

Partick and its Gastronomes.

DUCK CLUB.

AMONG the many rural villages which at one time surrounded Glasgow, perhaps none surpassed Partick in beauty and interest. Situated on the banks of a limpid and gurgling stream, which flowed through its centre; and beautified, as it was of yore, with many fine and umbrageous trees; and above all, ornamented with an old hoary castle, with whose history many true and many more fabulous tales were associated; and when to these were added its dozen or two of comfortable and clean cottages, and its picturesquely-planted mills, historically linked with the generous gift of the successful opponent of the lovely Mary at Langside,—all combined to render this locality one of the most favourite of suburban retreats.* It was, in fact, the resort of every citizen who enjoyed a lovely landscape, an antiquarian ramble, or a *mouthful* of fresh air—to which might be superadded, the certainty of getting a *mouthful* of

* The mills at Partick belong to the Corporation of Bakers. In the year 1568, the forces of the Regent Murray, who successfully opposed those of Mary Queen of Scots at the battle of Langside, were quartered in Glasgow and its neighbourhood. On this occasion the bakers were called upon for an extraordinary supply of bread for the troops, which they implemented so much to the satisfaction of the Regent, that he gave them a grant of the Archbishop's mill, which had now become the property of the Crown, and a piece of ground adjoining it. In 1664 the bakers erected a small mill on the site of the

old one, which, in conjunction with the Town's mill, served them till the year 1771, when they purchased, from the Magistrates and Council of Glasgow, the malt and snuff mills at Clayslap, a few hundred yards above the Partick mills. These the Incorporation fitted up as a flour mill, which has subsequently been enlarged, and, since then, they have made large additions to the establishments at Partick and Clayslap. In 1818 the west wing of the old mill was taken down and rebuilt, and in 1828 the remaining part of the old building was taken down and reconstructed.

something better, provided the visitor should have ever heard of the good things obtainable within the walls of its ancient "Bun-and-yill-house." Such was Partick during the latter part of the last century; and even for a few years after the commencement of the one which has produced so many metamorphoses it still retained its rural character and its smokeless atmosphere. At the latter period, there were still only a straggling house or two on the side of the turnpike from Anderston to the *Craw-road*. The summit of Gilmorehill had scarcely been two or three years crowned by Mr Bogle's handsome mansion; and the house at Dowanhill was just being finished, while the trees in front of it, which are now so lofty and leafy, were only being planted, under the boyish eye of him who now pens this notice. The fact is, Partick was then truly in the country. Its comfortable thatched and white-washed cottages, with its ruinous castle, were such as to evoke the admiration of every tasteful limner; and its river, while it suggested a theme for the poet's lyre, likewise offered an attraction for the angler's rod.

For many long years after this, however, Partick may still be said to have maintained its sequestered aspect; but at length utilitarianism, that foe to beauty and the picturesque, marched westward from the City. The steam-engine became a necessary accessory to the flour and corn mills, and, thereafter, to many other public factories. The few one-storey cottages that spotted the slopes of the Kelvin, or surrounded the ancient Castle, could not meet the requirements of the hundreds of houseless ship-builders and other citizens, drawn from a distance to the extensive establishments which increasing capital and enterprise had there erected. The ground on which these cottages stood soon became too valuable to be occupied by such humble dwellings, which were ere long supplanted by more formidable though less picturesque tenements; while the once-honoured though ruinous-gabled castle was, some years ago, converted into a quarry.* At this hour, the landscape painter's occupation about

* The old castle of Partick, which had stood as a landmark for many long years, at the junction of the Clyde with the Kelvin, was removed almost in a night, by ruthless

Partick is gone—the sketching desk may be for ever closed, and the pencil and the pallet thrown aside. The village is now a town, with a provost and bailies, a police force, local taxes, and a lockup-house; and instead of having only one celebrated “Bun-and-yill-house,” it has now many more public-houses than even the greatest enemy to the Maine Liquor Law could well justify. It is stretching out on every side, and for some time has been shaking hands with Glasgow, so far as gas and lamp-posts are concerned. Its future destiny will doubtless be, to be swallowed up like its suburban relatives, Calton, Bridgeton, Gorbals, and Anderston, by its all-absorbing Babylonish parent City.

It was about the period when Partick was in its more rural condition, that there existed divers knots of individuals connected with Glasgow, who, inspired by the noble purpose of enjoying ducks and green peas in perfection, with cold punch *ad libitum*, proceeded hebdomadally to indulge their gastronomic propensities at this picturesque village. Among the many inducements which this locality offered to these united bands of kindred spirits were, the agreeable and health-inspiring distance of this common rendezvous from the smoky City—the picturesque appearance of the village itself—the refreshing flow of the limpid Kelvin, broken by successive cascades—the neat and comfortable character of the hostelry; and, above all, the superior quality of ducks reared under all the known advantages that arise from the proximity which large grain-mills naturally afford for good feeding. To these inducements, too, was superadded the

hands, to form dykes to the neighbouring fields. It entirely disappeared about the year 1836 or 1837. In a pamphlet giving the story of Partick Castle, and in letters addressed to David M’Kinlay, Esq., preceptor of Hutcheson’s Hospital, by Laurence Hill, LL.B., he says, “I became aware from some private personal papers of the founders, which, on the death of Thomas Hutcheson’s widow, Mrs Marion Stewart, passed into the hands of their nephew, Mr Ninian Hill of Lambhill, that this house (Partick Castle), known as

Bishop’s Castle, and which was certainly built in the year mentioned by Chalmers, was the work not of Bishop Spottiswode, but built as a dwelling-house for himself, by George Hutcheson.” Mr Hill adds, “the contract betwixt me and ye mason in Kilwinning, anent the bigeing of the house of Partick,” dated the 9th and 14th January, 1611. So that in future, the ecclesiastical status of the ruinous house which once so picturesquely adorned the west bank of the Kelvin, must be annihilated

delicious manner in which the ducks were prepared for table, and which never failed to excite an appetite, which was only appeased after each guest had finished his bird!

Of these various groups of Glasgow *gastronomes*, there was one which, *par excellence*, was truly entitled to the appellation of the DUCK CLUB OF PARTICK, seeing that, during the whole season, when these luxuries were in perfection, and even after they became a little out of date, there seldom was a Saturday permitted to pass on which the several members of this social fraternity were not seen either wending their hungry way towards the well-known "Bun-house" of that village, between the hours of three and four o'clock, or returning therefrom "well refreshed" before "set of sun."

Many of the men who composed this rather gustative and gormandising fraternity had long been connected with the management of the Trades' House, and had held deaconships and masterships in several of the Incorporations of the City, in which capacities they had learned the value of the good old and well-known Hudibrastic apophthegm, and never failed to practise it when they had any object to carry. They felt also, during their long experience in public office, that business might be carried on successfully, although the members of the *sederunt* should quaff, during the breathing-time intervals, something rather stronger than the produce of the Westport well. In short, they were men to whom good eating and serious drinking was no novelty—such creature comforts, in fact, forming a peculiar feature in their every-day corporate life. As a key to the Corporation class who were members of the Duck Club, we may merely mention Mr M'Tyre—a gentleman who, after passing through all the gradations of the Cordiners' Corporation, arrived at last at the Convener's chair and a seat at the City Council board. This personage, who may be justly regarded as the president of the social Partick brotherhood, was exceedingly popular, not only among his Council friends at the "Bun-house," but likewise among the members of the Trades' House. He was, in fact, so much esteemed by the latter body, that they expressed a unani-

mous wish to have his portrait taken as a most appropriate ornament to their Corporation walls; and there it now hangs as a stimulant to every ambitious man to do his duty. It was during the period of this popularity that the Convener was most frequently found wending his way, with majestic step, towards Partick; it was then that the ducks in that village suffered most from his Saturday visits; and it was on one of these occasions that the Club poet, Mr William Reid—of whom more anon—improvised the following true and touching couplet:

“The ducks of Partick quack for fear,
Crying, ‘Lord preserve us! there’s M’Tear!’”*

And no wonder. For no sooner was the rubicund beak of the worthy Convener espied by the blue and white swimmers of the mill-dam, than it was certain that the fate of those now disporting would become, ere another Saturday, that of their jolly companions who at that moment were suffering martyrdom at the *auto-da-fe* in the kitchen of the “Bun-house!” Though the ducks, as may reasonably be supposed, quacked loudly in anticipation of their coming fate, yet the Convener, having no sympathy with anything akin to the melting mood, except what was produced by the sun’s

* We have been favoured with a correct MS. copy of the poem penned by Mr Reid; and although satirical, severe, personal, and perhaps not altogether just towards the individual who is the burden of the song, it is at least characteristic of what Dr Chalmers’s powerful oratory produced soon after his arrival in Glasgow.

“Ilk body has his hobby-horsey:

John Lawson sings—Brown fechts wi’ Dorsey;
There’s souter Will, used every day
The Catholic synagogae survey;
Since Chalmers cam he changed his tune—
Some say he’ll be an elder soon—
His name is never out his mouth,
Even when we meet to slocken drouth;
And what has been his curious lot,
He’s made a proselyte of Scott!
Not only him, but there’s the tamer,
Of curlous, furious, swearing manner,
Even he’s at kirk theither Sunday,

And swears by G—he’ll back on Monday!

There’s Gibb the souter in a broil,
Does every Sunday fecht wi’ Croil;
About a seat he’ll bite and bark,
Argue wi’ baillies and their clerk;
Vulcan and Condie, in their turn,
Will warsle keen wi’ Dr Burn.
A’ this proceeds frae souter Willie,
Wha’s now turn’d good and unea holly.
The Provost says it’s guid to men!—
Great need there was, and that some ken;
For, when he was in London toun,
’Tis said he was an unea loon;
He made his boots, they said, on Sunday,
And then he drank and — on Monday;
But now his heart is holy warm,
His Sunday face as lang’s my arm;
We’ve seen the day he used to revel,
And even on Sunday went to travel;
The fowls at Partick used to ken him,
It’s even been said they used to name him—
The ducks they quack’d through perfect fear,
Crying, ‘Lord preserve us! there’s M’Tear!’”

summer beams, was deaf to pity. He felt too strongly the truth of Cato's famous saying, that "it is no easy task to preach to the belly, which has no ears." The truth is, that neither the poetry of Reid nor the quacking of the ducks had any power over the alimentative bump of the carnivorous Convener. Its cry never ceased from June to October, when, alas! the broad sheet of water which, in spring, had been almost covered with the feathered flock of youthful divers, was found, in autumn, altogether untenanted, save by the lamenting parents of their once happy and noisy families! The Convener and the Club had, during the summer's campaign, made conscripts of all the young, and had sacrificed them to their own gustative propensities, without one *tear* for the family bereavements they were weekly occasioning, except, perhaps, when that was now and then called forth through the pungency of the *spiritual* consolation which universally followed the Saturday holocaust!

And, in good troth, when we reflect on those duck feasts, we do not wonder at the weekly turn out of guests who congregated at Partick, or that there should have been, in consequence, a hebdomadal murder of the innocents to meet the cravings of the Club. For we verily believe, that never did even the all-famous "*Trois frères Provençaux*," in the Palais Royal at Paris, send up from their celebrated *cuisine, un canard roti* in better style than did the landlady of the Partick "Bun-house" her roasted ducks, done to a turn and redolent with sage and onion;—and then the pease, all green and succulent, and altogether free from the mint of England and the sugar of France! What a glorious sight it was to see the Club met, and what a subject would such a meeting have afforded to the painter of character and manners! The rosy countenance and bold bearing of the president, seated at the head of a table surrounded by at least a dozen of happy guests almost as rubicund and sleek as himself, each grinning with cormorant eye over his smoking duckling, and only waiting the short interval of a hastily muttered grace to plant his ready knife into its full and virgin bosom;—verily, the spectacle must have been a cheering one!

It may easily be conceived how many changes must have occurred among the members of the Partick Duck Club, during the twenty years in which, from 1810 to 1830, the fraternity met and guzzled; but, perhaps, none was more striking than the change which befell its worthy president. The Trades' House, Police Board, and Council popularity, which Convener M'Tyre had won by his talents for business, by the energy of his character, and by his devotion to the best interests of the City, was all lost during the short and evanescent struggle of a Parliamentary election. At the time to which we allude, the Council of Glasgow was nearly equally divided between the claims of two gentlemen, who then offered themselves to represent them in the House of Commons. These worthy individuals were, the well-known Mr Kirkman Finlay and Mr Campbell of Blythswood; and, although the commercial mart of the West of Scotland was as yet limited to having only a fourth voice in the representation, it so happened that her voice on that occasion settled the Membership. The interest in the result was therefore more than usually keen, and the candidates and their supporters were more than usually exacting. It must also be remembered, that although both candidates for the seat may be said to have been hitherto linked with the Tory party, still Mr Finlay, from having given tokens of greater liberality in commercial matters, and particularly in having loudly advocated the opening up of the trade with India and China, secured for himself the support of the more liberal portion of the community, and, consequently became the popular candidate. Mr M'Tyre, who all along, during his public career, had voted with the latter party, was looked upon at first as a sure card for Mr Finlay. But ere long he began to coquet with the supporters of his opponent, and at last went fairly over to his camp. The consequence of this one false step in the eyes of his former admirers was, that he was hurled from his lofty throne of popularity, and stigmatised as nothing better than a political recreant and tergiversator. And so high was political feeling then carried, that it was seriously mooted, in order to testify the popular displeasure against

such conduct, to urge on the Trades' House to order the full-length portrait of their once beloved and admired Convener to be turned upside down, to deter others from turning their coats and changing their colours in future! In short, it was gravely proposed to hang the poor Convener by the heels instead of the head,—a degradation which, however, for the honour of all concerned, was, under the reflection of cooler moments, never carried into execution. The instability of popular feeling, combined with an increasing love for his birthplace, drew the ex-Convener from Glasgow to Maybole, and, consequently, deprived the Partick Club of one of its chief loadstars and the ducks of their chief enemy.

While these rulers of the various Trades may be considered to have been the chief assistants at the weekly demolition of ducks and green peas, which took place in the comfortable hostelry situated near the flour-mills at Partick, there were happily others also present who could throw their mite of merriment into the afternoon's symposium; and among these was a gentleman to whom we have already slightly alluded—the facetious Mr William Reid, of the well-known firm of Brash & Reid, who, as booksellers, carried on for so long a period a successful business in the Trongate, and to whose labours the bibliomaniac is indebted for some rather scarce and curious publications. In the then extensive field of Glasgow's social companions, it would have been difficult to find one more courted as a club associate than Mr Reid. To a peculiarly placid temper, he united a strong smack of broad humour, and an endless string of personal anecdotes, which he detailed with a gusto altogether his own. Of all things he loved a joke, and indulged in this vein even at the risk of causing the momentary displeasure either of an acquaintance or a customer. We say *momentary*—for with all his jesting and jocularities, he never really said, we believe, one word which was meant to offend. To “laugh and grow fat” was his constant motto, and, consequently, he never troubled himself either about his own obesity or about that of any one else who might follow his laughing example. Of the satirical sallies poured out behind the bookseller's counter in the Trongate, we have heard as many repeated as might

well eke out another supplement to the already thousand and one sayings of the "Laird of Logan"—who, most assuredly, had he lived in the pantheistical days of the early world, would have disputed with Momus the god-like crown of mirth!

Of Mr Reid's every-day off-hand rhymes it is perhaps enough to say, that they entitled him to enter the lists as a Scottish *improvisatore*.* But while the witty blibiopole indulged in these playful and innocent vagaries, it must never be forgotten that he has also left behind him "drops of ink" that will go down to posterity—verses linked, as a few of them are, with the never-dying lyrics of Robert Burns—whose early friend and acquaintance he was—which will be sung as they now are; and although but too frequently believed to be altogether the breathings of the bard of Ayrshire, are nevertheless partly the production of the bard of the Duck Club of Partick.† It is only justice to say, that in early and mature life Mr

* One of Mr Reid's standing rhymes behind the counter was, when he noticed a customer preparing to pay, to exclaim—

"I'm the man who takes the cash,
For myself and partner Brash!"

Another was, when desired to sign a bill, he always used to say, "of all trades"—

"The yill trade, and the gill trade,
The signing of bills, was an ill trade."

To any customer who might ask for a religious book, with which he was not supplied, such as "Erskine's Faith and Hope in the Gospel," he at once bawled out:—

"If ye're in want of Faith and Hope,
Gang ye to Ogle's gospel shop."

OR

"If e'er your faith begins to coggle
Run to the shop of Maurice Ogle."

The late Mr M'Vean, of the High-street, published a small volume entitled "The Budget of Anecdote and Wit," in which are several humorous stories of Mr Reid, the Rev. Mr Maclaren of the Gaelic Chapel, and other Glasgow characters.

† Among the songs of Burns to which Mr Reid made additions, was that of "John Anderson, my joe, John." To Burn's two stanzas, Reid added five, which though, as Dr Currie says, "they are in the spirit of the Ayrshire bard, yet every reader of discernment will see, are by an inferior hand." The Doctor is indignant that these additions should have been given to the world—as they were by the publishers—as the production of Burns. Mr Reid's first stanza was—

"John Anderson, my joe, John, when Nature first began
To try her canny hand, John, her master-work was man;
And you among them a', John, sae trig frae top to toe,
She proved to be nae journey-work, John Anderson,
my joe."

Mr Reid also added to Burns's song "Of a' the airts." The two first verses of this favourite lyric were written by Burns in 1788, during the time that he was over head and ears in love with Jean Armour; the four remaining verses were written—the third and fourth certainly by Mr Reid, and the fifth and sixth either by Mr Reid or M Hamilton, bookseller, Edinburgh. The fol-

Reid could boast of no small share of that peculiar talent which the genius and dazzling career of Burns evoked in the minds of many of his admiring countrymen. He not only shared in the general enthusiasm which the appearance of that "day-star of national poetry" elicited, but he also participated in the poet's friendship, and sympathised in his excitement. In Scottish song, and in pieces of characteristic humour, Mr Reid approved himself not unworthy of either such intimacy or such inspiration. These lyrics are chiefly preserved in a collection, entitled "Poetry, Original and Select," and which at this moment is rarely to be met with, save in the libraries of the members of the Roxburgh, Bannatyne, and Maitland Clubs, or of the more unobtrusive race of bibliomaniacs scattered over the country, but which, since the demise of poor Dr Thomas Frognall Dibdin, are now sadly getting into the "sere and yellow leaf."* There is another curious publication with which Mr Reid was connected, the "Life of James M'Kean," who was executed for the murder of James Buchanan, the

owing version of "Cauld kail" is altogether from the pen of Mr Reid:—

"There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And bannocks in Strathbogie,
But naething drives awa the spleen
Sac weel's a social cogie.

That mortal's life nae pleasure shares,
Wha broods o'er a' that's fogie;
Whence'er I'm fasht wi' wordly cares,
I drown them in a cogie.

Thus merrily my time I pass,
With spirits brisk and vogie,
Bless'd wi' my buiks and my sweet lass,
My cronies and my cogie.

Then haste and gie's an auld Scots sang,
Sic like as 'Catherine Ogie,'
A guid auld sang comes never wrang
When o'er a social cogie."

* The "Poetry, Original and Select," was printed and published by Brash & Reid during the years 1795-96. The work is in four volumes. The chief original contributions were by Mr Reid, Mr Lochore, the

father of the present minister of Drymen, and Mr Taylor the writing-master. The song of "Kate of Gowrie," since so much cut down, appeared first there, with many others in a similar strain. The following little lyric is perhaps one of Mr Reid's best; if not, it is at least one of his shortest, and that at present is most suitable for our purpose:—

"Fair modest flower, of matchless worth!
Thou sweet enticing bonnie gem!
Bless'd is the soil that gave thee birth,
And bless'd thine honour'd parent stem.
But doubly bless'd shall be the youth
To whom thy heaving bosom warms,
Possess'd of beauty, love, and truth,
Will clasp an angel in his arms.

Though storms of life were blowing snell,
And on his brow sat brooding care,
Thy seraph smile would quick dispel
The darkest gloom of black despair.
Sure Heaven hath granted thee to us,
And chose thee from the dwellers there,
And sent thee from celestial bliss
To show what all the virtues are."

Lanark carrier, at the Cross of Glasgow, on Wednesday the 25th January, 1797. As a piece of biography, it is certainly neither remarkable for taste nor talent; but as a statement of what M'Kean, while under sentence of death, actually communicated to the compiler, it is both curious and startling.* The work had an extraordinary sale, through the never-ceasing existence of that odd craving for everything connected with the horrible. As a conclusion to this imperfect sketch of Mr Reid, we may mention, that for many years he kept a large vase, or *pinnar-pig*, into which he

* The copy of this "Life" which I have now before me is the *fifth* edition; it is entitled "genuine copy," which seems to suggest that there had been some spurious editions palmed on the public. On the fly-leaf of this volume, there is a memorandum by a well-known critic, which states that "Mr Reid always spoke with horror of the manner, as given by M'Kean, in which the murder was perpetrated. His friends alleged that M'Kean, in answer to Reid's inquiries as to the mode in which he murdered Buchanan, seized the head of Reid, and after drawing it back with one hand, quickly drew the other hand across Reid's throat,—and that Reid fainted!" "I almost," says the writer, "believe this story, for Reid always looked so sad when he referred to the murderer's statements, that I durst not inquire into the truth of his friend's story, even in joke. Reid told me that he visited M'Kean daily betwixt his conviction and execution; that he read portions of his 'Life' to him as he wrote them; that M'Kean altered many statements, qualifying some, and expunging portions of others; and that, on the whole, the wretched murderer seemed to be most at his ease when confessing his sins, and thereby expressing strong hopes of forgiveness." From a memorandum written by the late Mr Robert Chapman, printer, which has been just shown me by a literary friend, I find the following rather curious notice connected with Reid's history of M'Kean:—Mr Chapman, speaking of Lockhart's "Life of Sir Walter Scott," says,—"A long paragraph is inserted respecting a wretched cob-

bler, James M'Kean, who murdered Buchanan, the Lanark carrier, in 1796. M'Kean then lived in Castlepen's land, High-street. This M'Kean I saw two or three times in the Tolbooth after his condemnation, in company with the late Mr William Reid, who was on terms with M'Kean for the history of his life, which he ultimately procured, and I think I printed three or four editions of it, the sale being so great. It turned out a good *spec* at that time. The description of M'Kean by Sir Walter Scott is, so far as I can recollect, perfectly correct. I saw the miserable man executed. The crowd was immense. As I am of small stature, being five feet two inches, I remember a tall acquaintance holding me up in his arms, so that I might get a good view of him, knowing that it would probably be the last sight I should ever have of the religious hypocritical villain who disgraced humanity." M'Kean's house was not in Castlepen's land, but entered from the north side of old Castlepen's close. He was not a poor cobbler, as stated by Lockhart, for he occupied the whole tenement above the shop or street flat. The house was antiquated, and had only one flat and attics above the shops, with serrated gables toward High-street. Love of money impelled him to perpetrate the murder, for in pecuniary matters he was easy. He employed several workers, and was himself industrious, was of sober habits, and professedly religious. His wife was a person of a good disposition, and seemed rather above her station. They had only one daughter, who, with her mother, left the town soon after the murder.

deposited his literary scraps, where, for aught we know, they still remain under that ban which he so often made use of when making a deposit or closing a story, and which we would in his case also here repeat—

“Down wi’ the lid!
Quo’ Willie Reid.”*

With the departure of the shadow of the jolly Convener from the “Bun-house,” the Duck Club may be said to have closed its regular sittings; and although many knots of social spirits have since met in perpetuation of the Partick Club, still, never have the roasted ducks and green peas been demolished with such gusto, nor the punch goblets been drained with such delight, as when the worthy Convener, with a rattle of the spoon-sceptre, summoned the thirsty duck-destroyers to the punch-bowl, or when the broad humour and telling anecdotes of the Tron-gate bibliopole made every well-lined paunch shake with laughter.

Since the departure of these two worthies from the scene of their gormandising glory, the “Bun-house” of Partick has as much ceased to Glasgow *gourmets* to be the shrine of Apicius, as the castle of Partick to be the haunt of the antiquarian limner.

* There was another Glasgow individual often confounded with Mr Reid, bookseller, viz., one who went under the sobriquet of *Author Reid*, or the Earl of *Toothie*, the latter nickname having been bestowed on him from having resided in *Isle Toothie*, near the Cathedral (see page 359.) The *Author*, who was a good-natured, conceited old bachelor, supposed himself a great literary character. He published a pamphlet, of 73 pages, under the title of “The Philosophical Observations of John Reid, Esq., Manufacturer, embellished with a striking likeness of the Author.” The dedication is “to the young gentlemen of

Glasgow, my subscribers,” in which he says:—“I have only to add, I have taken special care that the following book should be in EVERY RESPECT, even in spelling, and pointing, an exact copy of my manuscript, which so many of you have seen and admired.” For these peculiarities his book is certainly an *unique* production in Glasgow literature. He published an “Essay on Love”—a passion which he never showed towards any one save himself. He was “a good-natured, simple, open-countenanced old Cælebs of the knee-breeches school,” who subsisted either on an annuity, or a small property in Kirk-street.