GLASGOW CHARACTERS

BY

PETER MACKENZIE,

LATE OF THE "LOYAL REFORMERS' GAZETTE."

GLASGOW:

JOHN TWEED. 16 SOUTH PORTLAND STREET.

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OLD REMINISCENCES OF GLASGOW

AND THE WEST OF SCOTLAND,

BY PETER MACKENZIE,

Of the "GLASGOW REFORMERS' GAZETTE."

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY AN OLD GLASGOW WRITER.

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They (Reminiscences) are life-like, without being caricatured—minute, and seldom garrulous, and cast a most striking light upon the events and men of the past. So long as Mr. M. continues to issue such entertaining narratives, no one can say of him—

"Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage!"

REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN, Dundee.

I have read the "Reminiscences" with great interest. The scenes are described with uncommon freshness and life.

REV. JOHN EADIE, D.D., L.L.D.,

Such a book as this was a desideratum, as the population of this city, emanating from all parts of the country, must be in a great measure ignorant of the men and manners of Glasgow in the Olden time. No living man is so capable of meeting this requirement as Mr. Mackenzie.

REV. ROBERT JAMIESON, D.D.

INTRODUCTION.

"There is life in the old dog yet."—*Anon.*

"IS that you, Mr. Peter Mackenzie?" inquired an iron broker standing the other day on the steps of the Royal Exchange. "Yes; as Paddy O'Rafferty once said, 'tis all that's for me." "An old friend, eh! with a new face," retorted a rich retired muslin manufacturer, stepping forward and offering his hand. "Not exactly," was the reply. "The face indeed may be somewhat old, but the lineaments remain true. What more can you have me to say?" "Oh, nothing to your disparagement," observed the metal broker; "you are rather a favourite with some members of our family." "Well, thank God, I am neither a Bull nor a Bear, 'rigging the market,' as the slang phrase of the day has it, to an infernal extent, which I hear has been often and flagrantly done within these six months last past, bringing discredit on the city, with ruin and destruction to not a few previously comfortable and happy families." The broker got rather red in the face, turned his back, and went hurriedly away into the centre of the crowded great inner room of the Exchange, to deal, of course, with his "scrip" as usual. We were beginning to descant a little further on this subject with two friends who accidently appeared. "There never have been such bold, flagrant, gambling pig-iron transactions, Grand Trunk Railway schemes, and huge failures, of one kind or another, in this city, during these fifty years past." "Never," said G. R., the worthy old retired porter of the Royal Bank—"never in the creation: pigs and whistles!" and he moved his mouth with a genuine *phew*, or whistle, reminding us of the days of old canny Robin Carrick and the ancient Ship Bank, at the corner of Glassford Street, who used to whistle at any great or small occurrence that troubled his fancy. "Castles in the air! My certes (continued the faithful porter), the honest decent trader now-a-days has little chance with these sporting billies and their big desperate stakes, or those mushroom upstarts or men of straw; or those other impudent braggarts setting up among us, who frighten away honesty from its usual quiet abodes, and make discounts, even in the Bank of England, by their machinations, to rise or fall according to the tricks of the day, or the success or non-success of their huge gambling transactions. The general axiom now-a-days is to *cheat* your neighbour if you can, and that to his very face in open daylight in the

Exchange—the better the place the better the deed; yea, the cleverer the rogue is, the more is he thought of by some. 'He can smile, and smile,' as Shakspeare in Macbeth truly says, and 'murder,' or *rob*—which is sometimes worse than murder, 'while yet he smiles.' Why, in the days of good Nicol Jarvie, a failure to the small extent of £100 would have set the old Tontine coffee-room in an uproar; but disgraceful failures for hundreds of thousands of pounds sterling, 'to rig the market,' in these modern times, only excite a small growl or a little palaver, inflamed, singular to say, by the want of a 'small private letter-book,' kept by a great bull or a greater bear, and put out of the way by a little urchin in his employment, of the name of Mackenzie, who strutted his little hour upon the stage—even in the purlieus of the Glasgow Police Office; but whither he has now fled, no one seems to be able or willing to tell. My conscience! (continued the old venerable Royal Bank porter) can no resolute Nicol Jarvie or honest David Dale now arise, or some intrepid Brougham, with a new besom in his hand, to sweep the city of these increasing and tremendous scandals? Can no code of mercantile law be adopted to lay roguery at once by the heels, or to place a burning brand on the forehead of the brazen-faced fellows guilty of avowed and wicked deception, whether on the highest or on the lowest scale? In well regulated armies (our friend added), cowardly deserters are sometimes branded in presence of the corps, and drummed out to the tune of the "Rogue's March.' Would commerce not be the better of some such code; for what is a fraudulent merchant but a cowardly deserter from the paths of rectitude?"

"Nonsense," replied a gingham manufacturer who had failed oftener than once; "commerce must be left free as kites to fly up in the open air." "And to come down again!" retorted a civic dignitary joining in the conversation; "to come down again with a vengeance unto the bowels of the earth, as old Mr. Skirving, the auctioneer was wont to say when engaged with the hammer in his hand—'Once, twice, thrice—going, gone! But, soberly, who ever heard of 150,000 paper kites or more flying athwart the horizon of Glasgow, and flapping, in their ascent and descent, the very boards of some of the best banks in the city?—kites, too, of another calibre in other directions, held by some with masks on their faces and guile in their hearts." "You speak hyperbolically," said another gentleman, approaching with a rather sleek face. "Ay, ay," said Mr. D. M'Pherson, an old member of the Highland Society, "I guess if the *Old Loyal Reformers' Gazette* had been to the fore (here he took out his snuff box and inhaled his pinch), it would have skelped the dreddums of some of these bulls and bears, and cleared the market of them in a jiffy, as Mr. Coll M'Gregor, of blessed memory, was wont to say, "for the benefit of all the *bonam fidd'lies.*" "You mean *bona fides*—things of good repute." "But never mind the Latin. Waes me the day (continued Mr. M'Pherson), the *Gawzett* has gone to its final rest, with others of its 'esteemed contemporaries,' (*sic orig.*) of greater or smaller renown. Ohone! ohone-a-ree!" and he walked off with his staff in his hand. We own we felt the poignancy of his last remark; and in a fit of humble resignation, simply uttered the word Amen—so let it be.

"What are ye doing *now*, Mr. Mack?" inquired another old acquaintance who soon accosted us as we were proceeding quietly towards Mr. John Muir's old ram-stam book-shop near the Athenæum, where we sometimes

pick up a rare article from that droll vendor, son of the late renowned Rev. Dr. Muir of St. James's. "Doing! I really wish I had something of a substantial kind to do. I am only rummaging, as a Lord of Session once remarked, on the *pros* and *cons* of the day, or taking them to avizandum, or contrasting them according to justice with the things of other years." "Oh, then, I perceive you are bringing out some of your *Old Reminiscences* again?" "Yes," we replied, with some glow of spirit—"they are now my limped stream of life." "And taking wonderfully well, I hear?" "Yes, praise be blest: I have to thank the generous people of Glasgow on the whole for their kind consideration towards an old faithful servant, who never wronged them in thought, word, or deed; but has rather sacrificed the better portion of his life in doing things which some yet may be surprised to know." "Yes," added our friend, "from your own unflinching but truthful pen—thou loyal chap."

"Stop these *Reminiscences* of yours," said a purse-proud fellow with huge ugly bushy whiskers, which we never liked on any man; and we are not sure if many handsome pretty ladies, with their sweet rosy cheeks, will blame us for the observation. The fellow referred to came up to us very rudely indeed. "Stop your *Reminiscences*," he said; "they shall never enter my house again. They are a mere catch-penny, not worth the paper forming the wrapper of them." "Sir (recovering ourselves from this shock, the first of the kind in this shape we ever encountered, and looking at him steadily in the face), I never asked you to take them. I did not know you were getting them, and certainly they shall never enter your house, as you say, from my hands. But since you have spoken to me in this way about the *wrapper* of the book, I think you really deserve a good smart *rap* over the knuckles in an early number, for this rather insolent and ungracious approach. I saved your father, sir, as you ought to know, from transportation beyond seas; I gave your mother, after his disgrace, the first pound-note she ever drew; I got your brother and yourself into the charity school of my old friend the Rev. Andrew M'Ewan, near the Barony Church of Glasgow, who was afterwards rather cruelly deposed from his living in the Church of Scotland for snaring a hare near his manse at Levern—(a fact); and this, sir, is the way you address me at this period. Get you gone, sir, (we added). There are many—yes, very many excellent men in Glasgow not ashamed of their history, and eminently worthy of their wealth; but there are at the same time some sneaking, black-hearted, unfeeling, and very ungrateful wretches in the city, sweltering with puffed-up pride, miserable selfishness, and ungainly ends;—and you, sir, are one of the latter description—you ———." Here he sneaked away without letting us finish another part of the sentence we intended for his insolent and arrogant ears.

"Very true," said another friend, hearing somewhat of the above, and grasping us by the hand. "Lay on, Macduff, and ———." We stop the quotation, but our readers, we daresay, know it very well.

"Can't you intersperse your new book, Mr. Mack, with some light, funny, original scraps, after the manner of Dean Ramsay, of Edinburgh?" "Yes, I think I can," was the plain answer; "and besides these, my friend, let me tell you that I have some scraps from Yankee Doodle papers of forty years standing, not, I think, collected or held in the same way by any other author from the Cross of Glasgow to Johnny Groat's House; and

that is saying a great deal for light reading of its kind, isn't it?" "Yes, dear Peter," catching us by the button-hole of the coat; "you have often tickled us by some of your own stereotyped couplets in the *Gazette*, headed with the lines—

'A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men.'"

"*Pardone moi*," said a smart travelled friend advancing and participating in the above conversation. "None of your 'light reading' for me, old boy. Give us substantial realities—true episodes—nick nacks worth the learning—and a bit of scandal sometimes if you please, provided only that it be justly deserved, for correction's sake."

"Exactly," said a fourth or a fifth old friend, also stepping forward and adjusting his great-coat—"please to continue, as nearly as possible in the old vein, just giving us some real stories of dear old Glasgow, polished up as you like, but sticking close to the truth, with other things, which may become, as the Rev. Dr. Rankine of the ancient Ramshorn Church used to say, 'lights to our paths, and lamps to our eye-lids.'" He obviously bungled the quotation, and we were bowing and going away, yet he added, "Do Mr. Mackenzie—(and he said this in the blandest manner)—do try and dig out some other old Glasgow gems, which may afford to many of us some additional interest and no small gratification."

"I declare," said another very dear kind old friend, who here joined the group, and insisted we should tarry a minute or two longer on the spot, "you are, indeed, Mr. Mackenzie, bringing back my own boyish days vividly before me. You are, as our exquisite departed friend, Cyril Thornton, of enduring memory, says in his book of that name, 'Cyril Thornton'—rich it is with Glasgow lore—you are 'refitting us with the silvery threads of time;' or, as I shall more plainly say, you are truly refreshing me with scenes which I thought had either fled, or withered away in memory's haste. Thank you, dear Peter; thank you." We really liked *that* last salute, and thanked him respectfully in return. "Yes," he added somewhat reverentially, for his years are more advanced than our own, "you have almost brought back from the depths of the very dust—ever precious to us all—and presented to my mind's eye many very dear departed and genuine companions, and awakened me to a sense of our own reveries in Glasgow, sometimes with a pang, and other times with a laugh, mingled with a flow of mellowed tears. Oh, for the days of 'auld langsyne!' Surely we shall yet have a convivial tumbler over the heads of 'Major and Mary,' and 'Hirstling Kate,' 'Blind Alick,' and 'Jamie Blue?'" We signified our cordial assent to his proposal, whenever it was his pleasure to have it realised, and thus parted.

Next day, a smart young gentleman came to us with the following message as nearly as we can remember:—"Mr. Mackenzie, my mother sends me with her best compliments, and says that your *Old Reminiscences** have done her more good than she can really very well tell. She actually got out of bed the other day, to which she had been long confined, and showed us how to dance 'Babety Bowster,' which you had described in that funny story, which she laughingly devoured, about 'the two fuddled precentors,' both of whom she remembered perfectly at the very time my

* Published by Mr. Tweed,

father was courting her at Kelvingrove. He has lately returned from the Philipine Islands, and is also much pleased with your *Reminiscences*, especially after dinner: some of your stories he says he remembers, but not the whole. And dear grandfather is also particularly well pleased when he lays his hand upon the book: it is really amusing to our young ones to hear him, after his nap on the sofa of an evening—he goes to bed early—entering with much animation, considering his great years, on some of the various heads, as he calls them, of your droll chapters; and even when he goes to dozing in his cozy arm-chair in the dining-room, he sometimes startles us by saying 'That's Peter! fetch me the new number; its worth the shilling, and a groat to the bringer of it to the bargain. I remember—,' and then he would start up from his calm slumber and rub his eyes, and desire to know when the next number was likely to be ready. My elder brother (continued the youth) was sent off in a hurry some weeks ago with his regiment (the 100th) to Canada, to do for the Fenians, e'en at the point of the bayonet; but he commissioned us to forward the book regularly to him. And so, Mr. Mackenzie, to make my message short, mother has commissioned me to subscribe for *six* copies of the New Series this time—and here's the cash."

We smiled, of course—who could be angry?—at this most agreeable young gentleman, and told him that he might yet become Lord Provost of Glasgow, as one of his ancestors really was.

This sprightly young gentleman had scarcely left our office when an old, clever, and much-esteemed ex-magistrate of the city, of more than forty years' standing, approached us. "Hang it, Peter," said he, "you're a queer kettle of fish (I have been fishing at the Gairloch all last summer); but where in all the world do you get these stories?" "Get them, dear Bailie! Don't you recollect, I got some of them from yourself a long time ago, without perhaps, suitable acknowledgment on my part." He stared. "Don't you recollect *Feea*, the poor Glasgow idiot boy, and the eloquent letter you yourself wrote me about him, and the affecting scene in Charlotte Street?" His breast heaved; the fine feeling of the old magistrate revived; and there was a fervent shaking of hands; yea, and a glistening tear in the eyes of at least one of those two parties respecting the matter here hinted at, which may be revealed in the sequel, and which perhaps will bring tears to the eyes of those who may hear of it for the first time through these pages. It is here sorrowful to relate, that since these last few words were written the Magistrate referred to has "paid the last debt of nature."

We were wending our way in the course of that eventful afternoon up to the ancient College, and musing on its doomed and devoted walls, and from thence contemplating a visit to the Old Man's Institution, and to the Cathedral, and upwards or onwards to the beautiful Necroplis (favourite resorts these places have been to us for many long years past), when a voice whispered into our ears—"Whatever you have to write, Mr. Mackenzie, write quickly; for the shades of evening approach. You are getting grey in the hairs, but still active, as you have been all your eventful life. Yet please remember and lay to heart the exquisite lines of the poet Tom Moore, which I have often heard sung very thrillingly under your own roof by one long since departed. It was the Canadians' boat song, and Mr. R. A. Smith, the celebrated composer and musician of Paisley, who afterwards went and led the choir of St. George's in Edinburgh, greatly to the

delight of the famous Dr. Andrew Thomson, one of the most talented men of his day in the Church of Scotland, joined, as you remember, in the chorus—

> 'Row brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
> The rapids are near, and the daylight is past:
> Uttowa's tide this trembling moon
> Shall see us float oe'r its surges soon,'" &c.

The humble writer hereof added—"Yes, my friend, I remember these circumstances very well—but 'the place which now knoweth us shall soon know us no more for ever."

It is an old saying *that.* Would that it were better attended to. Indeed, we earnestly desire to realise its significant but stern reality while we have yet another chance of doing so. We are therefore vigorously and briskly at work with the things we have all our lives been chiefly accustomed to employ, and that is pen, ink, and paper, for the revival of some olden things, besides the embodiment of a few queer old original memorandums which nobody else possesses in this city, for these have been treasured up in our own inmost recesses for many years. The unclouded glimpses of memory are yet sparkling round us. No black spot attaches to them. How long this may continue we cannot of course tell. We only know that we are blessed at this moment with good health and vigour of mind, which hoarded wealth niggardly amassed and held by others could not well purchase at any price; and if in our humble sphere, in spite of griefs, cares, and anxieties, by the continued blessing of God, we can in any measure contribute to the social gratification of our readers and fellow-citizens, or excite it may be the sympathy, or raise the merry laugh, or the virtuous indignation, or stimulate or restore the jaded memory of others, or bring something fresh to the knowledge of congenial, yea, or of querulous friends, whether at home or abroad—for this book, we understand, is likely to travel to remote quarters hardly possible for us to appreciate—yet, whatever be its destinity, or whatever be our own final doom, our aspirations are, and ever shall be, for the prosperity of Glasgow in all its ramifications, civil or sacred—never forgetting the respect which is justly due to the exquisite new emblem of the city, lately improved and brought out by our accomplished friend, Andrew Macgeorge, Esq., with the co-operation of the Hon. John Blackie, ex-Lord Provost, and Mr. Monro, Town-Clerk, and finally ratified and approved of by the Lord Lyon King of Arms. Whatever may be the exceptions taken to it in some quarters, every man of right heart in the city shall surely cherish the old memorable words, "Let Glasgow Fourish,"—yes, we shall add, to latest generations.

Enough!—and here we intend to conclude this long, rambling—*rambling* is rather a good word to this introduction to a series of Glasgow Characters, &c.

"Yours faithfully,

PETER MACKENZIE."

Glasgow, 1857.

GLASGOW CHARACTERS.

HAWKIE.

THE real name of the character we are about to describe under this title of "Hawkie," was William Cameron, born of very humble parents, at St. Ninian's, near Stirling, towards the end of the last century. He died in the Old Town's Hospital of Glasgow, in Clyde Street, in or about the month of September, 1851. He may be said to have been, for a period of thirty years, one of the greatest and wittiest beggars that ever infested the streets of Glasgow, In truth, he held the most extraordinary sway in it which any man of his calibre ever did, for he irresistibly attracted the attention of the rich as well as the poor—the young and the old, all ranks and conditions of men, from the highest to the lowest station; aye, and of ladies also from the highest to the lowest grade; his appeals to them when he was in the humour, made them hold their sides and feel their pockets as they came near him, with his droll speeches and harangues, on the public streets. Those who heard him were rivetted to the spot. "Hawkie" was the name first given to him soon after he made his public appearance in Glasgow. It is the name often given in country places to a good docile milch cow. Hawkie liked it very well. He at all times smilingly acknowledged it in Glasgow; and rarely, if ever, allowed himself to be called William Cameron from St. Ninian's.

He received a fair country education in early life. In fact, he had all the elements of no mean but rather of a good scholar, and his ready wit and correct grammatical pronunciation, sufficiently indicated that he was qualified for loftier duties by far, than that of a common beggar; but he was no common beggar, he was, in fact, a most *uncommon* one, as we shall soon show by some of his own remarkable words, well entitled, we humbly think, to be kept in remembrance in Glasgow. Providence had brought him into the world with a lame or crooked leg, as it has done with mightier men. The celebrated John Clerk, Esq., of Edinburgh, advocate—one of the ablest lawyers that ever shone at the bar of Scotland, was lame in the same way; so was Sir Walter Scott, of world-wide fame, and many others we might mention, but it is enough to close any farther statement on this subject, by the remark which we once heard Mr. Clerk himself make when going to the Parliament House. "There," said an old scribe, arm in arm with his country client, and pointing to Mr. Clerk, "*there* goes John Clerk, the *lame* lawyer." John, overhearing this, and turning round with his piercing eyes, which had even made judges on the bench tremble, exclaimed, "You are wrong, sir; I am not a lame *lawyer*, I have only a lame leg, but it is better perhaps than your ain," and with that he hirpled away.

From the position of Hawkie's leg, however, it was thought by his parents and early friends, that the best trade suitable for him was that of a *tailor*, since it enabled him to sit and make the best use of his nimble hands. He was therefore bound under an indenture to a decent tailor near Bannockburn, for a space of three years, but Hawkie soon got tired of his profession. It did not suit his mental qualities at all, and so he tells us in one of his orations addressed to the Laird of Logan, to whom we shall often refer, "that one of the first jobs my master gied me, was to make a holder (a needle-cushion) for mysel', and to it I set. I threaded the best blunt needle—waxed the twist till it was like to stick in the passage. I stour'd awa, throwing my needle arm well out, so that my next neighbour, sitting beside me on the brod, was obliged to hirsel himself awa frae me to keep out o' harm's way. I stitched it, back-stitched it, cross-stitched it, and then fell'd and splae'd it wi' black, blue, and red, grey, green, and yellow, till the ae colour fairly killed the ither. My master looked on, gaping at me; but the answer to any complaint he made, or to every advice he offered me was, that I kent weel enough what I was doing—did I never see my ain mother making a pussey? By the time I had finished the holder, in giving it it's last stitch, my master plainly hinted that it was no very likely that I would e'er make salt to my kail southering claith together, and that though the big shears were run through every stitch of the indenture, it would na, after what he had seen, breck his heart. Thinks I to mysel', there's a pair o' us, master, as the cow said to the cuddie, and my crutch can settle the indenture as well as your shears, so I lifted my stilt and took the road hame."

At home, after this outbreak, he began a more genial calling, in teaching the colliers' children at the Plean Colliery, their A, B, C. He liked to exercise the *taws* upon them, but he did it gently. He tired however at this work, and having read the play of the "Gentle Shepherd," and the tragedy of "George Barnwell," he became much enrapt with them; and a band of strolling players having come to Stirling, Hawkie soon found the means of embracing them with his stilt, and he spoke so eloquently, and

quoted some of his favourite lines so majestically—suiting the action to the word, and the word to the action, that they entered into a treaty with him, to accompany them in a tour of performances through the kingdom of Fife. He thus left his native place, finally, and for ever. The favourite piece committed to him in this tour of performances through Fife was that of the *Priest*, in the tragedy of "Barnwell," for the long black gown necessary to be worn in the character, covered the palpable defect in Hawkie's limb, so that the "admiring audience" could see nothing wrong about it. But the strolling players came to grief, for want, as Hawkie said, of the browns, *i.e.*, the coppers at the doors of admission, before the curtains of the plays or the tragedies drew up, and the scenes of Hawkie's life were again shifted.

He thereafter tried to become a manufacturer, but found that he had not the necessary capital for that purpose. Then he took to the trade of china-mending, which required little or no capital, and from this he formed a connexion with an itinerant vendor of crockery ware, pots, and pans, through the country, but his stilt was not exactly the thing to enable him to keep upsides with his supple companion, and they departed. He found ways and means to come to Glasgow, and he was wonderfully well pleased to behold the statue of King William at the Cross. He often took up his quarters in that locality. There were many queer ballad-singers and street-criers in those days—every piece of great news that came to Glasgow about the Peninsular war, the siege of Badajos, the battle of Salamanca, down to the Battle of Waterloo, and many other previous and subsequent events, were sure to be cried through the streets by the ballad-mongers; and they made a good thing of it, *per* the small fragment of brownish paper, roughly printed, in two or three lines, at the small charge of one half-penny. The price of the newspapers when Hawkie came to Glasgow, was *sevenpence half-penny each.* The *Courier*, the *Herald*, and the *Chronicle*, were then the chief or only papers in the city. The *Courier* was published by William Reid & Co., in the Gallowgate; the *Herald*, by Samuel Hunter & Co., in Bell Street; the *Chronicle*, by David Prentice & Co., in Nelson Street; none of these papers were published oftener than twice or thrice in the week—rarely in the morning before breakfast, oftener in the middle of the day, or at the close of the afternoon, and a piece of news sent to them through the night was never dreamt of. Nor was it ever dreamt of, or propounded by any human being at that time in the city, that a *daily paper* at one penny, in place of sevenpence half-penny, the fixed price of it, could by any possibility succeed in Glasgow. What changes have we since seen in the newspaper world! In the days of yore, therefore, when Hawkie began to star and hirple for himself through Glasgow, when any important piece of news as above stated came to the city, or was rumoured in it, and if none of the newspapers was published on that day, it being a *blank* day for them, the *ballad-venders* had it all their own way, it was literally a God-send to them, and the *bawbees* circulated plenteously through all the corners of the streets. Nor did these gentry scruple much in roaring out the most tremendous lies their tongues could carry; indeed, the loudest bawler amongst them had the best run for the half-pence, and seeing this trade so popular and profitable, Hawkie, as just remarked, determined to have a spell in it for himself.

An *execution* in front of the jail, between the hours of two and four o'clock of the afternoon, for that was the time assigned for them, and not

in the morning as now, put all the ballad-mongers in great glee; it afforded them a rich harvest; and those *executions* took place much too often, we are sorry to say, in former years—in fact, the Judges of Justiciary rarely came to Glasgow without leaving some culprit or other under sentence of death. We have seen as many as four or five doomed at one circuit. Hawkie took a very particular interest in such events. He handled "full, true, and particular details" in a most insinuating way. His pronunciation and the flourish of his stilt, attracted more crowds around him than any of the other ballad-mongers, and he was the complete master of the situation on the streets for the time being. Often have we heard Hawkie and his other competitors crying in the Saltmarket, but more frequently at the Cross, on the afternoon of an execution, "Here you have a full, true, and particular account of the last speech, confession, and dying declaration of that unfortunate man newly executed, for the small charge of one half-penny," and this too, ere Thomas Young, the hangman, had really done his work on the horrid gibbet, before the jail; for the competition amongst the ballad-mongers was so keen, that they would not wait till the strangulation was completed, but hurried on with their cries as fast as their tongues or their legs enabled them to do. We say it not offensively, but truly, that the greater number of culprits executed in those days in Glasgow, were Irishmen; and Hawkie, some way or other, imbibed a strong antipathy to the Irish, and to their *howfs*, particularly in the Bridgegate, and foot of the Saltmarket. The first thing that brought him into great tribulation and no small danger, but very great repute in this city, was the execution of an Irishman. After selling his ballad, and being tormented by the crowd, Hawkie broke out with unique peroration,—"Thae infernal Eerish,—thae infernal Eerish, (the execution had just taken place), they'll no allow us to hae the honest use o' our ain gallows!" This put his vast audience into a roar, and paved the way for his future achievements.

Truly it was a great treat to hear Hawkie's ready and pungent remarks on any public topic, coming to his shaggy ears. Innumerable sketches of these are given by the Laird o' Logan. We shall here pick out a few for ourselves.

Hawkie used to tell the following story of relationship, in the shop of Mr. Falconer, the Calton barber, with great glee. Mr. Falconer frequently gave him a shave without the penny. A decent old woman from the country had been coming to the city, and was accosted by two young sprigs. "How are ye, good woman—how have ye been this long time?" She looked with some surprise. "I dinna ken you, sirs." "Not ken me?" "No." "Why I am the devil's sister's son." "Indeed," she replied, "do ye say sae. Weel, let me see, when I take a better look of you, vow man, but you are unco like your uncle."

"Do you believe," said a would-be wag one day, accosting Mr. Reid, a douce friend of Hawkie's—"Do you really believe what the Bible says about the Prodigal Son, and the Fatted Calf?" "Certainly I do." "Well, can you tell me, whether the calf that was killed, was a male or a female calf?" "Yes, I can. It was a female calf." "How do you know that?" "Because," replied Hawkie, looking the fellow full in the face, "I can see the male is now alive, and standing before me."

Hawkie, we are sorry to state, was a most inveterate drinker of ardent spirits. This was his chief or greatest misfortune. Almost every penny

he got he went to the nearest whisky shop. He was never riotously or outrageously drunk upon the public streets. He had only, he said, "a wee drap in his e'e." A gentleman one day accosted him,—"Weel, Hawkie, how many glasses have you had to-day?" "Deed, friend," he replied, "I never counted them, I just took what I got; and I am ower auld a bairn to be speaned noo. My mither, they said, weaned me when I was just four months auld, so ye needna wonder at my drouth noo."

He called one morning on a shopkeeper in the Trongate, soliciting alms to pay for his night's lodging, as he often did in other places. "Surely," said the grocer, "you have come little speed to-day, Hawkie, when you have not made so much as defray that small matter." "That's a' ye ken," said Hawkie, "my lodgings cost me mair than your's does." "How do you make that out?" replied the grocer. "In the first place, you see," said Hawkie, "it costs me fifteenpence to make me decently tipsy, board an' banes make up the bed and the contents thereof, and unless I were nearly drunk I couldna sleep a wink; the bed that I hae' to lie down on would make a dog yowl to look at; and the landlady maun be paid, tho' a week's lodging would buy a' the boards and bowls that's in the house. I hae, indeed, made but little this day. I was out at the Cowcaddens, whar they hae little to themselves and less disposed to spare, an' wearied out, I lay down at the roadside to rest me—a' the laddies were saying, as they passed, that's Hawkie, he's drunk, *and vext was I that it wasna true.*"

"I am surprised," said a friend one day, remonstrating with him on his unsteady and dissolute life, "I am really surprised Hawkie, that a person of your knowledge and intellect could degrade yourself by drinking whisky until you are deprived of reason, and with whom the very brute might justly dispute pre-eminence. I would cheerfully allow you two glasses per day, if you can't want it, but no more." "Now, that's fair," replied Hawkie, "but will ye lodge't in a public-house? Man, ye dinna ken what I hae to do. My forefathers and foremithers also were a' dour, dismal, awfu' queer set of sober folks; but ye see I must now just drink for them a'; sae whenever I see the sign, 'British Spirits sold here,' I become emboldened, yea elevated wi' a' my heart, and even my stiff leg gets life intilt and becomes a jolly good subject—God bless the king and a' the rest o' the royal family."

"Now, Hawkie, ye ne'er-do-weel," said a police officer to him one day, in the midst of one of his great harangues, "take the road, sir, and not obstruct the street." "Indeed," said Hawkie, "you are wrong with your police law—I may keep the street, but I hae no right to the road, for I never paid 'road money' in a' my life." And really, we may remark, in these latter days many persons pay road money in or near the city of Glasgow without knowing the why or the wherefore. Certainly, some of the roads in the neighbourhood of Glasgow are in the most abominable condition. Who pockets the metal?

On another occasion, a police officer accosting him—"Sir, be off and not disturb the street by collecting mobs as you are doing again in this way." "Me collecting mobs," said Hawkie, "I am only addressing a decent congregation."

"Get you off again," said another officer, "get off instantly, and not collect a crowd, obstructing the streets in this way." "Dear me," said Hawkie, "I have a number of hearers, but very few believers in my line."

Although he loved the gill stoup and the whisky bottle in his own person to excess, he had an unconquerable aversion to see the liquid used, beyond the smallest quantity, by any female. A drunken woman on the streets was to him an abomination. He harangued tremendously against it.

One day we got our eyes upon him, surrounded by a number of females at the head of the Stockwell, and telling this story:—"You a' said ye ken Mrs. Betty Buttersoles, in the Auld Wynd o' this city." "We ken her brawly," said one of the hearers. "She has a trick," said Hawkie, "very common, I fear, in mae Wynds than the Auld ane." "What's the trick?" inquired his interrogator. Smiling, and looking her in the face,—"She has the trick of turning up her hand, I mean her wee bit finger, at the whisky glass as often as she can get it; and her decent husband canna trust her wi' a penny to buy a salt herring for his dinner, so he gets her to keep pass book wi' her grocer, where he marks down everything till the pay day comes." Here one of the audience, understanding pretty well what Hawkie meant about "the wee finger" and the glass, took the hint to herself, and became perfectly enraged at him. "How dar ye, ye auld sinner, ye auld rickle o' banes and rags, to misca' ony decent woman on the public street in that way—if I had my will o' ye," she added in a voice of thunder, "I would gie ye another lame shank to prop up, or kick the legs from ye a' the gither." Here Hawkie clutched his stilt as if preparing to defend himself in battle. He drew his breath and then proceeded—"Friends," said he, "do you see her storming in that gate? She's just possessed of an evil conscience speaking out. I dinna ken the other woman ava'. I was just telling you about her, for I never saw the real character in my life: but I am as sure as the cow is of her cloots, that that's now her nainsel, and, if you ripe her pouches, you'll find the veritable pass-book, for I declare I see the very corner of it sticking out." On that the loud roar was raised at the dame in question, and she sneaked away. Seeing this, Hawkie bawled out, brandishing his stilt, "See, my friends, she has taken leg bail for her honesty."

Hawkie could sketch almost any trade or profession, when he was in the humour so to do. Here is one he often gave on the qualities of a rural gardener:—"There is no man," quoth Hawkie, "that has more business upon *earth* than my friend the gardener. He, the said gardener, always chooses good *ground* for what he does. He commands his *thyme*, he is master of his *mint*, and fingers *penny royal*. He raiseth his *celery* every year, and it is a bad year indeed that he does not produce a *plum*. He meets with more *boughs* (bows) than a Minister of State; he possesses more *beds* than the French king; and has in them more *painted ladies*, and more genuine *roses* and *lilies* than are to be found at any of our own country weddings. He makes *raking* his business more than his diversion, as many gentlemen in this city do; but he makes it an advantage to his health and prosperity which few others do. He can boast of more *rapes* than any other *rake* in the kingdom. His wife, notwithstanding, has enough of *lad's love* and *heart's ease*, and never wishes for *weeds* (blessed woman). Distempers fatal on others never hurt him. He walks the better for the *gravel*, and thrives more even in *consumption*. He can boast of more *bleeding hearts* than any lady, and more *laurels* (if possible) than the most renowned hero. But his greatest pride and the world's envy is, he can have *yew* whenever he pleases."

"You," said a clever, beautiful young lady, listening to those words, and leaning on the arm of her intended, and saluting Hawkie; "please, Hawkie, spell the word *yew* rightly, prove your oration if you can, and if you do, there's a penny for you." He instantly took off his crumpled hat and threw it in respectful obeisance to the ground. "You and yours, my leddy," twinkling his eye, "they're just synonymous terms, according to the reading of my learned and immortal friend, Dr. Samuel Johnson, whose dictionary I consult about all short or long-nebbed words. But I tell you what, my leddy, I'll spell *yew* a far more difficult word, bedewed with sentiment, and one, I am persuaded, you'll like better. It's the word 'honeymoon,' and if ye ettle on it, I can direct you to Mr. Strang, the session-clerk's booking office, for the lawful cries in form, as effeirs, that is, whether you have heirs or no heirs to you or yours." On this unexpected but agreeable sally, the blooming lady slipped a silver sixpence, besides the penny, into the hand of Hawkie, at which he gazed with rapture; while the captivated young gentleman, moved to the heart by Hawkie's words, slipped also into his hands a new shilling,—a contribution which overwhelmed Hawkie, for he was neither "to haud nor bin," using his own words the remainder of that day, and part of the neist, from Tam Harvey's whisky shop in Dunlop Street, all the way to the Gushet-house in Anderston, where, according to Mr. Alexander Peden, the prophet, the Cross of Glasgow will ultimately stand. And Mr. Peden is not so far dim in his prophecy, seeing that the old College of Glasgow is rearing its new head in that direction, on the pretty domains of Gilmorehill, as we may all see in this year of grace, 1867. We wonder if there will be any other characters claiming Hawkie's mantle at another epoch? On parting with the lady and gentleman above noticed, Hawkie made a short parody on the first two lines of Patie and Roger, in the "Gentle Shepherd"—

> "This sunny morning cheers my very blood,
> And puts a' nature, yea, this stilt of mine,
> Into a jovial mood."

THE ADVANTAGES OR DISADVANTAGES OF A WOODEN LEG.

Hawkie told the following story from an English paper, as a sort of solace to himself "for his ain leg." It was a breach of promise case—an action of damages, Miss Helen Stanley against the Honourable John Molyneux. It occurred at one of the English assizes, and Hawkie made a little sensation about it amongst his own clan in Glasgow. The famous Sergeant Best, afterwards Lord Wynyford, was retained for the plaintiff. When the brief with the plea was laid before him, he anxiously inquired at the agent for the plaintiff, "whether the plaintiff was good-looking?" "Very handsome indeed," was the assurance of the attorney of Miss Stanley. "Well, sir," said the counsel to the attorney, "I beg you will take especial care to have her seated in court in a place where she can be easily seen." The lady accordingly obtained a seat in a conspicuous place in court, prepared for the result. Sergeant Best, in addressing the jury, did not fail to insist with great warmth on "the abominable cruelty" which had been practised on "the confiding female before them," whose charms he vividly pictured; and he succeeded, as all thought, in working up the feelings of the jury to the highest pitch. The counsel, however, on

the other side, viz.—Mr. Sergeant Spankie, speedily broke the spell with which Sergeant Best had enchanted the jury, by observing, that "his learned and eloquent friend, in describing the graces and beauty of the plaintiff, had omitted the fact that the lady had positively *a wooden leg.*" This convulsed the court with laughter, while Sergeant Best, who, up to that moment, was wholly ignorant of the circumstance, looked aghast; and the jury, ashamed of the influence that mere eloquence had upon them found for the defendant.

"Now," said Hawkie, "if any body complains of me, there's my faithful stilt in clear day-light, which nobody can deny, and I claim the verdict."

Hawkie, however, was very testy if any person really gave him any insolence about his stilt. Appropos of this, he told the story of his excellent friend, as he called him, "the Laird of Macnab," with peculiar effect. One day as it happened, some say truly, at the Musselburgh races, which the Laird, with many other Members of the Caledonian Hunt, frequently attended, the Laird had the misfortune to lose his horse, which came to the staggers and dropped down dead on Musselburgh Sands. At the races in the following year, a wag, or dashing fellow, who had witnessed the catastrophe, rode up to Macnab, who was handsomely mounted. "I say, Macnab, is that the same horse you had last year?" "No, by cot," replied the Laird, "but this is the same whip," and he was about to apply it to the shoulders of the querist, when he saved himself by a speedy retreat.

"Now," said Hawkie, telling the story as above given, "Now, by jingo, this is the same stilt I have worn for the feck of thretty years, and by the hokey pokey, if any man or mother's son shall dare to insult me when I am pursuing my lawful calling on the streets of Glasgow, I'll claw his croon wi' the best end o't."

"Get away, Hawkie,—there's a penny to you—get away and have your beard shaven; it's sae lang that ye might draw lint through't for the heckler. I am perfectly ashamed to see you, hobbling about like a Jew, with such a shocking beard." "'Deed, friend," said Hawkie, "I'm muckle obliged to you for the penny; but you see it does not suit a beggar to be bare-faced."

WEDDINGS, BURIALS, AND WEANS.

Hawkie was particularly tenacious of taking up his station at the Cross on Wednesdays, where the farmers from the country used to mingle, in place of St. Enoch Square now. He was a favourite with all simpletons from the country, and many a good drink of buttermilk they gave him, to slocken, as he said, his awfu' drouth. He told the following story of an old, bien, douce farmer, who, soon after his wife's death, wanted to marry a buxom damsel much younger than himself. "Wae's me," said his eldest son, "have I done anything to displease you, father, when you are for taking this *steppy* to the house?" "No, Jamie, you have not displeased me at all; on the contrary, you have pleased me so much that I intend, by the help of Providence to get some mair like you."

An old shoemaker in Glasgow was sitting by the bedside of his wife, who was dying. (This is given by Dean Ramsay, but Hawkie first invented it.) She took her husband by the hand,—"Weel, John, we're gaun to part. I

hae been a guid wife to you, John." "Oh, just middling—just middling," quoth John to Jenny. "John," says she, "ye maun promise to bury me in the auld kirkyard at Stra'ven, beside my mither. I could na rest in peace among the unco folk in the dirt and smoke o' Glasgow." "Weel, weel, Jenny, my woman," said John soothingly, "we'll just put you in the Gorbals *first*, and gin ye dinna lie quiet, we'll try you sine in Stra'ven."

A real boniface, who had been blessed with no fewer than *four* wives, in this city, and who all died "deeply regretted," was contemplating a marriage for the *fifth* time, when a confidential friend he had consulted, ironically stated that "he had made a good deal of *money* by his former wives." "Na, na,' said the hoary-headed bridegroom; "they came to me wi' auld kists, but I sent them hame in new anes." Hawkie eloquently enlarged on that flexible but interesting subject on diverse occasions.

THE PER CONTRA.

Two old women were enumerating the whims and oddities of their deceased husbands. One of them observed:—"Ah, my poor husband was so fond of a good light when we went to bed. May the Lord grant him light everlasting." "Ah," said the other, "my dear departed was so fond of a good fire in the morning. May the Lord grant him fire everlasting."

SENSIBLE TO THE LAST.

A queerish widow, who had lost her husband in the Candleriggs, was expatiating on his many virtues to a lot of her female comforters, whose sympathies she was awakening by one glass after another. "The greatest consolation I have," said the disconsolate *rib*, "is that he was sensible to the last; for just before he died, I was blaming him for giving me some fash about the painting of our parlour, and he got up on his elbow in the bed and told me in my very face, composed as I was for his sake, 'that I was an ill-tempered jade.'"

These are rather disjointed statements, we confess. Hawkie, however, turned them to some advantage with his promiscuous audience, when the humour was upon him.

A WHEEN WEANS.

Hawkie grunted out the following old Glasgow story, not far behind some of the above, though in a different direction. It was communicated to us long ago, as a fact, by Mr. James Balderston, the ancient deacon of the incorporation of bakers in this city. The dutiful and affectionate wife of Joseph Edward, head miller at Partick Mills (the property of the Incorporation of Glasgow Bakers, and gifted to them by the Regent Murray, after the battle with Queen Mary at Langside)—this decent woman had once three children at a birth. When the first was born, the midwife came and told Joseph that "he had got a child." "I forgot," said the Deacon, "whether it is a son or a daughter." In a short time after she came and told him of another—and in a little after, of another. Joseph was perplexed. He began to be afraid there might be more coming, so he got himself dressed in his Sunday attire, and went to his minister, the Rev. Mr. Lawrence Hill, of the Barony Church, Glasgow, to see about getting them baptized. Having knocked at the minister's door, and got admission, the

rev. gentleman kindly asked for his welfare, when Joseph answering and scratching his head, said—"I have come, sir, to see if you would bapteeze a wheen weans to me." "A wheen what?" said the minister. "A wheen weans," replied Joseph. "How many have ye?" asked the minister. "Sir," said Joseph, "there were three when I cam awa, but I dinna ken how mony mae is coming."

Mr. David Laurie, an esteemed bachelor, of Glasgow, long since dead, occupied one of the fine self-contained houses in Carlton Place, and his brother was proprietor of the lands of Laurieston, called to this day after his name. Mr. David kept a good retinue of female servants, and it was said of one of them, that she was his servant by day and companion by night. She at all events insinuated to her master that she was in the family-way to him, and to keep the matter quiet, he agreed to send her to the country, and pay her £50 in full, of all demands, for the whilk he took a stamp receipt under her hands. It so happened that an eminent Glasgow merchant at that time, viz.—Francis Garden, resided not far from Mr. Laurie, in Carlton Place, and he kept a black serving lad, from the West Indies, rather smart in his way. In process of time, David's servant was delivered of *black twins*, the very picture of Mr. Garden's serving lad; and nothing could provoke or anger Mr. Laurie so much, as to ask how his twins were coming on. Hawkie dwelt on that occurrence with great glee when he was housed in the Town's Hospital.

When traversing the Broomielaw one day, he saw an illiterate shopkeeper rolling out an empty cask which he wished to dispose of, and with a bit of chalk he wrote upon it, "for sail." Hawkie in re-passing wrote underneath, "for freight or passage apply at the bung-hole."

SABBATH OBSERVANCE AND MAKING DOWN WHISKY.

A quiet, sober, and respectable gentleman complained bitterly, in the days of Hawkie, of the rather inhuman treatment he had received, in not being able to get his breakfast on a Sunday morning in the Bowling Inn, the door being locked in his face; he sent a letter to the Glasgow newspapers on the subject, which led to another complaint somewhat of a similar kind but more interesting. Down towards the classic Vale of Leven, things once on a day, either for meat or for drink, were not in that locked-up condition. A friend used to relate that himself and another having walked in that quarter a few miles on a hot Sunday forenoon, they found it as a matter of real "necessity and mercy" to take a little refreshment, and entered a road-side public-house, but being aware that the "speerits," in such places were not always the most genuine, gave positive order that only "the very best" whisky should be brought in. The simple country girl who waited in the house had the misfortune to blab, "'Deed, gentlemen, I canna gie ye ony this morning but the very best, as the mistress forgot to make it doun, (*i.e.*, mix it with water), before she gaed to the kirk." There is an old Joe Millar, but it has a biting moral. The shopkeeper called to his apprentice, "John, have you dusted the pepper?" "Yes, sir." "Have you mixed the meal and the tea?" "Yes, sir;" and "watered the rum?" "Yes, sir." "Then John, come up to prayers." Now, said Hawkie, was not that a compound specimen of simplicity and candour, and even-down truth mixed with roguery and hypocrisy at the head and tail o't.

SELLING OFF—GREAT BARGAINS.

This *dodge* was rather new in the days of Hawkie: "Selling off—great bargains—great bargains," &c., &c. Hawkie got rather nettled at this, seeing it repeated "many times and oft," especially in the Trongate and Argyle Street. So one day he took up his position at one of the selling-off places, and collected a great crowd. "You see, my friends, that chiel there, (pointing to the shop), was yesterday selling *off*, but now he is selling *on!*"

"What is the *height* of that place?" said a gentleman one day, stopping and saluting him in a particular locality. "What is the height of it from top to bottom, can you tell me, Hawkie?" "Weel," said he, "since ye call me friend, I'll give you the exact height of it, provided you advance me the small sum of one sixpence." No sooner said than done. Hawkie eyeing the sixpence, smacked his lips. "Weel, my friend," said he, according to the best of my calculation, "it's just the very height of *impudence.*"

Hawkie either lost, or had the misfortune to have an old-fashioned silver watch stolen from his fob one morning, and he was lamenting over it on the following morning, giving this soliloquy:—

> May the evening's diversion,
> Prove the morning's derision.

But he added, in the words of a distinguished statesman of the day—

> "Our judgments like our watches: None
> Goes just alike; but each believes his own."

However, Hawkie could go from the sublime to the ridiculous at any time; and while he was thus lamenting the loss of his watch in these dignified strains, he saw a notorious quack, of the name of Moat, dashing through the streets in a splendid equipage. This quack, like many others, pretended to be from "the British College of Health," and that his quack pills (of gamboge and aloes) which he sold in great quantities in Glasgow and other places, could cure all diseases incident to the human frame. Hawkie took a tremendous grudge against this quack, and reviled him, perhaps properly enough, on every occasion. At present he turned the loud laugh on him, by telling with the gravest face, the following story:—"You see, my friends, there was a simple loon in the country who lost his cuddy ass. He went to the quack in his grand country house at Govan, and told him his misfortune, and asked him if by his infallible means he could restore or tell him where to find his cuddy." "Oh, yes," said the quack, and he gave him twelve pills for a shilling, and told him "to take them at night, and he would find his ass next day." The sumph took the pills, and going in quest of his ass next morning, was constrained by the quack's art, to leap over a hedge, where he espied his ass and found it, and this was regarded to be an infallible proof of the quack's skill. "Now," said Hawkie, "without being either a believer or a follower of Quack Moat, it's just possible that I may tumble in with my watch, or recover the article in a sound sober state, either in the *New Wynd*, or down yonder at the *Spoutmouth.*"

He was often taken to the police-office. Indeed, he sometimes, of his own accord, resorted to it for shelter. He was always, from his innocent simplicity and droll conduct, a great favourite of the magistrates, and was never kept "in durance vile" longer than he liked. Hawkie, when *free* himself, was particularly fond of listening to the police cases on Monday morning, when Mr. James Bogle, would sit as Bailie; Mr. Wm. Davie, as Assessor; and Mr. Wm. Haig, or John Burnet, as Fiscal. Our old friend and reporter, Mr. Robert Frame, was a capital hand for bringing out some of these cases for the newspapers, and Hawkie had a great respect for him, and liked his reports very much, as we did for many years ourselves. Mr. Frame was the first, we think, who started an *omnibus* in Glasgow; and we remember his amazing address to the public, when so starting that *first* omnibus, namely, that he laid down the *pen* to take up the *whip*. He is still alive, and occupies the situation of "Inspector of Cabs" in the city; but if fortune had smiled upon him, as it has done with others, he ought to have been driving his own "four in hand" through the city at this day. We shall only give one or two of the Glasgow Police cases eyed at that time by Hawkie, taking them at random from our scrap-book.

TWO IRISH CASES IN THE GLASGOW POLICE OFFICE.

A little, dark-complexioned, low-browed, and villanous looking Irish labourer was placed at the bar on Monday morning, charged with various cases of theft and swindling, but he denied them all. In consequence of witnesses not being forward in time, the prisoner was about to be remanded, when the Court recollected that there was a minor charge against him of swindling three bottles of whisky from a publican in the name of one of his fellow-workmen, who was in attendance as a witness. This charge was accordingly preferred against the prisoner, and the witness was called in. He mounted the witness-box with some diffidence, and leaned his ponderous frame and carotty head half way over to the bench, ere he spoke a word after taking the oath. He then began—"Plase, yer honour, I'll explain all how it happened." (A pause.) Bench—"Well, did this man (pointing to the prisoner), falsely get three bottles of whisky in your name?" Witness, "Troth, your honour may say all that, for he indeed got the whisky in my *strength*." (Laughter.) Bench—"And did you know of it?" Witness—"Now that's what I call another question." (Laughter.) Court—"What, sir, you said most solemnly when you were previously examined here last Saturday, that you did not know or give liberty to the prisoner to get whisky in your name, and therefore that he falsely and fraudulently obtained it." Witness—"Why, I did say so; but you see, gintlemen,—here the witness attempted to look very conscientiously—ye see, gintlemen, *its one thing to prate a few words, and another thing to swear to them.*" (Laughter.) Court—"You see, sir, what trouble you have caused for no purpose." Witness—"Well, gintlemen, I am sorry for't, but I granted the whisky when I was drunk, and I denied it when I was sober, but I'll not swear a false oath at any time, at all, at all; not I, even for your honours, or disgrace the son of my father." He left the court with a proud step, amidst loud laughter. Hawkie made up to him—"Feggs, Paddy, ye deserve half a mutchkin on the *strength* of the three bottles."

IRISH IDENTIFICATION IN THE GLASGOW POLICE OFFICE.

A young Irish lad was brought up on suspicion of having stolen a silk handkerchief from some unknown gentleman. The prisoner stoutly declared that the handkerchief was his; it was originally his father's, who lately died, "and left the handkerchief behind him." To prove this statement, he called his mother, an old Irishwoman. Ere she had time to be sworn, she broke out in this manner,—"Me, now be on my blessed oath that the handkerchief belonged to my poor husband that's dead and gone—God rest his soul." Court—"What colour had it? Had it more green than blue in it?" Witness—"O yes, yer honour, yer honour's right; it was almost all green." Court—"Was there any other colour?" "O yes, yer honour, barring a little yellow round the sides of it." Court—"You mean a yellow border?" Witness—"That's just it, yer honour—yellow all round, and blue and green in the middle." Court—"And are you sure you can swear to it?" Witness—"Of course I can. Haven't I washed it often enough to know it anywhere." At this point, the handkerchief in question, of a red and black colour, was produced. Witness, immediately on seeing it, clasped her hands and exclaimed—"That's the one, yer honour." Court—"But where's the green and blue you talked about?" Witness, with the ready wit for which the Irish are proverbial, now said—"Och, yer honour, didn't I say it was green and blue when my husband first had it; sure the green and the blue have all been washed out since." Court—"Unfortunately for your story, the handkerchief is a new one, and never has been washed." Witness, looking imploringly at her boy—"Och, Tim, what will I say now?" and then suddenly brightening up, "Och, yer honour, there's a mark upon it, if your honour will give it me I'll show you the mark upon it." Court—"No, describe the mark, and the court will see if your story is correct." Witness—"Sure it's long since I've seen it, and I can't recollect it now, but it's there anyhow, and I can find it if you'll give it to me." Court—"We are quite satisfied that the handkerchief never was in your possession. We do not believe a word of your story." Witness, "Well, well, yer honour knows best. I won't say another word about it—bad luck to it, but yer honour may depend the poor boy came honestly by it." The prisoner was removed, and his mother, as he left the bar, said—"Why did you not tell me the *colour* of it, ye spalpeen."

Hawkie made up to her and said, that she did her best in her son's case; but a Glasgow Bailie, he observed, "could never fail to know his own linen, nor hesitate to blaw his nose on a clean, decent, silk handkerchief, whether it was an English or an Eerish ane."

THE SCOTCH SERVANT LASSIE STEALING THE MILK.

We are not sure whether the following has been recorded by Dean Ramsay or the Laird of Logan, but Hawkie used to quote it as a warning to the servant girls of Glasgow. A strapping lassie, near to Harley's byres, in Sauchiehall Street, (it was a great establishment for cows and milk at one time in Glasgow, and strangers, even princes and lords, used to visit it as one of the living wonders of the city, when they came hither, from all parts of the world, the Emperor Alexander, of Russia, was once one of these visitors in early life, and drank a cup full of milk in Harley's byres)—this

servant girl referred to, was frequently, if not daily, sent by her respected mistress to the byres for a pint or two of warm milk for the children's porridge. They frequently complained of the stinted measure. The milk sometimes was placed in a small jug to serve the evening tea. The mistress latterly *jaloused* Tibbie, for that was the name of the servant, but no positive evidence could be found of her double dealing with the milk. One evening, unknown to the servant, a quantity of sheep blood was brought into the house to make puddings, and put into one resembling the jug in which the milk was usually put. Shortly after, Tibbie made her appearance in the parlour, and her mistress looking sternly at her in the face, said, "Now, Tibbie, you have just been at the milk again." "Me, mistress," said she rather indignantly. "Me, mistress!" "Yes, just you, Tibbie; and you need na deny it any longer, for the mark of it is round and round your very mouth." Tibbie put up her hand to her mouth, and to her astonishment brought it down covered with blood. "Weel, Tibbie," said the mistress, "ye're cheated you see for ance, for you've ta'en bluid instead o' milk." "Weel, mistress," said she, "it was sae guid the first drink, that I aye gaed back an' took anither."

"Noo," said Hawkie, improving the story; "The Lunan papers, under their miscellaneous head, tell us that the bonnie light-headed woman, Her Grace the Duchess of Gordon said, in the plainest broad Scotch, to King George IV., that harum-skarum birkie, when he was the prodigal Prince of Wales, 'Will ye pree my mou (mouth), my bonnie bairn?' The Prince at the time was petrified, for he couldna dip deep into our family language, but he understood it weel enough afterwards. And I say to you, my dear lassies," addressing those listening to him in groups at the old washing-house in the Green of Glasgow, "refrain, I beseech you, from using your wee finger at the dram glass, as I accused Betsy Buttersole doing, at my last lecture in the New Wynd; but if you will have the most delicious drink in a' Glasgow, embrace with reverence and thankful hearts, 'the Airns well,' down yonder; and never stain your bonny mous with sheep blood, or any thing o' that sort, belonging to your mistress, as Tibbie did. Fair fa' the limmer, they say 'she's o'er the border and awa' wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.'" Hawkie could sometimes twist the prettiest songs in our language to his advantage, in the passing scene. On the present occasion, his "soap and sud" audience, tramping in their washing boynes, complimented him in the way he wanted, by a shower of copper money.

THE WASHING WOMEN IN THE GREEN IN THE OLDEN TIME.

It is a fact that nearly all the respectable families in Glasgow went to the Green to wash and bleach their own clothes. At least fifty years ago, "the Low Green," as it was called, extended from the present Jail to Nelson's Monument, was eight or ten feet lower in surface than now, and laid off in a smooth rich sward of grass. It was the bleaching and drying ground where, on a summer's day, the whole space caught the eye, covered with shining integuments, so innumerable as to baffle the pen of any writer to describe; and there also proceeding in all stages of the operation of purifying, from tramping, scouring, rubbing, wringing, and spreading out, to folding, clapping, and bundling on the return home. A celebrated English traveller described it long ago, with much *naivette*. "Their way of

washing linen," says he, "*is to tuck up their petticoats and tread them in a tub;*" but another English traveller is rather more graphic and delicate about it; but let the Bibliopole from Finsbury Square, London, tell his own story. It is worth hearing, before we come to let Hawkie diversify upon it. "Having (said this traveller) both read and heard much related of the manner of washing their linen—which I confess I could not credit, without having ocular demonstration—during my continuance at Glasgow curiosity led me to the mead (the Low Green) by the river side; for the poor women here, instead of water coming to them, as in London, are obliged to travel with their linen to the water, where you may daily see great numbers wading in *their* way, which, if seen by some of our London prudes, would incline them to form very unjust and uncharitable ideas of the modesty of Scottish lasses. I had walked (he continues) to and fro several times, and began to conclude that the custom of getting into the tubs and treading on the linen, either never had been practised, or was come into disuse; but I had not waited more than half-an-hour, when many of them jumped into the tubs, without shoes or stockings, with their shift and petticoats drawn up far above the knees, and stamped away with great composure in their countenaces, and with all their strength, no Scotchman taking the least notice, or even looking towards them, constant habit having rendered the scene perfectly familiar. On conversing (said our traveller) with some of the distinguished gentlemen of Glasgow on this curious subject, they assured me that those laundresses, as they appeared to me, were strictly modest women, who only did what others of unblemished reputation had been accustomed to for a long series of years, far beyond the memory of man; and added, that at any other time a purse of pure gold would not tempt them to draw the curtain so high." Thanks to Loch Katrine these tramping scenes are greatly improved, if not entirely superseded now; but we may not overlook a characteristic story of the renowned washerwomen of Glasgow, as showing their different degrees of *temper*.

One day two of them quarrelled; but the one damsel had an awful tongue compared with the other, and the latter quietly allowed her elderly neighbour to kick and rattle away as she pleased without condescending to take the least notice of her. Every word in the Billingsgate language was hurled by this termagant at the head of the younger lassie, who stood perfectly unmoved. On the termagant went, loud and furious, stamping and raging, the very froth foaming from her mouth. She made a last desperate assault or volley with her dreadful tongue. It fell harmlessly; the decent lassie was trampling away with the most stoical composure in her own boyne. At last, the termagant, unable to sustain this unanswered rage any longer, broke out with the exclamation—"*Speak to me, ye bitch, or I'll burst!*"

"Now," said Hawkie, coming up and saluting us with his stilt, on the Green, "There's a model of the graces for ye, sir. See how, as Solomon says, 'a soft word turneth away wrath,' or, as my friend Shakespeare says, 'The galled jade may wince, our withers are unwrung!'"

And he was dilating in that way, when he sagely observed:—"Man! if *Job* has ony dochters in Glasgow, that bonny, calm, quiet lassie, after all this ripping up by that enraged randy, must be one of them, for she is just like *patience* on a monument smiling at grief. And Job, ye ken, had an awfu' lot o' patience in his 'ain house at hame.'"

A WORSER AND A WORSER.—THE GLASGOW FAIR.

Hawkie was in his glory during the weeks of Glasgow Fair. We are indebted to a learned Sheriff for the following:—

This ancient civic saturnalia was, in the beginning of the present century, held in the Stockwell and Glassford Streets. On Wednesday, horses, their tails nicely tied up with straw ropes, lined these streets, and were run out in the other streets which struck off at right angles with these main arteries. Great Clyde Street, as it was then called, was the hippodrome where jockeys showed off their equestrian abilities, &c. Friday was the festive day of the civic community, and servant girls claimed the afternoon as their peculiar own. Cows on the latter day took the place of horses, requiring less room, and creating less noise, save where a troublesome bull or a frisky stirk sought amusement in the bountiful distribution of the contents of a "sweety wife's stand," or made an inspection of the interior of a huxter shop, invitingly opened on their line of march. The withdrawal of the bestial to the market place, off the Gallowgate, in the far east, (now of such interesting proportions, for all species of cattle, and probably the best conducted market in the world), completely deprived the ancient streets referred to of their usual bustle during the Fair week. Then came the caravans from London, with their wild beasts, and Punch and Judy, &c., &c., from other places. The chief receptacle of the caravans was the dung depot, which then occupied the bank of the river, between the Stockwell Bridge and the ancient Slaughter House, where the Gallows also was securely deposited, as it has been to a recent date. Pollito, was the man of the wild beasts; Minch and Cardona, had a monopoly of the Olympic; a giant, a dwarf, a fat woman, and a fat pig, filled up the polite attractions of the happy week. Sometimes cellars and stables were secured for the more aristocratic purposes of the amphitheatre. On one occasion, above a stable door, near Guildry Court, stood the following mysterious announcement, which attracted the attention of Hawkie, and led him to bring it into a great but ridiculous repute.

"A WORSER."

"What, in the name of goodness!" cried Hawkie, "What can that be? There's no such an animal ever afore heard of in the history of zoology, according to the very best of my reading." So crowds rushed in, especially the country-bred, to see the animal. Anon, a gaunt Irishman made his appearance, and drove in a large sow. "Ladies and gintlemen, you all see this fine animal; you never saw a better of its kind; this you must all admit." Astonished at this unexpected appeal, an assent was given by the rapt audience in a grumph which would have done credit to the porker itself; and which, in compliment, the sensible animal acknowledged *sou marte*, which means its own way. Paddy, after exhibiting the paces and dimensions of his apopletic countryman, drove his first hero of the piece from the arena to behind a curtain of the play, or the performance, which curtain was composed of sundry pin-connected pieces of sacking, smelling villanously of salted fish. The audience were kept in suspense for a while; their patience was nearly out at the elbows, and their expectation on stilts; at last, the wonderful curtain was slowly drawn, and now entered a living mass of bones, the very ghost of a sow, which the lean kine of Pharoah

would in all probability have refused to recognise, on any terms, had they met together in the plains of Memphis. In a loud Connaught brawl, the stage-manager of this performance proclaimed, —"Now, ladies and gintlemen, you must all admit that this is a *worser*." Loud laughter proclaimed the success of the trick. With a stroke of his shillelah on the mass of bones, drawing forth the whisper of a squeak and an apology for a grunt, both man and beast disappeared behind the curtain. The audience thus cheated, were delighted in their turn, to be instrumental in cheating others, and so they lauded to the gaping multitude without, the wonderful qualities of the "worser," and crowd after crowd filled the pavillion, and paid their pence to Paddy, greatly to his own astonishment and delight.

We could relate many other stories about Hawkie, but we must not overload this chapter, and although this may appear futile and childish in the extreme, or even reprehensible in the eyes of the strait-laced, it must not be supposed that Hawkie was destitute of more exalted attainments. Sickness of a serious character drove him from the streets, and he found shelter in the Old Town's Hospital, in Clyde Street, where, notwithstanding all his well-known humour, he conducted Sacred Psalmody with the greatest decorum and edification to the rest of the poor, helpless inmates. On his recovery, however, from the first fit of sickness, he sallied out again to the public streets, where he was received with joy and gladness, by almost all classes in the city. He could not resist the lively temper of his poor frail tabernacle, nor forget the gratification which some of his stories afforded both the old and the new residenters flocking around him. Standing at the head of the Stockwell, his stilt adjusted, and his eye glancing to the Tron Steeple, and thence along the Trongate and Argyle Street—the finest streets of their kind in Europe—Hawkie thus began his new oration to his audience. "Weel, my frien's, I dare say some of you may have been thinking that I was dead and buried, but that, ye see, is no true, for I am living evidence to the contrary. I have just been down in the Town's Hospital for some time past, taking proper care o' mysel', for I hae nae notion of putting on *a fir jacket* (meaning a coffin), as long as I can help it; but I fear I'm no better in my other propensities than when I gaed in; and really, if I may believe my ain looking e'en, I am free to confess that there seems to be very little improvement on yourselves." This candid statement enabled Hawkie to hirple through the streets for sometime longer. Much attention was paid to him by the late Mr. David Robertson, bookseller to her Majesty, who often enjoyed his humour in his own shop, with numerous customers. Indeed, Hawkie wrote out a sketch of his life, and gave it to Mr. Robertson, with whom we had the pleasure of being well acquainted, and probably we have purloined some of the particulars, for which we need offer no excuse, for we frequently visited Hawkie, when lying for weeks and months together on his narrow bed in the hospital, and he told us his whole history from his own lips, nearly as we have given it. He required on a second occasion to be taken into the hospital, and there we again find him the same queer old man, but with his thoughts elevated in the loftiest direction. The Bible was near his pillow, and the Poems of Cowper not from it.

BLIND ALICK.

THIS character, "Blind Alick," now to be noticed, was truly an innocent, well-behaved, and amiable creature—fond of his glass, but not so inveterately as his friend Hawkie, and thankful Alick always was "for the smallest mercies."

His real name was Alexander Macdonald—a Scottish name, certainly—but "Alick" was born at Kirkoswald, near Penrith, in England, in the year 1771. Many writers in Glasgow have erroneously scribbled about him,—some rather ignorant of his history and parentage; but we can state the fact that his father was a true Highlander, born at Inverness, and became a sturdy soldier in the ranks of the Pretender in the rebellion of 1715. When, afterwards the rebel troops were scattered at Carlisle, Macdonald and his wife, who trudged after him in battle array, found it convenient to settle down near Penrith, where Alick was born in the year stated. It is alleged by some writers who have taken great liberities with his name, as we also intend to do in the following chapters, in rather a new order, that Alick was born in a state of blindness; but this is not true. He lost his eyesight, as many poor creatures did at that period of history, by a ruthless attack of the small-pox, not until after he had grown up to be a strippling boy, and had learned to read and write well. He had also a good ear for the flute and the fiddle, and without these qualities he never could have become the extraordinary character in Glasgow he afterwards proved himself to be. We dismiss all talk about his journey from England to Glasgow. It

is sufficient to know that he settled down in Glasgow in or about the year 1790, when he married a decent Glasgow lassie, Mary M'Pherson, who had been troubled with the same malady he himself unfortunately had; but she had a good, brisk eye, and took precious care of Alick, as every affectionate wife ought to do of her lawful spouse. He became an admirable fiddler; and whether the Fiddler's Close in the High Street be called after him or not, there can be no doubt that Alick had his original quarters in that ancient street, and was much employed with his fiddle for penny reels in Fraser's Hall, in King Street, one of the best places of its kind at that time in Glasgow. At weddings too, of the humbler, as well as some of the higher classes in the city, Alick was sure to play a conspicuous part, for he was engaged by the bridegroom or his "best man," and the stipulation was that Alick should be paid eighteenpence "for the first twa hours" of his fiddle, and a penny for every reel he played afterwards till "the bedding" took place, "a wee short hour ayont the twal," or so long as the dancing continued till clear daylight in the morning; besides his *gaudeamous*, or a due share in the refreshment line of everything that was going on or partaken by the company, and these were never mean or stinted at any Glasgow wedding in the olden time. But while Alick was fully occupied, and made rather a good living in that way in the evening, he preferred to walk about the streets in open day, when he was able, and to do a good screed of business with the fiddle, which he dearly loved, and had a button hole made for it in his coat when he chose to rest it. The fiddle, indeed—his dear Cremona—was his neverfailing companion by day or by night; and we have no doubt it induced him to learn many beautiful songs and tunes, as also to compose many scraps of original poetry in his own name, deserving to be remembered by Glasgow people. Poor fellow, he had three sons, two of whom died in early life, but his third, and favourite son, delighted perhaps with his father's stories about the battle of Culloden and other whigmareelie things, determined, without his father's consent, to become a soldier; and Alick Macdonald, the younger, enlisted into the 71st Regiment, then stationed in Glasgow, under the command of the Honourable Colonel Cadogan. The war was at that time raging fiercely between this country and France on many bloody fields, and the brave and illustrious WELLINGTON, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, was careering with the British troops in Spain. An esteemed citizen, connected with one of the flourishing banks of the city, tells us that he saw the 71st Regiment leave the barracks, in the Gallowgate of Glasgow, to reinforce Wellington in Spain; and that "Blind Alick convoyed his smart young boy all the way to the Gallowgate toll," where they parted, never to meet again. Our friend also informs us that, on the same occasion, he saw an old widow woman, who had a grocery in the Gallowgate, and had *three* sons newly enlisted in the same Regiment, convoying them away as Alick was doing with his son. She had a clean linen mutch (or cap) upon her head, with a significant black ribbon tied around it. We may here tell the famous but true story over again, namely, that at the great battle of Fuento D'Honore, in Spain, the brunt fell on the 71st Regiment, which has, ever since, been appropriately called "*the* Glasgow Regiment." It was at the commencement of the awful and decisive *bayonet charge*, on that occasion, that the gallant Colonel Cadogan, waving his hat, addressed the Regiment, "Now, my lads, charge them down the Gallowgate!" at which thrilling words the Glasgow

heroes undoubtedly carried everything before them. But alas! the son of Alick fell; and, sadder still, the three sons of that poor widow fell dead in the same battle!

DESCRIPTION OF ALICK.

But we must now proceed from the sublime almost to the ridiculous, and take up the case of Blind Alick himself.

Mr. Sheriff Strathearn, in an able address to the Archæological Society of Glasgow, sometime ago described him as follows, and we hope the honourable Sheriff will not blame us for quoting his correct judgment on this subject.

"The appearance of Alick was correspondent with his instrumental melody and song. But it is well to *wordpaint him yet*, while the glow of description is still fresh. Alick was rather below middle size. His coat had been green, but stains, soiling, and age, had nearly defied discovery of what tint the garment was. On a breast button, fastened by a leather thong, hung a straight, fair sized staff—never used as support in walking, but pendulous it was suspended; and, as his urchin puked coat tails were ever and anon caught, whack! swung the staff behind to punish or scare the mischief-loving youth who were constantly on his track. Alick wore corduroy breeches of an ill chosen brownish colour. From the knees downwards his legs were covered by grey worsted stockings, and his feet were encased in a misshapen, badly contrived pair of shoes, fastened with whangs. His waistcoat was of brown cloth, and round his throat in winter he usually twisted a coarse, red woollen comforter. But his hat—the apex of the man—was a principal point of observation. It was a shocking bad hat—lacked nearly the whole brim, and every square inch of surface gave token of a dinge or clour—the crown being three-fourths detached; and frequently protruding from the openings, a cotton pocket handkerchief was seen peering out."

Having thus introduced "Alick," *per* his personal appearance, as given by the learned Sheriff, in which we entirely coincide from much older remembrance, we may now give a few of his own performances on the streets of Glasgow, some of which may be relished at this day. We do not undertake to be responsible for the whole of them. We only submit them to the consideration of our readers, *quantum valeat*—for what they are worth.

His first original sally, which we deem it right to notice, was this:—

> "On the first of August last,
> I left Inverness,
> And travelled up to Glasgow town,
> And arrived in great distress.
> I've travelled the world over,
> *And many a place beside*,
> But I never saw a more beautiful city,
> Than this on the navigable river Clyde!"

Ere we first knew him, a favourite student in Cockie Young's class in the College, used to rehearse to us, and they have often been printed, the graphic lines of Alick on the great naval battle of Camperdown, over the Dutch fleet.

"Good news I have got, my lads,
For country and for town;
We have gained a mighty fight,
On the sea, at Camperdown.
Our cannon they did rattle, lads,
And we knocked their topmasts down;
But the particulars you will hear,
By the post in the afternoon."

When the clever, self-taught artists, Messrs. Thom and Anderson, from Ayrshire, came to Glasgow many years ago, to exhibit their celebrated figures, chisled out in solid stone, representing Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnny, and the Deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman, they created uncommon satisfaction, for they were the first figures of their kind ever seen in Scotland, or anywhere else, Blind Alick, strange as it may seem, expressed an anxious desire to see "Satan" in his cold solid dress. Alick was, of course, duly elbowed to the exhibition, and this occurred, as we find it in print from the pen of our old trusty reporter, Mr. Frame. "Sirs," said he to the attendants, when entering the room, "I've come, with your leave, to inspect his majesty the Diel. I cannot say that I have any great regard for him myself—quite otherwise, but I've come to handle and thumb his lineaments, and make up my mind according to the best o' my judgment." "Take a seat, Alick." "O, let me just grip him as I stand." No sooner said than done. Alick commenced to grope first with his fingers about the head of the stone blind deil, just as if he was running the gamut on some piano, which indeed, he could well play. "Aye, aye," said Alick, "I see its all true that Loyal Peter said in his critique about the Deil, in his *Gawzette* of last Saturday, except this, that ye have made his majesty's nose rather crooked, like unto the nose of the conquering hero, His Grace the Duke of Wellington. But, as for the Gauger, vow me," said Alick, handling him from head to foot, "he's the very image of Terror, pourtrayed with a vengeance. His eyes; as I descern them, are like to loup out o' their sockets. I dinna envy them at a'; and his hair, it's standing stiffer than the quills upon any porcupine I ever heard of. May the Lord," said Alick, "give us grace to meet the ills we have, than fly to others which we know not of," and therein he spoke like a philosopher; but he could not resist scraping his fiddle and giving the address of Burns to the Deil, with which, we dare say, many of our readers are acquainted.

After our queer old friend Alick had disburthened himself somewhat of his rigmarole effusions, only a few of which are noticed, he became much more sedate and dignified in his manners and mode of life. He became, in short, a new and renovated man, for he made it a point of duty to attend regularly at the Tron Church, on Thursday, between the hours of twelve and two o'clock, when the renowned Dr. Chalmers delivered his weekly sermons to vast crowds of people on that particular day. His famous "astronomical discourses" which rivetted the attention of Euorope—all of which we heard—were delivered in that church, and in St. John's in the Gallowgate, built purposely for him by the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Council of the City of Glasgow. And on these occasions, Blind Alick, better dressed than usual, took up his position, not neglectful of his fiddle, in some convenient spot or other, and he exercised his vocation with uncommon effect, so much so, that the respectable crowds in going to, or returning from the church, did not disdain to notice the poor old blind

fiddler, In fact, he electrified them with the following lines of his own composition, echoed in the loudest strains by his cremona:—

"Of all our Min-is-ters there are not any
Like Thomas Chalmers from Kilmaney."
Fal lal de raw.

Often and often again were these lines repeated by Alick, much to the amusement of Dr. Chalmers himself, whom we have actually seen stopping and slipping into his hands, not dark or brown, but white pieces of money.

The ravages of time were now settling on his head. But he was playful to the last,—

"'Tis a very good world we live in,
To lend, or to spend, or to give in;
But to beg, or to borrow, or get a man's own,
'Tis the very worst world that ever was known."

So said he (as his previous lines announced) who had travelled *all* the world over, "And many place beside." Rare traveller, certainly! Yet, like a good man, with all his faults, he prepared himself in his declining years for the important voyage across "That bourne, whence no traveller returns."

Not trusting any more to his own verses, but rather forsaking them, he threw aside his fiddle, and rehearsed on his death-bed, for he was now on it, the exquisite Paraphrase, commencing

"Few are thy days and full of woe,
Oh, man of woman born!

No man of any candour, we hope, will deny that Blind Alick, from first to last, take him all in all, was an amiable, well meaning creature, and justly entitled to a place in a series of Glasgow Characters.

THE OLD CITY BELLMAN, GEORGE GIBSON, *alias* BELL GEORDIE.

THIS truly was an old character worthy of being commemorated. He flourished in the city both in the end of the last and in the beginning of the present century. He succeeded a still more remarkable man—viz., Dugald Graham, who, we learn from authenticated accounts, was at the battle of Falkirk, and wrote many queer pieces of poetry, in which he seems to have excelled, at the interesting and very important time when Prince Charlie, with his Highland Clans, invaded this city in the year 1745. We, however, have to take up the qualities of the modern *Bellman*, as we find and remember some of them in the person of George Gibson, *alias* Bell Geordie, now to be revived shortly in this chapter. These qualities, indeed, were of no small order. It was his duty, *primo loco*, to ring his bell, the age of which no one could tell; it had descended down through many generations. He proudly held the handle of it in his right hand at all meetings of the magistrates, he himself being dressed in red royal livery coat, with gilt buttons displaying the city arms, blue plush breeches, white stockings and buckled shoes, and a cocked hat on his head, like the *Trumpeters* who come yet to Glasgow with the Lords of Justiciary at the Assizes. For that duty Dugald had £10 a year allotted to him, not a bad salary in those days; but he had many *perquisites*, many

fees appertaining to his office which increased it materially. Thus every movement of any consequence in the city behoved to be announced by the bellman, in his official costume, to the citizens throughout the ancient landmarks of the city for "one silver sixpence paid down to him in his loof:" every sale on every warrant of the magistrates entitled him to a fee of one shilling; and he reaped a great harvest of sixpences and shillings when the herring boats arrived in their season, generally about the 4th of June, the King's birthday, with "the *brave* caller herrings, from the Gareloch, for that was the great place for the capture of myriads of herrings in these days; and the primary duty of the Bellman was to carry the first string of them—namely, the *brave* caller herrings, for that was the singular designation they had then as they have still—to his honour the water Bailie. An important magistrate he certainly was at that period, though much more exalted and comprehensive now in respect of the vast and increasing magnitude of the river. We have actually seen "Buckers" as they were called, chasing shoals of herrings as far up the river as Bowling Bay. It is amusing here to notice, but the circumstance has been well attested to us by our late departed friend "Senex" and others, that the old bellman first above named—viz., Dugald Graham—towards the end of the year 1790, being then nearly eighty years of age, his voice began to fail him, and no wonder, and therefore, says "Senex," (page 59 of Glasgow Past and Present) the magistrates and council resolved to elect an assistant and successor to him. Accordingly they advertised that candidates for the situation were to appear on a certain day to give a specimen of their abilities in the open air, so that the clearness and extent of their respective voices might be tested. The candidates were directed to cry the following Proclamation as proof of their being fit for the situation:—

"Notice.—There has just arrived at the Broomielaw a boat load of fine fresh herrings, selling at three a penny." (Tingle, lingle, lingle.)

When the day of trial arrived—we give this on the authority of Senex (who, we have no doubt, was a juvenile witness of the exhibition) various candidates appeared, and a number of our citizens assembled to witness the exhibition. After several candidates had given specimens of their talents, it came to the turn of Geordie, who rung the bell with a good birr, and with a clear and powerful voice repeated the above proclamation, after which, turning round to his audience, he recited the following lines of his own poetry:

"Now, my gude folks, this cry is all hum,
For herrings in the boat have not *yet* come:
Therefore you needna fash to gang awa
To seek sic dainties at the Broomielaw;
But *if* they come, and I'm town-crier then,
I'll tinkle thrice my bell and let ye ken."

This practical effusion of Geordie's was received by the audience with loud laughter and clapping of hands, in which demonstration of approbation the magistrates and council themselves heartily joined, so that Geordie was unanimously elected assistant city bellman. This is humoursome enough in its way. We wonder what would be thought of it now in the midst of bulls and bears and railway speculators of one kind or another going on in the city. But Geordie improved much his situation. Dr. Strang assures us in his well-written account of the *Clubs* of Glasgow, that Geordie, who received now the indellible name of *Bell Geordie*, always

secured a goodly audience, for no sooner was the triple clinket of his skellart heard than every house in the neighbourhood was sure to despatch a messenger to hear what he had honestly to communicate. "Of this well-known functionary," says Dr. Strang, "who for so many years filled the public ear, and, what is more, who gratified it, not only by the news he had to tell, but by the clever and original manner in which he told his tale, it is perhaps enough to say that no individual ever paced the Trongate in his time who was better known or longer remembered." *That* certainly is no small certificate of character from the pen of the late justly-esteemed Chamberlain of the city of Glasgow. But alas! Geordie, favourite as he was, was abruptly *dismissed* from his situation by the magistrates in the way we shall soon state, but not till we give a few samples of his abilties, not heretofore given that we are aware of in any previous publication, though disjointed bits of them may have been handed down from one person to another.

We give some of the following remarkable notices proclaimed through the streets by Geordie with his bell, as culled from a small scrap-book in our possession; and no doubt whatever need be entertained about the authenticity of them, because the most of them were actually printed in the old *Glasgow Mercury* and *Courier* newspaper at the time. The following shows how the magistrates and *ministers* of the city acted together staff in hand in these days in cases of suspected crime, which devolves now entirely on the head of the Fiscal:—

"*Whereas*,—A report hath been spread that John Graham, grocer, in this city, or some of his family, had set fire to his shop, the magistrates and ministers, after making inquiries, find the report false—April, 1780."

GOOD NEWS FOR THE DEAD.

Notice.—James Hodge, who lives in the first close above the Cross, on the west side of the High Street, continues to sell burying crapes ready made, and his wife's neice, who lives with him, dresses dead corpses at as cheap a rate as was formerly done by her aunt, having been educated by her and perfected at Edinburgh, from whence she has lately arrived, and has brought with her all the newest and best fashions.

ANOTHER "DEAD SET" AT THE PUBLIC.

Notice.—Miss Christian Brown, at her shop west side of Hutcheson Street, carries on the business of making *dead flannels*, and getting up burial crapes. Miss Brown also carries on the mantua making at her house in Duncan's Close, High Street, where a mangle is kept as formerly. She can likewise take in a boy (query, *beau*) to board and lodge.

MORE GOOD NEWS FOR THE DEAD.

Notice.—Miss Christy Dunlop, Leopard Close, High Street, continues to dress the dead as usual. She has always crapes ready made.

Our readers may well startle at such announcements, but the fact is that "dressing the dead" was an important affair in the last century, and the materials of "their last dresses" were specified by several Acts of Parliament! Sometimes they were to be clothed in woollen, sometimes in linen, according as the one or other branch of manufacture needed help at a "dead lift."

DANCING SCHOOLS, BOARDING SCHOOLS, PERFUMERY, ETC.

"*Notice.*—(11th October, 1781.)—Mr. Fraser will open his dancing school in M'Nair's Land, King Street, on the 15th inst. Terms easy." (This hall of Fraser's, still to the fore, was the most fashionable and celebrated of any at that time in Glasgow).

"The Misses Logan respectfully intimate that they have opened a boarding school for ladies, genteelly situated, up the second close in King Street, two stairs up."

"Robert Brown, perfumer, in the High Street, respectfully notifies that he sells the following articles:—Chevalier Ruspini's tincture and dentrifice; ladies' black sticking plaster *for patches; tongue scrapers;* white and black pins for the dressing of hair; French chalk; powder machines; powder bags; silk and swandown puffs; craping, punching, and truffle irons; bath garters; soft and gluey pomatums. As Robert Brown makes all his own hair powder, the public may depend on having it genuine."

"Barry Parkhill, at the head of the New Wynd, Trongate, respectfully announces that he makes all kinds of silk and linen umbrellas, much cheaper than English ones, viz.,—from 12s. to 32s., and ladies having old silk gowns, can have umbrellas made out of them."

OUR EARLIEST GLASGOW RESTAURATERS.

"Charles Macfarlane, Buck's Head Inn, respectfully announces that an *ordinary* is kept at his house every day, at three o'clock. Charge, eightpence a head."

A FAVOURITE HOWFF.

"Mrs. Lamont, of the Swan's Tavern, head of Stockwell, entry by Argyle Street, respectfully announces that she has soups ready from 12 to 2 daily. *Hams at any time.*"

We are forgetting, however, our own dear Bell Geordie. We could give many other of Geordie's original squibs and advertisements preceded and followed by the tinkle of his famous bell, and illustrative of the good and bad cheer of Glasgow at the period he was one of its most attractive observers.

We now come to the close of his harangues, which fatally terminated his official, but hitherto jolly career in Glasgow. One day, in the Old Burgh Court Hall at the Cross, it was his misfortune to chaunt the following lines rather too near the ears of some of the worshipful Bailies assembled in the place:—

> "If in our Courts a stranger keeks,
> His eye meets neither squires nor bankers;
> But *judges* wha shape leather breeks,
> And *justices* wha sowther tankers."

This was deemed to be an unpardonable offence—a very gross insult to some of the magistrates whose ancestors had both "shaped leather breeches" and "sowther'd tankers," and, therefore, according to the statement of "Senex" in his writings (page 60), the red coat was summarily stripped from the back of poor unsuspecting Geordie, the bell was taken from him, and he was thus ignominiously dismissed from the office of city bellman, to the great grief, we have no doubt, of all his cronies and himself.

"It was really melancholy to see," as our old venerable friend "Senex" remarks, how chopfallen poor Geordie was when he next appeared on the streets of Glasgow. He could not recover his spirits, and so, for some time, as has often been remarked in other cases of misfortune, he

"Poured spirits down to keep spirits up."

Occasionally he would venture out to the streets "in the gloaming," and whistle up some of his old favourite tunes. He was, indeed, a great and celebrated whistler of his day, as another Glasgow Character afterwards was; and when he was recognised on the streets, he received a little assistance from the cold hand of charity, for he had nothing else to depend upon. It was thought that the magistrates would relent and restore him to office, but they never did so. He latterly became totally blind. "*Pity the sorrows of a poor old man.*" And in that stricken and helpless condition he was sometimes led by a pretty little girl, his grand-daughter, to the "Arn's Well" in the Green of Glasgow to bathe his eyes, and to quaff the pure cordial from its delicious stream.

The strength of his *intellect* never deserted him, and, as he had often jingled with delight for others, he prepared at last to jingle quietly and soberly for himself to the anticipated sphere of another world. It is good to notice that he received his last final "Notice" with great resignation, and he was carried decently to the "Hie Kirk burying-ground"—

"Where servants, masters, small and great,
Partake the same repose;
And there in peace the ashes mix
Of those who once were foes."

JAMES DALL, THE FAMOUS CITY PORTER.

IF in the latter part of our previous discourse about Bell Geordie we have spoken of him with some degree of gravity and circumspection, we are afraid we shall not be able to do so with reference to the extraordinary Glasgow character we are about to notice, because, although both of them held a strong hold on the attention of the citizens some forty or fifty years ago, they were totally dissimilar in their character and occupations. Both of them, indeed, had fair characters: nobody can deny that; but in personal appearance they were at the antipodes of each other. Geordie had a most pleasant countenance: his features were admirable; but DALL was utterly different, almost beyond description in another view. It is to his personal features mainly that the interest of this chapter attaches, if there be any interest about it, as to which our readers will best judge when we close it; but those, and there are some such yet in the city, who remember the once living man will not say that we have surcharged the description of him we are about respectfully to give.

We never could learn the exact place of his nativity, but we think we may claim him as a lusty boy, born in the Gorbals, now forming such a mighty unit in the history of Glasgow, and with the prospect, if we may rely on Mr Disraeli, of soon having an independent member of Parliament to itself. My conscience! Nicol Jarvie never dreamt of anything of that sort in all his philosophy in former times about Glasgow, and the Gallowgate, and the Saltmarket thereof, &c., &c.

But me must eschew *politics* at this part of our chapter. When we knew DALL fifty years ago, for that was the name he invariably went by, he was stationed as a street messenger, or porter, at the foot of Nelson Street, and he maintained his position in that place eastwards to the statue of King William at the Cross without any rival. In fact, there were very few porters, at that time in the city—not more than a dozen or two—and we remember when two or three of them congregated about the Black Bull in Argyle St., and one of them wended his way, or took up his station so far west as Buchanan Street; he was regarded as a very foolish old fellow, ill off for a job. None but old men—discarded servants of the magistrates and Town Council, or others in authority, but discharged with a good character—were trusted as city porters in those days. Dall was the youngest but the stoutest of the lot. He got on through the favour of old Mr Joseph Bain, of Morriston, who farmed the ancient mail coaches of the city; and the great Mail Coach Office, booking passengers to Edinburgh and London, and all places of the world, consisted of a small room in the lower department of one of the tenements in Nelson Street, and a pie and

porter shop stood nearly at the corner of it. "The King's Arms Inn," as it was called, "entered from a narrow close thirty yards or so from it. Old Mr Joseph Bain and his sons, John, and Joseph the advocate, were much tickled with the personal appearance of Dall, and more with his astonishing strength and prowess. He could lift the heaviest portmanteau, no matter what it contained, with the greatest ease; he could throw piles of luggage over his shoulders, as if his shoulders were made like caravans for the greatest loads; none could match Dall "for a lift"—none could run so quickly as he did. He was taken into great favour by Mr Bain and his sons and many others, and was dubbed, "Dall, the King of the City Porters."

All this is simple and natural enough; but it is nothing without the real description of his person, which, without trusting our own pen, was scribbled down to us many years ago by an esteemed friend from whose humour we have derived more gratification sometimes than if he had been penning the original memoirs of Don Quixote.

We now approach the subject of this worthy old TROJAN with feelings somewhat of admiration and awe. His name, through short and queer, is full of interest. The very mention of it calls up visions of an open countenance, open even to excess. Dall was contemporary with Hirstling Kate, Major and Mary, illustrious characters of their own kind in the city, which we intend to describe by and bye. They exchanged the most friendly greetings with each other when they foregathered at the foot of Nelson Street, or nearer to the Tron Steeple. Dall was of middle stature, inclining to buffyness. His face was round like a large wooden platter, rather plookey, and of a cadaverous hue. His eyes were grey, cod-like, and startling. It was impossible to look upon them without emotion. The proboscis resolved itself into a peculiar sort of thickish bulb, shaky and snuffy towards the extremity, and it quivered much in the action of walking or running, especially in the latter course. In character, it was neither Greek nor Roman, but approached that of the negro—only it was not black but purple. Some long-tongued people compared the nasal organ of Dall to an over-ripe, woody, jargonel pear, which had been dabbed by the sparrows, but rejected as unwholesome, and had lain at the bottom of the tree uncared for, except by snails crawling over it till Martinmas. Be that as it may, *it* was not the reigning feature of our friend's visage. Oh dear, no. The nose might be all well enough, but it was completely eclipsed by another organ—emphatically the *mouth*, yes the mouth. It is no vain boast for Glasgow to say, and say with perfect confidence, that such another mouth was probably never seen in Europe since the dawn of civilisation. Now, although it is admitted on all hands that such a convenience is absolutely necessary in the animal economy, yet there are reasonable limits to it. Like honey, a person may have too much of it. This was exactly Dall's predicament. Nature had been over liberal, and had bestowed on him an opening for the admission of nourishment greatly beyond what ordinary mortals required. It reached crosswise nearly from the one ear to the other, and might have entitled him to rank with the *skate* family. There presided over it a very remarkable upper lip hugely resembling the hump of a young dromedary. This protuberance was flabby, and had a liver-like look. People unacquainted with our hero's quiet and pacific habits might have rashly concluded from a cursory glance at Dall's *mums* that the proprietor of such a lip must have

been lately engaged in a sparring match either with Jack Carter who taught the young Glasgowegians of that day "the noble art," as it has been most improperly called, of self-defence in some taverns in King Street, or with Molyneaux, the great big burly African black who breakfasted on beefsteaks and grapes, and fought with poor Fuller on the Stocky-muir five-and-thiry years prior to that date. But honest Dall was not of the fancy. The fact is, that his lip came along with him exactly as it was from his cradle.

But, reverting to the mouth—the blae bulby nose already described, hovered over it like a presiding genius, occasionally moistening it in the kindest manner with tricklings from the two wynd-like nostrils, up which the *rappee* was vehemently driven by Dall's right thumb, fresh from his round tin snuff-box, when the spirit moved him. How this wonderful man contrived to shave the huge protuberance himself, or how any member of the barber craft, who were then persecuted for Sunday Shaving, could venture to scrape it without taking off a considerable slice, or making a deep incision, are questions which can only be answered by a barber's committee, aided by the practical pen of such a member of their cleanly fraternity, as the great and learned Hugh Strap, who served his apprenticeship in the High Street, during the days of Nathaniel Jones who published the first Glasgow Directory.

In contemplating Dall's "fine open countenance," the effect depended very much on the precise condition it happened to be in at the time. If the mouth was shut, and in a state of repose, then the spectator might pass on safely; but if Dall happened to laugh, such a fearful chasm was revealed, that people instinctively fell back a pace or two in alarm. If he sneezed, the explosion and the combined action of the snout, lip, and mouth, were awful. But, if he happened to yawn, as he sometimes did, when in a lazy fit, people ran off the pavement to the crown of the causeway, so as to be at a safe distance, lest, peradventure they might be swallowed up by the crocodilian gape of this Trongate phenomenon. The curious sometimes go to a menagerie at feeding time, and pay a shilling extra to see the wild beasts at supper. But that was nothing compared with our friend, devouring a penny pie or a triangular scone, fresh from the baker's. One grand bite, and all was over. Down the whole concern went at a bound. The nose shook, the lip soaked in grease, or powdered with scone flour, paused while the tremendous cavern underneath gaped wide for more; and a *rift* from its innermost recesses, came forth with a gust almost sufficient to blow your hat off.

Whistling was rather inconvenient, from the peculiar configuration of Dall's alimentary organ. It was therefore, not often indulged in. But when the phrenological bump of *tune* was excited, probably after a draught of small-beer, or a mug of twopenny ale, the mouth assumed the aspect of the entrance of a tunnel, such for instance, as that of the Molindinar Burn, which then discharged its sweet limped waters into the Clyde, while the strains which issued from the unparalleled dallian cylinder were enough to make a horse laugh. The tunes themselves however, we must say, were selected by the whistler with great good taste, from the more genteel melodies of Caledonia, such as—"Tallyho the Grinder," "Hey Cocky-bendie," "Babbety Bowster," "Jenny dang the Weaver," and other lightsome but populars airs.

Dall's raiment consisted of a queerish coat, corduroy knee'd breeks, rig-and-fur stockings, quarter boots, well dozed with tackets, and laced with leather whangs; a red comforter; the whole surmounted by a hat, generally a good deal bashed from concussions caught in the exercise of his profession, with trunks and other luggage of the mail coach travellers. A coil of ropes, thick enough to have hanged Pritchard, was arranged gracefully across his chest, and gathered into a bunch at his left naunch, ready for action. He wore a star of the same material as a barber's basin on his breast, the emblem of *his* order.

The best place to see Dall, in the middle of the day, was at the Old Mail Coach Office, already described, or between King William and the Old French Horn Close. When the coach was away, and time hung rather heavy on his hand, he might be seen with the Grammar School boys, or other urchins of the city, trying his powers at "leap frog," over the well-known row of the old twenty-four pounder cannons that stood on end along the edge of "the plainstanes" opposite the Tontine—a feat that required great agility. When successful in jumping over them all, our hero "grinned horribly a ghastly smile," which made the youngest to look upon him with awe and amazement.

But the better place by far to see Dall in his glory, was when the mail coach was either ready to start from the foot of Nelson Street for London, or when she arrived. In the former case, the coach was as clean as a new pin, with its old-fashioned chocolate coloured pannelings and bright red wheels, all well washed and trig from the Old Saracen's Head Inn, Gallowgate; its high mettled horses and guard with scarlet coat, cockade, and pistols; Dall, all the while, in spite of his mouth, bustling amongst the gaping crowd, with parcels, portmanteaus, and sweetmeats, &c., &c., to the astonishment and concern of the passengers. Then, when all was ready, the guard blew his horn, the horses pranced as Jehu's long whip gently touched the leaders, and off went the coach, down the queer old Gallowgate, "like winking."

On the other hand, when it was about the hour of the mail's arrival, Dall was eagerly on the look-out, his neck stretched like an ostrich, and his mouth and lip in an agony of expectation. This was probably the most dangerous period to approach him. There was no saying what the mouth might do. But when the "toot tootin" of the guard's horn reached his ears, as the coach dashed past St Andrew's Lane, honest Dall gave a decided jump, and rubbed his "hackit" hands together then bolting into "the offish," declared "she's there." Up the mail accordingly drove briskly to the door, bespattered with mud, and the horses with foam: the usual crowd gathered; down came the war-like guard with his precious leather bags from London, and forward Dall sprang to open the coach door. The inside stranger passengers were apt to pause at the extraordinary appearance of our friend's visage, and to hesitate about coming out till they assured themselves there was no danger. All this was during the war time. Now, Dall in common with the rest of the reading portion of the public, had a strong itch for politics. If the Mail brought news of some great battle, the eager desire of Dall for "the latest intelligence" made him thrust his head into the coach, which caused the travellers instinctively to draw up their legs in case of a sudden evolution. Well do we emember the day when the news arrived of the battle of Waterloo. The Mail had a

large flag with "victory" in big letters, the guard, driver, and horses were decorated with ribbons, and an immense crowd surrounded the coach. Dall was there, of course; and when the news reached his ears that "*Boney was licked,*" and the allies in full cry towards Paris, the worthy man's mouth became quite unmanageable. It flew open like a barn door —the upper lip shook like a mass of stranded whale blubber—and then there came forth such a huzza as has seldom proceeded from mortal man, and which caused not only the cock on the Tron Steeple to chitter with the reverberation, but the gust nearly *coupit* our amiable friend Blind Alick with his fiddle, to whom we have paid every respect in one of our preceding chapters.

Having thus described, with the aid of our excellent friend referred to, the personal appearance of Dall by no means surcharged in any way, as those, we repeat, who are still spared to recollect him may safely attest, it now only remains for us to note down a few other incidental particulars regarding him which may be regarded with some interest now by those who do not know, because they were not then born, and by others who yet remember the stirring events which then occurred in Glasgow. We say nothing further here,—we have perhaps sufficiently exhausted the subject already anent the Trial of Queen Caroline, the illuminations on her victory, the Radical Rebellion, as it was called, of 1819-20, the military scouring the streets of Glasgow, the reading of the Riot Act, &c., &c. At that epoch—viz., 1819-20—many, we are sure, will remember that Glasgow became like a great military arsenal crammed with troops of all descriptions. The gentlemen's corps of sharpshooters was then formed comprising the *elite* of the city, and mustering nearly a thousand strong, It was the pride almost of the whole city, and of the Commander-in-chief in Scotland, and the Lord President came west to see it often paraded in the Green. We well remember its enthusiastic strains, but the tear almost startles to our eye when we reflect that at the period we now write there are not more than fifty or sixty of that splendid group now alive in the land of living men!

Besides the sharpshooters there were the Glasgow Yeomanry and the Glasgow "Armed Association," which last consisted chiefly of decent tradesmen and their employers; nor were the city porters denied a niche in this strange military movement—on the contrary, they were welcomed to it by the magistrates. Dall was the moving star of the porters. He had such legs and arms of strength that many declared he himself was equal to a whole company of volunteers together; but when, in the sight of others, he appeared in his "philibeg and tartan trews," brandishing a huge oak cudgel in place of a rifle in his hand, the loud guffaws of women, as well as men, became perfectly irresistible. He soon settled, however, the "Armed Associates." They were named, from his desperate strength, the "Armed Assassins;" the sharpshooters got the name of "the Dandy Corps," and the Yeomanry that of "the Sour Milk Cavalry." Happily the Radical Rebellion soon blew over—not without taking off the heads, in the most shocking way, of poor Hardie and Baird at Stirling. This was indeed a sorry episode, and we pass it over without saying another word in this place.

It was amusing to meet with Dall when he was playing "the soldier laddie" on some of these great occasions. It must not be supposed that

although we have described him in the most ludicrous style that he wanted good brains in his head, or correct and ready judgment. He knew perfectly well the why and the wherefore, and he was never at a loss to show his erudition on points that might have baffled some of the most learned. As a judge of horse flesh, none could cope with him; and he could tell the qualities of a pointer dog, or the dexterity of a greyhound, as he often led them on a string to the Mail Coach Office. He could even "cut capers" when he pleased with "the College-bred;" for he was a mighty favourite with every one of the learned professors, and ran messages for them most correctly when their own *Beadalus* happened to be out of the way, or otherwise engaged. Dall could be hailed in a jiffey from the east to the west of the city, and bankers entrusted to him their parcels without fear. He was equal to six ordinary porters on any emergency, at any time. Somehow we got particularly attached to him towards the close of his career, and never left him without good humour. He had many things from Joe Miller at his finger ends. This was one of them—

"If *ifs* and *ans*
Were pots and pans,
There would be nae need for tinklers."

Dall, at times, was particularly racy on the sharpshooters; many of them were his best employers. We give the following, whether it was his own or not, on the Armed Association :—

IMPORTANCE OF THE REAR RANK.

"Says a man in the front to a man in the rear,
Hold your peace with your insolent chat;
You cowardly dog, what's the use of you here,
They might as well give a gun to a bat."

REPLY.

"You pretend not to know what's the use of us here,
They knew it who gave us our pay:
Such heroes as we, sir, are clap't in the rear,
To prevent you from running away."

At what particular time the illustrious Dall quited this transitory planet of ours, is quite uncertain. We rather think it would be about the year 1842.

FEEA, THE POOR GLASGOW IDIOT BOY.

FIFTY years ago, the streets of Glasgow were more frequented by *outre* characters than they are now. The police-officers of those days did not consider it worth while to meddle with poor, harmless creatures, but tacitly allowed them to roam about the city as they liked best.

It was in these times, and under such circumstances, in the year 1812, that the object of our present notice came into play. Poor Feea! poor, dear Feea! we can never think of him without emotion. He was born in the lower part of the Stockwell, of the poorest but most honest and virtuous parents in that locality, and, ere he was four or five years of age, he lost his father, and soon afterwards his mother; and this had such an effect upon him, that his intellect became impaired, and he was thrown as a weary, wandering, orphan boy upon the streets of Glasgow.

It is a pity to state, but it must be stated, that he was suffered to grow up in this city like a wild Arabian colt in all the frivolities of nature. Few cared about him in early life—he ran hither and thither just as he pleased. Every dark, lone close in Glasgow might have been claimed by him as his habitation: and some old deserted stables, with a tift of rotten straw left in them, were regarded by him as a sort of palace in a stormy, winter night. How he was clad, it is difficult to tell; we only know that he had, when we first saw him, a coarse, round corduroy jacket, with pockets under the arms, which he delighted to show—a scanty blue kilt which barely covered his knees, nothing in the shape of shoes or stockings, and no hat or cap, and an utter stranger to the qualities of soap, or the benefits of brush or comb. Yet under these sad disadvantages he had a very sweet and winning appearance. At the age of fifteen he was one of the most nimble and best-shaped youths in the city—none could run like him to any distance. He was remarkably fond of mixing with other boys about his own age, wholly different from him in education and comfort; for Feea had no education whatever, and almost as little comfort, yet here also he seemed to be the happiest amongst the happy, and somehow his very appearance, ever mild and docile, made him a favourite with many of the younger aristocracy of our city, if we may so call them; and here we are glad to mention that they generally treated him with peculiar but great kindness. But alas! his own mode of living was utterly revolting. Whether the sad pangs of hunger in his earlier orphan years had gnawed and distracted him in a way which none could tell and as little describe, or whether tempted or impelled by some extraordinary instinct, never occurring in the history of any other human being in this city so far as we know, certain it is that during the

heaviest showers of rain that fell in the city—in particular, during the loudest peals of thunder and the most vivid flashes of lightning, while many intelligent people were alarmed, and others stood aghast with fear and trembling, this poor idiot boy was sure to be seen running about and clapping his hands, and shouting and laughing with joy. He truly realised the emphatic line of the poet—

"In darkness and in storm he found delight."

For in his tattered clothes, drenched to the skin, he might be seen busily occupied in performing feats for his own comfort, the mere mention of which, we dare to say, may well excite a thrill of horror on the part of our kind readers who live well and dine luxuriantly, enjoying, probably, every good wish to their heart's content. The occupation of Feea here alluded to was this,—On these occasions when the streets were deluged with rain, and the gutters running down the streets were in some places completely overflowed, Feea would be seen eagerly gathering up all the creeping and crawling worms gambling in the pools and swallowing them alive one after another so soon as he could lay his fingers upon them! This certainly was a shocking practice; but shocking as it was, it became, strange to say, the very thing which distinguished Feea above all others in Glasgow! On these wet days, the boys from the Grammar school, or others descending from the College, would seize upon Feea, and tempting him with his favourite beverage, they shouted, "A worm for Feea," and in his innocent simplicity he would laugh and gobble it down with the greatest adroitness: nay, relish it perhaps more a good deal than any alderman of London ever did his *turtle* soup. Feea frequently filled his jacket-pocket, of which he seemed to be very proud, with worms and snails, or other creeping things; but a dead mouse or a dead rat he abhorred, and would never look at such with anything like satisfaction. It was the *worms* on a rainy day that he preferred above any other morsel. Yet he had no bad taste in other respects, and accordingly many of the boys who romped after him would treat him to lumps of black man, or lickery stick, or sugar alley, and also to peppermint lozenges, and cakes spread with butter and parley snaps, or other sweetmeats, for which the poor creature always indicated his gratitude by first kissing his hand, and then bowing his head; but on a wet day, or, as we have stated, in showers of rain from the heavens, these last-mentioned luxuries were despised by Feea in comparison with the worms which he caught in the gutters, and obviously relished, we do declare, as much if not more so, than any of our respected magistrates could do a fine caller herring, nicely dressed with pepper and salt, or other condiments. It may, perhaps, not be out of place here to mention that a very excellent and humane lady of this city—now no more—was much shocked one day in King Street at seeing a butcher there sharpening his knife to kill a young bleating lamb. "You monster," she said, "are ye going to kill the little innocent in that way?" He replied coolly—"Why, my lady, would you wish to eat it *alive?*"

But apart from his noxious mode of living, for which, perhaps, the pangs of hunger in his early life might be his best excuse, he was, in his open countenance, the picture of innocence itself. We never beheld a milder looking creature straggling on the streets of Glasgow; and when he had got an old pair of *calshies* (trousers), or a shirt, or a vest, or a jacket, as he

occasionally did from some of the other boys who liked him well, he would dance, as they bade him to do, or run a race from the one end of Argyle Street to the other in less than two minutes. He was peculiarly attached to the canine tribe. A little dog, when he could seize one in his arms, became with him a mighty favourite: and although dogs in some places are said to have a natural instinct against all people in the shape of beggars, the undoubted fact is that every dog in Glasgow at that period was known to Feea, and, instead of barking at him, they would run after him, wagging their tails and fawning to him as they went along. But a neighing horse was to him a noble animal. And if he went to the head of Queen Street to behold the crows' nests then building, as they did every year and for many years, in the well-known "Rookery," which many yet may remember, surrounding the elegant mansion of the late James Ewing, Esq., of Levenside, since demolished to make way for the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, Feea might be seen often waiving his arms and attempting to leap up in the air to catch them. But his chief *howf* latterly was in Glassford Street, near the then new Trades' Hall (founded in 1791 at an expense of £5000 sterling). It became, as Feea grew up and was emerging from his *teens*, the favourite fashionable dancing place for the young scions and belles of Glasgow. Near it he would squat down on the pavement, rubbing his hands, and muttering and chattering to himself; for the poor idiot boy often held communing with his own inward estate, and then he would start up from his reveries, and give his favourite loup. It was a great one: for at one bound, or at most two, he could leap from the pavement at the Trades' Hall to the opposite pavement leading to Garthland Street, and back again in the easiest manner. We question whether any boy in all Glasgow could be found at this day to accomplish such a feat. On another occasion, after Nelson's Monument on the Green of Glasgow, had been struck at the top by lightning, 5th August, 1810, Feea, amazed at the circumstance, not of the lightning, at which he gloried, but at the strange and shattered appearance of the Monument, threw up a hand-ball which he possessed over the head of it—a height of more than 140 feet, and smiled as he ran after his ball and caught it descending near the Old Herd's House on the Green, no trace of which is now to be seen. These surely were not *silly* feats; but whether silly or not, no writer that we are aware of has yet recorded them, and we beg to do so with the most cherished and rational respect of his unblemished memory.

We were almost forgetting to state that one day Feea, with all his natural modesty, ventured to enter within the precincts of the Trades's Hall. it was on a "Practising Saturday," when all the boys and girls were wont to display their agility in *dancing*. Let us attempt to describe it shortly from the words of an old favourite pupil, still to the fore, and using his legs, we are happy to say, remarkably well. The large Hall was filled with the pupils, including the misses from two of the most fashionable boarding-schools, who sat in rows on the front forms at opposite ends of the Hall, glittering with spangles and bugles and gumflowers in their hair, each with her little blue or red silk bag and sash, and presided over by prim duennas. The master, in honour of *his* patrons and the occasion, was in full dress, consisting of a long swallow-tailed blue coat (not overly well made), with satin tights and silks, a profusion of ruffles, knee and shoe buckles, a huge bunch of seals suspended from a chain thick enough for a terrier, a curly

brown wig nearly as good as new—his whole person being perfumed with rose water, and a peppermint lozenge or two in his mouth to disguise his breath, whose fragrance otherwise might have been traced to the rum bottle. On the other hand, the trig boys were expected and required to show their very best manners, by politely handing their fair partners to a seat, and then going through the trying ordeal of walking tip-toe across the great hall, assuming the first, second, and third positions, and then, with a profound bow, beseeching the young beauty's acceptance of an orange newly arrived from Lisbon, and a few curly-anders—going through the same ceremony as they came back to the master, who graciously received the duplicate orange, and, at the first convenient opportunity, slyly slipped it into a large empty basket lying *perdu* near the fiddlers for private use. In short, everything was as prim, pernickety, and blythsome to the little blue-jackets as possible. The dance going on was *Shantruse;* and a famous dance it was. The music was playing cheerfully, the affectionate parents admiring their lovely children engaged in the dance, while the prim boarding-school mistresses, sitting like mummies, watched the demeanour of the misses *learning manners* under their charge, biting their lips if anything went wrong, and the little misses themselves, with red cheeks and bonnie white frocks, lilting gracefully on the spacious floor of the said hall, when all of a sudden who should bang in amongst them with a hop-step-and-jump but honest "Feea," who rivetted the attention of all.

Cries of "A new scholar, a new scholar," issued with acclaim from some of the joyous, waggish boys with clapping of hands and ruffing of feet. But the amazement of the master and the mistresses, the fathers and the mothers, as well as the fiddlers, was only equalled by that of the uncombed, unbreeched, shoeless, stockingless visitor himself. The music stopped abruptly: the boy dancers giggled with *he hee hees:* some of the misses *screeched* at the uncommon visage of the rude intruder; but others of the knowing boys, up to the manners of Feea, shouted out, "Feea, Feea, a *ham* for Feea"—meaning a worm—on which the enraged master of ceremonies ran for his cane: and on seeing it Feea took the significant hint—he was not blind to signs or wonders—and he bolted down the stairs as fast as his heels could carry him, and nestled down in some of his more favourite haunts.

Charlotte Street, as we very well remember, was a great place for him amongst the gentry; many of the best citizens resided there, and amongst them the Rev. Dr. John Lockhart, of the College Church, a most amiable man, the father of the renowned John Gibson Lockhart, editor of the *Quarterly Review*, and son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, and also of Mr. Wm. Lockhart, afterwards M.P. for Lanarkshire, and Mr. Laurence Lockhart, minister of Inchinan, &c., &c. Old Dr. Lockhart had always a warm side to poor Feea, and tried frequently to instruct him: he never allowed him to go away from his door without something; and on the opposite side of that street, almost facing Dr. Lockhart's house, stood the residence of the parents of the lovely Miss Roxburgh, who had the good fortune to marry the late esteemed and inestimable citizen, viz., Wm. Campbell, Esq., of Tillichewan, whose first warehouse, in partnership with his brother, Sir James Campbell, was then at No. 5 Saltmarket. We remember the wedding day of Wm. Campbell perfectly. It was a great day in Glasgow, for he had the spirit to start with his bride in an elegant chaise and four splendid grey

horses, which rattled through the Gallowgate with more animation and *eclat* considerably than was once done in Cheapside, if we can believe all accounts, by another very worthy citizen of London. This we know, for we saw him, that "Feea" was clad on that wedding day from head to foot with a braw suit of new clothes ordered and provided for him by William Campbell, which created the loftiest marks of approbation throughout the city, and we rather think this was one of the first considerate and humane deeds of charity commencing with the married life of Wm. Campbell, and led him onwards and for ever afterwards, with a smile on his lips, to dispense favours to fellow-mortals, many of which, we doubt not, are already registered in heaven.

How very different are the *feelings* of men? We shall here give a very striking instance of this: for in the very street referred to, viz., Charlotte Street, called after Queen Charlotte, the wife of George III., there lived a haughty and domineering commissioner of police, who had no bowels of compassion towards poor Feea, or any other poor needy creature approaching his doors. On the contrary, he seems to have borne a mortal antipathy to all such, and had a heart harder than adamant towards them. It was the practice of Feea, when in that part of the city, to scrape up bits of cold potatoes, of which he was fond, from the very receptacles of ashes or dung-steads, then placed at a convenient distance behind the front mansion. In order to get at them, he required to leap over some pretty high stone walls; and the servants in those houses never disturbed him, for they knew him well, and rather pitied his abject taste. But on one of these occasions, the infuriated owner of one of these houses above referred to rushed out from his parlour with a large horse whip in his hands, seized hold of Feea, and lashed him furiously on his bare head and feet, and other parts of his body, till the blood issued in great profusion. The poor idiot boy screamed out most piteously. "No kill Feea! no kill Feea!" these were his very words. In an agony the poor creature, not conscious that he had done anything wrong, fell down on his knees, and cried again most piteously, "No kill Feea!—no kill Feea!" But the cruel monster continued to lash him till a young gentleman in the Gallowgate, attracted by the cries rushed to the spot and rescued Feea. The poor bleeding creature, thus extricated, clung to the side of that young gentleman,—tears running rapidly down Feea's innocent cheeks, nor would he let go the trembling desperate hold which he took of his rescuer's coat, till he averted his eyes at some distance from the fiend who had so cruelly assailed him. This savage encounter, in such a quarter of Glasgow, created the deepest indignation in the heart of that young gentleman, and led to fierce and angry words between the two—to such a degree that the one threatened to prosecute the other; and we know to a certainty that our humane friend would have prosecuted the barbarian though it should have cost him a hundred pounds, but, on taking the advice of the old respected Robert Davidson, Esq., who was then Professor of Law in the University of Glasgow, he was informed that he could maintain no action of damages in the name of Feea, for the assault and wanton outrage committed upon him, because he was *non compos mentis*, and behoved to have tutors and curators appointed for him on the nearest side of his paternity, but none such could be found, and therefore the threatened proceedings were dropped. It remains for us now to give the name of that excellent young gentleman here referred to. He was none other than the

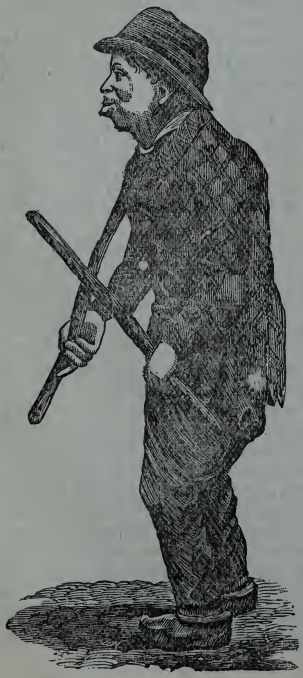
late Wm. Gilmour, Esq., who years afterwards became one of the most racy and popular magistrates that ever wielded authority since the pasing of the Municipal Reform Bill. Some of his appearances in the police courts of this city can never be forgotten so long as the files of some of our newspapers are in existence. We had the pleasure of enjoying his intimate and uninterrupted friendship for the long period of more than 40 years. He wrote us a most touching and affecting letter about Feea, some years ago, and we had his permission to publish it again, for he was aware how much we were devoted to old Glasgow stories; but within the last six months he, too, has paid the debt of nature, and, therefore, it is perhaps expedient that we should draw a veil over his antagonist who lashed Feea, with such cruelty. It is, however, very significant to add on this point that the house in Charlotte Street, and the appurtenances thereof, wherein Feea encountered such treatment, have long since been levelled to the ground, and there is not another person of the same name in that locality, or in the city of Glasgow—a circumstance not entitling us to say that the wicked have always their deserts in this world; but the mercy we entertain for some descendants still alive, at a great distance from Charlotte Street, prompts us to say nothing more on the subject.

We rather conclude by telling what is more amazing, that at all the ancient games of the city amongst the youngsters of that age—some of which are still kept up, such as playing at pitch and toss, bools plunked against bools into round holes in some convenient place on the pavements, the knuckle down by the loser to receive his punishment from the winner's hands with his successful bool, or the scudding of the "peerie" on the pavement, the game of "pall-all" on the same place, or the nobler game for exercise of "hide-and-seek," high spy it was oftener called, not speaking of the "shinty" on the Green of Glasgow—none at some of these games could fairly match "Feea."

But we must now close with these scenes in the short life of Feea. We lament to say that, although insane and peaceable, and while from his years he was getting on to attain the majestic symmetry of a man, he suddenly disappeared from the streets of Glasgow. It was rumoured that he was found dead one bitter frosty morning in a cold cellar on the sunken floor of one of the old tenements in the Goosedubs, and quietly buried over in the Gorbals. Others alleged that he had tumbled over the old wooden bridge crossing the Clyde near the foot of the Saltmarket, and there drowned, never more to be seen. But many alleged, and this last story in these days was more easy of belief—namely, that he was actually *smothered* in one of his quiet retreats at midnight by the *Resurrectionists*, who, there can be little doubt, prowled about the city in the darkest nights of those days, and carried their unfortunate and unhappy victims to their dissecting tables not far from the College, as was notoriously done in Edinburgh about the same time by these hellish miscreants, Burke and Hare, with other poor idiot boys or helpless creatures in that quarter of the kingdom. But, whatever befel "Feea," we have often mourned over the remembrance of his sweet and serene countenance, and thought that if he had been properly attended to in early life, instead of being the poor jaded idiot, he might have been a perfect Adonis in the city of Glasgow.

MAJOR AND MARY.

IT will be more amusing, we dare say, to many of our readers, and more agreeable certainly to ourselves to pass from some of the rather sad episodes in the life of Feea, which we have finished, in the meantime at least, in the foreging Chapter, and to enter on more amusing or laughable matter, respecting two very distinguished characters, as we venture to call them, the one of the masculine and the other of the feminine gender, who long enjoyed the sunny smiles of "a discerning public" in this city, and who, we humbly think, should not be allowed to pass away into the dim caverns of forgetfulness without some special notice.



We therefore intend to bring them somewhat shortly, but perhaps vividly, before the mind's eye of our readers in this Chapter. Circumstances render it convenient for us to defer describing the lady till we first describe the gentleman; but this seemingly ungallant arrangement is assuredly not meant to place this remarkable female one iota lower in public estimation than her birth and accomplishments warrant.

One of the oldest, most excellent, and esteemed friends, under the shadow of whose wings we have often written, brushes up our fancy as well as our recollection a good deal when he reminds us of these two favourite characters about to be introduced to our readers, under the names of Major and Mary—the only names by which they were ever heard of, or recognised in this city, and therefore we need not bother ourselves or trouble our readers by enquiring into their birth, parentage, education, and so forth.

"Who," says our friend, "that knew Glasgow in all its aspects and agencies

more than thirty years ago, did not also know MAJOR—if not personally —at least through the twang of their visual organs?" Wedded to the streets of good St Mungo, he was seldom from their sides. Indeed, no bridegroom could be more attentive. He belonged to that *genus* known to Dean Swift by the convenient and significant term *Yahoo*. The Major wanted the agility of poor Feea, and the poetical talent of Blind Alick, yet he did possess qualities which stamped him as an original.

The most striking was his physical appearance. His figure was almost indescribable. Round shouldered, twisted, knock-kneed, splae-footed, his head projecting from the nape of his neck, like a duck choking with a rebellious potato half-way down its gibbie, the skin of his face crumpled, haddock-eyed, and with a mouth which, for size or expression, resembled a guernsey cow chewing its cud. Major certainly could not be called good-looking, or calculated to win a female heart. But he nevertheless was attractive, especially to the boys of the city, who greatly admired his singing and dancing. This was perhaps natural enough, for assuredly his performances were quite different from those taught in any school, whether in London or Paris, and we say this advisedly. His voice was a deep, cracked bass, singularly allied in tone to the grunt of a Tipperary boar. The song was generally the same, probably from the fine sentiment embodied in the words, which had charms for this remarkable vocalist beyond other men. The tune was "Jenny's Bawbee" (a fine Scottish air), and the ballad short but expressive. It was neither more nor less than this which our hero reiterated, often and again, with boar-like cadence—

"Jenny put the kettle on,
Molly took it aff again;
Jenny put the kettle on,
For a bawbee!"

Who these two ladies, Jenny and Molly were, was never explained, nor the reason which caused them to disagree on the point whether the culinary utensil mentioned in the song should or should not be placed on the fire. Without some precise knowledge of this, it would probably be rash to allege that the dispute was a foolish one, and that they could not reasonably expect to be rewarded with the coin they both aimed at for counteracting each other's treatment of the "kettle." But passing from too severe criticism on this poetical effusion, it seems enough to say, that the Major dwelt with far more emphasis on the last line of the effusion than on any of the other three, probably because it brought out so concisely and effectively the sole object which induced him to sing it at all. In other words, the expectation of the "bawbee" lay at the root of the whole of his extraordinary musical exhibitions.

Major enforced the views thus hinted at by calling to his aid a peculiar sort of instrument, fashioned by his own dark coloured paws. Its simplicity harmonised rather sweetly with the ballad itself, and this blending together as it were of tune, words, and original musical instrument had a fine and wonderful effect. The beauty of the instrument was its perfect simplicity. It consisted merely of two sticks, used *a la violin*—the thickest being not unfrequently the fragment of a stob, snatched by Major from the skirts of the Green of Glasgow, and the other belonged to the staves of some sugar barrel, well licked by the Major's mouth; and these formed the veritable fiddle of the gallant Major, while an unserviceable porridge spurtle, or

light gear, did for the bow of the said fiddle. This primitive instrument so constructed was certainly inferior in some respects to a real Cremona, but it answered the Major's purpose equally well, and was of course less expensive. A few of his fellow citizens—the middle wags of their day—were so much struck with the whole scope and spirit of the Major's performances that they wiled him one morning into the "Herb Ale" shop of Mrs Wingate, in the Trongate. "Herb Ale" was a favourite liquor in these days, especially in the mornings before breakfast; it was thought, indeed, to be conducive to the appetite, but whether it was so or not, Major largely partook of it when he could get it "free for nothing gratis."

> "It was good he declared,
> For the cough and the cold,
> And shortness of breath."

The young or middle aged wags on the occasion referred to, notwithstanding of the Major's singular modesty, soon arrayed him with sundry parti-coloured additions to his ordinary attire, and on a sheet of virgin-white paper they painted the following words, and placed it with his perfect consent, around his remarkable *chapeau*—

"Behold our Scottish Paganini."

With this encomium so conspicuously placed on the worthy musician's pericranium, he perambulated the city, drawing tears—not surely of laughter—from every eye that beheld him. And truly the compliment meant to be conveyed was well merited, inasmuch as Paganini, the great Italian violinist prided himself on and delighted his numerous audiences with his performance with only one string to his fiddle; by-the-bye, he drew vast crowds with his instrument to the Theatre Royal, then in Queen Street, burned to the ground, and this Paganini pocketed more than a thousand pounds in Glasgow alone, for two or three nights' performances on his string. We saw him, and he was certainly one of the most ghastly objects we ever witnessed with an instrument in his hand, which delighted, however, all the Crownheads then in Europe, and enabled him to realise a magnificent fortune; but he was a wretch so sordid as almost to deny himself the common necessaries of life. Be that, however, as it may, and as already just observed, whereas this great Paganini drew vast crowds with only one string to his instrument, here was a Glasgow man, in the person of our friend the Major, who never had been in Italy, or probably never heard of such a country,—here he was, we repeat, visibly amongst us, performing also on his violin, which had no string at all, and with this extraordinary advantage in his favour, namely, that our Glasgow musician was self-taught, and acquired the art of playing in the public streets without the aid of any music book at all! If this did not evince great natural genius far superior to Paganini or any other cat-gut scraper in ancient or modern times, we are Dutchmen, and there is no music in us; and we will say of Major what has been said of others, that a prophet any more than a musician seldom derives much profit in his own country.

But to return to our friend the gallant Major, he had another great quality, highly characteristic of himself, and that was *his* inimitable powers of *dancing*, without being taught any lesson therein. It was chiefly of that description called amongst the most brilliant of our modern

artistes, "*a caper.*" The body and limbs of our famous friend were thrown into violent attitudes, *a la grotesque;* and the heels were used rather more freely than the toes. The inward tendency of the Major's knees, and the outward pitching of his *kuits*, as the boys called them, had an effect which the most learned mathematician would have been apt to say, was a fair representation of an isosceles triangle gone mad. The dance itself was generally a *pas de deux*—the other performer being the angelic creature, whom we shall now quietly introduce to our readers, after making our dutiful bow to them, in the person of

COAL MARY.

THIS elegant and accomplished female has been incidentally alluded to in the foregoing faint yet truthful sketch of Major's life and conversation. She was rather diminutive in stature, and so far as could be seen in the absence of soap, her beauty had been a good deal interferred with by the ravages of the small pox. Some people of a light or poetical cast of mind ventured to compare Mary's visage to a plateful of coldish porridge, through which some strayed hen had sauntered with its legs. Mary's dress consisted of a polka, called in those vulgar days, "a short gown," and a rather clumsy petticoat. Whether her father had been a sailor or not is uncertain; but the colour of her pretty simple attire was a dark blue, and continued so till the day of her death. The material was what Highland scratchers call "drugget"—a very comfortable defence it is "'gainst summer's heat and winter's cold," while the van of her person was adorned with a genteel-looking worsted flapper, stripped blue on the original white, but afterwards very dingy, with parallel lines attached to the body by sundry strings, gathered into a knot *a posteriori*. This adjunct of the female dress was known amongst the goosedub people by the Scotch word "brat," and was really very becoming. Mary rarely if ever washed her face, which added much to her picturesque appearance. Her head was rather *towsy*—the hair being, as she said very properly, left to shift for itself; still it was not luxurant in the best sense of that term. Solomon, however, has asserted that a woman's hair is her glory; but our friend Mary seems to have been quite of a different opinion, for either herself or some kind friend for her, had *rumped* the raven tresses close round by the lower lobe of her small rat-like ears, and the fashion in that respect became perpetual with this remarkable virgin. As for a mutch or a cockernony of any kind, she despised it, with all curls to the bargain. She carried about with her half a dozen or more of *reticules*, yclept, "pokes" in the Bridgegate tongue, for the accommodation of bones, wandered

potatoes, bashed apples, orange skins, and other cusiosities honestly picked up in her unwearied travels over the city.

Destined in early life to assist the Glasgowegians in getting their fuel properly transferred upstairs from the street to the bunker-hole of the kitchen, the lady for many years was seen to engage in this wholesome, cleanly, and withal elevating occupation. But having at last been introduced to the pleasure of Major's acquaintance, who was no doubt deeply smitten with her charms, she became captivated—poor, gentle thing—with his music, and she threw down for ever the wooden tripod and wattled vessel which carried the coals, and thenceforward became a daughter of Terpsichore, frisking and leaping like a young hart, upon the causeway to the inspiring strains of her beloved Major, "Jenny put the kettle on" as before recorded.

It is only fair, however, here to remark that Mary did more a good deal to the performance than "him of the rueful countenance." There was far more grace and spirit in her dancing. The fingers and thumbs were snapped briskly, and the dancers might be described as in a circle, whirling and turning like a collie dog after his tail, or an Irish pig afflicted by the dance of St. Vitus. A chirruping sound was kept up also as intended for the tune, which marvellously resembled the music of a piet expecting thunder, or the incipient whistle of a worn-out cuddie before getting into the heavier part of his melodious performances. Nothing could be finer of its kind; and this worthy daughter of Eve merited and received rapturous shouts of applause from both a gaping and discerning public.

Such, then, is a faint description of the brave Major and his agreeable acquaintance and subsequent help-mate, the renowned Mary, to whom he was now fairly introduced.

Major at first was rather shy—perpaps regulated by the feelings of another swain who sang,—

"Persuade me that there is a grace
Coming from Mary's sylvan voice,
And in her charming face.

Music which tunes the soul to love,
And stirs up fond desires,
Does but the glowing flame improve,
Which powerful beauty first inspires.

And whilst with art she plays and sings,
I near her standing by,
Inscribe the music of my strings
To her sweet melody."

After several interesting exhibitions to test the qualities of their respective powers, ending to their mutual satisfaction, it was arranged, according to the expedients of the present day, that a joint partnership under the head "Limited Liability" should be formed, whereby the high contracting parties faithfully undertook to exert their talents for the gratification of the citizens, the actor and actress being to divide the profits between themselves in equal proportions. The contract, we believe, was never reduced to writing on stamped paper, as much more ignoble contracts have been. It did not require that solemnity. Mary only kept the heads of it in her own pocket, and Major nodded his assent. Dis-

putes, however, soon arose. The amiable lady was not quite satisfied with the mode in which the Major kept the cash, and threatened to dissolve the partnership *a mensa et thoro*.

Like many other cases, however, the misunderstanding was overcome by the liberal proposition of Major, who was never a close-fisted fellow, that he should get all the *bawbees*, while Mary should enjoy the *pennies*. This was the positive arrangement come to between the amiable partners in the year 1825, more than forty years ago, long before any limited liability associates was ever thought of in this city. Whether this renowned virgin was a gainer at the end of the next year or not by the above arrangement has never, we confess, been authoritively ascertained.

Mary, however, continued to bloom in all the graces of mature womanhood, according to her station in life, only begrimmed, we are sorry to say, with some patches of *koom*, which was not to be wondered at, considering that for more than fifty years she had never handled a piece of either brown, white, or red soap. At length her dancing days came to an end, and Major's fiddle soon ceased. If they were happy in their lives, as we do believe they were, in death they were not divided. They were both swept off by the ravages of cholera in this city, within forty-eight hours of each other, in the memorable year 1832.

HIRSTLING KATE.

THIS engaging creature was in her prime about the year 1812. So says the worthy, kind-hearted, well-informed venerable gentleman under whose auspices we have been inspired with some of these old Glasgow stories. We wish we had his authority to publish his name, but he modestly and peremptorily denies the request. We must, therefore, proceed on our own hook. Be it known, then, that in those ancient days the Trongate was the fashionable promenade, and there, accordingly, Kate was sure to be daily seen. But no lady of her time, or probably our own, had such peculiar attractions. Her dress and gait, her manners and conversation, were equally remarkable. The former, like Joseph's coat, as we read in the life of Josephus, was of many colours; and certes, very considerable ingenuity must have been exercised by her milliner in the dove-tailing process, whereby so many originally distinct and independent portions of female attire were so nicely arranged, stitched, and blended into one grand harmonious whole. We read, we think, the other day of a grand counterpane to be raffled for in some bazaar or lottery as a prize, worth the value of fifty guineas; but Kate's dress if seen now, though it was then scarcely worth the value of eighteenpence, would have thrown it for its varied colours, completely in the shade. So much for the change of times and fashions! Our esteemed Kate—we are not speaking for ourselves, but for others of our respected citizens in the olden time—our

popular Kate, we say, had a mortal aversion to "tight-lacing," then so much in vogue, justly conceiving that it did not give fair scope to the person, but rather injured the lovely form · and, therefore, she treated all new-fangled "boddices," prepared by foreign or domestic mantua-makers, with ineffable disdain. The ancient short-gown, and the trig petticoat, now thrown aside, or very ill-used in our degenerate days, were the chief articles of dress which constituted Miss Katherine's particular regard. She was not very particular with some other things; but the above did not interfere, but rather aided, her peculiar habit of locomotion, soon to be noticed. In person, she might be called rather lean. Her nose was masculine; her chin was adorned with sundry little tufts, marvellously resembling a Jew's beard; her eyes were deep-set and piercing, not unlike a howlet creeping to its nest with a mouse in its claws; and her own claws could not be said to be inferior to those of Nebuchadnezzar. Her hair, which was thick and wiry, inclining to grey, hung rather gracefully in natural luxuriance over her shoulders down to the small of her back; and a few bunches fluttered over her face, impossible to be described, but not unlike the appearance of a Highland shelty newly arrived at the Broomielaw from Mull to see the world.

But what attracted the attention of naturalists, and the generality of the public most, was this charming woman's locomotion. We say *locomotion;* for while the Trongate *belles* skipped along "the planestanes"—that is, the streets, or the pavements thereof—and while Feea partook of his vermicular repasts, and

"Major and Mary capered and flang,
And Alick scraped cat-gut and sang."

our heroine did neither the one nor the other. In fact, she cared for none of those things. She struck out an entirely new path for herself;—in a word, she *hirstled.*

Now, it must be remembered that at that particular epoch steamboats and locomotives were almost unknown. Much has been said and written about the conflicting claims of Glasgow and America for the invention of propelling vessels by steam; but it is singular that the case of this remarkable Glasgow female has never been referred to. The fact of the matter is, *she* was earlier in the field, at least, on the public streets, than either Mr. Fulton, or our eminent friend Henry Bell, in the art of propulsion; and she conducted the experiment with her own hands not only most successfully, but at little or no expense. We say again she "hirstled." For the sake of science past, present, and to come, the process may be thus described. Squatting down flat on the pavement *à posteriori,* our friend Miss Katy placed her right hand within that wreck of the Cobbler's art commonly called "a *bauchel*"—an old shoe scarcely worth any other experiment—and then giving himself a *jerk,* the old "bauchel" became positively animated with life—the life from Katy's own hands—directing it sideways or *paddleways* with her right, the left hand revolving in the air, whereby the necessary result was that this human machine was sent forward according to Kate's pleasure, with a velocity wholly unprecedented on the streets of Glasgow. In that way she "hirstled" herself into the reaping of many "bawbees" between the Cross and the Gushet-House in Anderston, crying out with a melodious voice—

"Young lambs to sell, young lambs to sell."

But Kate carried some other useful points in *her train*. She was not a selfish mortal. For while her invention by the "bauchel" enabled her to move her own person "to kirk and market" totally unsupported, according to the old Scotch law, in order to make any deed of importance valid, she combined therewith the properties of "a street-sweeping machine." Here we must pause a little for edification and improvement as regards the present race of Glasgow ladies, whose beauty is as undoubted as their sway is absolute, and who, every one of them, as we most readily admit, have sprung from a much loftier race by far than fell to the lot of Hirstling Kate, whose vagaries we are describing as simply curious in their own way; yet still they enable us to make an important observation ere we proceed much farther, and which, we hope, will be listened to in some quarters at least with tolerable respect.

If in Kate's primitive days the weather was wet and unpropitious—as it now is, we are sorry to remark, at the period we write, in the summer of 1867, so far as it has yet gone—the considerate creature would adjust her lower garments of coarse flannel drugget so nicely at her heels as to sweep every thing before them in the shape of glaur on the pavement. This saved the shoes and the polished boots of many a gentleman from many a stain, and consequently it diminished the price of shoe-blacking. There were, we may remark, as a matter of history, no young urchins then in the city representing a squadron of shoe-blacks so numerous now, and likely to be on the increase; and we are not ashamed here to notify that we sometimes patronise these polite, laborious little fellows with their blacking and shoe brushes, in order, it may be, to teach the young idea how to shoot.

> "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its fragrance on the desert air."

Without, however, being guilty of any attempt at burlesque here, we are candidly of opinion that a clean shoe is not a bad accompaniment to a clean shirt. We hate to look on any bandy-legged, foppish fellow with dirty boots, and a-beslavered shirt: it ill becomes any gentleman to appear on the streets of Glasgow in that way; and we are sure no elegant lady, eyeing him from head to foot, could receive him with much complacency in any decent drawing-room.

If *that* be, as we hope it is, the candid, unsophisticated opinion of the better portion of the ladies of Glasgow, we trust they will not be offended if we now proceed to turn it to a little account for themselves. There is nothing sometimes like the *argumentum ad hominem*, well and conveniently applied to the person. Plain speaking, with apt illustration, is the best remedy to correct faults. Now, we declare we have been very much shocked of late years at seeing many of the most beautiful ladies of Glasgow moving in the very highest and most respectable circles in the city, dragging themselves through the dirt on the streets in broad daylight almost as glaringly as Hirstling Kate did in her day. Yes, we say it as an absolute fact, incapable of denial, that in these latter times of fancied *gentility* in Glasgow, the fine silken dresses of the best quality in the city are wilfully and wantonly, we could almost say *maliciously*, dragged through the dirt by ladies with their own hands at their own heels. This is not a libel: it is the *truth;* and the worst part of it is, that the prettier the dress, the more conspicuous becomes the *glaur*, the

vile street sweepings, moving and fixing upon it. We are, we confess, becoming warm and indignant on this topic. It is a scandalous reproach, we say, to all lovers of cleanliness; and *cleanliness*, we are well assured on the very best authority, is next to godliness. We have often wondered, surely it must be, at the cuckoldom of many husbands, and at the cupidity of brothers and friends, in allowing their wives and sisters or kindred dear to drag their gowns and petticoats through the very dirt, the positive *dirt*, in such a manner; for there is really no other way of describing it, except with another aggravation—namely, that it must add to the *waste*—yes to the waste, the wanton waste, we repeat, in many domestic circles. Can there, in the name of goodness, be any justification of such a wanton, silly, and dirty practice? Is it not revolting, on the mere statement of the matter, that any pliable, rich, well-to-do husband should accompany his wedded wife or strippling daughters into the finest haberdashery establishments of the city, and behold yards upon yards, piles upon piles, of the finest silk selected, and the cash for it lavishly or handsomely paid down upon the counter, and next week, or the one following that again, to see it carelessly sweeping, in a long, dangling train, the nasty pavements, or the worse gutters of the city? Can there be, we repeat, any satisfactory justification or excuse for this in any clean, well-regulated family who now reflect upon it for a moment? We are almost provoked to say that there might be found *one* justification or excuse for it—namely, that the ladies, so using their gowns and petticoats, had some deformed or ugly portion of their lower garments necessary to be concealed, and hence that they didn't mind much about the glaur; but that is an excuse which is unpardonable in us farther to dwell upon, since many of the ladies themselves, we are sure, would scornfully repudiate it at once: for we are glad to be able to do justice to them to say that there are many exquisite and lovely forms in the city, many, very many, handsome limbs worth beholding, and why then should they be tarnished with mud or glaur for one other day? We take leave to admonish the sprightly young gentleman in quest of a wife—the future partner of his bosom—to look well at the way his intended walks in her outer garments. If she thinks nothing about *draiggling* them through the dirt, but allows her valuable dress to float at her heels, listlessly dragging it through quagmire, dub, or pond in dry or in wet weather, the chances are ten to one that she is a *tawdry*, and will prove a sorry helpmate, and not a very clean, active mother. Eschew her, we warn you, if she tosses her head and treats this lecture in this plain chapter with surly disdain or silent contempt. And thus we shall draw a very good moral, although we said not another word, about "Hirstling Kate."

Is it not, however, rather odd, ere we quit the subject, to remark, as we do from positive observation, that it is chiefly the ladies in the *upper* circles now-a-days who *lower* their petticoats, or allow them to sweep the pavements in the way we have been protesting against? A comely young lady, in the middle ranks of life, will rarely be seen wittingly to do so. She has more regard for the cleanly preservation of her dress: even the servant girls themselves have some judgment and circumspection in that way, *uppish* as many of them obviously wish to become; for we notice that whereas it was rare to see a parasol amongst them in the days of "Hirstling Kate," they toss their heads now as if they were Madame

herself. We must drop this point, however, for future consideration, and, we hope, improvement.

And, therefore, coming back to "Hirstling Kate," we observe that her ignorant, and debased, or unfortunate position brought her frequently into close contact with the pavement, and in that way also brought a great many curiosities under her notice. Orange skins, the perfume of which she relished greatly—pea-shaups, potato peelings, grozets, neeps, and other fruits in their seasons, whether in or out of the *syver*, were all seized and safely lodged in her pouches for subsequent conversion into hotch potch, or to be discussed raw, according to the judgment of the finder, which she had a perfect right to do. But laying eatables aside, nothing delighted our female friend more than to fall in with *preens*. She hiccuped with perfect ecstacy at the sight of a stray specimen. It was greedily picked up, and it did not signify whether it was crooked or straight, big or small, wanted the head, or laboured under any defect, provided always it was *de facto* a preen. The consequence was that she had always on hand "a large and valuable assortment," as other waremongers state, of this necessary auxiliary to feminine comfort stuck in parallel rows all over the front of her dark-coloured apparel: so that when the sun sent forth its rays, she sparkled almost as brilliantly as the Queen of Sheba when she went to pay her celebrated visit to the father of Rehoboam. We heard our friend the Major (already delineated) whispering into the ear of his beloved Mary one day that she ought to look sharp like Hirstling Kate, as "a preen in the day was a groat in the year." Listen to that, ye contemners of preens; even beggars can sometimes teach wisdom.

But the principal amusement of this crooked old virgin was "Hunting and catch the Ten." Her name, however, never appeared in the annual list of game certificates, nor did she keep any pointer dog. The fact is, by some unaccountable overlook on the part of the framers of the Act of Parliament, the class of animals which she pursued and slew was fiot included in the statutory schedule. It is but justice to Kate to declare that she never poached. No; she was above that. The hunting chase uniformly took place on her own natural patrimonial estate. She may, and there is no doubt that in the heat of pursuit she frequently did break through strings and fences; but then these were her own, and easily repaired from the crop of preens before mentioned, without detriment to her neighbours. It was curious, too, and affords another proof of this remarkable woman's ingenuity, that she played "catch the ten," and that most successfully, without any pack of cards. Her partners seldom "got out," so clever was she at the game. The individuals with whom the "Hirstler" played in this exciting pastime are supposed by some antiquaries to have been of Egyptian origin, and that their ancestors were of the same stock that so grievously plagued Pharoah in the days of yore. Others following up that idea allege that they may have come to Britain in the train of Julius Cæsar, who lost his heart with Cleopatra, the last of the Ptolemies, and may have brought a colony of them with him from Memphis to the West. But there are good grounds for believing that the friends of Kate were located in this country long before Cæsar was born, and that their presence in the British islands is coeval with the first arrival of these swarms of the human race who ferried over from the Continent to people our coasts, and who kindly accommodated the centipides

in question under their bear-skin dresses, and treated them to a sail. Be that, however, as it may, one thing is certain, that if Kate had paid a visit to the Court of Pharoah at the time he was so much beset, her consummate practical skill and address would have enabled her to route his tormentors by thousands, and must have secured for her a comfortable annuity. Nay, who knows but her superior dexterity and remarkable comeliness may have touched the heart of some of the magicians, and induced them to wheel her to the altar. To be serious, however, Kate never was in Egypt. She was not addicted to foreign travel. Her explorations did not extend much beyond the Havanah, Bun's Wynd, Calton Mouth, Balaam's passage, the old Dumbarton Bottlework at the foot of Jamaica Street, where she often got her hands and feet warmed, the Fiddler's Close, the Old Vennel, and other "gulfs, bays, and straits" in and about the city of her habitation.

It has been already mentioned that the adult part of the Glasgow population and the police thereof regarded the movements of Hirstling Kate with peculiar approbation, and the juvenile sects were not one whit behind. The boys, especially, were very attentive. Groups of them often seized and surrounded her, and many queer questions and as droll answers were exchanged. Justice requires it to be said that her temper occasionally was not the most refined or gentle, if, for example, she received a *jag* from one of her own preens, or if her hair got a *pook* from some young rascal behind, she would suddenly wheel on her pivot, and woe betide the unlucky wight who fell into her claws. She fastened on him like a wild cat springing on its prey. It may be yet fresh in the recollection of some of our elderly readers that in Kate's days the Old West-port Well, near the door of the Black Bull Inn, Argyle Street, was then in its glory, with its lofty wooden case, and semi-circular top painted blue, facing east and west, and flanked on the north and south by two huge pendulum "handles" with a great round bulb at the lower end of each, which swung to and fro from east to west when water was drawn. There was the "muckle spoot," too, nicely carved, and with a wee round hole in it for the convenience of drinkers clapping the hand below the spout to "kepp" the water which then squirted through the wee hole, and enabled the drouthy bystanders to slocken themselves with great complacency and benign composure.

This "Old West-port Well" was a favourite haunt of the boys of 1812, for they got a drink of the finest pure water—we shall not say it was purer than Loch Katrine—to their penny bap, and a good swing besides on the long well handles. Thither also Kate was wont to hirstle, especially in the dog-days of summer. If the opportunity appeared favourable, she would civilly ask for a drink in a voice like that of a hoodie-craw taking up its position near some ancient poplar. But, as it was difficult and rather awkward lifting up Miss Katherine to the spoot, she complacently held up her famous *bauchel*, which was soon filled with water from "the crystal well," and handed to her ladyship as she languishly reclined on the edge of the syver adjoining the same. This, in a very hot day, was repeated often and often again, for her thirst was great; and Doctor Moses Gairdner, from the Gallowgate, sometimes told her that she drank as much on such occasions as these as would serve the purposes of any four-legged camel preparing for a journey across the Desert.

Kate was never married; but if all stories be true, this was not from want of sundry offers. It has been alleged that one Theophilus Brownlee, a "beagle's" concurrent in the Bridgegate, actually paid his addresses and offered his hand to her, not probably his heart, in the belief that she had amassed a good deal of "pin money;" but she wanted to restrict him to his *jus marite*, or *jus relicti*, or, rather, to his due and legitimate proportions as our distinguished friend, Mr. Archibaldus Cornelianus Bayne, writer in Glasgow, whom she consulted on the subject, very properly called it; but somehow "the swine ran through the match," as these vile brutes have often done on other more important occasions, and Kate, like Queen Elizabeth, if we may believe some of the most interesting portions of history, remained a virgin all the days and years of her natural life. After, however, the rupture with this Mr. Brownlee, if that was his name, she continued to ply her favourite occupation of gathering "preens" and collecting "bawbees" on the streets of Glasgow. She could stand this routine, however, not much longer. Her "hirstling" powers became weak and defenceless. Mightier ladies and mightier men, in all climes and countries—yea kings of the earth and beggars on the dunghill—must succumb, one way or other, at last, and Kate, with great resignation and almost without a sigh, clutched her faithful bauchel, and begged that it might be interred with her mortal remains in that corner of "the Hie Kirk of Glasgow," to the north of the "Auld Bell Tower," which was decently done. She remembered affectionately the dulcena of her old friend the Major, with Coal Mary, already entwined in these pages, and accordingly Mary came to inherit the plenishing or paraphernalia of Hirstling Kate, which made the later remarkably proud towards the close of her own days, none of them embittered by any thing like crime, and that is saying something for the credit of Glasgow, ludicrous as these stories may seem to be.

"Inspired with Hope and fraught with Truth,
The rudest mind
In softest notes complains;
Wit oft in savages we find,
And eloquence in swains."

SPUNK KATE AND RABY NATION.

THIS is rather a strange compound for the present chapter; but we shall make it as brief as possible, following it up, however, with some old notable stories which may not be the worse of being told over again.

Spunk Kate was a Glasgow woman, hale and hearty forty or fifty years ago, of a round, plump complexion, more captivating by far than her namesake, Hirstling Kate, with her bauchel,—which bauchel, by the bye, we shall soon transmogrify into a shape deserving of greater attention than has yet been paid to it, and more winning, on the whole, than Coal Mary with her gallant, dear Major already delineated. Our new but old original friend, Spunk Kate, went about the streets with her basket, as many of her pedigree have done, selling her "braw caller herring" in the summer months; but at other times, and especially in the depth of winter, she was chiefly occupied in selling her new "lucifer matches," which began about that period to be vended for the first time in Glasgow. They were deemed to be very extraordinary articles indeed when first introduced, putting the oil and the old cruisie lamps to open shame by night and by day: and so they at first got the name of spunks, or *spunkie;* and it is an old-fashioned saying in some parts of Scotland to this day—namely, Aye, there is some *spunk* in the chiel, or there is some *smeddum* in the lass, as the case might be.

Kate for months and years had almost a complete monopoly in the lucifer match trade in her own basket on the streets of Glasgow; but, like her friend Mary, she behoved to have a helpmate, and she found one in the person of one of the drollest carters that ever whipped any *nag* through these streets. He was called by the nickname of Raby Nation, for this reason, that he said he was the best carter in any nation—a wide word, certainly—yet he was, for his age, the smallest wee bit bandy-legged totum of a creature, as Hawkie described him, that ever held the halter of a horse; and when the question was put in those days, as it frequently is still, "On how many feet does the horse *stand* on his hinder legs," Raby could cannily answer it by creeping beneath the horse's belly, and then give, in his own way, a real horse laugh. What he wanted in *height*, however, was most bountifully supplied by his hands: they toppled the size of his body, and he could throw them around and about him with a potency equal to the stoutest smith with his tremendous sledge hammer in any smithy. It is singular how varied and capricious sometimes are the tastes of poor mortals, male and female, in this nether would. Spunk Kate was wooed by many, who sighed after her for better or for worse, but she preferred Raby

Nation to them all. He wore a large Kilmarnock cowl; and he gave her a lift sometimes with her basket as he was toddling with his horse and cart to and from the Broomielaw, and this instilled into her bosom in the first instance a degree of gratitude towards him, ending in a mutual flame—pleasant enough at the beginning, but not always finally ending as it should do. He tormented the life of Kate at last, and she tormented the life of him. He blamed her for taking up with another man, and she blamed him with taking up with another randy. Perhaps there were faults on both sides; but this is the fact, she really took up with some *tinkers* in the Bridgegate, and the profits of her spunks were too often consumed in the whisky shops in the evening, so that frequently in the morning she had no spunks ready for the market at all. It is astonishing sometimes how devices are made to supply the *desideratum*. Her husband, Raby Nation, was peculiarly close-fisted. He never countenanced any of her rambles with the tinkers; but he could go into some of Tam Harvey's whisky shops by himself and swallow *aqua vitæ* till it nipped his tongue, and he could scarcely stammer out the words, "Wee, wo, wynd, Katie." He could scarcely be called a good or even a tolerable husband in any proper sense of that expression. He was far, indeed, from being kind to her in many of his rambles, for his very nature does not appear to have made him in the least degree kind to his own brutes, as he imbibed the strangest habit of going from place to place and buying up every lame and diseased horse at the lowest possible trifle, and then starving them to death for the sake of their skins, including the iron shoes on their hoofs. This became a perfect passion with him, and he made money by it, illustrating in one way the doggerel lines in one of the English scrap-books—

> "'Will you lend me your mare a mile?'
> Says Ralph, 'She's lame—she's leaping a style.'
> 'But if to me you will her spare,
> You shall have money for your mare.'
> 'Oho,' says Ralph, 'if you say so,
> *Money* will make the mare to go.'"

Kate, in order to get a good supply of *spunks*, fell upon the following daring and extraordinary stratagem with one of her friends, the rough cadgered tinkers. The fellow had a sleek Irish brogue. It was the practice in those days that, when any poor person dyed and the relatives were unable to purchase a coffin, they had only to call upon the Preceptor at the old Town's Hospital in Clyde Street, and he would give them a line to get one from the *wright* of the establishment, who had always a goodly number on hand, made of Scotch fir (wood) for his pauper customers; and it was not an unusual, but rather a very common sight to see every day, between the hours of twelve and one, a hearse with a black sleeky horse moving from the Town's Hospital, up through the Stockwell, and onwards to the High Kirk burying-ground, with coffins upon coffins, followed by about half-a-dozen or so of the inmates of the Hospital, clad in long black coats much worn and very threadbare, then acting the part of chief mourners. It was a doleful sight certainly; but better arrangements have been made since. Now, the fir that made the coffins—Hawkie, it may be remembered, in one of his speeches described them as "fir jackets"—was just the very thing that became essential to the making of spunks. The tinker referred to, acting in league with Kate, boldly went to the house of the late William Gilmour, Esq., of Oatlands, and made a piteous story, representing that

his wife and two young children had just died in sore distress in the Bridgegate—that he wanted no money from his honour, but just a line for a big and two smaller coffins. The good, easy Preceptor at once granted the line, and away the tinker went and got the coffins to his wish. On the morning of the following day, the worthy and amiable Preceptor, touched with the story which the tinker had told him, and disposed to extend to him some further relief from the funds of the Hospital, found out, after a good deal of search, his lodgings in the Bridgegate; but what was his consternation when he found on entering that the mendacious tinker, in company with Kate and two or three others, were busily engaged cutting up the coffins for spunks, and swigging off porter, ale, and whisky on the head of the work! We could tell many other tricks practised on the Town's Hospital, but this is not the place to do so.

It was more laughable to hear Kate interrogated with her lord, Raby Nation, and he interrogated with her, by some of the school boys of the city, when the singular pair were seen "half seas over"—that is, muddled in their brains with whisky. For example: "I say, Raby Nation," said one of these imps, "can you tell me how many beans make five?"—How many *banes* in a custock?"—"How many een has a parten at the Broomielaw?"—"Did you ever see a sow dance *Shantruse?*" While to Kate the question would be put whether there was more sugar in a pea-shaup or in a turnip? But she was tormented by the question, "How far is it from Crossmyloof to the first change-house in the moon?"

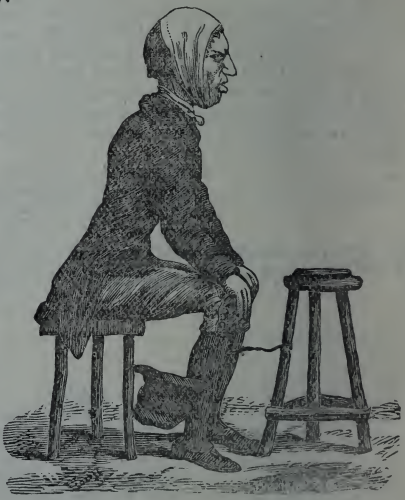
When challenged one day to give his name, he broke out with this soliloquy:—

> "Raby Nation is my name
> Scotland is my nation,
> Glasgow is my dwelling-place
> And pleasing habitation."

All, however, admitted "that Kate, the grey mare, was the better horse." Of the latter days of this couple we have nothing to record.

THE REVEREND JOHN AITKEN.

WE, with all humility, now proceed to present our ancient friend, long since departed—viz., the Rev. John Aitken, to the kind notice of our readers as he appeared nearly half a century ago in this great city.



Know then, all ye who desire some amusing and dignified instruction in the same chapter, that the Rev. Mr. Aitken might be about the same age as Hirstling Kate, already delineated, who was one of his faithful hearers. And, although we are quite aware that it is a delicate, if not an ungallant, thing to allude, even in this indirect fashion, to any unmarried lady's age, more particularly those advanced in life, but who, by a wise provision of nature, seldom get beyond five-and-forty, resembling in this respect the traveller in certain distant sands, who, for every step of advance, slips two backward, yet, as Kate's claws are now powerless, we venture, in mixing up her age with that of her pastor, to measure it at threescore, or upwards.

In person, Mr. Aitken was *spare* (a significant Scotch word), and remarkably lean. We are really not certain of the fact, but we believe we are safe in saying that our lovite, Mr. Aitken, was born in or about the Calton of Glasgow, which was a great place in its day for the most thriving and flourishing *weavers*—a trade now sadly diminished, almost spitten on and despised; but, when John was born, it towered almost above all the other trades of the city.

John's father being a thrifty weaver of his own web—having several

apprentices and journeymen "chaps" under him—and his mother being a trig, careful woman, and John their only son, the great domestic question came to be as he grew up, whether they would make him a weaver or a minister. There can be no doubt that he received a pretty good education. And it is not to be denied that there were some *harum-scarum* traits in his character in early life; but his mother, with the affectionate solicitude which all mothers more or less entertain for the firstborn son, intimated her longing desire to his father that she might see "oor Jock wagging his pow in the poopit"—in other words, she was intent that he should become a minister. Really, with all our desire, we have not been able to trace out the fact whether the Rev. John entered the Divinity Hall of Glasgow as a student or not, or whether he was licensed by the Presbytery of Glasgow or not; but certain it is that he became a minister on a great scale on his own account in the city of Glasgow, and had most delighted audiences near the wicket of the old gate leading to the Green, about thirty yards north-east from the present jail. It has always been—at least ever since we knew it—a great place for preaching, or, as John himself called them, of *preachments*, of one kind or another; but no preacher of any sect or denomination could, we venture to say, match our rev. friend, John Aitken, in his own way.

Before going further, let us, by the further aid of our faithful friend, try to describe him as follows. His arms, when we first saw him in that place above alluded to, which we have often reconnoitered for more than fifty years, actually hung down, if we may so compare them, like those of an ourang-outang, nearly to his bended knees, while his legs belonged to the class well-known by the name of "spindle-shanks," thin and shanky. This is a real Glasgow description. He was hen-toed and knool-kneed, which vastly improved his carriage. He had a wonderful long face, and, when necessary, he could add considerably to that feature, especially when expounding. The hue of his countenance—oh tell it not in places of high living! resembled that of a patient recovering from an awful confinement of the jaundice. Yet sundry small protuberances, belonging, it was said, originally to the tacket family, adorned and added to the *sweetness* of John's visage. His eyes were peculiarly striking. They were not exactly of the same colour: one of them being of a sort of muddled brown, the other a broken grey, as if Nature had suddenly changed her mind, and, in a hurry, forgotten to wipe off the wrong hue. The expression of these mis-matched luminaries was certainly very queer. If John was "in his ordinary"—that is, *off* his clerical duty, they had a certain significant look which uncharitable people were apt to designate as "sly or pawky;" while, on the other hand, if he was "serious," and holding forth to his hearers from Habakkuk or Tobit, the first brown keeker just noticed pretty frequently looked askance on its second grey companion, and the latter immediately rolled itself up in its own orbits, leaving only the white portion thereof perceptible, like a star emerging from the clouds in wintry weather; but in plainer or less dignified terms, the expression, being interpreted, amounted to this, that the rev. gentleman considered what he was "laying down" in some of his discourses to be "all in his eye and Betty Martin, O." His eyebrows unfortunately had been singed off in early life when he was poutering the ribs of his mother's kitchen fire for a birstled potatoe—a fact—and the said eyebrows failed to sprout up again. Whiskers he never had:

his chin apparently forbade the growth of them; but his beard after he became a man of nearly thirty-five, was generally in a state of stubble, left, if we may so compare it, by the reaper in harvest. A razor from Brummagem or Sheffield never shone on his chin, and the head of this curious preacher would undoubtedly have been thought a curious one by the eminent men of that day, attracting the notice of the Edinburgh Reviewers—viz., Messrs. Gall and Spurzheim. It was remarkably narrow in the front, and a narrow head measured in modern times does not, we suspect, afford any good index to the brain which it contains. We note this from some observation.

If, as has been said from well authenticated sources, the garment of "eminent old divines were usually of a dark or dusty hue," so also were those of Mr. John Aitken in his primitive estate; but as he innocently differed from most members of "the cloth" in more ways than one, it need not be disputed that when we first beheld him from head to foot he had some strange points of divergence. For the sake of the fashions, which are always changing, it may be here remarked that, after the death of his parents, he wore a very long swallow-tailed black coat, reaching nearly to his heels. It had been kindly bequeathed to him by one of his hearers, whom he attended while under sentence of death in the Jail of Glasgow, and John on that account, without commenting much on the nature of the crime for which his friend was doomed to the gallows, respected it very much as being one of no ordinary nature. Some of the buttons had disappeared from behind, and those in front were apparently taking the same road, but, in other respects, the habiliments of John were pretty respectable, and tolerably comfortable. He wore a pair of dark green corduroy breeches, somewhat greasy, rig-and-fur worsted stockings, which kindly admitted some daylight at their heels, and a pair of stout shoes, "coft," as he said, from one of the cobbler's stalls which used to adorn the south side of the Trongate, directly opposite to King William, on the Wednesdays. Finally, as it was the misfortune of our friend to be much afflicted with the toothache, especially in frosty weather, and as this climate of ours in Scotland is often very capricious and changeable, John, like a wise man, protected "his chafts," as he called them, with a piece of stout flannel, or when that failed he had the hoggar of an old worsted stocking filled with warm salt fastened across his chafts, and fixed at the crown of his head by one of Hirstling Kate's large preens, for which he stood largely indebted to her, as well as to Major and Mary on many occasions, for assauging his toothache. At the end of all this description, true as the needle to the pole, we must pause and draw breath ere we try to describe the wonderful nature of this man's eloquence as it emanated from his own cadaverous throat. It would be no libel on him, if he were alive, to allege that it transcended the grunt of that remarkable animal which Hawkie brought into repute at one of the raree-shows at one of the fairs of Glasgow in the olden time, under the appellation of "a worser and a worser." If our readers go back for a moment to Hawkie, they will uotice this—but whether they do so or not, we take the liberty of stating, that whatever exception might be taken to the mode or manner of John's delivery, the subject matter, the real stamina of his numerous speeches, lectures, and discourses were in many instances "beyond all praise," and we shall soon give our readers an opportunity of judging on that topic for themselves.

Whatever may have been the original bent of his mind, whether in the Divinity Hall or out of it, there can be little doubt of the fact that at a later period of his eventful career he studied history not in the Blackstone chair up yonder in the old College, but in the black-eyed pavements of our devious streets, where, we are sorry to say, he was tempted to join a very numerous body, still existing, named *The Cauld Whisky Drinkeronians*, whose principles, we suspect, may be traced back almost to the days of Noah. But singular it is that one reigning feature with this "denomination" is a mortal abhorrence to the vintage of Adam, and a corresponding devotion to the cause of Mr. John Barleycorn. This, indeed, was carried, and to such lengths that none of the true *Whiskytonians*, as they were called in the days of John, allowed water to enter their gullets, in which respect they exceeded in strictness the rapacious Leith Carters, who, till lately, had a law expressly forbidding any of their number tasting Adam's wine, if, by "hook or by crook," as some voices from Cumbrae were lately heard to declare, they could obtain a caulker of cauld straik.

Nevertheless, John had no despicable library of his own when he chose to shut himself up in it, whenever he was in a fit of "sublime admiration." By mere chance we laid our hands, not long ago, on the original inventory or catalogue of John's books, deposited in the shop of umquhil Mr. Daniel M'Vean, the well-known bookseller in byegone years in the said shop as it stood No. 70 High Street, directly opposite the College, where law and divinity, and other things besides, had free scope and were glorified in worse times than the present.

In qualifying himself to become an orator and "rousin' preacher," the rev. gentleman did not bother himself with the precepts of Cicero, or the rules laid down by the elegant Quinctilian, or the proprieties of Chesterfield, or the rhetorical maxims of our own admirable Blair. No. The two first were "from among the heathen," and, in regard to the others, they were unco wersh and fushionless for him: and he stamped the whole four as being sorely deficient in grace.

Mr. Aitken selected as his favourite stations for "holding forth" on the week days the Stockwell Bridge, or the old timber one at the foot of Saltmarket, the Barrowfield Toll, or the head of Burnt-barns, opposite the eastern mouth of Balaam's passage. On Sundays, he never failed to be in the Green, sometimes creeping up as far as Nelson's Monument, to catch, as he said, "*stravaigers* in these parts." His preaching *apparatus*, we must say, whatever we may have said about his person, was extremely simple. It consisted of a three-legged stool, with a pewter plate temptingly placed thereon, and an old fir chair, which laboured under an infirmity arising from sundry combats with "the enemy," but it was bound up with sundry ancient garters and other suffering remnants to prevent a break-down "during the service." It added much to the interest of John on these occasions that he was invariably accompanied by a tall, handsome, good-looking damsel, considerably under his own age, who ever and anon cast a bewitching eye at him as he was groping for his collections in the pewter plate. We say nothing to her disparagement, but rather in her praise, when we mention the fact that she dutifully read out the line when John commanded her so to do, and she faithfully attended him in all his discourses down to the day of his death, and he, in return, bequeathed to her all his "bawbees," for, indeed, he had nobody

else whom he cared about in the world.

He often used tremendous screeds of fire and brimstone in some of his discourses. The regions of Pluto,—the aspect of the awful Lake,—the various employments of the residents therein, and other kindred topics, were graphically described and commented on by our orator, showing no ordinary acquaintance with subterranean geography and politics, while the pictures he drew of the roaring lion were matchless. Sir Edwin Landseer by his chisel could not surpass John with his tongue.

Although we have been rather ludicrous, as some may think, in describing the personal appearance of the Rev. Mr. Aitken, yet light reading, anent the gravest of divines, is sometimes "*heartsome*," and that is a pretty emphatic and good-natured virtuous old word, which we beg at once to recommend to the kind notice of our readers. But we must allow Mr. Aitken's own words, which for years we have collected with some labour and expense, to speak for themselves.

The foundation of all his discourses was meant for the edification of mankind. The *first* of them, which we here select, may be taken as a tolerably good example of the whole:—

A SHORT POINTED SERMON.

Now, my friends (quoth John), many a discourse of an hour's length is not half so impressive as the following: but look at the text—Titus ii. 9, "Be sober, grave, temperate."

These are three companions, you see, with whom you should always keep on good terms. Firstly,—

1st. Your wife.

2ndly. Your stomach.

3rdly. Your conscience.

Secondly. And let me tell you, if you wish to enjoy peace, long life, and happiness, preserve them by temperance; for whatever you may remark on myself, whether ye may see me sometimes in the ways I should not go—stravaigen, for instance, with Messrs. John Barleycorn & Co.—yet consider that intemperance produces—

1. Domestic misery.
2. Premature death.
3. Infidelity.

To make these points clear, I refer you *thirdly*, and in the last place,

1st. To the Newgate Calendar.

2nd. To the hospitals for incurables, and to Inchfad, the Drunken Isle on Loch Lomond.

3rd. To your own experience of what you have seen, read, and suffered in mind, body, and estate.

Now, my friends, decide thereupon, and may Providence send you a goodly deliverance.

That surely was a short sermon, better than a hundred long-winded temperance leagues.

But John had a remarkable talent of dipping deeper into some of his discourses, and showing matters in another "new light," by going back to some of our own ancient divines in Glasgow. He was particularly attached to the Rev. Mr. Zachary Boyd, whose figure adorns the inner

court, directly under the steeple of Glasgow College. Some of the manuscripts of Zachary's sermons were lent to John by the late Mr. Gabriel Neil.

A LACONIC DISCOURSE ON THE LIFE OF MAN.

(Delivered in the Green of Glasgow.)

Well, my dear friends, assembled composedly here, many editions of the following able discourse on the life of man may be found scattered in various publications one may have seen for more than half a century past. But I select and give you this as one of the best in my round of duty and labour of love. Please take the text as near as may be from Job chap. v. ver. 7, and attend to these words—"*Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward;*" and also,

Job chap. i. ver. 21—"Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither."

In discoursing, my beloved hearers, from these words, I shall carefully observe the following things:—

Firstly. Man's ingress into the world.

Secondly. His progress through the world.

Thirdly. His egress out of the world.

To return, my brethren—

1st. Man's ingress into the world

Is naked and bare;

2nd. His progress through the world

Is trouble and care;

3rd. His egress out of the world

Is nobody knows where.

To conclude—

We shall do well there if we do well here,
And I could tell you no more were I to preach a whole year.

More dignified, perhaps, was John, when he quoted from the works of his friend, the Rev. Mr. Mark, of Teignmouth, as follows:—

"Say—what is man? A fading flower,
Which blooms a short and fleeting hour;
To-day in brightest hues arrayed,
To-morrow—drooping—withered—dead!

"And yet, though the flower be but feeble and frail,
And may soon be destroyed like the flower in the vale,
If it bloom in the shade of the spirit of love,
It will blossom for ever in the regions above.

"In spring—he breathes his rich perfume,
In summer—ripens for the tomb;
In autumn—bends his silvery head;
In winter—slumbers with the dead.

"But there is a field of delight in the skies,
Where the zephyrs of spring ever murmur their sighs;
Where no autumn can wither—no winter can blight,
But the flower ever gleams in the fountain of light."

THE BIBLE DISSECTED, AND THE CARDS SPIRITUALISED.

Startle not, kind reader, at this strange title: do not be alarmed. There is no design, as John said, to infringe on your faith, nor to dictate erroneous practice; but simply to show you, as a curiosity, the unparalleled labour bestowed on a book, not unfelicitously described as "the *first* Book, the *best* Book, and the *oldest* Book in all the world." We have some notion that our venerable friend, Mr. Sheriff Barclay, of Perth, tested the faith of it some years ago, and found it to be, on the whole, wonderfully correct. It took several years to compile it; and this much may be said of the author, whoever he was, that it displays great powers of erudition and calculation. For our friend declares that you will find in the

	Old Testament.	New Testament.	Total.
Books, ...	39	27	66
Chapters, . . .	929	260	1,187
Verses, ...	23,214	7,959	31,173
Words, ...	592,439	181,253	773,692
Letters, ...	2,728,100	838,380	3,566,480

That, surely, is a piece of *statistics* worthy of being entwined in the history of more eminent divines than Mr. Aitken pretended to be, and worth a great deal more than one shilling for this chapter.

THE SOLDIER AND HIS CARDS.

It has been said that divinity doth hedge a king. We shall, in the following singular chapter, show how a pack of cards saved the back of a soldier in this city, and led him into distinguished promotion. If our reverend friend had told no other story than this, he deserved to have had a pair of gold epualettes on his shoulders, in place of the soiled drab he was compelled, from dire necessity, to wear.

One Jeremiah Armstrong, a soldier and an Englishman, came to Glasgow with his regiment, the 72nd, in the course of the last or beginning of the present century, and attended divine service with the rest of his corps one Sunday forenoon in the High Church. Instead of pulling out his Bible, if he had one, to find the minister's text, he deliberately took out a pack of cards, and spread them on the seat before him. This singular behaviour did not pass unnoticed by Dr. Wm. Taylor, the officiating clergyman, and the sergeant, Peter M'Alester, of the company to which he belonged. The latter, in particular, commanded him to put up his cards; and, on his refusal, conducted him after the service to the house of Provost James Mackenzie, in the neighbourhood, to answer for his conduct. He was remanded to the Guardhouse, and ordered to appear before the magistrates in the Council Chambers next morning. "Well, soldier," said the Provost, "what defence have you to make for this strange scandalous conduct? If you have none, you deserve to be severely punished for it." "Please, your Worship, will you allow me to speak?" "Certainly," said the Provost; "by all means let us hear what you have got to say." "Well, please your Worship," said the soldier—who, by this style of address, was evidently up more to English than Scotch manners—"Please your Worship, I have been eight days upon the march, with a bare allowance of only sixpence a-day, which your Honour will surely allow is scarcely

sufficient to maintain a man in meat, drink, washing, and other necessaries, and, consequently, that he must be without a Bible, or a Prayer-book, or any other good book." On saying this, the soldier pulled out his pack of cards, and presented one of the *aces* therein to the Provost. The Provost was rather struck at first with this liberty; but the soldier, in a strain of dignity, thus proceeded:—"When I see an ace, please your Worship, it reminds me there is only one God; and when I look upon a *two* or a *three*, the former puts me in mind of the Father and the Son, the latter of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. A *four*, please your Worship, calls to my remembrance the *four* evangelists; a *five*, the five wise virgins (there were ten, indeed, but five, your Worship will remember, were *wise*, and five were *foolish*); a *six* informs me that in six days God created the heavens and the earth; a *seven*, that on the seventh day He rested from His labours, and beheld all that He had made very good; an *eight*, of the eight righteous persons preserved from the Deluge; a *nine*, of the nine lepers cleansed by our Saviour (there were ten, but only one returned to offer his tribute of thanks); and a *ten* (scandalously called by some 'the curse of Scotland') should only dutifully remind us of the Ten Commandments."

This discourse, so far as it went, astonished the worthy Provost, who had never seen the cards so handled before. The soldier then took out the *knave* from the pack, placed it beside him, and passed on to the *queen*, on which he observed as follows:—"The *queen*, your worship, reminds me of the Queen of Sheba, who came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon, as her companion the *king* does of the great King of Heaven, and of our own king George the Third, by the grace of God King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith."

The Provost at this point became rather attracted, and smiled. "Well," said the Provost, "you have given me, perhaps, a very accurate description of all the cards except the *knave*." The soldier replied, that if his Worship would not be angry with him, he might answer that question as well as any others in the pack.

"Go on," said the Provost.

"Well," said the soldier, "the greatest *knave* is the sergeant who has brought me before your Worship." The sergeant on this was for drawing his sword and running it through the soldier, but the town's officer in attendance interposed; and silence and duty being restored, the case proceeded. It became interesting to its conclusion.

"Please your Worship, when I count the number of *dots* in a pack of cards (piquet), there are 365, so many days there are in the year; when I count how many *cards* there are in a pack, I find 52, so many weeks there are in a year; when I reckon how many *tricks* are won by a pack, I find there are 13, so many months are there in a year. So, please your Worship, this pack of cards is both Bible, almanack, and Prayer-book to me."

The Provost, amazed at the man's ability, as all were in the Council Chamber, bade the sergeant to shake hands with him; and the soldier, on this, begged the sergeant's pardon, and said he would never liken him to a knave again. The Provost smilingly admonished him never to take out his pack again during divine service in the Cathedral of Scotland, or anywhere else in Scotland, as it was utterly repugnant to all Christian rules in this favoured land. The soldier circumspectly placed his hands on his

sides, as if wrapt in dutiful "attention," and then he politely raised his right hand to the front of his head, as much as to say, I thank your Honour for this goodly advice and deliverance. And the sergeant having reported the case to his colonel, the colonel, after going and speaking with the Lord Provost and the other magistrates of the city in the Council Chambers, invited them to dine with him next day in the barrracks, at four of the afternoon. The soldier was there again put through his facings with his pack, and so well did he acquit himself that he was made corporal, and soon paymaster-sergeant of the regiment.

Our rev. friend, Mr. Aitken, enjoyed the above story very much when he delivered it in his own way to his *corps de esprit*, waiting to hear his text or word of command on the Green of Glasgow, ending in this wise:—

> "A story in which native humour reigns
> Is often useful—sometimes entertains:
> A graver fact enlisted on your side
> May furnish illustration well applied."

Although the Rev, John was sometimes stern and stubborn, he could, when he had "a wee drappy in his e'e," tell some playful anecdotes and stories, a few of which we may here cull from an old memorandum book. We do not know whether Dean Ramsay has any duplicate of them or not:—

THE CRAPS AND THE KIRK, OR THE KIRK AND THE CRAPS.

"I was doun in the Border lately," said John, "and I was treated in the house of a decent kirk family, not thretty miles from Gretna Green. The weather was bad, and we were talking about it of course. 'Our minister stablished here, sir,' said ane, addressing himself to me, 'our minister, a weel a wat, is nae hypocrite—he never prays about the weather." 'Now,' said John, 'I never liked a coward in a red coat, nor a hypocrite in a black one, and I asked what inference did they draw from that?' 'Oh, is that a' ye ken about it?' they replied. 'The waur the weather is, dive ye see, the waur the harvest: and the waur the harvest, the dearer the corn: and the dearer the corn, the higher the cha'der, and the stipend o' this parish is a' paid in grain.'"

"I was up at the Shotts the other day," said John, "seeing General Hamilton, and my respected friend, the minister there, is no just so famed for his exertions in the poopit as he should be. He had been complaining to one of his parishioners of the quality of the grain he had sent to him as part of his stipend; and the parishioner reported the minister's complaint as he went home to his farm servant David—'Did ye ever hear the like o' that,' said the latter, 'after the sort of stuff he gives us in return?'"

"Whatever fault," said John, "they may have had to the minister o' Shotts, I was out at Cambuslang the other day, and heard a thundering sermon from Mr. Meek. Every one in the kirk was deeply affected and greeting but one man; and when he was questioned by one of the elders for his *stolidity*, he had the impudence to say to the elder's face that he belonged to another parish."

"That's not so bad," continued John, "as the deplorable state of sin, and misery, and ignorance, learning and wisdom all combined, which I heard the other day out at Ruglen. The minister met a stalwart Irish collier at Stonelaw, who had never entered a kirk door—he was black enough

below—and gently reproved him on that account. The minister asked him 'If, since he did not work on Sunday, he didn't read his Bible at home?' 'No,' said the collier, 'I can't read.' 'Then,' said the minister, 'perhaps you don't know who made you?' Not I, in troth,' said the collier. On this a little country boy herding cows cows came up. 'Who made you, my little fellow?' said the minister. 'God, sir,' answered the boy. 'Are you not ashamed?' said the minister turning to the collier—'are you not ashamed to hear a child tell who made him, when you, a big, burly old man, cannot do so?' 'Och,' said the collier, 'it's no wonder he should remember; he was but made here the other day—it's a great while, sir, since I was made in Ireland.'"

THE DEIST NONPLUSSED.

Whether John retailed the following discourse or not at second hand, it deserves to have a niche amongst his other sayings here:—"My brethren, a dear departed friend of mine, who was once a Doctor of Divinity in the College, was accosted by a presumptuous Doctor of Medicine in the city, and asked, 'if he really followed preaching to save souls?' 'Yes, I do, said the divine. 'Then,' said the Doctor of Medicine, 'did you ever, my dear sir, *see* a soul?' 'No.' 'Did you ever *hear* a soul?' 'No.' 'Did you ever *taste* a soul?' 'No.' 'Did you ever *smell* a soul?' 'No.' 'Did you ever *feel* a soul?' 'Yes, replied the divine, with considerable animation, 'I *do* feel a soul within me.' 'Nonsense,' said the Doctor of Medicine, 'for, according to your own confession, there are *four* out of the five senses against you on the important question.' The Doctor of Divinity then asked the other 'if he was really a Doctor of Medicine?' 'Yes, I am,' said the Doctor. 'Well, my dear sir, did you ever *see* a pain. 'No,' 'Did you ever *taste* a pain?' 'No.' 'Did you ever *hear* a pain?' 'No.' 'Did you ever *smell* a pain?' 'No.' 'Did you ever *feel* a pain?' 'Yes, I have,' replied the Doctor; 'I have often felt very severe pains.' 'Well, then,' said the Doctor of Divinity to the Doctor of Medicine—taking the latter on his own prescribed grounds—'there are, you see and admit, *four* senses against one on the question whether there be pain or not; and yet, sir, you know there is a pain, and from the same principles I feel and know there is a *soul*.'

'Now,' said John, improving in his own way upon the above, 'I think, notwithstanding my own drouthy propensities, that *temperance* is the best physic: that a clear conscience is the best law: that honesty is the best policy: that a virtuous life is the best philosophy, and that a firm faith is the best divinity.'

But it was not always that John gave the best of a story to the minister; for he used to tell with great glee the story of the St. Kibox minister who had gone out for his afternoon walk. On his way home he fell in with the son of one of his parishioners, sitting making what looked like a "stour pie." He asked the youngster what he was doing, and he quickly answered that he was making a kirk. "And what part is that?" asked the minister pointing to a "humpluck" of wet sand in the inside of a square dyke of the same material. "O, that's the pulpit." "And that?" said the minister, pointing to the only other little hillock in the inclosure. "That's the precentor." "And whaur's the minister?" was the next question. "I tried to mak him tae, *but I couldna get enough o' dirt.*"

JOHN IN HIS OTHER AVOCATIONS—CALLS AND NO CALLS—TIMBER TO TIMBER, &C.

It is singular that, with all his peculiarities, he entertained the cherished hope that his natural abilities would secure him a parish kirk in some quarter or other of this kingdom of Scotland. He had a sort of cankered jealousy against every young man who received a call "afore him in the vineyard." It is really nauseating, if we may use that strong word, to see how these "calls" are sometimes treated by ministers themselves and their friends in several quarters of the kingdom. For instance, it is quite common to hear them invoking the name of the Deity even in the most violent of their translations or contentions; and there is evidently an utter want of candour, nay, a great deal of hypocrisy and downright dishonesty, we are sorry to observe, in some of these "calls." Not many years ago—but it was before the Disruption—*a quoad sacra* preacher, not fifty miles from Hope Street in this city, had the effrontery to announce to his flock, and call God to witness, that he was going to leave them *with a sore, sore heart.* He came over these expressions several times, and attempted to *sob* over them, while the fact was perfectly notorious that he was moving heaven and earth to get quit of them, and to procure a presentation from the Crown, which he obtained, to a parish yielding him a stipend much larger a good deal than the one he was leaving, as he declared, "with a sore, sore heart." Exhibitions of that sort deserve to be rebuked; but there is a shaft of *irony* in the one we are about to relate which pleased John mightily. A friend of his, settled in a quiet parish to the north-east of the city, staggered his kirk session by announcing to them one day, much to their surprise, for they really loved the man, that he had received "a call from the Lord to go to Glasgow:" and he had resolved to accept it.

"Ye have received no such call in no such way," said one of his bold and intrepid elders, who could think and judge for himself. "Ye may, peradventure, have received the promise of a call from *the Lord Provost and Councillors*, but dinna pervert the name of the Deity in that way."

John was well acquainted with one Dougal Arnot, a wright in the Havannah, who, like himself, was possessed of a considerable degree of mother wit when he chose to exercise it. Dougal was employed to make some repairs on the old Ramshorn Church: and in tottering one day down the High Street with a large piece of wood on his shoulder, he was accosted by Dr. Rankine, the minister thereof. "Well, John, what is this you have got?" John doffed his bonnet newly imported from Kilmarnock, and said, "It is one of the *supports*, sir, of the house of God." The good Doctor was rather surprised at this answer, thinking it was done in an irreverent style, and admonished him thus: "John, John, this is not a fit thing for a jest." "No indeed," said John, "its no a *jeest* (joist), but its meant to stand in your ain kirk, ye see, *for a pillar.*"

At an ordination in the city a great many years ago, when the facetious Mr. Thom of Govan was in his glory, it was the duty, according to the good old rule, for every member of the Presbytery in attendance to come forward and lay their right hand on the minister's head immediately after his induction in token of their approbation of him. The Rev. Mr. Thom had evidently some doubts of the qualifications of the presentee, but he

kept these to himself: and so he stepped forward leaning on his staff, and took up his place at a respectable distance from the presentee, and then he lifted his staff and laid it on with a good thwack on the head of the presentee. "That's not the right way," exclaimed the Moderator, and other members of the Presbytery. "Please excuse me," said Mr. Thom —"its only *timber* to *timber!*" "Now," said our friend John, exulting at Thom's staff, which he often surveyed, "this establishes the doctrine that you may take a horse to the water, but you cannot compel him to drink unless he pleases."

But it is time we should present the Rev. Mr. Aitken in a new light to our readers, if they will have patience with us to hear us going on with some of these droll old Glasgow stories which we have raked up from the depths of oblivion, in order to try to please them "a leetle bit," as Blind Alick used to say.

John often commented on the text that a prophet hath no honour in his own country; and, indeed, he often said, that although some of his best preachings (so he modestly called them) were shamefully despised by the proud, haughty folks of Glasgow, he had a presentiment that they were heard of and relished by the sublime people, as he designated them in the Orkney and Shetland Islands. There can be no doubt of the fact that he commanded some influence in that quarter, notwithstanding his Glasgow "chafts" and "three-legged stool," already recorded and commented upon; for the great Sir Thomas Dundas, who flourished in Scotland, and was chief proprietor of these islands, came frequently to Glasgow, on his way to Kerse, in the county of Stirling, and knew the Aitken family. It was this Sir Thomas Dundas who projected the great viaduct over the Kelvin at Maryhill, near Glasgow, opened in 1787, which was once the wonder of the world; he also projected the canal at Port Dundas, and the road leading thereto within the bounds of the municipality of Glasgow is called Dundas Street, in honour of Sir Thomas Dundas, who, in the days of King George the Third, was created a British Peer by the title of Lord Dundas.

As we write without any rigid narrow rule, and entirely as the spirit moves us, clinging to our memory as well as we can, somewhat like the old lady smiling contentedly when knitting her new stockings with her needles and thread, so we may here put in a fresh *steek* anent an occurrence which may prove both laughable and interesting to our readers. It occurred on the spacious lawn opposite Elderslie House, near Renfrew, in the summer of 1831. We were witnesses of the scene, and perhaps there are few now alive who can rehearse the same story. The first great Reform Bill of Earl Grey, Prime Minister of King William the Fourth, was then in its infancy; but it had thousands and tens of thousands, yea, millions, of enthusiastic and determined admirers.

Now, old Mr. Archd. Speirs, of Elderslie, was a personal friend and ardent admirer of the noble Premier, and we have occasion to know that he might have obtained a British Peerage if he wanted it. He invited a great meeting of Reformers from Glasgow, Paisley, Renfrew, Kilbarchan, and other places, to be held on his lawn at Elderslie, the title which once accrued to the immortal name of Sir William Wallace. To prepare for that meeting, Mr. Speirs erected, at no small expense, a fine and substantial awning of hustings; and he first mounted them, considering his advanced

age, with great animation and agility, attended by some choice spirits who surrounded him, and cheered to the echo by the admiring throng with their thrilling bands of martial music, playing tunes of one kind or another ever dear to the hearts of all leal Scotsmen.

The entire proceedings, which we need not enumerate, were conducted with the greatest unanimity and enthusiasm. We think we see the amiable and patriotic gentleman at this moment taking off his hat and waving it on those hustings with a heroism which some historians tell us can only be best appreciated by those who beheld the hero either at the commencement or the close of his victory. But on the present occasion he became perfectly enraptured with his subject, and was truly eloquent. He made a most remarkable and astonishing bound towards the close of his speech. It would require the pencil of a Hogarth to describe it adequately. He was wiping his fine manly old face with his pocket handkerchief, to afford him relief from the perspiration trickling downwards, and at the same moment he threw open his fine white vest, to embrace a gentle breeze from the direction of Killealah (one of his other estates), not far distant, when he paused far a moment or two and then resumed, and made this astonishing statement, which electrified the vast multitude in a way which probably Demosthenes himself could not have excelled when addressing his hearers at Athens. "Gentlemen and countrymen, fellow-reformers, beloved brethren, and friends (said Mr. Speirs), we are all embarked in the same glorious cause. (Tremendous cheering, and waving of hats and bonnets for two or three minutes.) Now, keep quiet and restrain your cheers, and be silent that ye may hear. Well, then, I have erected these hustings, and by God *you are welcome to them to all eternity!*"

And although many of our Glasgow readers may have felt interested about the fate of John, and wished him settled cannily in the Orkney Islands, none, we think, will deny that it was better, infinitely better, that his cracked-brained effusions should be pootponed *sine die* to give way to the elegant accomplishments of Mr. Dishington, the young gentleman in question, who actually became the accepted minister of the Orkney and the Shetland Islands—passing rich on £50 a year!

It is time we should now wind up our departed friend the Rev. John Aitken, with all due circumspection and humility. It is impossible, however, to obliterate some of the amusing scenes that attended him towards the close of his long chequered life. At "Halloween," so racily commeented on and commemorated in enduring language by Robert Burns, and kept up in many parts of Scotland to this day, John, with his cabbage stock or kail runt in his hand, pulled by him, or somebody for him, by the roots from the capacious garden and kitchen ground of old Mr. James Wilson, deacon of the Ancient Craft of Gardeners, and father of *sonsy* Mr. James Wilson, writer, in Cromwell's close in the Saltmarket, whom some yet in Glasgow may remember in his other capacity as Lieutenant in the corps of Gentlemen Sharpshooters in 1819—and a queer lieutenant he made in the "Light Company"—but the gardens of his father the deacon besore him were situated some of them in the Cowcaddens, while the chief portion of them at Lodgemeloons, near the site of the present plan of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, stretching towards Cowlairs, and thence keeping eastwards to the gigantic stalk of St. Rollox—a description which cannot, we should think, be mistaken by any ordinary Glasgow reader of

fifty years' standing. At "Halloween," we repeat, John, at that annual epoch, as surely as it came round, got into a state of extraordinary excitement far beyond his ordinary, because many of the urchins of the city convened themselves together, as if by common instinct, and serenaded him underneath the low window of his lodgings in the Little Dovehill, with the lines—

> "Halloween, a night at e'en,
> We heard an unco squeaking," &c.

Those doggerel verses resounded, at that particular period of the year, through other parts of Scotland besides Glasgow; but this was the "head centre" of them.

Unfortunately, in opposition to the very tenor of these lines, our worthy friend left no legitimate descendants of his own body.

He had a lair in the Ramshorn Church-yard, where many choice spirits of Glasgow have also been interred.

WEE WILLIE WHITE.

IN a series of Glasgow Characters, some short notice of William White, the diminutive, blind, street performer on the flute and flageolet, who was so well known and so much respected, is necessary. Of the little man designated "Wee Willie White," there is not much to say. His story is, like that of many others of the deserving poor—short and simple.

In figure he was, as to height, much below the average size, but otherwise of fair average bulk, so that his general aspect was somewhat squat, but neither deformed nor repulsive. His features, somewhat dull from the absence of that animation which seeing eyes would have given them, were indicative of quiet thoughtfulness, and conveyed no incorrect idea of the general inoffensiveness of his walk and conversation. Careful of the small sums he earned by the exercise of his musical talents, he was able to maintain himself in what may be called respectable poverty; and was a great favourite amongst the patrons of street music. He was evidently not robust in constitution, and on the 11th September, 1858, whilst still by no means an old man, he was suddenly taken unwell on the Green. He lived to be taken home to his lodgings, at 102 Saltmarket, where he died on the evening of the same day. His admirers in the central district provided for his decent interment in the western part of the Southern Necropolis, and have marked the resting-place of his body by a simple monumental stone, which bears a representation of his favourite musical instrument, and the box in which it was his custom to carry it. His interment was duly registered by Mr. Alexander Bell, one of his well-wishers; and his grave is still visited by old friends.

JAMIE BLUE.

THERE was nothing in the least degree offensive, so far as we know, in the character of this singular man, some of whose exploits we can lay before our readers from a long personal knowledge of him. We had, however, missed him for nearly a quarter of a century, and thought he had gone the way of all living; but within the last six months we were informed by an old friend "that he was still to the fore"—an inmate, a pauper or pensioner, in the Parish of Govan Poor's House, situated in the old Cavalry Barracks in Eglinton Street, on the other side of the water—not on the other side of the water or by any means so far away as this short description might lead some to infer, but within a respectable part of the municipal domains of the city of Glasgow, now increasing with the most amazing strides, and leading old people to imagine that if the city goes on at the rate it has been doing for the last few years it may soon be conjoined with Paisley, and claim partnership with Dumbarton Castle and other kindred places.

Be that as it may, we cannot claim Jamie as a citizen of Glasgow. "He came," he said, "from 'the Shaws,' or the neighbourhood thereof," once called "the village of Pollokshaws," on the estate of Sir John Maxwell, Bart., of Pollok; but he spent many of his best days in Glasgow and Paisley singing the finest of Robert Burns' songs,

intermingled pretty often with those of his early friend Robert Tannahill, whom Jamie adored; and certainly some of the songs of Tannahill are the sweetest of any in the Scottish language; for example, his "Jessie, the flower of Dunblane," set to music by his friend R. A. Smith, of Paisley, whom we have already noticed.

But we have now to speak of Jamie Blue, for we have put him along with others on the title-page of this work, but scarcely know how to salute him in his cold and silent grave. When we grasped his hand, as we have already stated, not many months ago, in the Govan Poor's House, the sweet and expressive lineaments of his old face reminded us of the things of other years, and lying on the breadth of his back in the cell or department allotted for him with other paupers, a second nature seemed to breathe upon him, illustrating the lines of Gray the Poet, who wrote the elegy in the country church-yard :—

"Ah happy hills! ah pleasing shade!
Ah fields beloved in vain,
Where once my careless footsteps strayed,
A stranger then to pain.
I feel the gales that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And redolent of joy and youth.
I breathe a second spring."

Jamie was in his glory at the *first* Paisley Election of a member to Parliament on the passing of the Reform Bill, when the then Sir John Maxwell, Bart., of Pollok, was triumphantly elected. He wrote many poetical effusions in favour of Sir John. But the old baronet got sick of the Parliament,—new to him as it was. He perferred his country pursuits, to which all his life long he had been accustomed. He voted in favour of the *first* Coercion Bill for Ireland, which occasioned a vast deal of acrimonious disputation in this country; and learning that his single vote on this subject had created much dissatisfaction at Paisley, he embraced the opportunity of throwing up his seat in Parliament; and a *new* writ, the first of its kind, was ordered for Paisley, much to the surprise of the people thereof, and to the Reformers of Glasgow, by whom Sir John and his son after him, the late baronet, was much beloved. Then it was that Mr. John Crawford, who had previously been rejected at the first Glasgow Election, with Mr. John Douglas, and Sir D. K. Sandford, made their appearance in Paisley claiming the honour of being returned for that town. It is certainly not a little remarkable, looking back upon it now, that those *three* rejected candidates in Glasgow should appear together eagerly contesting for the one vacated seat in Paisley. But so it was. Sandford, whose cause we espoused, for he was a most able and brilliant man, became the favourite, and carried the prize at Paisley; and then it also was that we became acquainted with Jamie Blue, who was universally known as the Shaws' Poet, and went often by the name of Jamie Cock-up, for he sometimes wore a tremendous Kilmarnock cowl, which, when the spirit moved him, he "cocked up on the crown of his head," and brandished it at other times with great animation. At one of the excited meetings at that time in Paisley a ring was formed, and James Cock-up was brought into the middle of it.

"Hech, sirs," says Jamie (we print this from an old memorandum in our possession), "Hech, sirs," wiping his brows with his bonnet, "ye're in a great bizzy here this day. Little did my honoured patron, Sir John Maxwell, think o' this contested election wark sax months since, but Solomon himsel' said there was naething but perplexity and ups and downs in this world. But, sirs, if there was a live poet this day in a' Paisley worth his lugs, or that could stand at the sax mile house in comparison wi' me frae the Shaws, he would have kittled up a sang this blessed day in honour of Sir John, to the tune—

'I'll clout my Johnny's auld grey breeks
For a' the ill he's done me yet.'

But, sirs, I'se no allow the opportunity to slip awa' without giving you a real sentimental stave in honour o' Sir John:—

'May choicest blessings still attend
The kind, warm-hearted, poor man's friend,
And calm and quiet be his end,
And a' that's guid watch o'er him:
And may he never leave the Shaws
To vote again for Irish laws.'

(Tremendous cheers.)

We could quote many other screeds at that Paisley Election but this is not the place to do so. Jamie had a happy knack of telling stories when "he toddled on his shanks' naiggy into Glasgow," as he often did, and drew crowds after him. We shall only select a few of them, from an old scrap-book.

The following is a humorsome if not an interesting description, chiefly of Scottish songs, addressed to his friend Sandy Rodger:—

"Puddock's Hole, the 8th of Jan., 1836.

"Dear Sandy,—

"After getting some 'Cauld Kail in Aberdeen with 'John Roy Stewart,' I accompanied him to 'The House below the Hill,' where 'Green grows the Rashes,' and where two or three of 'The merry lads o' Ayr' were taking their 'Bottle of Punch,' having lately come from 'Doonside.' The landlord was 'Johnny M'Gill,' who, you know, brewed 'Buns and Yill,' and married 'The Soutar's Daughter.' She gave us a hearty welcome,' for 'Blythe was she but and ben;' and when 'She came ben she bobbit,' and introduced us to 'Maggy Lauder,' 'Mary Gray,' &c.—not forgetting the 'Bonny wee Thing.' They were all waiting the arrival of 'Lucy Campbell' from 'Within a mile of Edinboro' toun;' for you must know Lucy is to be married to 'The ranting, roaring Highlandman.' So down we sat to 'Cakes and Ale,' and we were happy when up flew the door and in started 'A Soldier Laddie.' I thought it had been 'Johnny Cummin,' but na faith, says 'Peggy Band,' that's 'John Anderson, my jo,' from 'Bonny Dundee,' for he would be a soldier. As most of his kind, he was 'A brisk young lad,' so we invited him to a seat. He took out his fiddle, and was beginning to touch 'The Bush aboon Traquair,' but was stopped by 'Duncan Gray,' who begged he would first favour us with 'God save the King.' Hang the king, said 'Charlie Stewart,' who was instantly knocked down by 'Jack the brisk young drummer,' who is a

"Bonny bold soldier.' We all thought 'Lewie Gordon' would have interfered, who was standing in a nook whistling Johnny Cope,' when in came 'The Wandering Sailor,' singing 'Hearts of Oak' with 'Black eyed Susan' in the one hand, and 'The Oak Stick' in the other; and poor Lewie did not like 'A' that an' a' that,' but slunk away as pale as 'Gregorie's Ghost.' 'Duncan Davidson' was beginning to cry 'Kick the rogues out,' when in the midst of the scuffle, we had notice by 'Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch' of the arrival of the young couple from 'Wauking o' the Fauld,' then the cry was 'Busk ye busk ye,' and 'Fy let us a' to the Bridal.' By this you will understand that 'Johnny's made a wedding o't.' We were just going when 'Jenny Nettles' hinted that 'Ale and her barrels' must be paid, on which we bid 'The gudewife count her lawin.' So each of us had saxpence under our thumb, and 'Jenny's bawbee' made up the sum. On coming to 'The Back of the Changehouse,' where the wedding was near 'The Mill, Mill O,' we were met by the lads o' Dunse' gallanting 'The lasses o' Stewarton.' The best man was 'Rattling, roaring Willie,' and I assure you 'Willie is a wanton wag.' The best maid was 'Katherine Ogie,' who is 'The bonniest lass in a' the world,' except 'My jo, Janet.' Our dinner consisted of 'The Roast Beef of Old England,' 'Lumps o' Puddin,' 'Brandy Snaps,' 'The 'Haggis of Dunbar,' with the 'Kail Brose of Auld Scotland,' and 'Bannocks o' Barley Meal,' &c., &c. As for myself, there were 'Six Eggs in the Pan,' and 'More To-morrow.' Neist day 'Dainty Davie' gave us 'The Sow's Tail,' with 'A horn o' Irish Whisky.' The whole cry was 'Fill the stoup and haud it clinking,' and by no means drink 'Hooly and Fairly.' Then comes 'Gies a sang the Lady cried,' so 'Patie came up frae the Glen,' and 'Whistled o'er the lave o't,' and sang 'Maggie's Tocher.' O if you had seen 'Auld Rob Morris' laughing at 'The auld wife ayont the fire,' singing 'O I was kiss't yestreen.' We were now growing 'Sae merry as we twa hae been,' and some of them began to 'Trip upon trinchers.' So the dancing commenced. 'The Bride cam in frae the Byre,' and led down wi' one of 'The braw lads of Gala Water' to the tune of 'The Campbell's are coming.' 'The glancing of her apron,' 'Silken snood,' and the 'Gowd in her garters' made my heart 'Gae pitty patty.' I danced a reel with 'The Maid o' the Mill' and the 'Shepherd's Wife' to the tune 'I'll make ye be fair.' 'Andrew wi' his Cutty Gun' was at 'Kiss me sweetly,' and 'Bess the Gawkie' whistling a' the time 'Come and Kiss me in a Corner.' In short, we all danced heartily, but I observed 'Jenny dang the Weaver,' and 'Scoffed and scorned at him,' saying, 'O gin ye were ane and twenty, Tam.' After this we had 'Good night and joy be wi' ye a'.' I came 'Toddlin hame,' 'Not drunk, nor yet sober,' and expected 'A bonny wee house and a canty wee fire;' but I could not 'Open the door' when there, nor waken 'Sleeping Maggie.' At last 'My ain kind dautie' heard me, and 'She rose and let me in.' By this time I was 'A sleeping body,' and got to bed by the light of 'The bonny grey-eyed morn.'—Yours truly,

"JAMIE COCK-UP."

We are quite aware that other authors have infringed on the above; but we claim it for Jamie. He took a peculiar delight in reading a remarkable 'Eating House Bill,' published in Paisley more than forty years ago, a copy of which is now upon our table, and which we present to our readers

exactly as we have it, premising that an expert Englishman of the name of Joseph Howell took up his quarters in Paisley, and opened what is most expressively called in Scotch language an 'eating house,' *anglice*, an hotel, or tavern, and he boasted that he could cook beefsteaks and furnish sausages in a new and first-rate style. There is an old herring and potato club of nearly 100 years standing, and still existing, we think, in Paisley down to this day; but this Englishman, Mr. Joseph Howell, fairly eclipsed it for a season with his beefsteaks and sausages. He got on so well that he resolved to print an advertisement of his success, but though he was a splendid cook, he was a desperate poor scribbler; nevertheless he composed his own advertisement, and sent it to Mr. Hay, or Mr. Nelson, printers in Paisley, to get it done for him in the best shape. One or other of them took the liberty of correcting some parts of the original manuscript, to make it read, as they thought, according to the rules of that troublesome and arbitrary bravet of knowledge called orthography, which we confess we have often violated in our own way—as who has not?—but Mr. Howell waxed mighty wroth, and insisted that the printers should attend to it exactly as he had given it, whereupon this was produced, and it tickled the jaws of Jamie Blue:—

"NOTIS.

"JOSEPH HOWELL,

"*Hed of the waterwind oposit the keall markit*

"Onst more returns his great full thanks to the ledis and gentlemen of paisley and nebrood for thar kind incurigment hee like wis informs the gentlemen of paisley that he has got a privet rume above is (one) kitchen where hee in tends to meake ready thrue the sumer Beef steks the (∧) refined sosegs and minsed Colops evry day evry strict a tenshion will be given to all horders (famylise) the might depend on the best qolity of meat anand the strict ist clanlyness (∧) Brad the flesher to prevent hooing complaints of drysosegs or stell meet he byse is (fresh) meat every day Cuts no more down then is reglar sel will a lowofas the famylise (∧) may have it in reall perfection the re refind sosegs as bene a proved of by Paisley gentellmen and gentlemen and sum gentle men from glascoo and hedenbrogh and lonon and forin gentlemen to bee the furst soseges that herr was henterdust for seele orders from the toun and from the cuntry will bee greatefull receved and bpunctall exicuted."

"Eating in Paisley," said Jamie—"My sang, I learn from Dr. Birbeck, who was in the Andersonian University of Glasgow, that every animal eats as much as it can procure, and as much as it can hold. A cow eats but to sleep, and sleeps but to eat; and not content with eating all day long, 'twice it slays the slain,' and eats its dinner o'er again. A whale swallows 10,000,000 of living shrimps at a draught; a nursling canary bird eats its own bulk in a day; and a caterpillar eats 500 times its own weight before it lies down to rise a butterfly. The mite and the maggot eat the very world in which they live—they nestle and build in their roast beef; and

the hyena, for want of better, eats himself. Yet a maggot has not the gout, and the whale is not subject to sciatica. Nor," said Jamie, "do I learn from Captain Lyon, who once visited the Shaws, that an Esquimaux is troubled with the toothache, dyspepsia, or hysterics, though he eats ten pounds of seal and drinks a gallon of oil at one meal."

LONDON AND PAISLEY SAUSAGES.

Jamie was particularly elated with the following case reported in the London papers, which he held up in juxtaposition to Joseph Howell's Bill of Sausages in Paisley. We give it exactly as we have read it ourselves:—

MARYLEBONE POLICE OFFICE.

Thomas Batcheldor, a vendor of water cresses, was brought up before Mr. Rawlinson, the sitting magistrate, to answer at the instance of Elizabeth Tomlinson, who had obtained a warrant against him.

Magistrate to Complainer: Now, what have you got to say against Batcheldor?

Complainant: Your worship, my husband's a journeyman butcher, and we keep a lot of fine pigs; as for me, I take in washing and—

Magistrate: Never mind about that, I want to know what you have brought the defendant here for.

Complainant: A short time ago, sir, one of my pigs became unruly, got out of the stye, and made its way into Mister Batcheldor's kitchen, and, I believe, broke some of his plates and dishes; in consequence of that he's always coming to my place and kicking up a row at the door.

Magistrate: Has he done this recently?

Complainant: Yes, sir; and my pigs are in danger of their lives from him. (Laughter.)

Magistrate: How so?

Complainant: Because he swears he'll poison every one of them; and I do think he is in real earnest in what he says.

Magistrate (to Defendant): Now, let's hear your version of the matter.

Defendant: I will, your worship. This good lady here keeps pigs, as she says; but I don't think they ought to be suffered, for all that, to demolish my property, and eat me out of house and home.

Magistrate: Explain what you mean?

Defendant: She's got a great old sow that's half-starved; and one day, while my wife was ill in bed, the animal broke into my room, and stole from the cupboard a large piece of bread and meat; but the worst part of the business is this, my cat was made away with also.

Magistrate: By what means?

Defendant: The sow, sir, killed it while it was lying quietly down, and ate every bit of it up except the tail, which was left behind. (Renewed laughter.)

Magistrate: What! ate up the cat? Well, you have certainly had abundant reason to complain, if all you say is true.

Defendant: It is every bit of it true, and I will swear to it; and I could say something more about *sausages*.

(Defendant discharged.)

NOTA BENE.—This was one of the English cases which, as we have remarked, tickled the fancy of Jamie, and made him refer, with a twinkle in his eye, to the bill of Mr. Howell in Paisley, and the refined sausages as has been a proved of by Paisley gentellmen and gentlemen and sum gentle men from glascoo and hedenbrogh and lonon"—the wag evidently implying that there were swine in Paisley that could easily enough be slain for making sausages for Mr. Howell.

The *wipe* he had at the "Shaws' folk"—his own neighbourhood—has been imputed to others, but we give it as marked in our memorandum book, under the head of Jamie Blue, as follows:—

QUEER FOLK AT THE SHAWS.

"Who ne'er unto the Shaws has been
Has surely missed a treat:
For wonders there are to be seen
Which nothing else can beat,

"The folks are green, it's oft been said,
Of that you'll find no trace:
There's seasoned wood in every head,
And brass in every face.

"Look smart, and keep your eyes about,
Their tricks will make you grin;
The Barrhead coach will take you out,
The folks will take you in."

But apart from ribaldry, Jamie could delineate the paths of life like a philosopher. Here is one of the proofs of it:—

THE MORALE OF LIFE.

"Here we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, down;
Here we go backwards and forwards,
Here we go round, round, round."

[*And so forth.*]

"For what is life," said Jamie, "but a scene of ups and downs? All begin at the base of a hill. Some start on the road in carriages, some on horseback, and some on foot. The part of the road travelled by those on foot is more rugged and steep than the parts travelled by those in carriages or on horseback; but there are numbers of conveyances on the way, and Mr. Wm. Lyon has plenty of them running between Glasgow and Paisley and other places. Sometimes a fellow called *Luck* assails a foot passenger and elbows him, or, rather, thrusts him out of the road, and then drives away furiously to what he calls the hill of eminence—the mint of money. I once knew," said Jamie, "a young man plodding up that hill—he suddenly procured a horse, sprang on it, and ran a splendid career for a short time, but he got a fall, and rolled down into a deep ditch. Another of his companions procured a beautiful team of strong horses at a great price, and promised fair to reach the aclivity sought after; but to gain it he took short cuts, which were rather steep and unusual, and so he exhausted his horses, which fell down lifeless, and in getting from the vehicle the owner himself got his legs broken. A decent, steady couple," said Jamie, "which I long knew at the Shaws, began steadily at the foot of the road,

and helped each other on. When the road was rather rugged in some places, they cannily persevered, and heeded not the jibes and jeers of those galloping before them; and that couple became comfortable and happy at the end of their journey. I once had a friend," said Jamie, "a beloved friend"—but here the manuscript abruptly stops, and, therefore, we cannot pursue it.

LIGHT BREAD AND TIT FOR TAT.

As there has been a great but righteous outcry in Glasgow and other places of late about *light bread*, the same thing occurred at one time, but, of course, on a lesser scale, in the Shaws, where Jamie was located, and we may be excused for telling the following story:—An o'e, or nephew of his—a smart little fellow bred to the weaving—was sent to a baker's shop for a twopenny loaf. The young urchin, surveying the loaf and weighing it in his hand, bluntly told the man of dough—viz., the baker—that he did not believe it was of the usual weight—that it was less than the fair and usual one. "Never you mind that," said the master baker, "you will have the less to carry." "True," replied the young weaver, and throwing three half-pence down upon the counter, he ran away. The baker ran after him crying out that he had not left money enough. "Never mind that," said the urchin, "you have the less to count."

A young Irish boy, at that time also located in the Shaws, mournfully complained of the harsh treatment he had received from his father. "He treats me," said the youth, "as if I was his own son by another father and mother."

An Irishman, small in stature, applied to one of Sir John Maxwell's farmers to be taken into his employment at the reaping time. "No," said the farmer, "ye're too wee for me, my man. "Arrah now," said Paddy to the farmer, "do you really cut your corn here *at the top?*"

If Jamie could narrate these stories of Irish wit falling within the compass of his own knowledge, he was far more brilliant with some English and Scotch ones, which he had gathered somehow in his noddle. For example, a quarrel occurred between two neighbours in the Shaws, and a death taking place in the family of one of them a short time afterwards, the offenders were not asked to the funeral. "Never mind," said Janet, as the *cortege* moved by her door, we ll have a corpse of our ain at hame by and bye, and see then who'll be invited."

A worthy tobacconist in Paisley was complaining one day of a book which a very erudite doctor had once published. "It's a bad one," said he. "How?" said his friend, "I always thought Dr. F. had been a worthy, good man." "It's the worst book I ken," said the shopkeeper, "its owre big for a pennyworth of snuff, and its no big enough for three-bawbees' worth."

An old Renfrewshire lady, much troubled in her dreams, and rather superstitious withal, informed Dr. Fleming, of Neilston, the parson of her parish, that on a night previous she dreamed that she saw her grandmother, who had been dead for upwards of twenty years. The doctor asked what she had been eating? "Oh, only the half of a mince pie?" "Well," said he, "if you had devoured the other half, you might probably have seen your grandfather too."

"Rise, Geordie," said an industrious farmer in the neighbourhood of

Paisley to his herd boy one summer morning—"rise, Geordie, for the sun's up." "It's time till him," said the boy yawning and rubbing his eyes, "for he wasna up a' yesterday."

We declare we once saw a grocer's shop in the Calton emblazoned with these words in his window—"All the tobacco sold here is warranted free from adulteration and honest weight."

WEE JAMIE WALLACE.

THOUGH still a living citizen of the "second city" of the empire, Wee Jamie Wallace is too well known to be omitted from the present series of Glasgow characters. Those who do not know him by name, if ever they have seen him will not fail to recognise him by the portrait here given of the substantially built little man. Born in Ladywell Street in 1822, he has yet a good many years to see ere he reaches the Psalmist's three score years and ten. For twenty years past he has occupied the troublesome if not very lucrative post of officer of the Clydesdale Fruit Market, in Kent Street, the duties of which he satisfactorily discharges. His health, however, not being all that could be desired, he, for four years past, during the close time of the market, and when wearied of the home-brewed and other dainties of his friend Mr. Cowan, of "The Inn," adjourns to Mr. Adamson's city country home for a few months. When the desire for change of residence again becomes irresistible, he reappears at his Kent Street sphere of usefulness, taking care to pay an early visit to Mr. C. Summers, glazier, another of his patrons, who has always a new rig-out of clothing and a few shillings ready to enable him creditably to resume his official duties. Long may he preside over the sale of the gooseberries, plums, pears, and apples of the Clydesdale orchards in Kent Street Market.

BAULDY BAYNE.

WE tell with sober truth that some of the happiest hours of our life were spent with "Bauldy Bayne" whose real patronymic was Archibald Campbell Bayne, writer in Glasgow, a man of short statûre, but of great natural powers and accomplishments, which he could turn to advantage or disadvantage as the humour suited him; but with all his frivolities, which we have enlarged upon at sufficient length in some of our earlier chapters in the *olden* volumes, for they are now becoming old and perhaps rather stale, he was blessed with a remarkable fund of good nature, and when Bauldy laughed in any company, none present could resist the infection which he thereby created. He was bred in the office of Wm. Lindsay, Esq., writer in Glasgow, who, fifty or sixty years ago, was one of the leading men in the profession and built the beautiful villa of Oatlands still adorning the road from Glasgow to Rutherglen, skirting the banks of the Clyde to the right of Nelson's Monument on the Green of Glasgow. We have always admired that place, though it is nearly smothered now with smoke and coal dust. Bauldy expected that Mr. Lindsay, getting up in years, would have made him his junior partner in business, and so he would; but the old scribe, who was "a very canny douce man," made the discovery that his protegee was playing the part of Old King Coul in the famous club of that name in Princes Street, Glasgow, and this was sufficient in the estimation of Mr. Lindsay to shut the door against Bauldy's promotion with him in the law, although we must here take the liberty of remarking that the very position which Bauldy acquired in the club was proof positive of his diversified talents and accomplishments. He became King of the Coul not from hereditary descent, but solely from his own merits, well entitling him to rule either the roast, or the race he represented in this favoured city.

This Coul Club forty years ago was certainly a very famous one in Glasgow. Many of the choicest spirits of the city were members of it. Dr. Strang, the late Chamberlain of the city, has already recorded it with acclaim in his book entitled "Glasgow and its Clubs." He, himself, was for several years a member of it; and nobody was admitted unless he had qualities of a social and civil nature recommended to the King of the Coul, who, if satisfied, descended from his throne of state, and brandishing his official sword, created him a *knight* of the most noble order of the Coul. Some may think there is ridicule in this; but there was actually a throne or chair of state—a crown with jewels and ermine—an orb, a sceptre, and other paraphernalia by no means ignoble or worthless, and just as dazzling

to the sight as is the highest order of Freemasonry at this day. All the proceedings of the club were conducted with the greatest order and hilarity from eight to ten in the evening, at which last hour his Majesty punctually left his throne, broke up his council, and dismissed his knights for the time being, not without enjoying "the feast of reason and the flow of soul;" for these two hours of the evening were chiefly occupied in descanting on the proceedings of Parliament or on public events, giving recitations from the most favourite authors or poets, and occasionlly in singing some original or choice songs of the period. His Majesty, however, could *command* what he pleased in the social circle, the bounds of which he never trangressed; for example, if it was his pleasure to request a round of Scotch proverbs from his knights, they were all on their mettle trying to give the best they recollected on the spur of the moment; and it was really diverting to see how so many of the proverbs often jingled so admirably together, making his Majesty hold his sides for the laughter thence aroused; or again his Majesty would take it into his head to single out some well-known knight for a song or a recitation, and he dare not disobey, under the penalty of providing a Welsh rabbit at his own expense for all the members present. We need not say what that was, or what it sometimes amounted to; yet the expense rarely exceeded a sixpence or a shilling per evening, and the *treat* was worth the money to any stranger who visited the club, not without a special introduction to the king himself. It was most amusing to hear the roll of knights called over at some special sederunt or levee of the Coul, with the king saluting or nodding to them in his Coul of State. We should have mentioned that there was this peculiarity in the affair that every member, when admitted or dubbed a knight, behoved to make choice of his own title by which he was distinctly recognised and addressed at all meetings of the club: for example, Mr. James Sheridan Knowles, the author of Virginius, &c., who was a member, took the title of Sir Jeremiah Jingler; Mr. Archibald M'Lellan, who founded the M'Lellan Galleries took the title of Sir Benjamin Bangup; Wm. Glen, the clever Glasgow poet, took the title of Sir Will the Wanderer; Archibald Cochrane, the famed jeweller, took the title of Sir Bauldy Brooch; Robert Chapman, who published the picture of Glasgow in 1818, took the title of Sir Faustus Type; others took the title of Sir Harry Hotspur, Jack the Giant Killer, Humphrey Clinker, Rab the Ranter, Nivy Nick Nack, Dominie Sampson, Rob Roy, Dandie Dinmont. Pees-weep, Robin Replies, Robin Duplies, Roderic Random, Wide Awake, Timothy Tickler, Babety Bowster, and so forth. We might devote pages to the list, such numbers were on it—many of whom we remember well; for we are not ashamed to mention that, as one of the youngest members of that club, we were unanimously appointed to be its "Secretary of State;" and we held that office for several years, jotting down all its sederunts and all its minutes with considerable care and attention in one or two manuscript volumes, which we furnished to Dr. Strang while he was engaged writing his book of clubs, but somehow these have since fallen aside, we cannot tell how, nor do we know what we could give to have the possession of them again at this moment. He truly states at page 383 of his well-written book, and our *modesty*, as some may twit us for it, cannot make us withhold the following extract from it:—"As the Coul Club (says Dr. Strang) was looked upon 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 (continues the doctor) mixed up as their current acts necessarily were with the ruling topics of the day, contain many poetical gems of sparkling humour and powerful imagination." Let the works of our after life be criticised or condemned as they may, we can now look back on some of our earliest effusions in the Coul Club—now apparently lost, but thus incidentally referred to by Dr. Strang—with some degree of satisfaction.

We are glad to know that he has preserved and given in his published work the following lines from the pen of Mr. Andrew Macgeorge, father of the accomplished gentleman of the same name who takes so much pleasure in all the antiquarian lore of Glasgow; and these lines, as Dr. Strang states, graphically describe "the feelings and sentiments of the whole club," now no more :—

"Let proud politicians, in vain disputation,
Contend about matters they don't understand:
Fall out about peace, and run mad about reason,
And pant to spread liberty with a high hand.
Through the bye-paths of life I will wander at leisure,
And cherish the softer desires of the soul;
By contentment and honour my steps I will measure,
While pleasure supplies me at night with a Coul.

"I leave to the great the pursuits of ambition,
Nor envy the miser's enjoyment of gain:
The simple delights of a humble condition
Produce a sweet peace, less embittered by pain.
Could they snugly sit down with a group of good fellows,
United the ills of their lot to control
They would feel their mistake, if the truth they would tell us,
And eagerly range themselves under the Coul.

"Then dear to my heart be the social connexion
Which freedom, good humour, and harmony guide:
There, with freedom 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."

These verses, we take leave to remark, are worthy of any club in Glasgow, or on the face of the earth.

We here add with truth that the celebrated tragedian, Edmund Kean, when he first came to Glasgow, performing in the Queen Street Theatre Royal for £100 per night, also, with other eminent people, resorted to the Coul Club after some of his most briliant performances were over. Indeed, Kean became so pleased with Glasgow people, and delighted with the beauties of the Clyde, that he often went sailing down to Rothesay, and feued and built the beautiful cottage at Loch Fad, wherein we heard him utter the lines—

"'Tis pleasing through the loop holes of retreat
To gaze on such a world!"

It was our good fortune, and it is now our pleasing privilege to mention—why should we conceal the fact, mingled though it be with some sighs for

the olden time?—that we were one of "the harum scarum young fellows," so they were called, and there is only another one of them now alive to tell the same tale, that were honoured with special invitations from the great tragedian to his festive board in the Bucks' Head Hotel, as often as he came on his tour to this city. He latterly had his faults, as who has them not? and he was much maligned, yet so long as tragedy is appreciated on the British stage, he will be regarded as one of the greatest actors that ever lived.

We now take our leave of Bauldy Bayne and his associates.

CAPTAIN PATON.

AMONG the many "Characters" who rendered themselves remarkable by their dress or figure, there were none who, for a long time, occupied this peculiar position on *the Trongate* more than Captain Archibald Patoun or Paton. He was a son of Dr. David Patoun, a physician in Glasgow, who left to his son the tenement in Trongate, in which he lived for many years preceding his decease, called Paton's Land. He resided with his two maiden sisters and an old servant Nelly. The *plain stanes* in front of his house formed the daily parade ground of this veteran. He held a commission in a regiment that had been raised in Scotland for the Dutch service. While a denizen of the camp, he studied well the art of fencing, and excelled in small sword exercise (an accomplishment he was rather proud of), which might be easily discovered from his happy but threatening manner of

handling his conspicuous 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 his favourite *Courier*. The wags of the period got up a caricature of the Captain *parrying the horned thrusts of a belligeruet bull in Glasgow Green*. The woodcut is from an engraving done in 1826, from an original drawing in the possession of a gentleman from whom the late Gabriel Neil had the use of it for the purpose. It was acknowledged by some who knew the Captain to be in all respects a most faithful resemblance. He is represented in his military "*leggins*," which he wore much oftener than *the blue-striped stocking* of Mr. John Gibson Lockhart's ballad, which was set to music by Mr. Archibald Kennedy, stationer, Glassford Street. The gallant Captain frequently indulged in speaking of his own brave doings on the tented field "at Minden and at Dettingen," particularly when seated round a bowl of his favourite cold punch, made with limes from his own estate in Trinidad, with water newly drawn from the West Port Well. He was, in fact, a worthy though remarkable "character," and fully entitled to the epithets bestowed upon him by the late able editor of the *Quarterly Review*, Mr. Lockhart, in *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, *Blackwood's Magazine*, 1819. Here is the ballad referred to:—

LAMENT FOR CAPTAIN PATON.

Touch once more a sober measure,
And let punch and tears be shed,
For a prince of good old fellows,
That, alack a-day! is dead;
For a prince of worthy fellows,
And a pretty man also,
That has left the Saltmarket,
In sorrow, grief and wo.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo!

His waistcoat, and breeches,
Were all cut off the same web,
Of a beautiful snuff-colour,
Or a modest gentle drab;
The blue stripe in his stocking,
Round his neat slim leg did go,
And his ruffles of the cambric fine
They were whiter than the snow.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo!

His hair was curl'd in order,
At the rising of the sun,
In comely rows and buckles smart
That about his ears did run;
And before there was a toupée
That some inches up did go,
And behind there was a long queue
That did o'er his shoulders flow.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo!

And whenever we foregathered,
He took off his wee *three-cockit*,
And he proffered you his snuff-box,
Which he drew from his side pocket;
And on Burdett or Bonaparte,
He would make a remark or so,
And then along the plain stanes
Like a provost he would go.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo!

In dirty days he picked well
His footsteps with his *rattan;*
Oh! you ne'er could see the least speck
On the shoes of Captain Paton;
And on entering the *coffee-room*
About *two*, all men did know,
They would see him with his *Courier*
In the middle of the row.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo.

Now and then upon a Sunday
He invited me to dine,
On a herring and a mutton chop
Which his maid dress'd very fine;
There was also a little Malmsey,
And a bottle of Bordeaux,
Which between me and the Captain
Passed nimbly too and fro.
Oh! I ne'er shall take *pot-luck* with Captain Paton no mo!

Or if a bowl was mentioned,
The Captain he would ring,
And bid Nelly to the West-port,*
And a stoup of water bring;
Then would he mix the genuine stuff,
As they made it long ago,
With limes that on his property
In Trinidad did grow.
Oh! we ne'er shall taste the like of Captain Paton's *punch* no mo!

And then all the time he would discourse,
So sensible and courteous;
Perhaps talking of the last sermon
He had heard from Dr. Porteous,†
Or some little bit of scandal
About Mrs. So-and-so,
Which he scarce could credit, having heard
The *con* but not the *pro*.
Oh! we ne'er shall hear the like of Captain Paton no mo!

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* A well, the water of which was famous for the compounding of cold punch, now removed, but in the days of the Captain, a little east of the Black Bull, Argyle Street.

† A favourite preacher in the Tron Kirk.

Or when the candles were brought forth,
And the night was fairly setting in,
He would tell some fine old stories
About Minden-field or Dettingen—
How he fought with a French major,
And despatch'd him at a blow,
While his blood ran out like water
On the soft grass below.
Oh! we ne'er shall hear the like of Captain Paton no mo!

But at last the Captain sickened,
And grew worse from day to day,
And all missed him in the coffee-room,
From which now he stayed 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 Paton 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 Ramshorn kirk‡—
'Tis the way we all must go.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo!

Join all in chorus, jolly boys,
And let punch and tears be shed,
For this the prince of all good fellows
That, alack a-day is dead:
For this the prince of worthy fellows,
And a pretty man also,
That has left the Saltmarket
In sorrow, grief, and wo!
For it ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo!

* Now the Tron Cuurch.

† Eminent Physicans. ‡ Now St. David's Church.

DAVID DALE.

DAVID Dale, although a native of Stewarton, Ayrshire, from his long residence in Glasgow (having come to it when in his 24th year, and spent therein 43 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 £5 of rent; but thinking even this too much for him, he sub-let the one half to a watchmaker for 50 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.

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.

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, on the Firth of Dornoch, in Sutherlandshire. Mr. Dale was not, however, content with the spinning of cotton; he joined other parties in the manufacture of cotton cloth, in the dyeing of Turkey red, and in an inkle factory, while he himself continued the import of Flanders yarn. Although

one or other of these 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. When Mr. Dale began to preach, he was hooted and jostled on the streets, and was frequently forced to take shelter under some friendly roof. Against the meeting-house itself, stones and other missiles were hurled, till the roof, windows, and other parts of the building were injured. This feeling, however, soon passed away; and when Mr. Dale was elected a bailie, his brother magistrates, while they did not deem it proper to press him to accompany them to the Wynd Church, could not think of allowing a brother bailie to go unescorted to any place of worship; and it was at once arranged that a portion of the city officers, with their halberts should attend the Dissenter to the "Candle Kirk."

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 as one of the ablest merchants, best magistrates, and most benevolent sons. He died on the 17th March, 1836, æt. 86.

Mr. Dale had one son who died in 1779, when in his seventh year; and five daughters, all of whom survived him. Two were married to clergymen of the Church of England, and one was married to Robert Owen, Mr. Dale's successor in the Lanark Mills. 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.

JOHN WALLACE AND LOWRIE COULTER.

JOHN WALLACE, Esq., who purchased Whitehill, prior to 1760, was a Virginia merchant, and possessed large West Indian estates. He represented the male line of Sir William Wallace, the Scottish patriot. The late well-known Robert Wallace, Esq., M.P. for Greenock, so favourably known in connection with the securing of penny postage and other reforms, was one of the younger sons of the new owner of Whitehill, and we rather think was born there.

Mr. John Wallace made considerable additions to the house of Whitehill, and purchased all the subdivisions of Easter Craigs, already referred to, so as to re-unite the whole, as in the days of the Gilhagies and Andersons.

He was a partner of Messrs. Somerville, Gordon, & Co., American merchants, and owner of three sugar estates in Jamaica, named respectively "Glasgow," "Cessnock," and "Biscany." He was also a principal partner of the extensive concern known as "The King Street Sugar House," which stood at the south-west corner of Princes Street, but long ago demolished.

Morever, Mr. Wallace was proprietor of the estates of Neilstonside, in Renfrewshire; Cessnock, in the parish of Galston, Ayrshire; and Kelly, at Wemyss Bay. He was a gentleman of much sagacity and experience. Mr. Wallace had the singular whim of wearing a white night-cap under his cocked hat, instead of a wig. He is represented in this costume in a curious print by Kay, titled "The Morning Walk," which appeared in 1793, and includes a group of other well-known Glasgow Characters. Mr. Wallace died at Kelly, 4th January, 1805.

AMONGST the said group there appeared also the portrait of a gentleman named Lowrie Coulter, of whom there is little on record, except that he is said to have "considered him self the wisest man in Glasgow." We give a copy of his portrait, which is said to have been an excellent likeness, as were the others, as showing that, with his wisdom, the gentleman combined, obviously, a considerable degree of pride in his personal appearance. He was probably as vain as he was wise; but, at any rate, he may be taken as a representative of the elegant gentlemen of his day,—a day in which, in regard to dress, manners, and culture, there were many striking anomalies, and much that contrasts strangely with these modern times. If, in some respects, our ancestors were of simpler habits—if they dined at an hour when our modern dandies and fine ladies are dawdling over the breakfast table, and went to bed (tipsy, perhaps) before in these latter days supper is served, they had foibles quite as notable as their degenerate posterity. In the matter of dress they often exhibited that love of bright colours and adornments, which to us is indicative of the taste of the uncultured savage. An age of duelling produced a Beau Brummell. Even the Puritans could show pride in their severe plainness and the fineness of the dress materials they used.

"BOB DRAGON."

THE eccentric Robert Dreghorn, Esquire, of Ruchill better known in Glasgow as "Bob Dragon," was said to have been the ugliest man in Glasgow, and also the most profligate debauchee of his time. Both his personal de ects and his libertine character may have been considerably misrepresented and grossly exaggerated. It is true that the small-pox had made sad havoc on Mr. Dreghorn's countenance, for they had deprived him of an eye, and had made his nose to lie flat upon his face; some of the *pock-pits* upon his cheeks were as large as three-penny pieces; his figure, however, was good; he was rather above the middle height, erect, and with a gentle inward bend in the small of his back, which gave him a fashionable appearance. He dressed generally in a single-breasted coat, which reached below his knees; his hair was powdered, and his queue, or pig-tail, was ornamented with a bow of black ribbon. He always walked the streets with a cane in his hand, which he sometimes used very unceremoniously against vagrant boys. With regard to this gentleman's profligacy, I believe that there are many individuals at present in Glasgow more profligate than Robert Dreghorn ever was, but they conceal what they call their peccadillos as much as possible; whereas Mr. Dreghorn, by his undisguised behaviour, seemed to take delight in acquiring the character of an open rake. He had no resources of amusement within himself, possessed no literary taste, and paid little attention to the manly sports of the times. I never saw him at our public or amateur concerts, or at any of our dancing assemblies. I cannot say that I ever remember of his having been known to take up a newspaper to read in the Tontine Coffee Room, during any part of the 62 years that I subscribed to that institution. I believe that he was not even a subscriber to the room

for many years prior to his death. Mr. Dreghorn, however, kept horses, and very early in life was a member of the Glasgow Hunt; but in my juvenile days he had given up following the hounds, and the whole of his equestrian exercise seemed then to have been a sober ride from his house in Great Clyde Street to his country mansion of Ruchill, with a man servant behind him. His horses were kept at grass on the lands of Ruchill, and were occasionally used in farm work. A Glasgow merchant who married a knight's daughter, and purchased a tobacco lord's landed estate, is said to have been in Mr. Dreghorn's service in early life. Mr. Dreghorn appeared to me to have had only one source of amusement, and this he pursued unremittingly, in the open face of day, and in the presence of hundreds of people who were looking on and laughing at him. He possessed a great share of curiosity; and it was his daily practice and almost his sole delight, to perambulate our streets, but more particularly the Trongate and Argyle Street, and if he saw a good-looking maid servant or factory girl passing along with a basket or bundle in her hand, he instantly wheeled about and followed her closely, to see where she was going; but if, in the course of this female chase, he happened to meet another damsel whom he thought handsomer, he again wheeled about and went in pursuit of this new *flame*, to see where her domicile was; and so he went on in succession, from hour to hour, upon our public streets. In fact, his daily amusement was to follow every handsome working female that took his fancy in the course of his strolls, in order to find out where she lived, and what was her business out of doors. Mr. Dreghorn saw quite well that the passengers on the streets were looking after his motions, and laughing at him, but this gave him no concern; on the contrary, he appeared to court this sort of notoriety. Mr. Dreghorn occasionally spoke to the females whom he was following; nevertheless, if they remained silent, he never in any respect behaved rudely or unpolitely to them, but always in a good humoured manner. In truth, the generality of girls whom he followed seemed to take it rather as a compliment to have attracted Mr. Dreghorn's attention; and much joking and fun took place among themselves, in telling how "*Bob Dragon*" had followed them home. Mr. Dreghorn's female-hunting propensity, however, was quite general, for I never heard of his having selected any girl in particular for his *Chere Amie*, but, on the contrary, changed the object of his pursuit every day. In fact, his conduct appeared to me to have arisen from a vacancy of mind, and for the want of something to amuse and interest him. Although he had numerous "speaking acquaintances" (as we call them) among the gay young men of our city, nevertheless, he had no intimate companions; in short, he perambulated our streets day by day, a solitary man. Notwithstanding of all that has been reported of Mr. Dreghorn's profligacy, I never heard of his having seduced any virtuous girl, or of his having annoyed any respectable female by importunity. And I hold that his strange conduct in following indiscriminately good-looking females on our streets, arose from a sort of eccentric mania, which he found difficult to resist; and this morbid state of his mind appears to have been fully confirmed by the melancholy circumstances which attended his death, about 1806. It is well known that he perished by his own hand—a striking instance that wealth and the possession of worldly comforts, do not alone confer happiness.

Mr. Dreghorn looked very sharply after money matters, was what we call

a "close-fisted" man, and rather a severe landlord, as the following case will show. In the year 1770, when a young man, he had let a farm of 52 acres to a person of the name of William Kerr, at the annual rent of £50. Previously to becoming farmer, Kerr had been merely a servant, in which capacity he had saved about £100, but he had a wife and eight children to maintain when he entered upon the lease of the said farm. Mr. Dreghorn soon saw that the profits of this small farm would not be sufficient to maintain Kerr and his large family; he therefore took early steps to secure his rent, and, before the first year's rent was paid he threw Kerr into prison, where he was kept for some time; but Kerr having borrowed a sum of £28 from one King, a baker in Paisley, he then satisfied Mr. Dreghorn's demand, and in 1773 he got of prison. Soon afterwards five acres of Kerr's best grounds were taken possession of and occupied by the Forth and Clyde Canal, which ran through the middle of Kerr's farm, and separated it into two parts, thereby obliging him to keep extra servants and instruments of husbandry, otherwise he could not have received any benefit from the ground so cut off. Kerr, after struggling for a few years, found himself still going back in the world, and then twice offered to give up his lease, which offers, however, were refused by Mr. Dreghorn. Kerr's rent having again become in arrears, Mr. Dreghorn, in 1778, poinded the whole of Kerr's farm effects, and household furniture, and for the second time cast the poor man into prison, not leaving a rag or bit of coal behind in the house. Kerr now sought relief by a process of *Cessio Bonorum*, in the course of which it appeared that Mr. Dreghorn was the sole creditor for about £150, and that Kerr did not owe a sixpence to any other person. Mr. Dreghorn, however, opposed the process of *Cessio Bonorum*, and carried his opposition to the Court of Session, no doubt thinking that the expenses of the process would be beyond the means of Kerr. In this, however, Mr. Dreghorn was mistaken, for Kerr obtained his discharge in 1779. Mr. Dreghorn was thought to have acted very harshly on this occasion, but he believed that Kerr, in order to disappoint him of his debt, had given unjust preferences to other creditors, in particular by paying Hugh King, baker in Paisley, the sum of £28. Mr. Dreghorn further charged Kerr with having killed and sold to a flesher the best cow in the byre, after the whole cattle and stocking on the farm had been sequestrated. To these charges Kerr answered that the payment to H. King of the sum of £28 was on account of borrowed money, lent by King to relieve him (Kerr) from prison in 1773, and that Mr. Dreghorn himself had received the money that was so borrowed; and as to the cow, that it belonged to his son, who had bought it in the public market for 50 shillings, two months before the sequestration in question. Kerr also stated that the price received for the carcase of the cow had been all applied in preventing his family from starving.

Mr. Dreghorn, towards the close of his life, was generally reported, among the working classes, to be one of the richest men in Glasgow, his property being then estimated by them at £70,000. At this time 10s. per week was considered fair wages for a workman, and I have heard operatives exclaiming, in terms of wonder and astonishment, "Goodness preserve us! only think of Bob Dragon having an income of £10 a-day!" The comparison between 10s. per week, earned by a hard-working operative with a family, and £10 per day coming in to an idle single man, could not have failed to have been exceedingly striking in the eyes of the lower classes.

Although Mr. Dreghorn, at the close of his life, must have been possessed of considerable wealth, inherited by him through his father, and greatly increased by accumulation, and the general rise on the value of heritable property, nevertheless, the amount of his riches appears to have been greatly exaggerated, and at present he would have ranked only in the third or fourth class of our Glasgow millionaires.

In 1773, the citizens of Glasgow, for the first time, were assessed for the maintenance of the poor. The assessment was upon means and substance. Previously to this period, the poor of the city had been supported from the collections made at the church doors, from contributions, from public bodies, and from private benevolence. The original assessment for the maintenance of the poor of Glasgow was very moderate—the total amount levied for the first year being only £336, 5s. 1d.; but it soon came to be increased year after year.

In general, the early assessments in question were cheerfully paid by our citizens; and even Mr. Dreghorn himself appears to have borne the burden very patiently for some time; but finding the demands for the maintenance of the poor rapidly increasing in amount every year, and looking back to the blessed days when he got cheaply off by *chucking his bawbee* into the plate at the church (viz., when he went there, which, bye the bye, was *preciously seldom*), Mr. Dreghorn could no longer stand the screw; and so, in 1793, he refused to pay the amount of assessment charged against him, alleging that he was most unjustly and most grossly over-rated. Mr. Laurie, the Collector of Poor's Rates, had assessed the value of Mr. Dreghorn's heritable property within the city, and of his personal property, wherever situated, at £24,000, and had made Mr. Dreghorn's share of the general assessment £19.

Mr. Dreghorn, however, refused to pay this sum, contending—1st, that his whole estates, heritable and moveable, amounted only to £20,000; and, 2nd, that poor's rates could only be levied on *stock-in-trade* and heritable property within the city; which last, he admitted, he was possessed of to the amount of £300 per annum, and *for which alone* he was willing to pay. In consequence, therefore, of Mr. Dreghorn's refusal to pay the said assessment, an action was brought against him before the magistrates of Glasgow, by Laurie, the collector of poor's rates, when the said magistrates, after hearing parties, repelled the defences, and decerned for the full sum libelled. Mr. Dreghorn then advocated the case. After a protracted litigation of nearly four years before the Lord Ordinary, his lordship, on the 2nd of December, 1797, found the defender liable to be assessed for his heritable property within the town, and for his personal property, wherever situated, and remitted the case to the magistrates, finding the defender liable in expenses.

This was the first case decided in the Court of Session regarding Glasgow poor's rates.

The following anecdote will show that the Laird of Ruchill attended very carefully to his domestic economy.

One day Mr. Dreghorn had invited a party of gentlemen to dinner, and on this occasion he was anxious to get a turkey for his head dish—turkeys being rather rare birds in Glasgow in those days. At the time in question, it was usual to serve up a turkey at table with its head (including the feathers thereon) ostentatiously displayed, so that the company might be

satisfied that they were really getting a turkey, and not a dunghill cock. It so happened, however, that the Rev. Robert Lothian, teacher of mathematics, had also, for the same day, invited a dinner party to his house; and he came first to the poultry shops in Gibson's Wynd, where there was just one turkey for sale, which bird Mr. Lothian forthwith purchased. Mr. Lothian had scarcely taken his departure when Mr. Dreghorn made his appearance among the poultry shops, and was sadly disappointed at learning that the solitary turkey had just been sold to Mr. Lothian, and that he had lost his chance only by a few minutes. Mr. Dreghorn, now finding that there was no other turkey at that time for sale in Glasgow, as a *pis aller*, was obliged to buy a goose, which, however, did not please him at all for a substitute. Mr. Dreghorn, on leaving the poultry shops in Gibson's Wynd, came into the Trongate by way of King Street; and who did he see standing at the foot of Candleriggs, in conversation with Mr. David Allison, the grammar school teacher, but Mr Lothian himself. Away then, and up to them, instantly went Mr. Dreghorn, and abruptly addressing Mr. Lothian, said, "Mr. Lothian, you have been buying a turkey?" "Yes, Mr. Dreghorn," said Mr. Lothian. "Well, then," replied Bob, "I have been buying a goose; will you give me your turkey for my goose?" "Ah," said Mr. Lothian, "that's a serious affair, and must be taken to *Avis*-andum" (*avis* is the Latin for a bird). "No, no, Mr. Lothian," interruptingly exclaimed Mr. Allison, "I think that Mr. Dreghorn's proposal is worthy of a present *answer*" (*anser* is the Latin for a goose). "Be it so," replied Mr. Lothian. "Then, Mr. Dreghorn, what will you give me to boot if I make the exchange?" "Give you to boot!" hastily retorted Bob, "I will give you nothing to boot, for my goose is heavier than your turkey, and you should rather give me something to boot." "Ah, ah," said Mr. Lothian, "but even supposing that to be the case, Mr. Dreghorn, your answer (*anser*) is not of sufficient *weight* to induce me to make the exchange." Upon which refusal Bob, with his usual whistle, turned about upon his heel and unceremoniously marched off, without understanding a word of the scholastic gentleman's learned puns. Mr. Dreghorn, when conversing with his acquaintances upon our streets, had a peculiar manner of abruptly leaving them, by giving a droll sort of whistle, turning round upon his heel, and then quickly moving off, without bidding them adieu. His departure was generally followed by a hearty laugh among the party so unceremoniously left behind.

Mr. Dreghorn was very fond of little children, and delighted to chat and joke with them. He frequently amused himself in this manner, by addressing children who happened to be playing upon our streets. Stranger children, however, were rather frightened at first with his odd appearance, but his easy manner of speaking to them soon gained their confidence and dispelled their fears. The following little anecdote used to be told of Mr. Dreghorn:—He was invited to a family dinner party at Mr. Denniston's (Mrs. Denniston was his sister), and, after dinner, little Miss Denniston, then a lively child about four years of age, was introduced to table. Mr. Dreghorn took little Miss upon his knee, and amused her so much that she appeared quite delighted with his attentions, and became so familiar with him that she rattled back his jokes and jibes with great life and spirit. It happened that there was a short pause in the conversation of the company at the table while this frolicsome chatting was going on between Bob and

little Miss; and just at this critical juncture Miss Denniston looked up in Bob's face, and with great *navaïeté* exclaimed, "Eh, ye cunning, cunning hing; open youl tillel e'e." This attack upon Bob's "tither e'e" set the whole company in a roar of laughter, which, however, Bob took in very good humour, and did not stop his badinerie with little Miss.

Mr. Stuart, in his *Views of Glasgow*, page 58, when taking notice of Mr. Dreghorn's house, says:—"After the death of the last owner of his name, his abode in Clyde Street long remained unoccupied, and acquired, in vulgar belief, the reputation of being haunted. This was enough to invest it with every sort of suspicion of a diabolical nature, and it long had the pre-eminence of being looked upon with dread." Dr. Strang, in his *Clubs*, page 284, thus writes:—"The house in which Mr. Dreghorn so long lived, and died, was ere long considered to be haunted, and, from this circumstance, the individual who had the courage to occupy it was looked upon with some suspicion as then being engaged in some occult and improper business. The consequence was, that under a popular delusion some 30 years ago, a desperate riot connected therewith took place on Sunday forenoon, which ended in the house being completely gutted and several persons severely injured." Both the above-named gentlemen have mistaken the facts. It was not on account of any report about the house being haunted that it remained long unoccupied and finally mobbed. It is true that the house for a considerable time after Mr. Dreghorn's death remained without a tenant; but this arose from the situation having become unfashionable, and from a repugnance on the part of ladies to be the successors of so noted a character as the last possessor. It was not till a tenant had occupied Mr. Dreghorn's house as a place of business that various strange rumours came to be circulated among the working classes of certain dark doings and very scandalous proceedings taking place within the walls of Mr. Dreghorn's house. The populace, from obscure hints and mysterious shrugs, suddenly came to execrations loud and violent against the tenant; and (as noticed by Dr. Strang) they attacked the house upon a Sunday forenoon and gutted it, under the impression that the tenant was then engaged in celebrating the orgies of the place. The mob, however, were so far mistaken, that when they broke into the house the tenant was not even found there. Nevertheless, they proceeded to destroy the furniture and other articles of the house, and this they accomplished before the arrival of the police officers.

There can be no doubt that the tenant was entitled to have demanded compensation from the magistrates of Glasgow for the loss he had sustained by the riotous proceedings of the mob. In place, however, of making any such claim, he suddenly left the country, and I never heard where he went or what became of him. His representatives never took any steps to probe the matter; the magistrates of Glasgow thought it best to "let sleeping dogs lie;" and as for the rioters, the fear of the prison kept them quiet. It was now, for the first time, that the rumour was set afloat that the house had been mobbed under the belief of its being haunted, and this rumour being then credited, the matter soon got hushed up. No investigation of the circumstances ever took place.—*Glasgow Past and Present*, III., pp. 823-829, by SENEX,

Perhaps amongst the most remarkable oddities daily to be met with in Stockwell Street, about the close of the last and the beginning of the

present century, was the tall, thin, gaunt figure of Robert Dreghorn, of Ruchill, better known throughout the city by the appellation of *Bob Dragon*. This gentleman, who possessed considerable fortune, resided in a large house with two wings, fronting West Clyde Street, and immediately contiguous to that of Mr. Craig of the Waterport, in which at one time he maintained a rather hospitable table, surrounded often by a circle of fashionable friends. Whether the peculiar idiosyncrasy for which he was remarkable sprung from the felt ugliness of his countenance, which was not only deeply pitted by the small-pox, but exhibited also a large nose turned awry, with eyes that looked askance, it is useless to conjecture, but certain it is that the strong bent of his mind seemed to be towards the fair sex, and especially towards such servant girls as were guiltless of shoes or stockings. As he paced up Stockwell Street, in his single-breasted grey coat and large buttons, with stick under his arm, and whistling as he went, Bob was no sooner espied than he became "the observed of all observers." especially of the female drudges who might be resting near their water *stoups*, or carrying a basket in the wake of their mistresses going to market; while his proximity to the objects of his *marked* attention never failed to excite either a titter or a tremor. Bob was likewise the particular bugbear of all boys in the street, having a strong propensity to lay his cane across the shoulders of any one who might be busy playing at *butts*, or who might cross his path with a sarcastic smile. His name, too, was frequently made use of by mothers to frighten their peevish and noisy children into quietude, which they must have done more as deeming him the embodiment of ugliness than as thinking him the representative of any wicked peculiarity. The fact is, he was a person of rather a kindly disposition, although his outward man certainly bespoke a different nature. It was about the year 1806 that this daily perambulator from the Waterport to the Cross was missed one morning from the *pavé*. The rumour soon arose that he had died by his own hand; and so it soon turned out to be, for well do we remember, though very young at the time, with what curious feelings the funeral cortege was regarded by the populace, arising, no doubt, from the circumstances of his death.—Dr. STRANG'S *Glasgow and its Clubs*, p. 233.

SAMUEL HUNTER.

SAMUEL HUNTER was the real founder of *The Glasgow Herald* newspaper as a prosperous commercial undertaking. His father was minister of the parish of Stoneykirk, Wigtownshire, and he was born in the manse on 19th March, 1769. He was educated for the medical profession. At the close of the century he served in Ireland as surgeon, and subsequently as captain in the North Lothian Fencibles, and thus took part in the campaign for the suppression of the rebellion of '98. He was a man of wit, kindly nature, moderation, unbending integrity, and strong good sense, which qualities he impressed upon the Journal under his charge. His jokes and smart sayings were repeated at every table in Glasgow; and even now they are not by any means forgotten. With the exception of a temporary eclipse during the Reform Bill of 1831-32 (when his effigy was several times burned at the Cross, and when a "Stop-my-Paper" crusade commenced), he was always popular with the people. He became a magistrate of the city, and Colonel of the Glasgow Highland Volunteers. He was a man of benevolent aspect and commanding presence, his weight approaching 18 stones. He retired from the editorship and proprietary of *The Herald* in May, 1837. He removed in the first instance to Rothesay, but afterwards he went to sojourn with his nephew, the Rev. Dr. Campbell of Kilwinning, and he died in the manse on June, 1839. He is buried in Kilwinning Churchyard. Mr. Hunter's salary as editor of *The Herald* never exceeded £100 per annum. On his first coming to Glasgow, he became connected with a calendering establishment, a business of which he knew nothing. He lost largely by this venture, and it took many years of his savings in *The Herald* to pay off the liabilities then incurred.

"Senex" contributed to *The Herald* under date 1st January, 1869, the following tit-bit illustrative of Samuel's racy humour :—

"With regard to *The Herald* Office, I can recollect that, about the year 1809 or 1810, their printing office was on the north side of Bell Street. Young Dr. William Dunlop was then a partner with Mr. Hunter, and assisted him in the conducting of *The Herald*. Very well I recollect a fire breaking out in their premises one evening, and I was there to see. We had then prodigious difficulty in obtaining water ; but the fire, notwithstanding, was overcome. Dr. Dunlop was very active, and got access to the roof of the house by going into a garret, for the purpose of throwing buckets of water on the fire. Next day he told his friend Samuel that, while he was on the roof, he lost his hold, and was sliding down, but was fortunately arrested by a rhone, otherwise he must have been killed by the fall. 'Ay,' replied Samuel, 'I daresay ; thae rhones kep a heap o' trash.'"

Blind Alick who was always a great favourite with all the Colonels or Commanding-Officers of the Volunteer Corps of Glasgow knit together before and after the year 1820, and these gentlemen he often alluded to in his verses. Of the celebrated editor of the *Glasgow Herald* of those days, he says:—

"Now Major Hunter cometh next,
In a kilt see he goes,
Every inch he is a man,
From the head to the toes."

This description of Samuel Hunter by Alick is not bad. When this famous Major, afterwards the Colonel, was asked by one of his brother officers, in that Highland corps, which he then first commanded, how many yards of cloth it took to make the "kilt" for his herculean person, which "kilt" Alick here notices, the Colonel made an answer which we cannot very well give ; but it kept the city in a roar for many a day, and even long after Samuel, by promotion, had mounted his favourite charger, as Colonel of the corps of Gentlemen Sharpshooters, by whom he was beloved, and he often put them through their facings on the Green of Glasgow, in these exciting times, in the years especially 1819 and 1820, which we have already noticed in another place, and need not here repeat.

WILLIAM DUNN, OF DUNTOCHER.

"IT is easier," says the Bible, "for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven." We have, we confess, been rather troubled and perplexed, yea, even sceptical sometimes, with that astounding statement; but we may discourse upon it for a few moments, taking our text from two singular circumstances which actually fell, not many years ago, under our own notice. Our facetious friend, the late Mr. David Bell, of Blackhall, who, with all his faults, was a warm friend for the prosperity of Glasgow, took it into his head when he was comparatively a young man to retire from business in the manufacturing line, which he had pursued with considerable success in this city. The text of Scripture above quoted took hold of his mind; and so he took stock, and having found that he had some thousands of pounds at his command in the Royal Bank, more than he expected, he shut his books and closed his mercantile affairs, and long after enjoyed his *otium cum dignitate*. He was questioned one day at a convivial party by the late John Henderson, Esq., of Park, who has left such an immense fortune for many important purposes —we may not subscribe to the whole of them, but we have no right to quarrel with any of them. Mr. Henderson became rather curious to know the reason why Mr. Bell retired so soon from business, when, if he had continued in it, he might have made a much larger fortune. David shook his head, and begged to be excused from giving his reason. This only made Mr. Henderson the more eager to get it. "Well, well," says David, "I have a very good reason to give, if you press me for it Mr. Henderson." The latter smilingly responded. "Well, well," says David, "do you know that wonderful passage in the Bible?" (above quoted) and he gave it from his lips with animation and force. The company were a little startled. "Now said David, "I just took the hint from the camel, and hope to enjoy the promised reward."

Not irrelevant to the foregoing story about our late friend Mr. David Bell, we may here ask who in this city of forty or fifty years' standing does not recollect the late William Dunn, Esq., of Duntocher, who grew up from a state of poverty in early life to be a man of vast wealth, as his works testify? Nor was he niggardly with his means. He lived luxuriously in his handsome mansion in St. Vincent Place, nearly opposite the Western Club (since demolished to make way for the City of Glasgow Insurance office, the West of England Insurance, and other offices); and

he gave the best of dinners, with the most delicious wines he could procure, in place of the porridge and sour milk to which he had been previously accustomed in a rural district of the country not very far distant. At one of these grand dinners the late Lord Robertson, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court—a great wag, and very intimate with Mr. Dunn—acted as flunkey, and at other times as cook, and wiped even the kitchen plates with his apron down stairs. This certainly was a new version of high life below stairs.

One of Mr. Dunn's peculiarities was an excessive liking for *law pleas*, and so he was constantly in the Court of Session with his neighbours, particularly the late Lord Blantyre and Mr. Hamilton of Cochno, either about some mill-dam or other, or the straightening of some march dyke, or the breadth and purity of some flowing water from the Cochno Glen at or near his possessions at Duntocher. He threw both of these individuals into great expense, some alleged, about the merest trifles; and he had this peculiar feature about him, that whilst he was strict and parsimonious in regard to many other things, he was exceedingly liberal to every one of his many law agents, and paid them every plack and penny of their accounts, whenever rendered, without the least grudge. He made the rather sensible remark on this score, that if a man wanted to be successful in his law plea, even though it should run down his opponent, it was best to keep the wheels of the agent well greased for the work. Late in life he was laid up in his Glasgow house in St. Vincent Street for the first time by severe indisposition, and his life was despaired of. More than one or two ministers of the city paid the most marked attention to him in their oft repeated visits—we shall not upbraid them by the other text, viz., that where the carcase is there the eagles fly. But one fine morning, when in bed, Mr. Dunn received an agreeable letter from his law agents, informing him that he had gained one of his cases with Lord Blantyre; so, when one of the clergymen in a few minutes afterwards entered the bed-room of the sick man, the latter stretched forth his hands to him, and said, "Come away, rev. sir, I am glad to see you, for I have at last conquered my greatest enemy." The clergymen concluded that he had conquered "the Prince of the power of the air," as the arch-enemy of the human race has frequently been designated; and he put up "a suitable prayer" in consequence. In going out and accosting some other friends of Mr. Dunn on the streets, he told them he had just left him in a most composed and agreeable state of mind for his great approaching change, in that he had affectionately assured him that he had conquered his greatest enemy. "His greatest enemy," quoth the civilian; "he has conquered Lord Blantyre and the Duntocher dam." This was a settler to the our friend the rev. divine for his next visit.

Mr. Dunn, as we have said, had many good qualities; and in subscriptions for charitable purposes he was rarely behind any of his neighbours. If the genial fit was upon him, he would give more liberally perhaps than any other man within call; but if any stubborn or ill-natured fit was upon him, it was quite needless to say a word to him. Now, then, for the application of David Bell's text. One day he was waited on by a douce deputation, who, after making their profund bow, handed him the subscription paper. He signed his name for *two guineas*. "Two guineas, Mr. Dunn, only two guineas for such a noble philanthropic purpose!" They beseeched

him to double or treble it. One of the deputation said that he *ought* to sign for at least fifty guineas. "Not another penny, gentlemen, not another penny." One of them, more rude probably than he should have been, quoted the text of Mr. Bell, that it was "easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven;" and he expounded it pretty strongly by saying that he, Mr. Dunn, ought to give of his means liberally while he was yet spared upon the earth, as he could take none of his money with him to the other world. "I know that perfectly well," replied Mr. Dunn; "*it is the only thing I am vexed about.*" He bowed them out of his apartment.

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