

Glasgow from 1795 to 1815.

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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

* 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^lAlpine, Brown, and Carrick-streets in 1800; Bath, Gordon, Portland, Kent, and Suffolk-streets in 1812; Richmond and St Vincent-streets in 1801; 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^lFarlane-street in 1815; while all the other streets and lanes in the City underwent, particularly in the shop department, numerous important alterations.

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 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 McIn-

* On the 12th December, 1809, the Corporation subscribed £500 towards this asylum.

† The cost of these buildings, to the Corporation, was little less than £40,000.

tosh & 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, 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-bibulous 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 establish-

* 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.

† It is not to be denied, however, that the majority of the Clergy of the Kirk of Scotland, looked upon dissenters with a suspicious eye, as not only intruding upon their province, but as weakening their popular

ment 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 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,

authority. Burghers, Antiburghers, Old Light, &c., also, from a narrow-minded bigotry, had frequently severe bickerings among themselves as to Church government and points of faith. This fact may be gathered from the many controversial pamphlets of the period, written too often with much acerbity of temper. The Rev. Mr Watson of the Old Light (Dovehill) used regularly to tell his hearers, when he had no sermon himself, “*to stay at home and read their bibles.*” A rather remarkable *brochure* was printed in Glasgow in 1798, entitled “an Adherence to the Missionary Society of Glasgow, defended at the Expense of being cut off from the Communion of the Reformed Presbytery,” from three of the members of that Church, “who had been excluded from the enjoyment of Church privileges, unless they would acknowledge that their conduct in attending the sermon delivered to the Glasgow Missionary Society in April 1796, (preached by Dr Balfour)” was sinful and offensive, and submit to be censured accordingly. In spite of a most harsh minute of Presbytery, dated “Douglas, 17th August, 1796,” *extracted* by rather an eminent minister, Archibald Mason, the three brethren were intractable, would not yield to be publicly censured, and left the communion. As men far in advance

of their age, in freedom of opinion, as well as in general intelligence, they subsequently became Independents—that rising sect having been recruited from many such persons as the late Mr William MacGavin, author of the “Protestant,” &c. &c.

* 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 purchased by Mr Haldane of Edinburgh, and converted into a chapel. It was opened in 1799, for Mr Greville Ewing, who had left Lady Glenorchy Chapel in Edinburgh. It was popularly termed “the Tabernacle.” From some dispute connected with the property of the church and other matters, the congregation erected a church in West Nile-street, and the “Tabernacle” was again converted into a circus. A few years after Dr Wardlaw got a small church built for him in Albion-street, known by the title of the “Temple,” which was opened in 1803. From the classical taste, great learning and genuine piety which this divine displayed in his Sunday orations, he

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-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

soon became so popular as to require for his congregation a larger place of worship, and the handsome church in George's-street, (now, however, about to be converted into a Railway Station), was, in consequence, erected. Dr Wardlaw was born in Dalkeith in 1779, but came to Glasgow when only six months' old. His pious sire became a merchant, and was afterwards a baillie of the burgh. During the course of more than half-a-century, Dr Wardlaw delighted and instructed crowded audiences as the luminous and earnest expositor of the Bible; and, during that long career of usefulness, his constant theme may be said to have been, "For I am determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and him crucified!" While inculcating the doctrines of a pure morality, and dispensing the consolations which mercy and forgiveness hold out to the forlorn penitent, Dr Wardlaw was the ready and able controversialist, the defender of Evangelism against Unitarianism, and the champion of Voluntarism, in consistency with his own principles of Independence and the rights of conscience. Dr Alexander, in his "Life of Dr Wardlaw," published in 1856, gives an interesting description of his "Home Life," and prints several clever political riddles with which he used to amuse his children at the winter's hearth.

There is one among a number of far better ones:—

There is a little word contains
Every kind of sins and pains—
Prefix one letter, in a minute
Gold and silver tinkle in it:—
Another—it again sends forth
Sins and pains in south and north.

The answer was—the little word is "ill;" the prefix *t*, makes it "till;" and by another prefix of *s*, it is made *still*. Dr Wardlaw died in 1853, aged 74. Mr MacNee's portrait of this eminent Divine, gained for the artist a gold medal at the Paris Exhibition.

* The first addition was made 12th May, 1796, and was £35; the second on 4th September, 1801, was £50; the third on 21th May, 1808, was £50; 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.*

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 Gregorian 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 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

* There was certainly more decorum now observed by the people while in church than at a former period. Men did not sit with their hats on in the pew until the minister ascended the pulpit stair, nor did they clap them instantly on their heads when the blessing was pronounced. Loud coughing and constant snuffing were less indulged in, while the discordant roaring of the psalmody was happily for all with *ears* not so universally indulged in. There was one characteristic, however, of an anterior period, which still universally prevailed, and that was the long

catalogue of intimations which the precentor read out before the first forenoon prayer, such as, "Remember in prayer a man afflicted in body and mind—a young man at sea—a family going abroad—a person about to undergo a dangerous operation—a man under sentence of death," &c. &c. It was said, that among many intimations, a precentor, in one of the City Churches, read out, "Please send more weft for the web, and the balance of cash to J. B. Condorrat," which had been written on the back of one of his prayer remembrancers.

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 Dr McLean 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.* In the course of time, however, the lovers

* 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 en-

couraged 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

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 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 co-presbyters, he at once accepted the call to the capital, and left posterity to fight, at some more favourable 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 meet-

tuning 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 addi-

tional 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*.

ing 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^cGill, 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

* 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 fam’d 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 what’er thy fathers did not know,
 And all thy pedantry and dulness show.
 And much he spoke—the goddess, foc 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, 1809.” This is, of course, a very one-sided statement, and is, moreover, written in a very angry spirit.

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 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 had been carried away—extended improvements of the Clyde and harbour‡—the erection of new Court-houses, public Offices, and Jail, near the Green§—

* 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.

‡ 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.

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 also be sacrificed to the argued utilitarianism of a few feet broader roadway, at the neck of the High-street. The Vandal 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.†

* 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.*

† 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.

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 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 Merchants’ House and Hutcheson’s Hospital.

* 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.*

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 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 prank, when mingling with kindred spirits round the hilarious Club table. Poetical squibs were also pretty common in those days; and there 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

* The following is a list of Lord Provosts elected from 1796 to 1816:—

- 1796—James Macdowall, Esq.
- 1798—Laurence Craigie, Esq.
- 1800—John Hamilton, Esq.
- 1802—Laurence Craigie, Esq.
- 1804—John Hamilton, Esq.
- 1806—James M'Kenzie, Esq.
- 1808—James Black, Esq.
- 1810—John Hamilton, Esq.

1812—Kirkman Finlay, Esq., M.P.

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 sobriquet 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 eod, that arrived at the harbour.

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 Wilson,† 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-tried 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

* A chain was voted to the River Bailie on 20th February, 1810, and to the Bailie of Gorbals on 9th June, 1812.

† 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 Jan., 1804, 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 6th September, 1814.

|| Mr John Weir, late haberdasher, was appointed to play the Music Bells on 17th March, 1801.

Masters, Guppy Wilson among the rest, had for ever laid down their taws ;* poor Bell Geordie had been deprived of his scarlet coat and skullat ; 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 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 Française*, 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

* Mr Chrystal was appointed, on 17th September, 1805, to succeed Mr Wilson.

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

* John Gibson Lockhart, was born in the mause of Cambusnethan, in June, 1794; and came with his father, the Rev. Dr Lockhart, to Glasgow in 1796. After passing his youth in the Grammar School and University, he obtained one of Snell's bursaries, and entered Baliol College, Oxford, in 1809. After completing his studies, and making a tour on the continent, he proceeded to Edinburgh to study Scotch law, and in 1816, passed advocate. More attached to literature than the law, he commenced the career of a man of letters, and, in 1817, became one of the leading contributors to Blackwood's Magazine. In 1819, he published "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," which excited general attention. Becoming acquainted with Sir Walter Scott, he in 1820, became his son-in-law, by marrying his eldest daughter. In the course of a few years, he wrote successively, "Valerius," "Reginald Dalton," "Matthew Wald," and

"Adam Blair;" and in 1823, his elegant translations from the Spanish Ballads. These were followed by the lives of "Napoleon Bonaparte" and of "Robert Burns." In 1825, he was appointed, as successor of Gifford, to the editorship of the *Quarterly Review*, and thereupon removed to London till 1853, when, from bad health, he was obliged to resign his important office. Having in vain tried the climate of Italy as a restorative, he returned to Scotland, and after residing a short time with his brother at Milton Lockhart, he was conveyed to Abbotsford to be tended by his daughter, and there died on the 25th November, 1854.

† 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.

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 long residence in Glasgow (having come to it when in his twenty-fourth year, and spent therein forty-three 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

† 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.

* Mr Dale built, in 1783, a spacious house at the south-west corner of Charlotte-street, at a cost of £6000, which, with its large garden, has since been let by Mrs Moses McCulloch, to the Roman Catholics for a convent, and then sold by her to the Eye Infirmary which it now is.

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 embarked, 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 candlemaker, 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 originated. 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

* 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 halberds, should attend the Dissenter to the "Candle Kirk."

as one of the 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 though not always in the most perfect order, was particularly remarkable for its size and symmetry, even in those days when such decorations of the head were commonly exhibited by the senior clergy.†

* 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. Mr Dale had one son, who died in 1789, when in his 7th year, and five daughters, all of whom survived him. Mr Dale was "of a cheerful temperament, of easy access, lively and communicative, and when in the company of friends, he freely relaxed all formal restraints." He had a good musical taste, and occasionally sung some of the old Scotch songs with great effect, particularly the "Flowers of the Forest," with such intense feeling as to draw tears from his audience.

† 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 pri-

vate 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, involving 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

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 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*. Pig-tails were still plentiful, but a full-bottomed wig was 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 demeanour, inspired the latter at once with reverence and gratitude.*

While those well known and most respectable persons were, during the

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. Dr Porteous was twice married. Before settling in Glasgow—first, to Miss Moore of Stirling, sister to Dr Moore, the well-known author, and aunt to General Sir John Moore, by whom he left no family. By his second marriage he had children. 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.

* 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 after-

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, 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

wards 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 theological 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.*

that had ever been presented within the wall 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;"

* Thomas Campbell was born in Glasgow on 27th July, 1777, his father being a Virginia merchant. The latter, during the last twenty years of his life, was in narrow circumstances, which arose from suffering pecuniary losses, amounting, it is believed, to £20,000, consequent on the American war. He, however, honourably fulfilled all his own engagements. Thomas 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 Mackintosh 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 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 "Theodoric." 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 comforta-

and that his progress to take possession of the Rectorial Chair of his own Alma Mater should more resemble the greeting of a sovereign than that of a poet !*

While these and other equally remarkable characters were seen pacing the leading pavements of the City during the close of the past, and the commencement of the present century, there were not a few equally *kenspeckle* individuals observed trotting on horseback along the causeway. During that period, almost every gentleman kept a horse, either for pleasure or business, and the young sparks of the day were ever and anon seen mounted on prancing steeds, and decked out as if they gloried in being

ble 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, since which time, a marble statue has been erected there of the Poet. A full and interesting Life of Campbell has since been published, from the pen of Dr Beattie 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 cronpiers. Previ-

ous 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 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 realisation of all that his ambition could ever have sighed for.

the pattern cards of their tailors. The Trongate and Argyle-street at that time were the chief promenades of the fair sex, and it will therefore appear by no means strange, that the "look and die men" of the period were always found where they could be best admired. Of the majority of those gay youths who, of course, fluttered their butterfly hour amid the sunny smiles of the ruling *toasts* of the town, and were thereafter lost amid the cares of matrimony or the selfishness of celibacy, we have nothing to say. There are, however, a few horseback oddities which memory still reverts to, and which, for many years, were the observed of all observers. The first of these was Mr Philips of Stobcross, whose large pendulum proboscis called forth as much wonder from every satchel'd schoolboy, as he trotted along Argyle-street, towards Finnieston, as did the nose of Slawkenbergius' stranger on entering the town of Strasburgh! With every step of Mr Philip's punchy pegasus did his proboscis swing athwart his face, and was only seen at rest when the horseman pulled up the reins to speak to an acquaintance. Another equally odd-looking horseback character was Mr M'Ewan the writer, who, on proceeding down the Stockwell every day at four o'clock, was sure to be seen taking refuge in the wake of some loaded cart, and moving on at a snail's pace towards his cottage at Langside, as if dreading that he and his mare should, by any untoward circumstance, be forced to dissolve their partnership. A third singular-looking equestrian might be also daily noticed passing to and fro from Mavisbank to Gallowgate, whose name and surname were James Hamilton, and whose many mufflings showed a determined hostility to all cold, and whose hatred of a whip testified a decided determination against hurting his horse by hard work. In later years, this old gentleman became the perfect trotting embodiment of comfortable, yet penurious dozieness!

About the same time that these grave and quaint sexagenarians were slowly ambling through life, a more gay and striking group might be observed emerging from the south end of Miller-street, and wheeling into the great City thoroughfare, between the hours of three and four

in the afternoon. The group consisted of two handsome well-groomed ponies, mounted by two rather remarkable figures, and attended by a faithful poodle, which gave tongue as if to attract more attention to those it attended. The personages we allude to were Dr James Scott, the famous Odontist of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" of Blackwood, and his ever smiling, attentive, and affectionate sister. The Doctor was the first dentist who had ever made Glasgow his permanent residence; and it was well said of him, that never was there a man who had been more in the mouths of the public. It is quite certain that before the commencement of the present century, dental surgery was but little understood, or, at least, little practised in Scotland. Beauty, from the want of the manipulating mysteries of the clever Odontist, was therefore far more short-lived; while the beau was forced to mumble long before his successor of the present day is supposed to have reached his grand climacteric. No sooner, however, had Mr Scott opened his establishment and commenced handling the forceps, than a new dental era commenced in Glasgow—and, from the attention he paid to his profession, and the number of individuals who requested his aid, he soon became, not only eminently important and successful, but a blessing and benefactor to the tooth-ached and the toothless. Like most men who seize upon a novel profession without much literary or scientific education, he was by no means distrustful of his own powers. His nature manifested a strong love of approbation; and being gifted with what the Phrenologists call large organs of self-esteem and wonder, he rarely allowed his candle to remain long hid under a bushel. This peculiar idiosyncrasy made him a most valuable addition to the *dramatis personæ* which John Wilson introduced into his "Noctes." The part, however, assigned to him to play being rather that of a buffoon than a sage, he, although at first flattered at being the supposed associate of the clever, but rather, at that time, reckless wits who assembled in Ambrose's, latterly took offence—and, filled with ire, went one day to Edinburgh to pour out the vial of his wrath on the devoted head of "Old Ebony" himself. The sagacious bibliopole, however, knew

his man, and, by some well-turned and soothing remarks, accompanied by an invitation to dinner, restored the Odontist to his wonted good humour; and Dr Scott thereafter returned to Glasgow certainly more pleased, and less *hurt* with his interview than was his friend John Douglas of Barloch, when afterwards engaged on a similar errand to Auld Reekie.*

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 feelings 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 those corps free of all cost to the Government purse. They had also taxed themselves to pay upwards of £1,000 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 themselves 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

* We shall never forget the proud bearing of Dr Scott when, decked out in all the paraphernalia of the Gacl, he marched up the Canongate in front of George IV., at the period when Walter Scott metamorphosed London Aldermen, and even the King himself, into *Highlandmen*.

† March 17, 1797.—“The Magistrates and Council approve of the offer 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.

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 Sultaan. 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 between 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

* 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
	<hr/>

† The proclamation of peace took place on 29th April, 1802, and the declaration of war

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 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 Russel. 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

on 19th May, 1803. From that period up to the battle of Waterloo, City illuminations were frequent, accompanied with the display of flags from the house windows, painted transparencies, ringing of bells, and many other species of rejoicings. So frequent were public tallow candle displays made, that it was the custom of every family to keep a quantity of white iron illumination candlesticks as a part of their household goods, ready to be knocked into the astragals of the window casements on the shortest notice.

* 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 Magistrates and Council, on 16th August, 1803, “agree to present a stand of colours to first 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.*

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 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 Fuentesd'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 Birkbeck*—the latter hav-

* In 1799, Dr Birkbeck was appointed Professor of Natural Philosophy in this Institution. In his very first lessons, the want of suitable apparatus 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 artizans 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

ing made here the first successful attempt to lay the foundation of 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.* And when these had been successively inaugurated, a Society for promoting Astronomy was formed, which, in due time, erected an Observatory;† and a Botanical Association was thereafter instituted, which at length purchased and maintained a Garden, where the arrangements of Linnæus and Jussieu could each be most happily seen and studied.‡

While Glasgow was thus giving substantial evidence of her taste for, and encouragement of, science and art, she was likewise not altogether inattentive to the cultivation of philosophy and literature. It may be remembered, that so early as the middle of last century, a fraternity, under the name of the "Literary Society," had been formed, and was for many years in vigorous operation within the walls of the University; and when we recall the names of two of its once celebrated members, Adam Smith and Edmund Burke, it may well be supposed that the discussions would be of a high order. Tradition tells us that at the conclusion of one of the

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 of 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 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.

many eager debates, of which this society was the scene, and when the numbers were much against the author of the "Wealth of Nations," he was heard to exclaim, "Convicted but not convinced!" About the beginning of this century, the Society came forth from the College—increased the number of its members from the ranks of the professional men and merchants of the City, and adopted the title of "The Literary and Commercial Society." The minutes of this body have been preserved, and contain a remarkable list of names, with the titles of several hundred Essays, read to the Society by the members. Unlike other fraternities, the only refreshment on the table was cold water. The entertainment was purely intellectual, and, in the joyous experience of many of its members, there were not a few *noctes cœnæque deorum!* This Society, it appears, first met within the hall of the Glasgow Public Library, next in the Prince of Wales Tavern, thereafter, for many years, in the Black Bull Inn, and latterly in the Religious Institution Rooms. The most important subjects in philosophy, political science, morals, history and literature, have, from time to time, been ably handled in this Society; and several of the papers have been published, and, in not a few instances, have been productive of most important legislative measures and mercantile reforms. While the Corn Laws, the East India Charter, the Laws of Bankruptcy, and Reform in Parliament, were all ably debated, Essays were also read by Professor Mylne, on the Formation of Character; by Dymock, on the Pronunciation of Latin; by Colin Dunlop, on the Improvement of the Iron Manufacture; by Dr Wardlaw, on Duelling and Divorce; and by Dr Chalmers on the Poor Laws. It is, indeed, a noticeable circumstance, that there was scarcely an individual who occupied a high place, either in the City Council, or connected with it in Parliament, who had not been trained in this celebrated Society to habits of correct thinking, and to the practice of an easy and graceful expression of their opinions. It is, therefore, quite a mistake to suppose that Glasgow has ever wanted among its merchants, as well as professional men, individuals of high classical attainments and classical taste; and, considering that it has not the advantage of being

like Edinburgh, the head quarters of the Scottish Law Courts, thereby necessitating the permanent residence of a large body of well-educated advocates and solicitors—it may, nevertheless, be safely affirmed, that Glasgow has always had its fair share of eminent scholars and philosophers among its otherwise mercantile and manufacturing population.*

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 atten-

* Among the many who took an active interest in this Society during the last thirty years, we may mention James Ewing of Strathleven, M.P., James Oswald, M.P., Alex. Jastie, M.P., Dr Richard Millar, Rev. Mr Yates, John Douglas of Barloch, Dr James Brown, Messrs Walter Buchanan, Alexander Graham, Andrew Bannatyne, Charles Hutchison, Thomas Davidson, David Smith, Thos. Atkinson, jun., &c. &c. Large meetings of this Society continued to be held till most of the subjects which the members had been in the habit of discussing had been settled by legislative enactment. The Corn Laws were abolished, the East India trade thrown open, the Parliamentary and Burgh Reform Acts were passed, the import duties had been modified, great social improvements were made; and amid the pressure of business, and the advancing age of most of its leading members, the attendance has greatly diminished of late years. But to those acquainted with the state of Glasgow for the last forty or fifty years, it is well known that the labours of this Society have been eminently successful in training for public usefulness a large portion of the men who have taken an active share in political and municipal affairs. The following passage from the late Thomas At-

kinson's sketch of the Society will exhibit its beneficial results:—

“It is impossible not to be struck with the cheering fact which this list presents, that of those members of the Society who sought to solace the labours of their commercial pursuits with the occasional enjoyment of intellectual intercourse, or the pleasures of literary composition, the greater number have been strikingly successful in the pursuit of fortune as men of business; and it is perhaps even yet more exhilarating, as it is more curious to find, that among our commercial members, such as at any time became the victims of those great national fluctuations, which, during the present century, have too often baffled calculation and paralysed industry, have uniformly recovered their lost ground, and again, in their own persons, maintained and demonstrated the truth of that opinion which regards intellectual superiority and cultivation as one of the chief elements of a solid commercial success. A superiority which it is not surely too fanciful to suppose prompted them to join such a Society, or was acquired in it, and sustained their energies through depression, and restored their fortunes after a period of gloom.”

tion, 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 all antiquarian readers conversant with the dusty records of our primeval history, the name of Old King Coul must be familiar—that famous ancient 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 bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three!”

But whilst antiquaries may be well acquainted with this and similar poetical annals of the past, it is ten to one that they have 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,

* This terrible storm of snow occurred on the 10th February, 1795.

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 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, and his princes and his mighty men, and to give the heart to gladness and to mirth, and to east from him the cares which light upon kings and rulers of the land, even as the engrosser of parchment tasteth 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 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 Coull—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

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 City.* The Club met

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 Christopher Copperplate. This eminent and energetic citizen was born in Argyle-street, Glasgow, in a house nearly opposite Virginia-street,

on the 13th Nov., 1778, and died on the 16th May, 1856. Mr Lumsden commenced his public life by becoming a Commissioner of Police, at the period when that board was the only openly elected body in Glasgow. In 1822 he entered the Town Council, then under the system of self-election, but being found rather liberal for that close corporation, he was allowed to drop out. He again became a Police Commissioner, and there and elsewhere did all that lay in his power—and that was not little—to obtain Municipal and Parliamentary Reform. During the agitation of these exciting questions, Mr Lumsden was a most strenuous advocate for the rights of the people, and for the purpose of making their rights more powerfully heard, was the chief originator of the *Glasgow Argus* newspaper, which was so long the organ of the whig party in the city. In 1833 he was chosen a member of the Reformed Council, and was at once selected as one of the new Magistrates. In 1843 he succeeded Sir Jas. Campbell as Lord Provost, and, when in this office, he presided at the Free Trade dinner in 1844, given to Cobden and Bright; at the dinner given to Sir Henry Pottinger on returning from China; and at the entertainment giving to Lord John Russell on receiving the freedom of the City of Glasgow. When holding the office of Lord Provost, he had the honour of dining with King Louis Philippe at the Palace of Neuilly, the account of which he was accustomed to narrate with infinite fire and gusto; and during the closing year of his provostorial reign, he was mainly instrumental in carrying the Bill which placed the various and conflicting suburban districts of Glasgow under one municipality. For a long course of years, Mr Lumsden's name was associated with every

only 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 block-head. On his name being proposed by a member and adopted by the

public matter, and with almost every institution of a benevolent or useful kind. He was the parent of the Glasgow Model Lodging-houses—the founder and patron of the Glasgow Native Benevolent Society, the indefatigable Treasurer to the Royal Infirmary, the active promoter of the Clydesdale Bank, the New Gas Company, and other useful joint-stock undertakings. With the first steam-boat effort his name is linked, and he was one of the last survivors of the party who accompanied Henry Bell on his experimental trip from the Broomielaw to Helensburgh in the tiny Comet. In 1831 he made a tour through Germany, accompanied by the author of this volume; and in the summer of 1843, he took a hurried run through the United States and Canada, his impressions of which he printed in a short series of letters for private distribution. Mr Lumsden was gifted with great natural quickness of intellect, accompanied by a nervous temperament, qualities which produced in him an almost juvenile exuberance of spirits, and an unflagging activity, and rendered him a general favourite with all who knew him well. We have heard many anecdotes told illustrative of these his leading characteristics, and even some of those which may be designated his eccentricities, but we shall close this imperfect sketch of his career, by a short extract from "Germany in 1831," which will at once exhibit his perceptive readiness and decision of character. "On approaching *Warnow*, the single-headed black eagle emblazoned over the elegant post-house, proclaimed that we were about to enter the territories of the King of Prussia; while the

posse of military douaniers who stood ready to encircle the *Post-wagen* on its arrival, bespoke an immediate and narrow inspection of the goods and chattels of every passenger. Considering the great inducements held out to the smuggler, from the high duties which are levied on all English articles in this country, I must confess we were treated with more politeness and lenity than could have been expected; with much more, indeed, than I have experienced from our own countrymen on landing at Dover from France. My companion (Mr Lumsden,) aware that he carried in his trunk two or three bottles of good Scottish mountain dew, as a rarity for his friends in Berlin, became very nervous as the officers began to fumble among the articles in his trunk; and when the portly quarts, all well corked and waxed, were expiscated and held up with the suspicious query *was ist das?* his anxiety for their fate became not a little apparent. To carry a cordial for so many hundred miles, and to lose it without a struggle, was no characteristic of my friend, and with that intuitive quickness which belongs to him, he whispered to me to say that it was "Medicine for the Cholera." The fearful word, which at this moment [cholera was for the first time ravaging the east of Europe, and threatening Germany.] makes every one involuntarily shudder, produced the desired effect. The officer immediately tossed the supposed specific into the scales, while my companion was allowed to replace his bottles in his trunk, at the expense of paying nominally, four silver groschen of duty, or about 3½d Sterling."—*Strang's Germany in 1831.*

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.

As the Coull 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 Coull 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 Coull.

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 Coull.

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 pergnant with mixed sentiments of pleasure and regret. This worthy and tasteful little

* The author of these verses is Andrew Macgeorge, Esq., writer.

† The vice-president had the title of Prince 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. It appears that this then youthful knight, was one of the many who occasionally mounted his Pegasus, for the delectation of the chapter, for we find in the records of the CouL not a few of his poetical effusions preserved. Among these is a very clever address which was recited by Sir Roderick on the 26th anniversary of the Club, but it is too long for extract. We shall therefore give the following song as a sample, which, though not the best of the worthy knight's effusions in 1820, is at least the

shortest. It is long enough, however, to shew what the now staid Mr David Hutchison, of present steamboat notoriety, could once do under the helmet of a young and ardent knight of the CouL.

When far awa frae ane anither
 We'll think upon the summer day;
 The happy hours we spent tegether
 Mang Clutha's braes, sac blithe and gay.
 And if, perchance, we should forgather
 Far distant frae dear Scotia's strand,
 We'll mind the bonny mountain heather
 The heath flow'rs o' our native laud.

And still we'll mind the emblem thistle,
 Its down for peace, its thorn for war;
 And think we hear the lavrock's whistle,
 When blinks in heaven the morning star.
 Then bonny Clutha's winsome shore,
 Shall rise in memory to the view;
 And to that land one bumper more
 We'll pledge, where first our breath we drew.

man owed his title to a long and familiar acquaintanceship 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 dream of an embryo litterateur. The bland dignity of his demeanour, 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 little knight, yet

* 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. Glasgow at the present time (1856), continues to be the head quarters of this branch of the book trade. The agents of Messrs Blackie, Griffin, and McKenzie, penetrate into every part of the kingdom, and the quantity of valuable and useful books, they have been thus enabled to place into the hands of persons of humble means is almost incredible.

† 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 laureate,

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 unhallowed 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.

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 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 generously towards the splendour and comfort of the brotherhood. Perhaps it would be wrong, however,

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 t^he *Stanhope press*,

This *typographic* toast must pass,

In inanner grave and solemn—

‘Amongst our sublunary sweets

May we ne’er want—hot-press’d in sheets—

A little pleasing volume!’

* * * *

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, the printer, was the
Sir Faustus Type of the Coul.

† Alluding to a diploma sent to the poet.

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 Coull, 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 Coull-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 Coull, 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 “*Virginius*” was then in the heyday of life, full of fun and frolic; and few would have augured that, while sitting under a Kilmarnock coull, he would one day exchange it for a 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,

* For a short account of Mr William Glen, author of the “*Battle of Vittoria*,” and other lyrics, see “*Anderston Social Club*.” In a MS. volume which we have seen, entitled “*Coulliana, or Effusions of the Union Coull Club Muse*,” there are numerous lyrics by Mr Glen, which have never been published.

† Mr William Martin.

‡ Mr James Waddell.

§ Mr Robert Smith.

|| Mr James Harvey, writer.

¶ Mr Patrick McNaughton.

*** Mr Knowles was then engaged in Glasgow teaching the young idea “how to spout.”

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!**

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

* 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 physic, of legal bugbears and new fledged bailies, and might have passed with many, in this Calvinistic capital, for some brimstone-dealing Methodist 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 debonaire 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 dined with the Fox Club, and had sung several of his patriotic songs—"mounted sixty-three steps to his lodgings.

buskin, and that from this corner of the chapter much music and amusement 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 Bangup—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.†

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, 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, arro-

gant, 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

Like Sir Faustus Type, the Coul Club, with its king, viceroy, and chapter, has now long been defunct; but, 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

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." Unfortunately Mr M'Lellan's bequest could not be carried out in consequence of the state of his affairs. The Corporation, however, after his death, purchased his collection of pictures as a nucleus for a City Gallery of Art.

* 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, whom 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 tambourine, 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 tambourine, 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."

The Literary Debating Society above alluded to was dissolved in 1815, and then consisted of eleven members; all of whom were present at its last annual supper, when visited by the Coul Club. The following curious statistical account of those remanent members was given me by a survivor:—

"Five became Benedicts, and six remained

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 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?"

single. Two of the former, and four of the latter went abroad out of Europe; and all who continued in this country are now dead (1856); four of the five were in business, and the other, the most eloquent member of the Society, was intended for the pulpit, but, becoming a votary of Bacchus and Thespis, finished his career as a strolling player. Of those who travelled in other lands—one, who was married, made his exit in New York; and one of the bachelors died in Canada, having been a member of the Legislative Assembly; another, who was a teacher and poet, succumbed in New South Wales; and one who was a merchant in Glasgow, having

become insolvent in 1816, went to Columbia, fought under General Bolivar, and shuffled off his mortal coil in the island of Trinidad. One of the two survivors is a Benedict, and in 1814 was a student in theology; subsequently he lived for many years in Asiatic Russia, near the city of Astrakhan and the Caspian Sea; the other is still a bachelor, of whom it may be recorded that,—

Five times around Cape Horn he sail'd,
And over Darien's Isthmus pass'd;
Amid the din of war saw fighting,
And on the Andes tops sheet lightning;
Twice traversed suow-girt Cordilleras,
Via Potosi and Chuquisacas.