

## Quondam State of the Glasgow Police.

GEGG CLUB.

---

To those who are now living quietly and comfortably under the protection of our well-managed Municipal Police, it is scarcely possible to convey an idea of the irregularities and dangers to which Glasgow was exposed before the first Police Act was obtained, and for even a considerable number of years after this statute had been put in force. Down to the close of the last century, watching and warding was, in accordance with the Burgess Oath, an obligation laid upon all who had obtained municipal privileges; but the mode practised by the burgesses to evade the duty was, of itself, sufficient to render the whole even worse than a farce. The respectable citizens, instead of proceeding in their turn to the Guard-house themselves, either hired porters, or sent their manufacturing servants to perform the work; while occasionally a set of young madeaps ostensibly undertook the duty, but instead of attempting to allay noise and turbulence, secretly instigated commotion for the sake of diversion. In these circumstances, it may easily be conceived that thieves, vagabonds, and blackguards had their full swing, while, beneath the safeguard of an ill-lighted and frequently a lamp-demolished town, offences of the most heinous kind were safely committed. Even so late as the commencement of the present century, outrages of every kind and description were daily committed in the blaze of day, while battles with lethal weapons, and pugilistic encounters on the public streets, were of nightly occurrence.\* While this was the case, it

\* The *Glasgow Courier* of 1799 and 1800 is replete with accounts of street robberies and assaults, and lamp-smashing in George-square, and particularly in Anderston-walk, where during one night the whole lamps were nearly demolished.

must be allowed that many of these irregularities arose more from fun and frolic than from vice and passion, and were created not unfrequently by youthful sparks belonging to the better and more educated classes. At that period, to carry off a barber's basin, or to unswing a golden fleece, was a common trick; and as to the transference of a sign-board from one shop to another, this was looked upon as no crime, but rather as a most excellent joke. The fact is, that for many years after the Police was established, it was anything but a sufficient force. It was invisible in the day-time, and during the night the watching was little better than a mockery. The limited day force, indeed, was chiefly engaged in the detection of grave crimes; while the night force was rather a dread to themselves than to others. It is but the truth when we say, that the watchmen then were chosen, not so much on account of their fitness to guard the lieges against attack or insult, and to protect the property of the citizens from harm and depredation, as, chiefly and mainly, on account of the low wages at which they condescended to remain out of bed during the night and perform their supposed duties. It is easy to conceive that the men who could be thus cajoled, were poor, frail, worn-out individuals, generally in early life connected with the West Highlands, and, though ranging from sixty to seventy-five years of age, the greater part of which they had spent in the City, had not been able even to conquer the English dialect. The head of the Police—who was then called *Master*, and who, as police knowledge now goes, knew little or nothing of his business—had, however, the kindness and consideration to envelope the poor old Celts in a kind of domino of grey cloth, and to tie round their waists a coarse cord, from which hung a pair of large wooden clappers. In one hand was placed a useless, unwieldy *rung* or stick, and in the other a lumbering lantern, which emitted a miserable glimmering light. On a stormy night, the shaky old watchman would sometimes draw over his rough-stockinged limbs a pair of coarser *hoggars*, as an additional safe-guard from the night air; while, over his wig, if he had such a luxury, was usually planted a Kilmarnock night-cap, and, above all, a hat; the whole head-gear being tied down under

the chin by some cast-off shawl or handkerchief. In this garb and guise, the police guardian sallied forth, not unfrequently accompanied by his wife, to the post assigned him for the night, who, after seeing him snug in his box, retired home, never forgetting, however, to give him the strictest charges to take good care of himself! It may be easily imagined, that having just swallowed his supper of porridge and milk, and being somewhat fatigued with his walk, the watchman was not long ensconced in his wooden *surtout* before he felt himself in a tolerably dozy condition; and as these boxes were made with the upper half-door to open outwards, in the lock of which the key was always left, it not unfrequently happened that the poor *Charley* was locked in, and the key thrown away, by some passing wag, and sometimes even the box and all it contained was tumbled flat on its face, by a knot of mischievous dare-devils returning fuddle-pated from a tavern.\*

Perhaps the following anecdote will illustrate, better than anything else, the absurdity of the system of Police management which prevailed during

\* Police affairs had engaged the attention of the Magistrates and Council for a very considerable time, and so early as 1778 an Inspector was appointed, with a salary of £100 per annum; but which office was abolished in 1781. In 1788, an Intendant of Police and other subordinate officers were appointed, and the Magistrates applied for an Act to assess the inhabitants to defray the necessary expenses; but as the public were not to have a voice in the election of the Ward Commissioners, a powerful and successful opposition was set on foot, by which the Bill was withdrawn. There appears to have been much excitement connected with the matter, particularly among the members of the Trades' House, and many squibs and scurrilous publications were sent forth against the promoters of the scheme. Among these was one that made much noise at the time, entitled the "Glasgow Geese," a few verses of which have been handed down to us by an octogenarian memory. From this may be gathered, to how many slanders

public men in all ages are exposed. It commenced as follows:—

"As I went forth in harvest-time, I spied a flock of Geese,  
Who wander'd through a stubble field, with nothing like Police,  
Sing hey the Geese of Glasgow! sing hey the Glasgow Geese!

"Twas wonder how they lived so well, and yet had no Police!

\* \* \* \* \*  
The Council in a passion swore, to these poor simple Geese,  
That they must yield their hoarded store to a Master of Police.

O silly Geese of Glasgow! O silly Glasgow Geese!  
I think, my lads, you'll cackle low beneath your new Police.

The plan was in the Council moved by an affected fox,  
Who came from off the Turkish Dun, and so nicknamed Dunlop—

Who struts still in the foremost rank dull Councillors among,  
Because he ape's the Turkey's dance and eke the Peacock's song;

the first decade of the present century. At that period, it will no doubt be remembered that there stood, at the top of High John-street, a strange-looking building, used as a sugar-house, surrounding which there were ever to be seen some dozens of empty sugar hogsheads. One winter's night, a party of young madcaps, returning from a supper-party in the neighbourhood of this refining establishment, determined on not only playing a trick on the watchmen, but producing what they knew would be the result,—putting them in deadly alarm. Having reached the sugar-house, a little before the witching hour of night, they each set about quietly rolling out a hogshead to the summit of the street, and there having arranged a train extending to at least a dozen, into which they placed as many stones as they could lay hands on, and having coggled the lowest, awaited the moment when the City clocks had tolled out the midnight chime. At the first note of twelve, the yawning and timid guardians of

Thrice did he nod his brainless head, thrice wag his  
supple tail,

Then, with a Goose's arguments, his brethren did  
assail—

'Gemmen, you know as well as I our flock are sim-  
ple Geese,

Then wherefore, pray, should we be shy in giving  
them Police?'

\* \* \* \* \*

'My brother Tom—the Gander fat—shall their Col-  
lector be;

For why, you know that he must eat as well as you  
or me:

He will not work, he cannot want, and I'll not give  
him grain;

Therefore, you see it is but just the Geese should him  
maintain.'

"Argyll's lame Goose, with clam'rous throat, arose  
and clapp'd his wings,

Just as he does at Durie's club, when Jackie Turkey  
sings.

He join'd was by a great fat Goose, of wond'rous  
bulk and bustle—

Who ne'er can listen while you speak, without a  
song and whistle—

Quoth he, 'Unto my office come, I will insure your  
Bill—

I'll whistle Jamie Wardrop dumb, so who can doubt  
my skill?

The Bill shall pass, or I'm an ass, by either truth or  
fiction;

And every Goose I'll soundly chase that offers con-  
tradiction.'

A lean malt Goose, from the Trades' House, cries  
out, 'My dear fat brother,

I wonder much that you should choose to make so  
great a pother—

I say, I swear the Bill shall pass; yes, on my life it  
shall—

Though every dirty trading ass T——t a scoundrel  
call.

\* \* \* \* \*

On a stair-head, fast by the Cross, John Orr stood  
like a man,

Geese to cajole, ne'er at a loss, he hemm'd, and thus  
began—

'My bonnie Geese of Glasgow! my bonnie Glasgow  
Geese!

This is a joyful day, I trow, that brings you a Police!  
This Master, whom you cannot choose, is every way  
most fit

To lead one party by the nose, and make the rest  
submit.'

O happy Geese of Glasgow! O happy Glasgow  
Geese!

I wonder how you've lived so long without this grand  
Police!'

The first Police Act—which had been long  
attempted to be obtained by the Civic autho-  
rities—was passed on the 30th June, 1800;

the night cautiously slipped out of their boxes, prepared to gurgle out the hour; and, at the last note, the happy and fearless youths removed the cogstone, and off went the hogsheads, rumbling and rattling like thunder down the steep incline, startling from their peaceful rest the sleeping population in the streets and houses along which their progressively noisy course conducted them, and filling with alarm and trepidation the three or four muffled guardians of the night who watched the neighbourhood, and who were rendered thereby speechless even in Gaelic. From the extreme darkness of the night, the cause of the panic was to all a mystery; for the noise, although terrific while it lasted, was neither of long duration nor limited to one spot. The progressive hurley-burley was in fact so extraordinary, that the poor watchmen thought a judgment had fallen on the town; and being both timid and superstitious, they took to their heels as far from the scene of terror as possible, rattling their clappers and crying out fire and thunder. Whether it was from fear or from darkness, it is certain that the cause of the commotion was not discovered till the rising of the sun gave courage to examine the quarter whence the unearthly noise had proceeded; but although the prank might have produced the most serious consequences both to life and property, still, such was the inefficiency of the Police, that until this day the perpetrators of this wild and dangerous

and, in September, of the same year, Mr John Stenhouse was appointed Master. He appears, however, not to have liked the office, as we find he resigned in January, 1803, and was succeeded by Mr Walter Graham, who likewise resigned in 1805; the latter again was succeeded by Mr Mitchell, who—having been a subaltern in the army—assumed the designation of Captain of Police, a title which seems to have vulgarly adhered to the office. Captain Mitchell was a tall, burly, broad-shouldered man, and showed both coolness and courage in the discharge of his difficult duties. We recollect him many times and oft, standing steady, amid the crowd of rioters, at the foot of Stockwell, on a Whitsun-Monday, like Saul among the people, and attempting to cajole them by fair words, and,

if not, to daunt them by the force of his brawny arm. Heaven knows he had then but a few to help him, the day officers being little beyond a dozen, and the night watchmen, although numbering nearly seventy, being never called to act on such emergencies; in fact, they were not to be had at such hours, the exertions of the night-watching confining them generally to bed till they sallied forth again to their watch-boxes. The first Police-office was in a house at the corner of Candleriggs and Bell-street, close to the old Bowling-green. It was then removed to apartments next to, and above, the Guard-house, at the west side of Candleriggs-street; and, after remaining there for ten years, was ultimately located on the present site in South Albion-street.

trick are unknown. In these days, too, the boundaries of the Police jurisdiction were very much restricted, and consequently it was the easiest thing in the world to escape detection. In the east, the trickster had a city of refuge in Calton; in the south, the Gorbals offered its protection; and in the west, it was only necessary to step across St Enoch's burn to be safe from the watchman's pursuit. By the *Tom and Jerry* sort of youths with which the City then abounded, the night police of Highland imbeciles was looked upon, as we have already hinted, as a perfect farce, and was calculated rather to excite their derision and instigate their taste for frolic, than to evoke their fear or control their conduct.

It was when the Police was in this disjointed and disorganised condition, and before the Commissioner, Mr James Hamilton, of *grocer* memory, had begun to *weigh* with himself, as he was wont to repeat, the *weighty* matters brought before the weekly Board, that there assembled a gifted and sprightly brotherhood of acknowledged wags, who were well known as the GEGG CLUB. To the raillery and sarcasm of the individual members of this brotherhood, society at large owed much; and by the pranks which they collectively played, the table was often kept in a roar and the City in laughter. They met often, laughed loud, and generally sat late. They frequently even disdained the tell-tale dawn of daylight, provided *daylight* was never seen within their glasses; and, rather than forego an evening's practical joke upon some green and arrogant booby, they were individually ready to take the alternative of turning out, if necessary, with a pair of hair-triggers in the cool of the morning!

Although, to those who have been accustomed to breathe the atmosphere of Glasgow, it is unnecessary to give any definition of the term which constituted the nominal band of the Gegg Club, it is perhaps incumbent on us to inform those who never paced the Trongate, that the cabalistic term *gegg* signifies a practical joke played on some unsuspecting greenhorn, whereby he is made to believe and to act upon what is in reality not founded on fact, and thereby to occasion laughter and merriment to those who are aware of the truth. Accordingly, the members of such a brotherhood

were necessarily men of sharp, acute, and fearless dispositions, who could see farther into a millstone than other people, and could arrive at a conclusion by means infinitely shorter than the world around them. In phrenological language, each member of the fraternity required to have the bumps of wit, perception, ideality, firmness, combativeness, and love of approbation largely developed; while those of reverence, conscientiousness, and caution were small.

As it may be supposed, the members of this Club, or *College*, as it was originally designated, were not numerous; and, what is perhaps needful to be told, their meetings were limited to no particular club-room, nor peculiar place of rendezvous.\* The fraternity as frequently met in a private house as in a tavern; while certain of their most striking and interesting *Séances* were held in the hospitable mansion of a gentleman who, with the peculiar gifts which constituted him a worthy member of this brotherhood, united those more amiable qualities which rendered him one of the most beloved members of the community.

The ordinary meetings of the Club were ever limited to *ordinary* members, and were hence characterised by the most gentlemanlike demeanour and playful raillery. The extraordinary meetings, on the other hand, rarely took place, and when held, it was generally for the purpose of gegg-ing a greenhorn, or chastising a self-sufficient spoony, and they were always open to the individual or individuals who were to be made, on the occasion, the butt of the brotherhood's practical joke or gegg. It was, for example, from an extraordinary tavern meeting of the fraternity, that the well-known Beau Findlay—who actually lived on the idea that he possessed the most splendid whiskers and most finished head-gear in Glasgow—was borne home, shorn of his darling pigtail and cultivated whiskers, with a face as black as a Moor, and with the trophies of his shame in his pocket; a loss and a gain which the now almost forgotten *swell* did not

\* The Gegg Club was the successor of the Gegg College, the latter having been instituted to express the ruling opinions or 1 as-

sions of certain well-known gentlemen in the city, by conferring on each a professional title the very opposite of their characters.

discover till he started at his own strange reflection on the following morning.\*

It was also from another extraordinary meeting of the Club, that the following ludicrous gegg was played on one who had frequently joined in similar jokes upon others. The circumstances attendant on this gegg were these:—On rather a dark night, during the winter, and before the introduction of gas, or the somniferous receptacles of dozy watchmen had been wisely discarded, the Club had assembled in a well known tavern near the Cross, in considerable force and in the best possible humour. As previously arranged by the chief actors in the practical joke to be that night perpetrated, it was quite certain that the party to be gegged would be present, and in good earnest he was so—entering, as he was wont, into all the fun and frolic of the evening. The peculiar and happy characteristic of this worthy member consisted in his never being known, upon any occasion, to be the first to break up a good and sprightly company. He was, in fact, generally found last at every bowl of punch, and had always somewhat in his tumbler when the majority were on their feet for departure. He was, in common parlance, a jovial dog; but, amid the long sitting and the joviality, he occasionally lost somewhat of his recollection, though never the power of his *pins*. The gegg, therefore, to be played on this

\* There were few men better known as “pacers of the paré” than Mr Findlay, who, being an idle man, and possessed of fair means, was generally to be met with, stick in hand, sunning himself on the Trongate every forenoon between noon and dinner-time. He was peculiarly attentive to his dress, and gained for himself the epithet of *Beau*. He was also particularly proud of his whiskers, and, it was said, devoted much time and no small cost to their cultivation and cut. With the members of the Gegg Club he was very intimate, and, in spite of many tricks played upon him, he could not help associating with the gay and regardless perpetrators of frolic. Upon the occasion of losing his pigtail and whiskers he was, however, very wroth, and threatened those who were present on the

night when the deed was done, with an action of damages before the Court of Session; and no wonder he did so, when it is mentioned that, on being conducted home, reft of his whiskers and with blackened face, his old trusty maid-servant did not know him, and, on opening the house door to his knock, saluted him with “Get down the stair, you dirty blackguard!” As an instance of the Beau’s rather strange doings, it may be stated that, in the prospect of rebuilding an old tenement belonging to him in the upper High-street, he purchased several old windows of different sizes, and formed the openings of his new house for their reception; and there they still appear, as a curious memento of his singular eccentricity.



member was one which was addressed to his adumbrated memory rather than to anything connected with his physical nature. Be that as it may, the Club, as we have said, met in full divan, and all went "merry as a marriage bell"—bowl followed bowl, toast chased toast, and tumbler was tossed over after tumbler; in short, the whole party, including the geggee, were in the highest spirits,—when lo! the chime from the Cross steeple told it was midnight, and that it was now time to attend to the business on hand. The members quietly rose from the board and took their hats from the hat-pins, and the geggee took down his greatcoat, and, with the most satisfied air possible, buttoned it across his breast. The whole members laughed, as they were wont, on quitting the Club-room, and the geggee was the loudest among all the company. The street was soon reached, and onward the whole party sallied, till they arrived at the south end of Hutcheson-street, where the geggee had his domicile. Then each of them shook him cordially by the hand, wished him safely home, and a sound sleep when he got to bed! The geggee thanked them for their good wishes, and unconsciously wended his serpentine career towards his residence. The gegggers slipped silently, and on tiptoe, at a respectable distance behind, ready to enjoy the successful issue of the joke they had played on their companion. The geggee, on arrival at the close or entry which led to his house, boldly entered and ascended the first flight of stairs, at the head of which stood the door of his domicile—a door which was wont to open to his knock or his check-key at any hour he might think proper. But, think of his astonishment, when he reached the threshold of his imagined comfortable domain, to find there no doorway and no entrance. He groped, amid the darkness of the unilluminated staircase, for some opening, but, alas! none was to be found! He at once thought he had mistaken the close—that the Club liquor was more potent than usual; and, in his dilemma, he descended the staircase, and, staggering across to the opposite side of the street, planted his back against the wall, where he stared with fixed eyeballs on the opposite tenement, which, even through cloudified brain, looked vastly like his own home. And so it was; but,

during the time the Club were sitting, a bricklayer had been employed by the chief actors in the plot to build up the doorway! and, considering the very indifferent state of the night police at that period, it was of easy accomplishment. Easy or difficult, the thing was done, however; and it was not till four in the morning that the poor geggee, having recovered from the effects of the Club orgies, and the mysterious disappearance of his doorway, arrived at the too just conclusion, that his companions had played as palpable a joke upon him as he himself had ever played upon others, when at length he got access, through the instrumentality of another bricklayer, to his hermetically-sealed habitation and unpressed pillow. The geggers, who remained concealed on the shady side of an almost lampless street, enjoyed the plight in which they saw their luckless companion placed, and, careless of the consequences, stealthily retired, leaving the geggee to recover at his leisure.

It was likewise at an extraordinary *seance*, in the private mansion of a member, to whom we have already alluded, that another ludicrous gegg was played on a celebrated and self-sufficient swell, the simple account of which will perhaps better illustrate the feelings and peculiarities of this fraternity than anything else we can say. The personage for whose *benefit* the extraordinary meeting of the Gegg Club was congregated, had made himself conspicuous in the City as one—at least in his own estimation—of its greatest *Counts*. He was tall, and was always seen in the very pink of fashion. It was rumoured of him, that he used to stand for hours before his cheval mirror, revelling in the beauty of his limbs and the fancied Antinous form of his face and figure; and that, after fully impressing his mind with the idea of his own matchless symmetry, he sallied forth, fully fraught with the conviction that every woman he encountered was admiring him, and that no one who wore a petticoat could have the heart to resist his manly charms! He was, in short, a “look and die” man, in so far as regards the fair sex; but being resolved, as he often said, never to sacrifice himself to any woman without obtaining a handsome *douceur* as a legitimate recompense, he had not yet met with a shrine valuable enough for his

adoration. It so happened, however, that, at the period to which our story refers, a lady, answering in every respect to his wants, had come to Glasgow; and that a splendid ball, to which he and the lady were invited, was to take place. This occurrence the *Count* took great pleasure in mentioning—ostentatiously asking all his acquaintances whether he really ought, or ought not, to choose this lady as his victim. The Gegg Club having considered the occasion one of the most fitting opportunities for playing off one of their practical jokes on the self-sufficient Adonis, an extraordinary *seance* was resolved upon, to take place on the day of the ball, to which the gegger was specially invited. The Adonis made, at first, some objections to attending an entertainment on the day of a dancing-party; but this being overruled by the soft persuasive tongue of the chief Gegg, the members were summoned, the plan fairly concocted, and the Club met accordingly.

The mansion in which the brotherhood on this memorable occasion congregated, was situated in one of the principal streets of the old City—the fact is, that at that time there was no St Vincent-street, far less Woodside and Claremont-crescents—the house which the hospitable member occupied being the first floor above the shops in Hutcheson-street. At four o'clock, the brethren met, to the number of about a dozen, and half an hour after the period at which he was invited, the Count entered the drawing-room, fully donned for the ball, and making a thousand apologies for keeping the gentlemen from the dinner-table. There was a self-sufficient and forward flippancy about the gegger which contrasted delightfully with the Machiavelian and masked gravity of the geggers—an expression of conscious superiority in point of corporeal qualities on the part of the former, especially when he eyed himself askance in the pier-glass—a look of placid satisfaction, in regard to mental powers, on the part of the latter, when on meeting one another's eyes, they gave each other the fraternal *wink!*

From the drawing-room, the party, as is customary, proceeded to the dining-room, when the gegger was handed to the seat of honour next the

landlord. The entertainment went on—the wine was pushed about—and soon the party set in, as was their wont, for “serious drinking.” Jest and story chased each other, the company roared and laughed, and the roof echoed for hours with the notes of mirth and jollity. A huge bowl of Glasgow punch had been manufactured, and brimmer followed brimmer to the health of the west-country beauties. The Count pronounced the name of her with whom he was to meet that evening, and her health was given and received with three times three. A chamber clock, which stood on the mantelpiece, had been purposely set back a full hour, not to alarm the geggee, who, trusting to its correctness, never dreamed of *budging* till it had struck nine. At the tell-tale sound, however, he made preparations for rising; when the landlord, in a neat speech, proposed the health of the Count; and, after eulogising his personal appearance and agreeable manners, concluded by wishing him every success in his proposed matrimonial scheme! The Count, casting his eye at his well-formed limbs, thanked him for his kindness and the company for their good wishes, and vowed it would not be his fault if the scheme was not brought to a happy termination. The Gegg Club could scarcely conceal a suppressed titter, when the geggee rose, with a self-sufficient *damn-me* sort of “Good-by,” to leave the room. “A fair wind to you, my good fellow!” shouted the whole Club. “Now, see you don’t take her heart by actual storm!” The Count walked to the lobby, took his hat, and lifted the latch to make his exit; but lo! the door would not open; it was locked, and the key was out! What was to be done? This could be no trick of the landlord—these things were long *out*. So he called on the servant; but no answer cheered his ear. Wearied with trying the lock and bawling on the servant, he at length bolted into the Club-room, with the pitiful note of the prisoner starling, “Well, gentlemen, I can’t get out!” “Not get out!” cried the landlord, apparently confused and hurt. “Impossible! What has become of the servant? Pray ring the bell; but, in the meantime, my dear sir, be seated. From my heart, I regret this exceedingly.” The bell was rung; still no servant appeared. “Well, now, that is really provoking;

another evil of having pretty servant girls; they go out at night, and, in order to prevent the house from being robbed, lock the door, and put the key in their pocket. My dear fellow," continued the landlord, addressing himself particularly to the geggee, "this is really most unfortunate; but do sit down and make yourself easy, she will return immediately." The Count sat down, and took an additional glass or two, but was uncommonly restless. Every look that he cast at his silk stockings, brought the ball and the beauty to his mind. At length, wearied with waiting, and having discovered that the hour was not ten but eleven, he broke into the following ejaculation:—"Good heavens! what an imprisonment is this! It is quite intolerable. Is there no way of getting out? for really I can *not* remain any longer." The whole gist of the gegg was to be here. The acute reader will at once discover that the one servant had been sent out on purpose; and we may tell him that the other was snug in a back apartment, waiting the *particular* call of her master. The Ciub looked exceedingly thoughtful on the scheme which ought to be adopted to get the Count out of the mansion. One proposed to break open the outer door; another to call out for a ladder. At length, however, after much *anxious* discussion, it was resolved to let the Count down to the street, through the front window, by the aid of a pair of sheets. The project was thankfully grasped at by the geggee. The landlord procured the sheets, and the Count having been firmly fixed in their double, the window was raised, the geggee stepped out with his white silk stockings upon the sill, the Club seized hold of the ends of the *suspending* apparatus, and the lowering immediately took place. The gegg was now about brought to its acme; it required that the poor Count should be left suspended in middle air, which was instantly done, for no sooner was the geggee's limbs seen dangling over the shop window, than down the geggers rattled the window—and lo! his legs were permitted, handsome though they were, to waltz in mid air! Here he hung; and there his silk limbs dangled like a sign-post, for some time before he sung out; but, finding that the party he had left had no intention of allowing him to proceed to the party which was

expecting him, he bawled out lustily. The Gegg Club roared with laughter within, while he roared with rage without. The neighbours were alarmed at seeing a man hanging, like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth; and, anxious for his immediate safety, rushed in on all hands for mattresses, beds, &c., to break his fall. The street was, for a moment, in confusion; when no sooner did the geggers see that the fall would be broken, than up they banged the window, allowed one of the ends of the sheets to go, and down fell the poor Count in a fright, and a plight that rendered his visit to the ball-room and his siege of the fair fortune for that night utterly hopeless. The story soon got wind; it became the talk of that most gossiping of all places, the Coffee-room at the Cross; and though a mighty threat about satisfaction was made by the geggee to all the individuals present, the geggers remained safe and sound; and the gegg often drew forth abundant merriment, but neither apology nor bloodshed.

Such is a sample of the many pranks or whimsies of the Gegg Club, which at one time held so paramount a sway in Glasgow, and whose transactions, were they recorded with a Langbein's pen, and illustrated by a Cruickshank's pencil, would be certain to obtain as honourable a place in the library of Moinus as the immortal collectiana of Josephus Millarius, of laughter-loving memory. The meetings of this jovial and sarcastic fraternity have now long ceased, and the very few members who survive its orgies, have now necessarily "ceased their funning." Times, too, have changed, and manners also; and it is only fair to hope that, among all the young and gay spirits of Glasgow, there is perhaps not one who would be eager to revive so practical a gegg as the one we have just recorded. Peace, therefore, say we, to the manes of the Count and the Club!