

GLESKA MUTTON, 4d. PER POUND.

IN a snug little corner of an old-fashioned building, situated at the foot of Saracen's Lane, in the old Gallowgate of Glasgow, stood, nearly half a century ago, the homely but comfortable chop-and-dram-shop of worthy auld Sandy M'Craw.

Now, old Sandy M'Craw, the landlord of the chop-and-dram-shop in question, was a remnant of an antecedent generation, like the old-fashioned building in which his chop-house stood, and carried down with him till a more modern day the tastes, habits, and modes of thought peculiar to the generation preceding the advent of steam. For that reason, along with the fact that his roast chops as well as his dram were good, Sandy's chop-house was a well-patronised little snugger, where right douce and worthy old town burghers and bailies could meet, without

provoking remark, to get their "twal-hours' dram," or partake of their afternoon chop in ease and comfort, the after-dinner sederunt being often prolonged well into the hours of night; and which sederunt, when the company, like the dram, was good, was often extended to cock-crow on the following morning.

To resume, Sandy M'Craw's wee chop-and-dram-shop was ringing one night with rich, oily, and saponaceous jokes and laughter, and in a small back-room of M'Craw's chop-house, were seated, on the night instanced, Bailie Stout and some half-dozen local worthies, whence issued the saponaceous laughter alluded to.

Bailie Stout was an undersized, but exceedingly corpulent municipal magistrate. He was constructed physically on what are graphically termed "Dutch lines." In Scotch phrasing, he was about "as braid as he was lang." The extra flesh which he carried on his body, however, was not at all typical of the milk of human kindness. He was a man of self-seeking motives and principles, and his bodily padding was that of the gourmand, whose delight is in juicy chops and foamy porter. Selfish in the gratification of his appetites, he had never a thought beyond himself and his own bodily ease and comfort. He had risen from the ranks and was a bitter opponent of the social advancement and political claims of the toiling masses. Originally a working weaver, he had become a property factor, and shortly after getting into the Town Council had succeeded in buying considerable property in the business portions of the town, principally in the Candleriggs, mostly as the result of adroit financing with the Corporation funds and contracts.

In the spring of 1848 the exceeding dull trade of the country had reached such an acute stage in Glasgow that the opening of soup kitchens was discussed in the Council Chambers, and the formation of "relief works" for the able-bodied unemployed openly advocated as a necessity.

Bailie Stout and one or two others of his colleagues had stiffly opposed these generous proposals, and had hence acquired a particularly bad reputation among the starving thousands of the city. In fact, Bailie Stout had been threatened with mob law if he persisted in his selfish opposition. He did persist, being a very determined man, but did not succeed in carrying his harsh negative to the more generous and humane resolutions of the town magistrates. And this brings us in touch with Bailie Stout relative to the conversation occurring round the social table in old Sandy M'Craw's chop-and-dram-shop on the particular evening instanced.

"It's my opinion, Bailie," said Willie Walsh, an iron-monger in the Trongate, "it's my serious opinion that something will hae to be done for the unemployed in the toon, if a public bread riot's to be avoided."

"Hoots awa', Willie," was Bailie Stout's rejoinder; "it's a season o' starvin' the rascals are needin'. What wi' their reform bill fads, their household suffrage bills, and their levelling-doon radicalism, the unconscionable loons are neither to haud nor to bind. I'd let them feel the bottom o' their stammacks, Willie, an' they'll ever afterwards recognize the fact that honest wark is before dishonest politics ony day. That's a bit of guid chop Sandy's sent in to us the nicht, eh?"

"Jist grand, Bailie," acceded Robin Proudfoot, a retail chandler in the Saltmarket; "but while ye praise Sandy's juicy chop, there's nae necessity for ye sittin' sae sair on the toon radicalism. The Chartists hae some grand men among them, and their political programme's a just measure. As for giein' the puir loons a starvin', Bailie, why, they've been a' but starved this hale winter already, wi' nae prospect o' things mendin', either, which mak' affairs even worse."

"Stuff an' nonsense, Robin! sheer stuff an' nonsense!" retorted Bailie Stout; "keep the diet doon. A fu' wame,

ye ken, mak's a stiff prood back. That's a nice, fresh, foamy jug o' porter; slips owre the craig like a spunefu' o' jeel."

At this juncture Sandy M'Craw, the veritable landlord of the chop-house, usually called the laird, entered the room without ceremony, and with a look on his face which obviously meant business of some kind.

"What's the time o' nicht, laird?" asked Willie Walsh, "time we were liftin', I suppose, eh?"

"Hoots, the nicht's no that faur gane; it's no struck twal yet, though it's fast makin' for't," answered the douce landlord, "but I've a message for ye, Bailie."

"Wha brings in the message, Sandy?"

"A bit callant aff the street, as far's I can judge; tip-pence wad send him here or farrer as fast's a trotting pownie."

"Ay, ay; an' I wonder what it can be?" mused the Bailie, rising and putting on his night-hap—a green-coloured, warmly-padded cloak of ponderous width and depth. "It's maybe a watter-pipe that's burst in the hoose? or a burglary that's taken place? or maybe the hoose is on fire? or——"

"Maybe a deputation frae the Toon Cooncil wantin' ye to become Provost next term, Bailie, wha kens?" put in Robin Proudfoot, the retail chandler. "Let me help ye on wi' yer cloak, Bailie; therena; that's it."

"Weel, I'm sorry to hae to rise an' rin, freens, but business, like time an' tide, wait's on nae man, ye ken; sae I'll bid ye'se a' guidnicht till we next meet."

"The hour's late, Bailie, an' I think we should a' rise an' gang hame thegither," said Willie Walsh, the Trongate iron-monger. "We're safer an' merrier in the lump, ye ken."

"Deed no, freens, ye'll a' sit still an' finish yer stowps. I've a guid pair o' legs, a guid pair o' lungs, and a guid stiek in my nieve, an' wha daur meddle wi' me? Touch me, an'

there'll be crackit nappers gaun, I can tell ye." And with a fussy gait and a slightly unsteady step Bailie Stout bustled effusively out of the room.

The night was still wet and blustering when Bailie Stout set off for his place of residence in Bath Street.

The street was all but deserted of wayfarers, the hour being so late, for the Bailie had hardly proceeded a hundred yards west when he distinctly heard the bells in the old Cross steeple toll out the hour of twelve.

"The nicht's a bit farrer gane than I thocht it was," the Bailie remarked to himself as he peched and blew in his efforts to fight down the opposing blasts of wind, which caught him powerfully in the broad abdomen, and shook him stiffly as a dog does a rat. The rough tearing night wind had evidently no consideration for Bailie Stout's magisterial dignity and body corporate. It twirled the scanty locks of iron-grey hair that hung aback of his fleshy neck; it smote him on breast and stomach, as if with the blows of a shut fist, knocking him both out of wind and temper; it filled his spacious pockets; it got between the inter-spaces of his great, baggy, green cloak, and forcing the hanging extremities between his two legs seriously checkmated his forward progress, and not unfrequently all but overcame his power of pedal locomotion.

Very soon he had reached the foot of the brae which once characterised the Gallowgate of Glasgow, and was just opposite the dark opening of the once well-known "Elephant Closs," when he was suddenly seized from behind with a firm hand, and somewhat rudely thrown upon his back on the pavement. This unceremonious treatment, which was as unexpected as it was outrageous, fairly flabbergasted the bumptious Bailie, who gasped out his wrath and indignation in somewhat mixed terms—

"Pollis! pollis! Let go, ye murderin' loons! ye thievin'

rascals! Help! help! Auch! whoo! whurroo!—whurroo!”

The Bailie's threats and expostulatory gutturals, however, were of no avail. In two seconds he found himself stretched lengthwise on his back, and beheld standing over him several men with blackened faces, whose teeth and eyes shone with peculiar force, in contrast with their darkened countenances.

“What is't ye're after, ye murderin' vagabonds?” he shouted aloud, when he had once more recovered his partially suspended breath. “Fegs, an' I had my liberty back, an' ye before me on the bench, I'd saut and pepper yer hides, ye thievin' gang o' fit-pads!”

“Justice, Bailie Stout, justice!” answered one of the blackened faces. “You have publicly ridiculed the claims of the poor and the unemployed of the city, and as their deputies we hereby intend to expose your carcass for public sale and subsequent removal to the police mortuary, or, perhaps, the dead-meat market.

“What! are my twa lugs hearin' richt?” replied the overthrown Bailie. “Is't possible ye're gaun to murder me in cauld bluid? ye gang o' toon runagates! Aff han's ye ne'er-dae-weels! Murder and blue-sticks! let me up this instant, or, by my faith, as sure as I'm a leevin' magistrate this nicht, the lot o' ye'll hang for this the morn. Let me up, will ye?”

And here the outraged Bailie kicked and wrestled for his freedom with surprising vigour on noticing that his blackened assailants were proceeding to tie his two hands behind his back with a piece of old clothes-rope which they had provided for the purpose.

“See that his two hands are well secured behind his back, Port-Glasgow,” said the principal of the gang, “and you, Greenock, lay the weight of your body across his legs to keep down his kicking; he flings like a vicious old colt.”

“An' wha wadna kick an' fling, ye rascals!” again sang

out the wroth Bailie. "To be set upon in sic a fashion! But ye needna nickname yersels Port-Glasgow this, Dumbarton yon, an' Greenock the ither thing, thinkin' ye'll thereby manage to blin' the law; for within eight short days the hale jing-bang o' ye'll be sittin' wi' close-cropped nappers, teazin' oakum in Duke Street; sae mind yer han', my fine chaps, an' ca' quate an' canny if ye mean to save yer necks frae a guid hemp-rape streechin'."

"Dry up, old rusty wig, will you!" once more said the principal, with an angry snap. "Where's Bob Dumbarton?" he suddenly asked, addressing his blackened confederates.

"He's gone round to Peter Paisley's."

"Oh, jist say Sam Camlachie's, an' be dune wi't," put in the Bailie, who had the spunk of a full-sized man, short in stature as he was.

"Will you please dry up? old greasy chops!" shouted one of the gang.

"Never while the breath o' the old Gallowgate air's in my body!" replied the self-conscious Bailie. "I'm a Gleska magistrate, mind ye, an' if ye an' me live thegither for twa weeks hence tak' my word for't ye'll sweat for this, the hale jing-bang o' ye, mind I tell ye!"

"Where, I ask," resumed the principal, "has Bob Dumbarton gone to?"

"He's gone round to Peter Paisley's—."

"Say Sam Camlachie's, an' be dune wi't," once more thrust in the impounded Bailie.

"He's gone round, I was sayin' to Peter Paisley's for a fresh piece of rope to string up our victim to the lamp-post."

"What?" yelled the now truly-alarmed Bailie, "are ye really gaun to hang me frae the tap o' the lamp-post? Murder! pollis! help! help!"

"Ah, here's Bob Dumbarton with the tether. Lose no time, men, in case a couple of the Highland 'Charlies'

come slap down on us. Out with the rope, and get his stout carcase hung up and duly ticketed. Great America! he kicks like a cavalry horse. Wo-oh. Steady there, old man."

"What are ye after, sir, I ask ye?" once more demanded the alarmed Bailie, struggling round towards the principal. "For yer ain sake mair than mine, no to speak o' the credit o' the law, hae a care o' what ye're ettlin to dae."

"Oh, confound the law!" retorted the person addressed, "there's too much law and too little justice in this country—especially for the poor and the unfortunate. It's a nice country for a rich man to live in, this is, but it's starvation and bitter misery for a poor man. Sling him up, men; we'll very soon offer the starving public fine, fresh, well-fattened pork, in the person of Bailie Stout, at 4d. per pound, with the choice of cut, too! Do your duty, men; stuff up his speaking trumpet, and string him up to the nearest lamp-post without useless ceremony."

"My goodness!" once more cried aloud the now completely horrified Bailie, "is there no a confoonded Hielan' pollisman about, an' a toon Bailie's valuable life in the han's o' a gang o' cut-throats, an' hingin' by a mere threid? But, hark ye, my billies, if there's law in Scotland—ow!—"

The remainder of the ejaculatory threat was not finished, on account of one of the gang stuffing a pocket handkerchief into the victim's mouth, the which having been crossed with a second napkin, drawn tight round his jaws and tied at the back of his head, effectually prevented any further vocal demonstrations on the part of the now gagged, handcuffed, and pinioned victim.

The Bailie's assailants were all strong, able-bodied men, and with little exertion they caught up their victim in their arms, and having smartly slipped a running bow-line under his arms, they hoisted him, head up, to the arm of the nearest lamp-post. A few swirls of spare rope, and Bailie Stout was left dangling from the top of the lamp-post, with

his two rather large and decidedly flat feet fixed about thirty-six inches above the ground, in a position which was certainly greatly more picturesque than edifying.

“Get out the price-ticket, men,” said the directing principal, “loose no time—quick!”

“Ay, ay, sir,” responded the person alluded to as Bob Dumbarton, and in three seconds more a large specially-prepared, hand-painted trade ticket was pinned to the victim’s breast, the vari-coloured lettering of which read thus!—

IMPORTANT PUBLIC NOTICE.

FINE FRESH GLASGOW PORK,

ONLY 4D. PER LB.

WARRANTED REAL HOME FED.

N.B.—Whereas, a certain Glasgow Bailie having refused the unemployed of the town assistance, the starving passer-by is hereby invited to take a free “cut” off Bailie Stout’s magisterial gigot, and so appease his hunger.

By Order of the Committee of the Town Unemployed.

“Now, Sir Bailie, may you hang there till there’s no more flesh left on you than you’d like to see on your starving fellow-citizens, whose only crime is their unmerited poverty,” said the principal of the group. “And now, good-bye, and a right merry swing t’ ye!”

This said, the half-dozen masked men hurried off in opposite directions by preconcerted understanding, as if to avoid pursuit, leaving poor outraged Bailie Stout dangling by the waist from the lamp post to which they had firmly roped him, full of fuming wrath at the insult put on him, but unable to articulate a single word, by way of easing his passion, on account of the gag which they had stuffed into his distended mouth.

The highly-humiliating personal outrage thus perpetrated on Bailie Stout was a most amusing, although quite indefensible, proceeding. It was a sort of local lynch-law escapade, the natural reaction of a tyranny too tightly and too openly exercised by the victim against his unfortunate fellow-men, whose greatest, and indeed only crime, was their enforced poverty—a condition certainly not of their own seeking nor deserving.

Poor Bailie Stout was in a humiliating fix, and clearly the odds were, for the time being at least, in the hands of his enemies. But, wait-a-wee! Somebody wad hing for't if there was law in Scotland!

The perpetrators of the amusing outrage had scarce turned the corners of the various streets along which they separately decamped, when a "fou" tailor came rolling up to the spot.

A "fou" Scotchman, apart from the total abstinence principle, is always an interesting study to the observer of human nature; a "fou" tailor is, for many reasons, very especially so.

Now, Johnny Seam, the tailor in question, was a study in himself, apart from his trade and his tipping habits, which were notorious.

He stood five feet neat in his stockings, and was proud of his miniature stature. He weighed six stones seven with his stick leg, which would have scored for him the additional half-stone had he been permitted to wear the amputated limb.

Johnny, with the gallantry and spunk of extra little men, had married, early in life, Maggie Howie, a local washerwife, who was the exact opposite of himself in physical characteristics. She was six feet in stature, and weighed sixteen stones in her corsets.

It was a case of love at first sight on the wee tailor's side, Washer-Maggie's vast bulk having completely filled the soul, as well as the two arms, of the enterprising knight

of the needle. Three months of married life, however, was said to have rudely awakened the uxorious little tailor out of his love day-dreams. At least, when asked how he and Maggie were getting on, Johnny's invariable answer for many a day after marriage was couched in a smart poetical quotation from Burns:—

When first big Maggie was my care,
Heaven, I thocht, was in her air;
Noo, we're married, spier nae mair,
But whistle owre the lave o't.

But Johnny had decidedly a spunk above a mouse, and when Maggie grew nettlesome the spry wee tailor would jump aff the board, hop across the floor in the direction of his handy stick leg, screw it on, and forthwith set out for the tailor's "ca'-house," from which he seldom returned home sober, and never much before the "wee short hour ayont the twal."

It was during his hame-coming, on one of these festive occasions, that our little tailor friend stumbled on the rare and diverting exhibition of Bailie Stout's body corporate dangling from a street lamp-post at the foot of the Gallowgate.

The novel sight exercised him much. He stopped abruptly, as a lobby clock will do when a house fly gets into the inter-spaces of the teethed wheels. Then he rolled around the spectacle, narrowing at every turn the diameter of the circle until he had drawn up right before the suspended body of the immolated Bailie. Then he stopped, balanced himself by a supreme effort of science, mixed with will, on his one solid foot of flesh, and manfully strove to steady his swaying body with his remaining iron-virled leg of wood.

"Eh—ch—ch—man, what are ye daein' speelin' up there, eh?" was the fou tailor's salutation on first dimly perceiv-
ing the obtuse fact that a body corporate was attached in
some funny way to a street lamp-post. "Co—co—come
doon, ye daft auld fule, or I'll te—te—tell the pollis;

selim—selim—selimbin' up there just like a French m—m—monkey!"

Perched on his "high abode," poor pechin' and panting Bailie Stout was unable to utter an articulate word, on account, principally, of the gag which his assailants had stuffed into his mouth. He was, in point of strict fact, all but past kicking, having previously exhausted himself in that picturesque way half-an-hour before. The Bailie, however, succeeded in making a convulsive movement of the body, as if he had heard, and only too accurately understood, the import of the question put to him.

"Wh—wh—what are ye hotchin' at, eh?" resumed the mixed knight of the needle. "Can ye no answer a ceevil question when it's daicently p-p-put? Eh, Lord help us! I s—s—see what's wrang wi' the ch—ch—chiel noo. He—he—he's gotten a bit dram like mysel', an' he—he—he's up the lamp-post looking for a li—li—licht for his p—p—pipe. That what he's after."

Then the tailor took a fresh run around the suspended *habeas corpus* of the Bailie, and presently drew up once more right in front of the inert victim, who had suddenly relapsed into absolute quiescence.

"But stop awee till I s—s—see what it really is, whether it's a man or a monkey?" resumed the confused tailor, getting out his specks with great care and formality. "Lord, bless me! jist as I jaloused; it's a m—m—man, an' he's up the tree lookin' for a licht to his p—p—pipe! Weel, I've heard tell o' Darwin's de—de—development theory, an' o' man being descended frae a m—m—monkey, b—b—but if that man's great gran'father wisna a ring-tailed cocoa-nut eater, I'll eat my auld h—h—hat. Hey, man! You up in the t—t—tree, there, come doon an' I'll gi'e ye a m—m—match!"

There was no response, however, save a slight twirl of the trunk, which the mixed tailor half guessed was caused by

the force of the wind. Once more he ran around the object, and having first "dichted," and afterwards readjusted his "specks" on his rather weak nose, his eyes caught, for the first time, the important public notice written in large letters on the placard pinned to the victim's breast.

"Great Jamaica!" once more broke forth the astonished tailor, "it's no a m—m—man ava, it's a b—b—butcher's signboard, an' a sample o' quality. What! mutton only f—f—fowrpence the pund; wi' yer choice o' a c—c—cut aff the m—m—magisterial jiggot. Weel, I've heard tell o' p—p—pope's eye steak—(hic)—but I'll be h—h—hanged if ever I heard tell o' magisterial mutton. But it's a' richt, it's a' richt; I'm three-fourths sprung the nicht, it's true, an' maybe seein' things d—d—double, but 'ill vera soon solve the problem as to the species to which this—eh—eh, this eh—sort o'—sort o'—eh—lamp-post sample mutton belangs," and proceeding to act on his resolution, the confounded knight of the needle at once snipped from his trouser pocket a small pocket knife, with which he intended to make good for himself a "cut" off the magisterial jiggot, as per advertisement. In two seconds the miraculous tailor had jerked open the blade of his pocket knife, and thereafter made a firm seizure of Bailie Stout's left foot, the better to effect his purpose.

Meantime, the unfortunate victim was in an extremity of dire terror, having been from the first quite cognisant of all that was transpiring before him, although practically unable to expostulate. The half mad and "hale fou" tailor had evidently accepted his body corporate as that of a sheep's, exposed for public sale, and placed there, directly under the gaslight, to enable the passers-by to judge of its quality, and take due notice of its existence and low price. Agonising thought! the insane idiot was about to test the comundrum by sticking the blade of a pocket knife into the calf of his (Bailie Stout's) leg.

The Bailie's mind was at once made up. Indeed, not a moment was to be lost. The situation was trying in the extreme—was, in fact, positively dangerous to life and limb. Another moment and the dirty, tobacco-stained blade of the “fou” tailor's pocket-knife would most certainly be driven into his leg! After that, there was nothing for it but amputation and a prospective stick-leg, similar to the “fou” tailor's own iron-virled road-stamper. The thought was appalling; further hesitation fatal. Making a supreme effort, the hitherto inert mass of magisterial mutton drew up its right leg, and letting fly straight out, struck the disordered tailor a vigorous blow on the pit of the stomach which sent him, in a figurative sense, about half-way into the middle of the succeeding month, as it practically did into the middle of the street.

“Blue verdigris!” yelled aloud the confounded tailor, when he had at length recovered his suspended breath and senses, “when deid sh—sh—sheep can kick like that, it's high t—t—time Johnny Seam was snug on the bedside o' his ain ingle cheek!” And, picking up his hat along with his scattered limbs and senses, the disordered tailor made a frantic dash eastward along the Gallowgate as fast as his stick-leg could carry him, with a settled conviction in his mind that “magisterial mutton,” as per advertisement, was a dark fraud, and dead sheep an unknown quantity in the Glasgow Gallowgate!