

The Glasgow Tobacco Aristocracy.

HODGE-PODGE CLUB.

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—or

* 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, 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

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 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

which he proposed to exchange for gold dust and elephants' teeth, on the coast of Guinea, were—"linnen and woollen manufactures, knives, seissors, small looking-glasses, and other toys, strong water, tobacco and beads, and peather 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.

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

* 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 „
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	45,055,139 „

emporium for tobacco in the empire;* for, while the whole import into Great Britain in 1772 was 90,000 hogsheads, Glasgow alone imported 49,000! †

From the large extent to which this particular branch 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

* 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 "

† 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 filthy novelty, 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 marks and rites of vanity upon you by the custome thereof, making yourselves to be wondered at by all forreign 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, harmful to the braine, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke 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 has 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.'"

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.†

During the period when this trade was in the ascendant, it is perhaps

* 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, 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 counting-house, 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 *peeking* 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 £3000 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 £3000 and pay this account.'"

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 upon 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 *Plainstones*, and strutted about there every day as the rulers of the destinies 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 1788:—

Colin Dunlop & Sons.
Cunningham Corbet.
Christie & Smith.
George Oswald & Co.
James Hopkirk.
John Glassford & Co.
Speirs, French, & Co.
Robert Findlay & Co.
French, Crawford, & Co.
Robert Scott.
David Crosse.
Thomas Crawford & Co.
Henry Ritchie.
Patrick Colquhoun.
George Buchanan.

Alexander M'Caul.
George Buchanan, jun.
William Cunninghame & Co.
John Campbell, sen. & Co.
Thomas Donald & Co.
Archibald Govan.
Robert Dreghorn.
John Riddell.
Archibald Henderson & Co.
Henry Riddell & Co.
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

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 was-

was familiarly known under the appellation of Provost *Cheeks*, besides having the peculiarity of visage which had gained him this sobriquet, 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!*'" Another anecdote is told of one of those proud pacers of the *Plainstones*, who in early life had been in the army, who, on being accosted one day by a poor woman, he turned round disdainfully to her, saying, "Don't speak to me on the street. I give no charity here." "It was na charity, Sir Baillie, I was going to ask, but only to thank you for a great service done by you to my son." Somewhat mollified by the expected praise, the scarlet-cloaked aristocrat stopped and said, "And what did I do for him, good woman?" "Oh, sir, when you were fechtin' at the head of your company at the Battle of Dettingen, and ran away, my son, who was next you, ran after you, and so saved his life!"

* 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 Busbie.

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. When in possession of Mr Cunninghame, of Lainshaw, his nephew, George Cranstoun, afterwards Lord Cranstoun, lived alone in the house for a whole year, when attending the University.

sail.* The wealth realised during the existence of the tobacco trade in Glasgow, must have been very great; and what is more, 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 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

* Among the early mansions of the tobacco aristocracy which still stand 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 Dunclop. 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.

† 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

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 after-

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 Lefeldt. 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 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

wards famous brotherhood were—Messrs James Luke, James 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 baptized with its happy 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;

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 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 revolu-

tion, 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 Smollet. 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. Dr Moore had three sons—Sir John Moore, Admiral Moore, and James Carrick Moore.

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, 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 surloin 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 vein of his irony, and where not a few of those well-known stories which help to eke out his amusing “Tour through France,

* 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 McDonald 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.”

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 pliz, and his heathery hair;
His humour is blunt, and his sayings are snell,
An excellent heart in a villanous shell. (b)

"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)

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

(c) David Cross, Esq.—(d) John Campbell of Clathie.

- “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 minnet 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)
- “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)

(e) James Dunlop of Garnkirk—(f) Dr Stevenson—(g) John Baird of Craigton—(h) Peter Murdoch, Esq.—(i) Henry Ritchie of Busbie.

(k) Archibald Henderson, Esq.—(l) John Orr of Barrowfield—(m) Dr Robert Dick, Professor of Natural Philosophy—(n) James Luke, Esq.—(o) William Coats, Esq.

"Squire Dougall, your servant, with all your good luck,
 You cannot well be both a beau and a buck:
 Leave the bowl or the ladles,—'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;
 Esteemed 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)

"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 finished 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!"

(p) J. Dougall of Easter House—(q) Mr
 Simson, of Baird and Simson—(r) Mr Wil-
 liam Anderson.

(s) Hugh Blackburn, Esq.—(t) Graham of
 Dugalston—(u) James Montgomerie, Esq.—
 (x) Dr Colin Douglas—(y) Dr Moore.

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 Trongate, 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 effusion, 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.‡

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

† 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 Edinburgh.
Wm. Anderson, merchant, Glasgow.
William Coats, merchant.
William Anderson, College.
Dr Robert Dick, Professor of Natural Philosophy.

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

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 Dougalston.
 Colin Douglas, physician.
 James Dunlop, merchant.
 Archibald Henderson, merchant.
 John Orr of Barrowfield.
 Matthew Orr of Stobeross.
 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 Dougalston.
 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.

* Mr John Dunlop was the younger brother of Mr Dunlop of Garukirk. He was originally a merchant in Glasgow, and attained the dignity of Lord Provost of the City. He was afterwards appointed Collector at Borrowstownness, 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 leaves 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 penned, we may merely mention the well-known songs of "Here's a health to the year that's awa'," and "O

following epitaphs, which are regularly placed 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

“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 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.

respect they felt towards the memory 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 never became “quiet.”* During the three succeeding years of his life he was kept in

* 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

constant occupation and anxiety, and hence never had an opportunity of taking his seat at the Hodge-Podge board. On 1st February, 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 in

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 Colonelcy 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 assumed 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.

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, 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

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 5000 men in this retreat, it has always been regarded as a great military 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 imprudence 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.

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

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

John Dunlop, Preses.
Peter Murdoch.¹
William Mure of Caldwell.
John Blackburn of Killearn.
Provost John Hamilton.
Henry Ritchie of Busbie.
James Farie of Farme.
Archd. Campbell of Blythwood.
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.

¹ 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 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.”

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 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 them at a furious rate—the horses having ran off,—in which was ensconced Mr G. M——, a very unpopular and *quisquis* 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 mutations 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 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,

* 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!" The following is the toast-list of 1809:—

- Miss Farquhar Gray.
 " Margaret Bogle.
 " Susan Maxwell of Monreith.
 " Charlotte Ritchie.
 " Mary Campbell, Garscube.
 " Betsy Maxwell of Polloc.
 " Margaret Lindsay.
 " Rebecca Gillies.
 " Anna Stirling.
 " Margaret Logan.

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, §

* 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;
 Long may he live with us, forgetting ills past,
 Endear'd to the club, and esteemed 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)

(a) Peter Murdoch—(b) Mr John Dunlop—(c) Mr James Macdowall of Castlesemple—(d) Mr H. Glassford of Dougalston.

“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)

(e) Sir John Maxwell of Polloc—(f) Mr Macdowall of Garthland—(g) Mr Houston of Jordanhill.

yet it must never be forgotten, by those who may 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, as those of his ancient and illustrious namesake.* Soft may the

"With air magisterial, and dignified mien,
The ballie 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)

"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
teemling,
'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)

(h) Provost John Hamilton—(i) Mr Monro of Calderbank—(k) Mr Charles Stirling of Kenmuir—(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 advanced 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 rela-

sod rest on the ashes of this departed Solon of the Hodge-Podge Club; of whom it may be truly affirmed 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!

tives 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?"