very intimate, and, in spite of many tricks played upon him, he could not help associating with the gay and regardless perpetrators of frolic. Upon the occasion of losing his pigtail and whiskers he was, however, very wroth, and threatened those who were present on the night when the deed was done, with an action of damages before the Court of Session; and no wonder he did so, when it is mentioned that, on being conducted home, reft of his whiskers and with blackened face, his old trusty maid-servant did not know him, and, on opening the house door to his knock, saluted him with “Get down the stair, you dirty blackguard!” As an instance of the Beau’s rather strange doings, it may be stated that, in the prospect of rebuilding an old tenement belonging to him in the upper High-street, he purchased several old windows of different sizes, and formed the openings of his new house for their reception; and there they still appear, as a curious memento of his singular eccentricity.



good earnest he was so—entering, as he was wont, into all the fun and frolic of the evening. The peculiar and happy characteristic of this worthy member consisted in his never being known, upon any occasion, to be the first to break up a good and sprightly company. He was, in fact, generally found last at every bowl of punch, and had always somewhat in his tumbler when the majority were on their feet for departure. He was, in common parlance, a jovial dog; but, amid the long sitting and the joviality, he occasionally lost somewhat of his recollection, though never the power of his *pins*. The gegg, therefore, to be played on this member was one which was addressed to his adumbrated memory rather than to anything connected with his physical nature. Be that as it may, the Club, as we have said, met in full divan, and all went “merry as a marriage bell”—bowl followed bowl, toast chased toast, and tumbler was tossed over after tumbler; in short, the whole party, including the geggee, were in the highest spirits,—when lo! the chime from the Cross steeple told it was midnight, and that it was now time to attend to the business on hand. The members quietly rose from the board and took their hats from the hat-pins, and the geggee took down his greatcoat, and, with the most satisfied air possible, buttoned it across his breast. The whole members laughed, as they were wont, on quitting the Club-room, and the geggee was the loudest among all the company. The street was soon reached, and onward the whole party sallied, till they arrived at the south end of Hutcheson-street, where the geggee had his domicile. Then each of them shook him cordially



by the hand, wished him safely home, and a sound sleep when he got to bed! The geggee thanked them for their good wishes, and unconsciously wended his serpentine career towards his residence. The geggers slipped silently, and on tiptoe, at a respectable distance behind, ready to enjoy the successful issue of the joke they had played on their companion. The geggee, on arrival at the close or entry which led to his house, boldly entered and ascended the first flight of stairs, at the head of which stood the door of his domicile—a door which was wont to open to his knock or his check-key at any hour he might think proper. But, think of his astonishment, when he reached the threshold of his imagined comfortable domain, to find there no doorway and no entrance! He groped, amid the darkness of the unilluminated staircase, for some opening, but, alas! none was to be found! He at once thought he had mistaken the close—that the Club liquor was more potent than usual; and, in his dilemma, he descended the staircase, and, staggering across to the opposite side of the street, planted his back against the wall, where he stared with fixed eyeballs on the opposite tenement, which, even through cloudified brain, looked vastly like his own home. And so it was; but, during the time the Club were sitting, a bricklayer had been employed by the chief actors in the plot to build up the doorway! and, considering the very indifferent state of the night police at that period, it was of easy accomplishment. Easy or difficult, the thing was done, however; and it was not till four in the morning that the poor geggee, having recovered from the effects of the Club orgies, and the mysterious disappearance of



his doorway, arrived at the too just conclusion, that his companions had played as palpable a joke upon him as he himself had ever played upon others, when at length he got access, through the instrumentality of another bricklayer, to his hermetically-sealed habitation and unpressed pillow. The geggers, who remained concealed on the shady side of an almost lampless street, enjoyed the plight in which they saw their luckless companion placed, and, careless of the consequences, stealthily retired, leaving the geggee to recover at his leisure.

It was likewise at an extraordinary *seance*, in the private mansion of a member, to whom we have already alluded, that another ludicrous gegg was played on a celebrated and self-sufficient swell, the simple account of which will perhaps better illustrate the feelings and peculiarities of this Club than anything else we can say. The personage for whose *benefit* the extraordinary meeting of the Gegg College was congregated, had made himself conspicuous in the City as one—at least in his own estimation—of its greatest *Counts*. He was tall, and was always seen in the very pink of fashion. It was rumoured of him, that he used to stand for hours before his cheval mirror, revelling in the beauty of his limbs and the fancied Antinous form of his face and figure; and that, after fully impressing his mind with the idea of his own matchless symmetry, he sallied forth, fully fraught with the conviction that every woman he encountered was admiring him, and that no one who wore a petticoat could have the heart to resist his manly charms! He was, in short, a “look and die” man, in so far as regards the fair sex; but being resolved, as he often



said, never to sacrifice himself to any woman without obtaining a handsome *douceur* as a legitimate recompense, he had not yet met with a shrine valuable enough for his adoration. It so happened, however, that, at the period to which our story refers, a lady, answering in every respect to his wants, had come to Glasgow; and that a splendid ball, to which he and the lady were invited, was to take place. This occurrence the *Count* took great pleasure in mentioning—ostentatiously asking all his acquaintances whether he really ought, or ought not, to choose this lady as his victim. The Gegg Club having considered the occasion one of the most fitting opportunities for playing off one of their practical jokes on the self-sufficient Adonis, an extraordinary *seance* was resolved upon, to take place on the day of the ball, to which the geggee was specially invited. The Adonis made, at first, some objections to attending an entertainment on the day of a dancing-party; but this being overruled by the soft persuasive tongue of the chief Gegg, the members were summoned, the plan fairly concocted, and the Club met accordingly.

The mansion in which the brotherhood on this memorable occasion congregated, was situated in one of the principal streets of the old City—the fact is, that at that time there was no St. Vincent-street, far less Woodside and Claremont-crescents,—the house which the hospitable member occupied being the first floor above the shops in Hutcheson-street. At four o'clock, the brethren met, to the number of about a dozen, and half an hour after the period at which he was invited, the Count entered the drawing-room, fully donned for the ball, and



making a thousand apologies for keeping the gentlemen from the dinner-table. There was a self-sufficient and forward flippancy about the geggee which contrasted delightfully with the Machiavelian and masked gravity of the geggers—an expression of conscious superiority in point of corporeal qualities on the part of the former, especially when he eyed himself askance in the pier-glass—a look of placid satisfaction, in regard to mental powers, on the part of the latter, when, on meeting one another's eyes, they gave each other the fraternal *wink*!

From the drawing-room, the party, as is customary, proceeded to the dining-room, when the geggee was handed to the seat of honour next the landlord. The entertainment went on—the wine was pushed about—and soon the party set in, as was their wont, for “serious drinking.” Jest and story chased each other, the company roared and laughed, and the roof echoed for hours with the notes of mirth and jollity. A huge bowl of Glasgow punch had been manufactured, and brimmer followed brimmer to the health of the west-country beauties. The Count pronounced the name of her with whom he was to meet that evening, and her health was given and received with three times three. A chamber clock, which stood on the mantelpiece, had been purposely set back a full hour, not to alarm the geggee, who, trusting to its correctness, never dreamed of *budging* till it had struck nine. At the tell-tale sound, however, he made preparations for rising; when the landlord, in a neat speech, proposed the health of the Count; and, after eulogising his personal appearance and agreeable manners, concluded by wishing him every success in his



proposed matrimonial scheme! The Count, casting his eye at his well-formed limbs, thanked him for his kindness and the company for their good wishes, and vowed it would not be his fault if the scheme was not brought to a happy termination. The Gegg Club could scarcely conceal a suppressed titter, when the geggee rose, with a self-sufficient *damn-me* sort of "Good-by," to leave the room. "A fair wind to you, my good fellow!" shouted the whole Club. "Now, see you don't take her heart by actual storm!" The Count walked to the lobby, took his hat, and lifted the latch to make his exit; but lo! the door would not open; it was locked, and the key was out! What was to be done? This could be no trick of the landlord—these things were long *out*. So he called on the servant; but no answer cheered his ear. Wearied with trying the lock and bawling on the servant, he at length bolted into the Club-room, with the pitiful note of the prisoner starling, "Well, gentlemen, I can't get out!" "Not get out!" cried the landlord, apparently confused and hurt. "Impossible! What has become of the servant? Pray ring the bell; but, in the meantime, my dear sir, be seated. From my heart, I regret this exceedingly." The bell was rung; still no servant appeared. "Well, now, that is really provoking; another evil of having pretty servant girls; they go out at night, and, in order to prevent the house from being robbed, lock the door and put the key in their pocket. My dear fellow," continued the landlord, addressing himself particularly to the geggee, "this is really most unfortunate; but do sit down and make yourself easy, she will return immediately." The Count sat down, and



took an additional glass or two, but was uncommonly restless. Every look that he cast at his silk stockings, brought the ball and the beauty to his mind. At length, wearied with waiting, and having discovered that the hour was not ten but eleven, he broke out into the following ejaculation:—"Good heavens! what an imprisonment is this! It is quite intolerable. Is there no way of getting out? for really I can *not* remain any longer." The whole gist of the gegg was to be here. The acute reader will at once discover that the one servant had been sent out on purpose; and we may tell him that the other was snug in a back apartment, waiting the *particular* call of her master. The Club looked exceedingly thoughtful on the scheme which ought to be adopted to get the Count out of the mansion. One proposed to break open the outer door; another to call out for a ladder. At length, however, after much *anxious* discussion, it was resolved to let the Count down to the street, through the front window, by the aid of a pair of sheets. The project was thankfully grasped at by the geggee. The landlord procured the sheets, and the Count having been firmly fixed in their double, the window was raised, the geggee stepped out with his white silk stockings upon the sill, the Club seized hold of the ends of the *suspending* apparatus, and the lowering immediately took place. The gegg was now about brought to its acme; it required that the poor Count should be left suspended in middle air, which was instantly done; for no sooner were the geggee's limbs seen dangling over the shop window, than down the geggers rattled the window,—and lo! his legs were permitted, handsome though they were, to waltz in mid



air! Here he hung; and there his silk limbs dangled, like a signpost, for some time before he sung out; but, finding that the party he had left had no intention of allowing him to proceed to the party which was expecting him, he bawled out lustily. The Gegg Club roared with laughter within, while he roared with rage without. The neighbours were alarmed at seeing a man hanging, like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth; and, anxious for his immediate safety, rushed in on all hands for mattresses, beds, &c. to break his fall. The street was, for a moment, in confusion; when no sooner did the geggers see that the fall would be broken, than up they banged the window, allowed one of the ends of the sheet to go, and down fell the poor Count in a fright, and a plight that rendered his visit to the ball-room and his siege of the fair fortune for that night utterly hopeless. The story soon got wind; it became the talk of that most gossiping of all places, the Coffee-room at the Cross; and though a mighty threat about satisfaction was made by the geggee to all the individuals present, the geggers remained safe and sound; and the gegg often drew forth abundant merriment, but neither apology nor bloodshed.

Such is a sample of the many pranks or whimsies of the Gegg Club, which at one time held so paramount a sway in Glasgow, and whose transactions, were they recorded with a Langbein's pen, and illustrated by a Cruickshanks' pencil, would be certain to obtain as honourable a place in the library of Momus as the immortal collectiana of Josephus Millarius, of laughter-loving memory. The meetings of this jovial and sarcastic fraternity have now long ceased, and the very few members



who survive its orgies, have now necessarily "ceased their funning." Times, too, have changed, and manners also; and it is only fair to hope that, among all the young and gay spirits of Glasgow, there is perhaps not one who would be eager to revive so practical a gegg as the one we have just recorded. Peace, therefore, say we, to the manes of the Count and the Club!



THE BANDITTI CLUB.

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ABOUT the same period in which the Gegg Club was holding its most famous meetings, and when the night Police of the City was in the forlorn state already described, a Club of young, gay, and adventurous spirits assembled, for amusement to themselves, at the expense of their neighbours, more particularly of the old men and Highlanders who, at that time, were the chosen guardians of the town's rest and property. Being all men of rather a *Tom and Jerry* disposition, few nights were passed, on which the Club met, that some prank was not performed which called forth the innate bravery and forwardness of one or other of the brotherhood. Boxing a Charley, or changing a sign-board, was an affair of weekly occurrence; and so sharp were they of scent, and so rapid of pace, that in spite of all their tricks, it never happened to be the fatal lot of any one of them to appear before the then dreaded bars of either the *public* Police-office, or the more *private* "Black-hole of Calcutta" Court-hall, known by the appellation of "the Chaumer."

The CLUB to which we now refer was called the BANDITTI. Startle not, however, gentle reader! We are not going to introduce you to anything akin to the famous "Forty Thieves," whose cavern in the wood was dis-



covered by the eaves-dropping Ali Baba. No, certainly; for although the Club of game fellows which we are about to illustrate, had nicknamed themselves *Banditti*, they in truth committed no murder save on their own health, and no robbery save on their own purses. They were a band of ardent spirits, who laughed and quaffed, "sitting late, drinking late," as Charles Lamb hath it, with "bosom cronies;" who always felt snug in their own comfortable rendezvous, and when they quitted it, paraded the midnight streets of Glasgow quite safely during the reign of the six-feet monarch Mitchell, while he sat on the throne of the Police-office; and who likewise might have survived even the Banditti-destroying powers of Hardie and Graham, had not the goddess Hygiea and her consort Hymen both interfered, ere many years had passed, to shut the lodge for ever!

It was about the year 1808 that this Club first commenced its sittings, which were held, like those of many other congenial fraternities of the period, in that street of all streets—then famous for dining and supping, for music and masonry, and fun and frolic—called *Gibson's Wynd*, and now better known by the more aristocratic title of Prince's-street.\* It was, in fact, under the roof-tree of one of the many contributors to good cheer in this street, known latterly by the name of Gardner,

\* Gibson's Wynd was named after Walter Gibson, once a Provost of Glasgow, who erected the great tenement at the corner of Saltmarket and this wynd, and which, in the days of M'Ure, stood "upon eighteen stately pillars or arches, and adorned with the several orders of architecture, conform to the directions of that great architect Sir William Bruce; the entry consists of four several arches towards the court thereof." In consequence of several alterations being made upon the property to meet the altered demands of the day, a part of one of the walls fell on the 3d March 1814,



that this brotherhood sometimes dined, but more frequently supped, and still more often met for geger and gossip, over repeated libations of rum punch and whisky toddy. What a change has taken place in tavern dinners in Glasgow since the days that Gardner or Haggart were the chief purveyors of Club entertainments! There it was that the table literally groaned under the weight which was placed upon it. We ourselves have seen turkeys roasted and turkeys boiled, rounds of beef and roasted sirloin, mutton boiled and mutton roasted, with many other *light* articles of this sort paraded all at once, and filling the low-roofed apartment with a flavour so heavy as to be almost sufficient to "choke off" any one at all troubled with dyspepsia. In those days, French cookery was altogether unknown, either in the private dining-room or in the tavern club-room of the City of St. Mungo. Heavy dinners, in fact, ruled paramount everywhere, save in the houses of the mean and stingy; and although it was said that a rather celebrated City divine had a peculiar and specific grace for every sort of dinner over which he was called to offer a benediction, it is certain that when called to do this office either at Gardner's or Haggart's, he found it ever to be his bounden duty to commence his "grace before meat," according to the formula reserved

and killed Mrs. Bishop, while several other persons were severely wounded. And on Sunday morning, 16th Feb. 1823, the greater part of the tenement fell with a tremendous crash, shattering a portion of a house on the opposite side of the street. On the preceding day, the inhabitants had been warned to quit the house, and only one man was killed; a woman was taken alive out of the ruins. The fall of this house caused many of the houses in Saltmarket to be taken down, which altered altogether the external appearance of the street. It was fatal to the old houses with wooden fronts.



chiefly for the most hospitable houses of his flock, with the well known invocation of "Bountiful Jehovah!"\*

But while, as we have already said, these Prince's-street *restaurants* were long known for good and hunger-appeasing fare, Gardner's, in particular, was also peculiarly celebrated as the mystic temple chosen for introducing to the lofty knowledge of Free-Masonry, many of our more curious citizens. It was, in fact, in a portion of this tavern—well adapted, from its being easily shut off from the observation and ken of the "cowan" world, for carrying on the occult ceremonial no doubt fixed on by the builders of Solomon's Temple,—that the opening the eyes of the blind to the transcendant light of Masonry, and of raising the poor "Apprentice" to the highest degrees of the craft, ever and anon took place; and where, through the traditions of the apostolic successor of the architect of the first Temple in Jerusalem—at that time represented in Glasgow by a learned cobbler—some of our most notable townsmen were transformed, in one night, from mere "Master Masons" to "Knights of the Holy Sepulchre;" and it may be easily imagined that, after the hot supper and its adjuncts, which the recipients of this honour were accustomed to give to those who had been instrumental in "raising them," each and all of the new-fledged knights felt equally proud and equal even in rank, with those who, in the days of the Crusades, first won the Holy City from the grasp of the Infidel!

But we are forgetting the Banditti, while we are sketching the comfortable house in which they met.

\* The Rev. John M'Leod of the Chapel of Ease.



To return, then, to our Club, which we have already said was composed of youthful sparks, for, while in other fraternities there was always a knot of old stagers which served as a board of control over the more forward, there was not a single Bandit among the whole group that was much beyond the age of majority. They could all boast of having young blood in their veins, and, what is more, felt that that blood was by no means stagnant. Hence the evening meetings were characterised by an exuberance of youthful fun and frolic, by every species of badinage, and by the exhibition of the truly French feeling of "*vive la bagatelle!*" Several of the truly "*merry men*" sang well, and some of them possessed histrionic powers of no ordinary description; and it so happened that when conversation lagged, which, however, was not frequently the case, there was no lack of music to prevent the walls wearying for want of sound, while now and then the story of "*Alonzo the brave and the fair Imogen*" was repeated, in a manner that made the listeners almost imagine the "*candles burned blue!*" It is easy to conceive that such spirits would try many odd street pranks, particularly at a period when the police jurisdiction was so limited, and when, in particular, the watchmen were so dozy and effete; and it is but too true that they did so. To the poor imbeciles of night guardians the Banditti exhibited always a decided hostility, considering them most superfluous appendages to the street lamps, then barely sufficient to make darkness visible—the tell-tale glories of gas being as yet in the womb of futurity; and, consequently, on every good opportunity which offered, the



members of that Club never failed practically to show their enmity towards them. The result was, that to those caricatures of watchmen some of the members of the Banditti were particularly obnoxious, from the liberties which were frequently taken with the absurd police-boxes at that time awkwardly stuck up on the sides of the streets—whereby box, Charley, and lantern were all rolled over on the pavement. There was one box, among the many elsewhere, which was placed on the kerb-stone at the head of the New-wynd, particularly convenient for receiving a Club compliment, as the midnight members wandered homeward from Prince's-street; and many a hitch that said box got into the street, leaving the occupant to find his way out, with his demolished lantern, as he best could. Some time after this, however, a more vigorous set of men began to be infused into the police force; and even before the renowned John M'Larty took up his station on the north side of the Trongate, an occasional running fight was obliged to be maintained, by all wayward sparks, till the police boundary was crossed, which at that time was on the west of St. Enoch's burn. When John M'Larty, however, entered on the office of calling the hours and wielding the clappers, such pranks as the Banditti indulged in could not well be carried on. He was, in fact, too strong and burly a fellow to be trifled with, and the consequence was, that the members of the Club were obliged to enter into an armistice with him before he had passed a winter on his beat. It was, however, during the earlier period of Glasgow Police history, when the watchmen were almost all old Highlanders and full



of superstitious fears; when stories about wandering spirits were, from the newspaper controversy on the subject, in everybody's mouth; and when, in particular, the celebrated "Stamford ghost," played off with so much dexterity, was walking regularly at midnight, inducing, for a length of time, many timid beings to keep closer to their firesides than they otherwise would have done,—that one night a discussion was raised in the Banditti Club, whether or not it would be practicable to get up such a ghost as would frighten the lieges as much as the one at Stamford, and which would afford, especially to the fraternity, amusement in the way they liked the most. Various schemes which the ardent imaginations of the conclave, sharpened by Gardner's punch, suggested, were started and discussed. At length it was determined that something of the Don Juan spectre kind might be attempted. Considering the dangers and difficulties, however, which might follow the undertaking, it was determined that *one* cavalier would not do; so it was at once resolved that the cabalistic *nine* should be the number of the ghost-like troop, and that an early night should be chosen to carry the hobgoblin freak into execution. There was no difficulty in getting nine of the boldest of the Banditti to volunteer for this strange duty; the great difficulty consisted in finding nine quiet and steady horses to carry them. The idea that Munn, so long known in Ingram-street as a stabler and horse-setter, would not be unwilling to serve them on this occasion, was started, and a deputation was thereupon named to ask his assistance. Munn was a very useful fellow in many re-



spects—having been a sort of purveyor-general to the Club, in all things appertaining to horse flesh; and although it was well known that he ever kept a pretty steady eye on his own interest, he at the same time contrived to be on very happy terms with each member of the Banditti. The proposal for the midnight parade was consequently whispered to the horse-setter, who, at first, threw cold water on it, urging as a reason that, if discovered, the whole party engaged in the freak would be sent to Botany-Bay, there to cool their heels for their folly. To carry out the proposal without Munn's assistance was impossible. It was needful, therefore, to support the claim which the individual members of the Club had upon him with every argument they could muster, and particularly with the bold assertion that they defied any one of all the watchmen even to get within reach of them. This advocacy, coupled with sundry tumblers of toddy, at length softened the heart of the good-natured Munn, and the advocates having promised him their everlasting support—which, alas! it was ere long out of the power of many to give—the preliminaries were agreed to, and the necessary preparations made for carrying the project into execution. The night was accordingly fixed upon, and “the meet,” as the hunting term goes, was arranged to take place at the back of Scarlet-hall, a somewhat retired villa at the eastern extremity of the City, possessed at that time by a rather crusty old gentleman of the name of Young, who assuredly would not have hesitated to fire off his fowling-piece at any such intruders, as he was wont to do at those who but too frequently stole his apples.



Fortunately, however, there was little at that season of the year, either in the garden or grounds, to protect, and the old gentleman, in winter, when he drew on his nightcap, which was generally at an early hour, could not possibly be disturbed by any such midnight marauders as the Banditti Club. It being feared, as well it might, that the light of the glimmering lamps which then lined the streets at respectable intervals would be insufficient for the grand display, the happy thought occurred to one of the members to have the ears of the horses saturated with phosphoric oil, which would no doubt add to the light, and would, besides, heighten the effect of the pantomimic procession, from the lambent smoke which would be thereby emitted. To render the movement of the horses along the street as silent as possible, it was resolved to cover their feet with cork. This was no easy matter to effect without detection, but it was by-and-by got over, together with many other little difficulties; and lo! on a dark night, in the month of December, a little before the Cathedral bell had sounded the witching hour, the Bandits, with their steeds under the guidance of Munn, had assembled at Scarlet-hall. The muster-roll of the *nine* who had volunteered to do duty was called. The ominous number, famous for its cabalistic quantity, from the days of Darius to the more modern days of the Freischutz, answered to their names. The horses' feet were soon shod, or rather tied up, in cork soles; their ears were already glowing with phosphoric light; a white sheet was next cast over the body of each steed; while the nine riders, equipped in white drawers, shirt, and nightcap, leaped on their backs, ready



for a start. The appearance which the Bandits had in the eyes of each other was so horrible and ghastly as at once to bespeak for their project the most complete success; and having each swallowed a bumper of Hollands, no doubt to inspire them with *Dutch* courage, they wheeled into Indian file, and commenced their march to the City, while Munn bolted off to his stables to await their arrival. The mysterious horsemen proceeded onward along the Gallowgate, slow and noiseless, like the hunters amid the floating mists of the Black Forest, in the famous Walpurgis Night, producing in the minds of those who, through the murky gloom, might espy them from the foot pavement, a degree of superstitious awe and fear which may be better imagined than described. Suffice it to say, that the aged guardians of the night, for whose especial benefit the pantomime was got up, were all in the greatest possible agitation and alarm—believing, no doubt, that the sight was supernatural; and, under this feeling, each took to instant flight up the first close which offered shelter. The cavalcade, after producing the necessary terrifying effects upon the few who at that late hour were in the Gallowgate, at length reached the Cross, which was passed in silence. Solemn and slow the horsemen moved onward without a word spoken and without suffering the least molestation, until they reached the head of King-street,—when lo! a fellow, inspired with the contents of at least half-a-dozen glasses, which, instead of adumbrating his brain, rather opened his eyes to the reality of the cavalcade being not spirits but real flesh and blood, thought fit, under this pretty sound impression, to arrest its progress by



falling pell-mell on the second file of the procession. The attack, however, though furious, was instantly met by the brawny arm of the Bandit, who, by one fell blow on his *caput*, left him senseless on the roadway. At this moment an alarm of fire was raised; and by the time the ghostly procession had reached the head of Jamaica-street, the rattles of the terrified watchmen were in motion, and the sound of the fire-engines was borne along. Satisfied with their exploit, and that it would be dangerous to lose much more time, the cavalcade crossed the boundary which cut them off from the power of the police jurisdiction; and thereafter, mending their pace, they entered a field near Willow-bank, unrobed themselves of their habiliments, and, by different routes, got safe to Ingram-street, where the stabler was ready to house the horses, and to give a *deoch-an-doruis* to the Bandits. Of the prank itself, few believed that it had been really accomplished; and the many odd stories that got wind about the ghostly procession which, at midnight, had passed through the City, were attributed to the effects of the narrators having dipped too deep in their evening potations. Some, however, swore that Old Nick himself led the van of the ghostly cavalcade, and assuredly his representative was by no means a shabby one; and, also, that the number of his attendants far outstripped the wierd company at Alloway Kirk.

Such was one of the many, though perhaps the most remarkable, of the freaks in which, during the existence of the Banditti Club, the several members indulged; and it will convey, better than anything else we can adduce, an idea of the character and spirit of the fraternity,



which met, for several years at least twice a-week, within the *devil-raising* house of Gardner. It may easily be supposed that a Club, which was so dependent on the extravaganzas of youth, could not long exist. Before advancing years and growing sense, the spirit of the Banditti fell prostrate; the members, in fact, were soon drawn away by other influences from their joyous den; and the fraternity, after fulfilling, in many laughable ways, the nominal link of their union, at length "ceased their funning," and returned into the bosom of general society, not much the worse from having assumed for a season the appellation of Bandits!



## THE PACKERS' AND THE EVERY NIGHT CLUB.

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IN the halcyon days of pure protection and excessive love of native industry, when drawbacks and bounties were indissolubly united with all our manufacturing and commercial policy, and when Commissioners of Excise and Customs, backed by the imperial Parliament, exhibited an astonishing fondness for *oaths*, there was found in the countinghouse of every foreign merchant what was then called a *swearing clerk*—generally a youthful personage—who felt no difficulty, on any occasion, to swear solemnly, when printed calicoes, linen checks, plain linens, or other exciseable goods were being packed, that the whole duties had been paid on the one, and that there was not a thread of cotton in the others. Although this oath-gulping individual was generally the only representative of the mercantile establishment, to which he formed so necessary and important an adjunct, who was expected, in company with the excise-man, to be present at a packing for foreign shipment, in the warehouse or calender; still, it was sometimes the practice for one or other of the principals to leave his snug domicile of an evening, to take a look of the iron-bound and government-sealed boxes, before they



were fairly consigned to the care of the Greenock carriers, who at that period held the monopoly of transporting goods from Glasgow to Greenock and Port-Glasgow, whither all the foreign vessels connected with the trade of Clyde arrived and departed. The business of the Broomielaw, now teeming with the magnificent ships of all nations, was then confined to little more than the coasting trade, and even of that trade it had but little. Henry Bell had not yet launched his tiny steam-boat, the "Comet," nor had the deepening-machine and diving-bell been employed on the river. The fact is, that all the goods destined for foreign parts were either carried by gaberts or flats down the Clyde, or by carts along the Greenock road and Inchinnan bridge; and so much was the latter conveyance patronised, for its safety and certainty, that it was by no means an uncommon sight to behold upwards of one hundred loaded carriers' carts crossing in a string the Jamaica-street bridge, after midnight, on their way to the lower ports of the Clyde.

When merchants or manufacturers were thus making as much as they possibly could of bounties and drawbacks; when a *partnership* with King George III. was looked upon as a paying connexion; and when the ports of embarkation were so situated as to render an afternoon or night packing of goods an absolute necessity, there arose a CLUB, which was not inaptly called by others, as well as by themselves, the PACKERS'. The appellation of this jovial but *drouthy* fraternity, originated from many of its members being in the habit of starting off, from their own houses, immediately after



dinner, upon the ostensible plea of having goods to pack at the calender, when, in reality, the object they had in view was merely to *pack* punch, and to bolt a provocative to thirst (which, Heaven knows, few of them required) in that well known and well frequented tavern, called the "Three Tuns," kept at that time by one yclept honest John Gregg.\*

The many members of this guffaw-loving and *hika-hikaing* brotherhood were not numerous; but, what perhaps was much better, they were all leal and true men, being generally among the first at a feast and the last at a supper table. It was, indeed, a rare occurrence that a Packers' Club chair was ever found vacant, or that the principal Packer was ever obliged to punish any skulking member, as he was wont, by ordering him to be "put to the horn." Not, legal reader! to that fearful horn which some of thy fraternity were wont to sound occasionally from the pier of Leith, proclaiming every "breaker of the promises" a rebel to the State, and, consequently, escheating his goods and chattels to the King; but merely to an additional *horn* of soul-stirring stingo, to ripen reason and "to bathe the drooping spirits in delight beyond the bliss of dreams." Music in all its moods was the peculiar pastime of this brotherhood, for never was a meeting held when the walls of the apartment did not ring with the notes of a catch or a glee, or that the roof did not echo back the praises of Calcott, Webbe, or Mornington.

\* The principal calenders were those of Messrs. Buchanan & Paterson in Candleriggs, Mr. Ure in St. Andrew-square, and Mr. Miller in Ingram-street; the first being frequently shown to strangers as one of the lions of Glasgow.



The Club of Packers were, in fact, the chief originators of that series of gentlemen's "Subscription Concerts," which were got up in a manner so honourable to the taste of our City, during the first two decades of the present century; but which, like the Club that gave them birth, or at least renewed their youth, are now, we fear, never again to be revived. Of these concerts, managed as they were by a select committee of subscribers, it is not too much to say, that, during their pretty long career, they always gave general satisfaction. The company which patronised them was uniformly select, and there fashionable strangers had an opportunity of seeing our City *beau sexe* to advantage, donned as they always were in their assembly dresses. The young ladies, by attending these well-conducted concerts, acquired a taste for good and classical music; while professional people of talent were encouraged thereby to remain in the City. The expense for a winter's entertainment to each family was but trifling, while the advantages and the amusement were great. Strange is it to think, that when Glasgow had not a third of the population which it at present possesses, an annual series of concerts was carried on with the greatest spirit, while numerous candidates were generally waiting to fill up any vacancy which might occur in the regular list of subscribers. It is also worthy of remark, that, during that period, no orchestral or vocal performer of eminence visited Scotland until he or she had procured an engagement at the Glasgow concerts. In proof of this we may mention, that on the celebrated Mrs. Salmon (of London) and Miss Cheese (of Dublin) completing their



engagements in Glasgow, and thereafter visiting Edinburgh, the following epigram was written:—

“ Sure auld Reekie’s pride and her puffing will fail,  
 Since she’s nothing her taste now to please;  
 Excepting of our Glasgow *Salmon* the tail,  
 And the pairings of our Glasgow *Cheese!*”

The recollection of the many jovial hours spent in concocting and forwarding the musical meetings above referred to, must still remain fresh in the memory of every surviving member—alas! now few—of this cremona-loving fraternity. It would, indeed, be a sacrilege committed on fun and good humour for any member to forget the enraptured countenance of the principal Packer, when, after the bowl had received its top-dressing of limes and *ketchup* (a well known kind of old rum), and when glasses were each filled brimmers, he, with a loud knock on the board, exclaimed, in accents of self-satisfied delight, “ Well, what do you think of that?” or when, raising the *galoptious* draught to his lips, and ordering each member to be perpendicular, he dedicated the bumper, amid the swelling *crescendo* of a harmonised hurrah “ To the lovers of music throughout the globe!” Neither will it be possible to efface from the memory of any brother, the unambitious wit and ceaseless humour of its warm-hearted secretary,

“ Whose eyes like twinkling stars in evening cleare,  
 Were deckt with smyles that all sad humours chased;”

of him, who, on his favourite four-stringed instrument, was sometimes heard to *out-Pan* even Pan himself, “ in notes most musical, most melancholy;” or who, with his voice, made every listener at once most willingly acknowledge, when singing the bass of the well known glee, that



" Smiths are good fellows,  
When they blow the bellows!" \*

The social-minded individuals who composed the fraternity of Packers—of whom, in good troth, it may be said that they sang from the heart "of all the brave birds that ever I see"—who revelled in the mysterious sounds of "one, two, three,"—and who, moreover, rarely got home from the Club by the straightest course,—are now, for the most part, torn asunder, either by distance or by death; and although we know that the very limited number who still remain in our City feel yet a desire to have a small *delectable* pack, for the purpose of recalling the pleasures of the past, and singing "peace to the souls" of their departed companions, we much doubt if the following choral chaunt of the brotherhood will ever again call forth the enthusiasm which it was always wont to produce within the precincts of the "Three Tuns":—

" Saw ye Johnnie coming, Nannie?  
Saw ye Johnnie coming,  
Wi' the Packers at his back,  
And wee Parsons rinning, Nannie?  
And wee Parsons rinning.

What wad ye do wi' them, Robin?  
What wad ye do wi' them?  
I'd gie them drink until they blink,  
And dievil'd farls gie them, Nannie,  
And dievil'd farls gie them.

Haste Rab, my man, as fast's ye can,  
Get rum and water ready,  
For here we'll sit, nor doup we'll flit,  
Till fit we're for our beddy,  
Till fit we're for our beddy.

\* The late Mr. Archibald Hunter, cloth-merchant, who played the tenore or viola at the Harmonic Society's private concerts, which took place in the houses of the members.



## CHORUS.

Long live our preses John !  
May he ne'er heave a groan,  
Nor want a crown !  
May he have grog in store,  
And snuff for evermore,  
That Packers still may roar,  
Long live John Brown !" \*

For several long years the Club of Packers continued to assemble regularly every *lawful* night, till at length, strange to say, while there were but few changes among the members, the Club itself changed its name; and what is less surprising, like too many other aliases, it did not improve in its character, either for sobriety or early home-going. The Packers', during its reign under that name, was indeed an early Club. For although it frequently met as the six o'clock chime of the music bells was tinkling, from the Cross steeple, "the lass of Patie's mill," it was almost always dispersed before the mighty "Tom" of the Cathedral had sounded ten. The new Club, composed as it was of the old brethren, and which, Phoenix-like, rose instantly out of the ashes of the old, was known by the name of the EVERY NIGHT, which, from a whimsical member prefixing a K to the monosyllable, gave rise to the idea of conferring a title of knighthood on each of the brotherhood, and which was soon after fairly followed out. Under their new banner and titles, the old Packers met later in the evening and sat later at night. They had become, by reason

\* This choral chaunt arose out of the following circumstance:—One evening it was agreed to have a small concert at the Club, but it was also fixed that the only instrument to accompany the voices was a French horn, which was at that time well played by a nice boy of the name of Robert Parsons, in the band of the 42d Regiment, then in the garrison of Glasgow.



of continued sederunts, rather a pelican-throated set of soakers, who scouted the idea of looking at a watch after dinner, and who took no note of time but by the loss it created in their purses. The titles of the members will hence appear appropriate and descriptive, for there was a Sir David Daidle, a Sir Simon Sitlate, a Sir Roger Risenever, a Sir Mungo Muz, a Sir Reginald Round-the-Horologe, *cum multis alliis* of chair-warming notoriety.

While music continued to be a favourite pastime of the Every Night, as it had been of the Packers' Club, it may here be mentioned that Free-Masonry was with each and all of them a passion. The mystic art, it must be remembered, had been, during the great volunteer mania of 1804-5, very much patronised by all the young sparks of the City; and the evening assemblies in the Trades' Hall of the Argyll Lodge, then the most fashionable, on St. Andrew's and St. John's nights, were hence sure to be crowded to the door with the most ardent devotees of the craft. During the military period above alluded to, the gilt mallet was ably wielded by Mr. Samuel Hunter, whose *bonhomie* was always certain to gather round him a host of enthusiastic and willing workmen, requiring little persuasion "to go from labour to refreshment, and from refreshment to labour again;" and who, besides, rarely ceased to call for ammunition till the lodge was closed, as it was wont, at "high twelve"—an hour, it may be truly affirmed, at which few, few indeed, ever "went away dissatisfied." At the time, however, when the Every Night Club was in its zenith, the right worshipful master's jewel and sash had been transferred from the neck and shoulders of the volunteer Colonel and quondam Editor



of the *Glasgow Herald*, to those of Mr. John Douglas of Barloch, whose flowing oratory and attic wit proved an attractive loadstar to the mystic members of the Argyll Lodge; and among the many who were then drawn to the Trades' Hall by the annual summons of the brethren on the 27th of December, there were none so regular in their attendance as the members of the Every Night Club. The fact is, the chief office-bearers of this once celebrated and numerous Lodge of Masons were composed of leading Packers, and consequently it was found that on occasion of great Masonic festivals, the Every Night could never "make a house," at least at the usual hour of seven or eight; although it frequently happened that the majority of the members were brought together, after the Lodge had been closed, to a hot supper, laid out either in the Prince of Wales Tavern or *Major M'Pherson's* oyster-house, at that period two of the most noted night-houses in the City.\*

\* The establishment of Free-Masonry in Glasgow was coeval with the building of its Cathedral. By a charter of Malcolm III. about the middle of the eleventh century, it appears that that Scottish monarch granted to the Free Incorporated Masons of Glasgow "to have a lodge for ever in the City," under the title of St. John's Lodge, charging and commanding "that none take in hand any way to disturb the free operative masons from being incorporated freemen, or to have a free lodge; to take away their good name or possession, or harass or do any injury to any free-masons and practitioners, under the peril of my highest displeasure." It appears from the Records of the Burgh that the St. John's Lodge, St. Mungo's Kirk, Glasgow, held heritable property in *Isle Toothie*, on the north side of the Drygate, at an early period, as shown by a security granted over it about 1750, by James M'Gurdie, then grand master of said lodge; Robert Marshall, writer, senior guardian; John Kinniburgh, coal-hewer in Shettleston, junior guardian; Robert Raking, tailor in Glasgow, senior steward; and Thomas Algie, junior steward; William Wilson, in Gateside of Camlachie, secretary; and Peter Wilson, land-labourer in Garteraig, treasurer. Free-Masonry was also much in vogue in Glasgow during the latter portion of the last cen-



On such rare occasions the jovial and red-cross knights gave full scope to their musical and masonic propensities. Not satisfied with the "assistance" which they afforded, during four hours of the already spent evening, to the *perpendicular firings* of the shut lodge, they had no sooner swallowed their oysters or tripe, than the said lodge was again opened, when the hidden orgies of Free-Masonry were continued with increasing *spirit*, till the hoarse cry of some Highland Charley screeching "past three o'clock," reluctantly brought the truncheon of the warden to a "once, twice, thrice," and the lodge to a close!

It was of the knight *par excellence* of this truly jovial Club, and of this matchless masonic fraternity, many of whom were in fact knights of Malta and of the Holy Cross, and who in the Every Night made the low-roofed parlour of the "Three Tuns" ring with a "fal, lal, lal, lal, la, la"—it was of this knight, who like the Club is now, alas! defunct, whose vulgar name and surname were merely John Brown, a name and surname which many others besides himself bore in our good City—that the following ludicrous but authentic anecdote was told. John, as the story goes, one evening, as if to prove the general rule of his attendance at the Club by *one* exception, bethought himself of killing the heavy hour within the precincts of the theatre. He chose the pit, and sate

tury. From an advertisement in the *Glasgow Mercury* of 1783, we find that the Argyll Lodge then met in Fraser's Hall, King-street, to solemnise the anniversary of St. John, at *five* o'clock; dinner in Mr. Scott's Shakspeare Tavern being announced at three o'clock. At that period, a regular Masons' sermon was annually preached in St. Andrew's Church on the 27th December.



himself down on the centre seat. The play went on as well as it was wont, when Glasgow filled the box circle with the fairest of her citizens. The house, which was in reality a bumper, shouted applause; the actors bowed and made their exits; and the green cloth fell. John was pleased like all around him; and although the snug parlour in the "Three Tuns" often swept athwart his brain, he bravely resolved to sit out the afterpiece, which that evening happened to be "Love, Law, and Physic." Every one acquainted with this little drama, must remember the scene where one of the characters, with an anxious countenance, enters and makes the repeated exclamation "But where is John Brown?" A wag near the orchestra, aware of John's Every Night Club-going propensity, immediately called out, loud enough to be heard in every corner of the theatre, "He is in the Three Tuns." The words struck like a thunder-bolt on the ear of the Every Night member, and forgetting for a moment where he was, he bolted up right from his pit seat, and bawled out, "You're a liar, sir; I'm here!"



THE POST-OFFICE CLUB.

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KIND reader! if thou art still among the few remaining denizens of this ever-changing community, who can throw thy memory back to the exciting period of the two concluding years of the great French war, when each post brought an account of some event which seemed to foretell the speedy close of that dreadful European conflict which had plunged so many hearts in woe and so many families in mourning, then wilt thou easily recollect the hundreds of anxious citizens who every morning hurried to wait the coming of the London mail, and to listen to the horn-blast which announced its arrival at the bridge which then spanned the as yet uncovered Molendinar. Thou mayest likewise remember, that at that time, when the news of any important victory was brought by a mail conveyance, the guard, donned in his best scarlet coat and gold-banded hat, announced the circumstance, by firing off his carabine before reaching the Cross, and that the coach itself was always on such occasions decorated with a red flag which floated from the roof. Many times and oft do we remember, during the cold winter mornings of 1812, when the Clyde had been frozen for weeks and the snow lay deep on the streets, leaping from our comfortable bed and hurrying, with bounding heart, towards the



great rendezvous of news at the Cross, there to listen to the bulletins of the Russian campaign, so fatal to the French troops, and to get tidings of General Kutosof and his advancing army; to hear tales of the fearful encounters which took place between the Hetman of the Cossacks and the retreating remnants of the once magnificent Gallic host, consequent on the fatal passage of the Beresina; or of the *marine-like* manœuvres of Admiral Tchitsigoff, through whose strategy it was expected that Napoleon himself would never have been permitted to recross the Vistula or the Elbe.

It was at this eventful period, particularly when there was not a sufficient number of newspapers received in the Exchange Coffee-room to satisfy the intense curiosity of the City quidnuncs, that either Mr. Walter Graham or Mr. James M'Queen was called upon to mount one of the tables of the News-room, to read aloud to the assembled throng the stirring and all-absorbing news of the day. It was also at this period that the CLUB known by the title of the POST-OFFICE was in its most palmy state, and could count the most numerous body of members attending its every evening orgies.

Although, as has been hinted, the Post-office Club may be said to have been in its zenith about the period which is associated with the remarkable events of the Russian and German campaigns, its commencement may be dated at least a couple of years previous to that time; its birth was in fact coeval with the establishment of the Glasgow Bank,\* the worthy and kind-hearted cashier of

\* The Glasgow Bank was formed in 1809, under the auspices of the late Mr. James Dennistoun of Golfhill, whose well known liberality and judg-



the one being generally the chairman of the other. Around such an attractive star, as the immediate instrument of the liberality so strikingly displayed by that new banking institution as compared with that of the others which then occupied the field of mercantile accommodation, it is easy to conceive that the merchant satellites who revolved nightly were neither few nor unimportant. Among the elder members of the brotherhood, there were several of the more notable merchants and manufacturers of the day, while among the junior associates we may find some who are now in the rank of our merchant princes.

The Post-office Club owed its name to the hour of its meeting being eight o'clock at night—an hour at which the London mail was made up, and when all letters for the south required to be lodged in the receiving-box of the central Post-office, which was then a small low-roofed building in Nelson-street, under the superintendence of the late Mr. Dugald Bannatyne—who, with his successors in the office of postmaster, have, up to this moment, been most scurvily treated by the Government in respect to Post-office accommodation.\* At

ment soon gained for it a high position among the other monetary establishments of the City. The Bank was first opened in an old house in North Albion-street, but was soon transferred to the south-west corner of Montrose-street, in a mansion formerly belonging to Mr. Buchanan of Ardenconnel.

\* The history of the Post-office is perhaps one of the very best indices of the progress of Glasgow. So late as 1694, an application was made to have three *foot* posts a-week to Edinburgh; and even in 1709, there was an application by the Magistrates to Lord Godolphin to have a *horse* post established between Glasgow and Edinburgh. The correspondence at this period must have been of the most limited kind, and continued to be so till nearly the middle of the last century. From 1750, the trade and commerce



that hour a small bell, whose silvery tinkle many of the older citizens may still remember, and which any of the more juvenile may still hear in the rather uncouth campanile of the Bridgegate, was nightly rung in the Laigh Kirk steeple, for a quarter of an hour previous to the letter-box being closed, to warn all who had letters to post; and so soon as this tinkle was heard over the then mercantile neighbourhood, the counting-house clerks or porters were despatched to the Post-office; while, on hearing the same tinkle, the members of the Post-office Club stepped out of the Tontine Coffee-room to have their two hours' gossip in their Club-room, which was at that period in a tavern in the as yet respectable Tontine-close, kept by one yclept John Neilson, who, to many of the best qualities of a clever and attractive Boniface, added the unswerving peculiarity of a firmness appertaining to stubbornness, particularly when his *London* porter was condemned, and which was, moreover, by some who were better acquainted with the flavour of

of Glasgow increased every year, and with it the number of its mercantile letters. One of its earliest Post-offices was in a small shop in Gibson's-wynd, now Prince's-street. At that time Mr. Jackson was postmaster. Thereafter it was taken to St. Andrew's-street. Thence it was moved in 1803 to a court in Trongate, north side, which has ever since been called *Post-office Court*. In 1810, when Mr. Bannatyne became postmaster, it was removed to Nelson-street, where it continued several years; and was in 1840 moved to Glassford-street, whence it is hoped to be soon transferred to George-square. At the period of the Union, the whole postage revenue of Scotland, notwithstanding the very high rates charged for letters compared with the present, was £1,194; and in 1781 the revenue for Glasgow was only £4,341. In 1853, with a penny postage, it amounted to £47,063 : 7s. 5d. In nine years the increase had been £20,353 : 11s. 11d.; of money-orders there were, in 1852, 144,787, amounting to £267,444 : 2s. 4d.—the increase in eight years being in number 73,986, and in money £133,414 : 11s. 9d. Letters received and delivered in Glasgow, in 1852, 15,597,504; letters received and forwarded in Glasgow, in 1852, 19,496,880.



Joe Lambert's tap than he could possibly be, declared to be altogether a misnomer! The beverage indulged in by the regular members of the Post-office Club, to wash down their mercantile news and town's gossip, had little to do with malt in its *beery* state; it was only patronised when it condescended to become the parent of the best whisky, and even of this spirit-stirring and soothing elixir there was little called for in comparison to old Jamaica rum, which was then the most favourite and fashionable tippie of the day. Of either, however, the whole fraternity took but little; the evening's swallow being generally limited to two small glasses, mixed either with hot or cold water, the latter article (Heaven knows!) having been pretty liberally attended to by the landlord to calm the spirit's potency before it was presented to his guests! To the men who usually encircled the Post-office board, it required, however, but little stimulus to set their tongues in motion, and far more than they ever got there to make them silent. Each successive night brought forth some new object, either of interest or conjecture; and when a topic was at any time wanting to eke out the conversation, the president had always a *London account* to draw upon to fill up the chasm that might be experienced in the colloquial currency!

From the very favourable mercantile position in which the regular members of the Post-office Club were placed, it may easily be conceived that there were few, if any, of the many evening fraternities which had the same information connected with the trade and commerce of Glasgow and the world, as those who encircled the board of honest John Neilson. It was here that every new phase



in the commercial history of the country was at once looked at and discussed; where a rise or a fall in the public funds was probed and accounted for; where the Bank of England stock was ever consulted, as a mercantile barometer, to guide to fortune or to save from shipwreck; and where, especially, the peculiarities of each particular branch of business or manufacture were thoroughly canvassed, and the upward or downward progress of the mercantile or manufacturing firms of the City elicited.

It was in the circle of the Post-office Club, for example, that the first whisper was given of the failure of a well remembered London private bank, which paralysed for a time one of the leading and afterwards most successful establishments in Glasgow. It was here that the agitation excited against the renewal of the East India charter in 1812—a measure condemned by both Whig and Tory—was nightly kept up and encouraged, and where the best arguments were adduced for holding a free intercourse with our Eastern possessions;\* and it was here, above all, that the first news oozed out, of the fearful failures which were eventually to take place on the following morning, when stoppages to the extent of at least a million and a-half were declared. Well do we recollect the consternation which ensued, when, on the morning of a day in February 1816, the news of this catastrophe flew like lightning through the City, and each merchant and manufacturer, when at his desk,

“ Held his breath for a time.”

\* Messrs. James Finlay & Co. despatched the first ship from Scotland direct to India in 1816.



What a rushing to ledgers and bill-books, to discover if possible the mercantile or monetary ramifications that might unfortunately bind any debtors to those who were that day commercially defunct! How many quiet and fox-like queries were put, to fathom, if possible, the ultimate liabilities of those who were in any way connected with the long list of unfortunate bankrupts! It was, in fact, a moment of intense uneasiness and anxiety; and when the gloomy day closed, and darkness covered the City, there was an almost universal impulse felt to hasten to the News-room, and from thence to every Club that was open. It may therefore be easily supposed with what heavy hearts and breathless anxiety the regular members of the Post-office hastened, on the evening of that day of ruin, at the very first tinkle of the Post-office bell, towards the Laigh Kirk close—there to worm out, if possible, from the on-that-night taciturn president, the secrets of the Bank prison-house, and to obtain hints that might either prepare for threatened ills, or avert evil consequences. But here, as it may well be believed, there was nothing but reserve and caution on the part of the banker; in short, he was far more zealous to receive than to give any clue to the tangled web of *cross bills* which linked numerous important firms together, and under the weight of which many, who but a few hours before held their heads so high, fell under the terrible crash!

But let us no longer rest our recollections on the sad events of that dread twelvemonth, but rather recall the universal joy produced at a subsequent meeting of the fraternity, when the first intelligence was an-



nounced that the Government had agreed to issue Exchequer bills, and thus to save the *immoveable* stocks of many of the as yet opulent merchants from utter ruin. While, on the first occasion, each member retired to his home from the Club meeting almost in a state of hopeless despair; on the second, he bounded gaily to his family with all the happy anticipations which an honest and hopeful industry with confidence inspired.

It was also amid the circle of the Post-office Club that the successful attempt made by Henry Bell to reach Helensburgh in his tiny steamer called the Comet, was authoritatively announced and commented on; but, Heaven knows, without the most distant idea of what that first practical effort has accomplished or may yet accomplish! The Comet,\* which had for some time been in preparation, at length left the Broomielaw, one morning in 1813, guided by its own engineer, accompanied by its builder, Mr. Wood of Port-Glasgow, and cheered on its course by some of the best mechanics and scientific men then living in the City. We can well conceive the bounding heart of the ill-requited projector, when the revolving wheels first agitated the bosom of the Clyde, and when by their motion the happy-freighted craft was seen to march forward on its course. The experiment was, to the crowd of onlookers, a very small one; but the result of it has been to change every thing that can be affected by increased communication, and cheaper and more rapid locomotion. It was the first trial of a new physical power, destined to accomplish the greatest

\* The Comet was a boat of only thirty tons burthen, and boasted an engine of only three horse-power.



of moral changes,—the first starting of that new agent which was, ere long, to make Glasgow an ocean harbour, and to unite her commerce with every quarter of the globe,—and to become in short, as it now is, one of the best and mightiest missionaries of intelligence, civilization, and peace. In spite of the sneers of envious skip-pers, and the doubts of *canny* capitalists, funds were soon raised to attempt a bolder and more successful experiment; and ere two or three years had rolled over, the new motive agent of the Clyde had extended itself to the Thames and the Mersey. Considering the quality and character of the members of the Post-office Club, it is scarcely necessary to say that in the successful result of Henry Bell's practical experiment they felt the deepest sympathy—wisely accounting it better than all the speculative theories which had hitherto been promulgated;—and, as a token of that sympathy, it may be added, that to certain of the members of this mercantile fraternity belong the honour of having afterwards aided in the establishment of our first coasting, and thereafter of our ocean steamers.

When we think of the many changeful circumstances which attended the mercantile world during the half-dozen years which succeeded the termination of the war, and which were, no doubt, much aided by the Parliamentary tinkering which then took place in the national currency, it will at once be acknowledged that the Post-office Club had abundant subjects for their nightly gossip, and that the conclusions which were arrived at by the various conclaves who sipped their grog or toddy in John Neilson's tavern, were perhaps found to be, when acted on, as



great and as beneficial to the community as any of those that were reached by a more quiet and recondite species of ratiocination. One thing is certain, that, during the successive distresses which took place among the working-classes in Glasgow, from 1816 to 1820, there were no individuals who did more for their amelioration than the members of the Post-office Club. When we turn to the glorious records of philanthropy which, during two periods at least, exhibit a subscription-list of nearly twenty thousand pounds, it is but just to state that there is not a name connected with that fraternity which does not figure in these muster-rolls of benevolence; while some of them also, during the prevalence of the typhus scourge of 1818, fearlessly devoted themselves to the philanthropic duty of visiting the haunts of disease and misery, and thereby ameliorated the sad condition of their poorer and neglected fellow-citizens—a duty which, in this instance, gained for them, from a community not always grateful, a halo of respect and admiration.\*

Such is a brief sketch of the Post-office Club, which, during the years of its existence, was undoubtedly one of the most respectable of our City's social brotherhoods. Its birth, as we have already hinted, took place during

\* In 1816 no less than £9,653 : 4s. 2d. was distributed among 23,130 persons out of employment. In 1819 a sum of £6,624 : 14s. 1d. was raised for the cure and eradication of typhus fever; while, in 1819–20, upwards of a thousand persons were employed in public works, to save them from starvation, through the liberal efforts of the citizens and the Corporation. During the prevalence of the fever, no one exerted himself more to alleviate distress than Mr. William Leckie, a regular member of the Post-office Club; and it is gratifying to think, that when that benevolent-hearted individual became unfortunate in business, he was elected to fill the vacant Collectorship of Police.



a most eventful period. It was cradled, too, amid manufacturing metamorphoses, which absolutely altered the whole aspect of Glasgow society, while it pursued its onward career unimpaired either by the mercantile clouds or sunshine which successively fell upon the citizens, until at length it gave up the ghost, under the destroying influence of a western emigration fever and the loss of him who had so long acted as its loadstone and guardian. Should any youthful citizen ever chance to listen to the silvery tinkle of the bell before alluded to, he, without much stretch of imagination, may at once realise to himself the first call and the last knell of the Post-office Club.



GLASGOW IN 1814 TO 1816—AND THE FRENCH CLUB.

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THERE was perhaps no period, as we have already hinted, in the modern history of Glasgow, more replete with anxiety and excitement among all classes of the citizens than the months and days of 1814, 1815, and 1816. Amid the thousand rumours and the momentous realities connected with the warlike operations then daily agitating every quarter of Europe, there was little time and less inclination for the discussion of any other topic. Every man was on tiptoe to learn what was to fix the condition of nations, and what was to seal the fate of his own beloved land. It was a restlessness of which any one who has only lived in the placid period of the past forty years can have no idea—an excitement which absorbed and swallowed up all other thoughts and anxieties. The first temporary check to this excitement about public news was, however, felt on the 12th April 1814, when the intelligence of Napoleon's abdication was announced by the guard of the London mail-coach, on its arrival in front of the Exchange at the Cross. Hopes and fears were now seemingly at an end. The threat of invasion which had kept the whole nation in hot water, although not in fear, and the gigantic power of Bonaparte had both vanished; and the angel of peace, which had so long abandoned



the world, seemed now ready to return with the Emperor's expatriation to Elba. The news to which we have just alluded, flew like lightning through the City, and the people, with one accord, resolved that night to certify their exultation at the event by publicly illuminating their shops and houses, and by lighting bonfires on each and all of their public thoroughfares. The regiments forming the garrison turned out at mid-day to fire a *feu de joie* in the Green, in which they were joined by the 3d battalion of Lanarkshire Local Militia, commanded by Colonel Geddes, of Verreville celebrity, whose sable steed, as it reared amid the noise and the blaze of the expended gunpowder, did not fail to realise the truth of Blind Alick's immortal stanzas:—

“ Like the fiery god of war,  
Colonel Geddes doth advance,  
On a black horse that belong'd  
To the murder'd king of France!”

During the lull which followed the reinstatement of the Bourbons on their ancient throne, foreign politics lost for a time their all-engrossing interest; but no sooner was the intelligence of Bonaparte's landing from Elba received in Glasgow, than the old craving after news became as violent as ever—a craving which was only again soothed and satisfied when the victory of Waterloo once more pacified Europe. Owing to the many years during which the inhabitants of Great Britain had been generally excluded from the Continent, but particularly from France and Italy, it is not surprising that there should have existed, at the close of the war, far greater differences between the habits, fashions,



feelings, pastimes, and opinions of ourselves and those of our Continental neighbours than can well be imagined by any one of the present day. No sooner, however, had the peace of 1814 been proclaimed—which threw open the long-closed gates of France to our inquisitive countrymen—than a rapid change took place in our ideas about many things; and although the migratory spirit of the Englishman was not, perhaps, so strongly and decidedly exhibited at first among the denizens of our northern City as might have been anticipated, still it soon spread, and ere the lapse of many years Glasgow—which in 1814 could scarcely point to above a dozen of her inhabitants who had paced the Palais Royal or gazed on the wonders of the Louvre—numbered thousands who could prate as glibly about the *cuisine* of *Les trois frères Provençaux* in the Palais Royal, and the *chefs d'œuvres* of the Italian and the Flemish masters in the almost endless gallery which borders the right bank of the Seine, as though they had all been born and bred within sound of the great bell of Notre Dame.

Among the many changes which a renewed intercourse with the Continent, and especially with Paris, produced, there was perhaps none which became so immediately palpable as the alteration in dress, particularly among the better classes in Glasgow. As an instance, we may mention that the long wide loose-hanging gaiters, which had succeeded the tight pantaloons and Hessian boots—and which, at the close of the war, was the favourite attire of every man of fashion, both old and young—were soon abandoned, amid the just ridicule which the French caricaturists bestowed on this most



frightful piece of English dress, in their Boulevard pictures of *Monsieur God-dem*. It was then that breeches became discarded by all who sunned themselves in the Trongate, and that trousers, that most easy and useful of all habiliments, and which has happily continued a favourite on the broad walk of Kensington Gardens, as in the broader *allée* of the *Champs Elysées*, became patronised by the young, and ultimately gained favour even with the old. The large thick neckcloth was also about this period exchanged for the smart black cravat; while the flaunting frills, which fluttered beyond the edge of the single-breasted waistcoat, began to be furled or cut off. The swallow-tailed coats, which so long ruled paramount by day and by night, were exchanged in the forenoon for the military-cut surtout, and in the evening for a longer-waisted and shorter-skirted garment; while the striped and barred waistcoat, which had so long characterised the costume of Glasgow grandfathers, was supplanted by vests of black or plain-coloured kerseymere. The long trailing great-coat was also abandoned for the short military cloak, while the tall cone-shaped chapeau was displaced by a smaller and less absurd-looking hat.

If the gentlemen's attire began to resemble that of our continental neighbours so soon as the war had closed, the dress of the ladies underwent even a more immediate and sweeping metamorphosis. At that peculiar period, the style of English female attire was altogether most inelegant and unbecoming. Whether from the expense of material, or from the caprice of the milliner, it is certain that the gowns and pelisses which were then worn, were so tight-fitting and scanty, as to control,



in some degree, the free motion of the limbs, and sadly to injure the gracefulness of the figure. The fashion in this respect is so much altered, that we most unhesitatingly say, that a lady's dress in 1855 contains nearly three times as much silk, satin, or muslin as it did in 1814. Then, too, the cut was hideous in the extreme; the waist being raised nearly to the shoulders, and the bust brought up by the shortness of the waist to a too proximate acquaintanceship with the chin! The bonnets were small, and resembled a grocer's *scoop*, while the *tout-en-semble* was such as fully to justify the French in ridiculing our English female habiliments, in the well known and long popular vaudeville of "Les Anglaises pour-rire."

If a renewed intercourse with France altered, as it certainly did, our taste with respect to dress, it still more changed the character and style of our dinner parties. The tables which hitherto had groaned under the weight of all sorts of meat and vegetables, became gradually relieved of their burden. The *pieces de resistance* became less in bulk, and the smaller dishes were more frequently brought forward in separate courses. Silver forks soon became general, and table-napkins were now as common as formerly they were rare. The character of the wines, too, in common use, was changed; for, during dinner, the guests were not limited to Lisbon, Teneriffe, or Sherry, but were now asked to take Hock, Moselle, or Sauterne, while there was scarcely *un gran mangiare* (as the Italians call a great entertainment) given, without the crack of a Champagne cork being heard, to enliven the company with the certainty



of being immediately presented with a glass of this exhilarating beverage. In spite of the increased use of wines at dinner parties, during the second decade of the 19th century, in Glasgow, cold punch still kept its ground during a part of the evening,—although perhaps the china bowl was not so often emptied as it was wont to be, when landlords locked the doors of their dining-rooms, to show their hospitality by rendering their guests unable to carry off, unassisted, what they had swallowed.

However intimate may have been the relations which existed between France and Scotland, antecedent and subsequent to the time when *Beagué* wrote his curious history entitled *La Guerre d'Ecosse*;<sup>\*</sup> and however much diffused must have necessarily been, at that time, the knowledge of the Gallic tongue among our countrymen and their friendly allies, still it appears pretty evident, from all that can be gathered on the surface of society, that, during the greater part of the last two centuries, at least, there were but few among the mass of Scotchmen who either understood or spoke the language of France with facility. From the records of the Corporation of Glasgow, the fact may, on the contrary, be deduced, that little or no attention was paid to its study in our City, seeing that, in 1663, a Monsieur Bernardon required certain very great inducements before he would settle in Glasgow as a teacher of French. Of the successive

<sup>\*</sup> *Histoire de la Guerre d'Ecosse, pendant les Campagnes 1548 et 1549*, printed by the Maitland Club. This expedition was sent over from France by Henry II. in the spring of 1548, in consequence of the appeal made to him by the party attached to the Catholic religion, and opposed to the usurping power of England.



French professors, who may have attempted to eke out a rather scanty subsistence by teaching their native language in Glasgow, previous to the French Revolution, there are really few of which the trumpet of fame has spoken. About that period, however, among the many intelligent and well-educated refugees who took shelter in England, from the political fever which then so pitilessly raged in France, there was one who chose Glasgow as his domicile, and who immediately turned his attention to tuition. It was about the beginning of the year 1795 that Monsieur Christopher Halley first opened his French classes, and it was to his exertions that the few who really then became masters of the French tongue owe the acquirement. M. Halley had been, previous to his exile, a parish priest in Normandy, and was a man of high character and of most amiable disposition. He was beloved by his pupils, and continued to be so till his death in 1811. At the short peace of 1802, a Monsieur Lemonnaire appears to have taught French, but of him or of his pupils we know little. Soon after this, however, Monsieur Dufour became distinguished as a teacher, and with M. Halley divided almost all the young students of French in Glasgow. As the City became larger, and the education more liberal, various other teachers of the language of Gaul settled here; and among those, Monsieur Harmand soon made himself conspicuous and celebrated. It may be asserted, however, with much truth, that up to the year 1814, a knowledge of the French language and literature was not at all regarded as a necessary branch of a young man's education in Glasgow, for among the thousands who had been called



under the fear of the ferula to conjugate *amo*, there were but very few, indeed, who were brought under the dread of the cane to decline *une fille*!

No sooner had the Allies entered the French capital, and a few of our Glasgow citizens plucked up courage to cross the Channel, without one word whereby to interpret their wants, than a new stimulus was given to the acquisition of the French tongue. Classes for old and young began immediately to be formed, and in the course of a twelvemonth there were not a few who could, in the way of French at least, have filled the office of a dragoman.

While matters were in this state, there arose a Club, the establishment of which contributed materially to extend a more perfect knowledge of the French language in Glasgow, and which was known under the title of the FRENCH CLUB. The ostensible object of this fraternity was to assemble for the purpose of speaking French, reading French newspapers, and discussing foreign politics and foreign literature; and as a safeguard and retreat from the too great volubility of certain of the members, there was a single card-table provided, where a *partie quarrée* could sit down to a rubber at whist. The first meeting of this rather literary Club took place during the year 1816, and it continued occasionally to assemble for some years. At first, its meetings were once a-week; but in the course of time they became less frequent—not so much from losing their zest as from the loss of several of the best members, whose mercantile avocations had found a wider field for business on the Continent than Glasgow then afforded them.



The members of the French Club consisted of M. Hugot (French consul), M. Harmand (vice-consul), the whole of the foreigners connected with the house of James Finlay & Co., several Germans interested in the trade with Hamburgh and other towns in Germany, a few merchants who had long lived in the French West India islands, Mr. George Finlay (since famous for his connection with the Greek diplomatic controversy), and about half-a-dozen young men just escaped from classes (to which last category we ourselves belonged), who were desirous to acquire with greater fluency the spoken language of France, in the prospect of being soon called to use it on the Continent. The hour of meeting was eight; and as the clock struck ten, a *petit souper*, got up as much according to the French taste as a Scotch cook could then manage, was served, and followed by a beverage which, though limited in quality, occasionally tended to dissipate *mauvaise honte*, and to give a little more suppleness to the tongue.

The majority of the members being individuals who had travelled in foreign lands, or who, during the few preceding years, had at least seen somewhat of the European world, varied topics of conversation were always ready, without calling in the aid of *the weather*. The description of a foreign town; an anecdote illustrative of some singularity connected with the manners of a country; the narrative of some strange adventure on the road or in the diligence; a critique on some new opera at the *Academie de Musique*, or some new dramatic novelty at the then much patronised *Varietés* of Paris, eked out, among other things, the incessant *clitter-clatter*



of the evening's amusement, and stimulated the few who had not as yet visited the Continent, to fulfil, as soon as possible, their long-cherished desire to do so. The members had a far wider range of subjects to discuss, than those which fell to the share of the other social fraternities in the City. In conversation, they were in fact cosmopolitan; and hence, one seldom left a meeting without having heard something new, while that something was worth remembering. It was likewise a standing rule of this fraternity, that every intelligent foreigner was gladly hailed as a guest during his visit to Glasgow; and as there were about this period not a few who had gallantly braved the difficulties and expense incident to reaching our northern City, it so happened that several strangers of celebrity were occasionally introduced to the Club. In this way the members, whether travelled or otherwise, were made as well acquainted with the peculiarities and manners of the Kohlmarkt at Vienna, or the Linden at Berlin, as though they themselves had at one time listened to St. Stephen's bell, or had gazed upon the waters of the Spree; while the gay and lively descriptions of those who had either strolled through the Chiaja at Naples, or rattled down the Corso at Rome, made many, who had as yet never crossed the channel, almost feel as if they had themselves stood within eye-shot of Vesuvius, or had really listened to the *Miserere* in the Sistine Chapel!

Among the multiplicity of topics, which thus necessarily added to the instruction or hilarity of the Club meetings, were the then numerous *malaprop* doings and sayings of John Bull in France. Many were the roars



of laughter which were thus excited at his expense. It was here that we first heard the story narrated of the *two tailors*, mayhap of Tooley-street, attempting to travel as *milords* in France, who, on having ordered the *garçon* to bring dinner for two gentlemen, instantly replied, "*Bien, Messieurs, tout à l'heure.*" At the last sound both *snips* started up, and looking at each other in perfect astonishment, exclaimed "We are smoked!" It was here, too, that we were first told of the English prude, who, on her landing at Calais, fearing that she might feel cold during the night, calmly asked the *filie de chambre* to have *deux Matelots* ready to keep her bed warm! The astonishment of the chambermaid, at such a request, may be conceived to have been as great as would that of Madame had her orders been carried out to the letter! It was likewise to one of the members of the French Club that we owe the following little absurdity, which happened when travelling in the Calais diligence to Paris, and which we can still almost narrate in his own words:—"When we arrived at Breteuil, where we were to pass the night, the landlady received us with unbounded attention; and whether it was owing to the excellence of the supper, the comfort of the chambers, or the fatigue arising from not being in bed for nights, there was not a traveller by the diligence who did not sleep as soundly as though he had drank of the cup of Juliet. It is probable, too, that it might have been as difficult to rouse the passengers from their dormitories, as it was to draw the daughter of Capulet from the tomb of her fathers, had accident not relieved the conductor from this laborious task. The fact was, that



one of the passengers, an Englishman, had had a disagreeable dream towards morning—had risen, and was anxious for water, which, by some mistake, the chambermaid had omitted to put into his bed-room. The word, too, for water he had forgotten, but the dictionary being at hand, he soon found ‘Eau,’ the vocable he wanted; and, with ‘Eau’ between his lips, he opened the chamber-door, which was at the head of the staircase, and bellowed out the exclamation, in tones of such extraordinary earnestness, that the whole house became alarmed, and rushed to the spot whence the sound proceeded. Pierre, Claude, Baptiste, were all upon the stair, followed by Leonore and the landlady, who, no doubt, imagined there was something serious the matter, as the Englishman still continued to bawl ‘Eau! eau! eau!’ at the very top of his voice. ‘Que voulez-vous, Monsieur?’ said the whole household in one voice. ‘Eau! eau! eau!’ was the answer. Chink went one door—clap went another—out popped one in breeches and another in a nightcap—a living transcript of Peregrine Pickle’s scene with Jolter at Amiens. ‘What’s the matter? what’s the matter?’ was the universal cry. ‘Eau! eau!’ reiterated the son of merry England. ‘Run for the doctor,’ cried a London cit, who approached the scene of action with

‘His old beard scarcely shaven!’

‘run for the doctor—’tis British cholera! ’tis British cholera! the precise symptoms of Alderman Simkins after the last Fishmongers’ dinner!’ The landlady, in an accent of the greatest sympathy, entreated to know what was really the matter. ‘God-dem—Eau! eau!’



responded the Briton. 'Another paroxysm—nothing will do but opium,' cried the Cockney, laying his hand upon the Englishman's shoulder. 'In God's name what do you mean?—I have been calling for water for some minutes, and you are talking of opium!' 'You were bellowing Oh! oh! and we all thought you ill.' 'Tis the French for *water*,' said the Englishman, evidently fretful. 'It would be much better then to speak your own mother tongue,' grumbled the Cockney. Upon this some one said it was *de l'eau* the gentleman wanted. "Water!" exclaimed the whole household, and ran down stairs, convulsed with laughter, while the various passengers retired to finish their toilet."

While such light *causerie* might be said to be the chief characteristic of the evening's pastime at the French Club, a rather long and even grave yarn was occasionally permitted to be spun by any member who might have encountered, in his Continental peregrinations, anything illustrative of a national peculiarity. We ourselves, after returning from Italy, were occasionally allowed this indulgence; and as a certain story of ours may still, at this distant date, be interesting, from having been then put into a shape fitted for the public eye, we shall now wind up the history of the French Club, by merely stating that we have inserted it in our Appendix. The French Club had a short life, but that was a merry one. It died of youth—not of age; for had its members been each blessed with a fortune, a business, or a settled home in Glasgow, it certainly would have continued to be much longer a most delightful resort to all lovers of *petits soupers*, and of that



tongue which has ever given to these entertainments their chief spirit and delight. During its short and *spirituel* career, if it did nothing else, it at least had the merit of laying the foundation of the "Glasgow Foreign Library," from which many of the younger citizens so long derived both amusement and instruction.



## ANDERSTON SOCIAL CLUB—1813-16.

THE origin of Anderston, when compared with that of the City of Glasgow, though for nearly a century a suburb, and now almost an integral part of our commercial metropolis, may be said to be of yesterday. In the early part of last century, the ground on which the village stood, was, it appears, a very unproductive farm of the Stobcross property, belonging at that time to a Mr. Anderson; who, in the hope of drawing more from houses than from grain crops, commenced the erection of small houses thereon about the year 1725, and bestowed on this little more than *clachan* his own name. For some time, however, building progressed slowly; and it was not until the property fell, by purchase, into the hands of Mr. John Orr of Barrowfield, about the year 1734, that it could even lay claim to the designation of a village. At that time, the spot now covered by so many "stately tenements" could boast only of a few thatched houses, "with one built of turf," in which last, according to tradition, a weaver of genius fabricated the first check handkerchief made in this country.\* From that period,

\* Brown mentions, in his "History of Glasgow," that these handkerchiefs "were only eleven nails wide; they were nicknamed *half-all half-quarter-all divoties*, from the materials with which the house was built in which they were first wrought." *Divot* signifies a turf.



however, a stimulus was given to its progress, not only by the fostering care of its new proprietor, but also by its becoming the seat of manufacturing industry. The village of Anderston may be said to have been the cradle of Glasgow manufactures\*—at first of linen, and soon after of cotton. The names of some of our most able, successful, and notable manufacturers, must ever be associated with Anderston;—Monteith, M'Ilquham, Gillespie, and the Grants—the three first having won for themselves the very first places in Glasgow society, and the last not a less enviable position in Manchester†—will at once occur to the local reader.

In the commencement of this volume, we first introduced thee, gentle reader! to the village of Anderston,

\* From the *Weekly Magazine* of 1768, we learn that the manufacturers of Anderston had brought over from France upwards of forty women, who settled in that village, to be employed in spinning fine yarn. Perhaps the connection with France may account for the taste and activity of some of the succeeding inhabitants of the village.

† We have already alluded to the Anderston *corks*, or manufacturers, and among these none played a more conspicuous part than Mr. James Monteith, who has always been considered the first manufacturer who worked a muslin web, muslins of cotton yarn from the mule jenny having been first made in Anderston in 1785. Of this gentleman, to whom Glasgow is so deeply indebted for the first step he took in the cotton manufacture, and who was the father of so many sons who emulated their parent's talents, many curious anecdotes have been told. Among these it may be mentioned, that it was to Mr. Monteith's declining to stand Church censure that the Anderston Relief Church owes its establishment. The attempt to censure him arose from the circumstance of himself and his wife, when one day proceeding to their usual place of worship (the Dissenting church in Duke-street), having turned aside into the Tron Church of the Establishment, on account of being overtaken in a very heavy shower. For this grievous offence both he and his lady were ordered to stand a sessional rebuke, which Mr. Monteith would not submit to, and a paper war having ensued, the result was the establishment of the Relief Church, of which Mr. Monteith continued to be a manager till within a few years of his death.



and to the Club which there met, under the presidency of Professor Simson, between the years 1750 and 1760; but great and growing changes had taken place in the appearance and character of that village as we approach the period to which we now refer. Anderston as yet had not arrived at the dignity of a burgh of barony, to which it soon afterwards attained; but it had within its boundaries several churches, a market-place, a news-room, several excellent shops, and all the other adjuncts belonging to a third or fourth class town. The beautiful and well-built street, which, at the present moment, links the annihilated burgh with Glasgow, was then only a public road, with a few villas scattered along a not very well-kept footpath; consequently, it still partook of what

Although of late we have seen much sectarian bitterness, it was at least equalled, during the last century, betwixt Dissenting bodies now happily united. This may be well illustrated by the following occurrence, which took place in the Anderston Relief Church. Mr. Stewart, the clergyman, who was said to be a son of the Pretender, after preaching the action sermon, and serving the first table, took his staff in hand and walked into the church-yard to hear the tent preaching, where he encountered two boys riding on one of the grave-stones, and having lifted his stick and pursued one of them, the other cried out, "Weel done—thrash him weel—his father's an Antiburgher—he has nae richt to be here!" As a further instance of the prevalence of this antagonistic feeling, it may be stated, that when the Antiburgher Church was undergoing some repairs, accommodation was given betwixt the usual diets in the Anderston Relief Church, but the sermons there delivered, although by their own clergyman, were not relished, but described as "grand sermons, but out of a foul dish!" In connection with the Anderston Relief Church in the olden time, a circumstance happened one Sunday which caused a deal of laughter. An old lady, before going to church, stepped into her kitchen, which was rather low in the roof, and which was, as usual, hung with the accessories of a "bein house," and having thereafter entered the church, the elder, on her depositing the accustomed collection, tapped her on the shoulder, saying, "Ma'am, there's a black pudding on the crown of your bonnet!" The fact is, the savoury morsel had slipped over its high crown like a ring.



it has now altogether lost, the character of a distinct and separate village.

When matters were in this state, there arose a fraternity, which, from the peculiar, light-hearted, and gregarious character of its many members, was most appropriately designated the ANDERSTON SOCIAL CLUB. In imitation of the denizens of the neighbouring City, of which, as we have already said, it was accounted at one time a rather distant suburb, there were not a few of the dwellers of Anderston and its well-peopled adjunct Finnieston,\* who felt that their evenings might be happily leavened with the news and gossip of the day, but who likewise felt a journey to and from Glasgow for that purpose by no means an agreeable accompaniment, particularly on a cold winter night. With these feelings, and having a worthy host in the person of Mr. John Adam, who resided within the village, and who, moreover, was ever ready to open his door to honest men, even although they should be inclined to sit rather late at night, a knot of kindred souls soon collected, and the Club opened on the 13th June 1813.

The first and leading rule of this social brotherhood was, "that there should be a meeting every Monday night at half-past eight, and that a rising should always take place at the latest before the clock struck eleven." The Club was at first limited to thirty members, but was

\* This village, now also a part of the municipality of Glasgow, was founded after the Stobcross estate came into the possession of Mr. Orr, and was named after the Rev. Mr. Finnie, who was a tutor in the Barrowfield family. About the time that the Anderston Social Club was in existence, it was more rural than Anderston, and was noted for its neat villas, and particularly for its manufactory of glass named *Verreville*.



afterwards extended to meet the growing demand of candidates for admission, while in addition to the regularly admitted members, who became so through the protection of the ballot-box, a power was given to each individual brother to bring a friend or an occasional visitor. In this way the Club was kept well recruited; and the attentive landlord soon discovered, from the bibacious qualities of the fraternity, that it was by no means a losing concern for him to keep his best apartment sacred on Monday evenings, for the special use of the Anderston Social Club.

As has been already hinted, the Club was composed chiefly of residents in and about Anderston and Finnieston, although some rather notable and nomadic individuals, who were fond of singing and sociality, occasionally wandered from Glasgow to place their limbs below Mr. Adam's comfortable mahogany, and to taste the quality of his "rum and water hot with sugar," the common evening beverage of the fraternity. When the all-stirring period of our national history is recalled during which this Club hebdomadally met, it will not be difficult to conceive, that topics were seldom wanting to keep the tongues of the members in motion, or that the chances arising from the war then raging were insufficient to afford subjects for endless betting; and as the produce of all bets was duly devoted to the purchase of those things deemed best calculated to increase the hilarity and good fellowship of the Club, every licence and encouragement was given to the raising of funds from this fruitful source of speculation.

In addition to the regular weekly meetings, there was



also an annual dinner, on which occasion a more than ordinary turn-out took place; toasts were given bodying forth the very spirit of the times, and speeches made which, even in these soirée and platform days, might have passed muster. From the minute-book of this fraternity, which is regularly and well kept, we find that the first of these great entertainments took place on the 2d August 1813, when thirty-three gentlemen, including strangers, sat down to dinner—Mr. James Grant occupying the chair, and Dr. Alexander James Buchanan acting as croupier. On this occasion the toasts were of the most patriotic kind, replete with the glories and the hopes of the closing naval and military contest.

The great success and happiness experienced at this first dinner-party of the Anderston Social Club very soon created a wish for another, and six months had not passed away before an excellent excuse was afforded for a meeting of a similar kind. As patriots, the members deemed it their duty to celebrate the important victories which had been about that period gained over the French, not only by our armies in Spain and France, but also by our allies in Germany. The Marquis of Wellington had already passed the Pyrennees—the Allies had gained the battle of Leipsic—and Sir Thomas Graham, with his small British army, was now in Holland. The war was at this point, when, on the 1st December 1813, this second festival took place—Dr. Alexander James Buchanan on this occasion acting as president, and Mr. P. W. Mitchell as croupier. Part of the band of the 92d regiment attended, and played a number of appropriate airs. Each individual



present (in all six-and-thirty) sported an orange ribbon at his breast button-hole; and the chair of the president was surmounted with a superb canopy, covered with orange cloth, fringed with blue, and decorated with laurel. In the centre of the back of the chair, in a conspicuous place, was "Orange Boven," in letters of gold, surmounted with gold ornaments. The band and even the waiters wore the colour of Holland, in honour of the liberation of the United Provinces and of the restoration of their Sovereign Prince. The meeting altogether appears to have been one of the most joyous and exciting which this very hilarious and patriotic fraternity ever held. With toast was intermingled the rousing music of the military band; and with the eloquence of the speechmaker was linked the heart-stirring lyric, as well as the occasional ode from the numerous vocalists present, and the no less numerous batch of rhymsters of which the brotherhood was composed. Each, in fact, seems to have done his best, by throwing his mite of music or merriment into the general fund of after-dinner enjoyment, to offer up, at this altar of patriotic feeling, all the pleasurable powers which wine and *Hollands* could evoke.\*

From all that can be gathered from the minutes of the Anderston Social Club, it appears certain that not a few members of this brotherhood were as fond of drinking the waters of Helicon as "the waters of life," we mean *aqua vitæ*; for, scarcely did a Club meeting take

\* For this festival the landlord was called especially to provide *Hollands gin*, for those who might wish to avail themselves of the *spirit* as they had done of the colour of Holland.



place without some new song being produced by a member, or some poetical and patriotic effusion enunciated in honour of the Club or in illustration of the war. If the members were not poets, they were at least most industrious rhymsters; and if their lucubrations did not mayhap reach the standard which might have entitled them to a place in the poet's corner of a newspaper, or in the more fastidious lyrical nook of a magazine, they were always certain of getting a *grave* on the yet unsullied folios of the Club minute-book. Among those who mounted the Club Pegasus most frequently was Mr. William Glen,\* the son of a rather eminent merchant in Glasgow, and who, it may be remembered, gained some little poetical fame from two well-known lyrics—the one the touching and tender Jacobite ditty of “Oh waes me for Prince Charlie!” and the patriotic song of the “Battle of Vittoria,” both of which are even at this day listened to with pleasure. Mr. Glen commenced business life as a manufacturer in his native City; but whether from a greater love for the weaving of metres

\* Mr. Glen was born in 1786, and died in 1824. In the “Book of Scottish Song,” printed by Blackie & Son, we find the following anecdote connected with Mr. Glen's song of “Waes me for Prince Charlie.” During the late visit of Her Majesty the Queen to the north, this song received a mark of royal favour, which would have sweetened, had he been alive, poor Glen's bitter cup of life. While at Taymouth Castle, the Marquis of Breadalbane had engaged Mr. Wilson, the celebrated vocalist, to sing before Her Majesty. A list of the songs Mr. Wilson was in the habit of singing was submitted to the Queen, that she might signify her pleasure as to those which she would wish to hear, when Her Majesty immediately fixed upon the following:—“Lochaber no more,” “The Flowers of the Forest,” “The Lass o' Gowrie,” “John Anderson my jo,” “Cam ye by Athol,” and, “The Laird o' Cockpen.” Mr. Glen's song was not in Mr. Wilson's list, but Her Majesty herself asked if he could sing “Waes me for Prince Charlie,” which, fortunately, he was able to do.



than of muslins, it is certain that, in his closing days, he succeeded better in the former than the latter, and the result was, that while he was looked upon as a passable poet, he had the misfortune to feel the not unusual accompaniment of that character—poverty. When attending the weekly meetings of the Anderston Social Club he was in the zenith of his poetical glory, and by his presence there frequently threw a halo of happiness around the heads which wagged chorus to his patriotic airs. Among the poetical effusions which this most Tory-fied lyrist wrote for the peculiar delectation of the Club, of which he was a highly convivial member, we find that at an evening meeting on the 18th April 1814, which was the first that had taken place since the news of the abdication of Bonaparte and the restoration of Louis XVIII. to the French throne had reached Glasgow, the following song, written by Mr. Glen for the occasion, was sung by Mr. Adam Grant. Here it is as it appears in the minutes of the Club:—

“ Oh stately now will be Moscow!  
 Green laurels on her banks may grow,  
 For haughty Paris is laid low,  
     Nae sheltering bield she'll have o't.

Bourbons' gay lily fair may bloom;  
 The eagle's got a bloody tomb;  
 And whar's the stamm'ring king o' Rome,  
     Papa, and a' the lave o't?

France may rejoice from shore to shore,  
 She sees her snaw-white flag once more,  
 An's dash'd awa the tri-color,  
     Nae mair to be the slave o't.

Huzza for Alexander! now  
 He's weel perform'd his fearless vow.  
 May laurels wave round Blucher's brow,  
     Wha'll endless glory have o't!



Gae wreaths to them wha fame hae won,  
 And the brightest 'twine for Erin's son—  
 Oh noble, glorious Wellington  
 A deathless name shall have o't!

Spain weel may bless wi' gratefu' e'e,  
 The conqueror wha set her free;  
 And France adore on bended knee  
 Him wha ilk inch did save o't.

Elba's great king, like some crush'd flower,  
 Wha ance rejoiced in godlike power,  
 Kens there's nae sweet but has its sour—  
 Scarce Elba-room he'll have o't!

Bright as a glorious orb of day,  
 Has been our noble Regent's sway;  
 Then here's to him and Castlereagh,  
 Britain, and a' the brave o't! '\*

There were other rhymsters, however, belonging to the fraternity who equalled, if they did not surpass, the bard of Vittoria. The following are taken as fair specimens of the rhyming capabilities of certain members of the brotherhood, from the somewhat curious album of the Club. The first appears to have been originally sung by Mr. Wallace Gilfillan, and was received with the greatest enthusiasm by a full conclave, on the evening of the 7th March 1814:—

“ One morn, when Apollo arrived in the skies,  
 His cheek flush'd with pleasure and joy in his eyes,  
 The laughing god Momus made up to the wight,  
 And ask'd him where he had been spending the night?  
 Derry down, down, &c.

\* What a complete metamorphosis in popular sentiment has taken place since the period when this song was composed! Russia is now our foe—France our firm friend. The Bourbons are again chased from the throne, and Napoleon's nephew, ruling as Emperor, is visited at St. Cloud by Queen Victoria! While history has told the present generation but too much evil of George IV. and Castlereagh ever to make their memories respected.



'Why, in truth,' says Apollo, 'I've been on the earth,  
And have spent the whole night with good fellows in mirth;  
You know very well I hate noise and hubbub,  
And so sat me down in the Anderston Club.

Derry down, &c.

Believe me, dear Momus, these Club folks are elves,  
Who live far more social than we do ourselves;  
For friendship and love they with Bacchus entwine;  
We gods are but ninnies, while they are divine!

Derry down, &c.

'By Jove! then,' cried Momus, 'this corps I must join;  
Then the song shall be yours, the laugh shall be mine:  
Propose me then, friend, to the Club so select,  
That I may be one of the *social elect*!'

Derry down, &c.

Then come, my brave boys, push the toast and the song,  
Apollo and Momus have both join'd the throng;  
And hence is our Club a heaven on earth—  
We want not good fellowship, music, or mirth.

Derry down, &c."

The next song we extract was first sung by Mr. Crichton, on the 30th May 1814, and is inserted in the minutes of that evening's proceedings. It is as follows:—

"Hey, Boney lad, are ye ready yet?  
Your beltane's come, mak haste and flit!  
Frae Paris, you an' a' your set  
Maun sneak awa' in the mornin'!

Quoth Nappy,—'Faith, ye are nae blate,  
But as your friendship's turn'd to hate,  
It's time for me to tak the gate,  
For fear o' my skin this mornin'.'

Auld Blucher then cried—'By the Lord!  
Tent me, I'll be as guid's my word,  
For we'll hae back our sovereign's sword  
They steal'd awa' in the mornin'.'

Wi' whip an' spur the vet'ran flew,  
Until he came to Fontainbleau—  
'The deil,' quo' Blucher, 's got his due,  
An' I'll hae mine this mornin'.'



Up got Nappy, in surprise,  
 On Blucher brave he fix'd his eyes—  
 'O, mon Dieu!' th' Emp'ror cries,  
     'What is't ye want this mornin'?''

'Ye rogue,' quo' Blucher, 'gie me back  
 Great Fred'rick's sword, which you did tak,  
 Or you an' a' your cursed pack  
     I'll send to the deil in the mornin'.'

Then Blucher Fred'rick's sword has ta'en,  
 An' Nap awa to Elba's gaen,  
 Wi' bag an' baggage, a' his lane,  
     But biddin' a' guid mornin'.'

Now Gallia wears her white cockade;  
 An' Russia now, that gallant lad,  
 Wi' Austria, has in Paris bade  
     Great Britain a guid mornin'!  
     Hey, Boney lad, &c."

The last song which we extract from this repertory of anti-Bonaparte minstrelsy we present, not for any merit which it possesses in itself, but from the fact that it was first sung at the Anderston Club by Mr. Alexander Macalpine, on the 2d May 1814,—a gentleman whose social qualifications, and, above all, whose vocal powers, rendered him one of the greatest after-dinner favourites in Glasgow. The song, as it appears on the Club minutes, is entitled—

“THE WHITE COCKADE.

“Come now, my hearties, drink away,  
 The princely Louis has gain'd the day;  
 Napoleon's eagle low is laid  
 Beneath the lily and the white cockade.  
 Where's the mighty little man with his row dow dow?  
 Is he off to Elba now with his row dow dow?  
 The tricolor and eagle are prostrate laid  
 Beneath the ancient lily and the white cockade!

The Frenchmen now enough have got  
 Of the Age of Reason and *Sans Culotte*;



Now,—*Vive le Roi! vive Bourbon!*  
 Shall ever be the burden of their song.  
 Where's the mighty little man, &c.

France may rejoice that he's dethroned,  
 Beneath whose rod so long she groan'd;  
 His bloody flag shall no more wave,—  
 No more shall he spill the blood of the brave.  
 Where's the mighty little man, &c.

Hail to the gallant Allied Powers!  
 Let their paths be strew'd with fairest flowers;  
 Glory to Blucher and the brave,  
 Who fought and who conquer'd but to save!  
 Where's the mighty little man, &c.

We'll have no longer bloody wars,  
 And soon see our soldiers and brave jack-tars;  
 We'll then live under our own fig-tree,  
 The Rose entwining with the *Fleur-de-lis*.  
 Where's great Emperor Bonaparte now now now?  
 'The great Captain of the age,' with his row dow dow?  
 His crown *Imperiale* full low is laid,  
 And his eagle must make way for the white cockade!''<sup>2</sup>

Taking into full account the spirit of the period when this song was written and sung, it cannot be doubted that the effect produced on the patriotic conclave assembled round the spirit-stirring board of the Anderston Boniface, must have been electrifying. That the vocalist received his due meed of applause was certain; for when did Mr. Alexander Macalpine—or rather *Sandie Macalpine* (his usual congnomen)—ever open his lips to sing, that his efforts were not followed by thunders of applause? It would have been better, however, for him, had the applause of his boon companions and friends been less noisy and less flattering. Had it been so, he might have avoided the whirlpool into which the syren current of a too friendly approbation ere long hurried him. When we first knew him, he was a salesman in



the great manufacturing house of J. & J. M'Ilquham & Co. Glassford-street, and in that capacity he acted from 1809 to 1816. He was much esteemed for convivial qualities, and particularly for his agreeable and winning manners. His comic songs and jokes, and ready quips and quillies, and invariable good humour, rendered him a general favourite and a most acceptable guest at many of the dinner-tables of the citizens. In short, he became unfortunately so much in request, and especially at Clubs and evening parties—where his famous song of “the Mail Coach” never failed to set the table in a roar—that he neglected his business, and in an evil hour for himself was persuaded by Harry Johnston, then manager and lessee of the Theatre Royal, Queen-street, to try his fortune on the stage. He made his first appearance there in the character of *Octavian*, in the play of “the Mountaineers.” But the talents which rendered him the delight of the social circle were not adequate to the demands of the general public on such a conspicuous platform, and after rapidly descending in the histrionic scale, he disappeared from Glasgow, and was lost amid the congenial clouds which envelope the history of the humble stroller. We have reason to believe, that after much suffering in this low and saddening sphere, he emerged into greater respectability, and became a teacher of drawing, for which he had a remarkable talent, somewhere in England. Such is a rapid outline of the story of an individual who was at one time a well-known character in Glasgow, and who, moreover, made himself, by a pretty regular attendance, one of the attractive loadstars of the Anderston Social Club. To those of that fraternity who may



have survived the baneful effects of deep potations, late sittings, and, what perhaps is worse, the scythe strokes of life-destroying time, the mention here of their long-lost Club-mate, should it ever meet their eye, will be received with kindly remembrances; while each and all will agree with the writer in thinking how sad the fate of the once feted and idolised Sandie Macalpine must have been, when, in so short a period, he who had frequently played the king of clubs in an elegant and comfortable saloon, was reduced to play the player-king in some cold country barn or booth at a fair! *Heu quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore!*

The Anderston Social Club did not long survive the peaceful period which followed the victory of Waterloo. The consequences of that decisive struggle had deprived the rhymsters of the brotherhood of their chief Club pabulum, and the unrhyming members of the exciting subjects for their weekly gossip. The great continental drama which had so long attracted all eyes and all thoughts to its *denouement* had ended. The last scene had been performed, the chief hero had fallen, and the curtain had dropped. The chief listeners at the Club, like those at the common theatre, dropped off when the tragedy was over, and left the afterpiece to be gazed at by the few who still persisted in sitting out the remaining pantomime or farce. In plain parlance, the members of the Anderston Social Club, after the entrance of the Allies into Paris, became at each weekly meeting beautifully less; and after "dreeing out" a few months' assemblings, enlivened as one of them was, by presenting a kind remembrancer to the secretary for his long



and gratuitous services, the Club gave up the ghost and was buried with all honours, under Mr. Adam's broad mahogany slab, on which, while much was imprinted in the shape of punch stains and toddy marks, no better tale was told than that which may be the lot of any tavern table to repeat.



## THE DUCK CLUB OF PARTICK—1810-30.

AMONG the many rural villages which at one time surrounded Glasgow, perhaps none surpassed Partick in beauty and interest. Situated on the banks of a limpid and gurgling stream, which flowed through its centre; and beautified, as it was of yore, with many fine and umbrageous trees; and, above all, ornamented with an old hoary castle, with whose history many true and many more fabulous tales were associated; and when to these were added its dozen or two comfortable and clean cottages, and its picturesquely planted mills, historically linked with the generous gift of the successful opponent of the lovely Mary at Langside,—all combined to render this locality one of the most favourite of suburban retreats.\* It was, in fact, the resort of every citizen who enjoyed a lovely landscape, an antiquarian ramble, or a *mouthful* of fresh air—to which might be superadded, the certainty of getting a *mouthful* of something better, provided the visitor should have ever heard

\* The mills at Partick belong to the Corporation of Bakers. In the year 1568, the forces of the Regent Murray, who successfully opposed those of Mary Queen of Scots at the battle of Langside, were quartered in Glasgow and its neighbourhood. On this occasion the bakers were called upon for an extraordinary supply of bread for the troops, which they implemented so much to the satisfaction of the Regent, that he gave them a grant of the Archbishop's mill, which had now become the property of the Crown, and a piece of ground adjoining it. In 1664 the bakers erected a small mill on the site of the old one, which, in conjunction with the Town's mill, served



of the good things obtainable within the walls of its ancient "Bun-and-yill-house." Such was Partick during the latter part of the last century; and even for a few years after the commencement of the one which has produced so many metamorphoses it still retained its rural character and its smokeless atmosphere. At the latter period, there were still only a straggling house or two on the side of the turnpike from Anderston to the *Craw-road*. The summit of Gilmorehill had scarcely been two or three years crowned by Mr. Bogle's handsome mansion; and the house at Dowanhill was just being finished, while the trees in front of it, which are now so lofty and leafy, were only being planted, under the boyish eye of him who now pens this notice. The fact is, Partick was then truly in the country. Its comfortable thatched and white-washed cottages, with its ruinous castle, were such as to evoke the admiration of every tasteful limner; and its river, while it suggested a theme for the poet's lyre, likewise offered an attraction for the angler's rod.

For many long years after this, however, Partick may still be said to have maintained its sequestered aspect; but at length utilitarianism, that foe to beauty and the picturesque, marched westward from the City. The steam-engine became a necessary accessory to the flour

them till the year 1771, when they purchased, from the Magistrates and Council of Glasgow, the malt and snuff mills at Clayslap, a few hundred yards above the Partick mills. These the Incorporation fitted up as a flour mill, which has subsequently been enlarged, and, since then, they have made large additions to the establishments at Partick and Clayslap. In 1818 the west wing of the old mill was taken down and rebuilt, and in 1828 the remaining part of the old building was taken down and reconstructed.



and corn mills, and, thereafter, to many other public factories. The few one-story cottages that spotted the slopes of the Kelvin, or surrounded the ancient Castle, could not meet the requirements of the hundreds of houseless ship-builders and other citizens, drawn from a distance to the extensive establishments which increasing capital and enterprise had there erected. The ground on which these cottages stood soon became too valuable to be occupied by such humble dwellings, which were ere long supplanted by more formidable though less picturesque tenements; while the once-honoured though ruinous-gabled castle was, some years ago, converted into a quarry.\* At this hour, the landscape painter's occupation about Partick is gone—the sketching desk may be for ever closed, and the pencil and the pallet thrown aside. The village is now a town, with a provost and bailies, a police force, local taxes, and a lockup-house; and instead of having only one celebrated “Bun-and-yill-house,” it has now many more public-houses than even the greatest enemy to the Maine Liquor Law could well justify. It is stretching out on every side, and for some time has been shaking hands with Glasgow, so far as gas and lamp-posts are concerned. Its future destiny will doubtless be, to be swallowed up like its suburban relatives, Calton, Bridgeton, Gorbals, and Anderston, by its all-absorbing Babylonish parent City.

It was about the period when Partick was in its

\* The old castle of Partick, which had stood as a landmark for many long years, at the junction of the Clyde with the Kelvin, was removed almost in a night, by ruthless hands, to form dykes to the neighbouring fields. It entirely disappeared about the year 1836 or 1837.



more rural condition, that there existed divers knots of individuals connected with Glasgow, who, inspired by the noble purpose of enjoying ducks and green peas in perfection, with cold punch in ditto, proceeded hebdomadally to indulge their gastronomic propensities at this picturesque village. Among the many inducements which this locality offered to these united bands of kindred spirits were, the agreeable and health-inspiring distance of this common rendezvous from the smoky City—the picturesque appearance of the village itself—the refreshing flow of the limpid Kelvin, broken by successive cascades—the neat and comfortable character of the hostelry; and, above all, the superior quality of ducks reared under all the known advantages that arise from the proximity which large grain-mills naturally afford for good feeding. To these inducements, too, was super-added the delicious manner in which the ducks were prepared for table, and which never failed to excite an appetite, which was only appeased after each guest had finished his bird!

Of these various groups of Glasgow *gastronomes*, there was one which, *par excellence*, was truly entitled to the appellation of the DUCK CLUB OF PARTICK, seeing that, during the whole season, when these luxuries were in perfection, and even after they became a little *blasé*, there seldom was a Saturday permitted to pass on which the several members of this social fraternity were not seen either wending their hungry way towards the well-known “Bun-house” of that village, between the hours of three and four o’clock, or returning therefrom “well refreshed” before “set of sun.”



Many of the men who composed this rather gustative and gormandising fraternity had long been connected with the management of the Trades' House, and had held deaconships and masterships in several of the Incorporations of the City, in which capacities they had learned the value of the good old and well-known Hudibrastic apothegm, and never failed to practise it when they had any object to carry. They felt also, during their long experience in public office, that business might be carried on successfully, although the members of the *sederunt* should quaff, during the breathing-time intervals, something rather stronger than the produce of the Westport well. In short, they were men to whom good eating and serious drinking was no novelty—such creature comforts, in fact, forming a peculiar feature in their every-day corporate life. As a key to the Corporation class who were members of the Duck Club, we may merely mention Mr. M'Tyre—a gentleman who, after passing through all the gradations of the Cordiners' Corporation, arrived at last at the Convener's chair and a seat at the City Council board. This personage, who may be justly regarded as the president of the social Partick brotherhood, was exceedingly popular not only among his Council friends at the "Bunhouse," but likewise among the members of the Trades' House. He was, in fact, so much esteemed by the latter body, that they expressed a unanimous wish to have his portrait taken as a most appropriate ornament to their Corporation walls; and there it now hangs as a stimulant to every ambitious man to do his duty. It was during the period of this popularity that the Convener was most frequently



found wending his way, with majestic step, towards Partick; it was then that the ducks in that village suffered most from his Saturday visits; and it was on one of those occasions that the Club poet, Mr. William Reid—of whom more anon—improvised the following true and touching couplet:

“ The ducks at Partick quack for fear,  
Crying, ‘ Lord preserve us! there’s M‘Tear!’ ”\*

\* We have been favoured with a correct MS. copy of the poem penned by Mr. Reid; and although satirical, severe, personal, and perhaps not altogether just towards the individual who is the burden of the song, it is at least characteristic of what Dr. Chalmers’s powerful oratory produced soon after his arrival in Glasgow.

“ Ilk body has his hobby-horsey:  
John Lawson sings—Brown fechts wi’ Dorsey;  
There’s souter Will, used every day  
The Catholic synagogue survey;  
Since Chalmers cam he changed his tune—  
Some say he’ll be an elder soon—  
His name is never out his mouth,  
Even when we meet to slocken drouth;  
And what has been his curious lot,  
He’s made a proselyte of Scott!  
Not only him, but there’s the tanner,  
Of curious, furious, swearing manner,  
Even he’s at kirk the ither Sunday,  
And swears by G— he’ll back on Monday!  
There’s Gibb the souter in a broil,  
Does every Sunday fecht wi’ Croil;  
About a seat he’ll bite and bark,  
Argue wi’ bailies and their clerk;  
Vulcan and Condie, in their turn,  
Will warsle keen wi’ Dr. Burn.  
A’ this proceeds frae souter Willie,  
Wha’s now turn’d good and unca holy.  
The Provost says it’s guid to men’—  
Great need there was, and that some ken;  
For, when he was in London toun,  
’Tis said he was an unca loon;  
He made his boots, they said, on Sunday,  
And then he drank and — on Monday;  
But now his heart is holy warm,  
His Sunday face as lang’s my arm;  
We’ve seen the day he used to revel,  
And even on Sunday wont to travel;  
The fowls at Partick used to ken him,  
It’s even been said they used to name him—  
The ducks they quack’d through perfect fear,  
Crying, ‘ Lord preserve us! there’s M‘Tear!’ ”



And no wonder. For no sooner was the rubicund beak of the worthy Convener espied by the blue and white swimmers of the mill-dam, than it was certain that the fate of those now disporting would become, ere another Saturday, that of their jolly companions who at that moment were suffering martyrdom at the *auto-da-fe* in the kitchen of the "Bunhouse!" Though the ducks, as may reasonably be supposed, quacked loudly in anticipation of their coming fate, yet the Convener, having no sympathy with anything akin to the melting mood, except what was produced by the sun's summer beams, was deaf to pity. He felt too strongly the truth of Cato's famous saying that "it is no easy task to preach to the belly, which has no ears." The truth is, that neither the poetry of Reid nor the quacking of the ducks had any power over the alimentative bump of the carnivorous Convener. Its cry never ceased from June till October, when, alas! the broad sheet of water which, in spring, had been almost covered with the feathered flock of youthful divers, was found, in autumn, altogether untenanted, save by the few lamenting parents of their once happy and noisy families! The Convener and the Club had, during the summer's campaign, made conscripts of all the young, and had sacrificed them to their own gustative propensities, without one *tear* for the family bereavements they were weekly occasioning, except, perhaps, when that was now and then called forth through the pungency of the *spiritual* consolation which universally followed the Saturday holocaust!

And, in good troth, when we reflect on those duck feasts, we do not wonder at the weekly turn out of



guests who congregated at Partick, or that there should have been, in consequence, a hebdomadal murder of the innocents to meet the cravings of the Club. For we verily believe, that never did even the all-famous "*Trois frères Provençaux*," in the Palais Royal at Paris, send up from their celebrated *cuisine*, a *canard roti* in better style than did the landlady of the Partick "Bunhouse" her roasted ducks, done to a turn and redolent with sage and onion;—and then the peas, all green and succulent, and altogether free from the mint of England and the sugar of France! What a glorious sight it was to see the Club met, and what a subject would such a meeting have afforded to the painter of character and manners! The rosy countenance and bold bearing of the president, seated at the head of a table surrounded by at least a dozen of happy guests almost as rubicund and sleek as himself, each grinning with cormorant eye over his smoking duckling, and only waiting the short interval of a hastily muttered grace to plant his ready knife into its full and virgin bosom;—verily, the spectacle must have been a cheering one!

It may easily be conceived how many changes must have occurred among the members of the Partick Duck Club, during the twenty years in which, from 1810 to 1830, the fraternity met and guzzled; but, perhaps, none was more striking than the change which befel its worthy president. The Trades' House, Police Board, and Council popularity, which Convener M'Tyre had won by his talents for business, by the energy of his character, and by his devotion to the best interests of the City, was all lost during the short and evanescent



struggle of a Parliamentary election. At the time to which we allude, the Council of Glasgow was nearly equally divided between the claims of two gentlemen, who then offered themselves to represent them in the House of Commons. These worthy individuals were, the well-known Mr. Kirkman Finlay and Mr. Campbell of Blythswood; and, although the commercial mart of the West of Scotland was as yet limited to having only a fourth voice in the representation, it so happened that her voice on that occasion settled the Membership. The interest in the result was therefore more than usually keen, and the candidates and their supporters were more than usually exacting. It must also be remembered, that although both candidates for the seat may be said to have been hitherto linked with the Tory party, still Mr. Finlay, from having given tokens of greater liberality in commercial matters, and particularly in having loudly advocated the opening up of the trade with India and China, secured for himself the support of the more liberal portion of the community, and, consequently, became the popular candidate. Mr. M'Tyre, who all along, during his public career, had voted with the latter party, was looked upon at first as a sure card for Mr. Finlay. But ere long he began to coquet with the supporters of his opponent, and at last went fairly over to his camp. The consequence of this one false step in the eyes of his former admirers was, that he was hurled from his lofty throne of popularity, and stigmatised as nothing better than a political recreant and tergiversator. And so high was political feeling then carried, that it was seriously mooted, in order to testify the



popular displeasure against such conduct, to urge on the Trades' House to order the full-length portrait of their once beloved and admired Convener to be turned upside down, to deter others from turning their coats and changing their colours in future! In short, it was gravely proposed to hang the poor Convener by the heels instead of the head,—a degradation which, however, for the honour of all concerned, was, under the reflection of cooler moments, never carried into execution. The instability of popular feeling, combined with an increasing love for his birthplace, drew the ex-Convener from Glasgow to Maybole, and, consequently, deprived the Partick Club of one of its chief load-stars and the ducks of their chief enemy.

While these rulers of the various Trades may be considered to have been the chief assistants at the weekly demolition of ducks and green peas, which took place in the comfortable hostelry situated near the flour-mills at Partick, there were happily others also present who could throw their mite of merriment into the afternoon's symposium; and among these was a gentleman to whom we have already slightly alluded—the facetious Mr. William Reid, of the well-known firm of Brash & Reid, who, as bibliopoles, carried on for so long a period a successful business in the Trongate, and to whose labours the bibliomaniac is indebted for some rather scarce and curious publications. In the then extensive field of Glasgow's social companions, it would have been difficult to find one more courted as a club associate than Mr. Reid. To a peculiarly placid temper, he united a strong smack of broad humour, and an



endless string of personal anecdotes, which he detailed with a gusto altogether his own. Of all things he loved a joke, and indulged in this vein even at the risk of causing the momentary displeasure either of an acquaintance or a customer. We say *momentary*—for with all his jesting and jocularities, he never really said, we believe, one word which was meant to offend. To “laugh and grow fat” was his constant motto, and, consequently, he never troubled himself either about his own obesity or about that of any one else who might follow his laughing example. Of the satirical sallies poured out behind the bookseller’s counter in the Tron-gate, we have heard as many repeated as might well eke out another supplement to the already thousand and one sayings of the “Laird of Logan”—who, most assuredly, had he lived in the pantheistical days of the early world, would have disputed with Momus the god-like crown of mirth!

Of Mr. Reid’s every-day off-hand rhymes it is perhaps enough to say, that they entitled him to enter the lists as a Scottish *improvisatore*.\* But while the witty bibliopole indulged in these playful and innocent vagaries, it must never be forgotten that he has also left behind him “drops of ink” that will go down to posterity—verses linked, as a few of them are, with the never-dying lyrics of Robert Burns—whose early friend and acquaintance he was—which will be sung as they now are; and al-

\* One of Mr. Reid’s standing rhymes behind the counter was, when he noticed a customer preparing to pay, to exclaim—

“ I’m the man who takes the cash,  
For myself and partner Brash ! ”



though but too frequently believed to be altogether the breathings of the bard of Ayrshire, they are nevertheless partly the production of the bard of the Duck Club of Partick.\* It is only justice to say, that in early and mature life Mr. Reid could boast of no small share of that peculiar talent which the genius and dazzling career of Burns evoked in the minds of many of his admiring countrymen. He not only shared in the general enthusiasm which the appearance of that "day-star of

\* Among the songs of Burns to which Mr. Reid made additions, was that of "John Anderson, my joe, John." To Burns's two stanzas, Reid added five, which though, as Dr. Currie says, "they are in the spirit of the Ayrshire bard, yet every reader of discernment will see, are by an inferior hand." The Doctor is indignant that these additions should have been given to the world—as they were by the publishers—as the production of Burns. Mr. Reid's first stanza was—

"John Anderson, my joe, John, when Nature first began  
To try her canny hand, John, her master-work was man;  
And you among them a', John, sae trig frae top to toe,  
She proved to be nae journey-work, John Anderson, my joe."

Mr. Reid also added to Burns's song "Of a' the airts." The two first verses of this favourite lyric were written by Burns in 1788, during the time that he was over head and ears in love with Jean Armour; the four remaining verses were written—the third and fourth certainly by Mr. Reid, and the fifth and sixth either by Mr. Reid or Mr. Hamilton, bookseller, Edinburgh. The following version of "Cauld kail" is altogether from the pen of Mr. Reid:—

"There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,  
And bannocks in Strathbogie,  
But naething drives awa the spleen  
Sae weel's a social cogie.

That mortal's life nae pleasure shares,  
Wha broods o'er a' that's fogie;  
Whene'er I'm fasht wi' worldly cares,  
I drown them in a cogie.

Thus merrily my time I pass,  
With spirits brisk and vogie,  
Bless'd wi' my buiks and my sweet lass,  
My cronies and my cogie.

Then haste and gie's an auld Scots sang,  
Sic like as 'Catherine Ogie,'  
A guid auld sang comes never wrang  
When o'er a social cogie."



national poetry" elicited, but he also participated in the poet's friendship, and sympathised in his excitement. In Scottish song, and in pieces of characteristic humour, Mr. Reid approved himself not unworthy of either such intimacy or such inspiration. These lyrics are chiefly preserved in a collection, entitled "Poetry, Original and Select," and which at this moment is rarely to be met with, save in the libraries of the members of the Roxburgh, Bannatyne, and Maitland Clubs, or of the more unobtrusive race of bibliomaniacs scattered over the country, but which, since the demise of poor Dr. Thomas Frognall Dibdin, are now sadly getting into "the seer and yellow leaf."\* There is another curious publication with which Mr. Reid was connected, the "Life of James M'Kean," who was executed for the murder of James Buchanan the Lanark carrier, at the Cross of

\* The "Poetry, Original and Select," was printed and published by Brash & Reid during the years 1795-96. The work is in four volumes. The chief original contributions were by Mr. Reid, Mr. Lochore, the father of the present minister of Drymen, and Mr. Taylor the writing-master. The song of "Kate of Gowrie," since so much cut down, appeared first there, with many others in a similar strain. The following little lyric is perhaps one of Mr. Reid's best; if not, it is at least one of his shortest, and that at present is most suitable for our purpose:—

"Fair modest flower, of matchless worth!  
 Thou sweet enticing bonnie gem!  
 Bless'd is the soil that gave thee birth,  
 And bless'd thine honour'd parent stem.  
 But doubly bless'd shall be the youth  
 To whom thy heaving bosom warms,  
 Possess'd of beauty, love, and truth,  
 Will clasp an angel in his arms.

Though storms of life were blowing snell,  
 And on his brow sat brooding care,  
 Thy seraph smile would quick dispel  
 The darkest gloom of black despair.  
 Sure Heaven hath granted thee to us,  
 And chose thee from the dwellers there,  
 And sent thee from celestial bliss  
 To show what all the virtues are."



Glasgow, on Wednesday the 25th January 1797. As a piece of biography, it is certainly neither remarkable for taste nor talent; but as a statement of what M'Kean, while under sentence of death, actually communicated to the compiler, it is both curious and startling.\* The work had an extraordinary sale, through the never-ceasing existence of that odd craving for everything connected

\* The copy of this "Life" which I have now before me is the *fifth* edition; it is entitled "genuine copy," which seems to suggest that there had been some spurious editions palmed on the public. On the fly-leaf of this volume, there is a memorandum by a well-known critic, which states that "Mr. Reid always spoke with horror of the manner, as given by M'Kean, in which the murder was perpetrated. His friends alleged that M'Kean, in answer to Reid's inquiries as to the mode in which he murdered Buchanan, seized the head of Reid, and after drawing it back with one hand, quickly drew the other hand across Reid's throat,—and that Reid fainted!" "I almost," says the writer, "believe this story, for Reid always looked so sad when he referred to the murderer's statements, that I durst not inquire into the truth of his friend's story, even in joke. Reid told me that he visited M'Kean daily betwixt his conviction and execution; that he read portions of his 'Life' to him as he wrote them; that M'Kean altered many statements, qualifying some, and expunging portions of others; and that, on the whole, the wretched murderer seemed to be most at his ease when confessing his sins, and thereby expressing strong hopes of forgiveness." From a memorandum written by the late Mr. Robert Chapman, printer, which has been just shown me by a literary friend, I find the following rather curious notice connected with Reid's history of M'Kean:—Mr. Chapman, speaking of Lockhart's "Life of Sir Walter Scott," says,—“A long paragraph is inserted respecting a wretched cobbler, James M'Kean, who murdered Buchanan, the Lanark carrier, in 1796. M'Kean then lived in Castlepen's land, High-street. This M'Kean I saw two or three times in the Tolbooth after his condemnation, in company with the late Mr. William Reid, who was on terms with M'Kean for the history of his life, which he ultimately procured, and I think I printed three or four editions of it, the sale being so great. It turned out a good *spec* at that time. The description of M'Kean by Sir Walter Scott is, so far as I can recollect, perfectly correct. I saw the miserable man executed. The crowd was immense. As I am of small stature, being five feet two inches, I remember a tall acquaintance holding me up in his arms, so that I might get a good view of him, knowing that it would probably be the last sight I should ever have of the religious hypocritical villain who disgraced humanity.”



with the horrible. As a conclusion to this imperfect sketch of Mr. Reid, we may mention, that for many years he kept a large vase, or *pinnar-pig*, into which he deposited his literary scraps, where, for aught we know, they still remain under that ban which he so often made use of when making a deposit or closing a story, and which we would in his case also here repeat—

“ Down wi’ the lid!  
Quo’ Willie Reid.”

With the departure of the shadow of the jolly Convener from the “Bunhouse,” the Duck Club may be said to have closed its regular sittings; and although many knots of social spirits have since met in perpetuation of the Partick Club, still, never have the roasted ducks and green peas been demolished with such gusto, nor the punch goblets been drained with such delight, as when the worthy Convener, with a rattle of the spoon-sceptre, summoned the thirsty duck-destroyers to the punch-bowl, or when the broad humour and telling anecdotes of the Trongate bibliopole made every well-lined paunch shake with laughter.

Since the departure of these two worthies from the scene of their gormandising glory, the “Bunhouse” of Partick has as much ceased to Glasgow *gourmets* to be the shrine of Apicius, as the Castle of Partick to be the haunt of the antiquarian limner.



THE WATERLOO CLUB AND THE WET RADICAL  
WEDNESDAY OF THE WEST.

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IMMEDIATELY after the victory of Waterloo had procured the pacification of Europe and sealed the destiny of Napoleon Bonaparte, a set of jovial-hearted fellows, who always preferred punch to water-gruel and Momus to melancholy, united themselves into a Club that met in a house which, though now not so celebrated as at that period, bore the sign of Britain's most memorable conflict. The members of the fraternity were at first limited to five-and-twenty; but its glory, spreading like the fame of Waterloo, which had been chosen as the nominal link of the union, produced a large addition to both ordinary and honorary members of the brotherhood. Honours and titles being the fashion of the period, it was not likely that the members of this Club would withstand the infection: the truth was, that all of them did feel an anxiety about distinction; and, in imitation of the extended Order of the Bath, the Waterloo Club order of knighthood was established. The original twenty-five members assumed the title of "Knights Grand Cross," and added to their signatures G. C. W. The ordinary members that of "Knights Commanders," with K. C. W. The honorary members were simply designated "Companions." Every night, for some years, did this worthy order meet in deep divan, to swill each



his best-loved stomach elixir, and to raise the *devil* about ten from the kitchen of the Waterloo; and when his august and satanic majesty did arrive, in all his hot and mouth-burning honours, the knights, whose appetites and teeth never refused to do their office, were not long in making a *devil* of him!

As a key to this once famous knot of congenial spirits, we may mention the following story, told of one of the knights grand cross—a well-known gentleman who, for many years, had been in the habit of raising the devil, not only by the magic of the cook in the Waterloo, but elsewhere by the mysterious Masonic sounds of *one, two, three*, and thereafter laying him pretty deep, not in the *Red Sea* of generous Port, but in the muddy ocean of cream-of-tartar punch! Being at one time called to serve as a jurymen, and being determined, when life and death were at issue, to give a clear opinion, he resolved most judiciously that the conglomeratory atmosphere of the Waterloo should be avoided by him during the continuance of the Circuit Court of Justiciary, to which he had been summoned. Often, as he returned from the close and ill-ventilated Court at night, did the Club and its refreshments shoot athwart his recollection; thirst and inclination urged him to a midnight beaker, but prudence and propriety made him keep his resolution. To the valiant knight, a week without a visit to the Waterloo seemed interminable; but the worst of evils will come to an end, and so did that of the Circuit. Relieved on Saturday evening from his arduous duties, and happy in the approbation of the Court for his attention and services to his country, the ex-jurymen hastily bent his



steps towards the Club-room, and was there hailed by the joyous acclamations of the brotherhood. What a glorious night ensued! Story followed story; the roof rang with laughter and merriment; and not a few talked till the tongue refused to do its office. The witching hour of midnight—that foe to fun and good company—arrived, bringing along with it the remembrance of home. The Club closed, and the ex-juryman, “happy and glorious,” staggered to his bed-room. Sleep soon sealed his eyelids, and seemed determined to hold the bachelor longer than usual in his leaden grasp. The morning sun arose; the Sabbath bells rattled loud and long; the dinner-hour passed; and twilight again began to encompass the City;—and yet neither of these had the power of breaking the death-like slumber of the member of the Waterloo. Alarmed for her master’s health, the servant maid knocked, about six o’clock, at the door of his apartment, opened it, and demanded, in a trembling tone, if he was unwell? The ex-juryman, who had been dreaming of indictments, judges, and panels, started, at the well-known voice, from his long-pressed pillow; and, as if still in a trance, and hearing the tinkling of the Laigh Kirk bell, exclaimed, in the greatest trepidation, “Good God! are the Lords come back again?”\*

For many years did the knights and knights grand cross of the Waterloo Club meet under the canopy of the well-known tavern which bore the name of Britain’s greatest victory; and many times and oft was the health of the hero of that successful struggle there drank, amid

\* In those days, as at present, the City bells were rung at the hour when the Circuit Judges came to Glasgow.



loud and reiterated hurrahs. The members were chiefly of the good old Tory school, being imbued with sentiments of the most unbounded loyalty to the sovereign and to all other constituted authorities. It will consequently appear by no means strange, that when the threatened outbreak of Radicalism occurred in 1819, not a few of those knights at once joined the citizen corps of Sharpshooters; and, from some of them having been connected with the previous Rifle regiment, commanded by the brave Colonel Corbet, they at once obtained leading posts in the new body commanded by the equally brave Colonel Samuel Hunter. Never, perhaps, during the existence of the Waterloo Club, were the nightly meetings of this brotherhood better attended than during the winter and spring of 1819-20; and although the *sederunts*, from the necessity of being present at the early morning drills, rarely went beyond the hour of ten, yet, during the period of their sittings, the members generally contrived to render themselves tolerably comfortable for the night. It was, in particular, during the eventful April week of 1820, when the fearful incubus of threatened dangers, like many other imagined evils, or rather political nightmares, weighed on the minds of the denizens of Glasgow, that the Club was most crowded; and it was from the pen of one of those who then attended these nightly orgies, that the following chronicle of that exciting time has been left for the peculiar delectation of an ever-recurring posterity, and which is now presented, for the first time, under the too true title of

THE WET RADICAL WEDNESDAY OF THE WEST.



There is no town in Scotland, Greenock always excepted, which, right or wrong, has gained for itself the unenvied distinction of being blessed with so much rain as Glasgow; and, perhaps, on this account, some might think that its titular saint should have been St. Swithin rather than St. Mungo. Be that as it may, it may at least be safely affirmed, that few cities exist where umbrella-makers and menders have so good a chance of making a fortune, and in which, had it been as in the Catholic times of old, our lamented townsman, Mr. Macintosh, would most likely have arrived at canonization. If the rainbow, that sign of comfort and hope to all flood-fearing people, be looked upon with satisfaction in countries often burned up with drought, it can easily be imagined how much more its prismatic colours must be regarded with delight by the denizens of the watery western metropolis. While the citizens of Glasgow have been, from this peculiarity of climate, necessarily deprived but too frequently of the advantages of outdoor amusements, and while, also, it may be inferred, that there is not sufficient sunshine to render the streets, like those of Paris, the successful scene of constant turmoil and revolution, they have, on the other hand, experienced the countervailing blessings which heavy outpourings of rain can produce, by dispersing monster meetings of malcontents, and putting to the route an inflamed and turbulent mob of the unwashed. On no occasion, perhaps, was this better exemplified than in the spring of 1820, and on a day, too, which has since been happily known by the epithet of "the wet Radical Wednesday of the west."



To those who have only entered into this breathing world since the passing of the Reform Bill, it is almost impossible to conceive the under current of dissatisfaction which flowed throughout the social body, not only in England but in Scotland, for at least a year or two before the famous trial of Queen Caroline, and the never-to-be-forgotten *non mi ricordo* evidence of Majoochi. An immoral Court, a venal Aristocracy, and a rotten borough Parliament had done much to sap the well-known loyalty of the middle classes; while bad trade, want of employment, and dear food afforded abundant pabulum for noisy demagogues to irritate and excite an idle, ill-requited, and starving populace. And when, in particular, it is recollected that to these causes were superadded the encouraging efforts of the hired spy, it is easy, at least for those who lived during the period in question, to arrive at the result which followed, while it is impossible to look back without sorrow and disgust at the consequences. While a spirit of hostility to all constituted authority was fermenting in the minds of the working-classes, and when, through trickery and espionage, men were roused to revenge their supposed oppressions and imagined wrongs, by displays of physical force and agrarian threatenings, a feeling of fear and of spoliation was necessarily engendered in the minds of the timid who had anything to lose. Class was, in fact, attempted to be set against class, the servant against his master, and the manufacturer against his workman. Society was disorganised and out of joint; and, woe to the memory of those men, then in high places, who, it is feared, did all in their power to encourage and perpe-



tuate this antagonistic game of politics. The people were goaded into a fever, which ended in political madness; and, what was worse, the result was judicial murder!

As a key to the extraordinary excitement that prevailed in Glasgow about the period to which we allude, it may be mentioned that, in addition to many out-door meetings of the working-classes, called for the ostensible object of ameliorating their condition, and at which the orators showed to starving men, that the only panacea for all their calamities was to be found in Universal Suffrage, Annual Parliaments, and Vote by Ballot, scarcely a night passed, during the autumn and winter of 1819, on which the streets of Glasgow were not crowded with an idle populace, ready for tumult, or the Magistrates reading the Riot Act, and the King's cavalry clearing the thoroughfares. The feeling reached such a pitch that respect was refused even to the authorities of the City; and, on one occasion, the Chief Magistrate himself was obliged, in order to support the dignity of his office, to check the apparent contempt of a Town-hall assemblage, by bawling out "Off hats to the Lord Provost!"—But, to our tale.

For several mornings during the end of March and beginning of April 1820, might be seen many hundreds of young men, dressed in dark green uniforms, and armed with rifles, hurrying through the streets at least an hour before the City bells summoned the labourer to his work, in all the eagerness of feverish anxiety, towards George-square—at that moment the central rendezvous of the "Glasgow Sharpshooters." The object of this early



hurry-scurry was, to await there the arrival of the London mail, with the view of meeting any emergency which might arise in Glasgow, from any threatened or rumoured rising in the manufacturing districts of England. What wondrous courage was it, in men accustomed to feather-beds and late hours, to leave them so early, and to sally forth amid mist and murkiness, as well as to be subjected to cold and contumely! In the face of all these difficulties, however, it is a stubborn fact that for many days eight hundred good men and true assembled in front of the statue of Sir John Moore, ready to sacrifice the foe or themselves. In the hour of supposed peril, the youthful members of this truly national guard had enrolled themselves; and, about six months previous to the time we would now illustrate, they had received at the Barracks their implements of war. And although the period for their drill was the depth of winter, they — fearless of catarrh and rheumatism — boldly turned out in grey day-light within the precincts of the College Garden, even when that park was a foot deep with snow, to fit themselves to be a safeguard to their fellow-citizens against the agrarian excitement, which had been in great measure instigated and brought to a head by the hired spy and other paid incendiaries. During the winter, too, a company of these citizen soldiers had met nightly in the Laigh Kirk Session-house as a City guard-house, and there remained, on watch and ward, till the sun's rising gave bright light and renewed confidence to their terrified fellow-citizens. Many times and oft, during this inclement winter, had detachments from this central body perambulated Calton, Bridgeton, and Gor-



bals, with loaded rifles and fixed bayonets, to spy out the body of Radicals who bulked so largely in the brain of certain alarmist newspaper editors. But although this military display was rather calculated to cause than to prevent attack, it is only fair to state that, in spite of all the ill-conditioned, irritable, and starving workmen who were nightly afloat, not a single party of malcontents were ever hostilely encountered during these nocturnal wanderings. As a sort of recompense for this risking of health and life, from exposure to the winter's cold and the Radical's pike or *cleg*,\* the citizen soldiers never failed to be regaled, at their own cost, with pies and porter in the Session-house; and not unfrequently, on the very table where, in the forenoon, stern Presbyterian ministers tabled motions against the immoralities of the age, might be seen piles of silver staked to meet the result of a round game at loo, or what was then better known by the title of "the lively"—a pastime which was greedily adopted by those volunteers to while away the watches of the night.

For many days previous to the famous *wet Wednesday* was the town kept in hot water by the most threatening reports of approaching riot and rebellion; and, from Sunday morning, when the famous or rather infamous inflammatory placard was posted at the corner of the streets, all the public works and factories were closed, while the miners in and around Glasgow struck work,

\* The *cleg* or *horsefly* was an instrument somewhat of the nature of a shuttlecock, having a steel point three inches long, loaded at the head with lead, and dressed with feathers so as to guide it when thrown. It got its name from being intended to be used principally against cavalry.



and wandered through the City in idle crowds, or collected in gloomy groups about the corners of the leading thoroughfares. As a safeguard and protection against lawless aggression, troops were being called in from every quarter to meet the now imagined rising. The Glasgow garrison, which at the present hour (1855) can scarcely boast of being able to turn out one hundred men, consisted, on the morning of the day which we are about to illustrate, of two regiments of Hussars, with the addition of the Dumbartonshire and Ayrshire regiments of Yeomanry Cavalry, and the Glasgow Light Horse; three regiments of Infantry; the Sharpshooters; and two field-pieces; while the whole was commanded by General Bradford, assisted by an efficient staff. With such a disciplined and well-affected force, at once ready to act on any emergency, there was no fear felt on the part of any one who could coolly reflect. But so unhappily was the public mind imbued with imaginary dangers, and instigated by marvellous stories regarding the widespread disaffection of the people, that many timid persons left the town or kept themselves steadily within their own habitations. The proclamations of the Magistracy, too, ordering all the shops to be shut at six, and all the inhabitants to be indoors at seven, instead of tending to inspire courage created fear; while flying rumours, from the neighbouring manufacturing towns and villages, of mustering hordes of rebels, increased the general alarm.

Such was the precise state of matters when, on the morning of the 5th April 1820, as one of the Glasgow Sharpshooters, I leaped at five o'clock from my bed, at



the reveillé sound of the bugle, and hastened to the rendezvous of the regiment. When I reached the square, it was evident, from the number of green-coated individuals pouring in from every side, that, as the danger increased, the determination to meet it was more decided. Before six o'clock, raw and murky though the morning was, I found myself among 800 bayonets, drawn up in a column of companies, ready to act at a moment's notice. For the honour of the corps, the muster-roll on being called showed few absentees, while several individuals answered to their names who were rarely seen on other more showy occasions. The gallant Colonel Hunter stood, as he said himself, "on his own Galloway feet," at the head of the column, having for some time dispensed with his Bucephalus, whose amblings under fire were rather calculated to dissolve the copartnery of horse and rider; and, after having with a stentorian voice called "Attention," commanded an instant examination to be made as to the contents of each soldier's cartouch-box, to discover whether it was that morning filled with the due number of ball-cartridges that had been formerly issued, and whether the flints of the rifles were fitted for producing immediate ignition. This duty over, the command to "Fix bayonets" was next given; and when "Shoulder arms" was added, there were in an instant as many bristling points thrown up as might have wooed down the fiercest thunderbolt from heaven without injury to mother earth! The corps never appeared in greater spirits, nor more ready to rush, if need be, against the whole Radical pikes that might muster; although it must in justice be added, that



there was as yet no semblance of a single hostile pike to put that courage to the test. In silence and suspense the Sharpshooters thus stood, till at length a messenger arrived declaring that the London mail had reached the Cross, and that as yet all was quiet in England. The arms were instantly grounded, the bayonets unfixed and returned to their scabbards, and the order for dismissal was given, with a *caveat*, however, that the green *continuations* of the uniform should not be doffed, as was customary after the morning's parade, but should be worn during the whole day, to meet any sudden emergency that might arise. And Heaven knows that not a few occurred on that eventful Wednesday, before the City clocks had chimed midnight.

With an appetite, which the cold sharp air of an April morning certainly did not appease, I hurried home, and sat down to a breakfast, to which, like another Dugald Dalgetty, I did ample justice, not knowing, in those ticklish times, when I might get another. During the breaking of eggs, the bolting of ham, and the swallowing of tea and toast, I was beset with a thousand queries as to the threatened dangers, which no doubt were considered to be imminent, especially when the *Glasgow Courier* was referred to, and which the evening before gravely put forth the following paragraph:—"That a general attack is intended to be made by the Radicals in this City on Wednesday is now beyond doubt. Cathkin braes is the site chosen for the encampment!" Notwithstanding this astounding announcement, I endeavoured to soothe all fears, on the ground of the strong military force of regulars in the City, and particularly



on the determined attitude which had been taken by the Sharpshooters and the Yeomanry Cavalry to assist in maintaining order and suppressing riot.

On sallying forth to the streets which, during the forenoon, were filled with crowds of ill-conditioned individuals, it was plain that a crisis was approaching, and if an outbreak had begun, it seemed quite plain, from the inflammable materials which abounded on every hand, that it would not, under the most favourable circumstances, have been suppressed without bloodshed. The civic authorities, alarmed for the safety of the City, sat in solemn conclave during the whole day in the Buck's Head Hotel, while the military chiefs held their council of war within the same place. Pickets of dragoons rode out on all the roads leading to and from the town, to bring in every information they could collect, and especially to announce the approach of any body of Radicals that might be marching towards the City. One trooper after another arrived and departed, but still there was no cry heard of any coming combatants. At length, just as the clock struck three, a rumour flew like lightning through the town that thousands were on the road from Paisley, and would ere long enter the City. The very whisper of such intelligence created a universal panic. Shopkeepers at once put on their shutters, locked their shops, and hurried home. The principal streets presented the image of a siege. In a few minutes the Horse Artillery rattled along the causeway, and took up a position at each end of the bridge across the Clyde; while strong bodies of both Cavalry and Infantry hurried down at double quick



pace to support this important position. The buglers of the Sharpshooters blew the assembly-call, and hundreds of the green-coated soldiers might be seen hastening to George-square. The whole day was gloomy and showery; but, at this moment, the windows of heaven opened and poured down such a torrent of rain as fairly cleared the streets of all loiterers, and left scarcely a soul thereon save the military, who, if they then encountered neither gun, pike, sabre, nor horsefly, met with as severe a ducking as ever fell to the lot of any one who ever wore a uniform. The watery Saint had, in fact, taken forcible possession of the skies, and seemed determined to use his powers as long as he could, and so effectually did he use them, that, by four o'clock, the redoubtable Falstaffian army of Paisley malcontents had dispersed into thin air, while the military had returned to quarters, and the Sharpshooters to their homes, without any immediate casualties being gazetted on either side, but, no doubt, with many *in futurum* from the cold and the rain to which they had been so mercilessly subjected.

Thinking that the day which had commenced so early and had been so bustling up to five o'clock might now "cease its funning"—drenched with rain and not a little wearied—I hastened, like some of my campaigning brethren, to the shelter of my own fireside; while others, dreaming also that the day's military duties must now be over, retired to solace themselves with somewhat at *John Haggart's*, in Prince's-street, at that time the great rendezvous of bachelor Sharpshooters, in search either of a dinner at four or a rabbit at nine. On my arrival at my own house, where I found a group



of anxious faces ready to welcome me, I soon doffed my dripping uniform, which I ordered to be placed before a blazing kitchen fire, and having donned my usual attire, sat down to a comfortable repast, in the hope of having nothing afterwards to do but go to bed, of which, from having caught a bad cold and sore throat, I was in some need. Under this comfortable belief, I scarcely allowed the City clocks to strike nine, before I consented to put my feet in hot water, swallow a gruel, and place my wearied limbs under the blankets. Forgetful of the past and of the future, I soon began to slumber, if not to sleep, when, just as I had arrived at a state of seeming unconsciousness, methought I heard the echo of a bugle call. Was it a dream or was it reality? It was impossible for some minutes to tell. But, alas! another fell blast resounded on my ear, and I at once woke to the certainty that I must, in spite of sore throat and all other ills, again leave my comfortable and health-restoring resting-place, and prepare for another threatening conflict. I rang instantly for a light, which was at once brought, and, on its arrival, I espied my dried regimentals gaping to receive the limbs of the already exhausted feather-bed soldier. I at once leaped into my Lincoln-green attire, buckled on my accoutrements, and seizing my rifle, which always stood by my bedside, sallied forth to the street, where, meeting a knot of those resident in the same locality, we fixed our bayonets, and hurried on, fearless of danger, towards the monument of the hero of Corunna.

The night, like the afternoon, was dark and dismal. The wind blew, and the rain rattled on the house-tops.



The gutters rushed like rivulets, and scarce a lamp was able to withstand the extinguishing blast. To use the words of Burns—

“ That night a child might understand,  
The deil had business on his hand.”

And so it appeared to some of us, that the deil, if he had nothing worse to do, had at least been amusing himself with the bugle-horn of the Sharpshooters. On reaching the square, which we had now done for the third time that day, we were told that, in order to save us from the pitiless pelting of the storm, the quarter-master had got the neighbouring church of St. George's open for our reception; and right glad were we to learn that we had so near a prospect of sacred shelter.

The scene which met the eye within this ecclesiastical edifice was perhaps one of the most striking that could well be imagined. Each pew was crowded with men fully equipped and ready for battle, each with his bayoneted rifle in his hand, eager to know and ready to execute his coming duty. A few glimmering candles, which had been hurriedly stuck up and down the church, tended to throw an air of gloomy grandeur over the silent and gaping corps. The whole scene and circumstances recalled Salvator Rosa's patriotic group of heroes assembled within the *Torrione del Carmine*, on the night when Massaniello sat in council deliberating on the liberty of Naples!

In the midst of this breathless silence, Colonel Hunter ascended the stairs of the pulpit, with certainly a heavier step than he often, no doubt, in boyhood had done when his father ministered to his Galloway flock, and from



that sacred spot delivered perhaps a more laconic and more telling discourse than ever fell from the lips of any one who had as yet *wagged his pow* therein! He told his patriotic followers that a few minutes before the bugle had last sounded, a rising had actually taken place in the east quarter of the City; that a Radical reveillé rattle had been beat; and that a knot of men had been seen marching in arms against the King! In such a state of matters it was necessary that the corps should remain all prepared, in case their services should be required. What varied thoughts swept athwart each listener's mind when these words were uttered must ever remain a secret; but from the universal cheer which followed, it was plain that the Sharpshooters were ready for every emergency. And long and patiently they waited, listening for the coming foe, but hearing nothing except the pelting storm, which, however, of itself, was sufficient to have put the most enthusiastic Radical *hors de combat*. And this, indeed, it is believed it accomplished; for the night passed slowly and silently on, till, at length, the Colonel finding that his corps was not called upon to act, wisely decided upon sending all home, except a company, which, under the command of Captain William Smith, was marched to Queen-street to guard the Royal Bank from Radical spoliation, which they certainly succeeded in doing, without any loss, except that of being deprived of so early a breakfast as was enjoyed by their fellow-soldiers, and of allaying, by their presence at home, the deep anxiety which reigned in the bosoms of mothers, wives, and sisters!

Many curious stories have been told of the expedients



resorted to by wives, mothers, and sisters, to retain the gallant Sharpshooters within doors on this critical night. One had his rifle hid; another could not find his uniform; and another, who had just been married, was urged to remain at home, on the very prudent plea that "on such a night powder would not burn;" while others were very slyly told "that they might fecht any night but this!" It is believed, however, that in spite of the best efforts used to retain many from the rendezvous, there was scarcely a single individual who did not answer to his name, and who did not that night parade within the hallowed precincts of St. George's Church; and once there, it may easily be conceived that none could well steal away, when it is recollected that our redoubted friend, Mr. William Black, then of Balgray, acted as sergeant of the door guard, with orders to let no one pass without due leave being granted.

Thus commenced and thus ended this famous day in Glasgow history—a day big with the threatenings of riot and rebellion—full of alarm and trepidation to many of her timid inhabitants—replete with the foolish fears of those who ought to have known better things—and marked by a military ardour on the part of the citizen soldiers, worthy of a better cause and a more dangerous enterprise; a day in which the elements conspired to cool excited imaginations, and to disperse the handful of miserable malcontents which nought but imbecility and madness could have roused to a threatening attitude; a day far more indebted to the outpourings of St. Swithin's bounty than to the grave counsels of the civil and military governors of the City; in short, a day which proved



that rain and Radicalism cannot co-exist, and that, in the event of any similar turmoil being got up, as this certainly was most shamefully done, the fire-engine and a gravitation water-pipe would prove a far better means of quelling it than the six-pounder and the rifle! May we hope that we shall never again see another wet Radical Wednesday of the west; nor, what was worse, the shameless and disgusting consequences which followed in its wake?\*

The Waterloo Club and its order of knighthood are now both defunct; but, although the Grand Crosses, who are still alive, have all long since laid down their titles, we are certain, that should any of them ever, by accident, meet as *nightly* bottle companions, they can never forget the well known story of their vermilion-faced jurymen brother, nor that of the many hairbreadth escapes from fire and flood which befell so many of the fraternity on the wet Radical Wednesday of the west!

\* We allude to the execution of the weak-minded poacher of Strathaven, James Wilson, who was hanged and beheaded at Glasgow, on the 30th August 1820, as a party engaged in the absurd though treasonable outbreak which ended in the execution at Bonnymuir. Although sentenced to death, little doubt was entertained that he would be ultimately pardoned. The jury had unanimously recommended him to mercy. But, whatever may have been the reasons which induced his Majesty's Ministers to reject the solicitations of those who were anxious that Wilson's life might be spared, it is certain that they were egregiously mistaken in supposing that his execution would produce any good effect. The public sympathy was all on the side of the prisoner—a feeling, that he was unnecessarily sacrificed, seemed to pervade the immense mass of spectators assembled to witness his execution; and shouts of "Murder," intermingled with cries of "He died for his country," were incessantly repeated. Unfortunately for the Ministers, the better classes were very generally imbued with the same sentiments.



THE GLASGOW CHARITIES—AND THE SHUNA CLUB.

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THERE is perhaps no City in the world whose inhabitants generally contribute so much time and money towards bettering the condition or soothing the sorrows of their brethren, as those of Glasgow. From the earliest times—either when under the power of book and bell and the influence of liturgy and surplice, or the more simple attributes of Presbyterianism—it has been always famed for its rich and multifarious charities. Of late years it has supported and assisted every reasonable scheme, calculated either to alleviate the miseries of the diseased or the unfortunate, or to educate the poor, the ragged, and the neglected. In fact, it may be truly affirmed, that amid all its restless commercial enterprise and its active manufacturing industry, it has never forgotten the great truth of Christianity, that the most blessed of all enterprises and activities is charity. While we say this much of Glasgow benevolence, it is also but just to add, that her philanthropy has never assumed so vainglorious and ostentatious an appearance as that of many other cities and countries, and particularly the metropolis of Scotland. With few exceptions, it may be honestly said, that in Glasgow there are no *palaces*, ostensibly erected for the retreat of squalid poverty—no large monument of gorgeous masonry, calculated



rather to relieve the just obligations incumbent on parents to educate their children than to give instruction to the poor, the neglected, and the outcast; we find no colonnaded façade or florid minaret, reared rather to minister to the vanity of the giver than to the necessities of the recipient. Many, many thousands a-year are annually dispensed in the metropolis of the west through the benevolence of men who leave no traces of their gifts save those which are seen to flow from the ameliorated condition of their wretched fellow-creatures, or the acknowledged intellectual and moral advancement of many who might otherwise have been lost to society.

Among the more modern bequests made to the City, was the one whereby Mr. James Yates, a native of Glasgow, and some time merchant in London, gifted the Island of Shuna to its Lord Provost and Magistrates; the annual produce of which was to be applied to the furtherance of education in her ancient *Alma Mater* and the more modern Andersonian University—to increase the benefits to be derived from the Royal Infirmary—and to beautify and improve the City. Although the settlement of the benevolent testator was all regularly executed and duly certified, still considerable difficulties arose in obtaining possession of the property; and, consequently, during several years after Mr. Yates's death, which happened in 1829, his bequest occasioned much trouble and many meetings to the municipal trustees. Out of these regular official assemblies on the business of the trust—which, however, it may be mentioned, resulted in possession of the Highland islet—there arose at length a Club,



—composed in part of certain of the magisterial functionaries with other friends—which at first ostensibly met for the purpose of talking over the affairs of the rather odd bequest, but latterly settled down into a convivial meeting for discussing public news and town's gossip. Among the chief originators of the brotherhood were those Magistrates, who, during the sittings of the Court of Justiciary held in the City, most assiduously encircled the large round table then laid out in the Magisterial refectory attached to the Court Hall, and who there sat and drank, as was wont, while the criminal business was being proceeded with. In those joyous days, the Circuit dinners at the foot of Saltmarket did not end, as they now do, with a glass or two of wine, but were invariably followed by one, two, or three bowls of cold punch; and when a case involving the last punishment of the law was being tried, it not unfrequently happened that the Magisterial party were found pushing in their glasses at midnight.\*

The fraternity which met under the appellation of the SHUNA CLUB was composed of some of our most respectable citizens; the members, as we have hinted, being either connected with the old Magistracy or Magistrates

\* The round table, which is still in use for refectory purposes during the Circuit, formerly stood in the Town-Clerk's office in the Old Tolbooth at the Cross; and, though now long devoted to the pleasures of those who encircle it, is nevertheless associated with the murder of an individual who at one time sat daily at its side. In 1694, a dispute having taken place between a citizen and a soldier, the Town-Clerk of Glasgow, Mr. Robert Park, having notified in favour of the former, was thrust through the body, while sitting in his chamber, by Major James Menzies. The officer who in the heat of passion committed this outrage immediately fled—was pursued—and, in consequence of resistance, was shot in Renfield garden.



for the time being. The Club met usually at eight o'clock in the evening; during winter, at first in the very snug parlour of what was then considered a good tavern, in the old Post-office Court, Trongate, and afterwards in the *restaurant* and night-house, fitted up with considerable taste and expense, in the sunk flat immediately under the New Royal Exchange in Queen-street, which was soon afterwards better known by the soubriquet of the *Crypt*.

Startle not, timid reader! when I mention the "Crypt," that I am about to conduct thee into any of those dark and lugubrious receptacles of the dead, such as a quondam Doctor of our City once had in contemplation to establish, under a central and general mart of pigs and poultry.\* Imagine not that I purpose carrying thee through the intricate and appalling catacombs of Paris or Palermo, to pour forth sentimentality over the cross-boned altar-pieces of the one, or to hold companionship with the stalwart but consuming atomies of the other. No, kind reader! I have no such melancholy duty to perform. My object is of a far gayer and livelier nature. The Crypt whither I would lead thee, though certainly situated, like that favoured one of the lamented Doctor, beneath a mighty commercial mart, and replete though it was with many sorts of *spirits*, was nevertheless such as to inspire courage rather than to awaken fear. The Crypt to which I would now go, though illumined, as it

\* We allude to the scheme, brought forward by Dr. Cleland, for converting the whole 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 grand arches to be paved, and the area or square thus formed to be used for market purposes."



was—like that of the matchless subterranean *chateau en Espagne* of our departed Statist—with all the brilliant appliances of good coal gas, was altogether free from any pestilential vapours, having been filled with *living* not with *dead* men's bones. In this Crypt, the only species of interment which happily took place within its gay and rather flaunting precincts, was that of fresh and well-fed Pandore oysters dropped into the gaping grave of the gourmand's gullet—the only burial, that of consigning nightly a *warrenful* of Welsh rabbits to their legitimate, although, it was to be hoped, not to their *last* resting-place! The Crypt, in fine, to which I would now take thee, and which proved the last rendezvous and resting-place of the Shuna Club, boasted at that time a society as brilliant and many-tinted as the London *Rainbow*—a community with voices as cheerful and chanticleering as the *Cock*—and a squad of wags and witlings as bright and sparkling as those of the *Cider Cellar*. The fact is, whether it was on account of the Crypt's vicinity to the News-room, or its facility of access to those who would willingly take a stealthy tumbler before retiring to a rather inquisitive spouse—who must needs be kept ignorant of such an evil practice—the result was, that for some time at least after the opening of the Crypt, it was frequently difficult to find admittance, at least into one of the four snug shrines of Bacchus, known by the sounding titles of the “Ship,” the “Star,” the “Sun,” and the “Globe.” To the large *salle-à-manger* which was more particularly dedicated to the worshippers of Heliogabulus, and which boasted at least a dozen brass-rodded and scarlet-curtained temples, each desig-



nated after one of the well-known capitals of the world, the access was rarely difficult—not because the small chapels were uncomfortable, but from the feeling that neighbouring eavesdroppers might carry away words intended only for the ears of friends and companions.

It was in “the great Globe itself” of this well-known Crypt, that the men of Shuna nightly congregated, and where, for several years, its many respectable members too palpably showed the truth of Shakspeare’s saying—

“That men are merriest when they are from home.”

Although many of the originators of the Shuna Club were justly entitled, in their official capacity, to the well-known epithet of *sitting Magistrates*, the great majority of the brotherhood generally rose at the sound of the ten o’clock bells, except, perhaps, on very rare occasions, when oysters or a Welsh rabbit were summoned from the kitchen to wind up the business of the day. But even when this luxury was indulged in, the Club was never known to extend beyond the “witching hour of night.” In addition to the nightly meetings, there were, however, during the year, generally one or two dinner-parties of the Club, at which there was always a good gathering, a good dinner, and an endless flow of fun and frolic. When it is mentioned that the late Bailie Stewart Smith and Mr. David Pattison took upon themselves the surveillance of the *cuisine*—that Dr. Macarthur and Mr. James Crum looked to the quality of the rum and lemons, for the manufacture of the cold punch—and that the conversation, if it ever for a moment flagged, was sure to be filled up with some strange tale



about Turkey, which was happily termed a *Levanter*, from the lips of the late facetious George Douglas, of Smyrna memory,—it will at once appear evident that, among the many convivial brotherhoods of the City, there was not one that surpassed the Shuna Club.

It was of one of the steady members of this rather early and sober brotherhood that we have heard the following odd story related, connected with the Crypt, and which, as good luck would have it, we are now enabled to give in his own graphic words. “On sallying forth,” says he, “one night from a regular blow-out party, redolent with chicken-turtle and old Johannisberger, it was suggested by one of the party, who had retreated along with me, that the day’s business ought to be wound up in the Crypt—where, by the way, the whole business of life was ultimately to be completed. To this proposal I at first objected, on account of the lateness of the hour, and from a secret suspicion that the ill-assorted marriage of cold punch and claret in my stomach required no *third* party to be present. My companions, however, having urged me with some anxiety to accompany them, I at length acceded, and ere a few moments had elapsed, found myself in front of that fell *bar* where so many *howtoudies* are daily condemned to be drawn and quartered, and where so many ale-bibbers are nightly called up to answer with their coin for the ‘deeds done in the body.’

“Having cast a longing, nay almost a burking, eye at the subjects laid out for the evening’s dissection, I pushed my way into the BELL *salle-à-manger*, but lo! not a single shrine—among the many dedicated to the



spiritual comforters of London, Paris, Lisbon, and Washington—could afford us accommodation. The fact is, every brass-rodded and scarlet-curtained temple had each its own ‘hole and corner’ meeting of worshippers busy in the orgies of Bacchus or Heliogabulus. We demanded if we could get on board the ‘Ship;’ but we were told, with a sigh, that the berths were at that moment all secured by a batch of old and new bailies, busy taking measures against the approaching cholera. We asked if we might enter the ‘Star;’ but we were answered that that luminary was already crowded with the sons of her brother Mars, in deep forgetfulness of the proposed reduction of the army. We next inquired if we could gain admittance to ‘the Sun;’ but the negative shake of the waiter’s head mournfully intimated that Phæton, Phœbus, or whatever the ancients would have called it, could that evening afford us no light nor comfort. We had now but one hope left, and that was to obtain possession of ‘the great Globe itself.’ The demand was of so ambitious a nature that our tongues faltered as we whispered the magnificent monosyllable to our bustling attendant. The ominous grin, however, that played on his lips proclaimed that the men of Shuna still reigned paramount there. Sulkily we wheeled about and prepared to travel homewards, when, just at the moment we were on the move—which Heaven knows! would have been better for us—the door of the huge ball of ‘Atlas’ slowly opened, and two sexagenarian figures, inspired with at least a couple of *double* ‘Dawnies,’ slipped out of the apartment and bolted past the glass door. ‘There is the Globe at last for you,



gentlemen,' shouted the waiter, with an air of satisfaction; and into the comfortable planet we went, thanking Heaven for our good fortune.

"Somewhat lazy and dozy, I threw myself at once into the luxurious lounging crib of the president of the snug and sensible fraternity which there held its regular evening assembly, while my companions ensconced themselves in the two elbow-chairs that graced the sides of a blazing fireplace. The table was instantly cleared of glasses, and almost immediately covered with a snow-white cloth; while oysters, crabs, and lobsters were successively paraded, till Hunger at length declared a halt, and his brother Thirst seized the reigns of government. It would be here altogether impossible to go over a tithe of the highly interesting and edifying topics which seasoned each successive tumbler of gin-twist; hours passed, Charlies shouted, and *scadding*-burn (Anglice, hot water) was still the cry. In the midst of the wit and drollery, however, that was sported by my jolly and waggish companions, my eyes eventually began to twinkle—a dozyness came over my spirits—the lights of the gasalier became dimmer and dimmer—the tongues of the speakers, like the sound of a bell in the receiver placed over an exhausting air-pump, became less and less perceptible. I nodded, winked, and nodded again, till at length I fell into the meshes of Morpheus.

"Finding me fairly entrapped in a death-like snooze, my companions voted me *comfortable* and a *non-convivialist*; and, as a just and appropriate punishment for the latter high misdemeanor, they proposed that I should be forthwith left where I was for the night. The *gegg* was a



good one, and they now prepared to carry it into execution. Everything was in their favour for accomplishing this project successfully. The hour had sent every inmate of the establishment, save a *sleep-stupified* stripling, to bed, and a stillness now reigned in the Crypt of the Royal Exchange as solemn as that in the Crypt of St. Mungo. Extinguishing the gas in the 'Globe,' my companions slipped out of the apartment, paid the bill to the stripling at the bar, and having quietly *bolted* out, the boy bolted the door. The sleepy stripling, seeing the 'Globe' in gloom, passed on to his dormitory, and was soon snoring as snugly as a ship in the trade winds.

"Unconscious of my situation and solitude, I slumbered on, and then began to dream. The four-course dinner, combined with the three-course supper, summoned up before my mind's eye the most hideous and terrifying phantoms. At one moment I was pursued by an animal more monstrous than the antediluvian mammoth; at another, I was tossing on a billow, exposed to the jaws of a fish more mighty than that which bore Jonah in his belly. Again, I was galloping on the back of an alligator to the summit of a pyramid; and anon I was flying, parched by thirst, through a stifling and sulphureous atmosphere, in the car of a gigantic balloon. This illusion was my last, and stuck to me longest. With the rapidity of the tempest, I flew over seas and rivers, over mountains and valleys; at length methought Mount Etna appeared, blazing forth fire and lava. I called out for mercy, as I saw myself nearing the crater of the mountain—I drew nearer, and



nearer, and nearer—terror was roused to its utmost pitch—I smelt the sulphur—I felt the heat—I panted for breath, for one drop of cold water—I rallied my sinking energies, and made one vigorous effort to leap out; but at the very moment that I did so, the flame caught the balloon, and I was tossed headlong, like Empedocles, into the boiling and rumbling volcano!

“I started from the president’s chair at my fearfully imagined destiny, and thought myself in eternity. All around was dark, and although my eyes were open, my mind was still insensible to my real situation. In this plight I saw a white-sheeted figure, dimly illumined by the rays of a waning moon, that insinuated themselves through the half-open door of the ‘Globe,’ standing anxiously gazing at me; and, still believing that my spirit had quitted its mortal coil, I faltered out, ‘Who art thou that awaits my coming to this realm of spirits? Art thou a restless wanderer on the shores of Styx, or an angel of light come to conduct me to Paradise?’ And springing forward, under the impulse that frequently accompanies fear, clasped the sheeted figure in my extended arms. The warm flesh and blood of the supposed spirit, followed by the immediate exclamation of astonishment, and ‘O Mr. S. you are bumbazed! Do you no ken the landlady o’ the Crypt?’ naturally recalled my reason and my thoughts.

“The illusion gone, I made a thousand apologies for my folly. The landlady explained, that, attracted by groans, she had risen from her bed, imagining the noise to proceed from the throat of some sick waiter. The affair was soon cleared up; and I sallied forth at four



in the morning, vowing vengeance against my waggish companions, and resolving never to pass another such night in the Crypt."



PROGRESS OF LIBERAL OPINION IN GLASGOW—AND  
THE SMA' WEFT CLUB.

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OF all the cities in the British empire, no one perhaps ever surpassed Glasgow in its loyalty to the Sovereign, or in its love for the old constitution of Church and State. As has already been hinted, Toryism of the purest water, for many long years, and particularly during the protracted war with France, was held in the highest favour. And although there were occasional manifestations of political displeasure towards certain of the rulers in high places, during the progress of the first French Revolution, and in times of commercial distress, still the vast majority continued either the zealous advocates or the passive supporters of things as they were. The City may be justly said to have been the very beau ideal of Conservatism, whether the thing to be *conserved* was in itself good or bad. When, however, the anxieties and the turmoil which had been created and kept alive by the incessant din of war were ended; and when peace had afforded time to men to turn some attention to their own social and political condition, a new era commenced in respect of the political opinions of Glasgow. Liberalism, as it is now called, during the closing years of the last and the opening years of the present century, was generally scouted, or at least es-



chewed by the generality of the wealthy classes, and the few respectable advocates of "the rights of the people" were limited to the small knot who annually assembled under the banner of the Fox Club. No sooner, however, had the fears of foreign invasion been dispelled, by the overthrow of Napoleon at Waterloo, than the Whig knot was seen to expand, and Whig opinions were more frequently enunciated at the tables of the intellectual and the wealthy. The citizens began to show less sympathy with the antiquated doctrines maintained in the old *water-gruel* newspapers of a foregone age, and yearned for some better exponent of their feelings. To meet this desideratum, the *Glasgow Chronicle* was established,\* the first devoted advocate of liberal opinions in the west of Scotland. From the hour that this reforming organ appeared, it may be said that a powerful political party began to be formed, which State circumstances no doubt promptly tended to increase. The ceaseless efforts made by Lord Archibald Hamilton, then Member for the County of Lanark, in favour of Scottish Burgh Reform, gained many friends to the cause, particularly among the young and unprejudiced, whose sympathies with the Liberal projects then promulgated, had been excited by the powerful and popular

\* The *Glasgow Chronicle* was established, through a joint-stock company, in the year 1811, and was for four-and-twenty years conducted by Mr. David Prentice, with an ability and political consistency not often surpassed. His services to the cause of freedom were unquestionable; but his fate, like that of many others who have conscientiously laboured for the public weal, was in the end a hard one. His quondam friends started a rival journal, which ultimately led to Mr. Prentice losing the editorship of the *Chronicle*; and soon after this event he died, but in somewhat straitened circumstances.



pleadings of the *Edinburgh Review*. The fact is, that men now began to feel that there was some truth in the political degradation of Glasgow, as shown in the fact of a City counting a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants—and these, too, making unparalleled progress in commerce and manufactures—being placed as to Parliamentary representation in a worse position than the rottenest burgh in England; and this sentiment was not confined to those of the more advanced politicians, but was participated by even many of those who still in other respects worshipped the wisdom of their ancestors. The establishment of a popularly elected Police Board, whose discussions were open to the public press, as seen in juxtaposition with the hole-and-corner self-elective system of the Town Council, began also to excite public attention; and, ere long, many began to regard the procedure of the latter as little better than a farce and an absurdity in a free country. The Green Bag, and the spy-administration of Castlereagh and Sidmouth, threw another petard into the ranks of the old Tory phalanx, and sent over many proselytes to those of their Whig adversaries. The appearance of Brougham and Denman at a public dinner, in the Assembly-rooms, given to those great advocates of Reform, soon after Queen Caroline's damaging trial, gave an additional stimulus to the Liberal movement, and fixed many new friends in their new political faith. Emboldened as the Liberal party was by the success of the many public political meetings, which had only commenced a few years before, and at which the Whigs were heartily backed by the working-classes, it was not long before the



mighty power of Toryism began to totter. Of all the local deeds, however, which hastened its downfall in Glasgow, was the attempt made by the Corporation to extend the rotten system of self-election over the yet partially-built district of Blythswood. Against this aggressive power, which was sought under the guise of a mere police extension, a most fearful turmoil was excited among all classes of the citizens, and which even entered into the Trades' House—a body, of all others, who had hitherto abetted everything sanctioned by the City Corporation. This false step was adroitly taken advantage of by the liberal party; and they having now obtained many an additional and willing ear to listen to what was generally felt to be the truth, the movement progressed accordingly. Reformers, strange to say, began to appear even at the Council Board; attempts were now made by certain members to publish the debates; and from these it became evident that there were now traitors to Toryism in the Tory camp. While these things were going on, an effort was made by the Whig party to obtain the command of the Merchants' House. This was the very strongest citadel of Toryism in the City, and here it was that the great battle of Reform was fought. No opportunity was lost, however, on the part of the assailants to raise topics for the attack; and, after a few rather sharp onsets, the Liberals gained the mastery, and forced that close Corporation to petition in favour of both Parliamentary and Burgh Reform.

Some time previous to this event, two new and powerful accessories to the Liberal cause had appeared, in the shape of the *Free Press* and the *Scots Times*—a couple of



newspapers, from the manner in which they were conducted, that contributed not a little to prepare the way for the further efforts of the Liberal leaders, who were now eager to ascend the political platform in support of progressive reform. In the broad and bold principles advocated in the *Free Press*, the more advanced politicians found sufficient pabulum; while in the sharp and cutting broadsides of the *Scots Times*, directed chiefly against burgh mismanagement and self-election, the less advanced quidnuncs found potent matter for invigorating the cause of freedom. It was in the latter print, in particular, where that most powerful of all weapons, the shaft of ridicule, was most pitilessly wielded, and which, when used in the manner it was there hebdomadally done, proved altogether irresistible.\*

In the midst of those political changes and municipal agitations, which ultimately resulted in a Municipal and Parliamentary Act that gave to Glasgow a freely elected Town Council and two freely elected Members of Parliament, there assembled a Club, which, from the peculiar prying nature of the individuals who composed it, gained not only considerable notoriety on its own account, but was perhaps made more remarkable from its imaginary

\* The *Free Press* was edited by Mr. W. J. Northouse, and the *Scots Times* by Mr. Robert Malcolm. Mr. Northouse did not long continue to edit the *Free Press*, or to reside in Glasgow. Mr. Malcolm died here in 1850. We knew the latter gentleman well. His information and literary acquirements were most extensive—his taste was correct and fastidious to a fault—his judgment and generous feeling were conspicuous, and highly and deservedly appreciated; and hence the *Scots Times*, of which he was the proprietor as well as editor, was often selected by writers of eminence, both in Edinburgh and Glasgow, as a desirable vehicle for the publication of their contributions to the political or general literature of the day.



sittings furnishing the medium through which an attack could be best made on the political and municipal grievances of the day.

Of the flesh-and-blood members who constituted this redoubtable and sharp-nosed fraternity, it is enough to say, that they were men who, in common parlance, knew the world well, and, in particular, the concerns of the whole community of Glasgow somewhat better, at least in their own estimation, than anybody else. It is quite certain that nowhere could a person gain a better insight into the affairs or the feelings of the citizens than at the SMA' WEFT CLUB. The peculiar *knack* which each individual member had of drawing aside the countinghouse or the family curtain, and by that means permitting his companions to have a peep at all that was acting behind, was absolutely marvellous. At every meeting of that brotherhood there seemed, in fact, a little Asmodeus imprisoned in every glass, whether of ale or whisky, that stood on the table of their *sanctum*;—and Heaven knows that never one of these little imps refused to mount his crutches! The knowing look—the expressive silence—the negative shake of the head, so characteristic of each member of this inquisitive brotherhood, spoke always volumes to the initiated, and often prognosticated to the uninitiated, imaginary evils, and which, alas! sometimes turned out fearful realities. What words, indeed, can express the vast and wondrous information which might have been gathered within the circle of this bachelor divan! There, for instance, was ever to be found the charming innuendo, the delightful satire, the choice irony, the dark foreboding,



the gloomy fear, the intimate acquaintanceship with the *warp and weft* of every manufacturer's web, the accurate knowledge of the debit and credit side of each merchant's ledger, and the precise and minute account of each individual *manege* in the City. Who, in fact, that wished to become acquainted with a man's credit, would have thought of applying to a banker about such a ticklish and delicate matter, if he could only be introduced into the mysteries of the *Sma' Weft*? Who, that liked to dine abroad and well, but had few days to spare, would have thought of running the risk of swallowing kitchen wines, when at the petty expense of a solitary *timothy* in the Sma' Weft Club-room, he could obtain a *binn-book* of every man's cellar, and could calculate for a certainty when he might sip Hock and bolt Burgundy? In truth, amid this notable coterie, was to be found the concentrated gossip of the whole town, *soured* and *seasoned* to the taste of the most fastidious quidnunc, and served up with a hilarity and gusto which seemed to bespeak, on the part of the relators and listeners, that the pleasure rather lay amid the misfortunes than the successes of mankind! The nightly appearance of the Club may be best described in the following dog-grel lines:—

“With tumbler and with *timothy*, each member sat  
 Ripe for a toast, a story, or a song;  
 But that which came on every ear most *pat*  
 Was some sly hint of neighbours going wrong.”

Its usual occupation was *fishing* out the faults of the community and of those who were attempting to govern them; while, at every successive martyrdom of the victims thus laid upon the table,



“ Each sharp-faced member's nose  
Seem'd sharper and more keen  
Than any sharp-faced nose  
That ever yet was seen ! ”

A wink from one and a nod from another gave the *coup-de-grace*; and thus a credit or a reputation died!

It has remained until this hour a moot point whether the banner under which this select band of kindred spirits nightly met to quaff their *nipperkin* of ale, or sip their *timothy* of toddy, was one that was bestowed on the fraternity by brother Clubbists, or was made choice of by themselves; all that may be said on this subject is, that the notable brotherhood, whose tastes and peculiarities we have attempted to record, did meet for a considerable time, previous to the year 1830, in one of the snuggest parlours of that most comfortable of Saltmarket taverns—the *Shakspeare*—in which, through the good cheer of its staid and *soft-speaking* landlady, and the untiring attentions of her two pretty *Anne Pages*, various most respectable knots of gentlemen nightly congregated; but, while many such applicants were but too frequently refused admittance for want of room, the Sma' Weft Club-room was always kept ready and comfortable for those who had the liberty of access to it. Notwithstanding the advantage which the members of this Club possessed over the other frequenters of the then well-patronised “*Shakspeare*,” they nevertheless were not content, for we find that, about the time when reform politics ran high, and when angry discussions, connected therewith, were even found penetrating into the domestic circle, the Sma' Weft exchanged Mrs. Kerr's well painted and papered parlour in the Saltmarket for a dark and dingy



room at the entrance to Dunlop-street, which, however, was at that period kept by a very respectable and attentive host. It was in this quiet and unseen locality, that the Club assembled for many years,—each member acting either the part of a Paul Pry or a bitter scrutineer of all public and private matters; and here they continued to toss off their *timothies* till, like the members of similar fraternities, they were tossed from the crust into the core of this earth, which, however, did not fully come to pass till several years after the passing of the Reform and Municipal Acts.

Of the ideal personages who figured as members in the *Noctes Sma' Weftianæ*, which, as literary *jeux d'esprit*, appeared for the first time on the 3d October 1829, in the *Scots Times*—a newspaper that, during the Parliamentary and Burgh Reform agitation, exercised no small influence on the opinions of the West of Scotland,—it is, perhaps, enough to say that, while the public thought fit to assign to each character therein portrayed, the name of a real and well-known personage belonging to the Sma' Weft fraternity, the writers of these ideal colloquies had really no such beings in their eye. The *dramatis personæ* in the *Noctes* were as purely fictitious characters as ever came from the brain of Sir Walter Scott, although, from their well-sustained individuality or idiosyncrasy, they certainly became as well known as if they had been imprisoned in a mortal coil. The fact is that, by those who lived during the Reform Bill agitation, the vulgar but sound sayings of *Sir Peter Blueskin*, the alkaline acumen of *Dr. Scantocreesh*, the pyroligneous acidity of the *Sour Ploom*, the vocalization of the little fat fodgel *Fozie*,



the Juvenal satire and attic wit of the *Aide-de-Camp*, and the garrulous and egotistical pleasantries of *Bailie Peacod*, are, we suspect, much better remembered than even many of the living actors in that active and eventful drama; just in the same way as the sayings of Bailie Nicol Jarvie are now daily repeated, when the astute remarks of the wisest Bailie who ever adorned the *Chaumer*, during the days of Rob Roy, are as utterly forgotten as himself!

As it is now upwards of twenty years since the real Club was closed, and since the ideal colloquies were presented to a gaping world; and as, amid the present happy political calm of Glasgow, it is scarcely possible for those who now enjoy it to comprehend the excitement which then prevailed, and the pleasure with which a successful hit against any of the opposing leaders was enjoyed, we, at the hazard of being stigmatised for personalities, which from our heart we abhor and deprecate, would, notwithstanding, now cull one or two of the less bitter burlesques from the *Sma' Weftianæ*, for the purpose of at once illustrating the Sma' Weft Club itself and the times in which it assembled. In presenting these, however, we are well aware that time has already done much to deprive many of the allusions of their point, as is ever the case in productions of this nature, nothing being more fleeting and ephemeral than local satire. The first extract is one which will recall the last struggle made against the Reform Bill in the Merchants' House. It is introduced in the following ludicrous way by *Fozie*, who, on recounting the fiddling facilities and faculties of Paganini, concluded his oration with a perhaps not unjust diatribe on the Italian's well-known cupidity, and his



utter guiltlessness of having ever left a trifle to the poor of any people who had poured money into his gaping pockets:—

“They’re mair fules that did sae,” said Blueskin sarcastically. “Sic like clanjamphry will get nane o’ my siller, I warrant ye. Na, na, these are no times to gi’e seven shillings and saxpence to see a gutscraper shaking his elbow and laughing in his sleeve at folk’s folly.”

“But you would have heard him do what never man did before on the violin,” said Fozie, evidently nettled; “and that, too, for five shillings. The imitation of shrill chanticleer was well worth all the money.”

“He’ll craw gae an’ crouse on his Cremona whan he gets a crown frae me for what I’m deaved wi’ ilka morning. It’s nae great music *that*, let me tell ye. A crown to hear a cock-a-leerie-law!”

“Why, Sir Peter, that is too severe,” said the Aide-de-Camp; “you like your timothy, and I like my tankard. You know the Latin proverb, *Sua cuique voluptas*.”

“Come, come,” said the Sour Ploom, “I beg you wont remind us of the Grammar-school and the *taws*. It is well enough for those who have no arguments, to make use of what Guttery Wilson whipped into them on the dolt form. Leave Latin quotations to the Tory amendment-makers in the Merchants’ House. If they do not convince, they at least astonish those who have long ago forgotten their Rudiments and Cordery.”

*Blueskin*.—Od! they say the old Tory staggers glow’red as eagerly for a translation as the Whigs did for its application. Od! I aye recollect the glorious Greek imitation o’ Dicky Sheridan in the House of Commons; and I jalouse if some gash chiel had followed his example in a *Hawthornden* stanza o’ his ain in the Town Ha’, it would ha’e tauld equally weel on the booted and spurred frae the kintra.

“Booted and spurred!” cried Dr. Scantocreesh sarcastically. “Nobody surely parades in that guise to the Merchants’ House. I have heard of members wearing masks there, but I never heard of them sporting *persuaders*.”

*Blueskin*.—Od! to tell ye the truth, it is no that common to see folk booted and spurred, and jauped up to the middle in glaur in the Town Ha’; but there were reasons for’t ye ken that day.

*Scantocreesh* (fishingly).—Reasons for it! what do you mean? I have been out of town for a week, and have heard not a syllable of news of any kind.

*Fozie* (chuckling).—Od man! have ye no heard of the Tory rally in the Merchants’ House, and how the Whigs were nearly set to the right about wi’ their address to the king on their back?

*Scantocreesh*.—It must have been by a manœuvre, if that had occurred. I’ll bet ten timothies to one, that if the whole members were polled tomorrow, upon any question touching Reform, that there would appear four to one in favour of “the Bill.”



*Fozie*.—To be sure it was a manœuvre, and a very clever one indeed. My sang! had it only ended as it began, I'm thinking some folks would have looked rather queer.

*Blueskin*.—Od! they say that the Reformers looked gae an' glum at the outset, and the Tories unco gash.

*Fozie*.—Nae wunder, eighty-eight strange faces *anti-ing*, were enough to mak folk wary in *bragging* muckle on Reform.

*Scantocreesh*.—Eighty-eight! Do you mean to tell me that there were eighty-eight intelligent men belonging to the Merchants' House of Glasgow who voted on the *Conservative* side, as it is designated. I could pledge my existence, that among all the Corporations of England, Scotland, and Ireland, no such proportion could be elsewhere found. This fact is really a phsychological curiosity. It speaks but little for the march of intellect about St. Vincent-street.

*Blueskin*.—It's nae curiosity at a' man. The folks wha voted wi' the amendment, though they hae na the face to deny the necessity o' some Reform, would, in fact, rather hae nane at a'. Reform, they ken, is gaen to put a stop to a' monopolies baith at hame and abroad, and the want o' thae maybe would be sooner seen on the folk that deal in sugar and *timmer* than is thocht o'.

*Scantocreesh*.—But where in all the world could so many Conservatives be found? It must have cost no little labour to bring them together.

*Blueskin*.—Od! they say the counties o' Lanark, Renfrew, and Dumbarton were a' scoured for that purpose; and that there were men in the Town Ha' that day that had not been there for thirty years.

*Fozie*.—That's no to be dooted, I believe; but did you hear that there were a wheen auld fules who actually paid ten guineas in the morning to give their votes at noon? It is an unco thing to pay siller and be defeated. Nae wunder that some of them looked a wee crusty on their way westward. But to put a copestone on this matter, a friend of mine, just as I came here, put into my hand what he calls a "Merchants' House Melody," which, with your permission, I'll either read or sing to you.

*Omnes*.—Sing! sing! sing!

*Fozie* (emptying his glass and clearing his voice).—I may tell you, however, before I begin, it is an imitation of Lord Byron's "Destruction of Sennacherib," and is called

#### "THE DESTRUCTION OF TORYISM.

"The old Tories came down like sly wolves on the fold,  
In the pomp of the Indies, the pride of their gold;  
While their sternness of look, and the glance of each eye,  
Proclaim'd that 'REFORM' was by them doom'd to die.  
Like the leaves of the forest, when summer is green,  
That host with their leaders at *mid-day* were seen;  
Like the leaves of the forest, when autumn hath blown,  
That host before *two* were all wither'd and flown.



For the Angel of Freedom spread his wings on the blast,  
And roused every friend of Reform as he pass'd;  
While 'fore the Whig conclave, Tory eyes waxed chill  
Ere their tongues bellow'd '*Question*,' then for ever were still!

At the vote, stood the Stagers, with nostrils all wide,  
But through them no more roll'd the breath of their pride;  
While amid the huzza that loud rang through the room  
Were commingled the groans of the 'Tories' sad doom.

In the SIDE-ROOM they stood, all dejected and pale,  
With the sweat on each brow and a pan at each tail,  
While adown the back-stair all murky they sped,  
Bearing on their '*ADDRESS*' to the tomb of the dead.

And the *Courier* and *Herald* are loud in their wail  
At the utter defeat of the abettors of Baal;  
While the might of the 'Tories' hath melted away,  
Like snow 'fore the sun, in the glance of LORD GREY!"

When the shouts had ceased which followed this song, and the timothies and tankards were replenished, the *Aide-de-Camp* pursed up his mouth, and said—"But, gentlemen, *audi alteram partem*. I can assure you the Tories are not so much discomfited as the lyrist imagines; and if you have any doubt upon the matter, only peruse this (pulling a paper out of his pocket), which I just now picked up at the foot of the stair that leads to the *Courier* office. It is the scroll of an address to the King upon the present emergency, which that party is at this hour busy in getting signed.

*Omnes*.—Pray read; it will doubtless be a curiosity.

The *Aide-de-Camp* having moistened his throat, and cleared his eyes, read as follows:—

"We, your Majesty's loyal subjects, the *Conservative* members of the Merchants' House of Glasgow, beg leave to approach your Majesty at this crisis of public affairs, when the Constitution under which we have so long happily lived is threatened by the machinations of individuals, mis-named Reformers, imploring you, as you value the principles which placed your ancestors on the throne, to support the Constitutional view that has lately been taken by a majority of the House of Lords, with respect to the ill-digested Reform Bill lately introduced—to banish from your Councils your rash and revolutionary Ministers—to transfer immediately your countenance to those who boldly and wisely declared that the representation of the people in the Commons' House of Parliament was perfect, in order that the dangerous doctrines, now promulgating by those calling themselves the friends of liberty, may be instantly and for ever put down—that the vested rights of Families and Corporations may be protected from the levelling power of Democracy—that the important interests of commercial individuals, mis-named Monopolies, may be upheld—that the welfare of our West Indian and North American Colonies may be supported against the ignorant clamour



of Free Trade abettors—that places, pensions, and honours may continue to be conferred upon and confined to those who, under the deathless Pilot, steered the ship of the State through the tempest of the French Revolution—and, in fine, that the venerable fabric of our glorious Constitution in Church and in State—a Constitution matured by the wisdom of our ancestors, and the envy and admiration of surrounding nations, may be preserved whole and entire, and transmitted to our children's children as their invaluable and inalienable birthright."

The next and last extract is taken from the concluding number of the Sma' Weft's imaginary sittings, and was written immediately after the passing of the Municipal Reform Act for Scotland. The fate of the *Old Lady of Self-Election*, as the *Scots Times* had happily designated the Corporation of Glasgow, had been sealed, and the day was fast approaching when a new era of things was about to commence. Let us listen to what the Sma' Weft Club said upon this important matter:—

*Fozie*.—The *Old Lady*, you know, is under sentence of death, and is to be executed on the fifth of November. There were a good many under-hand tricks tried, and some Corporation cash expended, to obtain a year's reprieve for her, but it would not do. Jeffrey was determined that the witch should be burned as soon as possible, and so to the stake she must go. That's fixed.

*Aide-de-Camp* (sarcastically).—Not without the benefit of clergy, I hope.

*Blueskin*.—Ou, I jalouse that the Doctor, wha is mair interested in the auld Beldame's fate than you, Tory though you be, will tak care to get her remembered in prayer.

*Sour Ploom*.—I can't say as to that, Sir Peter; but one thing is certain—he has at least prepared the programme of the procession and the toasts which are to be drunk at the dredgie. See, here they are in black and white (holding up a scroll).

*Omnes*.—The programme!—capital! Let us hear it.

*Sour Ploom* (after swallowing a glass of toddy and clearing his throat) read as follows:—

"Programme of the procession which is to take place at the burning of the Old Lady of Self-Election, on the 5th November 1833, at the Cross of Glasgow. The public bodies, and individuals connected with the procession, will meet at the Court-house at eleven o'clock. The present Magistrates, Council, Clerks, and official attendants to be dressed in deep mourning, with broad weepers; the other public bodies and the assisting citizens



to be attired in blue coats, white vests, and black trousers. After a Lament, written for the occasion by W. Motherwell, Esq. has been sung by Lithgow's band, to the tune of the *Auld wife ayont the fire*, the procession will move from the front of the Court-house in the following order:—

The Captain of Police, mounted.

Band of Music, playing 'Dead March in Saul.'

City Officers, with halberts reversed, each grasping an onion in his right hand.

Mute, bearing a banner, on which is inscribed, 'Our doom is written.'

Trades' Councillors, with broad black silk scarfs, two and two.

Dr. Cleland, carrying the plans of the Jail, the Horsepath, the Cow-lane, the St. David's Market and Crypt, the George's Church-Courthouses, &c. &c. supported on the right and left by two ex Trades' Bailies, with long crape hat-bands.

Mute, bearing banner, on which is inscribed, 'We have been weigh'd and found wanting.'

Merchant Councillors, with black crape scarfs, two and two.

The City Treasurer, bearing a large empty bag.

Mute, bearing banner, on which is inscribed, 'Ichabod!'

Bailies, with green scarfs, emblematical of grief, two and two.

Officer, with truncheon covered with crape.

The Lord Provost in a velvet court-dress, with a silk and a crape scarf crossed, on which is inscribed in gold letters, 'Hodie mihi, cras tibi!'

The City Clerks, carrying copies of the original Annexation Bill, the Statute Labour Bill, the Dumbarton Job Bill, &c. &c. followed by their deputies, bearing gumphions.

Mute, bearing a lighted torch.

A member of the Royal Commission, bearing the Burgh Reform Act.

The Executioner.

The Old Lady of Self-Election, borne on a hurdle, and surrounded by the Officers of Justice.

The Editor of the *Courier* (W. Motherwell), dressed as a Renfrewshire Yeomanry sergeant, with a crape scarf, and without his sword, riding on a *Reporter*, followed by the Stewards of the proposed Conservative dinner blind-folded, and led by an individual personating the 'Wisdom of our Ancestors.'

Band of Music, playing 'The Muckin' o' Geordie's Byre.'

Mute, with banner, on which is inscribed, 'We are free!'

The Electors of Glasgow, six and six.

On arriving at the place of execution, the procession will open up to allow the hurdle to advance.—The Executioner will then take the Old Lady and place her upon the pile, while the Mute carrying the torch will set fire to it. Amid the blazing of the fire, the Provost and Bailies will toss their cocked hats, the Doctor his plans, and the Clerks their bills—the Bands playing 'Gude nicht an' joy be wi' ye a', while the Electors will give three distinct and loud huzzas."

*Omnes*.—Excellent! excellent!

*Aide-de-Camp*.—Ay—*Munus Sour-Ploomine dignum*.



*Blueskin* (to *Aide*).—Can you no speak your ain mither tongue, man? Siccan havers do vera weel for those who want to astonish Bailies and Deacons, but they are quite out o' place here. You have surely been made unco weel acquainted with the *taws* in your youth?

*Aide-de-Camp*.—Don't be out of humour, Sir-Peter; I was merely saying that the programme was worthy of its author, and you may find him out if you please.

*Scantocreesh*.—Come, come, gentlemen;—the thing is very well done. But are we not to have the *dredgie*?

*Fozie*.—Ay, where is the dredgie? Don't forget the dredgie of all things.

*Blueskin* (sarcastically).—Do you think there will be any Conservative venison at it?

*Scantocreesh*.—Leave that to be looked after by the Editor of the *Courier*, who has lately become the Meg Dods of public dinners. But, in the first place, let's hear the toasts.

*Sour Ploom*.—That I am scarcely prepared to do. They have not all been concocted yet; but I have heard a few that are decided upon.

*Omnes*.—Let us hear them, by all means.

*Sour Ploom*.—The first after "The King," &c. is of course, "The immortal Memory of the Old Lady."

*Blueskin*.—Has Cunningham given a tune for it?

*Sour Ploom*.—No; but the editor of the *Minstrelsy* has written a Lament which is to be sung on that occasion. Here it is:—

"Och hon a rie! och hon a rie!

Gone are our days of place and pride,

And wither'd is our stately tree!

Our cock'd hats and our golden chains,

May cover'd be with cobwebs o'er;

For not one ray of hope remains

That we shall ever wear them more!

The mystic mother powerless lies,

Around whose shrine in dark divan,

We felt our torpid spirits rise,

As round we sent the boozing can.

The fools without might dream that we

For their advantage labour plied,

While high upborn by sparkling glee,

We every earthly care defied.

More dark the hapless blind man's case,

Who hears the world go rattling on,—

We envy Masonry her place,

Who mourn our greater mummary gone!

Och hon a rie! och hon a rie!

Our mother's paid the kane to h—l,

A lot we a' ere lang may dree!"



*Fozie* (after a loud guffaw).—Well, and what is next?

*Sour Ploom*.—"The Ex-Member of Parliament,\* who would support, oppose, or stand neuter, as a 'dear Lord' should determine. Air—*Auld Langsyne*."

*Fozie* (sarcastically).—Entitled to everlasting recollection, for supporting the Old Lady against the whole community in the Annexation Bill.

*Sour Ploom*.—The next toasts are—"The Trade of Clyde, and the immortal Projectors of the Quay on the south side of the River. Tune—*Dumbarton Drums*."

"The Heroes of the Hutcheson Horsepath. Tune—*Down, derry down*."†

\* The late Archibald Campbell, Esq. of Blythswood, who was long Member for the Glasgow district of Burghs, and who perhaps possessed more influence than any one who has since represented Glasgow.

† No subject occupied the evening sederunts of the ideal Sma' Weft Club and the *Scots Times* more than the absurd proposal, which was at first adopted, of making Hutcheson Bridge six feet narrower than it now is, and which gained for it the epithet of the *Hutcheson Horsepath*. The following are a few verses of a song which appeared on the subject:—

"The Glasgow authorities all met in divan  
To think of a bridge and to fix on a plan;  
But instead of a bridge their ideas all ran  
Upon making a horse-path—

A neat little horse-path,  
Fal lal lal la,  
A neat little horse-path.

Said the *Prin* to the *Pro*, the *Dean* to the *Do*, <sup>(a)</sup>

'Twill take no great sum to make such a small path;  
Though our funds are but low, the feus as you know,  
Will soon pay a horse-path—  
A neat little horse-path, &c.

'If the Bridge is built so,' said the *Dean* to the *Do*,  
'We may very well laugh at the Renfrewshire lairds' wrath;  
We shall manage the toll without their control,  
And soon pay a horse-path'—  
A neat little horse-path, &c.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Divan all at one, then fix'd on a plan,  
And contracted with Stedman to build a neat stone path;  
Then retiring content, to the public they went,  
To puff up the horse-path—  
The neat little horse-path, &c.

When the feuars found out, from the *Scots Times*' loud shout,  
That the *Dock* had *officiously* fixed on a horse-path,  
They vow'd they'd refuse to pay higher feus,  
If *they* built a mere horse-path—  
A poor paltry horse-path, &c."

\* \* \* \* \*

(a) We suspect the author of this song attempts here to imitate Birmingham Hatoff of abbreviating memory, whom Ryley the itinerant says never made use of more than the first syllable of a word. For instance, were he speaking of a provost, he would call him a *Pro*.; or of a doctor, he'd call him a *Do*. The above line is a happy specimen of Hatoff's abbreviations.



"The grand Gravedigger of the Jail."\* Air—*We're wearing awa."*

"The never-to-be-forgotten Hero of Corporation Abuses."

"The Baron of Mearns."†

*Blueskin*.—The Baron o' Mearns! Wha's he?

*Sour Ploom*.—Wha's he! Why, who should it be but the redoubtable Editor of the *Courier*.

*Blueskin*.—Indeed! And what tune do they gi'e to him?

*Sour Ploom*.—No tune; but there's a song written for him—and here it is:

"THE BARON O' MEARNS.

"The Baron o' Mearns has no factory here,  
The Baron he deals not in wine or sma' beer;  
Neither tradesman nor merchant the Baron has been,  
Yet he finds that the money comes rattling in.  
Come list to my riddle, ye Gallowgate bairns!  
Come tell me the craft o' the Baron o' Mearns.

The stout Laird o' Bl——d came swaggering in pride,  
And his pawkie e'e took in the lads on each side;  
The sly for his bribes, and the fools for his dinners,  
The Laird could weel cuttle baith classes o' sinners;  
Yet each Council-man wha true merit discerns,  
Mair couthily follow'd the Baron o' Mearns.

The Baron o' Mearns was ne'er belted a knight,  
Though his song be so sweet and his wit be so bright;  
The Baron o' Mearns, though no chieftain I ween,  
Has ere now with a *tail* o' stout porters been seen:‡  
And the richest West Indian will courteously greet  
The Baron o' Mearns, when they meet on the street.

The Baron is wilful—the Baron is wild,  
For his heart and his head are both those of a child,  
And though often provoked by his *gooseish* goose-quill,  
We cannot help liking the bold Baron still.  
Then let each fill his can, without wrangling or strife,  
And drink to his Baronship's health and long life!"

*Fozie*.—Huzza! Well, that might do for the grand Conservative holiday of humbug, at which the Duke of Gordon is to act the part of grand carver.

\* The late Dr. Cleland, who, from the mal-engineering of the Hutcheson's Bridge, was obliged to raise the street next the Jail so high as absolutely to bury the lower portion of the building, which drew forth serious complaints from the representatives of Mr. Starke, the architect of the Public Offices, as injuring his beautiful façade, and consequently his memory.

† The late William Motherwell, Esq.

‡ This alludes to the circumstance of Motherwell heading a band of hired porters to prevent the Whigs from entering the Black Bull Ball-room on the occasion of a Conservative gathering against Reform.



*Blueskin*.—Od! they say that a' the guests who intend to be there are to have their heads shaved.

*Scantocreesh*.—Is that to show to a wondering world the immense development of their bumps of absurdity?

*Sour Ploom*.—Heaven knows;—but listen to the next toast:—

“Bailie —, the glorious Representative of all past Police Functionaries.”

*Fozie*.—Od! I have written a song that will do for that toast, and I will take care to send it, so as the Bailie may learn it before the day of the dredgie.

*Omnes*.—Sing it! sing it, man!

*Fozie* (clearing his voice).—Here goes:

“My heart's in my cock'd hat! my heart is not here!  
 My heart's in my cock'd hat, e'en close to my *dear*!  
 In the church, at the club, in the street, at my home,—  
 My heart's in my cock'd hat wherever I roam!  
 Farewell to my cock'd hat! farewell to my chain!  
 Those symbols of wisdom I'll ne'er wear again;  
 But whether I wander, or whether I rove,  
 My heart's in that hat I so fondly did love!

Farewell to the Chaumer—the Circuit-Court glare—  
 To the Michaelmas dinner—the feed at the Fair!  
 Farewell to the men with halberts so bright,  
 Whom I follow'd with pride and with look of delight!  
 My heart's in my cock'd hat! my heart is not here!  
 My heart's in my cock'd hat, e'en when drinking my beer!  
 E'en when quaffing my ale, and eating my dinner,  
 My heart's in my cock'd hat,—as I am a sinner!”

The guffaws and encores which followed Fozie's song, made the roof ring and the timothies dance upon the table. The little punchy vocalist was himself so tickled, that for the life of him he could not proceed; and before his throat could be once more cleared, or silence again restored, our friend Asmodeus had flourished his wand and curtained from our view the redoubted Sma' Weft.



GLASGOW POLITICS IN 1832—AND THE CROW CLUB.

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NEVER was there a period in the history of Glasgow that the political cauldron boiled and bubbled with greater force and activity than during the latter half of the year 1832. For some years previous, an increasing excitement had been sustained on the question of Parliamentary Reform, and especially during the entire period of 1831—one of the most remarkable crises in the constitutional and social history of Scotland. Extreme political partisans had been vending each his own nostrums to meet the cravings of his followers, or to decry those of his opponents. The feeling of the great mass of the people throughout the land—at once so difficult to arouse and to allay—had, from various circumstances, and through many appliances, been put on the tenter-hooks of expectation; and thousands who at other times would have remained calm and placid spectators of party discussion and party conflicts, now lent their aid in favour of a measure which none but the most bigoted abettors of “the wisdom of their ancestors” had the effrontery to oppose. The fact is, that over the mind of the great majority of the nation the spirit of Reform had gained the mastery, and it was now out of the power of either King, Lords, or Commons to refuse, far less even



to postpone, the just claims that were everywhere so loudly urged.

In Glasgow, political meetings and threatening processions\* followed each other, so long as the cause for which the great majority of the people were vociferating remained in the legislative balance. The Town Hall, the Trades' Hall, and the public Green rang with the eloquence of the leading agitators; and illuminations were called for by the citizens, and accorded by the Magistracy, even when, by "a glorious unit," the opinion of the House of Commons was declared to be in favour of Reform!† Through the stern opposition of interested parties, the vessel of the State was thus forced to fight its way amid the strong waves of an increasing popular clamour, till at length the political right, which had been so long advocated and so long denied, was granted, and the excitement which was thereby partially soothed, was only to be again roused under another phase.‡

\* One of the greatest processions took place on the 17th May 1832, when 120,000 persons were collected on the public Green, and where one gentleman threatened to lay his head on the block rather than Reform should not be granted!

† Upon the occasion of this celebrated division, which took place on 22d March 1831, there was a general illumination ordered in Glasgow on Monday the 28th, and all cheerfully obeyed the summons save the most bigoted Tories. Among the many transparencies which were displayed throughout the town illustrative of the Reform victory, that in front of Mr. Lumsden's house, in Queen-street, on which the words of "The glorious unit—the saviour of our country!" were painted, attracted great attention and excited much amusement and cheering. The division was, 302 for—301 against—majority 1.

‡ So great was the excitement and anxiety for news at this time among the citizens, that certain gentlemen, and particularly Mr. Thomas Atkinson, bookseller, and Sir D. K. Sandford, the professor of Greek, frequently rode out many miles to meet the London mail; and having ob-



The Reform Act for Scotland having placed in the hands of a large body of electors, hitherto beyond the pale of political power, a privilege which, in Glasgow, had formerly been limited to the two-and-thirty self-elected members of the Town Council, it was not long before it became apparent that it was the determination

tained the latest news of the state of the Reform Bill from the guard, galloped into Glasgow, and gave the wished for information some minutes even before the express edition of the *Sun* newspaper could reach the shop of Mr. M'Phun, who was then the great rival bibliopole of Tom Atkinson, perhaps one of the most wordy and keen politicians of the day. The following very clever *jeu d'esprit*, attributed to Motherwell, but more probably from the pen of the late Mr. Joseph Reid, Town-Clerk, though published in the *Glasgow Courier*, will at once illustrate the horsemen and their errand:—

“Tom Atkinson mounted his berry-brown steed—  
Through all the west country unequall'd for speed;  
And, save an odd threepence to pay for the toll,  
He carried no weight but a placard in scroll!  
So lightly and jaunty he eastward did hie,  
With the Bill in his heart and the Mail in his eye:  
He swore that for once he would eclipse the *Sun*,  
And darken the shine of his neighbour M'Phun!  
Camlachie folk stared, and Tollcross stood abeigh,  
So rapid he rode, and the steed was so skeigh;  
But Tom did not value his horsemanlike skill—  
His thoughts were 'Reform,' and 'nought but the Bill!'  
Yea, even in passing the scene at Carmyle,\*  
The Whig field of honour seem'd worthless the while;  
For, still he expected to eclipse the *Sun*,  
And darken the shine of his neighbour M'Phun!  
Then onward he sped, till he came to a turn  
Of the road, when the guard of the Mail cried 'Adjourn!'  
And about-ship went Tom, and the spur did apply,  
And the *stationer* truly for once seem'd to *fly*!  
His Tontine constituents soon did he hail—  
For near eighteen minutes he distanced the Mail!  
The 'Adjourn!' was repeated—eclips'd was the *Sun*—  
The shine was o'erclouded of neighbour M'Phun!  
Sir Daniel K. Sandford next mounted his beast,  
With its tail to the west and its head to the east,  
And on like a war knight the brute did he urge,  
To nose the effect of the famed 'Russell purge!'  
But at Bothwell the mail-guard roar'd out, 'Lost by eight!'  
When about went the prad, as it had taken fright;  
Sir Dan he stuck on, and again 'clips'd the *Sun*,  
To the utter confusion of neighbour M'Phun!”

\* The scene of a duel, immortalised by David Bell, from having placed two bricks on the spot to mark out the distance at which the combatants fired.



of all who were now placed within the charmed circle of the electorship, to avail themselves of the new position in which the law had placed them, and, moreover, to make use of their privileges on the first opportunity which offered. While the new electoral body, no doubt doubly excited by the possession of political power and the novelty of their position, were preparing to fulfil the important duty which had been imposed on them at the first Parliamentary election, it so happened that there was no lack of applicants for the sweet voices of the Glasgow constituency. Before even the dissolution of 1832 was proclaimed, several candidates had made their appearance on the public arena; and long before the writs were issued for a new election, there were six aspirants battling for the two new seats which were placed in the gift of the electors of Glasgow.

Of these half-dozen candidates for the honour of seats in St. Stephen's, only one had as yet any connection with the legislative council of the country, and he, perhaps of the whole six, was the one who had, notwithstanding, the least chance with a Glasgow constituency. No doubt the honourable gentleman had aided by his vote to obtain for them the new privilege which they were about to exert; but he had done so, not as the representative of the self-elected Town Council of Glasgow, which, by a legal quibble, was to represent the whole community, but as that of the Town Councils of Dumbarton and Rutherglen, on whose new electors he had a better and more legitimate claim for support.\* Of the other *five*, four were denizens of the City, and the other was a stranger. Of

\* The late Mr. Joseph Dixon, advocate.



the citizens, two were merchants; the third, a literary professor; and the fourth, a lawyer. Of the stranger, it was told that he had held some most important British diplomatic posts in the Eastern Archipelago, and was well known as a distinguished author and determined anti-monopolist; he was, moreover, a *Highlandman*, although that latter peculiarity turned out to be his greatest fault.\* The whole six candidates appeared, *credat Judæus!* in the character of reformers; and, as such, testified that in such communities as Glasgow, it would have been hopeless at that time for any one to appear under any other colour. While all the aspirants had reform on their lips, it might seem, at first sight, of little consequence to the community on which of the five the choice might have fallen. But when the antecedents of the whole were fairly probed and calmly considered, and the political tendencies of each were fairly balanced, it was soon found that there was enough of distinctive dissimilarity of political character and opinion in the whole to evoke a comparatively distinct party of supporters and an active committee of partisans for each, most of whom, however, split their votes, on the sound Conservative principle that nothing so new and so good should be entirely thrown away.

In consequence of the great disunion which thus necessarily took place among the constituency, and the great ignorance which prevailed among the electors and their leaders on matters connected with an election where

\* Mr. John Crawford, the well-known author of a large work on "The Eastern Archipelago," and on "The Present State and Future Prospects of Free Trade and Colonization of India."



each had a double vote, it soon became absolutely impossible, amid the canvassing of hostile committees, to know, until the very last hour, what was the real will of the constituency; or to speculate, with any degree of probability, to whom, in the contest for split votes, the majority would ultimately fall. In this state of matters, it may be easily conceived into what a political turmoil the whole town was thrown for nearly six months. While candidates, with their various leading supporters, were holding district and central meetings without end or even object, and there declaring everything in favour of themselves, and everything they could tell or imagine against their opponents, there was at the same hour scarcely a social circle into which one might enter, where the demon of political discord was not evoked by some untoward allusion in regard to one or other of the Parliamentary aspirants. In good truth, the community felt as if in cold water when their own political cauldron did not "boil and bubble."

It is certainly not our intention here to enter into the strength or weakness of the claims which each candidate, at the first Reform election, presented in favour of his own election; neither is it our wish to re-awaken the discordant and hostile elements which then characterised, if not disgraced, our now politically placid community. Our object is altogether for another and more generous purpose. It is our desire, at present, to convey to you, kind reader, who may not have been, like our unfortunate self, called to "rush to the poll," on the 18th December 1832; or who may not have watched the proceedings which for some months preceded that anxiously looked



for event, to make you, if possible, comprehend the depth of the excitement which then actuated certain of the political cliques or coteries in the City, and thereby to give you some idea of the causes which led to the establishment of one of the very first political Clubs which ever met within the boundaries of Glasgow. The Club to which we allude, and to which we would now introduce you, was at first known, by those who composed it, under several names: at length, however, it was best known by the dubious appellation of the Crow.

This social fraternity—which so long manifested so careful a control over the political and municipal matters of Glasgow, and which, it has been gravely alleged, possessed some secret and occult influence, by means of which Provosts reigned and Bailies decreed justice—had its first meeting, during the exciting period which preceded the first Parliamentary election under the Reform Act, and was composed altogether of some of the most active members of Messrs. Oswald and Crawford's committee, or of that political body which was afterwards known by the soubriquet of "the Clique."\* It may be here stated, that however respectable the social position may have been which several of the rival candidates' friends held in the City, it cannot be denied that, of the old steady Reformers connected with Glasgow, the most influential certainly rallied round the banner of Oswald and Crawford. A few, no doubt, from personal feelings, and mayhap from personal pique, stuck to the rather *blasé* colours of "the old Whig," whose consistent political

\* This body of citizens, who so powerfully influenced the politics of Glasgow, was chiefly drawn from the class of the old steady Whigs, who



life, though rather crotchety conduct, entitled him to a certain quantum of liberal support.\* But when the leading supporters of these three parties were removed, there were not above two or three more of those who had ever expressed a liberal opinion in the town—until, forsooth, liberal opinions became the fashion—that were allied with the other three candidates. It must be stated, however, that to the influential individuals who had nearly all their lives given their determined opposition to every

had countenanced Fox dinners and Reform meetings during the worst of times. The following were the names of some of the more prominent leaders of “the Clique:”—

Robert Grahame of  
Whitehill.  
James Oswald.  
Colin Dunlop.  
Charles Tennant.  
William Stirling.  
Alexander M'Gregor.  
Professor Mylne.  
Andrew Macgeorge.  
Thomas Muir.  
John Pattison.  
William Gray.  
Dr. Scouller.  
John Hamilton.  
James Lumsden.  
Charles Todd.  
William Mills.  
John Fleming.  
William Craig.

Neale Thomson.  
William Gilmour.  
Henry Dunlop.  
Andrew Bannatyne.  
John Tennant.  
William Lang, Jun.  
David Chapman.  
Robert Sanderson.  
William Towers.  
George Stirling.  
Alexander Dennistoun.  
A. G. Spiers.  
John Loudon.  
William Bankier.  
William Watson.  
John Cross.  
Dr. Perry.  
James Tweedie.  
James Haldane.

Charles Gray.  
John Wilson.  
George Wilson.  
Hugh Smith.  
Walter Buchanan.  
Robert Bartholomew.  
Allan Fullarton.  
George Crawford.  
Thomas Davidson.  
John Whitehead.  
Patrick Murray.  
Henry Brock.  
Alexander Fletcher.  
C. J. Tennant.  
John Strang.  
Alexander Denny.  
Robert Watt, Jun.  
Robert Jameson.  
&c. &c.

\* Mr. John Douglas of Barloch, well known by the soubriquet of “the old Whig,” was an able man and a consistent politician. He was well read in the history of the last two or three reigns, and had a memory that could at once recall all he had ever gathered. He possessed wit, and could wield the powerful weapon of sarcasm with a masterly and gentlemanly hand. If he was not a powerful, he was at least a most fluent speaker; and from possessing perfect self-possession and abundance of boldness, was never put out, and not often put down. In addressing a democratic assembly, there were few could equal and far fewer could surpass him; while, for ingenuity and cleverness in reply, in dexterity of fence, and in seizing on the weak points of his opponent's argument, he had, in Glasgow at least, no rival. The chief faults of his character lay in his inordinate personal vanity, and his inherent love of approbation; and to these unfortunate



liberal measure, and who had now assumed Reform habits for the nonce, by supporting the pseudo-reformers Ewing and Sandford, as most likely to serve their purpose, belongs the honour of first raising a howl on the mode by which the Whig leaders brought forward their candidates.\* Loud and long they bellowed against the right which any junto of the citizens had to dictate to the electors what they should do—forgetful of their own private assemblies for the same purpose—publicly

peculiarities of temperament may be attributed the loss of the political influence to which his talents might have otherwise raised him. By too often indulging in his political and literary crotchets, he not unfrequently injured the cause which his abilities as a speaker could have materially advanced; and hence he was never looked upon as a safe leader, or one in whose hands the destinies of a party could be wisely confided. He had also the unpleasant power and inclination, while advocating or supporting the political party with whose leading principles he was always agreed, to throw an occasional bomb-shell into their ranks, and thereby to create disturbance and dissension among those who ought to have always pulled together. He was, therefore, regarded by the more prudent class of Liberal politicians with more fear than respect. From this latter circumstance he, during his after-life, became much estranged from the early political associates by whom he was once much courted, and being thus deprived of the high social status which many of these held, he was obliged to content himself by becoming the cock of a small coterie, who flattered his vanity and pandered to his weaknesses. Had he only maintained his primeval position, he might have easily obtained a seat in Parliament; and, once there, he would perhaps have had a better chance of success as a speaker than many of his Scottish competitors, and would have thereby gained renown to himself and respect for the City which he had chosen as his home. Mr. Douglas long practised as a writer in Glasgow, and was latterly appointed to the office of Clerk of the Peace for Lanarkshire. He died at the age of about seventy-four, having eschewed both the pleasures and the cares of matrimony. As a table companion and conversationalist, there were few equal to Mr. Douglas.

\* Mr. James Ewing was born in Glasgow in the year 1774, and was consequently fifty-eight years of age when he became a candidate for Parliamentary honours. He had previously filled many important public offices, having been long a City Councillor, twice Dean of Guild, and at the moment Lord Provost of the City. Indeed, Mr. Ewing's whole life



sneered at the important conclave of Liberals who had first met in Messrs. Tennant's warehouse,\*—and taxed them for being as much the abettors of the "hole and corner system" as the most rabid supporters of the "old lady of self-election;" while "the old Whig" himself, with his couple of stout henchmen, joined in the sneer, and, by holding out his hand in amity and his flag in concord with the unfledged knight and equally new fledged Reformer,† imagined he might thereby break the

had been linked with the progress and welfare of his native City; and his talents for business, and benevolent and active character, had justly placed him in the first rank of his townsmen. He was an extensive West India merchant, when that business was in the heyday of prosperity, although at the time we speak of he was experiencing the first throes of its downfall. In addition to those advantages of position, he was a well educated man, and possessed many accomplishments, besides being a good public speaker, and moreover liberal and even princely in his public charities. Bred as he was in the school of old Toryism, however sound he might be in some of his opinions, and far in advance of his party, he could not think of breaking altogether with his first political love. As a politician and public man, he was consequently deficient in the fixity of principle and decision of character required by the times, and was therefore shunned by the more decided Reformers; although, from private friendship and respect for his talents and his worth, he had a considerable amount of support even from them. To these peculiarities of character and position, he owed his return at the first election for Glasgow under the Reform Bill, and his being placed, as he himself said, "so high on the head of the poll!" Notwithstanding the opposition of the general Liberal party to the return of Mr. Ewing, it is but fair to add that his Parliamentary conduct was generally acceptable to the community. His kindness to his native City, however, during his life, was far surpassed by what he exhibited at his death. His munificent bequests to the leading institutions of Glasgow, and particularly to the Merchants' House and Royal Infirmary, entitle him to the grateful remembrance, not only of the present but likewise of the future inhabitants of the City.

\* The meeting above referred to in Messrs. Tennant's warehouse took place on 10th July 1832. It was composed of the leading members of the Reform party.

† Sir D. K. Sandford, although a first-rate scholar and an eloquent speaker, was never known as a politician till a few months before the pass-



band which united the real true friends of the people so closely together. In spite of all this bitter opposition, and with what is more astonishing to recollect, with the whole newspaper press against Oswald and Crawford's pretensions (although certainly some of their editors sily gave an equivocal support to the former), the committee of their supporters never lost heart, and never failed to meet to encourage each other in what they considered the bounden duty of all true Reformers in this great political contest.\* Much public toddy and many yards of toasted cheese were therefore discussed,—and all for the good of the nation! These were the times when to drink was a constitutional duty, and a water-consuming patriotism unknown; men having found out that they had political principles—a discovery some few of them had much reason to be proud of, on account of its unparalleled novelty. For many weeks

ing of the Reform Bill. One of his first appearances in the political arena was on the occasion of a meeting called to oppose the Irish Education Bill in Glasgow, where he made a most eloquent appeal in favour of the proposed measure. This took place on the 1st May 1832. By old Reformers he was looked upon as a Liberal for the nonce; and, consequently, had the support of very few of this stamp. By the power of his eloquence he, however, gained the sweet voices of many of the Radical electors, and of the Reformers, like himself, of yesterday. At the Glasgow poll he held a high place; and on Sir John Maxwell resigning his seat for Paisley, he was thereupon returned to Parliament for that town. In that most fastidious assembly he, in spite of his eloquence, proved a failure. Wearied with excitement, and disgusted with his Parliamentary position, he ere long resigned his seat, and returned to the more fitting and congenial calm of the cloistered University, where, unfortunately for it and the literary world, he was too early cut down.

\* In consequence of the position in which the Liberal parties of the newspaper press had placed themselves, through private friendship for certain of the candidates, there was not one who advocated the out-and-out claims of "the Clique." To meet this want a small Saturday paper, entitled



a committee-room in the Eagle Inn, Maxwell-street, was open to all those who could bring any support or information which could aid the cause; and, as the *dry* business-like apartment in the "Eagle" was but a short distance from the *wet* and convivial Club-room in the "Vine"—where it was certain that some of the most active partisans were nightly to be met with—it soon followed that a conclave of social politicians were there congregated, who continued to meet, not only in harmony during the long preparations of that first Parliamentary election, but, during many future contests, and proved themselves political companions for years thereafter.\*

The house in which this Club first met was the property of one of the most active partisans of the two candidates, who were sarcastically, but not untruly, called "the Siamese Twins;" while its landlord had long been

*The Friend of the People*, was established during the six weeks that preceded the election, which did its best to counteract the fierce onslaughts that were ever and anon made on Oswald and Crawford's committee. This paper was edited by Mr. John Strang; and the chief contributors to its columns were Messrs. Thomas Davidson, Charles R. Baird, John D. Bannatyne, Walter Buchanan, John Crawford (the candidate), and several others. With the election this paper ceased; but the want of an organ for the Clique party having been much felt, it was soon after resolved to establish a newspaper upon the joint-stock principle; and on 18th February 1833 the *Glasgow Argus* made its appearance, under the able editorship of Mr. William Weir, advocate.

\* The following was the final state of the poll on the first Reform election:—

Ewing, .. .. .	3,215
Oswald, .. .. .	2,837
Sandford, .. .. .	2,168
Crawford, .. .. .	1,850
Douglas, .. .. .	1,341
Dixon, .. .. .	995



the trusty servant of the brother of Mr. Oswald. Although the period of the year was summer, when this Club was instituted, so great was the excitement at the time, and the enthusiasm of the more active members of Oswald and Crawford's committee, that it may be truly said that scarcely a night, except Sunday, passed over that could be called a *noctes non*, or that a Club meeting was not formed from not having a sufficient number to "constitute a house." And when the character and capabilities of the men who first formed the meetings of this fraternity are remembered, it does not at all appear wonderful that it was so. If one only thinks of the once uncontrollable activity of James Lumsden and John Wilson—of the courage of Henry Brock and George Crawford—of the perseverance of William Craig and William Bankier—of the energy of Thomas Muir and David Chapman, and of the enthusiasm of Thomas Davidson, Dr. Perry, Charles Baird, William Lang, Allan Fullarton, and a host of others, who ever and anon brought their peculiarities to bear on the Club, it will not appear strange to say that the meetings of this fraternity might well be regarded as one of the most stirring, animated, delightful, and intellectual brotherhoods of all the social brotherhoods which then met in the City. One thing is certain at least, that in politics, whatever they might have been in other matters, they were most cordially united; and if we look to the future political career of those who composed that social fraternity, it is only truth to state that not one of the members have deserted their first love. Among the political tergiversators and vacillators that once belonged



to the old Whig party of the Clique, it is consolatory to think that not one of them ever belonged to the Crow Club; and that, whatever may be thought of the political tenets which they held and always advocated, no one can turn round and say to any one of them, "You are a traitor to the opinions you once maintained!"

During the electioneering period of 1832, when this brotherhood was nightly assembling round the comfortable mahogany of Mr. Powell of the Vine Tavern, it may be easily conceived that the evening's sederunt wanted no further excitement than the subject matter which so deeply interested all the parties present. At any time a Parliamentary contest elicits many curious sayings and doings; and on this occasion never did a night pass that there was not some odd tale of the six-fold canvass narrated, or some striking illustration given of the characteristics of the several candidates, during the daily perambulations that were being made *ex-pede* or *ex-noddy*! Had these been only caught as they fell from the lips of the narrators, and whipped into shape by some cunning penman, what a most valuable memento of an almost forgotten contest would have been preserved! and which might have served, besides, as no insufficient *vade mecum* to all future Parliamentary aspirants to consider and con over. From this repertory, at least, it would not have been difficult to elicit the fact that, for every one who may place himself in this ambitious position, there is never wanting an abundant supply of animadversion and abuse; and should, peradventure, the candidate have the misfortune to live in a glass house, he would there find that it would be his best policy to avoid throwing stones!



As this first Parliamentary contest, under the Reform Act, approached its crisis, the Club meetings became more numerous and animated; and as political creeds became the order of the day, so did they become topics for the night. Among the many creeds promulgated for candidates to adopt, and which were discussed at the Club, none excited more fun and sarcasm than the one drawn up by Mr. David Prentice, the editor of the *Chronicle*. Like Justice Midas, he thought

“ His word,  
Though absurd,  
Must be law ; ”

so he sat himself down to concoct *five-and-twenty* pledges, to be taken by every one who might offer himself for a seat in Parliament,—calling on the constituency to insist on the candidates swallowing his box of pills, bitter though they must have proved to the taste of every independent man. Like every other creed and confession that has been framed, since the days of the Councils of Trent and Nice downwards, the *Creed of Gotham*, as it was nicknamed, at once produced dissension and disunion. It was considered by its framer to be a clever bait for catching political gudgeons, but it was swallowed, alas, by none save “the old Whig” and his most rabid followers! It may be supposed that there was no lack of squibs and placards against and in favour of the various candidates nightly exhibited, discussed, and laughed at in the Club-room. Of these, however, there are happily few remembered, except perhaps one which certainly at the time created a more than ordinary interest. This squib, which appeared in the shape of “A New Election



Song," had been given to a professed ballad-singer, who roared it through the streets, and by this means obtained for it no little notoriety. The song, as a picture of the exciting times and as a memento of the Club in which it was first read, if not sung, was entitled "The Laird of Barloch." It was printed in a coarse Saltmarket type, and was ornamented with a rude wood-cut effigy of the candidate. As both the laird and the author of the song are now gone to that country from which no traveller returns, we feel no compunction in presenting it here, as a tolerably faithful picture of the one and by no means a bad specimen of the comic lyrical talent of the other:—

"The Laird of Barloch has got razor and saip—  
The Laird of Barloch can baith lather and scrape—  
He has cobbled his chin an' has made himsel' braw—  
He's into his noddie an' trintlin' awa!

O whar's the Laird gaun at this time o' day,  
Wi' his face sae weel wash'd an' his brown wig sae gay?  
Though I'm no vera rich, I will wad a bawbee,  
He's aff to the hustings the voters to see.

O when he got there he joukit fu' low,  
An' what was his errand he sune let them know—  
For he rear'd back his head, stuck his hauns in his trows,  
While his breast was blawn out like a proud cushiedoo's.

'I'm a man o' great talents; now voters,' quo' he,  
'One so fit for your Member you never will see;  
So I stand on my strength,\* on my own pretty feet,  
In hopes you will grant me a Parliament-seat.

'I'm an honest Reformer, as all of you ken;  
For, like my friend Dicky, I ne'er stole a hen;  
An' in thus coming forward I merit your thanks,  
For a man o' mair genius ne'er stood on twa shanks!

'I've more judgment than Fox, and for Sheridan, poh!  
Compared with myself he was really no go!  
For clearness of head, an' for intellect soun',  
I look up to no man—save the man in the moon!

\* Mr. Douglas used to repeat, during this election contest, "that he stood on his own strength, and on no other man's weakness."



' I'm great as a lawyer—I'm great at the pen—  
As a wit and a punster I'm first of all men !  
As a cook, too, I'm sure I could make a fair show,  
For I've *dish'd* two three dinners,\* as all of you know !'  
The Laird he look'd round for the wonted applause,  
But soon stood aghast at their hums and their haws ;  
For the voters began all to shuffle and cough,  
And would stand nae mair bam frae the Laird of Barloch !''

The next political matter which created a stir among the members of the Crow Club was the Paisley election, which took place on the resignation of Sir John Maxwell. The members of the Club, on that occasion, may be said to have formed the Glasgow committee in favour of their formerly defeated candidate, Mr. Crawford; but here, as formerly, all their efforts, and they were not few, proved ineffectual. Sir Daniel Sandford carried the day, and Mr. Crawford and Mr. Douglas were once more defeated. It may now be confidently asserted that, if the choice of the Crow Club had been countersigned by the Paisley electors, no such Parliamentary failure as that which soon after ensued would have been experienced, rendering it necessary, ere many months, to look out for another representative.

The preparations for the first Municipal election, under the Burgh Reform Act, was the next important matter which called for the exertions of the Crow Club; and with the result of that election, which took place on the first Tuesday of November 1833, which at once placed the leading men of their party in power, they were fully and perfectly satisfied.

\* The dinners here alluded to were those given to Mr. Hume, Mr. Thomas Campbell the poet, &c., the preparations for which Mr. Douglas, not having got his own crotchets carried as to the toasts, did everything in his power to spoil, and in which effort he partially succeeded.



Of all the political, parliamentary, or municipal contests, however, in which the Clique or the Crow Club was engaged, there was none which excited the enthusiasm of either, or which rewarded their social labour so much as the occasion when Oswald and Dunlop were returned Members for Glasgow. On this occasion political parties were fairly pitched against each other. It was an honest combat in support of different and opposing political principles; and the victory which was at that time won by the progressive Reform party, settled the political faith of Glasgow for many years.

The Club continued its sittings—eating, drinking, jesting, and joking—in the Vine Tavern, until its active and attentive landlord died. Strange to say, the last meeting which this fraternity held in Maxwell-street, took place on the very night on which poor Powell breathed his last. We believe it was just as the door shut on the Club, that the poor landlord's eye shut on this wicked world. After this event, the Club for a short season met in the Cossack in Jamaica-street, but under circumstances so disagreeable, as soon to force the members to pitch their tent in what was then far more comfortable, the Crow Tavern in George-square—where, for a long period, they continued to canvass the politics and the gossip of the City, and to watch over and direct not a few of those schemes which produced such unexpected results.\* However powerful this Club long proved itself, in support of the political party in this

\* The Crow Tavern took its name from the rookery which surrounded Mr. Ewing's house on the north side of George-square, which continued in that quarter till the establishment of the Edinburgh & Glasgow Railway station in that locality.



City, whose cause it so ably advocated and maintained, it is certain that for some years past, at least, it has been in a state of great decrepitude, and may now be said to be almost if not altogether effete. The fire of its youth has been long extinguished, and the energy of its chiefs has been either dulled or gone. Many of the most active of them already sleep under the verdant turf, while the few bald-pated brethren who remain are contented to leave the present and the future of politics to others, and to glory only in the recollections of the past. The once powerful Clique, of which this Club was the active and working committee, has been also for some time broken up. The spirit which bound its many influential members together has fled—the banner under which they so long fought and conquered is furled—the leaders are either dead or superannuated—the political command has fallen into other hands, and nothing now remains for the few heroes of the Clique or Crow who still tread this changing world, but to keep each his own snug elbow-chair at home, and when there recalling either the labours of the Clique or the libations of the Crow, to exclaim, as we assuredly are bound to do at present, “Ichabod! Ichabod! the glory has departed!”



## CONCLUDING SKETCHES OF PAST &amp; PRESENT CLUBS.

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KIND and indulgent reader! we have now, at some length, attempted to place before you a few of the Clubs of Glasgow, which, during a century, have successively flourished and faded. Our task led us to exhibit the peculiarities of these fraternities in connection with some of the characteristics of the men, manners, and oddities of the period to which they belonged, for the purpose of illustrating, in some slight degree, the social condition of one of the most progressive and changing Cities in the world. Had our space been larger, or what is perhaps more needful, could we have counted on your further patience, it would have been easy to have called your attention to many other equally well-known brotherhoods. We might, for example, among the early fraternities, have spoken of the extraordinary doings of the "Beggars' Benison," whose characteristically engraved diploma at once bespoke the ruling passion of each member and his means of gratifying it; or of the jovial knightly band of the "Cape," whose strange titles so well illustrated the most striking episode in each member's private history;\* or, in fine, of the long sederunts, in the olden time, of the "Consistory," that knot

\* The "Cape Club" met in Mrs. Scheid's Tavern, 2d flat, Buchanan-court, Trongate, and was patronised by all the *top* people of 1783-84. Richard Allan, Jun. of Bardowie was a leading member of this frater-



of scribes who all designated themselves *Clerici Glasceusis*; and who, though once in numbers many and in meetings frequent, restricted themselves of late years to a monthly assembly, and rarely boasted of more than were necessary to make up a musical quintette, with this peculiarity, however, that they were never at a loss for a first fiddle!

We might also have alluded to the singular band of oddfellows who, about the commencement of the century, assembled under the nowise attractive banner of the "Dirty Shirt;" but whose bond of union, if it was occasionally sported by some of its members when water and soap were both scarce and dear, assuredly fell prostrate before the shadow of David Denny,\* and before the still more purifying effects of the articles produced under the

nity. The Club motto was "*Concordia fratrum decus*," and the following is a copy of the diploma granted to each member:—

"Be it Known to all Men, that We, Sir \_\_\_\_\_, the Super Eminent Sovereign of the Most Capital Knighthood of the Cape, Having nothing more sincerely at heart, than the Glory and Honour of this Most Noble Order, and the happiness & prosperity of the Knights Companions: and Being desirous of extending the BENIGN & SOCIAL Influence of the ORDER, to every Region under the Cope of Heaven; Being Likewise well informed, and fully Satisfied with the Abilities and Qualifications of \_\_\_\_\_ ESQR with the Advice & Concurrence of our COUNCIL, We do CREATE, ADMIT & RECEIVE him a KNIGHT COMPANION of this MOST SOCIAL ORDER, By the TITLE of SIR \_\_\_\_\_ and of C. F. D. Hereby giving & granting unto him, all the Powers, Privileges and Preeminences, That do or may belong to this Most SOCIAL ORDER; & we Give Command to our Recorder, to Register this our *PATENT*, in the Records of the ORDER. In Testimony Whereof, We have Subscribed these Presents at Glasgow Cape Hall, this \_\_\_\_\_ day of \_\_\_\_\_ in the Year of our Lord One thousand Eight Hundred and \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_  
Sovereign.

\_\_\_\_\_  
Recorder.

No. \_\_\_\_\_"

\* Mr. David Denny was the first secretary to the Glasgow Water Company; and in his days a glass of what was then a limpid beverage was frequently called a glass of David Denny!



protective favour of that purest of all saints—St. Rollox!\*

We might have spoken of the “Amateur,” whose ordinary though rare meetings afforded a musical treat not often equalled by our best concerts—the musical bill of fare having always contained at least a solo by the *Kalkbrenner* of the College of Justice†—a duet from the musical *Bells*‡—an Ardgarten ditty from *Sir John Carnegie*§—and “*Molto honor, poco contante, poco contante!*” from the then Italian *Factotum della Città*. The dinner was always in Hutton’s|| best style, the wine passable, the company select, and no one refused to lend his voice either to the catch or the glee!¶

We might also have recalled the joyous group of worthies who, under the designation of the “White Wine Club,” assembled monthly in the house of David

\* The largest chemical work, perhaps, in the world stands on property named after St. Rollox. At the present moment, it makes use annually of 20,000 tons of salt, and consumes about 80,000 tons of coals; while it manufactures products, in the shape of soda, bleaching powder, sulphuric acid, and soap, to the extent of 25,000 tons. The establishment covers about twelve acres of ground, employs 1000 workmen, and boasts the loftiest chimney-stalk in Scotland, being 450 feet in height.

† Now Professor of Music in the University of Edinburgh.

‡ The Messrs. Bell, sugar-refiners, were very good vocalists.

§ Mr. John Carnegie (commonly called *Sir John*) was a poetaster and would-be satirist. The windows of the mansionhouse of Ardgarten, on Loch-Long, bear evidence of his rhyming propensity. He was the *Mr. Bobby Downwards* of “Northern Sketches,” and was a character in his day.

|| The landlord of the “George,” in George-square.

¶ The leading members, in addition to those alluded to, were Messrs. Andrew Ranken, William Brown, William Euing, John T. Alston, Thomas Hopkirk, Alexander Garden, Arthur Barclay, John Brown, Yst., Archibald Hunter, &c. The Club was always open to the leading singers of the “Gentlemen’s Subscription Concerts.”



Dreghorn in Long-Govan, at the time when that picturesquely situated village still retained its rural character, and where the notable men who surrounded the Saturday's board, could eat salmon just caught under the windows of the hostelry, and freely quaff Scotland's *vin du pays*—*aquavitæ*—without fear of "death in the bottle!"\* We might have sketched a meeting of the "Town and Country," the members of which, about half a century ago, encircled, during the afternoon of many a Wednesday, the well-furnished board of the Prince of Wales' Tavern, and rarely parted, as was then the habit, without having each a spur in the head, and occasionally even shakiness in the limbs!†

We might likewise have spoken of a host of convivial (not gambling) Card Clubs,‡ which, at one period more than at present, characterised this City; and more particularly of the "Jumble," which has so long existed, and which is still patronised by some of our most notable citizens—a Club which sprung up into more than ordinary stature under the life-bestowing influence of the

\* There was no wine on the table—the so called white wine being whisky. The worthy host was rather a facetious character, and among a thousand stories we have heard of his readiness, we may mention, that on a rather mean and narrow lady in the neighbourhood saying, "Weel, Maister Dreghorn, how are ye selling your half salmon just noo?" the host replied, "When we catch ony half salmon, madam, we'll let ye ken!" The "White Wine Club" first met in 1804.

† The Town and Country was rather an aristocratic fraternity, although they sometimes emulated the manners of the Campsie lairds, to which category several belonged. As a key to this brotherhood—the names of Mr. Gray of Oxbang, the Messrs. Davidson of Colzium, Mr. Kincaid of Kincaid, and Mr. Buchanan of Carbeth may be mentioned.

‡ Among the Card Clubs alluded to were the "Board of Green Cloth," the "Stallion," the "Oyster," the "Miss Thomson's Tea," and the "Driddle."



bland and benevolent *Breeze*;\* and which Club could boast, for many long years, of having its own furniture, its own wine, its own plate, and its own *coin*!†

We could scarcely have excluded another brotherhood—the “Rumblegumpy,”—that literary coterie of congenial spirits who were the chief contributors to the once brilliant but now long-departed “Day;”‡ and who, during the years 1831 and 1832, regularly assembled in a tavern kept by Mrs. Anderson, on the south side of the Trongate, not far from the old mansion—now, alas! no more—where it was said that Prince Charles Edward stabled his horses when he lived in Shawfield House. It was in the snug back parlour of this well-kept hostelry, where rumbled eggs and whisky toddy were to be had in perfection, that the literary “Council of Ten,” which regulated the lucubrations of the first daily paper that had ever appeared in Scotland, nightly met; and it was here that the poetic spirit of William Motherwell flashed

\* The *Breeze* was the soubriquet under which the late Mr. Buchanan, Tertius, a man of most benevolent disposition, was best known.

† In the days when silver was scarce, the Club created a seven-shilling token of their own, which passed current among the members.

‡ The “Day” was first published in January 1832, and lived throughout 112 numbers. It is allowed to have been the best literary periodical that ever Glasgow sent forth to a thankless community. Had the same talent been devoted to a journal under a Metropolitan imprint, its fame would have been more widely spread and its career more lasting. Through its pages Motherwell first presented some of his beautiful verses, and Carrick some of his best contributions, which afterwards appeared in his *Whistle-Binkie*. Among its contributors were L. W. Craigie, Dr. James M‘Conechy, Philip A. Ramsay, W. S., R. W. Jamieson, W. S., Dr. John Couper, Walter Buchanan, Alexander Graham, Richard Hall, Captain Fullarton, James Noble the Orientalist, Dr. Lumsden, Allan Fullarton, Walter Crum, Thomas Davidson, James Dobie of Beith, William Lang, Charles Hutcheson, Thomas Atkinson, C. W. Maxwell, J. H. Maxwell, Robert Maxwell, J. H. Aitken, J. M. Leighton, and a host of others.



amid the eccentricities of Andrew Henderson—that the classical taste of the youthful Craigie mingled with the broad humour of J. D. Carrick — that the conversational powers of Dr. M'Connechy found a worthy echo in the brilliant sallies of Thomas Davidson—that the theatrical reminiscences and imitations of Bob Maxwell were intertwined with the more sober and sensible sayings of Charles Hutcheson — and that the antiquarian explorations and the Byronic musings of Captain Fullarton were mixed up with the lights and shadows of modern tastes and manners, by the editor of the periodical to which each and all of the fraternity so worthily contributed.

We might also have brought into prominence the “Bridgegate Club,” the still living remembrancer of the many spates or floods to which Glasgow was so long subjected.\* This fraternity first met, in 1812, in one of those once comfortable eating-houses so long famous for tripe, cow-heel, and minced collops—on the ostensible plea of commemorating the great spate of 1782—the members being then restricted to those who had drawn their first breath within the boundaries of the occasionally Clyde-covered City, and who could protect them-

\* No part of Glasgow has probably been more changed within the last 100 years than the Bridgegate, and particularly the south end of the Salt-market. At that time, the Green extended to the Molendinar burn, which was then open; and from documents now before me, connected with a case in the Court of Session in 1765, I find that one of the witnesses depones to having seen several of the inhabitants washing their clothes in the Molendinar, and that he remembered the water was so good that people in the Bridgegate took the water thereof for the brewing of their ale! This appears to have been the case up to 1740, when a bark dam was erected a little to the north of the Gallowgate bridge.



selves against drowning by having studied the noble science of swimming.\*

And though last, not least, we might have ventured a word or two on the defunct "Union," which, like a careless spendthrift, ran a short and merry life, and found itself at length in bankruptcy; and perhaps a brief chapter on the still flourishing "Western,"† which last brotherhood, in every respect, realises the modern acceptance of a metropolitan Club. What an interesting volume, even already, would the thirty years' annals of this fraternity make! Begot of the "Badger," and cradled into boyhood by the "Major,"‡ its rise was sudden and rapid; for, ere a few months had elapsed, it had reached the heyday of manhood, and, not content with Mr. M'Inroy's cast-off dwelling, in which it first took up its abode, it reared for itself a palace, which at once bespeaks the taste of him who planned it,§ and the wealth of those who raised funds to rear and furnish

\* To protect this Club in some manner from the dangers which might befall them at their annual meetings, which, till lately, took place in the Bridgegate, it was considered indispensable that one of the chief officers of the fraternity should be an adept in the art of natation; and, consequently, there has always been among the office-bearers one who is designated "Professor of Swimming," and who has the privilege, during his incumbency, of wearing a handsome silver chain and medal, on one side of which is represented, in beautiful relief, Glasgow Green and the River Clyde; and, on the reverse, a view of the Bridgegate, with its handsome spire, at the moment when, over its submerged pavement, numerous boats are floating and carrying relief to its flooded and imprisoned population.

† It was at a meeting of the "Badger Club" where the first idea of establishing the Western Club was entertained.

‡ Major Monteath, its active patron.

§ The late Mr. David Hamilton. Perhaps no one has contributed more to the architectural adornment of Glasgow than that gifted and tasteful individual. To him the City owes the Royal Exchange; Hutcheson's Hos-



it. How curious and characteristic, too, might the memoirs of its many members be made in the hands of some graphic penman, even although the majority of those might with truth be said to be

“*Nati natorum et qui nascenter ab illis.*”

What a stirring yet painful episode might be made of the “Govan letters,” and their fatal consequences! Strange, indeed, to think how much real misery was produced by a few otherwise sound-headed men allowing themselves to pay attention to the vile and contemptible twaddle which those anonymous epistles contained; or of their once imagining that the mixture of malignity and stupidity which they displayed could have emanated from any other source than the pen of some wretched and disappointed female, who sought employment and gratification in trying to blast the characters and poison the happiness of all within her reach!\* Only think, too, of the many glorious dinners which have successively arisen out of the lotteries of the Derby and St. Leger—the splendid feasts given on many occasions, and particularly to the successful China diplomatist Sir Henry Pottinger, and to the equally world-wide celebrities in art, Gibson and Marochetti! And then the oddities and quiddities that have ever and anon

pital; the Union, British Linen, Western, and Clydesdale Banks; St. Enoch’s and St. John’s Churches; the Normal Seminary, &c. &c.; while many structures in Scotland, and particularly the far-famed Hamilton Palace, sprung from his creative and constructive intellect. Like most men of true genius, he possessed great modesty, and from his kind and convivial habits endeared himself to a large circle of attached friends, who valued his talents and bewailed his loss.

\* For a full account of the Jury Trials connected with this subject, see “*Literary Gleanings*,” by the late Robert Malcolm, Esq.



been sported by its youthful brethren, in its snuggest parlour, when the tongue of every jovial-hearted spirit rattled on in its "whisky, buggy, gig, and dog-cart" roar of jocularità—

" When opening in a full-mouth'd cry of joy,  
The laugh, the slap, the jocund song went round; "

and when each voice swelled the loud chorus—often worthy of a Rochester or Wycherley! And then its graver, calmer coteries, where every leap has been o'erleaped, and every turn and pass of *puss* have been narrated, in words that might have made the good "Old Forester" and even "Nimrod" envious; the forenoon *geggery* in the billiard-room, cannonading like the balls; the evening shuffling of the cards, bespeaking the sober hand at whist, or the more lively games of loo or hooky; or, in fine, the concluding nightly orgies of the joyous group, perched high amid the narcotic clouds of the best Havanas in the attic smoking-room. Oh for Pierce Egan's pen! for in good troth the subject is worthy of it. But since we have it not, let us echo the warning voice of Madame Deshouliers, which, although it may never be necessary to apply it to any of the respectable brotherhood of the Western, should be ever rung in the ears of all card and gambling Clubs throughout the world, that

" Le desir de gagner qui nuit et jour occupe,  
Est un dangereux aiguillon,  
Souvent quoique l'esprit, quoique le coeur soit bon,  
On commence par être dupe  
On finit par être fripon! "

Courteous reader! we have for the present finished our task; and have only now to thank you for your patience, and to bid you farewell!







## APPENDIX.

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### THE BATTLE OF GARSCUBE.

FROM REMINISCENCES OF A MEMBER OF THE GROG CLUB.

"Pluris est oculatus testis unus quam auriti decem."—PLAUTUS.

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THE sun had not long poured its enlivening beams upon the spires and streets of Glasgow, when the loud knock of Ritchie Falconer, the barber, made me start from the blankets, and throw myself into my dressing-gown. In those halcyon days every nose in the western metropolis of Scotland, from the Lord Provost's to that of Bell Geordie, was daily or hebdomadally in the hands of the barber. Silver-tempered razors, almond shaving soap, and patent strops were in the womb of futurity; and however urgent the necessity might be of ridding oneself of what has since become so fashionable, a man would as soon have tried to amputate his own limb as have attempted to draw a razor athwart his own face. The *friseurs* of that period, although they could not boast of the elegant scratch-wigs which cover the phrenological developments of our modern *perruquiers*, had bumps upon their frontal sinuses which indicated something more than a mere acquaintanceship with bears' grease and honey-water. They were generally fellows of wit and observation, had received what was called "a grammar-school education," and mindful of their former corporation connection with the men of the scalpel and lancet, conceived it becoming to sport as much of the Latin which Rector Barr\* had whipped into them, as could easily be squeezed into their morning colloquies. A Glasgow Strap of the last century prated more about the virtues of Miltiades than Maccassar, and ingratiated himself with his customers rather by the raciness of his

\* Mr. Barr was Rector of the Grammar-School—an institution which ranks equal in antiquity with that of the University.



conversation, than by the starch of his cravat or the sabre cut of his whiskers. Besides all this, everything transacted in the City was as well known to him as to the prying and hawk-eyed editors—alas! long defunct—of the *Journal* and *Mercury*. He knew the peculiarities of every establishment, from that of the *blue-and-white-check* CORK to those of the *sugar* aristocrats; and was as intimately acquainted with the past removes at a Provost's dinner, as the projected changes at the City Council Board. In short, he was little less entertaining than the Spanish Asmodeus, and often not less anxiously looked for by his morning customers in Glasgow, than was the little tell-tale devil by Don Cleophas Perez Zambullo, in Madrid.

But *tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*. The use of the barber's basin seems almost a fiction. The perambulatory race of Straps is extinct—the morning tale of the suds is no more, and but one or two septuagenarians, who still retain the cut and the curl of the last century, stalk about as the sad remembrancers of that eventful period.

"Good morning, sir," said Ritchie, with a smiling countenance, as he opened my chamber-door; "had a good night's rest, I hope?" "Pretty well," said I, seating myself in my shaving chair. "*Gaudeo te valere*," added the barber, "as I always say to Professor Richardson when I'm gaun to curl his *caput*. But alas, there's naithing steirin' in the College at the present time—they're a' awa, frae the wee'st to the biggest o' them, taking their *otium cum dignitate*; even John M'Lachlan, *Bedellus*, honest man, is awa to Gourock. He gaed aff yesterday in the fly-boat, and his wife, on account o' the high wind, is between the de'il and the deep sea o' anxiety to hear o' his arrival."

"You must have then quite a sinecure, Falconer," muttered I, through the thick lather that encompassed my mouth.

"Sinecure!" exclaimed Dick, "and the Deacon's-choosing sae sune! I hae just been up wi' Deacon Lawbroad, the tailor, wha threeps he maun be shaved sax times a-week at this time, instead o' twice; and, my certie, it is nae sinecure to rase his beard. Od! his face takes mair time to clear than half-a-dozen—but nae wonder, suner or later the Corporation *galravages* tell on a man's chin and mak it tender."

"But I thought the deacon had turned over a new leaf in the prospect of obtaining a magisterial chain."



"A chain! *O tempora! O mores!*" cried the barber sneeringly, while he followed it with a *whew-w-w*—like that of my Uncle Toby. "Set him up, indeed! my sang, they'll be ill aff when they tak the tailor to the Council Chaumer. It does na do for would-be bailies to be drinking *pap-in* at the *Black Boy* till twa in the morning, and clashing and clavering wi' Peggy Bauldy. Na, na, we maun hae doucer pows than the deacon's to bow in the Wynd Kirk frae the front o' the laft! Doctor Porteous, honest man, could na thole to see sae mony marks o' the speerit staring him in the face ilka Sunday! But weel-a-wat there's nae saying wha'll be bailies now-a-days. *Audaces fortuna juvat, timidosque repellit.*"

"Why, Ritchie," said I, "it would not at all astonish me, ere many years, to see you yourself following the town officers, and wondered at as one of the wise men of the west."

"Why, sir, *at pulchrum est digito monstrari et dicier hic est,*" said the barber, evidently delighted with the idea; "after that thoulless, feckless, senseless coof, Macsapless, ane need na lose a' heart. Well, but he's a fine han' for the Provost. I'm shure he'll vote through thick and thin wi' him, and boo like ony *white-bannet* at an auction. Od! the folk say he coft his cock'd hat frae Miller & Ewing twa years since syne, and what is mair likely, he slept wi' his chain the first night after he got it. But what do ye think the twa-faced body moved in the Council the ither day? Why, naething less than what was proposed in Provost Cheeks's time—him, ye ken, wha lived in the lan' just aboon the Flesh-market—naething less than that the City barbers should na be allowed to shave their customers on Sunday. Foul fa' the silly loon! Had he as muckle brains in his pow as powther on his shoulders, he micht hae seen the folly o' his hypocrisy. I really wonner the Provost, wha is a sensible man, would listen to sic a yammering hypocritical body. But it's only anither proof to me, that when the unco guid get into power, they're aye scadding their tongues in ither folks' kale. The Bailie has long sat under Mr. Balfour, honest man, and the Outer Kirk folk, ye ken, a' think themsels far greater saunts than their neebours."

"And what are we to do on Sunday, Falconer? The Council cannot lay an embargo on one's beard growing."

"*Verbum sapienti!*" replied Ritchie, taking me by the nose for the finishing touch of his razing operation. "The trade have agreed to cause their apprentices to parade the streets on that



morning in white hose, and you have only to raise the window, haud up your wee finger, and, my sang! your chin will sune be as smooth as it is noo, Sunday tho' it be. Are decent Christian folks, do you think, to gang like heathenish Jews at the nod o' a Glasgow Trades' Bailie? Od! I ken a black-a-vised chield that maun be shaved twice a-day when he wants to be particular. Do you think it is affording 'a praise and protection to those who'd do well' to keep men frae hearing the word on account o' a lang beard? But let the deacon sleep—*Amoto quæramus seria ludo*. I've something mair extraordinar to tell you; but in the meantime I must get the curling tongs heated before throwing a little moost (powder) into your hair."

On the barber's return with the heated tongs, I immediately begged him to say what he had to communicate.

"Od! sir, the news is nane o' the best. Do ye ken there's an unco sough aboot rioting and rebellion?" said Dick, in a canting and *fishing* tone of voice.

"Rioting and rebellion! Pooh, pooh! That must be all fudge. Meal is abundant and cheap at present, wages are high, and trade is brisk; the Scottish Convention has been dissolved, the secret societies have given up their sittings, and the real friends of the people are determined to resist French revolutionary principles. But who are they that are to occasion the dread riot or revolution as you call it?"

"I dinna ken," said Ritchie sarcastically, "whether it will be by the freens o' the people, or the foes o' the king; but if it happens, it will be by a set o' folk that are no ower weel pleased wi' the government, and really I'm no muckle astonished at their displeasure. Od! there's no mony decent weel-doing men that would like to be shot at against their will for a pair shilling a-day."

"Oh, I understand you," said I; "you have heard it hinted that there may be some further disturbances consequent on the extension of the Militia Act to Scotland?"

"You have hit it," said the barber. "Do you ken, as I was coming here this morning, I heard a clashing and clavering almaist as noisy as what goes on at the Washing-house in the Green; something serious o' the kind is expected to happen in the neighbourhood."

"Why, Falconer, I am exceedingly sorry to hear any rumour



of that kind, for, to tell you the truth, this militia measure is not at all popular, and what is worse, it has been deemed by many altogether contrary to the strict letter of the articles of Union. On this account it has been made a handle of by demagogues; and I am really alarmed lest the people, goaded on by such individuals, may commit some outrage by which they will ultimately become the unfortunate sufferers."

"*Recte Domine!*" cried Ritchie, covering my head and face over with powder. "They hae been egged on to do sae already, and what was the upshot?—broken heads and cauld wames! Oh, it was a sad affair that at Tranent. What a black burning shame that sae mony innocent folk should be slain and slaughtered—God forbid we should ever hae sic like doins here! I hope the folk will tak tent; and if decent lads maun leave their wives and bairns, against their will, in defence o' their kintra, let the kintra pay them better, and look kindlier after their sma' families. Had the folks hereabouts mair to say in the makin o' their laws than they hae, I jalouse they would na get sic scrimp justice. But *vir sapit qui paucis loquitur*, I'm maybe speaking treason, and ye ken I would na like to gang o'er the great *dib* (sea) like Tam Muir and the like o' them. We maun keep out o' the clutches of auld Braxy\* as lang as we can. My sang! he's a kittle freen to foregather wi' onywhere; but I can tell you, I would rather meet wi' him in the heart o' a change-house, than at the *bar*. But I maun be gone. Forget what I hae been clyping aboot politics, but dinna forget to haud up your wee finger on Sunday at the window to the first pair o' white hose you see, when you want a shave."

So saying, while gathering up his various implements of trade, and offering me, as usual, a *vale Domine*, off flew Ritchie Falconer to Adonise and amuse some other customer.

Arraying myself in my morning suit, I sallied forth to take my usual walk to the *Pointhouse*. The banks of the Clyde, at that period, were not, as they are now, studded with cotton-mills, weaving-factories, printfields, and dye-works. The verdant turf was only trodden by a few idle stragglers; while the water was unruffled for hours, save by the salmon fishing-boats, which paddled from Finnieston to Govan. No steam-boat, crowded with fashion-

\* The Lord Justice-Clerk Braxfield, remarkable for the violence of his politics.



ables, and pouring out its volumes of heavy smoke, had yet disturbed the river's general placidity. No ship was seen looming in the distance; a ponderous gabert, a herring-wherry, and a Gourock fly-boat, were all the Clyde then bore on her bosom, and these were "like angels' visits, few and far between."

While enjoying the beauties of the scenery, my thoughts involuntarily turned on the riots apprehended by Ritchie Falconer, and on the probability that the Volunteers, to which I had a pride in belonging, would be called out to quell them. The melancholy affair at Tranent constantly obtruded itself on my recollection, and I could not help beseeching Heaven to forfend what might force me, in my military capacity, to fire on, perhaps, the most thoughtless and guiltless of my countrymen. On returning to the City, I inquired anxiously about the rumour communicated by the barber, and found that it had already got general wind. In the Coffee-room, too, after breakfast, I discovered it to be the only topic which occupied the various knots of gossips that encircled the tables. Hearing nothing, however, but conjecture, the matter was immediately forgotten amid the bustle of business, until I was stopped in the street, a little after one o'clock, by a friend, who, with a face as long as a yard-stick, communicated the fact that a serious disturbance had that day taken place in the parish of New Kilpatrick; and that the rioters, when the messenger had left the place, were threatening to set fire to the house of Lord President Campbell at Garscube, his lordship having incurred the displeasure of the populace for carrying the Militia Act into operation, in his capacity of Deputy-Lieutenant of the County. While busily conversing upon the subject, and discussing the means that would be resorted to for preventing such outrages, the sound of distant drums and fifes was heard advancing from the west to the east end of the City; and, on listening, I immediately recognised the well-known *assembly* rattle of the Royal Glasgow Volunteers. I took instant leave of my friend, and hurried home to don my regimentals and to attend the summons.

On entering the house I found my worthy old servant in a fearful quandary. She had heard the news of the riot, coloured with a thousand fancied terrors, and the result in her eyes appeared to assume a magnitude little short of a rebellion, as frightful as the one she had some faint recollection of in her girlhood. "Hech sirs! hech sirs!" sighed Girzy, wringing her hands, as



she saw me buckling on my bayonet and cartouch-box, and examining the flint of my musket—"That I should leeve to see anither bluidy tuilzie amang freens and brithers, and that these een should again look on folk fechting wi' their ain kith and kin, and murdering ane anither for the sake o' mere *ne'er-do-weels*. Pedin's prophecy, I'm thinking, will come to pass sooner than sinners jalouse, when a man will travel a simmer's day up the strath o' Clyde and neither see a lum reeking nor hear a cock crow! O maister, ye had better stay at hame, and say ye're no that weel. Heaven will forgie ye for sic a sma' lee. There will nae doubt be plenty there without you. Wha wad like to hae innocent bluid on their head? Wash your hands, oh wash your hands o't! Think o' the thoughtless souls at Tranent that were sent without a moment's warning to their lang hame and their dreed account.\* How many cheerless cots and mourning hearts that woefu' day occasioned! Were it a wheen o' thae cruel-hearted French clan-jamphry, that had landed to destroy us, I would na care to see you sae buskit; but to gang out that way to kill your ain kintry-men—oh it's a black burning shame! Dinna gang, sir—tak' my advice, and dinna gang the length o' your tae!"

Seeing Girzy's anxiety, and knowing the deep interest she took in my welfare, I thought it my duty to calm her, by saying that the rebellion she believed to have broken out at Garscube was nothing but a squabble between a few farm-servants and the legal authorities, and that the mere appearance of the Volunteers on the ground would restore all things to their wonted quiet. "Weel, weel," replied Girzy in a sceptical tone; "I wish it may be sae. He that will to Cupar maun to Cupar. But oh, sir, tak' care o' yoursel; and if the habble should turn out to be mair than you jaloused, just do as I would do—e'en leave it to be settled by them that are paid for being shot at. Tak' tent to yoursel; and oh be shure no to turn the point o' your gun against wives and bairns!" Talking in this anxious strain, and following me to the door, she pulled an old shoe off her foot, and threw it down the stair after me, as she said, "for guid luck!"

On arriving at George-square, which was the place of rendezvous, I found an unusually large assembly of the corps, all of whom were in high spirits and eager for the fray. On falling in and counting the files there appeared to be the full complement.

\* There were twelve persons killed and thirty-five wounded at Tranent.



Three hundred bayonets were in fact present, and it is perhaps not too much to say that there was no member of the corps who would have hesitated to beard the tasteless wight who denied this regiment to be the handsomest in His Majesty's service. Whether this opinion was founded in justice, or was the result of mere self-complacency, it is not for me to determine; but it is certain that this corps of gentlemen at least proved a constant theme of admiration to all the sighing spinsters around the city tea-tables, and, what was far better for its deathless fame, it attracted the notice of the Glasgow Homer, better known under the every-day cognomen of *Blin' Alick*, who, in his peripatetic wanderings, blazoned far and wide the gallant character of the corps in the following graphic lines:—

“ We are gentlemen of honour,  
And we do receive no pay;  
Colonel Corbet's our commander,  
And with him we'll fight our way!”

And so they seemed determined to do on this memorable occasion; for no sooner had the gallant Colonel told us that we were that day assembled to support the King and the glorious Constitution, and that every man was expected to do so with his life, than the whole regiment simultaneously doffed their caps, and gave a loud huzza of approbation. The Colonel was a man in whose military tactics every member of the corps placed implicit confidence. He was none of your pot-bellied, sunshiny, feather-bed soldiers. He was a tall, slender, wiry figure, with an eye that would not have winked in front of a battery, and a heart that would have bounded to have led on a forlorn hope. On observing the peculiar manner which he had of turning out his toes, one might have supposed this officer a complete military martinet; but the idea was immediately dispelled when he proceeded to mount his Bucephalus. Unlike many Volunteer commanders, he had smelt gunpowder when it was seasoned with a goodly peppering of bullets, and in his youth had crossed blades with the determined foes of his country. He was present in the bloody conflict that took place in the market-place of St. Helier's, on the 6th of January 1781, and had, on that occasion, gazed upon the dying features of the gallant Major Pierson.\* The Colonel could also boast, in the highest

\* In the beautiful engraving of Heath, from a picture by Copley, the Colonel of the Glasgow Volunteers occupies a conspicuous situation. He is



degree, of what was esteemed absolutely necessary to one's *gentility* in those days of Spencean principles,—the character of being a thorough-paced Tory, and a sworn foe to demagogues and democrats. With many useful and amiable qualities of head and heart, which it is here unnecessary to enumerate, this gallant officer had one foible, and it was one which, whenever military movements were occupying his thoughts, or were the topic of conversation, he displayed. Proud, as well he might be, of his share in the achievement in Jersey, he had acquired the habit of prefacing every opinion on military tactics, and every project of military operation, with a full and particular account of the whole transactions of the eventful day at St. Helier's, and which at length became to his friends and the corps, about as well known and as tiresome as the story of the royal *déjeuné* at the castle of Tillietudlem. Upon the present occasion, this *Lady Margaret Bellenden* peculiarity displayed itself strongly, for no sooner were the cartouch-boxes observed to be filled with ammunition, than the Colonel, after telling us that we were about to march to Garscube, and warning us when there to be steady and cool, involuntarily stumbled upon Jersey.

"Gentlemen," said he, "well do I recollect when, on the morning of the 6th of January 1781, the drum summoned us to arms, and when ——" The Major, well knowing the Colonel's foible—aware also that there was no time for the accustomed *yarn* of half an hour—no sooner heard the famous 6th of January uttered than, in open defiance of all military rule, he instantly rode up and intimated that all was in readiness for the regiment to proceed. The thread of the Colonel's discourse being broken, the battle of St. Helier's was forgotten, and instant preparations were made for the battle of Garscube. The Volunteers being then successively ordered to "prime and load"—"fix bayonets"—"shoulder arms"—and "by sections on the left backwards wheel,"—the word "march" was given; and off we paced boldly to beard the foe, followed by a crowd of idle urchins, whose reiterated shouts rendered the field-officers' steeds more restive than their horsemanship warranted to be either safe for themselves or seemly for the character of the corps.

The day was one of those more in unison with the climate of there represented with a drawn sword in his hand, gazing on the face of the dying soldier.



Italy than of Scotland. There was not a single cloud in the visible horizon, nor a breath of wind to temper the rays of a scorching sun. The soldiers, unaccustomed to the tight-lacing of their scarlet jackets, and laden with heavy muskets and well-filled cartouch-boxes, had not proceeded far on their march before every individual felt himself in an unusually "melting mood;" and when at length the corps approached the spot which was to prove the field of its fame, every mouth was as parched as though it had been subjected to the sirocco of the Arabian desert, while every eye looked more eagerly for an engagement with a tavern or a rivulet than with a rebel or a rioter. On approaching the bridge of Garscube, the Colonel halted the regiment, and sent forward a detachment to reconnoitre. The light company, to which I belonged, having been selected for this important duty, we immediately hurried on at double quick; and, in due conformity with the established rules of military tactics, took possession, though without opposition, of the bridge, as the key to a position on the right bank of the Kelvin. When the regiment had reached the *tête du pont*, the colonel looked on every hand for the enemy, but lo! not even a ghost of a rioter came within the range of his visual organs. A few idle women chattered in knots, and criticised with apparent delight our dusty and broiling condition; while a band of boys, seemingly just relieved from the ferula of the schoolmaster, hailed us with the reiterated and elegant salutation of "*the brosey weavers*."\*

If what was to be done appeared an enigma to the Corporal as well as the Colonel, what *ought* to be done was to all abundantly evident. The hour, the walk, and the heat of the day, all conspired in making a powerful appeal to the mind and the materialism of every volunteer. Exhausted nature loudly implored the assistance of the commissariat, while the incipient idea of laying the country under a general contribution flitted simultaneously athwart every brain, and demanded immediate realization. Whether the conception of this foraging foray was or was not strictly in accordance with the Colonel's conduct at St. Helier's, it is not necessary to inquire; but no sooner had we grounded

\* Brosey weavers, in derision, they might be called; but most of them had both in their pockets and on their bones the wherewithals that showed significantly how well they were enabled at all times to march gallantly to the tune of *Brose and Butter*.



arms at the bridge of Garscube, than a council of war was summoned to consider of ulterior proceedings, and particularly of the best means of defeating the annoying attacks of General *Hunger*, and combating the no less terrific onsets of his fearful auxiliary *Thirst*. The result of the conference was a resolution, carried *nem. con.* that while a small party should be left to keep the rallying position of the bridge, the remainder of the corps should be permitted to ferret out for themselves what was individually requisite. Three hundred soldiers, with stomachs like those of the cormorant, and throats as dry as a potsherd, would have required a land more celebrated for milk and honey than that around Garscube. As it was, however, each individual seemed determined to cater for himself; and no sooner was the order given for a general forage, than off flew the whole Volunteers like locusts over the face of the country. To sack a dairy and ransack a hen-roost became immediately the general occupation. At least a dozen of red coats were seen *billeting* themselves on every farmhouse, draining their churns, and *stowing away* their cheese and *bannocks*; while the few public-houses scattered along the roadside were relieved on that memorable day of all their stale beer, sour porter, and *humphed* ham. Never had there been seen in the parish so urgent a demand for every thing in the shape of meat or drink, nor more handsome payment known for what could be obtained: for though the Volunteers bore bayonets, they likewise carried purses; and to their honour be it recorded, they testified a universal desire to make the people feel that they owed their entertainment to their silver, and not to their steel.

The foraging party to which I belonged consisted of two besides myself. One of these was an individual whose round rosy cheeks bore indubitable tokens of having taken regular toll of everything that had passed through his mouth; while the other had jaws so lank and skinny, that they might have served for a lantern. The former, bating an unconquerable propensity for breaking the third commandment, was an honest-hearted Christian, and a universal favourite; while the latter was a French *émigré*, with all the *politesse* and prejudices of the ancient *régime*. Besides being a Frenchman, my foraging companion also played the French horn—on account of which accomplishment he had been admitted into the *band*. Having remarked some blue smoke curling through a thicket of trees, and judging wisely that a snug cottage would



be there embosomed, we made a steeple-chase for the spot, and soon found ourselves in the audience-chamber of a bustling matron, actually engaged in freeing a large churn of its butter.

"Gude save us, gudewife!" exclaimed my punchy friend, as we entered the apartment; "I fin' we're jist come in the nick o' time! Lord, woman, gie us a waught o' that sour milk as fast as you like, for we're a' on the point of choking. What a deevil of a het day this has been for marching!"

"What brocht ye sae far frae hame on sic a day?" said the matron jestingly; "and whan you left it wha obleeged ye to bear sic a burden? We kintra folk are no sae taen up wi' sodgering—we would rather bide at hame and mind our wark. You're no come, I hope, to countenance thae fules that would tak our gude-men awa frae their hames, against their ain will and the will o' the Almighty—that would mak our bairns faitherless and ourselves widows. It's a bonny like story, indeed; tak my word for it, nae gude can come o' this militia trade. It's quite contrair baith to the law and the gospel. If you're cum to talk to the gudeman about that matter, I maun tell ye he's no at hame, nor winna be: so ye'll jist tak your drap drink and gang your ways."

"*Pardonnez moi, madame,*" whispered my companion, Monsieur Collon, advancing towards the alarmed matron, kneeling down and kissing her hand; "*vous vous trompez assurément*; you mak von gran mistake, madame. By gar, ve come to dis house not like dee *voleurs* to rob you of any ting, far less of *Monsieur votre mari*. *Oh mon Dieu! de tout, de tout*. We do not vant your husband at all. *Ah, comme vous êtes jolie, aimable!—quels beaux yeux!* By gar—"

"Tuts man, get up and dinna be fashious," interrupted the matron. "Are ye daft or glaikit? What is't ye're haverin about? I dinna understan' thae blethers at a'. See and lay your lugs in that bicker. You look as tho' you were na that ower aften at hame at meal-time; and since ye tell me that ye hae naithing to say to the gudeman, I maun e'en try to bring you something better, as I jalouse your walk will hae gien ye a drouth like the packman's."\*

Having offered our best thanks for the dame's kindness, she placed before us a large *kebbock*, a basketful of oaten cakes, and a bottle of mountain dew, to which my jolly companion and I paid

\* More given to eat than to drink.



our instant obeisance. The "gudewife," seeing the Frenchman rather bashful and backward in partaking of the feast, turned towards him and said, "Come, come, Maister Scantocreesh, just fa' tae, like your friend there, and dinna let your modesty wrang ye."

"*Ah, madame, vous me flattez trop,*" said the musician. "By gar you do me infinite honor. This bottermilk (taking a draught) is beautiful—*superb, magnifique*—pretty well! Dis is your *vin du pays, n'est-ce pas?* Permit that I drink your got-o-hel!"

"Tuts man, what are you gab-gabbing at?" said the matron. "Tak your pick and your drap, and keep your palavers for them that understan' them."

Monsieur Collon immediately drew in a chair and commenced operations; and, in the true spirit of Dugald Dalgetty, tucked in what might at least serve him for the next twenty-four hours. Thinking that the repast on the musician's part merited a digester, I pointed to the bottle, and suggested to him the propriety of taking some of the stomach-soothing elixir.

"*Pardonnez moi, monsieur,*" said the Frenchman, shrugging his shoulders. "Dat *blue ruin*, as de Inglishman call it, do always put my whole head *toujours* into one flame. I vill rader take von oder drop of de Scottish *vin du pays*." So saying, he approached the churn, which at that moment was standing at about an angle of seventy-five degrees, for the more effectually freeing it of its contents.

"What!" said my rosy-cheeked companion; "more of that stuff yet? Lord safe us! That's awfu'!"

"*Ne derangez vous pas*—I love dis ver moch, and vill now tak von oder gran drink of it," putting his head into the churn. The gudewife, seeing the Frenchman's powdered wig and jaundiced visage within the precincts of what she, of all things, considered as sacred to cleanliness, and hearing him lapping the buttermilk, ran towards him, exclaiming, "Deil's in the worrie-cow! Is he gaun to pollute my hail kirn o' milk wi' his ill-faured greasy gab and moosty pash!" while she accompanied the exclamation with a smart blow on the musician's back. Monsieur Collon, eager at the draught, and about precisely poised on the churn, no sooner received the blow, than it threw him off his balance, and, to the utter dismay of all present, he was instantly seen to pop head-foremost into the gaping vessel! The Frenchman's heels were



of course the next moment kicking in the air, while a loud gurgling noise issued from the churn that demanded instant attention. In the twinkling of an eye I dashed forward, and seized the struggling musician by the limbs, and with one effort extricated the poor fellow from his wooden surtout. But what words can describe, or what pencil delineate, the absurd and ridiculous appearance of the half-drowned horn-blower! Gasping for breath, and struggling for vision, he stood before us in all the insignia of this new *Order of the Bath*, with a countenance whose yellow wrinkles poured down streams of buttermilk, while adown his long queue a torrent rushed from the well-soaked fountain of his wig. The matron was in the deepest distress for having been the innocent cause of such a mishap to the poor Frenchman; and to an infinity of apologies added every exertion in her power to restore his garb and his temper to their former propriety.

While Monsieur Collon was busily making up matters with the matron and her mirror, the roll of a distant drum awakened our attention, and warned us of the necessity of an immediate retreat. Having each pulled a piece from our purse, we pressed it on the gudewife; but it was not till we qualified the gift by telling her to lay it out on something for her daughter, that she would consent to touch our silver.

On regaining the bridge, we learned that the troop of Glasgow Volunteer Cavalry had, previous to our arrival, dispersed the whole pitchfork belligerent band of malcontents, who, after burning the parish records of Kilpatrick, had taken up a position on a neighbouring hill. There being no further danger apprehended, the idea—a fearful one to those accustomed to feather-beds—of our corps bivouacking that night on the lawn of Garscube was abandoned. The Colonel, after a lengthy harangue, in which he declared that the regiment under his command had that day done immortal honour to itself, and, as usual, mixed up the sermon with what he had himself accomplished on the 6th January 1781, at last gave the welcome word of “right about, face,” and off marched the Volunteers at a smart pace for the City.

As we trudged along the road, more occupied with the freaks of the foray than the feats of our prowess, a furious-looking dog was seen to rush down from a farm-steading a little off the road, whose appearance gave strong and determined symptoms of combativeness. On observing it approaching, I instantly halted, and called



out to my paunchy companion, "Huzza! Gilchrist, there's an enemy at last for you—will you meet him?" "By *gom!* that's an awfu' ill-faured neebour," said my friend; "shall it be blood?" And, without waiting a reply, up went the musket to his shoulder; off went the shot; but, alas, on came the mastiff! The danger was imminent; the dog looked as bold as a lion. "Charge bayonets!" cried I;—"à la victoire!" blew M. Collon; and in a moment the supposed disseminator of hydrophobia received such a tickling of the steel as sent him to the right-about in a twinkling. My portly friend, however, was not to be satisfied with merely *flanking* the enemy. He had determined that no quarter should be given, and bent on signalling himself, he made another fearful thrust at the retreating foe. Happily for the dog, but most unfortunately for the Volunteer, the lunge missed its object, the steel pierced the earth, and over went my friend head-foremost into the ditch, at the expense, too, of his bayonet, which snapped asunder under the force and pressure of seventeen stone!

After this tuilzie with the mastiff, nothing remarkable happened till we arrived within a mile of Glasgow. Here, however, a scene occurred that is yet fresh in my recollection, while it still occasions considerable merriment among the small knot of septuagenarians that gazed upon it then. The rear-guard having telegraphed the approach of cavalry, the Colonel instantly threw the battalion into a position to receive them, and sent out a few skirmishers to reconnoitre. On these falling back, with the intelligence that the commander of the advancing corps (which was the Glasgow Light Horse) had given the countersign and parole, the Colonel wheeled us into line, and when the dragoons were in the act of passing, ordered a general salute. The glittering of the fire-locks and the noise of the music created, as might be supposed, a very considerable confusion among individuals who were almost as ignorant of a *cover* as a campaign—a confusion which the Captain, from having his charger burthened with a prisoner, who most *unmilitarily* occupied the front of the saddle, felt some difficulty to calm. But if the majority of this troop of chasseurs felt rather uneasy in their saddles on this saluting occasion, there was one in particular in the rear whose position and countenance betokened anything but security and self-possession. The *Galloway* which this awkward wight bestrode being as fiery as the proboscis of her rider, no sooner fixed her eye on so many new faces than



she showed an evident disposition to dissolve immediately her present copartnery. The perilous prancings and curious curvettings that succeeded having attracted attention, what was the astonishment of all to find that the light dragoon was no other than the would-be *Bailie Lawbroad*, whose picture the barber had drawn so graphically in the morning! It was now evident that the poor Deacon's desire for notoriety had led him a rather dangerous dance; since it was plain to all that his seat would not long remain either secure or a sinecure. Guiltless alike of all the rules of Gambado and of Pembroke, the tailor soon lost command of his steed; while the *persuaders*, from the early habit which their wearer had acquired of drawing up his legs when in danger, having been brought to bear rather unceremoniously on the flanks of the mare, made her as unceremoniously throw up her heels, and eject the dragoon from his saddle. The animal, finding the rider embracing her rather too kindly round the neck, and feeling the usual *restrainers* dangling about her ears, set off at full gallop; and it was now a hundred guineas to a goose that the chasseur would, ere a few minutes, be gazetted a *field* officer! To the *footpads*, as the Volunteers were opprobriously designated by their brethren on horseback, the appearance of a trooper charging in the manner of the Deacon was anything but gall and wormwood; and no sooner did the corps recognise the copper nose of the snip in a John Gilpin attitude, than they, in defiance of all order, simultaneously roared out, "There goes the tailor riding to Brentford!" The loud shout, followed by a louder bang of the bass drum, having put more mettle into the *Galloway's* heels, she soon shot ahead of the troop; and having shied and flung up her heels at an abrupt turn of the road, off went the tailor over the hedge into a corn-field, and on went the mare over the toll-bar to the corn-chest, which she soon reached, to the utter consternation of the snip's anxious consort, who awaited his arrival.

The Deacon, though a little alarmed, was far more comfortable than he had been for many minutes before, on finding himself, like Commodore Trunnion, thus safely riding at anchor. The Colonel, fearing, however, that some medical assistance might be requisite, and recollecting that the troop boasted only a farrier, instantly despatched his orderly for the Volunteer surgeon, who rode in the rear of the corps. This son of Esculapius, though at



the head of his profession, was a gentleman of a most somnolent disposition, and what is more singular, his steed partook of the poppy-juice qualities of its master. Yet, there was this happy peculiarity about the horse and the rider, that both were never found in the arms of Morpheus together. On this occasion, the surgeon, having no gun-shot wounds to attend to, had given way to his usual propensity on leaving Garscube, while his horse continued so sharply awake, as to have carried his master through the whole manœuvres which the regiment had performed on the march. The surgeon being roused from his snoose by the orderly, instantly galloped off to the assistance of the trooper, who had, however, previous to his reaching the ground, got fairly on his legs, and was taking considerable credit for throwing himself off so neatly. After putting a finger to the tailor's pulse, and passing his hand over his limbs, the doctor declared him free from blemish, and that there was no necessity for prescribing any other medicine than a walk to the City. Both having then taken their position in the rear of the regiment, it proceeded onward, and soon found itself within the precincts of Glasgow.

On entering the City the band immediately struck up "Caller herring," the sound of which made every window fly open, and suggested to many a cook the necessity of making instant preparation for the approach of her hungry master. Fearing, however, that the instructive melody might not altogether tell on the deaf ears of my old handmaid, Girzy, my fat friend, who had agreed to take a steak with me, no sooner saw the housekeeper at the window than he bawled out at the top of his voice, "Girzy, my lass, you may put on the *taties* noo!" Scarcely had the pleasing sound reached the ear of old Girzy than I was accosted by the well-known "*Guadeo te valere*" of Ritchie Falconer, who, after sarcastically exclaiming "*Fortuna favet fortibus*," breathlessly inquired what had befallen his customer the Deacon, and told us of the consternation of his wife. The story of the tailor's mishap satisfied the barber, while the appearance of Lawbroad himself quieted the fearful prognostications of his anxious helpmate.

The corps, on reaching its usual place of rendezvous, was immediately dispersed, while the soldiers hurried home to calm the fears of their wives, mothers, and sisters. In the evening the Club-rooms of the City rang with unusual mirth and jollity. Each roof echoed back the scenes of the day and of the foray, but among



them all none occasioned more fun and laughter than the tale of the churn, and the *promotion* of the tailor.

Thus began and thus ended the ever-memorable day of the Battle of Garscube—a day unstained with blood, unsurpassed by heat, alike famous for its foray and for the capture of one prisoner—a day, in short, which proved the brightest gem in the garland of Glasgow Volunteer glory, and has afforded as noble a theme of conversation to the pig-tailed soldiers of the Scottish Western Metropolis as that of St. Helier's did to their gallant commander.

The Glasgow corps of Volunteers, which so eminently distinguished itself on that eventful occasion, scarcely survived the close of the century that gave it birth; while the generality of happy faces that grinned with delight at the ludicrous plight of Deacon Lawbroad, have now, as Hamlet says, "few left to mock their grinning;" and had I not, perhaps, been reminded the other day of the immortal action of this gallant corps, by perusing the equally deathless deed of its bounty, on the wall of the Royal Infirmary hall,\* I might possibly have never dreamed of becoming the humble annalist of its military glory.

\* The regiment of the Royal Glasgow Volunteers was disbanded on the 8th May 1802, and they gave the whole of the regimental stock-purse, amounting to £1,200, to that valuable institution.



## THE GLASGOW HOMER, YCLEPT BLIND ALICK.

BY A MEMBER OF THE CAMPERDOWN CLUB.

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AMONG the eccentric characters who have from time to time buzzed their little hour in the eye of Glasgow, mayhap there is not one who stands a fairer chance for immortality, than the well known peripatetic minstrel and patriotic improvisatore Alexander Macdonald, better known under the graphic designation of *Blind Alick*. It is upwards of forty years since this indefatigable *troubadour* first screwed up the catgut of his Cremona in our good City; and now that *that* Cremona hangs dusty and unstrung against the wall of his lonely cell, and the hand which waked its *discords* lies cold and lifeless, it may perhaps be neither unprofitable nor uninteresting to the thousands who have listened to his muse or his music, to be presented with a few authentic particulars of his life, and a few specimens of his verses.

The subject of this memoir, though bearing a Celtic cognomen, was born in England. His father in early life emigrated from Borrowstounness, and having set himself down as gardener to a gentleman of considerable property in the county of Cumberland, got married, and in due time found numerous sprouts of the Macdonald tree rising around him. Our improvisatore, it appears, drew his first breath and poured forth his first squall in the year 1771, in a neat cottage in the parish of Kirkoswald, near Penrith. Of his early history, like that of many greater men, nothing is known, and if it were, we suspect it would differ but little from the infancy and boyhood of other human beings. There is one peculiarity, however, connected with his infancy, which we doubt not had an influence on his after life—we mean a serious defect in his vision—a defect which led him to study music, and it may be, roused that spirit of song within him, which, under



more favourable *optic* circumstances, might have lain dormant for ever. It is not known whether it was an incapacity for active employment—a desire to flee the fascinations of some cruel *Mary Duff*—a large development of the bump of wandering—a love towards his fatherland—or a desire to push his fortune, that roused him from the comparative inactivity in which he lived for the first nineteen years of his life; certain it is, however, that at that age, one or other of those impulses urged him to eschew the comforts of his parents' cot, and determined him to trust for future support to his fiddle and his fancy. From the Homeric state of his visual organs, it cannot be supposed that he endured any of those parting pangs which it is said Salvator Rosa experienced, when casting a last lingering look at his father's cottage, embowered in foliage, and smiling in sunshine. If Alick felt regret at all, on running away from his birthplace, it sprung not from the thought of bidding adieu to a spot of earth beautified by all his father's floral art; but from the certain conviction that he was at that moment exchanging kindness and comfort for coldness and poverty. He felt the world was all before him. He had determined on no peculiar path, whereby to thread its difficulties and its dangers. Half blind though he was, he chose blind Fate to guide him; and in this instance, as in all attended by similar circumstances, the connection only showed that the blind were leading the blind. On quitting his father's house, his face turned, in despite of the connection of wealth with the south,

“ To poortith cauld, and the north countrie;”

and fortunately for him, he had not wandered many miles towards the land of his ancestors, ere the melting tones of his Cremona softened the heart—not of lady fair, but—of a quack doctor, who engaged him as a powerful auxiliary in the disposal of his pills, potions, and electuaries. The name of this peripatetic Faustus, strange to tell, turned out to be *Hope*—a master to whom the young and inexperienced are never loth to pay an apprentice fee. With old Hope, therefore, as his master, and young hope in his breast, the minstrel crossed the border, and in a few days reached Glasgow.

In 1790, the period when Alick first trod the Trongate, the field on which he was afterwards destined to win so many laurels, Glasgow was confined within comparatively narrow limits. Two-



thirds of the ground now occupied by streets and buildings, were then gardens and green fields, and the splendid palaces in the west, since reared by the hand of industry, were not even dreamed of by a parsimonious population. Union-place being then a piece of vacant ground, it was made choice of as the most eligible for the quack doctor's operations. At the head of Jamaica-street the stage was erected; and upon that stage, Alick, amid the grimaces of the clown, and the jests of the charlatan, first greeted a Glasgow audience with "God save the King," and "Rule Britannia," two airs which thenceforward were chosen to open and to close all his musical and lyrical exhibitions. Finding the wages of the stage doctor, Hope, like his synonyme, not overly substantial, he exchanged the stage for the street, and the promises of Hope for the *pence* of the Trongate. Accordingly, from that time forward, he seriously commenced business on his own account, as a wandering minstrel. From the peculiar *ad captandum vulgus* knack which he had of pulling his bow across the catgut, he soon discovered himself to be a favourite with the public; and although his father employed a respectable individual to woo him back to the comforts of a settled home, and the protection of Squire Fetherstone, his father's benevolent master, the wayward wight remained deaf to the urgent and kind offer. The fact was, before the friend of his father and the agent of Dr. Solomon had ferreted out the prodigal son, a circumstance had occurred in the minstrel's history which put it out of his power to part very easily with his new residence. The very first night he passed in Glasgow, his heart had been pierced with one of Cupid's sharpest arrows. At the foot of the quack doctor Hope's stage, he encountered a female form, whom his imagination, doubtless, at once elevated into a Laura or a Beatrice; and although his *adorable*, in the eyes of a cold and unsentimental world, could be accounted nothing more than a commonplace girl, yet, seen as she was through the opacity of a *crystalline lens* and the medium of a poetic temperament, she appeared to Alick little short of a sylph or a Hebe, and as such he bestowed upon her all a minstrel's adoration. He followed her home, and then wiled her to a well-known *bower*, yclept a changehouse. There, inspired with several *timothies* of ardent spirits, he screwed his fiddle to the right pitch, and drawing his *ecstatic bow*, its effects instantly vibrated to the heart of his lady-love. He vowed his affection—she blushed a return—he clasped



her to his bosom, and implored her to marry. Enraptured, the maid consented; and ere twenty-four short hours had fled—doubtless four-and-twenty years in love's kalendar—the youthful Alick and his love-sick Laura had handled the connubial ring, and had been made one flesh by the late Rev. Mr. Falconer, at the altar of an establishment which was then commonly designated by stern Presbyterians, “the whistling kirk.”

Thus bound by the ties of matrimony, consummated under the joint influence of music, love, and liquor, Alick determined on making Glasgow his future home; and from that day forth, with the exception of certain excursions he made to visit his friends in England, he may be said to have continued a regular denizen of this City.\* During the first year of his perambulating the Tron-gate, the minstrel depended entirely for support as well as fame on the notes of his fiddle; but when the threatening attitude of France awakened a military ardour in every British bosom, and summoned her sons to combat and conquer on the ocean, the spirit of the Glasgow Homer, like that of every other patriot on shore, was roused from its latent and slumbering lethargy. To his music, were then added the effusions of his muse. He at once became the poetic advocate of loyalty and patriotism—the laureate of national victories and individual glory, the rhymster of philippics against Gaul and Bonaparte; in fine, the improvisatore of volunteer valour, and the elegiast of departed worth when the ranks were thinned either by hard drinking or by hard drills. Unskilled as the poet was in the use of those drops of ink which “give to airy nothings a local habitation and a name,” it is to be regretted that so very few of his lyrics have been preserved from oblivion. Had they been caught and recorded, they would assuredly have presented not only a chronological epitome of the affairs of the State, and the circumstances of the City, but would have become a curious remembrancer of the transactions and feelings of that eventful age. As an instance of the value of his lyrical labours, it will perhaps suffice to give a few verses of the

\* Alick's love of Glasgow was ever and anon shown in his *Alexandrines*. What better proof of this feeling can be given than the following stanza of the minstrel:—

“I've travell'd all the world over,  
And many a place beside;  
But I never saw a more beautiful City,  
Than that on the navigable river the Clyde.”



descriptive poem emitted on the grand review of the Glasgow Volunteer force by the Earl of Moira. Of the various commanders whom the poet then eulogised, and on whom he has conferred the meed of immortality, the following still happily remain (1830) to attract the gaze and the admiration of their fellow-men:—

“ Like the fiery god of war,  
Colonel Geddes does advance,  
On a black horse that belong'd  
To the murder'd king of France!

Major Hunter cometh next;  
In a kilt, see he goes;  
Every inch he's a man,  
From the head to the toes!

Now appears Major Paterson;  
You will say he's rather slim;  
But 'twill be a clever ball  
For to hit the like of him!”

If this graphic description of a few of the principal figurantes of that well remembered day served to add to Alick's rhythmic celebrity, it was undoubtedly his unwearied eulogiums of the old Volunteers and the first Glasgow Sharpshooters which established his claim to be the Glasgow laureate. One verse relative to the former of those corps paints its character, and so well illustrates the poet's powers that we shall give it here:—

“ We are gentlemen of honour,  
And we do receive no pay;  
Colonel Corbet's our commander,  
And with him we'll fight our way!”

Whether it was from the daily compliments bestowed on the bravery of the Glasgow Volunteers, of whose exploits little is known except the bloodless victory of Garscube, certain it is that their gallant Colonel was so taken with Alick's descriptive lyrics that he offered to transplant the now maternised Laura of the minstrel from her secluded attic in the Old-wynd to a public-house in some conspicuous part of the City, and to christen it “The Volunteer Tavern.” The matron, however, aware of her total unacquaintance with the mysteries of Cocker, and knowing the love which her husband nightly exemplified of getting into the clouds by the magic *bowl* of a pint stoup, honourably refused the Colonel's generous offer, and preferred continuing to answer



the cry of *girling bairns* rather than the call of thirsty Volunteers! The glory which Alick poured on the first Sharpshooters—a corps composed assuredly of the *élite* of Glasgow gentlemen—procured the poet money enough to enable him to try an operation on his eyes; but although the knife was applied five times to the right and once to the left eye by the most skilful oculist of the City, the opacity of his visual organs rather increased than diminished. If Alick was not, however, so clear-sighted as many of his brother-citizens, he was fully more alive to public news; and from his ready talent at *improvisation* was not unfrequently the first to circulate any important piece of intelligence. When, for example, the first indistinct rumour of the battle of Camperdown—a battle which proved the foundation of our naval power, and in Glasgow the union-bond of a first-rate Club—was merely whispered about, the minstrel made his appearance on the Trongate, and announced it publicly to the lieges in the following lines:—

“ Great news I have got, my lads,  
 For country and for town;  
 We have gain’d a mighty fight,  
 On the sea, at Camperdown!

Our cannon they did rattle, lads,  
 And we knock’d their top-masts down—  
 But the particulars you will hear  
 By the post, in the afternawn!”

The Peninsular war afforded fruitful materials for the muse of our minstrel. Not a battle, from Vimiera to Toulouse, but afforded him the theme of a *poetical aspiration*; not even an affair of outposts but was converted into a *fitful fancy*. His peculiar fondness for such subjects may, perhaps, be accounted for, when it is stated, that of the five sons and two daughters presented to him by his *cara sposa*—the original Laura of his early love—only one boy survived the diseases incident to childhood, and that boy had joined the 71st Regiment, and accompanied it to Portugal. There the youth fought, and bled, and died. In the moment of the victorious charge at Fuentes d’Onora, when Colonel Cadogan, recollecting its resemblance to Glasgow, happily cried out, “Chase them down the Gallowgate,” the son of Alick fell, and the poet was left childless. Is it to be wondered at, therefore, that the land on which the hope of his house was fighting, and in which afterwards his ashes lay mouldering, should have proved one of the



most inspiring subjects of the minstrel's lyre? \* As a fair specimen of his verses relative to the Peninsular war, we may give the following:—

“ True-hearted loyal citizens,  
Great news I've got to tell  
Of the wars of Spain and Portingal,  
And how the town of Badajos fell!  
There was one Alick Pattison,  
A man of great renown,  
He was the first who mounted the breach,  
And the first that did tumble down!  
He was a handsome tall young gentleman,  
As ever my eyes did see;  
A captain, colonel, or major,  
He very soon will be!”

Although the minstrel seemingly loved the Peninsular war, he was not blind to the glorious exploits of the Russian campaign. With all the facility which he had of running a train of syllables, chanting-like, into a short line, he occasionally showed, however, that a succession of the break-neck names of Alexander's generals could not keep pace even with the well-known rapidity of his *bowing*. The admiral, whose unlucky and unseamanlike *tack* allowed Bonaparte to escape after the passage of the Bere-sina, proved always a choking rhyme to Alick. The following stanza is the only one remembered of the many he emitted on the disastrous retreat of the French army:—

“ But the tyrant Bonyparte,  
He now must cease to rail,  
Since the brave Kutusoff  
Has tied a pan to his tail!  
With a pan at his tail  
He flies through Germany,  
And the Cossacks, like bull dogs,  
Bark after him lustily!  
Bow! wow! wow!”

\* There was no regiment that received so much adulation from the Glasgow Homer as the 42d. From the first day it defeated the French Invincibles in Egypt, till its deathless deeds performed at Quatres-Bras and Waterloo, the minstrel proved its laureate. Among the thousand and one stanzas he composed on this subject, the following is the only one remembered:—

“ The gallant first battalion  
It never was beat;  
And the second battalion  
Was like unto it!”



The songs which the poet composed on Waterloo were numerous; it was for years his constant and pleasurable theme, as it was that of French regret. The fact is, his poetry on this subject extracted perhaps more pence from the pockets of the benevolent than all the other Waterloo poets, who printed their lucubrations, received pounds from their booksellers. The following apostrophe to the Scots Greys is well worthy of recollection:

“ Then the tyrant Napoleon Bonyparte,  
 And some of the French Imperial Guards,  
 They thought they had no more to do  
 Than to take those gallant Scotch lads!  
 But very soon, on the contrary,  
 The Royal Greys they let them ken  
 They might go and tell Bonyparte  
 They cared not a — for either him or his men!”

As the state of Europe became more calm, the effusions of the wandering bard attracted less attention. Topics of a stirring nature were now more rare, and, besides, the minstrel had become “infirm and old.” The fact is, Alick might have hung up his harp on the willows, for all the interest it excited, had not the spirit of Radicalism burst forth, and inspired the hand of the minstrel with renewed vigour. The military ardour exhibited by the youth of Glasgow to defend our glorious Constitution, was indeed a glorious theme for the rival of Sgricci.\* From the first hour which witnessed the Sharpshooters marching to the barracks, in the garb of Falstaff’s recruits, even till that memorable day when, with all the pomp and pageantry of war, they assisted at the *investment* of Anderston, the *siege* of Calton, and the *sack* of Mile-end, Alick proved their unwearied laureate. One stanza will suffice to show the estimation in which, in common with his brother citizens, the bard held this highly distinguished and never-to-be-forgotten Volunteer regiment:—

“ Now, then, some observations more  
 I think proper here to make,  
 On the loyal and gallant Glasgow Sharpshooters,  
 Who swords and rifles up did take!  
 Those loyal subjects who fought for the Throne,  
 And beat every Radical I’ve ever seen!  
 Here’s long life to their Colonel and Major Alston,  
 In their trousers of white and jackets of green!”

\* The famous Italian improvisatore.



In the improvisation of similar verses, commemorative of martial deeds and patriotic individuals, Alick continued to indulge till the commencement of the year 1830. About that period he was seized with a serious illness, and on Tuesday the ninth of February he bade adieu to a world which but few poets have had reason to eulogise. Like many others, Alick found Pegasus a hard roadster, and one who in the race of life rarely gained the plate. The effusions of our bard, while they brought him fame, never produced him, even in the war-exciting period, the pay of a common soldier. If the minstrel, however, was doomed to poverty—the too common concomitant of those who unadvisedly climb Parnassus—he was also, like many of his rhyming brethren, not wholly content with the waters of Helicon. For the greater part of his life he had qualified the poetic draft with a goodly doze of that stomach elixir and soother of humanity, *aquavite*; a habit which stuck to him even till within a few moments of his dissolution. The truth of Shakspeare's idea of the ruling passion being strong in death, as shown in Mercutio's dying with a pun on his lip, was never better exemplified than in the Glasgow Homer. The last words which poor Alick articulated were a request for whisky, and he actually offered up his spirit with the spirit in his throat!\* In the course of a few days his mortal remains were carried to the High Church burying-ground, where they now rest, unmarked by aught but the mound of mould which covers the grave of the poor and destitute!

Thus lived and thus died Alexander Macdonald, the poet laureate of Glasgow. From the effusions of his muse which we have already given, it will appear that his claim to be the parent of the *Hudibrastic-bathos* school of poetry will hardly be disputed—a style of composition which too many of his contemporaries have of late shown themselves eager to imitate, but certainly

\* The minstrel's heartfelt affection for *John Barleycorn* may perhaps be best illustrated from a verse of a song which he improvised on returning from a peregrination to Inverness. On arriving in the City, Alick repaired to Ingram-street, to announce his re-appearance in Glasgow, and having there met with a *warm* welcome from Mr. Hemmings of the Star Hotel, the poet in gratitude attempted to immortalise him and his household:—

“ And first they gave me brandy,  
And then they gave me gin;  
Here's long life to the worthy waiters  
Of Mr. Hemming's Hotel and Inn!”



have not equalled. The peculiarities of this school are—a total contempt for all the rules of prosody and grammar, an utter distaste for the obscurity produced by the mistiness of metaphor, and a most facile accommodation of an octosyllabic with an Alexandrine rhyme. Although born in Cumberland, Alick had none of the faults of the Lake school. He imitated the simplicity, no doubt, which Wordsworth shows in *Peter Bell*; he perhaps occasionally also resembled Coleridge in the pathos of the “three little short howls, not very loud,” of the mastiff bitch in *Christabel*; while he not unfrequently showed a love of attempting, like Southey in his *Carmen Triumphale*, the power of English hexameters; but with all these points of similarity, he never can be called a laker or a plagiarist. His conception of a subject was truly his own, while the versification was decidedly original. What, in fact, can surpass the *Hudibrastic-bathos* of the following couplet, and the delicious Alexandrine flow of the concluding line:—

“ But although I’m the author, I can’t tell with my tongue  
The honour and the glory of the laying of Lord Nelson’s foundation-  
stone!”

Like his brethren of the *genus irritabile*, Alick was in temper somewhat irascible—a disposition of mind which was often increased from the fondness he bore for nervous stimulants. His anger, however, was neither powerful nor permanent, and rarely went farther than an attempt to punish a fleece of juvenile hornets, who, in the latter days of his blind peregrinations, hung on his rear, and cruelly poured stones, instead of pence, into his gaping pockets. He stooped not, like many modern minstrels, *secretly* to puff his own works; Alick openly and boldly declared himself the “author of every word he sung,” and we apprehend that no one who listened to his muse ever refused him the honour which he claimed. The outward appearance of the wandering bard was so well known as to preclude description. In spite of the griping hand of poverty, his countenance wore an expression of contentment far beyond that commonly seen on the faces of many of the more fortunate of his species; and when the hand of charity dropped a penny into his pocket, the incipient idea of a noggin of whisky, which its tinkle suggested to the recipient’s mind, lighted up such a smile of gratitude as well might have induced a more frequent display of benevolence. The minstrel is



now, however, beyond the charity of mankind. He has immortalised himself, and has certainly trumpeted the fame of many of his brother citizens! May we hope, therefore, that those who feel the truth of Peter Pindar's lines,

“ What had Achilles been without his Homer ?

A tailor, woollen-draper, or a comber,”

will drop a tear over their own Homer's grave, and not refuse to throw a mite into the exhausted exchequer of his destitute widow!

---

[*The Italian story, alluded to in the “ French Club,” is omitted in the Appendix for want of space.*]



#### ERRATA.

Page 138, line 30, for "97th" read "79th."

" 236, " 2, for "reviellé" read "réveillé."

" 238, " 5, for "Don Quichete" read "Don Quichote."

" 239, " 21, for "old Customhouse" read "old Correction-house."

" 315, " 30, for "Castlesemples" read "Garthland."

" 362, " 30, for "12th Sept. 1805" read "6th Sept. 1814."

" 510, " 22, for "execution" read "encounter."

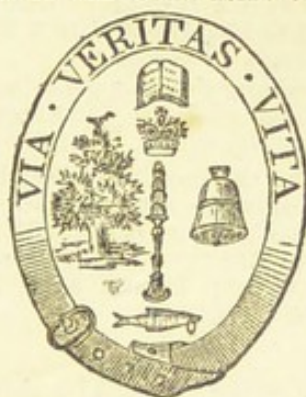


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