

Concluding Sketches of Past and Present Clubs.

KIND and indulgent reader! we have now, at some length, attempted to place before you a few of the Clubs of Glasgow, which, during a century, have successively flourished and faded. Our task led us to exhibit the peculiarities of these fraternities in connection with some of the characteristics of the men, manners, and oddities of the period to which they belonged, for the purpose of illustrating, in some slight degree, the social condition of one of the most progressive and changing Cities in the world. Had our space been larger, or what is perhaps more needful, could we have counted on your further patience, it would have been easy to have called your attention to many other equally well-known brotherhoods. We might, for example, among the early fraternities, have spoken of the extraordinary doings of the "Beggars' Benison," whose characteristically engraved diploma at once bespoke the ruling passion of each member and his means of gratifying it; or of the jovial knightly band of the "Cape," whose strange titles so well illustrated the most striking episode in each member's private history;* or, in fine, of

* The "Cape Club" met in Mrs Scheid's Tavern, 2d flat, Buchanan-court, Trongate, and was patronised by all the *top* people of 1783-84. Richard Allan, Jun. of Bardowie, was a leading member of this fraternity. The Club motto was "Concordia fratrum decus," and the following is a copy of the diploma granted to each member:—

"Be it known to all Men, that We, Sir _____, the Super Eminent Sovereign of the Most Capital Knighthood of the Cape, Having nothing more sincerely at

heart, than the Glory and Honour of this Most Noble Order, and the happiness & prosperity of the Knights Companions: and Being desirous of extending the BENIGN & SOCIAL Influence of the ORDER, to every Region under the Cope of Heaven; Being likewise well informed, and fully Satisfied with the Abilities and Qualifications of _____ ESQ^r with the Advice & Concurrence of our COUNCIL, We do CREATE, ADMIT & RECEIVE him a KNIGHT COMPANION of this MOST SOCIAL ORDER, By the TITLE of

the long sederunts, in the olden time, of the "Consistory," that knot of scribes who all designated themselves *Clerici Glascuenses*; and who, though once in numbers many and in meetings frequent, restricted themselves of late years to a monthly assembly, and rarely boasted of more than were necessary to make up a musical quintette, with this peculiarity, however, that they were never at a loss for a first fiddle!

We might also have alluded to the singular band of oddfellows who, about the commencement of the century, assembled under the nowise attractive banner of the "Dirty Shirt;" but whose bond of union, if it was occasionally sported by some of its members when water and soap were both scarce and dear, assuredly fell prostrate before the shadow of David Denny,* and before the still more purifying effects of the articles produced under the protective favour of that purest of all saints—St Rollox!† We might have spoken of the "Amateur," whose ordinary, though rare meetings, afforded a musical treat not often equalled by our best concerts—the musical bill of fare having always contained at least a solo by the *Kalkbrenner* of the College of Justice‡—a duet from the musical *Bells* §—an Ardgarten ditty from *Sir John Carnegie* ||—and

SIR _____ and of C.
F. D. Hereby giving & granting unto him,
all the Powers, Privileges and Preeminences,
That do or may belong to this Most SOCIAL
ORDER: & we Give Command to our Recorder,
to Register this our PATENT, in the Records
of the ORDER. In Testimony Whereof, We
have Subscribed these Presents at Glasgow
Cape Hall, this _____ day of _____
in the Year of our Lord One thousand
Eight Hundred and _____

_____ Sovereign.

_____ Recorder.

No. _____ "

* Mr David Denny was the first secretary to the Glasgow Water Company; and in his days, a glass of what was then called a limpid beverage, was frequently called a glass of David Denny!

† The largest chemical work, perhaps, in the world stands on property named after St Rollox. At the present moment, it makes use annually of 20,000 tons of salt, and consumes about 80,000 tons of coals; while it manufactures products, in the shape of soda, bleaching powder, sulphuric acid, and soap, to the extent of 25,000 tons. The establishment covers about twelve acres of ground, employs 1000 workmen, and boasts the loftiest chimney-stalk in Scotland, being 450 feet in height.

‡ Now Professor of Music in the University of Edinburgh.

§ The Messrs Bell, sugar-refiners, were very good vocalists.

|| Mr John Carnegie (commonly called *Sir John*) was a poetaster and would-be satirist. The windows of the mansionhouse of Ardgarten, on Loch-Long, bear evidence of his rhyming propensity. He was the *Mr Bobby*

"*Molto honor, poco contante, poco contante!*" from the then Italian *Factotum della Città*. The dinner was always in Hutton's* best style, the wine passable, the company select, and no one refused to lend his voice either to the catch or the glee! †

We might also have recalled the joyous group of worthies who, under the designation of the "White Wine Club," assembled monthly in the house of David Dreghorn, in Long-Govan, at the time when that picturesquely-situated village still retained its rural character, and where the notable men who surrounded the Saturday's board, could eat salmon just caught under the windows of the hostelry, and freely quaff Scotland's *vin du pays*—aquavitæ—without fear of "death in the bottle!" ‡ We might have sketched a meeting of the "Town and Country," the members of which, about half a century ago, encircled, during the afternoon of many a Wednesday, the well-furnished board of the Prince of Wales' Tavern, and rarely parted, as was then the habit, without having each a spur in the head, and occasionally even shakiness in the limbs! §

Downwards of "Northern Sketches," and was a character in his day. The origin of Mr Carnegie's title, he humorously described as follows. When on a visit to Mrs Charles M'Vicar, at Levenside House, Dumbartonshire, he, on entering the drawing-room one evening after dinner, saw Mrs M'Vicar reclining on a sofa, with a favourite dog named Tartar on her lap. On Mr Carnegie approaching the lady, she said, "Well, sir, since you were so fortunate in making lately so excellent an impromptu on myself, will you try and make an equally good one on my dog." Upon which he immediately knelt on one knee, and said:—

"O happy, happy, happy Tartar,
Elysium for thee I'd barter,
To lie so near M'Vicar's garter!"

Upon which the lady instantly put her hand upon his head, and said, "Arise, and stand up Sir John Carnegie, Knight of the Garter"—which title he retained through life, and often boasted of the way he acquired it.

* The landlord of the "George," in George-square.

† The leading members, in addition to those alluded to, were—Messrs Andrew Ranken, William Brown, William Euing, John T. Alston, Thomas Hopkirk, Alexander Garden, Arthur Barclay, John Brown, Yst., Archibald Hunter, &c. The Club was always open to the leading singers of the "Gentlemen's Subscription Concerts."

‡ There was no wine on the table—the so called white wine being whisky. The worthy host was rather a facetious character, and among a thousand stories we have heard of his readiness, we may mention, that on a rather mean and narrow lady in the neighbourhood saying, "Weel, Maister Dreghorn, how are ye selling your half salmon just noo?" the host replied, "When we catch ony half salmon, madam, we'll let ye ken!" The "White Wine Club" first met in 1804.

§ The Town and Country was rather an aristocratic fraternity, although they some-

We might likewise have spoken of a host of convivial (not gambling) Card Clubs,* which, at one period more than at present, characterised this City; and more particularly of the "Jumble," which has so long existed, and which is still patronised by some of our most notable citizens—a Club which sprung up into more than ordinary stature under the life-bestowing influence of the bland and benevolent *Breeze*;† and which Club could boast, for many long years, of having its own furniture, its own wine, its own plate, and its own *coin*! ‡

We could scarcely have excluded another brotherhood—the "Rumble-gumpy"—that literary coterie of congenial spirits who were the chief contributors to the once brilliant but now long-departed "Day;" § and who, during the years 1831 and 1832, regularly assembled in a tavern kept by Mrs Anderson, on the south side of the Trongate, not far from the old mansion—now, alas! no more—where it was said that Prince Charles Edward stabled his horses when he lived in Shawfield House. It was in the snug back parlour of this well-kept hostelry, where rumbled eggs and whisky toddy were to be had in perfection, that the literary "Council of Ten," which regulated the lucubrations of the first daily paper that had ever appeared in Scotland, assisted by one of the most face-

times emulated the manners of the Campsie lairds, to which category several belonged. As a key to this brotherhood—the names of Mr Gray of Oxbang, the Messrs Davidson of Colzium, Mr Kineaid of Kineaid, Mr Buchanan of Carbeth, Mr Moses Steven of Polmadie, Mr Stephen Rowan of Bellahouston, and Dr William Anderson may be mentioned.

* Among the Card Clubs alluded to were the "Board of Green Cloth," the "Stallion," the "Oyster," the "Miss Thomson's Tea," and the "Driddle."

† The *Breeze* was the sobriquet under which the late Mr Buchanan, Tertius, a man of most benevolent disposition, was best known. The late Mr John Maxwell of Dargavel, may be said to have been, for a long time, the load-

star of the "Jumble," being carried to and from the Club-house, which was at that time in Buchanan-street, in a sedan chair,—which sedan never failed to be noticed by all passing up and down that thoroughfare, about 11 or 12 o'clock at night.

‡ In the days when silver was scarce, the Club created a seven-shilling token of their own, which passed current among the members.

§ The *Day* was first published in January, 1832, and lived throughout 112 numbers. It is allowed to have been the best literary periodical that ever Glasgow sent forth to a thankless community. Had the same talent been devoted to a journal under a Metropolitan imprint, its fame would have been more widely spread, and its career more lasting.

tious of all bibliopoles, David Robertson,* nightly met; and it was here that the poetic spirit of William Motherwell† flashed amid the eccentricities of Andrew Henderson—that the classical taste of the youthful Craigie mingled with the broad humour of J. D. Carrick—that the conversa-

Through its pages Motherwell first presented some of his beautiful verses, and Carrick some of his best contributions, which afterwards appeared in his *Whistle-Binkie*. Among its contributors were L. W. Craigie, Dr James M'Conochy, Philip A. Ramsay, W.S., R. W. Jamieson, W.S., Dr John Couper, Walter Buchanan, Alexander Graham, Richard Hall, Captain Fullarton, James Noble, the Orientalist, Dr Lumsden, Allan Fullarton, Walter Crum, Thomas Davidson, James Dobie of Beith, William Lang, Charles Hutcheson, Thomas Atkinson, C. W. Maxwell, Gabriel Neil, J. H. Maxwell, Robert Maxwell, J. H. Aitken, J. M. Leighton, and a host of others.

* Mr David Robertson was a person well known and highly esteemed, and in our literary and social circles he bore the genial appellation of "The Facetious Bibliopole." Though not a person of literary attainments himself, he was a friend to all who could lay claim to such acquirements; and in particular to the lovers and favourites of the Scottish muse he was a warm and hearty patron. His most original publications, and which obtained for him a wide celebrity, were his *Nursery Songs* and *Whistlebinkie*, in which many of the waifs and strays of the less known sons of Scottish song found a congenial home; and in the *Laird of Logan* the humours and peculiarities of national life and manners in the West of Scotland, were richly preserved and developed. He was also the publisher of two editions of Motherwell's Poems, and of the humbler but not less national effusions of Sandy Rodger. His shop for many years was the resort of most of our local celebrities, such as Motherwell, Carrick, Andrew Henderson, Pinkerton, Dr William Young, Dr Graeme, William Kennedy, &c., all of whom have passed away, not, however, without leaving a bright track in our Western horizon.

In that shop, 188 Trongate, these and many other notabilities were wont to assemble; and the delicate humour of Carrick, the explosive extravagance of Henderson, the quiet but keen criticisms of Pinkerton, the quaint drolleries of Dr Graeme, with the jocular severities of Dr Young, mixed up with the cheery giggle of Motherwell, flew about like hail, and rendered it the *Hotel de Rambouillet* of its time in Glasgow. Mr Robertson was for many years bookseller to Her Majesty, and his sudden death in October, 1854, left a blank in the Western Metropolis that will not soon be filled up.

† William Motherwell was born in Glasgow in 1797. Removing with his parents to Edinburgh, he became the pupil of Mr William Lennie, a well-known teacher there. He entered the High School of Edinburgh in 1808, and was soon after removed to the Grammar School of Paisley. In his 18th year he became clerk in the office of the Sheriff-Clerk of Paisley. In 1818-19 he attended the Latin and Greek classes in the University of Glasgow, and soon thereafter received the appointment of Sheriff-clerk-depute for Renfrewshire. In 1818, he made several contributions to the *Visitor*, a periodical published at Greenock, and the following year superintended the last edition of the *Harp of Renfrewshire*. In 1827 he edited a quarto volume called *Minstrelsy Ancient and Modern*, which secured him the friendship of Sir Walter Scott. In 1828 he began the *Paisley Magazine*, a work highly valued by the antiquarian, and of which a copy is now scarce. About the same time he became editor of the *Paisley Advertiser*, which, in 1830, he exchanged for that of the *Glasgow Courier*. In 1832 he contributed some exquisite poetry to the *Day*, a periodical to which we have elsewhere alluded, and at the

tional powers of Dr James M'Conechy found a worthy echo in the brilliant sallies of Thomas Davidson—that the theatrical reminiscences and imitations of Bob Maxwell were intertwined with the more sober and sensible sayings of Charles Hutcheson—and that the antiquarian explorations and the Byronic musings of Captain Fullarton were mixed up with the lights and shadows of modern tastes and manners, by the editor of the periodical to which each and all of the fraternity so worthily contributed.

We might also have brought into prominence the “Bridgegate Club,” the still living remembrancer of the many spates or floods to which Glasgow was so long subjected.* This fraternity first met, in 1812, in one of those once-comfortable eating-houses so long famous for tripe, cow-heel, and minced collops—on the ostensible plea of commemorating the great spate of 1782—the members being then restricted to those who had drawn their first breath within the boundaries of the occasionally Clyde-covered City, and who could protect themselves against drowning by having studied the noble science of swimming.†

same time wrote the preface to Andrew Henderson's curious volume of Scottish proverbs, and after preparing several other literary works, he died on the 1st November, 1835. An edition of his poetical works was published before and after his death, the last with a memoir by Dr James M'Conechy.

* No part of Glasgow has probably been more changed within the last 100 years than the Bridgegate, and particularly the south end of the Saltmarket. At that time, the Green extended to the Molendinar burn, which was then open; and from documents now before me, connected with a case in the Court of Session in 1765, I find that one of the witnesses depones to having seen several of the inhabitants washing their clothes in the Molendinar, and that he remembered the water was so good that people in the Bridgegate took the water thereof for the brewing of their ale! This appears to have been the case

up to 1740, when a bark dam was erected a little to the north of the Gallowgate bridge.

† To protect this Club in some manner from the dangers which might befall them at their annual meetings, which, till lately, took place in the Bridgegate, it was considered indispensable that one of the chief officers of the fraternity should be an adept in the art of natation; and, consequently, there has always been among the office-bearers one who is designated “Professor of Swimming,” and who has the privilege, during his incumbency, of wearing a handsome silver chain and medal, on one side of which is represented, in beautiful relief, Glasgow Green and the River Clyde; and, on the reverse, a view of the Bridgegate, with its handsome spire, at the moment when, over its submerged pavement, numerous boats are floating and carrying relief to its flooded and imprisoned population.

And though last, not least, we might have ventured a word or two on the defunct "Union," which, like a careless spendthrift, ran a short and merry life, and found itself at length in bankruptcy; and perhaps a brief chapter on the still flourishing "Western,"* which last brotherhood, in every respect, realises the modern acceptance of a metropolitan Club, by opening a mansion as their own especial hotel and tavern, upon the ostensible plea of eating cheap and well-cooked dinners, and on the healthful assurance of drinking wine free of "death in the bottle." What an interesting volume, even already, would the thirty years' annals of this fraternity make! Begot of the "Badger," and cradled into boyhood by the "Major," † its rise was sudden and rapid; for, ere a few months had elapsed, it had reached the heyday of manhood; and, not content with Mr M'Inroy's cast-off dwelling, in which it first took up its abode, it reared for itself a palace, which at once bespeaks the taste of him who planned it, ‡ and the wealth of those who raised funds to rear and furnish it. How curious and characteristic, too, might the memoirs of its many members be made in the hands of some graphic penman, even although the majority of those might with truth be said to be

"Nati natorum et qui nascenter ab illis."

What a stirring, yet painful episode might be made of the "Govan letters," and their fatal consequences! Strange, indeed, to think how much real misery was produced by a few otherwise sound-headed men allowing themselves to pay attention to the vile and contemptible twaddle

* It was at a meeting of the "Badger Club" where the first idea of establishing the Western Club was entertained.

† Major Monteath, its active patron.

‡ The late Mr David Hamilton. Perhaps no one has contributed more to the architectural adornment of Glasgow than that gifted and tasteful individual. To him the City owes the Royal Exchange; Hutcheson's Hospital; the Union, British Linen,

Western, and Clydesdale Banks; St Enoch's and St John's Churches; the Normal Seminary, &c., &c.; while many structures in Scotland, and particularly the far-famed Hamilton Palace, sprung from his creative and constructive intellect. Like most men of true genius, he possessed great modesty, and from his kind and convivial habits endeared himself to a large circle of attached friends, who valued his talents and bewailed his loss.

which those anonymous epistles contained; or of their once imagining that the mixture of malignity and stupidity which they displayed could have emanated from any other source than the pen of some wretched and disappointed female, who sought employment and gratification in trying to blast the characters and poison the happiness of all within her reach! * Only think, too, of the many glorious dinners which have successively arisen out of the lotteries of the Derby and St Ledger—the splendid feasts given on many occasions, and particularly to the successful China diplomatist Sir Henry Pottinger, and to the equally world-wide celebrities in art, Gibson and Marochetti! And then the oddities and quiddities that have ever and anon been sported by its youthful brethren, in its snugget parlour, when the tongue of every jovial-hearted spirit rattled on in its “whisky, buggy, gig, and dog-cart” roar of jocularity—

“When opening in a full-mouth'd cry of joy,
The laugh, the slap, the jocund song went round;”

and when each voice swelled the loud chorus—often worthy of a Rochester or Wycherley! And then its graver, calmer coteries, where every leap has been o'erleaped, and every turn or pass of *puss* have been narrated, in words that might have made the good “Old Forester” and even “Nimrod” envious; the forenoon *geggery* in the billiard-room, cannonading like the balls; the evening shuffling of the cards, bespeaking the sober hand at whist, or the more lively games of loo or hooky; or, in fine, the concluding nightly orgies of the joyous group, perched high amid the narcotic clouds of the best Havanas in the attic smoking-room. Oh for a Dickens' pen! for in good troth the subject is worthy of it. But since we have it not, let us echo the warning voice of Madame Deshouliers, which, although it may never be necessary to apply it to any of the

* For a full account of the Jury Trials connected with this subject, see *Literary Gleanings*, by the late Robert Malcolm, Esq.

respectable brotherhood of the Western, should be ever rung in the ears of all card and gambling Clubs throughout the world, that

“Le desir de gagner qui nuit et jour occupe,
Est un dangereux aiguillon,
Souvent quoique l'esprit, quoique le coeur soit bon,
On commence par être dupe
On finit par être fripon!”

Courteous reader! we have finished our task; and have only now to thank you for your patience, and to bid you farewell!