

Patriotism and Poetry from 1812 to 1816.

ANDERSTON SOCIAL CLUB.

THE origin of Anderston, when compared to that of the City of Glasgow, though for nearly a century a suburb, and now almost an integral part of our commercial metropolis, may be said to be of *yesterday*. In the early part of last century, the ground on which the village stood, was, it appears, a very unproductive farm of the Stobcross property, belonging at that time to a Mr Anderson; who, in the hope of drawing more from houses than from grain crops, commenced the erection of small houses thereon about the year 1725, and bestowed on this little more than *clachan* his own name. For some time, however, building progressed slowly; and it was not until the property fell, by purchase, into the hands of Mr John Orr of Barrowfield, about the year 1734, that it could even lay claim to the designation of a village. At that time, the spot now covered by so many "stately tenements" could boast only of a few thatched houses, "with one built of turf," in which last, according to tradition, a weaver of genius fabricated the first check handkerchief made in this country.* From that period, however, a stimulus was given to its progress, not only by the fostering care of its new proprietor, but also by its becoming the seat of manufacturing industry. The village of Anderston may be said to have been the cradle of Glasgow manufac-

* Brown mentions, in his "History of Glasgow," that these handkerchiefs "were only eleven nails wide; they were nicknamed *half-all half-quarter-all divoties*, from the ma-

terials with which the house was covered in which they were first wrought." *Divot* signifies a turf.

turers*—at first of linen, and soon after of cotton. The names of some of our most able, successful, and notable manufacturers, must ever be associated with Anderston:—Monteith, M'Ilwham, Gillespie, and the Grants—the three first having won for themselves the very first places in Glasgow society, and the last not a less enviable position in Manchester†—will at once occur to the local reader.

* From the *Weekly Magazine* of 1768, we learn that the manufacturers of Anderston had brought over from France upwards of forty women, who settled in that village, to be employed in spinning fine yarn. Perhaps the connection with France may account for the taste and activity of some of the succeeding inhabitants of the village.

‡ We have already alluded to the Anderston *corks*, or manufacturers, and among these none played a more conspicuous part than Mr James Monteith, who has always been considered the first manufacturer who worked a muslin web, muslins of cotton yarn from the mule jenny having been first made in Anderston in 1785. Of this gentleman, to whom Glasgow is so deeply indebted for the first step he took in the cotton manufacture, and who was the father of so many sons who emulated their parent's talents, many curious anecdotes have been told. Among these it may be mentioned, that it was to Mr Monteith's declining to stand Church censure that the Anderston Relief Church owes its establishment. The attempt to censure him arose from the circumstance of himself and his wife, when one day proceeding to their usual place of worship (the Dissenting church in Havannah-street), having turned aside into the Tron Church of the Establishment, on account of being overtaken in a very heavy shower. For this grievous offence both he and his lady were ordered to stand a sessional rebuke, which Mr Monteith would not submit to, and a paper war having ensued, the result was the establishment of the Relief Church, of which Mr Monteith continued to be a manager till within a few years of his death. Although of late we

have seen much sectarian bitterness, it was at least equalled, during the last century, betwixt Dissenting bodies now happily united. This may be well illustrated by the following occurrence, which took place in the Anderston Relief Church. Mr Stewart, the clergyman, who was said to be a son of the Pretender, after preaching the action sermon, and serving the first table, took his staff in hand and walked into the churchyard to hear the teni-preaching, where he encountered two boys riding on one of the grave-stones, and having lifted his stick and pursued one of them, the other cried out, "Weel done—thrash him weel—his father's an Antiburgher—he has nae richt to be here!" As a further instance of the prevalence of this antagonistic feeling, it may be stated, that when the Antiburgher Church was undergoing some repairs, accommodation was given betwixt the usual diets in the Anderston Relief Church, but the sermons there delivered, although by their own clergymen, were not relished, but described as "grand sermons, but out of a foul dish!" In connection with the Anderston Relief Church in the olden time, a circumstance happened one Sunday which caused a deal of laughter. An old lady, before going to church, stepped into her kitchen, which was rather low in the roof, and which was, as usual, hung with the accessories of a "bein house," and having thereafter entered the church, the elder, on her depositing the accustomed collection, tapped her on the shoulder, saying, "Ma'am, there's a black pudding on the crown of your bonnet!" The fact is, the savoury morsel had slipped over its high crown like a ring. Mr M'Ilwham or Johnnie, as he was called,

In the commencement of this volume, we first introduced the reader to the village of Anderston, and to the Club which there met, under the presidency of Professor Simson, between the years 1750 and 1760; but great and growing changes had taken place in the appearance and character of that village as we approach the period to which we now refer. Anderston as yet had not arrived at the dignity of a burgh of barony, to which it soon afterwards attained; but it had within its boundaries several churches, a market-place, a news-room, several excellent shops, and all the other adjuncts belonging to a third or fourth class town. The beautiful and well-built street, which, at the present moment, links the annihilated burgh with Glasgow, was then only a public road, with a few villas scattered along a not very well-kept footpath;* consequently, it still partook

was a little trig man in his day. He was married late in life, and from a caricature which was put forth at the period, it would appear that the connexion was deemed a species of purchase. For many years he was in the habit of standing on the steps leading to his warehouse in Hutcheson-street chewing tobacco, till his carriage came up to carry him out to Hyde-park, then a suburban villa, and now part of the Harbour Quays.

* Within my own recollection, Anderston walk commenced at not very far beyond the head of Jamaica-street—a gravel footpath about four to five feet wide, on the south side bounded by a high thorn hedge. There might be within it a scattered house or two, with two or three cottages in Blythswoodholm. The termination of the walk was then the *Gaiety-house*, at the east end of Anderston village. In a small poetical periodical, of which only one number was published, entitled "The Temple of Apollo," got up by James Duncan bookseller, Saltmarket, about forty years ago, there is a poem of about 150 lines, descriptive of Finnieston walk. The old condition of the walk is thus noticed:—

Believ'd walk, where oft my feet have trod
When the huge white stones, ramp'd in order, mark'd
The narrow footpath from the mire track
Of heavy waggons sinking in the mud,
Or prancing horses that would oft behind
The fair one's flowing robe, when the frail mud will
Fenced the waste march, with rushes evergreen,
How changed the scene!" &c.

This poem was written by George Bell, of considerable eminence as a linguist, and who at one time was a teacher of languages. He died in the prime of life. This individual, however, must not be confounded with James Bell, the son of the Relief minister of Dovehill, a rather eccentric but clever scholar, who also gave, in early life, private tuition in his house on the north side of the Gallowgate, near the Cross. It is believed that Mr Bell was bred for the ministry, but disliking that profession, he afterwards engaged in the manufacturing business, which also not pleasing him, he ultimately devoted himself to literary pursuits. In the latter part of his life he resided near the Clachan of Campsie, and while there he for many years edited, with very learned geographical and other notes, "Rennie's Ancient History," likewise a work which is known as "Bell's Geography," &c. As a geographer he was particularly so-

* *Mean while my humble nose, coarsely arrayed
In humble garb, shall strive to snuff thy praise.*

of what it has now altogether lost, the character of a distinct and separate village.*

When matters were in this state, there arose a fraternity, which, from the peculiar, light-hearted, and gregarious character of its many members, was most appropriately designated the **ANDERSTON SOCIAL CLUB**. In imitation of the denizens of the neighbouring City, of which, as we have already said, it was accounted at one time a rather distant suburb, there were not a few of the dwellers of Anderston and its well-peopled adjunct Finnieston,† who felt that their evenings might be happily leavened with the news and gossip of the day, but who likewise felt a journey to and from Glasgow for that purpose by no means an agreeable accompaniment, particularly on a cold winter night. With these feelings, and having a worthy host in the person of Mr John Adam, who resided within the village, and who, moreover, was ever ready to open his door to honest men, even although they should be inclined to sit rather late at night, a knot of kindred souls soon collected, and the Club opened on the 13th June, 1813.

The first and leading rule of this social brotherhood was, “that there should be a meeting every Monday night at half-past eight, and that a rising should always take place at the latest before the clock struck eleven.” The Club was at first limited to thirty members, but was after-

complished; and he used to complain that his work were fairly spoiled from the mutilations of publishers. He had read much divinity, and his memory of authors in that department of learning was so extraordinary, that in the event of a clergyman making a quotation in the pulpit, he could at once tell where he had got it. His conversational powers were also wonderful; and when he met a literary friend or two in the evening, he seemed never to know when to depart. He was married, but left no children.

* The pulpit of the Anderston Relief Church, to which we formerly alluded, was first occupied by the Rev. Joseph Neil, from

England. He died after a short incumbency. He was rather an able divine, as a volume of his sermons testifies. There is a monumental tablet erected to his memory in the church yard.

† This village, now also a part of the municipality of Glasgow, was founded after the Stobercross estate came into the possession of Mr Orr, and was named after the Rev. Mr Finnie, who was a tutor in the Barrowfield family. About the time that the Anderston Social Club was in existence, it was more rural than Anderston, and was noted for its neat villas, and particularly for its manufactory of glass named *Verreville*.

wards extended to meet the growing demand of candidates for admission, while in addition to the regularly admitted members, who became so through the protection of the ballot-box, a power was given to each individual brother to bring a friend or an occasional visitor. In this way the Club was kept well recruited; and the attentive landlord soon discovered, from the bibulous qualities of the fraternity, that it was by no means a losing concern for him to keep his best apartment sacred on Monday evenings, for the special use of the Anderston Social Club.

As has been already hinted, the Club was composed chiefly of residents in and about Anderston and Finnieston, although some rather notable and nomadic individuals, who were fond of singing and sociality, occasionally wandered from Glasgow to place their limbs below Mr Adam's comfortable mahogany, and to taste the quality of his "rum and water hot with sugar," the common evening beverage of the fraternity. When the all-stirring period of our national history is recalled during which this Club hebdomadally met, it will be easy to conceive, that topics were seldom wanting to keep the tongues of the members in motion, or that the chances arising from the war then raging were insufficient to afford subjects for endless betting; and as the produce of all bets was duly devoted to the purchase of those things deemed best calculated to increase the hilarity and good fellowship of the Club, every license and encouragement was given to the raising of funds from this fruitful source of speculation.

In addition to the regular weekly meetings, there was also an annual dinner, on which occasion a more than ordinary turn-out took place; toasts were given bodying forth the very spirit of the times, and speeches made which, even in these soirée and platform days, might have passed muster. From the minute-book of this fraternity, which is regularly and well kept, we find that the first of these great entertainments took place on the 2d August, 1813, when thirty-three gentlemen, including strangers, sat down to dinner—Mr James Grant occupying the chair, and Dr

Alexander James Buchanan acting as croupier. On this occasion the toasts were of the most patriotic kind, replete with the glories and the hopes of the closing naval and military contest.

The great success and happiness experienced at this first dinner-party of the Anderston Social Club very soon created a wish for another, and six months had not passed away before an excellent excuse was afforded for a meeting of a similar kind. As patriots, the members deemed it their duty to celebrate the important victories which had been about that period gained over the French, not only by our armies in Spain and France, but also by our allies in Germany. The Marquis of Wellington had already passed the Pyrennees—the Allies had gained the battle of Leipsic—and Sir Thomas Graham, with his small British army, was now in Holland. The war was at this point, when, on the 1st December, 1813, this second festival took place—Dr Alexander James Buchanan on this occasion acting as president, and Mr P. W. Mitchell as croupier. Part of the band of the 92d regiment attended, and played a number of appropriate airs. Each individual present (in all six-and-thirty) sported an orange ribbon at his breast button-hole; and the chair of the president was surmounted with a superb canopy, covered with orange cloth, fringed with blue, and decorated with laurel. In the centre of the back of the chair, in a conspicuous place, was “Orange Boven,” in letters of gold, surmounted with gold ornaments. The band and even the waiters wore the colour of Holland, in honour of the liberation of the United Provinces and of the restoration of their Sovereign Prince. The meeting altogether appears to have been one of the most joyous and exciting which this very hilarious and patriotic fraternity ever held. With toast was intermingled the rousing music of the military band; and with the eloquence of the speech-maker was linked the heart-stirring lyric, as well as the occasional ode from the numerous vocalists present, and the no less numerous batch of rhymssters of which the brotherhood was composed. Each, in fact, seems to have done his best, by throwing his mite of music or merriment into the general fund of after-dinner enjoyment, to offer up, at this altar of

patriotic feeling, all the pleasurable powers which wine and *Hollands* could evoke.*

From all that can be gathered from the minutes of the Anderston Social Club, it appears certain that not a few members of this brotherhood were as fond of drinking the waters of Helicon as "the waters of life," we mean *aqua vite*; for, scarcely did a Club meeting take place without some new song being produced by a member, or some poetical and patriotic effusion enunciated in honour of the Club or in illustration of the war. If the members were not poets, they were at least most industrious rhymsters; and if their lucubrations did not mayhap reach the standard which might have entitled them to a place in the poet's corner of a newspaper, or in the more fastidious lyrical nook of a magazine, they were always certain of getting a *grave* on the yet unsullied folios of the Club minute-book. Among those who mounted the Club Pegasus most frequently was Mr William Glen,† the son of a rather eminent merchant in Glasgow, and who, it may be remembered, gained some little poetical fame from two well-known lyrics—the one the touching and tender Jacobite ditty of "Oh waes me for Prince Charlie!" and the patriotic song of the "Battle of Vittoria," both of which are even at this day listened to with pleasure. Mr Glen commenced business life as a manufacturer in his native City; but whether from a greater love for the weaving of metres than of muslins,

* For this festival the landlord was called especially to provide *Hollands gin*, for those who might wish to avail themselves of the *spirit* as they had done of the colour of Holland.

† Mr Glen was born in Glasgow in 1789, and died in 1826. In the "Book of Scottish Song," printed by Blackie & Son, we find the following anecdote connected with Mr Glen's song of "Waes me for Prince Charlie." During the late visit of Her Majesty the Queen to the north, this song received a mark of royal favour, which would have sweetened, had he been alive, poor Glen's bitter cup of life. While at Taymouth Castle, the Marquis of Breadalbane had

engaged Mr Wilson, the celebrated vocalist, to sing before Her Majesty. A list of the songs Mr Wilson was in the habit of singing was submitted to the Queen, that she might signify her pleasure as to those which she would wish to hear, when her Majesty immediately fixed upon the following:—"Lochaber no more," "The Flowers of the Forest," "The Lass o' Gowrie," "John Anderson my jo," "Cam ye by Athol," and, "The Laird o' Cockpen." Mr Glen's song was not in Mr Wilson's list, but Her Majesty herself asked if he could sing "Waes me for Prince Charlie," which, fortunately, he was able to do.

it is certain that, in his closing days, he succeeded better in the former than in the latter, and the result was, that while he was looked upon as a passable poet, he had the misfortune to feel the not unusual accompaniment of that character—poverty. When attending the weekly meetings of the Anderston Social Club he was in the zenith of his poetical glory, and by his presence there frequently threw a halo of happiness around the heads which wagged chorus to his patriotic airs.* Among the poetical effusions which this most Toryfied lyrist wrote for the peculiar delectation of the Club, of which he was a highly convivial member, we find that at an evening meeting on the 18th April, 1814, which was the first that had taken place since the news of the abdication of Bonaparte and the restoration of Louis XVIII. to the French throne had reached Glasgow, the following song, written by Mr Glen for the occasion, was sung by Mr Adam Grant. Here it is as it appears in the minutes of the Club:—

“Oh stately now will be Moscow!
 Green laurels on her banks may grow,
 For haughty Paris is laid low,
 Nae sheltering bield she'll have o't.

Bourbons' gay lily fair may bloom;
 The eagle's got a bloody tomb;
 And whar's the stamm'ring king o' Rome,
 Papa, and a' the lave o't?

France may rejoice from shore to shore,
 She sees her snaw-white flag once more,
 An's dash'd awa the tri-color,
 Nae mair to be the slave o't.

Huzza for Alexander! now
 He's weel performed his fearless vow.
 May laurels wave round Blucher's brow,
 Wha'll endless glory have o't!

* Poor Glen in his latter days took severely to the bottle. He was extremely ready in his poetical compositions, and would throw off a number of verses in the course of a night, and sell them to a bookseller to be printed as

a *broadside* for a few shillings. Several of these MS. poems are in the possession of a well known antiquarian citizen, Mr Neil; while in the keeping of a friend of his, is a water-coloured portrait of the Bard.

Gae wreaths to them wha fame hae won,
 And the brightest 'twine for Erin's son—
 Oh noble, glorious Wellington
 A deathless name shall have o't!

Spain weel may bless wi' gratefu' e'e,
 The conqueror wha set her free;
 And France adore, on bended knee,
 Him wha ilk inch did save o't.

Elba's great king, like some crush'd flower,
 Wha ance rejoiced in godlike power,
 Kens there's nae sweet but has its sour—
 Scarce Elba-room he'll have o't!

Bright as a glorious orb of day,
 Has been our noble Regent's sway;
 Then here's to him and Castlereagh,
 Britain, and a' the brave o't!"*

There were other rhymsters, however, belonging to the fraternity who equalled, if they did not surpass, the bard of Vittoria. The following are taken as fair specimens of the rhyming capabilities of certain members of the brotherhood, from the somewhat curious album of the Club. The first appears to have been originally sung by Mr Wallace Gilfillan, and was received with the greatest enthusiasm by a full conclave, on the evening of the 7th March, 1814:—

“ One morn, when Apollo arrived in the skies,
 His cheek flush'd with pleasure and joy in his eyes,
 The laughing god Momus made up to the wight,
 And ask'd him where he had been spending the night?
 Derry down, down, &c.

‘ Why, in truth,’ says Apollo, ‘ I’ve been on the earth,
 And have spent the whole night with good fellows in mirth;
 You know very well I hate noise and hubbub,
 And so sat me down in the Anderston Club.
 Derry down, &c.

* What a complete metamorphosis in popular sentiment has taken place since the period when this song was composed! Russia is but lately our foe—France now our firm friend. The Bourbons are again chased from the throne, and Napoleon's nephew, ruling as Emperor, is visited at St Cloud by Queen Victoria! While history has told the present generation but too much evil of George IV. and Castlereagh ever to make their memories respected.

Believe me, dear Momus, these Club folks are elves,
 Who live far more social than we do ourselves;
 For friendship and love they with Bacchus entwine;
 We gods are but ninnies, while they are divine!

Derry down, &c.

'By Jove! then,' cried Momus, 'this corps I must join;
 Then the song shall be yours, the laugh shall be mine:
 Propose me then, friend, to the Club so select,
 That I may be one of the *social elect*!'

Derry down, &c.

Then come, my brave boys, push the toast and the song,
 Apollo and Momus have both joined the throng;
 And hence is our Club a heaven on earth—
 We want not good fellowship, music, or mirth.

Derry down, &c."

The next song we extract was first sung by Mr Crichton, on the 30th May, 1814, and is inserted in the minutes of that evening's proceedings. It is as follows:—

"Hey, Boney lad, are ye ready yet?
 Your beltane's come, mak haste and flit!
 Frae Paris, you an' a' your set
 Maun sneak awa' in the mornin'!

Quoth Nappy,—'Faith ye are nae blate,
 But as your friendship's turn'd to hate,
 It's time for me to tak the gate,
 For fear o' my skin this mornin'.'

Auld Blucher then cried—'By the Lord!
 Tent me, I'll be as guid's my word,
 For we'll hae back our sovereign's sword
 They steal'd awa' in the mornin'.'

WT' whip an' spur the vet'ran flew,
 Until he came to Fontainbleau—
 'The deil,' quo' Blucher, 's got his due,
 An' I'll hae mine this mornin'.'

Up got Nappy in surprise,
 On Blucher brave he fix'd his eyes—
 'O mon Dieu!' th' Emp'ror cries,
 'What is't ye want this mornin'?''

'Ye rogue,' quo' Blucher, 'gie me back
 Great Fred'rick's sword, which you did tak,
 Or you an' a' your cursed pack
 I'll send to the deil in the mornin'.'

Then Blucher Fred'rick's sword has ta'en,
 An' Nap awa to Elba's gaen,
 Wi' bag an' baggage, a' his lane,
 But biddin' a' guid mornin'.

Now Gallia wears her white cockade;
 An' Russia now, that gallant lad,
 Wi' Austria, has in Paris bade
 Great Britain a' guid mornin'!
 Hey, Boney lad, &c."

The last song which we extract from this repertory of anti-Bonaparte minstrelsy we present, not for any merit which it possesses in itself, but from the fact that it was first sung at the Anderston Club by Mr Alexander Macalpine, on the 2d May, 1814,—a gentleman whose social qualifications, and, above all, whose vocal powers, rendered him one of the greatest after-dinner favourites in Glasgow. The song, as it appears on the Club minutes, is entitled—

"THE WHITE COCKADE.

"Come now my hearties drink away
 The princely Louis has gain'd the day;
 Napoleon's eagle low is laid
 Beneath the lily and the white cockade.

Where's the mighty little man with his row dow dow?
 Is he off to Elba now with his row dow dow?
 The tricolor and eagle are prostrate laid
 Beneath the ancient lily and the white cockade!

The Frenchmen now enough have got
 Of the Age of Reason and *Sans Cullote*;
 Now—*Vive le Roi! vive Bourbon!*
 Shall ever be the burden of their song.

Where's the mighty little man, &c.

France may rejoice that he's dethroned,
 Beneath whose rod so long she groan'd;
 His bloody flag shall no more wave,—
 No more shall he spill the blood of the brave.

Where's the mighty little man, &c.

Hail to the gallant Allied Powers!
 Let their paths be strew'd with fairest flowers;
 Glory to Blucher and the brave,
 Who fought and who conquer'd but to save!

Where's the mighty little man, &c.

We'll have no longer bloody wars,
 And soon see our soldiers and brave jack-tars;
 We'll then live under our own fig-tree,
 The Rose entwining with the *Fleur-de-lis*.
 Where's great Emperor Bonaparte now now now?
 'The great Captain of the age,' with his row dow dow?
 His crown *Imperiale* full low is laid,
 And his eagle must make way for the white cockade!"

Taking into full account the spirit of the period when this song was written and sung, it cannot be doubted that the effect produced on the patriotic conclave assembled round the spirit-stirring board of the Anderson Boniface, must have been electrifying. That the vocalist received his due meed of applause was certain; for when did Mr Alexander Macalpine—or rather *Sandie Macalpine* (his usual cognomen)—ever open his lips to sing, that his efforts were not followed by thunders of applause? It would have been better, however, for him, had the applause of his boon companions and friends been less noisy and less flattering. Had it been so, he might have avoided the whirlpool into which the syren current of a too friendly approbation ere long hurried him. When we first knew him, he was a salesman in the great manufacturing house of J. & J. McIlwham & Co., Glassford-street, and in that capacity he acted from 1809 to 1816. He was much esteemed for convivial qualities, and particularly for his agreeable and winning manners. His comic songs and jokes, and ready quips and quilllets, and invariable good humour, rendered him a general favourite and a most acceptable guest at many of the dinner-tables of the citizens. In short, he became unfortunately so much in request, and especially at Clubs and evening parties—where his famous song of “The Mail Coach” never failed to set the table in a roar—that he neglected his business, and in an evil hour for himself was persuaded by Harry Johnston, then manager and lessee of the Theatre Royal, Queen-street, to try his fortune on the stage. He made his first appearance there in the character of *Octavian*, in the play of “the Mountaineers.” But the talents which rendered him the delight of the social circle were not adequate to the demands of the general public on such a conspicuous platform,

and after rapidly descending in the histrionic scale, he disappeared from Glasgow, and was lost amid the congenial clouds which envelope the history of the humble stroller. We have reason to believe, that after much suffering in this low and saddening sphere, he emerged into greater respectability, and became a teacher of drawing, for which he had a remarkable talent, somewhere in England. Such is a rapid outline of the story of an individual who was at one time a well-known character in Glasgow, and who, moreover, made himself, by a pretty regular attendance, one of the attractive loadstars of the Anderston Social Club. To those of that fraternity who may have survived the baneful effects of deep potations, late sittings, and, what perhaps is worse, the scythe strokes of life-destroying time, the mention here of their long-lost Club-mate, should it ever meet their eye, will be received with kindly remembrances; while each and all will agree with the writer in thinking how sad the fate of the once made of and idolised Sandie Macalpine must have been, when, in so short a period, he who had frequently played the king of clubs in an elegant and comfortable saloon, was reduced to play the player-king in some cold country barn or booth at a fair! *Heu quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore!*

The Anderston Social Club did not long survive the peaceful period which followed the victory of Waterloo. The consequences of that decisive struggle had deprived the rhymsters of the brotherhood of their chief Club pabulum, and the unrhyming members of the exciting subjects for their weekly gossip. The great continental drama which had so long attracted all eyes and all thoughts to its *denouement* had ended. The last scene had been performed, the chief hero had fallen, and the curtain had dropped. The chief listeners at the Club, like those at the common theatre, dropped off when the tragedy was over, and left the afterpiece to be gazed at by the few who still persisted in sitting out the remaining pantomime or farce. In plain parlance, the members of the Anderston Social Club, after the entrance of the Allies into Paris, became at each weekly meeting beautifully less; and after "dreeing out" a few months' assemblings, enlivened as one of them was by presenting a kind

remembrancer to the secretary for his long and gratuitous services, the Club gave up the ghost, and was buried with all the honours, under Mr Adam's broad mahogany slab, on which, while much was imprinted in the shape of punch stains and toddy marks, no better tale was told than that which may be the lot of any tavern table to repeat.
