

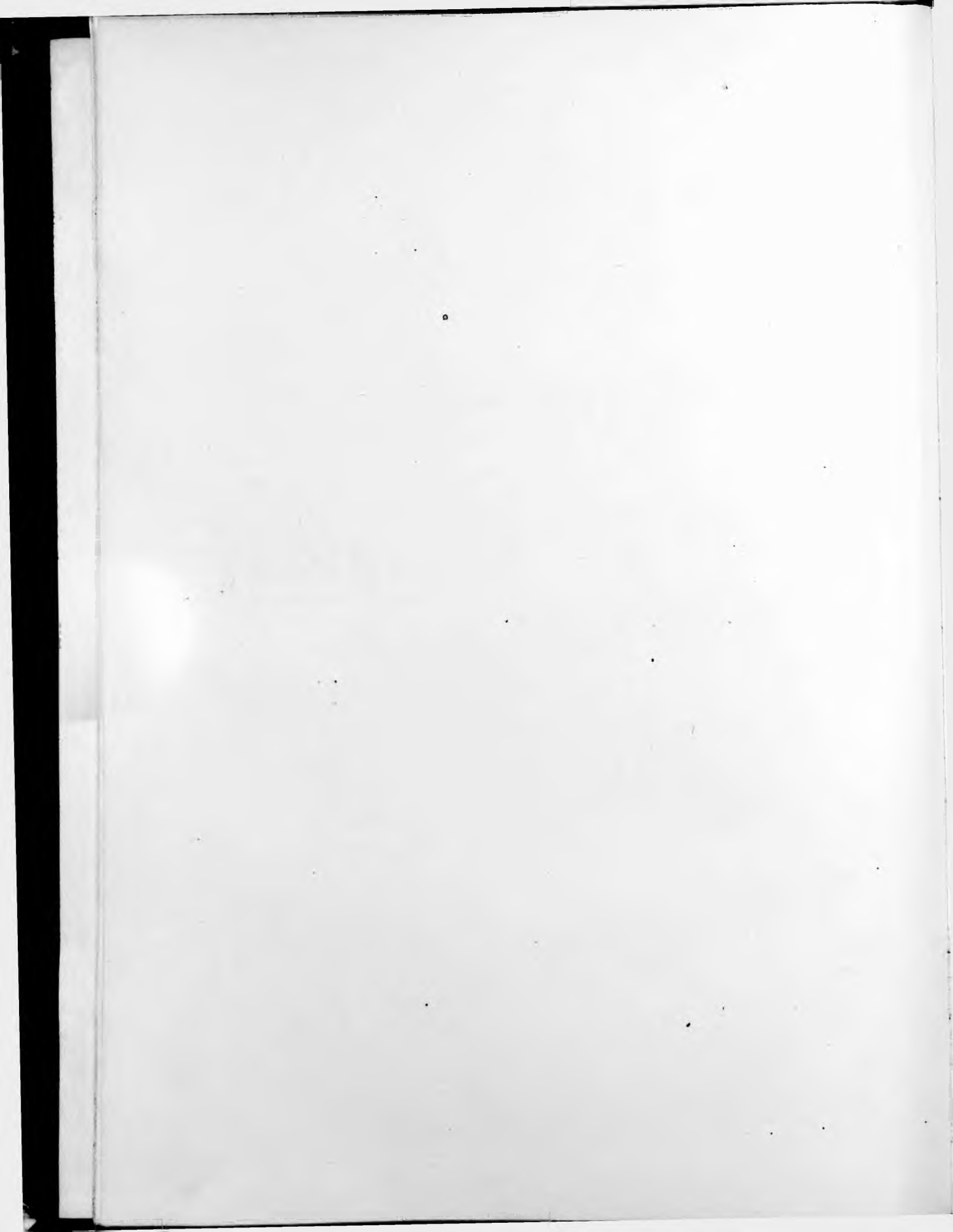
THE  
BAILIE.  
1878.-9.

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13.-14.



# The Bailie.

**"MY CONSCIENCE!"**



## MEN YOU KNOW.—VOLUME XIII.

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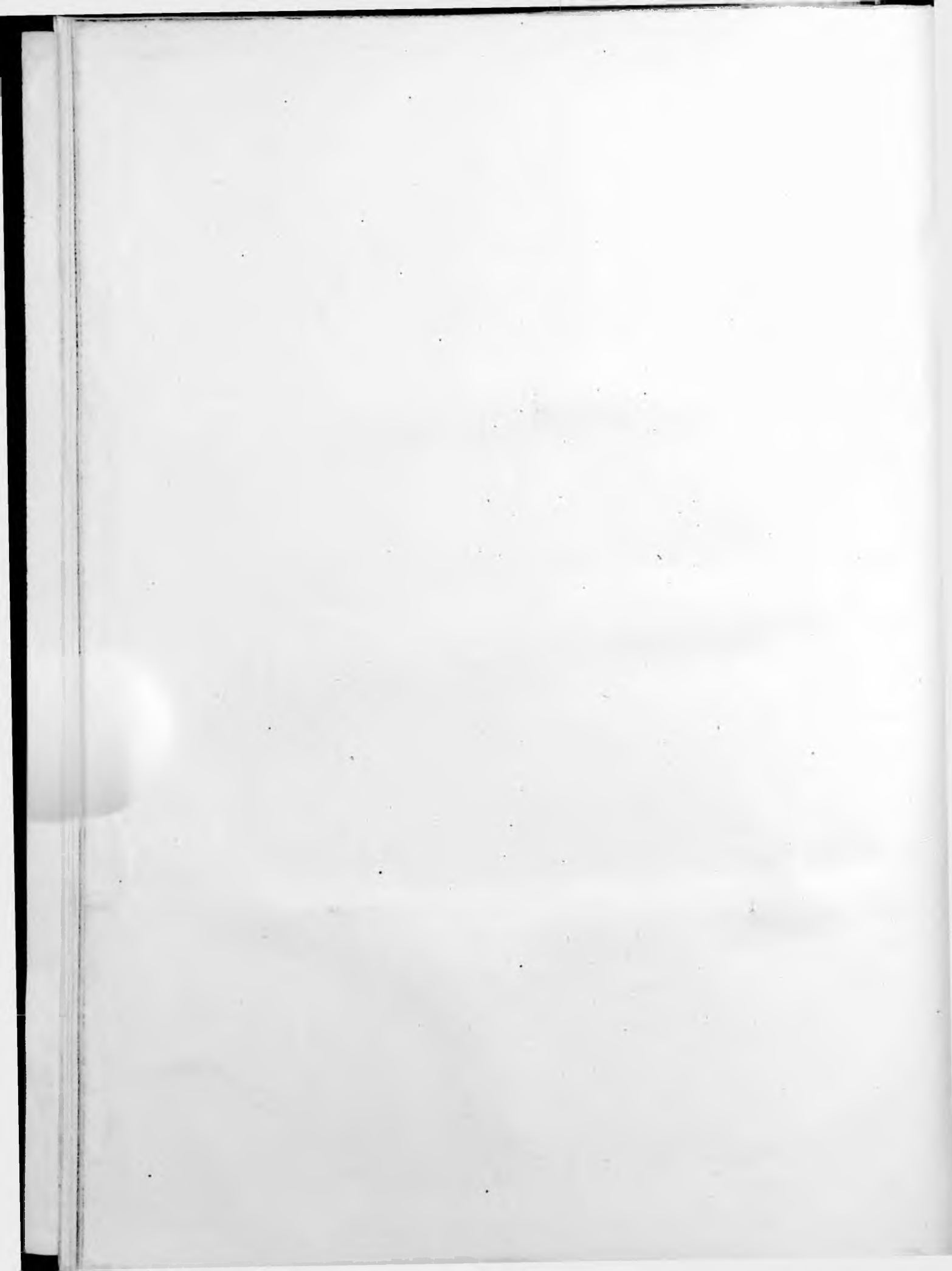


# The Daily

VOL. XIII.



1878-79.





# The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 313. Glasgow, Wednesday, October 16th, 1878. Price 1d

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 313.

THE "show bisness" is one of the institutions which prosper in the United States. We have shows and showmen in plenty at home, but the trade has never been "run" in the old country with the thoroughness which distinguishes its pursuit among our cousins on the other side of the Atlantic. "Uncle Sam" and his progeny are showmen in spite of themselves. Every Yankee is more or less of a histrion. And if your American is by any chance a public man, then he becomes an actor out and out. The scenic trait is inseparable from his character; Emerson is a showman in his own way just as Josh Billings and Mark Twain are showmen in theirs. One of the most noted of our Thespian Kinsmen is on view this week in Glasgow. JOHN B. GOUGH has lectured twice in the City Hall, and has revived the enthusiasm and the excitement which attended his appearance on the same platform one-and-twenty years ago. Mr GOUGH is nothing if not an actor. He can hardly be termed a great public speaker—a great orator he certainly is not. His matter is tawdry, *jejeune*, and commonplace. His sentences are all constructed on the same lines. His arguments are practically no arguments. But when one turns from the matter to the manner of his addresses, everything is changed. To find a parallel to this eager, earnest, impassioned figure, you must travel back for half-a-century. Never since Edmund Kean startled the world of London with the glowing impetuosity of his genius has any actor trod the boards who could possess an audience with his own personality like Mr GOUGH. There is no trick, there is not even art in his style. His vehemence, his pathos, his easy grace, the humour he can display at need, are all spontaneous. They

are the result of sudden impulse. They come quick and glowing from the energies of his nature. A part, and probably the larger part, of Mr GOUGH'S histrionic ability, is the result of the storms and pressure of his earlier days. The terrible stories of drink madness, under which he is said to have suffered for months, are probably exaggerated. His astonishing escapes from death in its more sudden and startling forms may be mythical in many of their details. But there can be no question that for years the Man you Know led a wild and wandering life. He was a sailor, he was a fisherman; he was known, and known for no good, at the meaner liquor bars of New York and Boston. Following his natural bent he went on the stage, and had his abilities had fair play, the theatre would have been richer to-day by an actor who would have revived the old glories of the English drama. As a temperance advocate Mr GOUGH is altogether unequalled. He forgets himself in his subject. He is troubled by no notions of personal dignity; he never pauses to consider whether his style is quite in consonance with the atmosphere of gentility with which he is usually surrounded. Now he will reel across the platform with the gait of a drunken sailor, now he will hic-cup out maudlin sentiment, now he will shout and scream like a man possessed. Coming swift, however, upon the impersonation of madness, is a stroke of broad fun, or a touch of tear-compelling pathos, or a burst of tawdry eloquence, which tells like a passage from Ruskin as he launches it forth with his magnificent gesture, and clear, resonant voice. Mr GOUGH was born one-and-sixty years ago in Kent, but was taken while yet a boy to America, and has followed the profession of lecturing since 1842 or '43. To say he has been successful beyond all precedent is to repeat a truism familiar to everybody. A generation has been born, and

has grown up to manhood since he first took his place on the platform, but his influence, judging from his popularity in America and from the sensation he has created in this country since his re-appearance in London at the end of summer, is as powerful with the children as it was with the fathers. To length of days has been added, in his case, a measure of attainment in the tasks he had set before him,

That life is long which answers life's great end.

#### Wise and Foolish Workers.

THE working men of Airdrie have set a sensible example to their brethren elsewhere, which the BAILIE would be glad to see the latter perpend, and follow up on occasion. Some pestiferous agitators had disfigured the walls of the district with posters calling for a "mass" meeting of the working classes, to be held in the Graham Street School, at which all were earnestly invited to attend and "show their appreciation of the 51 hour week." The Airdrie working man showed his appreciation of the same by staying away so severely that the precious promoters deemed it not worth while proceeding to business. The working man out there is glad, probably, in these times, to have the chance of working 54 hours a-week, and only hopes it may long so continue. He is a better judge, in the BAILIE'S estimation, than those 1000 weavers who came out on strike on Thursday last from Grant's mill at Mile-End—in such a period of depression, and at the beginning of winter too.

There is sometimes fun to be got even out of "letters to the editor." Thus, somebody writing to the *News* to complain of sticky paint in one of the city churches, signs himself "A Member and Adherent." A fellow of so pretty a wit deserves to have his grievance remedied at once.

A BAGATELLE.—The *Cricket and Football Times* (what next in the way of class "organs") contains an announcement that the funds of the Scottish Football Association, amounting to about £700, are deposited in the City of Glasgow Bank. A trifle like that, the Ass says, "won't much ruffle the feelings of fellows who can take £200 or £300 'gate-money' at a single match."

FROM BIG TO BIGGAR.—There may be but one step—but it is a long one—from a Trades' House deacon to a "county gentleman."

#### Vol. XIII.

THERE is no resting place in time,  
But yet his Worship's heart beats gaily,  
When thus he hails in joyous rhyme  
The thirteenth volume of the BAILIE.

Thus week by week comes out his sheet,  
Be't snowy, blowy, rainy, hailly;  
And flocks of friends will further greet  
This same new volume of the BAILIE.

For still his eagle eye descries  
All things that pass around him daily;  
He'll "shoot at folly while it flies"  
In this new volume of the BAILIE.

With high and low he'll parry blow—  
Aye, be it Gladstone or Disraeli;  
Their comings short he'll quickly show  
In this new volume of the BAILIE.

There's much more wisdom in a laugh,  
Than's found in either Kant or Paley;  
You'll welcome then the witty "chaff"  
In this new volume of the BAILIE.

And while he promised treats before—  
Who ever found his word yet fail—eh?  
He still has good things all in store  
In this new volume of the BAILIE.

Then here's the tree that never sprang,  
The fish that never swam—through scaley;  
The bird nor sang, the bell nor rang—  
The thirteenth volume of the BAILIE.

#### Sepulchral.

AT a meeting of the electors of the First Ward, held last week, Bailie Waddel was asked if he "would undertake to provide cemeteries for working men." Whether the questioner was a "bloated aristocrat" contemplating a general proletarian massacre, or an independent working man objecting to the society, even in the grave, of any but those of his own order, did not transpire. At all events, the Bailie did not seem to see the necessity for the provision desired, and the meeting appeared highly tickled by the request, though nobody was cruel enough to suggest that the eccentric heckler should seek a cemetery for himself.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.—A contemporary asserts that our navvies "have in some cases been educated at universities of the first order"—a piece of information which the BAILIE may cap with the equally interesting "fact" that the majority of our scavengers hold academical degrees.

A local paper suggests that the Kinning Park "ghost" should be shot. A consummation scarcely less desirable would be the "shooting"—with loaded hose—of the idiots who obstruct the thoroughfare wherein is the "haunted" house.

More Light.

IN this maddest of all mad worlds, no vested interests appear to be beyond the reach of a destroying fate. Holders of Bank Stock had hardly recovered from fits of cold perspiration last week, when the blissful and self-satisfied dreams of Gas Company shareholders received an awful shock. Advices from the inventive land of America revealed the fact that the practical difficulties which till now had retarded the progress of the electric light have been overcome, and a brilliant vision of dazzling splendour instantly burst upon the gaze of the dismayed gas manager and the long-suffering gas-consuming public. All sorts of wonderful results are promised us; by the mere touch of a spring we will have an illumination capable of laughing to scorn the thickest November fog; escapes of gas, with their attendant miseries of evil smells and plumber's whistling apprentices, will speedily pass into the limbo of forgetfulness; gas meters, which nobody but a gas inspector can understand, and gas inspectors who understand nothing but a gas meter, will soon become as extinct as the stage-coach or the mastodon—in short, a modified fairyland lies almost within our grasp. So far, so good; but the genius of the nineteenth century will certainly not stop at this point. Why should so sublime an invention be confined to the comparatively degrading office of lighting a shop or a warehouse, when it is capable of so many nobler ends?

In the near vista of the future, we see a policeman, fitted with a portable electric machine, and whose cumbrous bull's-eye lantern has been replaced by a patent carbon point, attached to some convenient part of his person—say, for example, his nose. Thus accoutred, and throwing the light of his countenance into all the dark alleys and closes of his beat, Tonalt would be, if possible, a greater terror to evil-doers than he is at present.

The church, too, might call the new invention to its aid. Instead of the present plan of lighting the sanctuary by ugly gas brackets, an electric wire might be attached to the clergyman himself, the other end communicating with a battery in the vestry. The senior elder, or preses of the congregation, could superintend the battery, with the assistance of the beadle, if necessary, and regulate the amount of light which their worthy pastor should exhale. Some startling effects might be produced by making the light more or less lurid in accordance with the nature of the

discourse. This plan would have the incalculable advantage that by its means the veriest duffer that ever bored a yawning congregation could not fail to become a burning and shining light.

Nor need the stage be behind in this march of progress. Those charming actresses who now deem it necessary to call in the aid of the gasman to throw a pink or blue or orange light on their lovely forms at appropriate moments, may henceforth be independent of that honest but grimy tradesman. By the use of an electric machine, artfully concealed in their back hair, they can smile on a delighted audience with the requisite shade, and without the intervention of a third party. On the whole, we seem on the brink of what may prove nothing short of a social revolution.

Let us be thankful we live in such progressive times, and, meanwhile, let us pay our gas bills with a sardonic smile, as becomes those who know that a day of deliverance is fast approaching.

The Result of the Conundrum Contest.

FOR long I tried my hand at verse,  
Till, getting in-the dundrums,  
My fond insertions grow more scarce—  
I've taken to conundrums.

Much as a soldier fresh from war  
May tire of fifes and shun drums,  
I fly the rhyming rattle far—  
I've taken to conundrums.

But why now speak of war's alarm—  
Torpedoes vile, and thundrums—  
When one thus lives remote from harm  
And quietly makes conundrums.

My time's my own, nor know I aught  
Of overseers or under 'ems;  
For here I've sought a peaceful spot  
To live and make conundrums.

I've still kept clear of pleasure's ways,  
Scorned whiskies still, and shunned rums;  
And mean to spend my afterdays  
In sifting out conundrums.

I've long been noted for a wag  
That in your ear the pun drums;  
But now of other gifts I brag—  
I glory in conundrums.

LAUGHTER FACILITATES DIGESTION.—In the good old times of the BAILIE'S father, the Deacon, it wasn't the use and wont to make the post-prandial oratory of the Trades' House an opportunity for the ventilation of grievances. When the toast went round in "the wine of the country," the Road and Bridges Bill, and Professor Shairp on the High Street, would have been bottled and put past.

## Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—The management of the Theatre Royal has elected to supply us this week with a series of operas, some of which are in Italian and some in English. The list includes "La Sonnambula," "Norma," "Martha," and "Lucretia Borgia," while among the vocalists are Mesdames Ida and Elena Corani, Signor Vizzani, and Mr Parkinson.

The Royal Pantomime for the coming Christmas season will be founded on the fine old fairy tale of "Puss in Boots," a story which every child has read with open eyes and smiling lips. I understand that a capital burlesque company is being engaged for its performance; and the scenery, which is always an important element in the Royal pantomime, is already in a forward state.

Mr Toole is announced to appear at the Royal, this night fortnight—the 28th of October.

I may whisper, by-the-bye, that Mr Toole's new London Theatre will soon be *un fait accompli*. Its position will be as nearly as possible just under where the Lion used to wag his tail, when the clock struck one, above the gateway of the old Northumberland House. The theatre will be seen from about five leading thoroughfares, and in size it will be something like John Hollingshead's London Gaiety.

Your musical critic has something to say in another column, I understand, my magistrate, concerning the quality of Mr Sullivan's "H.M.S. Pinafore" music, and I will, therefore, content myself with chronicling the success at the Gaiety, last week, of this latest Gilbert and Sullivan opera. The house was filled every night.

Mr J. H. Ryley, the *Sir Joseph* of the "Pinafore," and the *Wellington Wells* of the "Sorcerer," is one of those rare fellows who prefer art to money. For years he was a popular Music-Hall vocalist, doing three or four "turns" every night, and earning a correspondingly large salary, but when he saw his way to leaving the music-hall for the theatre he did this at once, although it necessitated at first the sacrifice of considerably more than two-thirds of his income. Now, I am glad to know, he is rapidly gaining such a position on "the boards," as will amply repay him for the sacrifice he made at the outset of his theatrical career.

The "Sorcerer" will be given this week at the Gaiety, and next week we are promised a visit from Miss Jennie Lee, who will of course appear as *Jo*.

Mr Bernard's Covent Garden enterprise is turning out a big success. On Thursday and Saturday last a great Scottish Festival was provided for behoof of the concert goers, the solos at which were sung by Miss Marion Vallance and Miss Bessie Aitken, while Mr W. S. Vallance read "Tam o' Shanter" and "The Wedding of Shon M'Lean." The theatre was crowded on both occasions, the money taken on Saturday alone having amounted to over £600.

I have already given some hints in this column regarding "Jane Seton," the new Scottish drama which is played by Miss Annie Baldwin and Mr J. F. Cathcart, and which is founded on one of the stories of the popular Mr James Grant. It will be played to-night at the Prince of Wales Theatre for the first time in Glasgow.

For an afterpiece to "Jane Seton," they are putting up Funnand's famous burlesque of "Black-Eyed S(e)usan," the chief part in which will be supported by Miss Louise Balse, a young lady who is not wholly unknown to the Prince of Wales' boards.

"They say" that the pantomime at the Prince of Wales will be "Blue Beard." Mr Coleman's last pantomime at this house was "The Yellow Dwarf," and was a success both from a spectacular and a monetary point of view.

Two of our managers, I believe, Mr Glover and Mr Bernard, were in Manchester on the Thursday of last week. There was a great meeting, indeed, of the first and second-class managers over the kingdom, in Cottonopolis, on the occasion. They met, dined together, and discussed theatrical arrangements generally for 1879.

Isn't there something loose in the dealings of the Lord Chamberlain with theatrical matters, when such a catastrophe as

that of Friday night could have occurred in Liverpool? His Lordship's potters about first-class houses where every care has been taken to provide ample means for ingress and egress, annoying the lessees and otherwise interfering with business, and yet he seems to wink at passages in a music hall as faulty as those which exist in the Liverpool Colosseum, a house from which the theatrical license was withdrawn a year ago.

Mr John Brown, the energetic Secretary of the Glasgow Science Lectures Association, has just issued his prospectus for the coming session, which begins in the City Hall on the 14th of next month. The opening lecture will be given by Mr H. M. Stanley, who will give us an account of his journey "Through the Dark Continent." Professor Seeley of Cambridge, Professor Rolleston of Oxford, and Professors Flowers and Balfour Stewart, and Mr J. M. Thomson, F.C.S., are the other lecturers.

There will be a crowded audience in the Paisley Abercorn Rooms on the evening of to-morrow week—Tuesday the 22d inst., when the Hon. Mrs Campbell of Blythswood, Lady Clerk of Penicuik, Miss Napier, Miss Theodora Napier, Major Coghill of the 19th Hussars, Captain Holloway of the 91st Highlanders, and Walter Campbell, Esq., will give a grand amateur concert and dramatic entertainment in aid of the Parsonage Fund of Trinity Episcopal Church, Paisley. Mr W. H. Cole of this city will be the violinist.

Mr Airlie is carrying on his musical season with capital spirit. For Saturday next he promises us a company of first-class vocalists, including Misses Abell and Percy, Mr Pearson, and Mr Federici, together with the new Glasgow Orchestra under Mr Cole, and Mr Berger as pianist, in the City Hall; while the audience in the New Halls will be presented, on the same evening, with a "Grand Tannahill night," which will be supported, among others, by Miss J. Simpson, Miss Minnie Bell, Mrs Gourlay, and Mr Gourlay, and Messrs Finlayson, M'Connell, Turvey, and Thom.

"The Sight of the City," as revealed by Messrs Buchanan & Johnson, is no optical illusion, but a striking display of high-class habiliments. That busy corner of old Glasgow—Hutcheson Street and Trongate—so well known to your worthy father, the Deacon, is transformed by this enterprising firm into a handsome pile, specially fitted up as a clothing concern, wherein the human form divine—and otherwise—may be suitably dealt with. Go, my Magistrate, and see the stock, and "tryst" a pair of B. & J.'s wonderfully cheap "unmentionables." Q.

## CELTIC GEOGRAPHY.

(Scene—St. Enoch Station.)

*Inquiring Stranger* (to Tugal, a fresh-caught member of "ta force")—Can you tell me where Garnethill is?

*Tugal* (scratching his head)—She'll no pe sure, put she'll think she's peyont Partick.

*Sew It Seams*—That a taylor cannot always cut according to his cloth.

"The Sovereign'st Thing on Earth"—Hard cash.

"LIMITED" LIABILITY.—In for a penny, in for a pound.

Of Moment—The time is out of joint. We'll be after 'ours, then. [Don't ye wish ye may get it?]

"HOP" TOLD A FLATTERING TALE.—The poet who wrote of "Autumn, sober season of the year," forgot all about the October brewings.

A Captured "Buff."

A CURIOUS paragraph "went the rounds" last week to the effect that a Sheffield policeman had captured a Buffalo in the street at an early hour in the morning. The BAILIE was at first sadly puzzled to understand how such an animal happened to be abroad in the streets of an English manufacturing town; but a friend suggested a possible explanation by reminding his Worship of the existence of a certain Order, some of whose members have been known to find themselves in the streets at an early hour and in a condition warranting "capture."

IN MEMORIAM: PETER HAMILTON.

In the great City, where his lot  
Was cast, and life's allot ed span  
He passed, almost where it began,  
Not every, even, honest, man  
Has left a name more free from blot!

Shrewd, earnest, genial, to the call  
Of duty; never known to flinch,  
Or bate a jot or yield an inch  
Of right to might—and, at a pinch,  
A friend reliable to all!

Few were so useful. Not to know  
Praiseworthy PETER upon 'Change,  
Argued that e'en thyself wert strange  
Where merchants congregate,—but range  
The Land of Cakes—where'er thou'lt go,

From Caithness even to Cam'elton—  
His mourning friends may question whether  
Thou'lt find, in foul or fairest weather,  
Stepping along, in sound shoe leather,  
On City flags or Highland heather,

A worthier Scot than HAMILTON.

Isle of Bute, October, 1878.

SHAKSPERE, NOT NEILSON, ON THE "COUNTRY GENTLEMAN."—"I am Robert Shallow, sir, a poor esquire of this county, and one of the King's justices of the peace."

A Question to be Answered—Sir Robert Peel once asked, "What is a pound?" The BAILIE now asks, "What is a bank?"

Aye I.—A big "spec," with some directors, must have been a speck all in their eye. They saw neither very far nor clearly.

What Mr "Taylor" might have seen—That a stitch in time might have saved nine.

The Neilson Institution—The fine new country gentleman, all of the modern time.

A Lesson—That banking is neither tayloring nor pottering.

Banks from which the City can always Draw—The banks of Loch-Ketturin.

George to the Rescue.

THE BAILIE has to thank Mr George Anderson for taking up the cudgels in defence of his native city against Principal Shairp at the Trades' House dinner last Wednesday. It well became one of our representatives to give the lie publicly to the Professor of Poetry who suffered his imagination to lead him astray, and the "apostle of sweetness and light" whose bitter "darkening of knowledge" he quoted. May we ever have champions thus able and willing to do battle with the slanderers within and without our gates!

Shakespeare and Collins.

LAST week the BAILIE drew attention to Mr Martin's improvements upon the text of Shakespeare. He has now to congratulate the Lord Provost upon a similar service to literature. At last meeting of the Water Commission his Lordship remarked that certain "parties" "seemed disposed to exact every pound of flesh they could get." This is giving literally new weight to a familiar citation. Perhaps Mr Collins will, as his leisure permits, oblige us with further proofs of his ingenuity in this direction.

WILLING TO OBLIGE.

(Scene—Rural Mansion-House among the trees. Hedge Cutter at work near the avenue, and illiterate Tramp looking at printed board over Gateway.

*Illiterate Tramp* (hungrily).—"Say, mate, what does that 'ere board say, anything agin Tramps?"

*Hedge Cutter*.—"Not at all, it says, "To feu, apply at the House."

*Illiterate Tramp* (incredulously).—"You don't say so." "Too few apply at the House," then up I gets. I could go a fourpound loaf and a quart of good beer this precious minit, yes, and I could come back to-morrow again, too.

DONALD AND HIS TOES.

(Scene—Apothecary's shop).

Enter Donald (who is "complaining")—Is the docthor in?

*Doctor*—What is the matter?

*Donald*—Oh, docthor, docthor, she'll be very bad, and she'll be wrought among watter, and has got chilblains in the taes o' her hands and the fingers of her feet!

A Text for the Times—The Parable of the unjust Steward.

## Megilp.

A MEETING of the sub-Committee of the Institute was held last Monday for the purpose of revising the circular to painters who are invited to contribute to the Annual Exhibition. The Institute are determined to do their best to improve the art-tastes of the Glasgow public, and they wish all artists who send pictures distinctly to understand that they are expected to send examples of their best work—the work that shows most clearly the progress they have made during the year. It is earnestly to be hoped that artists—especially Glasgow artists—will recognise the noble end the Institute have in view, and do all that lies in their power to promote its attainment. The Institute will not accept inferior pictures from good men. We in Glasgow need all “the sweetness and light” we can possibly procure; the canvases on our Exhibition walls should be such as will help our people to grow in culture and refinement.

The Water Colour Society have completed their preparations for the ensuing Exhibition. The Hanging Committee will be Messrs Powell, MacTaggart, and Greenlees. The private view will take the form of an “afternoon tea.”

In connection with the proposal to hold a Black and White Exhibition the consideration of the whole subject has been remitted by the Water Colour Society to a committee consisting of Messrs Powell, Glover, Cameron, and Blatherwick.

Mr Colin Hunter and Mr Hugh Cameron will, I understand, take up their abode this winter, for some time at least, in Helensburgh. They will be welcome additions to the pleasant little “art circle” Helensburgh can already boast of.

Mr Wm. Young is working, at present, in the Pass of Killi- crankie, on the bank of the Garry—a more satisfactory bank, he remarked to a friend of mine, than the City—even in its palmiest days. The woods all around him are literally “hingin’ yellow” but the weather is wretched.

Mr J. Maculloch of London is at Kyle Akin, Skye. Mr R. Anderson, the water colour painter, has returned to Edinburgh from England. Mr J. E. Christie has settled again in London.

A competent judge has spoken to me in very high terms of Mr Hamilton Macallum’s past season’s work at Tarbert. His large picture of boys bathing is declared to be full of bright, delicate work. Mr Macallum has returned to London, and Mr David Murray is now alone at Tarbert.

Among the artists who have returned to Glasgow are Messrs Henderson, Woolnoth, A. K. Brown, Mackellar, Davidson, Boyd, Taylor, and Docharty.

Mr Henderson has been very busy all summer, and has worked to good purpose. He brings back with him from the Kyles, the best picture he has yet painted—a Highland waterfall. This canvas cannot but increase Mr Henderson’s already high reputation. It is full of nature, delicately and truthfully rendered. You can almost hear the splashing of the cool water.

Mr White’s third Exhibition at the “North British Galleries” is now open, and contains many fine works. There are one hundred and twelve pictures altogether, some of them large and important.

“In an Orange Grove,” by Mr C. E. Perugini—one of last year’s Royal Academy pictures—shows great technical skill, and is a fine example of the school that is led by Leighton, the possible new President of the Academy.

“Winter,” by L. Munthé, is one of the best snow pictures I ever saw. The snow looks as if it would yield to the tread.

In “The Widow,” the head, I believe, was done by Geo. P. Chalmers: the greater part of the figure and hands by Mr Pettie. The head is very powerful; Mr Pettie’s work on it I don’t like so much.

Mr Pettie’s own picture, “The General’s Quarters,” is very clever. Good also, although quite in another way, is “A Colorado Beetle,” by Mr E. Nicol. The humour of the picture is admirable.

Mr Hall Maxwell opens an exhibition this week in Messrs Kay & Reid’s of the pictures he has painted this year in France. I can only say just now that the collection will be found very interesting. Mr Maxwell has made surprising progress in the practice of his art. R.

“Sir Edward” and his Prophet.

LAST Thursday evening Sir Edward Colebrooke addressed his Govan constituents. His remarks were naturally devoted chiefly to the Roads and Bridges question, with which his name is now so inseparably identified, but as he had nothing new to say in the shape of argument, the BAILIE has nothing new in that of criticism. One or two of the remarks of Provost Wilson, who was in the chair, were, however, too good to be passed over in silence. Sir Edward, he said, “never descended to popular arts for the purpose of winning popular applause”—a proposition which no one will dream of contradicting. “A gentleman himself, he assumed that others were the same”—and that, no doubt, they are above grumbling when their pockets are picked in a “gentlemanly” manner. “The civic authorities forgot what was due to themselves and the city when they said anything in regard to the conduct of Sir Edward.” With this last quotation the BAILIE will stop. What it means is not exactly clear, except that “Sir Edward,” like the monarch, can do nothing wrong. His Worship will just add, however, that there is one “civic authority” who abides at 81 Virginia Street, and who intends henceforward, as in the past, to say anything he thinks proper in regard to the conduct either of “Sir Edward” or of any other public man.

## ROOTS AND FRUITS.

When throws in life’s lottery turn up a blank,

When fate for life’s web seems to both spin and weave ‘ill,  
Perhaps large dividends are what most ye’ve to thank,  
The loving of money the root of all evil!

## Spirited.

FRESH force was given at Aberdeen the other day to the expression “spirited away.” Certain Glasgow joiners who had gone north to take the places of local workmen on strike, were met at the station by representatives of the latter, supplied copiously with “refreshments,” and then sent home. It is to be hoped that the “spiriting” on both sides was “done gently.”

Come Weal, Come Woe.—Asinus, clay’d u;  
doubtless, would like much to know if the ban;  
was broken upon a potter’s weal. Peter refer  
him to a-delf-ic oracle.

## THE AGE WE LIVE IN.

First dredger, now ledger; first “double,” now bubble;  
Still beginning, never ending; always, ever, something pendin;

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the Bank failure is a bad business. That we're afraid we haven't heard the worst of it yet.

That the liquidation will supply a fine picking for somebody.

That the vultures are already gathering round prey.

That the lawyers are looking forward to a rich harvest of fees from the liquidation.

That the Trades' House dinner took place last week.

That the proceedings were hardly a credit to the members of the Incorporated Trades.

That the scene between ex-Deacon Convener Neilson and his critics was livelier than it was seemly.

That the member of the House who interrupted Mr George Anderson was a boor.

That the coming elections promise to be the tamest on record.

That "young Jeems" wants to be a Coon-cillor like "his faither afore 'um."

That the Second Ward has a pretty pair to choose from in "young Jeems" and J. M. Cunningham.

That the Provost of Govan is a thick-and-thin supporter of the member for the Lower Ward.

That at a certain point political support becomes personal toadyism.

That Sir Edward Colebrooke didn't help his position a bit by his Roads and Bridges speech on Thursday in Govan.

That the new Dean of Guild has taken his seat.

That his hands won't be very full for some time to come.

That the Tron Kirk is about to be lifted.

That "the liftin'" is usually a sad job.

That at onyrate we'll be glad to get redd o't.

That thae engineerin' lads are proposin' a grand scheme tae clean the Clyde.

That unless they fin' oot a scheme tae pay for the cleanin' we'll hae nane o' their nonsense.

That auchpence a pound—"bit the thing's no possible!"

That the erection of the new municipal buildings in George Square is about to be begun.

That Councillor Salmon is about to retire from the Town Council.

That we shall be glad to know that the Councillor is taking his place among other competing architects for the erection of the buildings.

That the competing plans for the new build-

ings will be studied with keen interest by the public.

That it's high time the Council were announcing publicly the terms of the competition.

That this point ought to be brought up at some of the Ward meetings.

That Alexander M'Donald pointed out what he had done for the miners in a letter to last week's *Herald*.

That he might supplement his letter this week with another, pointing out what Alexander has done for himself.

Heads, I Win; Tails, You Lose.

THE long-eared one is also long-headed. He intends, if Peter and Bauldy will join him, to invite from the public generally the keeping in trust of its superfluous moneys. They will lend largely of these moneys to each other, and by them speculate and trade. If there be profit, good; if there be loss, there's loss—and which must of course be borne by the trusting investors. Asinus himself has no objection to invest at least a shilling; but the public is expected to send in its hundreds.

A PLAGUE ON BOTH YOUR HOUSES!

Pure banking needs no double face,  
When there is gold, there needs not gilding,  
A front, though new, won't screen disgrace—  
What aim then had the Bank for building?  
A Bank its bills that couldn't meet,  
Might well have wanted "Glassford Street."

A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOR EVER.—The proposal of widening "Glasgow" Bridge has been up once more before their Honours. The bridge's façade being of about the highest degree of excellence, there can be no legitimate mode of widening in which this is not preserved. Since, however, the hideous structure was raised alongside, what is now made "architecturally" of "Glasgow" Bridge may be perhaps of little public interest.

A TIMELY SERVICE.—A Leeds minister having come back from India with ruined health and shattered nerves, his friends kindly presented to him a silver tea-service—to complete the ruin of his nerves, of course!

A respectable gardener, "who can produce anything from a cabbage to a pine-apple," should hire out as a conjuror. These gentlemen usually limit their powers of production to such commonplace things as eggs and oranges.

Coins of Vantage—G'!' for paper.



## OVERCOATS,

Best Styles,

**TRONGATE CLOTHING COMPANY.**

Lowest Prices,

54 TRONGATE.



SOLD EVERYWHERE,  
**HENRY THOMSON & CO'S**  
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**IRISH WHISKY.**  
 SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—  
 ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

**MACDOUGALL'S RESTAURANT,**  
 MAXWELL STREET, OFF ARGYLE STREET,  
 NOW OPEN.  
 Cheap and Excellent Luncheons.  
 Wines and Ales not to be surpassed  
 Spirits supplied in quantities of Two Gallons and upwards.

FIRST GREAT SHOW OF THE SEASON OF PARIS COSTUMES,  
 ROBES DE CHAMBRES, MILLINERY, &c., AT

**THE CALEDONIAN HOUSE,**  
 165 AND 167 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

MR COPLAND'S RETURN FROM PARIS.

**MESSRS COPLAND & LYE** have much pleasure in announcing to the Citizens of Glasgow and the West of Scotland **THEIR FIRST GREAT SHOW** of the SEASON of High-Class Costumes, Gorgeous Robes de Chambres, Splendid Dressing Gowns and Morning Toilettes, High-Class Millinery, Splendid Flowers, Feathers, Head-Dresses, Juvenile Costumes, Jackets in Cloth, Silk, Satin, Cashmere, and Fur. Also, Fur-Lined Jackets and Cloaks, Seal-Skin Jackets, Fur Capes, Collarettes, Fur Jackets, Boas, Fur Trimming, Seal-Skin Turbans and Hats, Grand Collection of French Dress Materials, Rich Silks, Satins, and Velvets. Also, Ribbons of the Newest and Choicest kinds, Rare and Valuable Laces, the Finest and Best Makes of French and Brussels Kid Gloves, Mitts, &c., &c. Every Department is filled with the Choicest of Goods, yet the Prices are strikingly Moderate, for, notwithstanding the *Extraordinary Influx of Visitors in Paris this Summer*, Manufacturers, Costumiers, Modistes, and Artistes, have been, and are, much disappointed with the results. Extraordinary preparations were made, and the most sanguine expectations were indulged in, yet doomed to disappointment, hence Large Stocks of the Most Valuable of Costumes, Robes, and High-Class French Productions are thrown into the market for realisation. Mr COPLAND was happy in his selection of Rare and Beautiful Costumes, the surpassing beauty of which exhausts the vocabulary of ecstatic admiration.

Free invitation is given to the Ladies of Glasgow to this **OUR FIRST GREAT SHOW**. At the same time Ladies will have an opportunity of seeing **THE FINEST WAREHOUSE EXTANT**. Also, the **HANDSOMEST SALOON** in the World for the Display and Exhibition of Costumes, Jackets, Millinery, &c., &c.

Ladies are invited to walk through the Caledonian House daily, as Novelties and Special Bargains are being continually laid out.

**COPLAND & LYE,**  
 CALEDONIAN HOUSE, 165 AND 167 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.



FORSYTH'S  
GREATCOATS AND ULSTERS.

NEWEST STYLES.

LARGE VARIETY.

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WALTER WILSON & Co.,  
WHOLESALE HAT MANUFACTURERS,  
WAREHOUSEMEN, MILLINERS, &c.

SINGLE HATS, of all kinds, at Wholesale Prices.

GENT.'S HATS, LADIES' HATS,  
BOYS' HATS, MISSES' HATS.

The Largest Display of High-class HATS ever seen in our Warehouse.

Gentlemen who have paid more should try our FELT HAT at 7s (Guaranteed).

The New LANGTRY HAT, in Velvet, complete, 4s 6d. Velvet BEEFEATER HATS, wonderful value, 2s.

1000 MILLINERY BONNETS, from 2s to £10.

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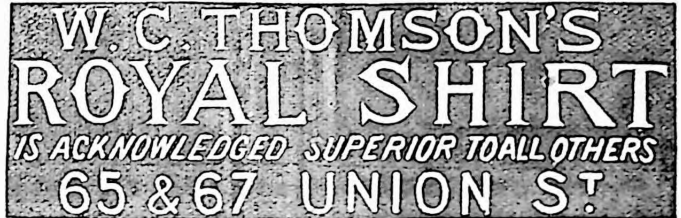


FOR INDIGESTION, FLATULENCY,  
NERVOUSNESS, &c.

Stands pre-eminent for Purity and Strength,  
and is recommended by the Faculty.  
Sold by Chemists and Wine Merchants.

6<sup>d</sup> HAIR CUT AND SHAMPOED. 6<sup>d</sup>  
M'LEAN, 96 MITCHELL STREET.

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11 GORDON STREET,  
OPPOSITE COMMERCIAL BANK.



WALKER'S  
BANTING (ANTI-CORPULENT) BISCUITS  
Will prevent you getting over Stout.  
WALKER'S  
SCOTCH FARLS (OAT MEAL CAKES),  
Will prevent you getting Thin.  
SOLD BY GROCERS, &c.  
Prepared only by  
JOHN WALKER, Manufacturer of Biscuits to the Queen,  
GLASGOW.

DAVISON'S  
CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE  
GINGER BEER.

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE  
YEAR ROUND;" WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC.  
As supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

THOMAS DAVISON,  
DISPENSING CHEMIST,  
126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

THE BAILIE.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16th, 1878.

OF all the ungracious criticisms with which this critical age is infested, perhaps criticism of an after-dinner speech is the most ungracious. The orator, "with fat capon lined," is under the protection of a vague sort of plenary indulgence, which renders him for the nonce irresponsible for his words. Whatever may be his character and disposition in private, during the ten minutes he is on his legs he is expected to be sympathetic, large-hearted, and jovial. If his speech is to be a success, he must appear a philanthropist with the catholic sympathies of a John Howard; a wit, with a perceptible flavour of

Rabelais; and a patriot of the most pronounced music-hall type. Of course his hearers know that it means nothing, and he knows that his hearers know that it means nothing; but still the dreary deceit which deceives nobody is religiously kept up. At the same time it is quite possible for an enthusiastic speaker to overstep even the wide bounds of this special license; and when the BAILIE heard his friend ex-Deacon Convener Gilchrist state in the most impressive tones, at the Trades House dinner last week, that we "had conserved everything that our forefathers handed down to us since 1607" he felt, even while applauding, that the joke was being carried a little too far. It is the crowning glory of our age that, while we have undoubtedly plenty of sins and follies of our own, we have substituted them for those of past generations, and not added them thereto. For instance, our forgers, police detectives, and bank directors are bad enough, but they have entirely superseded the highwaymen and footpads of our forefathers. An Ulster coat and a felt hat may not be a particularly dignified attire for a gentleman, but at least we have had the common sense not to combine them with the silk stockings, lace ruffles, and gilt small-sword of dead-and-gone dandies. Drinking "nips" of brandy half the day, and playing billiards or "nap" half the night, is not a commendable way to spend a lifetime, but if these pursuits were associated with a taste for cock-fighting or bull-baiting, matters would be much worse. Our sweethearts and wives are certainly objects of commiseration in their tight skirts and high-heeled boots, but they no longer endure the miseries of face-patches or hair powder. Cook's excursions, tramway cars, and chemical works are not un-mixed blessings, but, on the other hand, we have ceased to consider duelling and going to bed drunk the chief end of man, nor do we now hang people for sheep-stealing. Even Mr Gilchrist himself, in his calmer moments, will readily admit that we exercise a wise disregard for most of the things our forefathers have handed down to us.

#### Disenchantment.

**B**EHOLD how we grow wiser every day! Sheriff Clark informed the members of the Trades House last week that he—*he*, Sheriff Clark, remember—"was only a man having like passions with themselves." Fancy that! But isn't it rather cruel, Sheriff, thus to destroy our most cherished illusions?

#### Some more Definitions.

**T**HE success of Professor Shairp's definition of our High Street as "the nether pit of social barbarism" has induced the BAILIE to set the combined ingenuity of his young men to the task of finding equally appropriated definitions for other localities in the city. He admits with becoming humility that no individual member of his staff is as clever as the Northern apostle of sweetness and light, but, taken collectively, he is prepared to back them against any poet that ever breathed, from William Shakespeare to Martin Tupper. The following is the production of the united wisdom of 81 Virginia Street:—

- The Arcade—The chosen haunt of half-fledged puppydom.
- Buchanan Street—The happy hunting-ground of female frivolity.
- The Stock Exchange—The bear-garden of money-grubbing rascality.
- George Square—The exaggerated board of an Italian image-man.
- The Kelvinside District—The Sahara desert of purse-proud Philistinism.
- Gilmorehill—The sanctuary of self-satisfied mediocrity and tenth-rate culture.
- The Roads out of the City—The ways of escape from the City of Destruction.

Some of these riflemen who attend our Western Meeting at Cowglen, although accustomed to make long scores, seem to be afflicted with short memories. An advertisement in a contemporary tells us that "Mr M'Dougall is requested to call for Rifle which he Left about beginning of August.—Apply Boots, Lordship's Larder." It may be that this citizen soldier left his rifle to pay for his shot, and his score may have been so big that he boots not to return for his weapon.

**MEN OF LETTERS**—There has been a recent exchanging of letters between His Worship and Asinus, the latter having exchanged I. O. U. for the L. S. D. of the former. Bauldy, the BAILIE fears, is becoming one of those slop writers who enjoy every opportunity of abbreviating. Of late he has taken to spelling "speculation" without the s.

#### FAMILY DIFFERENCES.

*Fond Wife*—You did not take me through the Trossachs to see Loch Katrine and Stronachlachar this season.

*Husband* (mixed up with City Bank business)—No, my dear, I don't think you'll see Stronach laughin' for some time to come.

A Rotten Plank—"As sure's the bank."

Quavers.

WHILE readily acknowledging the artistic finish and melodiousness of Mr Sullivan's share of "H.M.S. Pinafore," one is forced to say that there is little or no originality in the music. Indeed it could not be otherwise. Where there is burlesque of situation there must of necessity be imitation, and H.M.S. Pinafore is chiefly of the nature of travesty. The music of this opera-absurdity, as the piece should be called, is throughout a reminiscence of fifty different styles, all mixed up in *olla-podrida* fashion. There is of course an undoubted healthy British flavour apparent in the piece, but it gets little chance of asserting itself. This kind of thing, indeed, is death to the composer's fame. With a "libretto" of human interest and sympathy, in place of one of cynical coldness and indifference, Arthur Sullivan would do justice to his really splendid abilities, and that fatal tendency to imitation which is encouraged so much in this curious copartnery would be overcome, while present profit, one may be sure, would not be the only return.

H.M.S. Pinafore seems a downward step from "The Sorcerer," the more enjoyable of the two, to our mind.

For their first concert this year the Hillhead Musical Association have selected Macfarren's Christmas Cantata and Mendelssohn's Festgesang. Orchestral accompaniment is desirable, if not indispensable, for the second-named work, and will of course be employed. Signor L. Zavertal is conductor, as hitherto.

The Amateur Orchestral Society, under the guidance of the above talented musician, have adopted the old-fashioned "open night" in lieu of the dress concert. The first is an inexpensive way of entertaining friends, and is often quite as agreeable as the other more showy (and costly) plan.

The Bellahouston Association are understood to have been rather fortunate in the enrolment this season of some superior voices, and strong hopes are entertained that unusually good concerts will be given. Andreas Romberg's rather neglected "Lay of the Bell" is their chief "subject of study" for their first appearance before friends, and their choice of part songs is fresh and discriminative. These include Benedict's "Wreath," Prout's "Hail to the Chief," and one of Hargitt's able arrangements of Scottish melodies—"Welcome Royal Charlie." Mr W. Moodie is again the conductor.

The Partick people having awakened to their musical necessities, an association has been formed under the leadership of Mr Duncan Smyth. They intend starting with Sullivan's "On Shore and Sea." There must be a deal of musical talent in the district *blue-moulded*, as an Irishman would say, *for want of a batin'*. Read baton, BAILIE, and you have the joke, such as it is.

Another new society has been formed in the West—the Harmonic—to be conducted by Mr E. Senior. They are going in for Haydn chiefly, the Imperial Mass and a portion of "The Seasons" of that master having been fixed on.

Mentioning Haydn's "Seasons" reminds us to say that the St George's Choral Union may not improbably reproduce some of that model cantata music in the course of the present season.

The Pollokshields Society have as yet fixed only on Spohr's "God, Thou art Great," but they are likely to take up some modern cathedral anthem music, of which we have some choice examples by Stainer, Sebastian Wesley, Elvey, and Goss. Signor Zavertal, *seniore*, has again the musical charge of the society.

Mendelssohn can hardly be said to be neglected this season. This composer is rather in favour, in fact, though he has his special friends perhaps. The Baptist Association—Mr Lamont, conductor—take up his "Athalie," the St Vincent Street Choir having likewise selected it, as was mentioned the other day. This useful society will also, with the Pollokshields people, do something for the encouragement of British art, some cathedral anthems of the day being in their scheme. Mr Swan, jun., is the accompanist of both the "Baptist" and "Pollokshields" societies.

Mr Lambeth's Choir in the Kibble Palace, and Mr Archer's Choir in the City Hall, on the forthcoming Fast-day evening,

provide the citizens with a not unsuitable way of passing that usually profitless part of the bi-yearly occasion. And, by the way, this Fast-day concert at the Kibble will be the first appearance of the new body of voices under Mr Lambeth's training.

Mr Miller's Society will also give a concert on the Fast night, in the New Halls, under the rather attractive title of "Gems from the Oratorios."

A new musical society has been started at Crosshill, with the best prospects of success. There was a largely-attended preliminary meeting the other night in the Burgh Hall, when the scheme was launched, with Provost Browne as honorary president, and an enthusiastic working committee. It was indeed time that Crosshill, not by any means inactive in other matters, should awaken from the state of musical lethargy it had fallen into.

It is remarkable in what favour organ recitals continue to be held. Their power to attract is a proof in its way of cultivated musical taste. Organists such as Dr Peace at the New Halls, Mr Channon Cornwall, and others, on the instruments under their charge, must feel gratified with the evident appreciation of their labours.

A STUDY IN LIGHT AND SHADE.

'Twas better have let ill alone,  
Than bull's-eye shone on case of Parker;  
Better have silence o'er it thrown,  
Than light that only made it darker.

A Masonic Alarm.

THE BAILIE has to call the attention of Freemasons to the alarming invasion of their Order, which took place the other day in Edinburgh. It appears that the Lord Provost, in laying the foundation-stone of a church, "was assisted by six young ladies, who performed the usual Masonic duties of applying the level, plumb, and square, &c." This seems to his Worship something more than the thin end of the wedge. If young ladies are encouraged to perform Masonic duties they cannot consistently be denied participation in Masonic rites. There is a tradition that there was once a lady Mason, but can any Brother contemplate with equanimity the irruption into his Lodge of a "monstrous regiment" of Sisters? Unless, however, he raises his voice vigorously against such proceedings as those in Edinburgh—under high municipal sanction too!—he must prepare for a future of Right Worshipful Mistresses and "Past Grands" in petticoats.

SHAKSPEARE OR NAPIER?—It has been truly said that Shakspeare wrote for all ages and for all men. *Par exemple*—"Is this a *Dredger* which I see before me? . . . Come, let me "clutch" thee. I have thee not, and yet I see thee still."

Old Saw Re-set—Better a bird in the haun than the bird in "The City" arms.

Smokers,—Try Wallach Smoking Mixture, 6d per ounce. Only to be had from D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram Street

## "A Country Gentleman."

EX-DEACON Convener Neilson made the speech of the evening at the Trades' House annual dinner last week. In fact, he came out so strong as almost to warrant christening him, after the brewers' fashion, XX-Convener Neilson. The hisses and cries of "sit down," when he was eulogising the Lord-Lieutenant of the County to the skies, didn't "disturb him in the least, you know," as he told the company, nor yet the renewed interruption, when he declared, *in re* the famous Roads and Bridges Bill, that Glasgow "ought to be thankful she had got off for £10,000 a-year." Ex-Deacon Convener Neilson would have Glasgow thankful for small mercies indeed; but, to do him justice, in *this* respect he sets them an example—it is to him "a great pleasure, he declares, that he is now a "near neighbour" of Sir Edward Colebrooke, and "knows him better than he did before." But, for all that he is now "a country gentleman" and a near neighbour of the Lord-Lieutenant, let no man run away with the idea that he has become proud or puffed-up. "You must not suppose," he told them distinctly, "that because I am in a high elevation in the county I forget lowly Glasgow." By the way, "lowly" was a pet word of *Mr Eccles*, with whom, therefore, Mr Neilson can meet on at least one common ground. The latter, on his high elevation, doesn't forget lowly Glasgow, and the former, it will be remembered, declared with fervour that there was "no beastly pride about" *him*.

## A Fluid of all Work.

THE Moon may hide her face at night,  
The Sun bold holiday!  
With Edison's Electric Light  
We'll make it always day.  
At midnight we may touch a spring,  
And, lo! 'tis full-orbed day;  
Then when we've giv'n the Sun his swing,  
Hey, presto!—twilight grey.  
No more the fire we'll need, to roast  
Our beef, or "do" our steak;  
The fluid now will stew or toast,  
Boil, brander—some say, bake.  
'Twill turn our "Little Wansers," while  
It toasts our lazy toes;  
And, sitting at our ease, we'll smile  
Upon it as it flows.

By refusing to accept a reduction in wages agreed to by 1500 fellow-workmen, 30 Bolton "twisters" have thrown the former number out of employment. Is the "twist" here a physical or a moral one?

The Cesarewitch run last week must have been about the funniest race on record. It was won by a "Jester," with, of course, a "jockey fellow" on his back.

## SOUTH AYRSHIRE.

COLONEL ALEXANDER, M.P. requests that the ELECTORS will do him the honour of meeting him in the CORN EXCHANGE HALL, AYR, on TUESDAY, the 22nd instant, at Two o'clock Afternoon.  
Ballochmyle, 7th October, 1878.

## THEATRE-ROYAL.

SIGNOR ENRICO CORANI'S  
ITALIAN AND ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY.  
TO-NIGHT (TUESDAY)—NORMA. WEDNESDAY—  
MARTHA (in English.) THURSDAY—LUCREZIA  
BORGIA, and FRIDAY—MARITANA (in English).  
Box Office Open from 11 till 3.

## THE GAIETY.

Proprietor and Manager..... Mr CHARLES BERNARD,  
For a Limited Number of Nights,  
THE COMEDY OPERA COMPANY,  
THE SORCERER.  
Doors open at 6.30, to Commence at 7.30, except Saturday,  
when Doors Open at 6, to commence at 7.  
Country Patrons can Book Seats either by Note or Wire,  
And Pay at the Doors.  
Prices from 6d to 5s. Box Office Open from 10 to 4.

## PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.

TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING till Further Notice,  
The distinguished Actress,  
MISS ANNIE BALDWIN,  
Accompanied by Mr J. F. CATHCART and a Selected  
Company, in the National Drama,  
JANE SETON;  
OR THE  
WITCH OF EDINBRO'.  
Concluding each evening with the Popular Burlesque,  
BLACK EYED SUSAN.

## GLASGOW TONIC SOL-FA CHORAL SOCIETY.

GRAND SACRED CONCERT,  
NEW PUBLIC HALLS,  
THURSDAY, 24TH OCTOBER (FAST NIGHT).

GEMS FROM THE ORATORIOS  
and other works.

Miss JOSE SHERRINGTON, Soprano;  
Miss ALICE FAIRMAN, Contralto;  
Mr J. H. PEARSON, Tenor;  
Signor BRU COLINI, Bass;  
Dr A. L. PEACE, Organist.  
CHORUS OF ABOUT 400 VOICES,  
Conductor, Mr W. M. MILLER.

ADMISSION:  
Reserved Seats (Balconies), 3s; Unreserved, 2s, and 1s.  
Tickets and Programmes at J. Muir Wood & Co.'s, 42  
Buchanan Street.  
Doors Open at 6.30; Concert at 7.30.

WHEELER & CO.'S  
BELFAST GINGER ALE,  
SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.

The Finest Non-Intoxicating Beverage ever  
Introduced.

DEPOT FOR SCOTLAND:—  
147 STOCKWELL STREET  
GLASGOW.

NEW PUBLIC HALLS SATURDAY  
EVENING CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 19TH OCTOBER,  
FIRST SCOTCH NIGHT.

GREAT TANNAHILL NIGHT.  
Tannahill's Songs and Pastoral, entitled  
"THE SOLDIER'S RETURN."

- ARTISTES:—
- Miss J. SIMPSON, Contralto.
  - Miss MINNIE BELL, Soprano.
  - Mrs W. GOURLAY, Soprano.
  - Mr A. FINLAYSON, Tenor.
  - Mr C. J. M'CONNELL, Baritone.
  - Mr W. GOURLAY, Comedian.
  - Mr RICHIE THOM, Comedian; and
  - Mr J. D. TURVEY.

Mr F. W. BRIDGMAN.....Pianist.  
PRICES—6d, 1s, and Reserved Seats, 2s.  
JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING  
CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 19TH OCTOBER.

ANOTHER GREAT PARTY, AND FIRST APPEARANCE  
IN THE CITY HALL OF THE  
NEW GLASGOW ORCHESTRA.

- ARTISTES:—
- Mdlle. EDITH ABELL, Soprano;
  - Miss W. PERCY, Contralto;
  - Mr J. H. PEARSON, Tenor;
  - Mr F. FEDERICI, Baritone;

THE NEW GLASGOW ORCHESTRA,  
Mr W. H. COLE, Conductor.

Mr E. BERGER, - - - PIANIST.  
Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats on Side Gal-  
leries, 2s,  
Doors Open at 7; Orchestral Performance at Half past 7  
o'clock.  
JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

MR H. A. LAMBETH'S  
CHOIR.

GRAND SACRED CONCERT.  
KIBBLE PALACE, FAST-DAY, 24TH OCTOBER.  
Admission—One Shilling.

ADVERTISEMENTS received for all Papers, by A. F.  
SHARP & CO., 14 Royal Exchange Square.

LAST  
GRAND ORGAN RECITAL,  
OF THE AUTUMN SEASON  
By Dr A. L. PEACE,  
IN THE PUBL' C HALLS,  
TUESDAY EVENING, 22D OCTOBER, 8 P.M.  
Admission—Balconies, 1s; Area, 6d.  
Tickets to be had from Messrs Muir Wood & Co., 42 Buchanan  
Street.

HENGLERS' GRAND CIRQUE.

FAREWELL EXHIBITIONS.  
LAST WEEK BUT TWO OF  
HAMILTON'S RUSSIA AND TURKEY.  
POSITIVELY CLOSING SATURDAY, Nov. 2.  
Engagement of Merry LITTLE COULSONE, who will  
Appear in the Turkish Caffenette.  
Nearly 60,000 Persons have Visited the Magnificent Exhibition.  
The Russians (the Brothers PEELIKOFF) will appear in the  
GRAND ILLUMINATED SKATING RINK at ST PETERSBURG.  
New Songs by M. Serrone.  
Illuminated Day Exhibitions Wednesdays and Saturdays  
at 3 o'clock.  
Evenings at 8. Saturday at 7-30.  
Stalls, 3s; First Seats, 2s; Second Seats, 1s; Gallery, 6d.

GLASGOW CHORAL UNION  
FIFTH SERIES OF  
CHORAL AND ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.

NEW PUBLIC HALLS,  
Commencing TUESDAY, 12TH NOVEMBER, 1878.  
THE SUBSCRIPTION LIST IS NOW OPEN.  
Choice of Seats will take place in the order of intimation of  
Subscriptions.  
Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be had from the  
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Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 14th October, 1878.

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IN AID OF  
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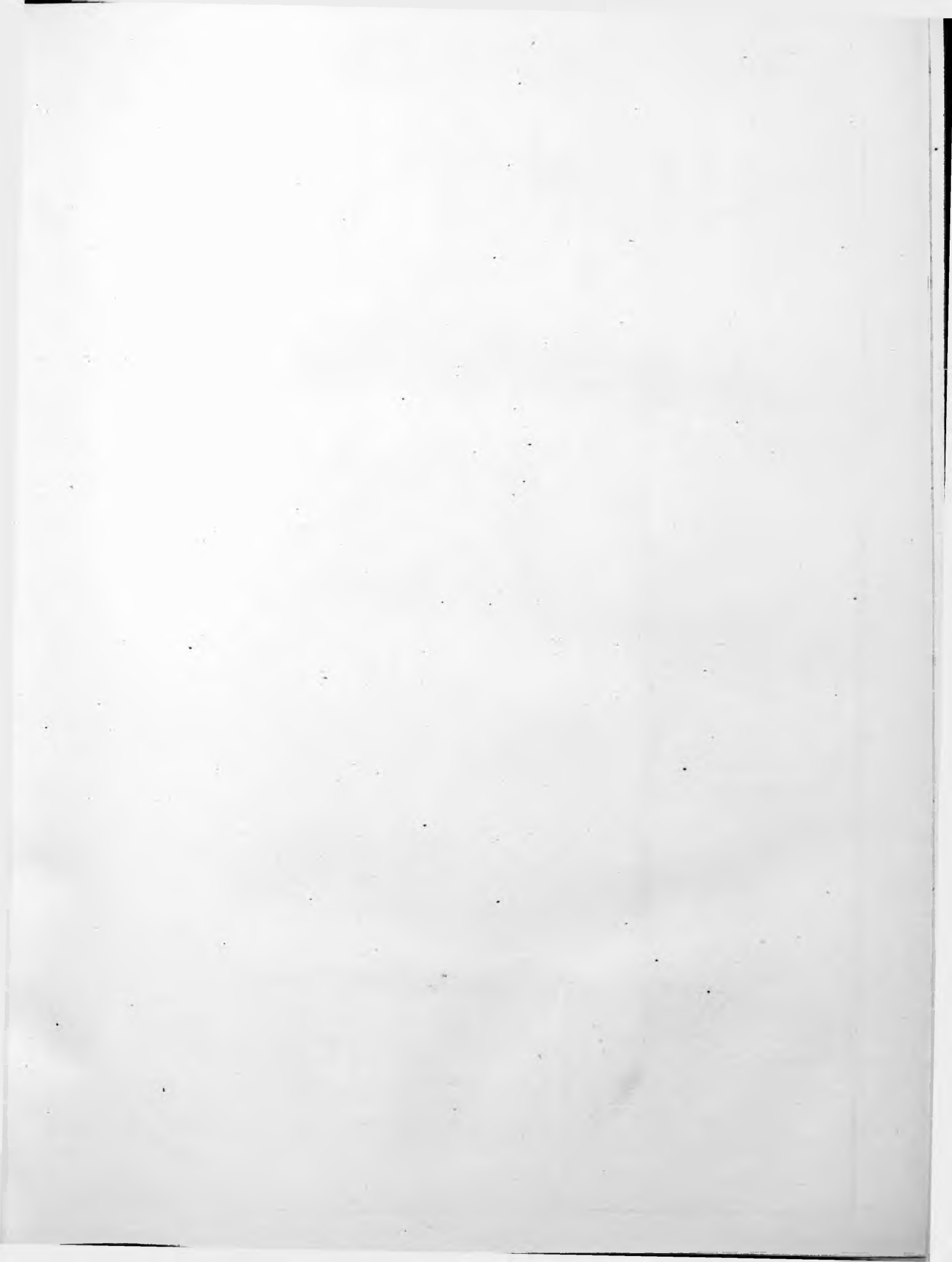
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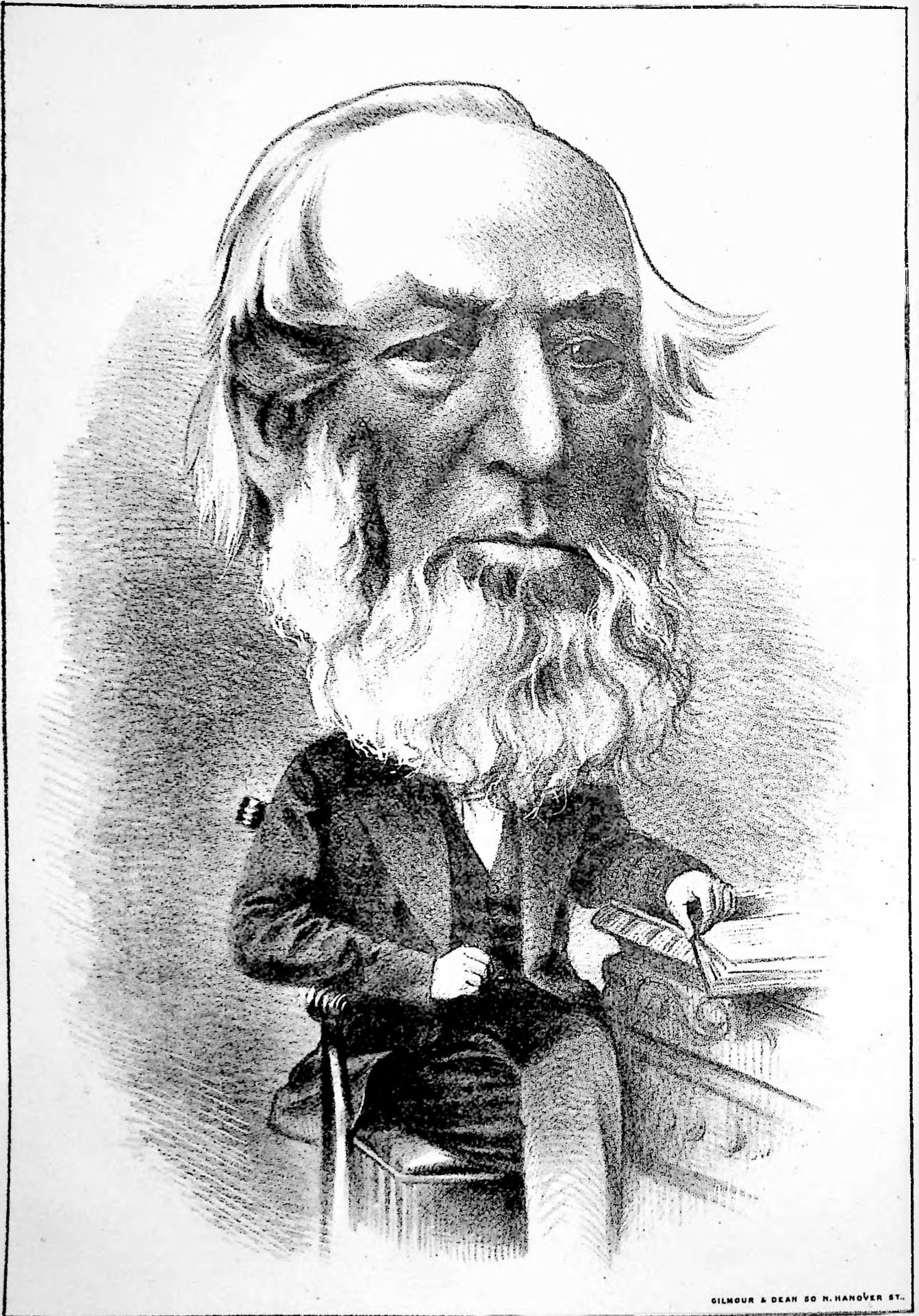
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THE SIGHT OF THE CITY.







# The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 314. Glasgow, Wednesday, October 23rd, 1878. Price 1d

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 314.

WE have some data at last upon which to found an estimate of the extent of the trouble that has befallen the country. The report of the Investigators into the affairs of the City of Glasgow Bank has been before the public for over three days, and in the interval opportunity has been taken to make a rough calculation as to the width of the calamity. The twelve hundred shareholders are of course ruined, the five or six hundred trustees are in a plight not much better, and the depositors—the people who trusted the Bank with eight millions of money, are condemned to months, it may be years of suspense, and are threatened, in addition, with a serious monetary loss. Our general trade, moreover, which has been so long in a drooping condition, has received a blow from which it must suffer for months. Business people of every kind will long feel the effects of the failure. The coming winter will necessarily be one of unprecedented hardship and suffering. And this is not the only mischief that has been wrought by the City Bank directors. The credit of the country has been distinctly damaged through their conduct. They have smirched the fair fame of the Scottish nation. No Yankee promoter of a bogus silver mine, no welcher on a provincial race-course, no Cockney pick-pocket who filches a "wipe," occupies a lower level than those members of the Board who are responsible for the crash. Why, a band of housebreakers sharing the loot of a "crib" they have "cracked," are heroic figures by comparison. Among the oldest of the crew is LEWIS POTTER, Esq. of Udston, one of Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the County of Lanark. Mr POTTER has been a director of the Bank since 1857. Men have come and men

have gone in these one-and-twenty years, but through all the changes of time and circumstance he has maintained his place at the Board of the concern. Hoary, without being what one would term venerable; well-known in a certain circle, but looked at askance by some who have known him longest and best; wearing the appearance of wealth, but close-fisted withal, Mr POTTER is hardly the first person one would select to fill the office of a public trustee. Tradition sayeth that he is an East country-man by birth; but his origin like that of many other great ones of this world is somewhat obscure. He is known, however, to have been a resident in Glasgow for considerably over a generation. His start in life was made in connection with ships and shipping. Something like thirty or forty years ago he looked after a small fleet of smacks and ranterpikes that traded between the Clyde and Liverpool, and even then his system of transacting business is said to have brought him into collision at times with the officials who had charge of the port of Glasgow. As his firm grew in influence Mr POTTER engaged in the Australian trade, and it was his connection with Australia that first made him acquainted with the now noted Mr Morton of Antipodean celebrity. "Like," according to an ancient saw, "draws unto like," and Mr POTTER and Mr Morton accordingly became brothers in arms. While the Australian mania raged Mr POTTER flourished exceedingly. The sun shone, and he contrived to utilise its beams in the way of hay-making to some very considerable purpose. Unfortunately for him, however, and now, as it turns out, unfortunately for his townsmen, things took a turn for the worse in a year or two, both with Australia and Mr POTTER, and it was at this time that he saw fit to find his way into the parlour of the City Bank. What part he played there is as yet only known to his confederates

and himself. He may have been an active spirit in the management of the concern; he may have been only one of the dupes. At all events there he was and there he remained. Of the two shipping firms with which Mr POTTER is, or was till recently connected—he is also a partner of the Hamilton Coal Co.—that of Potter, Wilson, & Co. is still interested in the Australian trade, but their shipping business is only a limited one, their mainstay being a connection with wool-brokers and with the schemes and projects of Mr Morton; while Messrs Lewis Potter and Co. are practically no more than the agents for the Dublin and Glasgow line of steamers that go by their name, and two screws and a ranterpike that trade to Liverpool. Mr POTTER has withdrawn from the latter firm since the stoppage of the City Bank, and as for the former, its position will be best understood by the circumstance that, on their own admission, the affairs of the company, some ten days ago, showed a deficiency of £54,000. Messrs Potter, Wilson, & Co. stood high, however, in the estimation of the good guardians of the City of Glasgow Bank. They were intrusted with securities for behoof of that hapless concern to the extent of nearly £200,000. The position of Mr POTTER himself is one of the funniest—if the word funny can be used in connection with such a serious business—that ever came under the BAILIE'S notice. The published abstract state of his affairs shows that while the registered owner of £1200 of City of Glasgow Bank stock, which gave him his qualification as a Director, the Bank had made an advance to him on that stock of £2451, being almost its entire nominal value. All the cash, besides, at his credit with the Bank, to meet his obligations, and satisfy the demands of its creditors and itself, was the magnificent sum of £20! Mr POTTER, however, would seem to be "seized and possessed," as the lawyers say, of the heritable estate of "Udston, Dykehead, Burnbank, and Greenfield," and his own valuation of this property is the modest one of £120,000. This is a mouth-filling sum and no mistake, and when the creditors of the firm, and eke those of the City of Glasgow Bank, read it in Friday's *Herald*, they must have rejoiced exceedingly. The BAILIE only hopes that the valuation is a correct one, but he opines that, even should it prove to have been under than over the mark, when the claims of both classes of creditors have been satisfied, the slice left for Mr POTTER himself won't be a very fat one. Like all, or nearly all his colleagues at the

Board, Mr POTTER is not only respectable, but he is also highly religious, having been mixed up for many years with the affairs of the Free Kirk, of which he is an elder, and for which he built and promised to pay for a church at Hamilton. Until the first of the current month he can hardly have been termed a public man, but now his goings out and comings in are matters of solicitude not only to himself but to numbers of his town's-folk who were previously quite ignorant of his existence.

"It's An Ill Wind," &c.

I'VE been dunned on all sides, for I can't tell how long,  
By cobblers, and tailors, and grocers,  
And they stand round my door a most desperate throng—  
All respectable men you must know, sirs;  
And while ev'ry excuse I have tried in the past  
Made them look one by one the more blank,  
I have hit on a plan that has soothed them at last—  
"My all is locked up in the bank."

I was just on the verge of despair, and what's more,  
Every post still brought in some new bill;  
But I find there's a balsam to cure every sore—  
A remedy still for each ill;  
Not a sou was I worth, not a friend would advance,  
And within me my heart almost sank,  
Till one morning—you know—thinks I, here's a chance!—  
"My all is locked up in the bank."

Now, my tailor he bows with the blandest of smiles  
As he carefully measures me round,  
And he shows me his topcoats, the newest of styles,  
His ulsters all down to the ground.  
Now my grocer he sends in his baskets of wine—  
O gentlemen, how do I thank  
You managers all!—will you not come and dine?—  
"My all is locked up in the bank."

For a twelvemonth or so, as all things now appear,  
I will live like a prince, without doubt;  
And the moment I see things again turn out clear,  
Why, most likely 'tis then I'll clear out.  
But at present—ha! ha!—what a glorious excuse!  
Don't I look like a man of some rank?  
Though you needn't just say that I told you this *ruse*—  
"My all is locked up in the bank."

It seems that the United States Government charges no duty on imported books whose value is less than a dollar. Query: how many books are worth more?

Who says our merchant princes don't encourage talent and industry? Why, here's one actually offering the magnificent salary of £50 for "a clerk who writes phonography at the rate of 100 to 150 words per minute!"

Edinburgh has of late been casting up her eyes outwardly, and chuckling inwardly, over Glasgow morality. The BAILIE promises neither to cast up his eyes nor to chuckle when the pretty revelations of the Colston-Forrest scandal are complete.

Some Banking Difficulties.

THE one pleasing circumstance in connection with the recent commercial catastrophe in our city has been the manly fortitude with which those who were neither shareholders nor depositors in the City Bank have met the disaster. Many an individual, whose most intimate friends had not previously credited him with such Spartan heroism, has beheld the wreck of other people's fortunes with hardly a sigh, and has gone to dinner with his usual appetite, despite the fact that some other people will soon have an unwonted difficulty in procuring that necessary meal. Such noble instances of resolute will and indomitable self-reliance redeem our poor human nature from the charge of weakness, and lend a faint dignity even to misfortune itself. The BAILIE cannot refrain from contrasting the conduct of our citizens with that of the natives of less favoured spots under similarly trying circumstances:—

The shareholders of the Swindlecund Bank, in Central India, were a notoriously bad lot. When that institution closed its doors in 1807 for the fourth and last time, they of course held a meeting. The conclusion that they unanimously arrived at was that the depositors were to blame, since, by the infatuated manner in which they kept on putting money into the bank, the directors had been encouraged in their evil career. They therefore proceeded to sell off the effects of the depositors by public auction without reserve—not even respecting the sanctity of their very harems—and with the proceeds paid back to each shareholder the amount he had originally subscribed to the capital of the concern, with compound interest at the rate of five per cent. from the date of the foundation of the bank. This event so thoroughly destroyed public confidence in banking institutions, that the frugal Hindoo has since reverted to the primeval stocking as a receptacle for his savings.

When the Bank of Malta suspended payment towards the close of last century, there were some lively scenes in the vicinity of the head office. An infuriated mob broke into the bank parlour, seized the directors and the manager there in conclave assembled, and made a bonfire of them in one of the bullion vaults. Each depositor then squared his account by collaring as much gold as he could lay hands on at the moment, and the crowd afterwards amused itself by kicking the bank ledger and the head teller's office coat up and down the street till nightfall. The discovery that almost none of the mob were

depositors at all, and that the few who were had overdrawn their accounts, was not made till it was too late to repair the error.

The directors of the Bank of Guatemala deeply regret that they did not fail ten years ago. At that time, if they had levanted in a body with the funds, there was enough to maintain them all in comfort during the natural course of their life; but since then affairs have not been so prosperous. When at their last annual investigation they found that their bullion consisted of a few bags of coppers (of a previous coinage which is no longer legal tender) and a couple of kegs of Brummagem whist-counters, they decided that it would be madness to fail without at least sufficient money to take them out of the country. They are now waiting till Providence shall send them a confiding depositor or two, and then the crisis will come and the directors will go.

MAK-BAITH.—*Act IV, Scene I.*  
 "Double," double, toil and trouble,  
 Dredged-up mud and burst bubble.—[*Catera deasin't.*]

No Blate!

A U.P. PARSON had the coolness to tell a Saltcoats congregation the other Sunday that when a sermon was found unedifying it was not the preacher's but the hearer's fault; and he had the further audacity to support his position by using sacred names in a manner which, to a lay mind, savours very strongly of irreverence. Surely this light of U.P.-dom might be content with preaching bad sermons without descending to impudence, not to say profanity.

"DOST THOU THINK BECAUSE THOU ART VIRTUOUS, THERE SHALL BE NO MORE CAKES AND ALE?"

Gough has been and is gone, and no Yankee ever born  
 Could have said such things neater or slicker;  
 And while his orations hold drinking in scorn,  
 The gist of them all is—"less liquor."

Now the BAILIE himself, though a temperate man,  
 Never winks at a full flowing bicker;  
 And when on occasions he hands round the can,  
 He echoes Gough's speech in—"let'ssh liquor!"

AND NO MISTAKE!—Referring to certain "mistakes" occurring in Mr Bateman's sewage report, and attributed by Mr Burt to the printer, the Lord Provost last week expressed a hope "that it was not the manuscript that was at fault instead of the printer." The BAILIE would fain hope so too; but he sadly fears the whole thing is a "mistake"—and a big one.

Nota Bene—Not a penny.

## Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—The operatic performances at the Theatre-Royal will be continued for three nights longer, and next week Mr J. L. Toole will begin a fortnight's engagement with Mr Glover. He appears as *Charles* in "A Fool and his Money," one of Mr Byron's latest and best works.

I told you last week, BAILIE, the subject of the forthcoming pantomime at the Theatre Royal. I have now to inform you that the cast of characters will present the greatest array of musical and burlesque talent that I remember having seen in connection with any previous production of the kind on the Glasgow boards. *Place aux dames*. It includes Misses Lucy Franklin and Miss Castleton—both of whom you will recollect rendered yeoman's (or yeowoman's?) service last year; Misses Kate Sullivan (cousin of Arthur Sullivan), Farquharson (daughter of the once famous metropolitan baritone of that name), Fanny Huntly, Rose Hamilton, Bessie Sanson, French, Palmer, and Neville. Then among the gentlemen are Messrs Arthur Rousbey, E. Major, Stepan (son of Carl Stepan, the celebrated basso), Mudie, Roche, Pepper, Danvers, and Preston. Moreover, a London ballet troupe is engaged; so that, altogether, if "Fuss in Boots" prove not a big success, the loose screw should be looked for outside the management.

"Jo" will be put up at the Gaiety to-night, and run all week with the exception of Thursday (the Fast-day), when the Theatre will be closed. As all the world knows, the *Jo* of Miss Jennie Lee is one of the leading stage figures of the day. Her appearance at the Gaiety will fill the house.

Next week Mr Bernard will produce the great Adelphi drama entitled "Proof." It will be represented by a company organised by Mr Wilson Barret, the chief member of which is Mr Reginald Moore.

Our old friend Charlie Groves has made a hit at the London Royalty, where he is playing the leading business. He appears in the part of *Kerry*, the old servant in the piece of that name, a role he first attempted at the Gaiety here, and as *La Cocadiere* in "La Jolie Parfumeuse."

Miss Annie Baldwin (Mrs Raisebeck Robinson), is drawing very excellent audiences to the Prince of Wales Theatre. "Jane Seyton," the drama in which she appears, has been specially written for her, and at the close of her provincial tour, she intends to produce it in the metropolis. On Friday night when Miss Baldwin takes her benefit she will perform the part of *Juliana* in "The Honey-moon," and that of *Aurora Floyd* in the drama of that name.

Does anybody read Shakespeare now-a-days, BAILIE? In the October number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* Mr George Barnett Smith attributes—or is inclined to attribute—the origin of the saying, "The prince of darkness is a gentleman," to Suckling. See "King Lear," act iii., scene 4, Mr G. B. S.

Mr Newsome's star is still in the ascendant. Night after night his handsome house in Ingram Street is crowded in every part by an audience that makes "roof and rafters dirl" with applause or laughter. Mr Newsome is on the very best of terms with his patrons and himself. It is a treat to watch the intense earnestness with which the famous little horse-breaker follows some daring act and to note his supreme delight when the event goes off, as it usually does, without a hitch. There can be no mistake as to Mr Newsome's skill as a trainer. Out of fifteen items on the card, when I looked in the other night, eleven were in the line of equestrianism proper. In all these the animals showed astonishing cleverness and gave proof of a thorough equine education "in all its branches." The front of the house is courteously attended to by Mr Hodson Stanley, the gentleman, you may remember, Bailie, who piloted the sensational "Lu Lu."

To keep abreast—or rather in front of the time; Mr Newsome is, I understand, making arrangements for using the electric light in his circus and of course entirely dispensing with gas.

The statement which is being industriously circulated in certain quarters that Mr Hengler's Equestrian Company are not to pay us a visit this season must be taken *cum grano*. The

other day I had a note from Mr Wm. Powell who is presently with a contingent of artistes at Hanley-in-the-Potteries. He states that he "will be in Liverpool in a few weeks, and hopes to be in Glasgow in due course as usual." The other company, under Mr Alfred Powell is at Hull and doing a big business.

The days of Mr Hamilton's dioramic display in Glasgow are numbered, its penultimate week being now entered on. Enormous houses, however, are still the order of the day in West Nile Street. On Saturday night I witnessed a sight there that wrings the heart-managerial—admission money having been refused from hundreds for lack of room. Last week a new feature in the entertainment was provided in the shape of "Merry little Coulson," who greatly amused the audience with his nigger comicalities. By the way, I hear that the Messrs Hamilton have just completed a colossal diorama entitled "A Voyage Round the World," and that is to be launched at Dudley in a few weeks. It is valued at over £4,000.

The City Hall Organ Recitals begin on November 2nd.

## Asinus on Gough.

AS may be conjectured, the views of the Ass and those of Mr John B. Gough do not harmonise upon all points, but the good-natured beastie bears the orator no ill will. He regards him as a "smart" man, and there was one of his remarks last week with which he thoroughly agree. Said John: "There are some awfully mean men who do not drink." Yes, J. B., and there are other men, still more awfully mean, who never *stand* a drink—but let that "parss."

## Sans Peur.

THOUGH the BAILIE has long been acquainted with the many fine qualities of Provost Murray, of Paisley, till the other day he had not thought of associating superhuman physical courage with his name. Yet that he is possessed of dauntless intrepidity is clear from a remark he made last week to the effect that "he was not one of those who were alarmed at this new electric light." Only think of it!

One of Sir Edward Colebrooke's hecklers last week wanted that gentleman to promise to bring in a bill "to enable Dissenters in England to bury their dead without submitting to the tomfoolery of Archbishops, Vicars, and Curates." What would he say to a bill enabling electors in Scotland to hold their meetings without submitting to the tomfoolery of ignorant donkeys?

NOTICE OF REMOVAL (TEMPORARY).—The Board of Directors of the City of Glasgow Bank have removed their place of meeting from 24 Virginia Street to 9 South Albion Street. By order, 19th Oct., 1878.

When that hall is erected at the University, won't it be a thing of Bute-ch? and a joy for ever?

"Sir Edward" Again.

IN spite of the dubious majority in his favour, Sir T. E. Colebrooke did not get off quite so easily at Partick as he did at Govan. With an apparent presentiment of what he was to undergo at the hands of Messrs Mathieson and Morrison, he was very meek and mild in his remarks, scarcely going beyond "thinking the great mistake the authorities of the city have made throughout" the Roads and Bridges business "has been in not having any wise adviser"—such, no doubt, as Sir Edward Colebrooke. Towards the close of his address he waxed quite pathetic and "umble," declaring that, in the event of a vote of no confidence, "he would retire to his home, grieved not so much for himself as for those who had passed such a verdict upon him," but that otherwise "he would return to his work with a cheerful and happy spirit, and endeavour, so long as powers were left him by his Maker, to do his duties to the best of his judgment in the station in which he was placed." Shade of Uriah Heep! Alas, that this saint-like attitude should have failed to touch the stony hearts of his assailants, who proceeded to give him one or two very bad quarters of an hour indeed! The BAILIE hereby pats Messrs Morrison and Mathieson on the back; but he may suggest to the former that the best way of securing the desiderated "truly liberal" representation would be to put in a true Tory.

Ducal Munificence.

CERTAIN puny libellers have been in the habit of accusing the Duke of Argyll of—not to put too fine a point upon it—parsimony and oppression, and they pointed the other day triumphantly to the prosecution of some poor people for gathering sticks in the ducal policies, as a proof of their charge. What have they to say to the announcement that the Duke will in future permit indigent townspeople to pick up "rotten wood" on his grounds? This privilege is, of course, to be exercised only under stringent regulations; but such an evidence of princely generosity—uninfluenced, of course, by public opinion—must be a sufficient answer to the petty slanderers of this great and munificent peer.

Molten Gold—There is but one step from Plutus to Pluto.

FERGUSON'S CELEBRATED "EDINBURGH ROCK."—Agent, JAMES M'MILLAN, Confectioner, 151 Eglinton Street, near Cuml erland Street.

An Attached Devotee.

IT would be an abuse of terms to call Lord Colin Campbell a cool young man. He is absolutely frigid. In opening a bazaar last week he talked of his pleasure in "aiding and assisting in the extension of that Church (the Church of Scotland) to which two months ago he had occasion to declare his devotion and attachment." "Two months ago" Lord Colin told us how pleased he would be to aid and assist in pulling down the Church if the majority so willed it. It is as well to know the meaning of devotion and attachment *à la* Campbell.

Gough Going It.

THERE were two rather singular points in Mr Gough's first address last week. One was the astounding assertion that "prohibition had been tried in the State of Maine, and had proved a grand success;" the other was the statement that in the town of Vineland, with 12,000 inhabitants, the annual cost of the police establishment is only £15. If that town acts up to its highly suggestive name, the fact rather tells against the teetotallers—eh, John?

THE SUGAR REFINERS' PETITION.

Pity the sorrows of the poor *crushed* sugar trade, -  
Whose *bounty-fed* competitors have brought them to the door;  
Whose trembling hands no more can lean upon their *cane*,  
Nor seek support, and sweetest gain, from beet-root store.

"SHOOTING THE MOON."—The half-yearly term approaches, and there will be, no doubt, the usual number of midnight fittings. Some people have been, according to the following, cheating their landlords at the coast: "Would the Party that rented the house in Albert Road, Gourrock, and who sent the key per carrier upon the 11th, remit the rent?" Remit the rent? Not for Joseph. The coast harpies may thank their stars they have received even the key.

"Mr Alex. M'Donald is going to the continent for the good of his health." His Worship rejoices to learn it, and grants him leave of absence for a couple of years, with all his heart. Take your time Sandy. Stay as long as you like, and don't be in a hurry back.

GOOD GRACIOUS!—A local "Professor," advertising himself as "Tragic Reader, Orator<sup>l</sup> Elocutionist," adds "Graces taught." One would have thought that instructing the Muses would have been more in the line of so accomplished a person than teaching the Graces.

## Quavers.

IMMEDIATELY after their Fast-day Concert, Mr Miller's Tonic Sol-fa Society will put into rehearsal Schumann's Cantata, "The Song of the New Year," for production in the New Halls on 2nd January next. About two months later, they will, most probably, give a performance of Gade's "The Erl King's Daughter," and, further on, Schubert's 23rd Psalm, for female voices.

This is, one notices, on a different tack from any movement hitherto of our chief Tonic Sol-fa Society, and we cannot but wish a full measure of success to the venture. The recently-begun publication of lighter works such as the above, in the new notation, affords a convenient opportunity of more nearly meeting the popular taste—at least of occasional substitution for Handelian heaviness.

The programme of sacred music for the Fast-day evening concert by the Glasgow Select Choir will include, notably, the late Dr Wesley's "O Lord my God," Sir John Goss's "Praise the Lord, oh my soul," Gounod's "Send out thy light," and Mr Archer's Festival Anthem, "The glorious majesty of the Lord," from Psalm 104. The latter will form our first introduction to Mr Archer as a composer. The anthem is after the modern model, that, namely, in which the organ plays a more than ordinarily important part, and equally with the voices carries out the general idea, being not merely, as of old, a support to the choir, but an indispensable, or *obbligato* part. The music of this anthem is brilliant and taking, with melodious passages for the separate voices in unison, as now in vogue. The composition altogether, from a careful perusal, shows musicianly talent and training of the highest order.

Three other musical productions of Mr Archer may be mentioned as likely to be sung by the choir during the season. One is, "The Chase," a clever little piece with an opening after the "hunting-horn" manner, and with one or two rather neat realistic bits, as the line, for instance, "The deer are trooping through the glen." The other pieces are "Night" and "Requited love," the latter highly finished music of its kind, and printed in "The Musical Times,"—a good test in its way.

The choir, it may be remarked, have been "concerting" at Stirling, Tillicoultry, and Kilmarnock, with deserved success.

They sing, as the chief vocal attraction, at the Abstainers' Union Concert in the New Halls on Saturday, 26th inst. Mr Archer will play the William Tell overture on the organ, and Mr Cole's orchestra will perform as usual.

On Tuesday evening of last week the St George's Select Choir gave a most successful concert in the new Burgh Hall of Maryhill. Their performance was hailed in the course of complimentary acknowledgment by the Commissioners as the beginning of a new musical era in the burgh, and as a fitting musical inauguration of the recently erected buildings there.

One can quite believe that a great improvement of taste must follow from the visits of trained choirs to such towns as have hitherto been the prey of accidental and often unmusical "concert parties."

Mr Schofield, the recently appointed organist and choirmaster of Camphill U.P. Church, gave his first organ recital there on 17th inst. His manipulation is neat and clear, and the style altogether specially useful, we should think, for choir accompaniment—a rather difficult point, by the way, when the two offices are combined.

IMMENSE CIRCULATION!—Here's a dainty advertisement to set before a newspaper-proprietor! "Nine tons of Glasgow ——— newspapers (about 396,000 copies) for sale as Waste." The BAILIE considerably suppresses the name of the hapless journal, but he may say that it is one that boasts mightily of its "circulation." Circulation, quotha! Verily, the cat is out of the bag now, with a vengeance!

## Our Barbarian at Play.

SEVERELY sat upon, or still more severely let alone, in the Council, oor Jeems is never so completely in his element—not even when defying a Chief Constable—as he is among his constituents—as he was last Tuesday evening. The BAILIE has been obliged to reprove Jeems somewhat frequently of late, and it is therefore with all the more pleasure he congratulates him on his declaration that "he had no objection to any poor person selling a bottle of lemonade or soda-water, or a biscuit, on the Green on a Sabbath-day," in spite of the sanctimonious howls of those who consider the "amenity"—whatever that may mean—of the place injured by such humble traders. In connection with this subject, by the way, a curious illustration was given of the exalted views entertained in the far East regarding the powers of our "Tribune of the Plebs"—one elector maintaining stoutly that Mr Martin was in the habit of granting "licences" to the dealers in question! But the granting of licences would be a trifle compared to the "abolition of the Police Board," which Jeems is reported to have claimed as one of his achievements. Again, it was decidedly wrong to call Mr Burt "one of the most contemptible creatures," who had been "spued out" of various wards. Learn, Jeems, that it is possible for even you to go too far—learn it from this, that even your constituents would not away with "the Parker case!"

## Pulpit v. Counter.

THERE is a canny minister body in Argyllshire who wants to resign his charge, but at the same time "to retain his full status as an ordained minister of the Church of Scotland." It seems the worthy man intends to start a store in America, but, in view of the uncertainty of trade, has a full appreciation of the advantage of having two strings to his bow. At present, however, the reverend gentleman's Presbytery decline to "see it," and he is supposed to be occupying his leisure with meditations as to the respective advantages of an Argyllshire parish in the hand, and a Yankee store in the bush.

THAT'S THE (STAND) POINT.—Mr Mathieson says that "no one is standing on his dignity in the Council." Perhaps Mr Mathieson will be good enough to point out how many members of Council have any dignity to stand on.



The Bailie and the Baronet.

A Partick Battle.

IN cauld October, seventy-aucht,  
 Within auld Partick's sphere,  
 A wordy fecht a baron foucht  
 Wi' a sturdy auctioneer.  
 The "gone" one sits, a bailie bauld,  
 Within St Mungo's chaumer,  
 An' wags his tongue wi' birr as great  
 As whiles he dunts his hammer.  
 (But M. should stick his keeking-glass  
 Less often on his nosie;  
 Should cease to finger't up an' down,  
 An' keep it in his bosie.  
 His e'en as bricht as candles are,  
 Nor want optician's helping,  
 And ne'er a line he needs to read  
 When a baronet he's skelping.)  
 He set himsel' wi' tooth an' nail,  
 Sir Eddie's sins to show up,  
 And o'er the Roads and Bridges Bill  
 He ma'd a bonnie blaw-up.  
 An' trowth he's neither blate nor slow  
 His neebour's sins to gibbet;  
 Nor is it safe, wi' him for judge,  
 To dodge about, or fib it.  
 Weel backed wi' sturdy Mathieson—  
 A chield baith gash an' clever—  
 They made the stalwart baronet  
 Twist up his face an' shiver.  
 And ne'er, I ween, was baron bauld  
 Mair drubbed wi' wordy weapon;  
 They gript him just as henwives twa  
 Micht finish aff a capon.  
 An' "did ye this?" an' "did ye that?"  
 An' "did ye" sic anither?  
 Cam' peltin' frae the mooth o' ane,  
 Syne rattled frae the ither;  
 Till friends an' foes baith cheered an' hissed,  
 And refuge took in jeering,  
 And laughed as lood when answer cam'  
 As at the questor's spiering.  
 An' pity 'tis a twalmonth's time  
 Should silently slip o'er us,  
 Before anither splore we get,  
 An' sic a rattlin' chorus.  
 But that great man o' Morrison's,\*  
 Wha's coming owre to see us—  
 The great high priest o' a' that's guid!—  
 Some laughing yet may gi'e us.

\* Bailie Morrison promises a pure and thorough-going Liberal to contest the seat in due time.

DRUIDICAL RITES.—A gentleman known by the singular appellation of "the Demoralised Druid" was last week charged before a Greenock magistrate with being drunk and disorderly. The Druid attributed his demoralisation on this particular occasion to a breakfast of strong tea, sausages, and onions. The magistrate evidently thought that this was enough to demoralise anybody, "let alone" a Druid, for he discharged the sage "with an admonition."

A Suitable Sight.—"The Sight of the City."

Coriolanus in the Council.

THE BAILIE, like sensible folk in general, holds in slight respect the man who makes frequent use of the first personal pronoun, where necessity does not demand that he should do so. There be egotists and egotists, however; and the egotism of such men, for instance, as John Ruskin and—Treasurer Osborne of the Town Council of Glasgow, perforce compel his admiration. The latter's latest his Worship finds recorded in the *Daily Mail's* report of the Town Council meeting last week, when the subject of the removal of the Tron Church to New City Road was under consideration. "Treasurer Osborne," according to the *Mail*, "moved that the whole question be delayed. It was not for the Improvement Trust or the Town Council to fix upon a site. If the matter were left to him he would fix upon a site nearer to the present church." There—what could they wish for more? All bother to anybody else saved; and when the job was done, Treasurer Osborne able to point to its completion, and exclaim with the great general who "flutter'd the Volscians" in Corioli—"Alone I did it!"

While, in one of the Paisley wards, the magistrates allow a public-house for every 30 men, they refuse, on the other hand, to grant a license to the railway refreshment rooms. It is clear that "doun by" it is only the stay-at-home population who are expected to be thirsty.

That was a modest orator who, in the City Hall last Thursday evening, "trusted not a moment of his time would be taken up with applause." He had his wish, for most of his time was taken up with what the reporters call "boeing" and uproar.

At the Ninth Ward meeting last week Mr Miller stated his conviction that "Glasgow had some of the best public servants in the kingdom." Possibly, Mr Miller; but the less we say about our public servants at present the better.

A correspondent of the *Herald* sagely observes, "There is such a thing as drinking for the purpose of being drunk, and there is also such a thing as drinking for the purpose of being sober"—statements which the Ass thoroughly endorses. He has tried both.

Advice to Granny apropos of her "Burials Bill" Correspondence.—Bury i.

Smokers.—Try Wallach Smoking Mixture, 6d per ounce. Only to be had from D. CARROLL, 161 Ingram Street

FIRST GREAT SHOW OF THE SEASON OF PARIS COSTUMES,  
ROBES DE CHAMBRES, MILLINERY, &c., AT

# THE CALEDONIAN HOUSE,

165 AND 167 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

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**M**ESSRS COPLAND & LYE have much pleasure in announcing to the Citizens of Glasgow and the West of Scotland THEIR FIRST GREAT SHOW of the SEASON of High-Class Costumes, Gorgeous Robes de Chambres, Splendid Dressing Gowns and Morning Toilettes, High-Class Millinery, Splendid Flowers, Feathers, Head-Dresses, Juvenile Costumes, Jackets in Cloth, Silk, Satin, Cashmere, and Fur. Also, Fur-Lined Jackets and Cloaks, Seal-Skin Jackets, Fur Capes, Collarettes, Fur Jackets, Boas, Fur Trimming, Seal-Skin Turbans and Hats, Grand Collection of French Dress Materials, Rich Silks, Satins, and Velvets. Also, Ribbons of the Newest and Choicest kinds, Rare and Valuable Laces, the Finest and Best Makes of French and Brussels Kid Gloves, Mitts, &c., &c. Every Department is filled with the Choicest of Goods, yet the Prices are strikingly Moderate, for, notwithstanding the *Extraordinary Influx of Visitors in Paris this Summer*, Manufacturers, Costumiers, Modistes, and Artistes, have been, and are, much disappointed with the results. Extraordinary preparations were made, and the most sanguine expectations were indulged in, yet doomed to disappointment, hence Large Stocks of the Most Valuable of Costumes, Robes, and High-Class French Productions are thrown into the market for realisation. Mr COPLAND was happy in his selection of Rare and Beautiful Costumes, the surpassing beauty of which exhausts the vocabulary of ecstatic admiration.

Free invitation is given to the Ladies of Glasgow to this OUR FIRST GREAT SHOW. At the same time Ladies will have an opportunity of seeing THE FINEST WAREHOUSE EXTANT. Also, the HANDSOMEST SALOON in the World for the Display and Exhibition of Costumes, Jackets, Millinery, &c., &c.

Ladies are invited to walk through the Caledonian House daily, as Novelties and Special Bargains are being continually laid out.

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WHOLESALE HAT MANUFACTURERS,  
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SINGLE HATS, of all kinds, at Wholesale Prices.

GENT.'S HATS, LADIES' HATS,  
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The Largest Display of High-class HATS ever seen in our Warehouse.

Gentlemen who have paid more should try our FELT HAT at 7s (Guaranteed).

The New LANGTRY HAT, in Velvet, complete, 4s 6d.  
Velvet BEEFEATER HATS, wonderful value, 2s.

100s MILLINERY BONNETS, from 2s to £10.

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## MACDOUGALL'S RESTAURANT,

MAXWELL STREET, OFF ARGYLE STREET,  
NOW OPEN.

Cheap and Excellent Luncheons,  
Wines and Ales not to be surpassed

Spirits supplied in quantities of Two Gallons and upwards.

W. C. THOMSON'S  
**ROYAL SHIRT**  
IS ACKNOWLEDGED SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS  
65 & 67 UNION ST!

**TODD'S  
QUININE WINE**

FOR INDIGESTION, FLATULENCY,  
NERVOUSNESS, &c.

Stands pre-eminent for Purity and Strength,  
and is recommended by the Faculty.  
Sold by Chemists and Wine Merchants.

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Will prevent you getting over Stout.

WALKER'S  
SCOTCH FARLS (OAT MEAL CAKES),  
Will prevent you getting Thin.

SOLD BY GROCERS, &c.

Prepared only by  
JOHN WALKER, Manufacturer of Biscuits to the Queen,  
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A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE  
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As supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

THOMAS DAVISON,  
DISPENSING CHEMIST,  
126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

THE BAILIE.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23rd, 1878.

ANOTHER act in the terrible drama which began on the 2nd of the present month, was completed on Saturday evening, by the apprehension of the six directors, the manager, and the secretary of the City of Glasgow Bank. The panels, all of whom have been placed in the dock before Mr Stipendiary GEMMEL, are charged with deliberate fraud, both on the shareholders of the company and on the general

public, and their trial will now follow in due course. What the result of the trial will be, the BAILIE will not attempt to foretell. For a crime not unlike that alleged against the prisoners, Fauntleroy was hanged in front of Newgate, Paul, Strachan, and Bates were sentenced to penal servitude for fourteen years, and the directors of the Royal British Bank were, with one exception, sent to prison. It may be that, in the case of the City Bank officials, the criminal charge will not be brought fully home, it may be that even should it be brought home, the Judge before whom they are tried will see his way to the imposition of a comparatively mild sentence. In the meantime the public must be warned against the growth of any feeling of mawkish sympathy for the persons now in the hands of the police. The collapse of the concern of which they were the responsible directors has caused as much suffering over the West of Scotland as if the country had been occupied by a hostile army, or as if a conflagration, like that of Chicago, had devastated two-thirds of Glasgow. The fact, however, that they are all elderly men, that they are persons accustomed to move in "the most respectable circles," that they have been loud-mouthed professors of religion in season—and in some cases out of season as well—is already creating a reaction in their favour. But this must not be allowed to spread. Were it nothing else, the commercial honour of the country is at stake, and any attempt to gloss over, or excuse a heinous crime, would make Scotland a by-word among the nations.

Sly "We!"

A DAILY paper last week published the evidence given by Mr Mathew Shields, secretary to the Glasgow Stock Exchange, before the Royal Commission on the London Stock Exchange. In unfolding the secrets of the prison-house Mr Shields makes some naive admissions—such as that he "understands" there is such a thing as speculation in Glasgow—but perhaps the neatest is to the effect that "we (the members of the Exchange) avoid coming into contact with the law as far as possible!" What a pity "we" don't always succeed! Or, as some might be disposed to say, what a pity "we" succeed so often!

French Beet—The *bête noir* of the sugar refiner.

"Kicking Cases"—Hob-nailed boots.

## What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the Govan Poorhouse seems to be but poorly managed.

That each servant of the Board appears to be more conceited than another.

That the Board ought to clean out the entire stable.

That another enterprise sale prosecution has broken down.

That commercial morality is at such a low ebb in Glasgow that it is hardly worth while to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.

That the railway companies are attempting to come to a "mutual understanding."

That this means high rates and poor service.

That the Ward Meetings are attracting little attention.

That the Second Ward gathering was the only lively affair of the lot.

That "Jeems" wants a backer in the Council.

That he also wants a "white choker."

That it will be some time before he gets either.

That a general reduction of wages seems imminent.

That the winter prospects are not very cheering.

That the sugar bounty meeting was a failure.

That in a half-filled hall, "We, the citizens of Glasgow," looked very like the three Tooley street tailors.

That Saturday was a terrible day in Glasgow.

That everybody was overwhelmed by the magnitude of the City Bank disaster.

That we all felt as if we were shareholders of the Bank.

That the story of the Bank, as told by Messrs M'Grigor and Anderson, didn't give a single gleam of comfort.

That the apprehension of the Directors was probably the right step for the authorities to take.

That Mr Fiscal Brown is counting on a conviction this time.

That some of his other prosecutions didn't come to much.

That whether the Directors are convicted or not their prosecution won't bring back the shareholders' money.

Shakespearean Motto for the City of Glasgow Bank—"There's not a *note* of mine that's worth the noting."

A Local Expos(e)ition—Merryflats' water.

The Large Dividend—The divide *i' th' end*.

## Some Views on the Bateman Scheme.

MR BATEMAN, C.E., thinks Govan (as a populous suburb, containing many "handsome villa residences") the most eligible site for a gigantic manure depôt.

Mr Jinglecoin, Sen., villa residenter, scents the battle (and the depôt) from afar, dreams of compensation, and is, on the whole, disposed to think some people had better not count their chicks before they're hatched.

Mr Citiswel, Park Circus, owns much property, and is heard almost shrieking: "Eightpence a pound! *At the least!!* What on earth are the people thinking about in these ruination times? Make the city *pure!* they'll soon make it *poor* enough if they carry on these sort of cantrips. Better be a shareholder in the City Bank at once than a ratepayer, if these sort of calls are to be made on a man's purse!"

Bank Shareholder—with a despairing gaiety—"Yes, I rather take to that sewage scheme now. A month ago I would have sworn at it, but when a fellow's safe to get cleaned out himself, he doesn't mind how soon the town gets cleaned out, too—at other people's expense, he! he!"

Miss MocModesty is shocked at people referring so openly to so very disagreeable a subject, and before unmarried—she daren't say "young"—ladies, too. Oh—fie—fie!

Lord Provost Collins thinks it may help him on with his knight-cap if it gets started in time.

## More Light!

TREASURER OSBORNE is of opinion that "the people of Glasgow are not at present suffering from want of light, though the Gas Trust scarcely does its duty." To the latter of these propositions the BAILIE most cordially assents, but he is very far from doing so in the case of the former—unless, indeed, Mr Osborne speaks metaphorically. The amount of moral light shed of late upon some of our institutions has been more copious and instructive than agreeable, but we could do with a little more physical illumination, all the same.

A local establishment undertakes to "supply governesses to families." Who can longer doubt the spread of education, when its ministers are "supplied" like the domestic roll or matutinal milk? But—how do the governesses relish the idea?

Megilp.

I MADE a mistake last week when I wrote that Mr Perugini's "In an Orange Grove," at present in Mr White's North British Galleries, had been exhibited in last year's Academy. The picture was painted for Mr White's Exhibition, and has never been on view before.

Mr White has a capital little landscape by Mr Wellwood Rattray—"When fields are golden." This is the best picture Mr Rattray has yet painted: in colour, feeling, and general style, it is exceedingly good.

"A Letter to Phyllis," by Mr Seymour Lucas—also in Mr White's—is very clever. The colour is rich and harmonious, and the drawing skilful. The picture tells its story well. Mr Lucas is an artist who, to all appearance, will ere long take a high position.

Messrs Kay & Reid have at present in their Galleries an admirable portrait of Bailie Thomson, painted by Mr R. C. Crawford, and presented to the Bailie by members of the cattle trade in Glasgow. It is a broad, well-painted, effective portrait, good both as a likeness and as a work of art.

Sir Daniel Macnee has returned to Edinburgh from the Continent. Mr C. E. Johnson and Mr Percy Hedderwick are at Inverarnan, Loch Lomond. Mr J. A. Aitken is still in the Trossachs, busy with an important picture. Mr M'Whirter has also arrived there, and has begun his large autumn landscape. Mr William Carlaw is back to Glasgow. He will have some beautiful work in the Water Colour Exhibition.

I see one of the artistic sons of Glasgow is off to face danger in Cabul—"Crimean" Simpson. Wherever shot and shell and ugly sword-blades are about, there he is sure to be!

I have had a pleasant lounge in some of the studios, and seen the canvases their owners have brought back with them from the country. All our young artists have been working hard, and making steady progress. It is hardly fair to speak of the definite results yet, as many of the pictures require, in various degrees, finishing touches; but I shall some day soon return to the subject.

The St Mungo Art Society held their exhibition last week in the Rainbow Hotel, Bridge Street. Ninety-two works—oil and water colours—were exhibited. Messrs Eadie, Macmaster, Urquhart, and A. B. Docharty, may be specially mentioned as exhibitors, but the whole collection was exceedingly creditable to the members of the society.

Mr Wm. Glover will sometime next month, probably towards the end of it—have a sale at Mr M'Tear's of all the pictures and sketches he has painted during the past season in the neighbourhood of Kilmun. I have spoken of these on previous occasions, and shall have more to say about them again. I think they will surprise even those who know the power and variety Mr Glover possesses.

In Mr Burns' exhibition, I think the finest of Mr Allan's contributions is "Old Town Hall, Stonehaven." It is a firm, well thought out bit of work, excellent in colour and light. The distance to the left is beautifully put in. All Mr Allan's Seine pictures deserve very high praise. They are soft in tone and poetical in feeling.

What a charming water-colour is the one by Mr MacTaggart in Mr Burns' exhibition "Old Mill near Carnoustie." The colour, feeling, everything about it is sweet and wholesome; and the picture is full of light and atmosphere.

I have before me the illustrated "Notes" to the Royal Society of Artists' Autumn Exhibition in Birmingham, published by Messrs Thos. Gray & Co., and edited by Mr George R. Halkett. The book is very well got up, and the illustrations are exceedingly good. Messrs Gray, by issuing these illustrated catalogues, are doing a great service both to artists and the public. The exhibition appears to be an excellent one. Not many of our leading Scotch artists are represented in it, but nearly all the best known English painters have sent pictures—not a few of which have already appeared at the Royal Academy.

The "Notes" are prefaced by an interesting account of the rise and progress of the Royal Society of Artists, Birmingham.

Its original foundation as "The Society of Arts" dates from 1821, and it has year by year steadily increased in prosperity and usefulness. In addition to the Autumn Exhibition the Society holds a Spring Exhibition of Water Colour Drawings. Last year the sale of works brought in the respectable sum of £5,600, and for some years back, the attendance at the Autumn Exhibition alone has averaged considerably over 40,000. Birmingham is not wholly given over to electro-plate! R.

Six Millions.

SIX Million Pounds!—'tis a heavy theft  
From the toiling sons of trade;  
Six million pounds from the workers left,

That pound by pound was made,  
And stored against the distant day  
When the aged hand, grown frail,  
Might find it a staff to cheer their way  
To the dark and gloomy vale.

Six million pounds!—but countless tears  
Wrung from the widows' eyes,  
Their orphans robbed—their hopes and fears  
Speak plainly in their cries.  
He well the human heart could scan,  
Who wrote, with sorrowing scorn,  
"Man's inhumanity to man  
Makes countless thousands mourn."

EXPISCATORY.—The other week the BAILIE asked, apropos of one of the revelations of the *Princess Alice* inquiry, if our river captains were in the habit of employing "runners" as seamen. It now appears that the engineer of the lost vessel does not hold a certificate. May his Worship put a similar question "in this connection?"

Apropos of a paragraph headed "The Electric Light in the Law Courts," our own cynic says that light of any sort in the Law Courts is a desideratum.

GLASGOW CHORAL UNION  
FIFTH SERIES OF  
CHORAL AND ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.

NEW PUBLIC HALLS,

Commencing TUESDAY, 12TH NOVEMBER, 1878.

THE SUBSCRIPTION LIST IS NOW OPEN.

Choice of Seats will take place in the order of intimation of Subscriptions.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be had from the principal Musicsellers, and from

JOHN WALLACE, Secretary.

58 West Regent Street.

LAST  
GRAND ORGAN RECITAL,  
OF THE AUTUMN SEASON

By DR A. L. PEACE,

IN THE PUBLIC HALLS.

THIS EVENING (TUESDAY), 22D OCTOBER, 8 P.M.

Admission—Balconies, 1s; Area, 6d.

Tickets to be had from Messrs Muir Wood & Co., 42 Buchanan Street.

## SOUTH AYRSHIRE.

**COLONEL ALEXANDER, M.P.** requests that the ELECTORS will do him the honour of meeting him in the CORN EXCHANGE HALL, AYR, on TUESDAY, the 22nd instant, at Two o'clock Afternoon.  
Ballochmyle, 7th October, 1878.

## T H E A T R E R O Y A L.

SIGNOR ENRICO CORANI'S  
ITALIAN AND ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY.  
TO-NIGHT (TUESDAY) by general desire,  
MARITANA (in English).  
WEDNESDAY - - - - - FAUST.  
Box Office Open from 11 till 3.

## T H E A T R E R O Y A L.

MONDAY, 28th OCTOBER,  
M R J. L. T O O L E.

## T H E G A I E T Y.

Proprietor and Manager.....Mr CHARLES BERNARD.  
Miss JENNY LEE,  
In her Marvellous Creation,  
"JO!"  
Every Evening except Thursday,  
Mr J. P. BURNETT'S successful Drama, "JO."  
Prices from 6d to 5s. Box Office Open from 10 to 4.  
Country Patrons can Book Seats either by Note or Wire,  
and Pay at the Door.

## P R I N C E O F W A L E S T H E A T R E.

Miss ANNIE BALDWIN,  
TO-NIGHT (TUESDAY,) & WEDNESDAY,  
JANE SETON;  
Concluding each evening with the Favourite Burlesque,  
BLACK EYED S(E)JUSAN.  
FRIDAY FIRST, BENEFIT OF MISS ANNIE BALDWIN,  
THE HONEYMOON AND AURORA FLOYD.

N E W P U B L I C H A L L S S A T U R D A Y  
E V E N I N G C O N C E R T S.

SATURDAY, 26TH OCTOBER,  
The Celebrated  
**GLASGOW SELECT CHOIR.**  
Mr FREDERIC ARCHER, Conductor and Eminent Organist.  
Solos on the Grand Organ by Mr Archer.  
THE NEW GLASGOW ORCHESTRA,  
Mr W. H. COLE, Conductor.  
Admission—6d and 1s; Reserved Seats on Side Gal-  
leries, 2s,  
Doors Open at 7; Orchestral Performance at Half past 7  
o'clock.  
JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

C I T Y H A L L S A T U R D A Y E V E N I N G  
C O N C E R T S.

SATURDAY, 26TH OCTOBER.  
FIRST SCOTCH NIGHT.  
G R E A T T A N N A H I L L N I G H T.  
Tannahill's Songs and Pastoral, entitled  
"THE SOLDIER'S RETURN."  
PRICES—3d, 6d, 1s, and Reserved Seats, 2s.  
JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

GLASGOW TONIC SOL-FA CHORAL  
SOCIETY.

GRAND SACRED CONCERT,  
NEW PUBLIC HALLS,  
THURSDAY, 24TH OCTOBER (FAST NIGHT).

GEMS FROM THE ORATORIOS  
and other works.

Miss JOSE SHERRINGTON, Soprano;  
Miss ALICE FAIRMAN, Contralto;  
Mr J. H. PEARSON, Tenor;  
Signor BROCOLINI, Bass;  
Dr A. L. PEACE, Organist.  
CHORUS OF ABOUT 400 VOICES,  
Conductor, Mr W. M. MILLER.

ADMISSION:  
Reserved Seats (Balconies), 3s; Unreserved, 2s, and 1s.  
Tickets and Programmes at J. Muir Wood & Co.'s, 42  
Buchanan Street.  
Doors Open at 6-30; Concert at 7-30.

## H E N G L E R S ' G R A N D C I R Q U E.

F A R E W E L L E X H I B I T I O N S.  
LAST WEEK BUT ONE OF  
HAMILTON'S RUSSIA AND TURKEY.  
POSITIVELY CLOSING SATURDAY, Nov. 2.  
Engagement of Merry LITTLE COULSONE, who will  
Appear in the Turkish Caffenette.  
Nearly 60,000 Persons have Visited the Magnificent Exhibition.  
The Russians (the Brothers PELLIKOFF) will appear in the  
GRAND ILLUMINATED SKATING RINK at ST PETERSBURG.  
New Songs by M. Serrone.  
Illuminated Day Exhibitions Wednesdays and Saturdays  
at 3 o'clock.  
Evenings at 8. Saturday at 7-30.  
Stalls, 3s; First Seats, 2s; Second Seats, 1s; Gallery, 6d.

N E W S O M E ' S  
H I P P O D R O M E A N D C I R C U S,  
O P E N E V E R Y E V E N I N G A T S E V E N.

Commencing at 7.30.  
On Saturdays the Doors Open at 6.35; commencing at 7.15.  
This Establishment is renowned for its Magnificent Stud of  
FIFTY THOROUGHbred HORSES AND PONIES, which  
are on View daily, from 2 to 4, gratis by tickets, obtainable at the  
Box Office.  
GRAND ILLUMINATED PERFORMANCES,  
WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 3.  
Prices of Admission, 3s, 2s, 1s, and 6d. Half-price at Nine  
o'clock to all parts except Gallery. Children under 10 years  
of age—to Reserved Seats, 1s 6d; Boxes, 1s; Pit and Pro-  
menade, 6d.  
Box Plan can be seen and Seats secured at Messrs R. J. &  
R. Adams, Musicsellers, 81 and 83 Buchanan Street.  
Sole Proprietor .....Mr J. NEWSOME.

M R H. A. L A M B E T H ' S  
C H O I R.

GRAND SACRED CONCERT.  
KIBBLE PALACE, FAST-DAY, 24TH OCTOBER.  
Doors Open at 6. Concert at 7.  
Admission—One Shilling.  
Tickets from J. Muir Wood & Co., 42 Buchanan Street; also  
from D. Pentland & Co.; R. Donaldson, &c.  
Special Cars from St. Vincent Place for the Palace, in time  
for the Concert and back at the end.

WHEELER & CO.'S  
BELFAST GINGER ALE,  
SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.

The Finest Non-Intoxicating Beverage ever  
Introduced.

DEPOT FOR SCOTLAND:—  
147 STOCKWELL STREET  
GLASGOW.

GLASGOW  
SCIENCE LECTURES ASSOCIATION.

Honorary President—  
SIR WILLIAM THOMSON, M.A., LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S.  
CITY HALL, SESSION 1878-79.

THURSDAY, 14TH NOVEMBER, 1878.

HENRY M. STANLEY,  
The Great African Explorer.

Subject—"Through the Dark Continent,"  
Illustrated with Map and Diagrams.

THURSDAY, 28TH NOVEMBER, 1878.

PROFESSOR FLOWER, LL.D., F.R.S.,  
Royal College of Surgeons, London.

Subject—"The Races of Men,"  
Profusely Illustrated with Diagrams.

THURSDAY, 10TH DECEMBER, 1878.

J. R. SEELEY, M.A.,  
Regius Professor of Modern History, Cambridge.

Subject—"Bismarck."

THURSDAY, 9TH JANUARY, 1879.

GEORGE ROLLESTON, M.D., F.R.S.  
Linacre Professor of Anatomy and Physiology, Oxford.  
Subject—"The Changes Produced by Man on the Indigenous  
Fauna and Flora of Great Britain."  
Illustrated with Diagrams.

THURSDAY, 30TH JANUARY, 1879.

BALFOUR STEWART, LL.D., F.R.S.  
Professor of Natural Philosophy at Owens College, Manchester.  
Subject—"Suspected Relations between the Sun and Planets."  
Illustrated with Diagrams and Experiments.

THURSDAY, 13TH FEBRUARY, 1879.

JOHN M. THOMSON, F.C.S.,  
King's College, London.  
Subject—"On some of the Phenomena connected with Solution  
and Crystallisation."  
Illustrated with Diagrams and Experiments.

Tickets for the Course—1s, 2s 6d, and 5s; Reserved Seats  
(Numbered) 10s 6d. To be had of the principal Booksellers,  
and from the Secretary and Treasurer.

N.B.—With such an attractive Programme, it is confidently  
anticipated that the whole sitting space of the City Hall will be  
Let for Season Tickets. Members and Subscribers are therefore  
advised to secure their Tickets early.

GEO. DAVIDSON, Treasurer, JOHN BROWN, Secretary.  
88 Sauchiehall Street. 96 Buchanan Street.  
Doors Open at 7 P.M. Lectures at 8 P.M.

KAY & REID beg to intimate that they will  
have on View, on and after THURSDAY, 24th inst., 42  
Studies from Nature in Oil by Mr Hall Maxwell, illustrative of  
Anvers and its neighbourhood.

CITY HALL, FAST-DAY, OCTOBER 24, 1878.  
GLASGOW SELECT CHOIR.

MR FREDERIC ARCHER,.....CONDUCTOR,  
GRAND SERVICE OF SACRED MUSIC  
ON EVENING OF FAST-DAY.

The Programme will include the following ANTHEMS, &c.:—  
"Send Out Thy Light"—Gounod; "O Lord My God"—  
Wesley; "Praise the Lord"—Goss; "Blest are the Departed"  
—Spohr; "We March to Victory"—Barnby; "Ave Verum"  
—Gounod; "The Way is Long and Dreary"—Sullivan;  
"Hear, Holy Power"—Auber; "Judge Me, O God"—  
Mendelssohn.

AND  
FESTIVAL ANTHEM, "The Glorious Majesty"—F. Archer.  
SOLOS, &c.—"Thou Art Our Father"—Hummel; "Life nor  
Death"—Mart; "But the Lord is Mindful of His Own"—  
Mendelssohn; "His Salvation is Nigh"—Bennett.  
ORGAN SOLOS—"Hear ye, Israel, "Be not Afraid" (Elijah)  
Mendelssohn; "March of Priests" (Athalie)—Mendelssohn.

Doors Open at 7; Concert at 8.  
Tickets—Balcony, 2s; Area, 1s—at Principal Musicsellers.

On Tuesday and Wednesday, 29th and 30th October, in the  
City Sale-Rooms, 14 West Nile Street.

EXTENSIVE AND IMPORTANT TWO DAYS' SALE

OF  
GENUINE HIGH-CLASS MODERN PICTURES,  
Valued at £4770, including

Ten Characteristic Works by SAM BOUGH,  
Large and Important Work by ERSKINE NICOL,  
And many of the best Artists of the Day.

J. & R. EDMISTON have received positive  
instructions to Sell, in the Saloon of the City Sale-Rooms,  
on Tuesday and Wednesday, 29th and 30th October, beginning  
at One o'clock each day, this Valuable Collection, including  
most desirable Specimens, and Grand and Important Works by  
Sam Bough, R.S.A. Erskine Nicol, A.R.A.  
George Paul Chalmers, R.S.A. John Milne Donald.  
Sir Noel Paton, R.S.A. James Docharty, A.R.S.A.  
John M'Whirter, R.S.A. Colin Hunter.  
Robert W. Allan. James A. Aitken.  
Joseph Henderson John R. Reid.  
W. Beattie Brown, A.R.S.A. J. Denovan Adam.  
William M'Taggart, R.S.A. G. W. Graham.  
Edwin Hayes, R.H.A. Jules Lessore.  
Marcus Stone, A.R.A. P. F. Poole, R.A.  
George Shalders. H. De Beul, &c.

This Collection is almost entirely the Property of a Private  
Gentleman, who had placed a number of the Pictures in the  
hands of Dealers for Private Sale, but is now compelled to bring  
them to auction for immediate compulsory realisation.

The Auctioneers feel warranted in calling special attention to  
this as the most important Sale of Genuine High-class Pictures  
that has taken place in Glasgow for some time.

Descriptive Catalogues (price 6d each) may be had at the  
View on Monday, 28th October from 10 to 4.

J. & R. EDMISTON, Auctioneers.

SCOTTISH SOCIETY OF  
WATER-COLOUR PAINTERS.

THE FIRST EXHIBITION  
Of this Society will be OPENED in their GALLERY,  
108 WEST NILE STREET, GLASGOW,  
ON SATURDAY, 2ND NOVEMBER, 1878

EXHIBITION of SELECTED PICTURES.

Oil and Water Colour.  
WILLIAM BURNS, 162 Buchanan Street, Glasgow.  
Admission Free.

GLASGOW AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.



**GLASGOW FAST-DAY.**  
THURSDAY, 24th OCTOBER.

ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS issued at GLASGOW and PAISLEY will be Available to Return any day within One Month from date of issue, by Trains which have the Class of Carriage.

On THURSDAY, 24th OCTOBER, Passengers will be booked from GLASGOW and PAISLEY by Special Express Train leaving St. Enoch at 8-15, and Paisley at 8-30 a.m., to the Stations undernoted:—

Stations.	Return Fares.	
	1s Cl.	3d Cl.
MAUCHLINE,.....	5s 9d	2s 6d.
AUCHINLECK,.....		
OLD CUMNOCK,.....	6s od	3s od.
NEW CUMNOCK,.....		
SANQUHAR,.....	6s od	3s od.
THORNHILL,.....		
DUMFRIES,.....	8s od	4s od.
ANNAN,.....		
CARLISLE,.....		

Returning from Carlisle at 6-30, Annan at 6-58, Dumfries at 7-25 p.m.; Thornhill at 7-55, Sanquhar at 8-15, New Cumnock at 8-35, Old Cumnock at 8-45, Auchinleck at 8-50, and Mauchline at 9-0 p.m.

Passengers may return from Dumfries, Annan, and Carlisle any day up till Monday, 28th October (Sunday excepted), by any Train except the 4-57 a.m., 1 50 and 6-17 p.m. Trains from Carlisle, on payment at the Booking-Office before leaving of 2s First Class and 1s Third Class additional to the Excursion Fare.

**TO BELFAST AND BACK,**

By Train leaving St. Enoch Station at 6.50 a.m., and Paisley at 7-4 a.m., at the following Cheap Fares:—

First-Class, .....	20s
Third-Class,.....	10s

Passengers arrive in Belfast at 1 p.m., and return at 4 p.m. (Irish Time) same day, and have thus about Three Hours in Belfast.

The tickets are available for return any day (except Sunday) up till and inclusive of Monday, 28th October, by Train leaving Belfast, York Road Terminus, at 4 p.m. (Irish Time).

ALSO TO

**SALTCOATS, ARDROSSAN, IRVINE, TROON, PRESTWICK, AND AYR.**

By Express Train leaving St. Enoch Station at 8-30, and Paisley at 8-48 a.m., at the following Cheap Return Fares:—

First-Class, 5s; Third-Class, 2s 6d.

Returning from Ayr at 6-30, Prestwick at 6-37, Troon at 6-44, Irvine at 6-53, Ardrossan at 6-40, and Saltcoats at 6-45 p.m.

Passengers will be Booked from GLASGOW and PAISLEY to THORNHILL, DUMFRIES, CARLISLE, CASTLE-DOUGLAS, KIRKCUDBRIGHT,

And Stations between GIRVAN and STRANRAER; also to Stations on the Port-Patrick Railway,

At a Single Fare for the Double Journey, the Tickets being available from Wednesday, 23rd, till Monday, 28th October.

Dumfries Tickets will be available for Stations between Thornhill and Dumfries; Carlisle Tickets for Stations between Dumfries and Carlisle; Castle-Douglas Tickets for Stations between Dumfries and Castle-Douglas; and Kirkcudbright Tickets for Stations between Castle-Douglas and Kirkcudbright..

**GREENOCK SECTION.**

In addition to the Hourly Service of Trains from St. Enoch, SPECIAL TRAINS will Leave Bridge Street Station for Greenock (Princes Pier) at 10 and 11 a.m. and 12 Noon; and from St. Enoch and Bridge Street Stations Special Trains will be run to Greenock during the day as required.

To avoid overcrowding, Tickets can be obtained for the

above Excursions any time during the day on Tuesday and Wednesday, 22d and 23d October, at the Company's Booking Office, St. Enoch, or at the Company's Town Office, 21 Queen Street.

W. J. WAINWRIGHT, General Manager.

Glasgow, October, 1878.

CALEDONIAN RAILWAY.



**GLASGOW FAST-DAY.**

ON THURSDAY, 24TH OCTOBER, 1878, CHEAP EXCURSION TRAINS

Will be Run as under, viz.:—

To BEATTOCK (FOR MOFFAT), LOCKERBIE, DUMFRIES AND CARLISLE,

By Special Fast Train leaving Buchanan Street at 7-45 a.m.; Returning from Carlisle at 6-30 p.m., Dumfries 6-30 p.m., Lockerbie 7-10 p.m., and Beattock, 7-35 p.m.

Cheap Return Fares—

	1st Cl.	3d Cl.		1st Cl.	3d Cl.
BEATTOCK.....	7s	3s 6d	DUMFRIES .....	8s	4s
LOCKERBIE .....	8s	4s	CARLISLE .....	8s	4s

To PERTH and DUNDEE,

By Express Train with Through Carriages, leaving Buchanan Street at 8-15 a.m.; Returning from Dundee at 5-45 p.m., and Perth (Princes Street) at 6-40 p.m.

Cheap Return Fares—

	1st Cl.	3d Cl.		1st Cl.	3d Cl.
PERTH .....	7s	3s 6d	DUNDEE .....	10s	5s.

To LANARK (for FALLS OF CLYDE),

By Special Fast Train leaving Buchanan Street at 9-15 a.m.; Returning from Lanark at 6-10 p.m.

Cheap Return Fares—

First Class.....	5s 6d	Third Class. ....	2s 6d
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For further particulars, see Bills.

JAMES SMITHELLS, General Manager.

Glasgow, October, 1878.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Friday, 25th October, at One o'clock.

COMPULSORY PUBLIC SALE OF 100 DOZEN SUPERIOR PALE SHERRY, Of very fine Quality, Packed in Dozen Cases, and Selected for a first-class Family Trade,

ALSO,

12 DOZEN OLD PORT, From a Gentleman's Private Cellar.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. have received Imperative Instructions to Sell the above, by Auction, without Reserve, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North Court, St Vincent Place, on Friday, 25th October, at One o'clock.

Samples on Morning of Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 21st October, 1878.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Friday, 25th October, at One o'clock.

100 BOXES GENUINE HAVANA CIGARS.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO., Auctioneers, Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 21st October, 1878.

NORTH BRITISH GALLERIES,

44 GORDON STREET.

THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION

OF

PICTURES BY GREAT ARTISTS, Fresh from their Easels,

NOW OPEN.—Admission, including Catalogue, 6d.



ISLAY WHISKY.

W. & J. MUTTER,  
BOWMORE DISTILLERY.  
COUNTING-HOUSE, 41 ANN STREET, CITY, GLASGOW.



SPECIAL SALE OF MAHOGANY HAIR-CLOTH COVERED EASY CHAIRS, SOFAS, PARLOUR AND DINING-ROOM CHAIRS, AT ASTONISHINGLY LOW PRICES.

A. GARDNER & SON will offer for Sale To-Day and following Days, Large Quantities of the above Articles at the Undernoted Great Reductions, in order to reduce the Stocks which have accumulated at the Works owing to the extreme dulness of Trade. They have all been manufactured for their Ordinary Trade, consequently the Frames are substantial and the Upholstery Work of the best description. Inspection is respectfully invited.

	Former Price.	Now.
1st Lot...Easy Chairs.....	£2 2s	£1 12s
2d Lot...Easy Chairs.....	3 3s	2 5s
3d Lot...Easy Chairs.....	4 4s	3 10s
4th Lot...Easy Chairs (High-Class).....	6 10s	5 5s
5th Lot...Bed Sofas (Extra Large).....	6 10s	4 10s
6th Lot...Sofas (Arch Backs).....	6 10s	5 5s
7th Lot...Sofas (Various Designs).....	9 10s	7 10s
8th Lot...Sofas (Arched Backs).....	4 10s	3 10s
9th Lot...Parlour Chairs.....	16s 6d	13s 6d
10th Lot...Dining Room Chairs.....	23s 6d	18s 6d

\*\* At the same time will be offered, at Reduced Prices, Bed-Room Suites, Drawing-Room Suites, Dining-Room Suites, Loo Tables, Telescope Tables, Sideboards, Chiffonniers, Wardrobes, Chests of Drawers, Basin Stands, Toilet Tables, Dressing-Glasses, Bedsteads, Bookcases, Hat Stands, Lobby Tables, Office Desks; Parlour, Dining-Room, and Drawing-Mirrors; Carpets, Rugs, Floor-Cloths, Bedding, Curtains, Window Poles, Blankets, &c., &c.

A. GARDNER & SON,  
CABINETMAKERS AND UPHOLSTERERS,  
36 JAMAICA STREET.

FOOTBALL COSTUMES.

Every Club Colour kept in Stock.  
LIST OF COLOURS ON APPLICATION.

H. & P. M'NEIL,  
HATTERS, HOSIERS, GLOVERS, AND SHIRTMAKERS,  
CRICKET AND FOOTBALL OUTFITTERS,  
21 & 23 RENFIELD STREET.

JOHN M. SIMPSON, Furniture Warehouse and Show-rooms, 60 GREAT CLYDE STREET, (Corner of Maxwell Street) Glasgow. One of the largest Stocks in the City. New Illustrated House Furnishing Guide to be had Free on application. The Cheapest Establishment in the City for Really Good Substantial Furniture of Artistic Design and Superior Finish. Quality Guaranteed.

WASTE PAPER, Ledgers, Letters, Books, Ropes, Bagging, Tailors' Clips—bought at PAPER MILL STORE, 98 MAXWELL STREET.



GLASGOW, BOTHWELL, HAMILTON, AND COATBRIDGE RAILWAY COMPANY.

BOTHWELL AND WHIFFLET BRANCH,  
BELLSHILL STATION.

THE Public are hereby respectfully informed that the above-named Station is NOW OPEN for Goods, Mineral, Live Stock, and Parcels Traffic, and in a short time it will be ready for Passengers.

Also, NEW STATIONS for Passengers and other traffic will, at an early date, be opened at BROOMHOUSE and PEACOCK CROSS (HAMILTON WEST).

R. J. BROWNE, General Manager.

Offices—45 Montrose Street,  
Glasgow, 23rd September, 1878.

PHOTOGRAPHERS TO THE QUEEN

RALSTON & SONS,  
141 SAUCHIEHALL STREET  
AND  
165 SANDRINGHAM TERRACE, HILLHEAD.

RUTHERFORD BROTHERS,  
ARTISTS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS,  
127 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

OIL PAINTINGS  
BY CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS.

EXTENSIVE COLLECTION AT 338 SAUCHIEHALL ST  
WM. GENTLES, Picture Dealer, Wholesale & for Exportation  
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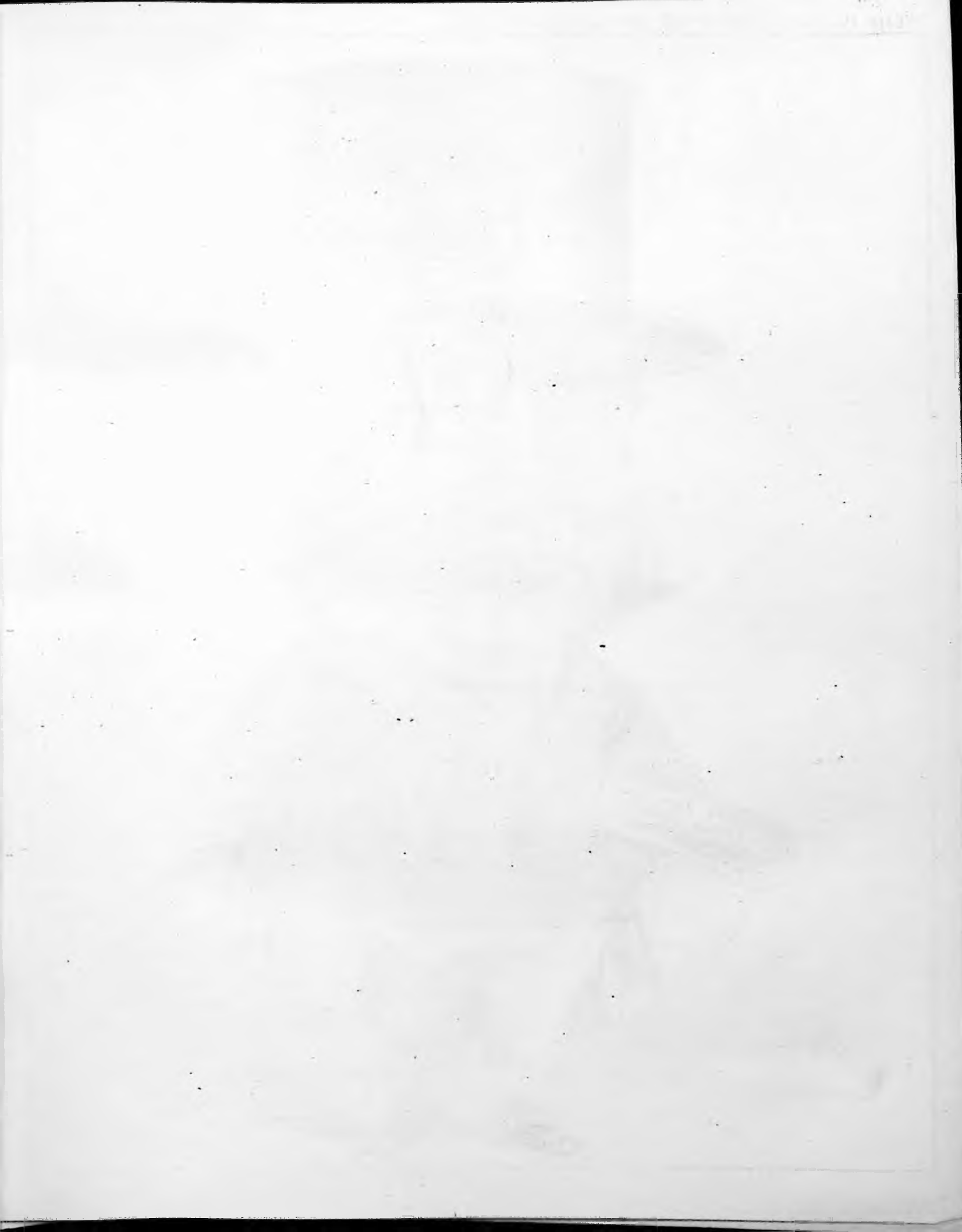
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# The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 315. Glasgow, Wednesday, October 30th, 1878. Price 1d

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 315.

THE doings of the past eight days have in no way served to clear the commercial atmosphere. Things are worse if possible this afternoon than they were a week ago. Everybody expected that the liquidators of the City of Glasgow Bank would make a call of £500 per share on the proprietors, but now that the call of £500 has been made we are all aghast at the prospect it opens up. Ruin, stark, utter ruin, stares every shareholder in the face. Not a loop-hole of escape is left, not a patch of silver lines the cloud of misfortune which lowers over them. Among the more striking events of the seven days that have elapsed since the BAILIE made his last hebdomadal bow to his readers, has been the bankruptcy of Mr JAMES MORTON of Glasgow and London, together with that of the consorting house of Matthew, Buchanan and Co. Mr MORTON announced on Tuesday that he was unable to meet his liabilities to his creditors, and this announcement was followed, two days later, by his brother-in-law, Mr Matthew, making a similar intimation. Looked at by themselves these failures are serious enough, but when the connection of Mr MORTON with the City of Glasgow Bank is recollected they become almost portentous. Mr MORTON, though not a director, must for years have been the controlling power of the City Bank. This, at all events, is the only explanation of the connection between his firm and that unfortunate concern. Mr MORTON has been a daily visitor to the Bank parlour for years, and he stands indebted to the shareholders at this moment for over two millions of hard cash, while, according to the investigators, the securities held against this enormous sum are worth no more than half a million of pounds. This man of vast figures, this "Napoleon of finance," rose to his present

important position from very small beginnings. Mr MORTON is the son of an East Kilbride farmer. He was a vendor of buttermilk, even after he had come to man's estate, to the burghesses of Rutherglen and Bridgeton; later in life he became a partner in the stationery business of Laird and Co., at the corner of Glassford and Wilson Streets; and then he figured as a general dealer in rags and paper. The collapse of Laird and Co. is still recollected in old Glasgow circles. The firm supplied the City of Glasgow Bank with cheque-books, ledgers, and other stationery, and Mr MORTON was understood to have largely ingratiated himself with those at the head of affairs. His failure for some dozen thousands of pounds was on this account all the more astounding to his creditors. It is not recorded, however, in the pages of history, notwithstanding his ostentatious liberality, that he ever called his then creditors together at any later period of his life and paid them 20s. in the pound. After his experience among rags, already alluded to, Mr MORTON suddenly expanded into a full-blown Australian merchant. Not only did he export every known and unknown article of merchandise, from the traditional needle to the equally mythical anchor, but he also chartered ships, mixed himself up with other firms, and was generally recognised as one of the biggest speculators of that period of reckless speculation. On the failure of Mr Gavin Irving Dickson for some £350,000, on which a dividend of 1s 9d per pound was paid, Mr MORTON, to the astonishment of everybody, was found to be the clever fellow who had pulled the wires, but had yet, with masterly ingenuity, kept himself clear of the toils. Even at this far back period Mr MORTON had shown himself an adept in all the arts of giving and getting advances on every species of goods, and borrowing and lending names on financial docu-

ments. When the Western Bank succumbed in 1857, the Man you Know was a holder of shares, but he succeeded in scraping together the wherewithal to meet the calls of the liquidators. He was the local "mystery man" of the period, and the period was an exciting one, inasmuch as it was the period of the Australian mania. Notwithstanding the immense transactions in which he was concerned, and the enormous sums that passed through his hands, Mr MORTON at this time, as at a later day, frequently found himself in difficulties for the want of even a moderate amount of ready money. He met plenty of people eager enough to deal with him, but banker and bill-broker alike regarded him at times, with true Scotch caution, as somewhat uncanny. A space of comparative quiet followed the stormy days of '57, but as public confidence returned Mr MORTON once more began to trim his sails for a favouring wind. All this time his Australian connection had been maintained unbroken, and when New Zealand began to grow into importance he gradually extended his operations to the new colony. His dealings with Dunedin would make a long and possibly an unedifying story. He sent cattle and implements thither, he purchased New Zealand land, and from what was originally a comparatively unimportant trade, there sprung that imposing New Zealand Land Company, the child of his scheming brain, of the stock of which, to the surprise of every one of us, the City of Glasgow Bank holds such an enormous quantity. Like Antonio of old he had ventures here and ventures there, including such trifles as an interest in a carriage-hiring and funeral undertaking business in the city, associations for satisfying the cravings of hunger with tinned Australian meat and with "National Bread," and numerous other like enterprises. Although not nominally a principal in the company of Matthew, Buchanan & Co., on the affidavit of the partners Mr MORTON was the real "head" and moving spirit of the concern. With the instinct of Alexander, who continually sighed for new worlds to conquer, he had thus added, of late years, rice and teak to the already varied commodities in which he dealt, and so acquired increased facilities for his financial operations. Personally, Mr MORTON, although a man of great natural ability, is also a man of very scant education. In spite of his forty years of business life, he is still, to all intents and purposes, an East Kilbride farmer. Bluff in manner and broad in speech he has nothing of that refinement of manner we associate

now-a-days with the typical British merchant. He believes in "the force of will" and in himself, and it is in this double belief that the secret of his success is mainly to be found. Rumour has it that, after the Bible, Mr MORTON'S favourite volume is the "Holy Living" of Jeremy Taylor, but looking at his career some might be inclined to believe that he had modelled part of his life at least after another *Jeremy* than the pious Bishop of Down and Connor. He is simple in his tastes, both as regards eating and drinking, though probably no man in Scotland has exported brandy so largely. During his long life of ceaseless business unrest, Mr MORTON has continued to mix himself up continually with church affairs. He is given to lengthy prayers and to the stringing together of texts of Scripture, and his taste for Sabbath school work amounts to a perfect mania. Mr MORTON has been known to travel from London to Glasgow of a Saturday night so as not to miss his pet pleasure. During the pastorate of Mr J. S. Taylor in Hutchesontown U.P. Church Mr MORTON was the ruling manager, indeed he almost monopolised the management of the congregation. But if he was determined to rule he was also willing to give. He gave largely and openly; his desire for pre-eminence was as notable in his giving as in all his other actions. A son of the Rev. Mr Taylor—his late pastor—occupies the position of partner to Mr MORTON, a position, however, which is altogether a subsidiary one, and is not at all unlike that held towards him by Mr Matthew. Every general has his lieutenants; even a great financier like Mr MORTON requires the help at times of very small men. Lively as is the regard entertained for the Man you Know by the public at large, he must at least be consoled at times by the reflection that certain insurance offices have still a more direct interest in his well-being than even the biggest shareholder in the City Bank, inasmuch as his life is insured with them for one hundred thousand pounds. If the BAILIE were asked to describe Mr MORTON'S leading mental trait, he would say it was a passion for ruling over his fellows. "Domineering" is the word which best expresses what the man really is. He would be bold who would hazard even a guess at the result of the present crisis in the fortunes of this daring spirit, but there are many who believe that lose who may, Mr MORTON will escape comparatively unharmed from the prevailing disaster, a portion of which, at least, can be directly traced to his sinister influence.

Don't All Speak at Once.

THE "merchant prince" whose munificent offer of £50 per annum for a corresponding clerk who can write phonetic shorthand at the rate of "100 to 150 words per minute" has, astonishing as it may seem, evidently not yet met with a sufficiently rapid writer for his money, as the BAILIE has again noticed a repetition of the tempting advertisement. Would it not be worth Mr Silver's while to turn his attention that way? He might object of course that some of his pupils—owing to the above qualifications—are earning from £200 to £300 per annum in railway and other large companies, but then you know ignorant biased people like Mr Silver are very apt to over-estimate such trifling qualifications. Why! from three to four years' *constant practice* (a mere nothing) will furnish any one, naturally apt and otherwise well educated, with the desiderated facility. The BAILIE wonders muchly, therefore, that some of our young-local-lightning-ink-slashing-phonos have not literally jumped at (or on) this liberal-souled patron of the fine arts.

OFF HIS GUARD.—At Birmingham last week, after drawing illustrations from the careers of "the celebrated Mr Sheridan," and the no less celebrated Don Quixote, Sir Stafford Northcote compared himself to the equally celebrated Baron Munchausen. Sir Stafford is a bold man, but he need not have given quite so tempting a chance to the Philistines—though, indeed, none of the Philistines seem to have been smart enough to take advantage of their opportunity.

The "latest" perpetrated by Mr Chamberlain, M.P., is to call Captain Burnaby "Captain Bobadil." This is, no doubt, both witty and tasteful, but is it quite appropriate? If the BAILIE remembers aright, Bobadil's strong point was talking, not doing; and, that being the case, the observer will be inclined to attribute more of the Bobadillian element to the critic than to the criticised.

When will the haughty Southron learn to accord us our proper rank among the cities? Here's the *Pall Mall Gazette* talking of Glasgow as "the *third* commercial city of the United Kingdom!" Third, indeed! But there! The BAILIE is tired of reiterating a claim which should not require assertion.

The Men we didn't Know—The Directors.

Smokers,—Try Wallach Smoking Mixture, 6d per ounce. Only to be had from D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram Street

A Warning.

HERR DOBLER, or rather one of his myrmidons, took up a line of divination the other day which, however ingenious and interesting, is fraught with nameless perils. In the course of his conjuring Mr "Rex," we are told, "indicated several facts concerning the policeman at the door, which no doubt greatly astonished that gentleman." Not having been present on the occasion, the BAILIE is unable to say what were these astonishing facts, but there can be little doubt that they referred to "drains on the quiet," surreptitious smokes "roun' ta corner," furtive flirtations, and the other stolen sweets that lend a wild charm to the life of the bold bobby. Rex, being a stranger to our city, was probably unaware of the normal consequences of taking liberties with a Glasgow policeman, and this is no doubt the reason he has been allowed to depart unscathed from our gates; but let not the next man of mystery who comes this way—"high though his title, proud his name"—be he Rex, or Emperor, or Dobler, or Heller—venture to take advantage of this forbearance. Let him pry into the pockets and purses, the thoughts and history, of whomsoever else he chooses, but—let him beware how he meddles with the secrets of the "force!" Not even the cleverest of conjurers is "aboon the micht" of Tonal.

Mr George Jackson is a most ingenious personage, and, should he find a place in the Council, will be an excellent model for those who desire to "trim" with safety and effect. The manner in which he last week evaded the soft impeachment that he was a trades'-unionist, and shirked the question as to the opening of museums on Sunday, proved him to possess diplomatic talents of no mean order. The BAILIE, who likes "smart men," hereby pats him on the back, and encourages him to go in and win.

TWO GREAT TRUTHS.—At a recent Good Templar concert Councillor Selkirk sagely observed that "a fortnight's abstention from intoxicants on the part of the people of the country would result in saving a sum sufficient to meet all the liabilities of the City Bank." This is quite possible; but the Councillor might have added that a fortnight's abstention from "nutritives" on the part of the creditors of the bank would result in our hearing no more of their claims.

## Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Mr J. L. Toole, brightest of comedians and kindest of men, is once more with us, and is as bright, as full of mirth, and as kindly as ever. He opens this evening in his new play of "A Fool and his Money," a piece specially written for him by Mr Byron. Those who know say that Mr Toole's part of *Charles* in "A Fool and his Money" is one of the best he has ever played.

Mr Toole is accompanied—of course—by Mr George Loveday. Now-a-days, indeed, you may be sure that wherever Toole is, Loveday won't be far off.

Among the members of the company organised by Mr Loveday are Miss Eliza Johnstone, clever Miss Annie Allan—formerly of the Gaiety, Miss Santon and Mr Westland.

In addition to a "Fool and his Money" this week's programme at the Royal includes "Ici on Parle Francais."

When enumerating, last week, the ladies and gentlemen engaged to take part in Mr Glover's pantomime, I forgot to mention Miss Lydia Howard, who plays the *title-role* in "Puss in Boots."

"Proof" will be played to-night at the Gaiety for the first time in Scotland. It has been *the* great success of the season at the London Adelphi, and has drawn crowds in the provinces whenever it has been performed.

The scene of "Proof" is laid in France, and it recalls in some measure the famous "Two Orphans," a piece written, by the bye, by the same authors.

Mr Reginald Moore is in charge of the company appearing at the Gaiety in "Proof," but its members have been carefully selected by Mr Wilson Barrett.

Mr Lindsay, whilome of the Gaiety, is still in Mr Wilson Barrett's theatre at Hull, where he has taken part of late in various Shakespearean plays, notably in "Much Ado about Nothing," and "As You Like It."

When "Olivia" is produced at the Gaiety, Miss Florence Terry will support the *little rôle*, Mr Charles Calvert will be *Dr Primrose*, and Mr T. N. Wenman *Mr Burchell*.

A new Irish drama entitled "Garry Cwen" will be produced this evening at the Prince of Wales Theatre. It will be supported by Miss Stephenson, Mr Levey, and a special company.

"Diplunacy," the sparkling burlesque on the comedy of Diplomacy, is underlined at the Prince of Wales for Monday next.

Miss Annie Baldwin (Mrs Raisbeck Robinson) and her company open to-morrow night in Carlisle. This ought to be familiar ground to Miss Baldwin—her husband, Mr Robinson, is the owner of Lorton Hall, the proprietary mansion of Wordsworth's Vale of Lorton, on Crummock Water.

Mr John Coleman and his Company were in the Theatre-Royal, Bradford, last week, playing "Valjean" to capital houses.

Our friends of "Pinafore" and "Sorcerer" fame, Mr Austin, Mr Ryley, and the rest of them, open to-night at the Dundee Theatre-Royal.

I see it chronicled, by the bye, that "Madame Adelina Patti and Signor Nicolini occupied a private box" this night week at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, on the occasion of Carl Rosa and his company producing the opera of "Maritana."

Truly there be critics and critics. He of the *Era* for Greenock describes Mr Irving in one paragraph as "that highly-gifted and versatile actor;" while in another "Miss De Vere," of Moss's Varieties, is termed "that clever characteristic vocalist!"

The rent paid by Mr Edward Saker, for the Liverpool Alexandra theatre, is £2000 per annum.

An old Glasgow favourite and an accomplished vocalist and musician—Madame Vaneri to wit, has been appointed to the post of professor of singing in the Milan Conservatoire of Music, vacant by the resignation of Signor Lamperti.

Mr Hamilton's dioramic season in Hengler's Cirque comes to a close on Saturday next. His "Russia and Turkey" has proved a very great success, and the few nights it has yet to run will no doubt draw houses only limited by the size of the auditorium. By the way, BAILIE, I made a slip last week as to the

value of the new diorama, "A Voyage Round the World," which is to form the start in life of Mr Joseph Hamilton's eldest son. I am assured it has cost above £7000, is painted on over a mile of canvas, and is altogether the biggest show ever submitted by the Messrs Hamilton. The artists, in addition to the proprietors, were Messrs E. C. Barnes, W. Telbin, J. O'Connor, J. Hall, E. Atkins, Wells, Arker, White, Grey, Absolon, Ballard, and Fenton.

Messrs J. & R. Edmiston announce a sale of high class pictures to-morrow (Tuesday) and Wednesday. The sale each day to begin at one o'clock. Among the works to be disposed of are a "Moor," by James Docharty, one of Milne Donald's characteristic Clyde scenes, clever paintings by Joseph Henderson and Colin Hunter, one or two Sam Boughs, a M'Whirter, an A. K. Brown, various studies by G. P. Chalmers, and numerous other specimens of our more popular national artists.

The *Graphic* of this week had a capital sale in Glasgow. One or two of the local papers announced on Tuesday that an artist of the *Graphic* was in the police court that morning "making portraits of the Bank Directors"—the fact being that Morrison Kyle's cartoonist had found his way into the court, and posing before everybody with a pencil and a sketch book, had succeeded in getting a puff for nothing. I need hardly say that Saturday's *Graphic* contained no Glasgow pictures, although on the strength of the newspaper notices, every copy was sold out at the various news-vendors' early in the day. Can it be that the portraits in question will find their way before long into some handkerchief corner, or other species of printed goods? Q.

## NICOL'S FAREWELL.

(On board the S.S. "Flying Debtor.")

"I'm off to sunny Spain, early in the morning,  
I'm off to sunny Spain my little time to stay—  
Give my respects to all the kind, enquiring friends,  
I'm off to sunny Spain, before the break of day.

## A LOWER DEPTH.

*1st City Bank Shareholder* — Weel, Jamie, this is a bad business about the Bank, we'll a' hae tae gang tae the Poorhouse.

*2nd Do.*—Poorhouse! Poorhouse! and wha's tae keep it up, the Poorhouse 'ill fail.

A System thoroughly understood in the City Bank—Book-keeping by *double entry*.

PITY 'TIS.—Jones thinking what he should call his latest and most wearisome three vols., the scene of which is laid in Egypt, hit on a brilliant idea, born of a paragraph in a financial paper—"I'll call it," he cried, "I'll call it 'The Great Loan Land.'"

The legality of "Glove Fights" is being questioned. It'll be "Tea-fights" next—to arms ye spinsters lean!

## "YE BANKS AND BRAES."

Q. Why is the Nile like poor old Scotland just now?

A. Because one of its banks has burst, and—"the extent of the damage is scarcely realized as yet."



Diddling the Depositors.

AMONG all the silly and impudent suggestions evoked by the Bank frauds, surely the most deliciously cool is the proposal that the depositors should hand over a percentage of their money to the shareholders—in other words, should pay those ladies and gentlemen hard cash for the privilege of having their capital locked up. This idea is probably to be attributed to some of those outsiders who have been so loud in expressions of cheap sympathy, and who are afraid of being asked to “back” that sympathy with coin. His Worship was pleased to note that the tone of the speakers at last week’s meeting was that of men prepared to meet their just debts at any sacrifice, and that the proposal to which he has referred was never once mooted by the shareholders themselves. Let us hope we have heard the last of it.

NICOL’S SOLILOQUY BEFORE LEAVING

“Oh this is no’ a land for me,  
I’ll tarry here nae langer.”

PETER’S CONUNDRUM.—Why, inquires Peter, would a good classical education have been an advantage to the Directors of the City Bank? Because they would have been able to decline “Quod.”

Why, says the Animile—thinking of old times—is Balaam like the City Bank dividend of July last? Both, he adds with a he-haw, are false profits (prophets).

There is an elector of the Eleventh Ward who objects to the prohibition of bicycling in the parks on the ground that “young men require that exercise.” Exercise on a bicycle being not unlike exercise on the treadmill, could not some compromise be come to?

THE ASS IN PARIS.

Farewell, stock from British bonder,  
Whisky brew’d in smugglers’ stell;  
Absinthe makes the heart grue fonder,  
Islay, “duty,” fare—thee—well?

Why, inquires the Animile, is Councillor Martin like a director of the City of Glasgow Bank? Because, he replies triumphantly, the one makes the pockets, and the other pockets the “maiks.” He-haw!

There is at present an ecclesiastical squabble going on in Irvine, and one of the partisans declared the other day that the conduct of his opponents was “diabolical.” The obvious inference is that he himself is “on the side of the angels”—which must be a highly satisfactory consideration.

How It’s Done in Edinburgh.

WE in Glasgow flatter ourselves that we do some things better than they do them in Edinburgh, but there is at least one matter—besides manners and morality, which, of course, *vont sans dire*—in which our East-country friends beat us hollow, and that is the getting up of “testimonials.” This is a thing which they seem to understand to a nicety. For example. Two years ago it was proposed to raise a memorial in Edinburgh to the late Professor Dick. The sum of £300 was promised, and £185 collected. Of the latter sum there now remains £62, the trifling amount of £123 having been swallowed up in “expenses;” and nobody seems to know what these same “expenses” were. The question now is, “What’s to be done with the £62?” May the BAILIE suggest that it might appropriately form the nucleus of a fund for the defence of the directors of the City of Glasgow Bank?

Millport is rapidly coming to the front under the tutelage of Bailie Robertson. A supply of pure water has just been laid on instead of the surface drainage formerly in use for the manufacture of tea and toddy, and now the following assessments are about to be levied from the sojourners round the stuffy little bay:—“Police, 8d per £1; general improvement, 1d; general sewers, 1d; special sewers in eastern district, 2d; and special sewers in central district, 2d.” There, my noble sirs, what could you ask for more? Pure water and plenty of taxes.

THE PERFORMED TRANSFORMED.—A contemporary, speaking of Mr Irving’s proposed representation of Robert Emmett, says, “Of course he will not act as an Irishman at all, but simply as an Englishman.” Why poor Emmett should be transformed into “simply an Englishman,” and how the feat is to be managed, the BAILIE leaves his contemporary and Mr Irving to settle between them.

Surely the most progressive thing going is the “City Progressive Club.” This modest institution has for its objects:—“The promotion of the intellectual advancement of the individual by Speeches, Essays, Instructive Lessons and Debates; his physical advancement by Football, Walking Tours, Excursions and Athletics; his social advancement by means of Dramatic Entertainments, Recitations, and Music.” Oh gemini!

Nicol’s Bail.—Leg Bail.

## Quavers.

IT would be no wonder were the subscription list of the Choral Union and Orchestral Concerts less encouraging this year than last, but it is greatly to be hoped that the scheme will in no way be neglected, even in the depressing circumstances in which we find ourselves. *On dit* that the committee have some most interesting engagements in course of negotiation, additional to those already announced.

A funny story is told apropos of these concerts. One of our self-made men (a class of people of which we have surely had enough in Glasgow for some time to come) was solicited for a subscription. Looking all over the prospectus, and noting in particular the eminent vocalists engaged—"A' verra weel," says the "self-made," "but whaur's your comic?"

There is another scheme of concerts which we trust will not be overlooked—Mr Lambeth's subscription series, the first concert of which takes place on Thursday evening in the Queen's Rooms, with a choice programme of English part songs, &c. The *matériel* of the choir is good, and with Mr Lambeth's undoubted ability as a trainer, refined and melodious singing may very surely be looked for.

The Kibble, the Granville Street Hall, and the City Hall, were all three crowded to the door last Thursday evening. It looks very much as if a real want were being supplied in the institution of these Fast-day concerts. The times change, and we change with them. How different from the days—not so very remote—when for nearly a whole week at the sacrament season every place of entertainment was closed; and yet there is not now any less appropriateness to the occasion in the new mode of observance, at least as regards the evening of the day.

It is only worth while now remarking of the respective performances that Mr Lambeth's programme was unambitious, but that opinion had best be reserved as to the singing of the new choir till after the first subscription concert this week; that Mr Miller's chorus sang very tunefully, but is greatly in need of sonorous and matured voices among the males; and that Mr Archer's "four and twenty" sang with precision and with exceeding taste.

The organ of the City Hall is in a disgraceful condition. It was hardly tolerable, even under the most cautious management, in the solos on the Fast-day night concert, and was utterly useless for accompaniment. What must Mr Archer think of us?

It is the intention of the St George's Choral Union to produce Haydn's "Seasons" in its entirety early in December. They are to have the assistance of the Choral Union orchestra; and Miss Beasley, Mr Henry Guy, and Signor Valcheri are engaged for the solos. In February they will bring forward Henry Smart's "Bride of Dunkerron," and Gounod's "De Profundis"—the former a highly dramatic composition, and not hitherto heard to advantage in Glasgow.

It is not often that the regular Saturday evening audiences have such good music placed before them as at the last New Hall's concert. The singing (by the Glasgow Select Choir) in particular of Hatton's "When Evening's Twilight," was remarkable for delicacy and sweetness.

The Crosshill Musical Association had its first meeting for practice on Tuesday evening of last week, under the temporary baton of the president. About fifty voices were forward, and more are expected. The society promises well for quality of tone and for "reading" power.

Under the energetic and painstaking conductorship of Mr T. S. Drummond, a young musician of promise, the recently-revived Dennistoun Musical Association is studying Macfarren's "May Day," also, among the smaller pieces, Eaton Fanning's "Song of the Vikings," broad and rather effective music, if here and there a little commonplace; with Smart's "Summer Morning," and Barnby's "The Skylark."

"Singing for the Million" was once upon a time in everybody's mouth. Alas, in these evil days, "whistling for the million" is its miserable counterpart—in this case not referring to people, but to pounds sterling, made away with by every other "City" man to this favourite amount, and not very recoverable, let us whistle as we like.

## Light in the "Dark."

GLANCING over the *News* the other morning the BAILIE was taken aback by the following sentence:—"Of course I do not forget that Lord Rosebery was as dark a horse as the one under present consideration, but he was an exceptional animal, as his double victory, which stands out at present unrivalled, proves." His Worship rubbed his spectacles and read the mysterious words over again, but they remained as mysterious as ever. That Lord Rosebery is an "exceptional animal" is no doubt true, though the term seems a singular one to apply to a clever young nobleman; his "victories" again are not only "double" but treble and quadruple; but why call him a "dark horse?" Before giving up the problem the BAILIE, by way of forlorn hope, consulted the Ass. Immediately the Animile, who has a turn for "sport," bursting into wild and cachinnatory hee-haws, exclaimed, "Why, it's a race-horse, gov'nor!"—upon which his Worship murmured "Oh!" and subsided.

## Potters, Ancient and Modern.

NIGH nineteen hundred years ago,  
 Within the Jewish nation,  
 The Potters for a field took cash,  
 (They dabbled then in ev'ry crash,  
 And profit sought from action rash,  
 Ev'n out of man's salvation.

The Potters of the later time,  
 With ne'er a throb of pity,  
 Have run the race of glare and dash,  
 Regardless who supplied the cash,  
 Or mingled in the woeful smash  
 That wrecks the modern "City."

The ancient P's for ever stand,  
 Exposed to man's attention.  
 The modern P's (the moderns think),  
 Who've thousands dash'd o'er ruin's brink,  
 Should into black oblivion sink,  
 By means of neck-suspension.

A local phrenologist declares that "every one should ascertain what *they are* best adapted for by consulting" him. If the phrenologist in question would "consult" an English grammar he might be better "adapted for" instructing others.

According to Superintendent Nelson, of the "Western," tramway guards "have charge of the driver, horses, and car." Poor souls! That precious musical instrument of theirs seems too great a charge for most of them!

"Terrible Scenes in the Hungarian Diet!"—Strange, most strange, can any Diet be more moderate than a Hungary one ought to be.

Precedence in Presbytery.

IF to be zealous about trifles is a good and righteous thing, then the Aberdeen Free Presbytery, which has been so conspicuous of late, ought to hold a high rank in the church. One day last week, we are told, "a wrangle of more than an hour's duration took place as to whether Mr Mitchell or Rev. Mr Iverach should have precedence in addressing the house." There! Are not these gentlemen worthy representatives of that distinguished "Presbyterian true blue," who

"— was in logic a great critic,  
Profoundly skilled in analytic;  
He could distinguish, and divide  
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side;  
On either which he would dispute,  
Confute, change hands, and still confute?"

There be some, indeed, who may be disposed to remind the Aberdeen presbyters of what was said long ago about straining at gnats and swallowing camels—about paying tithe of mint, and anise, and cummin, and neglecting weighty matters; and who will quote concerning

"A sect whose chief devotion lies  
In odd, perverse antipathies,  
In falling out with that or this,  
And finding somewhat still amiss."

On the whole, it might have been better had Messrs Mitchell and Iverach *not* wrangled for an hour about precedence.

Mr Henry Leck writes to the papers to say that a certain bankrupt "has referred to some transactions with him which are grossly inaccurate." "Grossly inaccurate" is scarcely the term which the public have been applying to the transactions in question; but if Mr Henry Leck likes to call them grossly inaccurate, grossly inaccurate let them be.

At a recent ward meeting in Paisley Mr Cochran observed that "gas would shortly be numbered among the things that were." Alas, no, Mr Cochran!—not, at all events, till Town Councils "are numbered among the things that were."

According to a local daily, a number of persons are under the impression "that miracle plays have never been performed in this country." If so, a number of persons had better go to school again.

A Study of Gainsborough—upon a new canvas(s).—How to annex Crosshill.

FERGUSON'S CELEBRATED "EDINBURGH ROCK."—Agent, JAMES M'MILLAN, Confectioner, 181 Eglinton Street, near Cumberland Street.

Privileged Prisoners.

THERE is one point connected with the criminal proceedings against the Bank gang to which the BAILIE feels constrained to draw attention. So far, there has been about those proceedings an apologetic air, as it were, which is, in the words of Mr Pepys, "pretty to see." The prisoners were apprehended in the most polite and deferential manner; they were lodged, not in cells, but in unlocked "apartments;" and, before the usual hour, they were brought before the Stipendiary in a court from which the public were rigidly excluded. The BAILIE gladly recognises the prompt action of the Crown in this matter; but he would suggest to the local authorities that if there is to be a difference in the treatment of an urchin charged with stealing pence and a director suspected of purloining millions, the latter should not have the advantage.

A Nice Question.

THE first time the BAILIE is desirous of maltreating a small boy "on the cheap"—and he must say that Printer's Devil would rile a saint—he will take him either to Govan or to Paisley. In the former place you may smash his face with a lump of coal, so as to mark him for life, for a guinea, and in the latter you may shoot him in the leg for £5. His Worship is uncertain which of the two to choose. The Govan arrangement is no doubt the more economical, but there is a piquancy in a pot-shot at human game in comparison with which the coal idea is coarse and com nonplace. The Magistrate will consider the question. In the meantime, P.D., look out!

Young Greenock.

THE BAILIE has seen a good deal of juvenile human nature in various parts of the world, and has come to the deliberate conclusion, from observation and hearsay, that the young Greenockian is the most unmitigated imp under the sun. Not long ago he took it into his dear little head to stone promenaders on the Esplanade upon band-nights, and his latest exploit is to throw mud at inoffensive passengers to such an extent that decent householders, if they desire to reach their homes in safety, are obliged to apply for police escort. His Worship begs to suggest that the entire juvenile population of Sugaropolis should be soundly flogged every morning and evening till a decided reform is perceptible.

FIRST GREAT SHOW OF THE SEASON OF PARIS COSTUMES,  
ROBES DE CHAMBRES, MILLINERY, &c., AT

# THE CALEDONIAN HOUSE,

165 AND 167 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

MR COPLAND'S RETURN FROM PARIS.

**M**ESSRS COPLAND & LYE have much pleasure in announcing to the Citizens of Glasgow and the West of Scotland THEIR FIRST GREAT SHOW of the SEASON of High-Class Costumes, Gorgeous Robes de Chambres, Splendid Dressing Gowns and Morning Toilettes, High-Class Millinery, Splendid Flowers, Feathers, Head-Dresses, Juvenile Costumes, Jackets in Cloth, Silk, Satin, Cashmere, and Fur. Also, Fur-Lined Jackets and Cloaks, Seal-Skin Jackets, Fur Capes, Collarettes, Fur Jackets, Boas, Fur Trimming, Seal-Skin Turbans and Hats, Grand Collection of French Dress Materials, Rich Silks, Satins, and Velvets. Also, Ribbons of the Newest and Choicest kinds, Rare and Valuable Laces, the Finest and Best Makes of French and Brussels Kid Gloves, Mitts, &c., &c. Every Department is filled with the Choicest of Goods, yet the Prices are strikingly Moderate, for, notwithstanding the *Extraordinary Influx of Visitors in Paris this Summer*, Manufacturers, Costumiers, Modistes, and Artistes, have been, and are, much disappointed with the results. Extraordinary preparations were made, and the most sanguine expectations were indulged in, yet doomed to disappointment, hence Large Stocks of the Most Valuable of Costumes, Robes, and High-Class French Productions are thrown into the market for realisation. Mr COPLAND was lappy in his selection of Rare and Beautiful Costumes, the surpassing beauty of which exhausts the vocabulary of ecstatic admiration.

Free invitation is given to the Ladies of Glasgow to this OUR FIRST GREAT SHOW. At the same time Ladies will have an opportunity of seeing THE FINEST WAREHOUSE EXTANT. Also, the HANDSOMEST SALOON in the World for the Display and Exhibition of Costumes, Jackets, Millinery, &c., &c.

Ladies are invited to walk through the Caledonian House daily, as Novelties and Special Bargains are being continually laid out.

C O P L A N D & L Y E,  
CALEDONIAN HOUSE, 165 AND 167 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

**A. T. HENRY,**  
**GENTLEMEN'S HATTER,**  
**11 GORDON STREET,**  
OPPOSITE COMMERCIAL BANK.

**FORSYTH'S**  
**GREATCOATS AND ULSTERS.**

NEWEST STYLES.

LARGE VARIETY.

**5 & 7 RENFIELD ST.**

SOLD EVERYWHERE,  
**HENRY THOMSON & CO'S**  
OLD  
**IRISH WHISKY.**

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—  
**ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.**

WALKER'S  
**BANTING (ANTI-CORPULENT) BISCUITS**  
Will prevent you getting over Stout.

WALKER'S  
**SCOTCH FARLS (OAT MEAL CAKES),**  
Will prevent you getting Thin.

SOLD BY GROCERS, &c.

Prepared only by  
**JOHN WALKER, Manufacturer of Biscuits to the Queen,**  
GLASGOW.

**TODD'S**  
**QUININE WINE**

**F**OR INDIGESTION, FLATULENCY,  
NERVOUSNESS, &c.

Stands pre-eminent for Purity and Strength,  
and is recommended by the Faculty.  
Sold by Chemists and Wine Merchants.

**W. C. THOMSON'S**  
**ROYAL SHIRT**  
*IS ACKNOWLEDGED SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS*  
**65 & 67 UNION ST.**

**6<sup>D</sup>** HAIR CUT AND SHAMPOOED. **6<sup>D</sup>**  
M'LEAN, 96 MITCHELL STREET.

MACDOUGALL'S RESTAURANT,  
MAXWELL STREET, OFF ARGYLE STREET,  
NOW OPEN.  
Cheap and Excellent Luncheons.  
Wines and Ales not to be surpassed.  
Spirits supplied in quantities of Two Gallons and upwards.

DAVISON'S  
CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE  
GINGER BEER.

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE  
YEAR ROUND;" WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC.  
As supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

THOMAS DAVISON,  
DISPENSING CHEMIST,  
126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

# THE BAILIE.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 30th, 1878.

THE meeting of Bank shareholders in the City Hall on Tuesday has effectually extinguished any attempt at that mawkish sympathy with the imprisoned Directors the BAILIE warned his friends against this day week. The determination manifested by the shareholders to bear themselves like men, to maintain their credit at the expense of their fortunes, has commanded universal esteem, and has, at the same time, made the conduct of the persons who have ruined them seem all the blacker by way of contrast. It must not be supposed, however, that the imprisoned directors are any the worse by this withdrawal from them of the countenance of even those sentimentalists who are always given to sympathise with "respectability" when it is under a cloud. For the time they are shut in from any knowledge of what the outer world is saying or doing regarding them. They are living in a species of "lotus land." Carefully attended, in capital health, provided with an abundance of entertaining books, and what they probably appreciate best of all, having their tables plentifully supplied by Mr JOHN FORRESTER, their days must pass with a regularity, and a sense of enjoyment, to which ninety-nine out of every hundred of their townsmen are total strangers. Even the little hardships to which the regular customers of the restaurant in Gordon Street are inevitably exposed have no existence for them. Rumour has it that a leading fruiterer's establishment in Buchanan Street was opened on the Fast-day so that they might re-

ceive their usual quantity of fruit, while Mr FORRESTER had likewise to provide them on Thursday with their wonted soups, fish, and joint, since whoever might fast on that day they [at least had made up their minds to dine. The fact is that they are probably enjoying for the moment a much pleasanter time than any they have spent for months, it may be even years. The one crumpled rose-leaf in their bed of happiness is the reflection that it may continue rather longer than they could wish. Indeed there is but a very slight chance—unless the meshes of the law of bail are much wider than most people give them credit for—that the outer air will blow in the faces of the prisoners for several summers to come.

## A Self-Satisfied Suburb.

SOME discontented, if not evilly-disposed persons having suggested the desirability of annexation of Strathbungo by Glasgow, the better-conditioned natives of the happy valley in question protested last week against "doing anything." As proofs of the prosperity of the district under present circumstances, one gentleman mentioned that it was about to have two extra policemen, and that "the only reason why they had not erected a lock-up was because of the difficulty in procuring a site." Another happy resident declared that "they were perfectly well lighted, and perfectly well 'policed.'" The only comment the BAILIE will make is to the effect that if the natives themselves are pleased, outsiders can hardly complain, and that if a contented mind be indeed a continual feast Strathbungo should never be hungry. That speaker was surely mistaken, however, who said that when he lived in the city he was "worse protected" by the police than in Strathbungo. Why, in Glasgow we're protected—till *all's blue!*

INTEMPERATE HABITS.—Conscience! this is awful! What is awful? Why, here are we fresh from a J. B. Gough visitation, and possessing a teetotal magistracy, and yet a local firm continue to advertise "half-tight" jackets for ladies! In other words, feminine Glasgow is going in for habits of intemperance. The BAILIE despairs of his fellow-citizens—and citizenesses. He does indeed.

ADVERSITY, LIKE A TOAD, UGLY AND VENE-  
MOUS.—*As You Like It.*—"These mushroom firms," said his Worship. "Na, na, BAILIE," quoth Mattie, "puddock-stool, puddock-stool."

## What the Folks are Saying.

THAT Friday night's call upon the shareholders of the Bank was kindly meant.

That it was made in the interests of both the depositors and the shareholders.

That the coming Christmas and New-Year's days will be woesome holidays.

That every letter-writer "to the editor" has his own panacea for the prevailing ills.

That most of the nonsense sent to the papers takes the form of a hint how some other person than the writer should help the shareholders.

That the probable result of this charitable din by outsiders afraid of their pockets will be to make the charitable public sick of the whole affair.

That if any one wishes to assist the ruined shareholders let him write his name against a sum of money instead of writing a "letter to the editor."

That the liquidators may be trusted to look after the interests of their clients.

That before a pull is made on the shareholders, the directors should be wholly cleared out.

That perhaps the Imprisonment and the Bankruptcy Laws might thole mending.

That any bail to which the Bank Directors may be admitted, means, of course, "leg-bail."

That Tuesday's meeting in the City Hall helped to retrieve the honour of the city that the crew of directors had tarnished.

That we are all proud of Robert Young and Frederick Robertson.

That the Smyth bankruptcy has been the minor sensation of the week.

That the Laird of Holybush is a creditor of Mr Smyth's.

That he is also a trustee on the estate of a City Bank shareholder.

That it is difficult to say which is the less enviable position.

That Mr Leck says he is not responsible for Mr Smyth's failure.

That Mr Smyth says it was Mr Leck who forced him into the Bankruptcy Court.

That between them some honest men are bound to lose several thousands of pounds.

That we are threatened with another strike on the Clyde.

That the men ought to think "once, twice, aye thrice" before making up their minds to go out.

That this is a season in which half a loaf is better than no bread.

## The Second City of the Empire

AT this proud epoch, Glasgow men  
Should feel a gen'rous pity  
For all, not denizens of this,  
The Empire's Second City.

Look where we may, we'd scarcely find  
Another town, I think,  
Where paupers, when oppressed by thirst  
Get drainage as a drink.

Or where could honest men obtain  
From dredgers better profit?  
Or place an order, and get more  
Than *two* commissions off it?

Where could directors bring a bank  
Down with a bigger crash?  
Or make a more agreeable  
Division of the cash?

Where are more blessings after which  
The mind commercial hankers?  
Where is a finer Stock Exchange?  
Or where more upright bankers?

In *civilisation's* scale it seems  
We're daily rising higher,  
'Twill reach perfection soon, this Second  
City of the Empire.

## What they Didn't See.

THE Chinese gentlemen who visited us last week were introduced to several local "lions," but there were some things they did *not* see, and they have thus carried away an incomplete notion of the glories of Glasgow. We should have shown them—

Bank directors in a criminal dock.

A public official caught with unclean hands, and set on the stool of repentance.

A "religious" Green row on Sunday.

A "students' night" at the opera.

Jeems Martin on the rampage.

The railway-stations on a Fast-night.

This list might be indefinitely extended, but the BAILIE has little doubt that the spectacles enumerated would have been *quite* enough for our Oriental friends.

## Joining Their Forces.

THE latest phase of the "drink question" is the presentation by certain English publicans of a petition against the multiplication of licences, "which they allege to be a growing and serious evil." This is not, however, so out-of-the-way a proceeding as it may appear to the casual reader. It is simply Bung's defence of monopoly, and may, perhaps, give pause to those ardent teetotallers who are playing into his hands. It would certainly do so were your average teetotaller capable of reasoning.

The Joker's Lament.

" 'Gallants, I am not as I have been.'  
 'So say I; methinks you are sadder.'  
*Much Ado about Nothing.*

**B**AD times, my masters, serious times indeed;  
 Nothing but grumbling's heard on every hand;  
 Look at our papers; what is't there you read,  
 But wholesale discontent throughout the land!  
 And we poor souls who weave the comic rhymes  
 Hear here but want of trade, and want of money;  
 Ah, sure 'tis hard, in such depressing times,  
 To force a fellow to say something funny.  
 Each friend you meet, with blank and woeful face,  
 Tells you he's done for—all his money's gone;  
 That City Bank affair's an awful case—  
 There ne'er was bank before so run upon.  
 Why, what's gone wrong? Each visage fair  
 Wears aspect sour, that once was sweet as honey;  
 And yet, in spite of all, I do declare,  
 They think a fellow should say something funny.  
 Will one ne'er see a pleasant smile again,  
 Nor hear a burst of laughter as of yore?  
 No bones are broken; why so gloomy then?  
 It is not grumbling shuts misfortune's door.  
 There's surely better days for all in store—  
 Days like the olden days, all bright and sunny;  
 'Tis very like, when these come round once more,  
 I'll manage then to hit on something funny.

"Breach" and Battery.

**MISS JANET FLETCHER**, hailing from Ratho, and a cook by profession, has been trying very hard of late to extract £500 from Mr John Grant, gardener, on the ground that that gentleman failed to carry out his promise to marry her. Among other little matters brought out in evidence, however, it appeared that Janet had on one occasion "violently assaulted" John, declaring "it was money she wanted and not him;" and her little claim has consequently been rejected by Sheriff-Substitute, Sheriff-Principal, and Court of Session, successively. It is to be hoped that the impulsive and pertinacious Janet will now cease from troubling John, and that, for her own interests, she will be a little more prudent the next time she "goes for" a male creature—or his money.

**PUBLICANS' PERILS.**—A hapless publican was almost refused his license last week on the ground that he called a portion of his premises "Family Department!" The next thing Boniface may look forward to is to be "cautioned" for sticking "Wines and Spirits" in his window, or fined because our precious citizen magistrates don't like the way he spells his name.

A local house advertises for sale "Levant boots"—which might very appropriately be recommended as peculiarly adapted for the use of bank directors.

Megilp.

**T**HE wet weather we have had lately has driven a good many of the artists into cover, and they are all now beginning to get settled in town for the winter. They have had a glorious season for out-door work. It is a pity that financially times are so "bad"—stop! is it a pity, after all? Of course, lower prices and fewer sales are not pleasant to anticipate, but they have their wholesome discipline, which all of our young painters who have the right stuff in them will survive and profit by. Those only will go to the wall who should never have been artists. And we have some such in Glasgow.

Mr Greenlees and Mr Brydall are both settled for the winter in Town. They were in Callander greater part of last summer. Mr David Murray is also back.

The exhibition of pictures by Mr Hall Maxwell, "illustrative of Auvers and its neighbourhood," is now open in Messrs Kay & Reid's. They are forty-two in number, and show a wonderful advance on anything Mr Hall Maxwell has previously painted. There is clever work in them, and feeling, which, if not strong and deep, is pleasing and unaffected.

They are all after one school—their characteristics are strongly French, and Mr Maxwell must beware of mannerism. Every good painter has, of course, his distinctive style, but mannerism is not style. The manner, however, of Mr Maxwell's painting seems to be in excellent keeping with the scenes he has represented.

"Pontoise from the river," "Etaples" (with capital figures in it), "Pasture," "Evening on the Oise," and "Woodcraft on the Oise," are among the best in the exhibition.

Messrs Gray & Co.'s illustrated notes to the exhibition in the Walker Galleries, Liverpool, is as interesting as any of its predecessors. It seems to be a very good exhibition, and includes a number of the Royal Academy pictures of last year.

Mr Alma Tadema's "Sculptor's Model" is in the Walker Galleries, and its presence there has, I understand, roused the indignation of some Liverpool Philistines with badly regulated minds. We have specimens of the tribe in Glasgow.

A fine art and industrial exhibition is to be held at York in 1879, between 1st May and 31st October. The arrangements are being carried out by an influential local committee, and all applications for space by intending exhibitors must be made by 31st December to the Secretaries, Guildhall, York.

Glasgow artists should bear this exhibition in mind. In bad times every new field should be looked after.

Fine Art in Glasgow suffered a distinct loss the other day by the sudden and early death of Mr James Steel, perhaps our most accomplished and tasteful modeller.

The Water Colour Exhibition opens to the public on Saturday first, and from all I can hear, I believe the public will be delighted with it.

**COAL-DUST AND WHISKY.**—Coal-dust must be a terrible thing for sticking in the throat. The lessee of the Coal Exchange Restaurant at present holds a license for wine and beer, and last week he applied for "a license for whisky to wash down the coal-dust." The application was not granted, however; so that if the coal-dust resists wine and beer, its inhalers must e'en keep it in their throats, or else go farther afield in search of a solvent.

A Callander elector asked Colonel Moray last week if he would support a measure to shut public-houses in Scotland on Sunday. It's about time this brilliant politician awoke. He seems to have been asleep since before the advent of Forbes Mackenzie.

A Journalistic Dilemma.

THE BAILIE likes to believe his daily papers, but how is he to do so when they constantly contradict one another flatly, not only upon matters of opinion, but in the simplest matters of fact? Thus while one journal assured us last week that on the Fast Day there was "a very large attendance" at the Exchange, another reported that the attendance was "very meagre." The BAILIE is unwilling to assume that the reporter in the former case had been "fasting" to such an extent as to see double, and he will gladly receive any other explanation.

"Glasgow Public Hauls"—Double commissions and bank frauds.

NORTH BRITISH GALLERIES,  
44 GORDON STREET.

THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION  
OF  
PICTURES BY GREAT ARTISTS,  
Fresh from their Easels,  
NOW OPEN.—Admission, including Catalogue, 6d.

THE GAIETY.  
Proprietor and Manager.....Mr CHARLES BERNARD,  
THIS AND FOLLOWING EVENINGS,  
For First Time in Glasgow,  
Mr WILSON BARRETT'S SPECIALLY ORGANISED  
COMPANY OF LONDON ARTISTES,  
IN  
THE GREAT SUCCESS OF LONDON, PARIS, AND  
NEW YORK,  
P R O O F.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.

To-Night, and Every Evening this week, Messrs Lawrence & Grauville's Company supporting the Eminent Irish Comedian  
Mr JOHN LEVEY, and  
Miss ANNIE STEPHENSON in the sensational Irish Drama  
GARRY OWEN, With New Scenery and effects.  
On MONDAY FIRST the enormously successful parody on  
Diplomacy entitled DIPLUNACY.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE.

LAST WEEK OF  
HAMILTON'S MAGNIFICENT EXHIBITION  
RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

POSITIVELY CLOSING SATURDAY, Nov. 2.

LAST	Messrs HAMILTON beg to return	WEEK.
LAST	their thanks to the Public for the Liberal	WEEK.
LAST	Patronage bestowed on this Exhibition	WEEK.
LAST	DURING THE PAST EIGHT WEEKS.	WEEK.
LAST	LAST WEEK OF THE	WEEK.
LAST	RUSSIAN SKATERS,	WEEK.
LAST	MERRY LITTLE COULSON.	WEEK.
LAST	MR SERRONE.	WEEK.

Last Two Grand Illuminated Day Exhibitions Wednesday and Saturday at 3 o'clock.

Every Evening at 8, except Saturday, when it commences at Half-past 7.

THEATRE-ROYAL.

The most Popular Comedian,  
MR J. L. TOOLE,  
And FULL COMPANY.

Every Evening at 7-30, THE MARRIED BACHELOR.  
After which a new and original Comic Drama, entitled  
A FOOL AND HIS MONEY,  
Written by H. J. BYRON.

Chawles . . . . . Mr J. L. TOOLE.

To Conclude with

ICI ON PARLE FRANCAIS,  
Spriggins . . . . . Mr J. L. TOOLE.

Box Office Open from 11 till 3.

QUEEN'S ROOMS.

MR H. A. LAMBETH'S  
CHOIR.

FIRST SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT,  
THURSDAY, 31st OCTOBER, 1878.

The Programme will contain Examples of  
MODERN ENGLISH PART-SONGS, &c.  
Doors Open at 7. Concert at 8 p.m.

PRICES:—Reserved Seats, Area, 5s.  
Reserved Seats in Balconies, and Raised Side Seats, Area, 3s.  
Second Seats, Area, 2s. Admission, 1s.

Plan of Reserved Seats at Messrs J. Muir Wood & Co., where  
Places may be secured. Tickets for other parts may also  
be had at Messrs D. Pentland & Co., Charing Cross; and  
Messrs Paterson & Sons, Buchanan Street.

SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE SERIES OF THREE CONCERTS.

Class A, First Seats, Area, . . . . . £1 2s 6d.  
Class B., Balcony and Second Seats, Area, . . . . . 12s 6d.

Admitting Two Persons to each of the Three Concerts.  
Subscription Forms may be had from the Music-Sellers.

NEW PUBLIC HALLS SATURDAY  
EVENING CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 2ND NOVEMBER.

TWO HOURS' GENUINE FUN with the Celebrated

MR AND MRS ARTHUR LLOYD

And their COMIC COMPANY.

Admission—6d and 1s; Reserved Seats, 2s.

Doors Open at Seven o'clock. Concert to Commence at Eight.

JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING  
CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 2ND NOVEMBER.

First Appearance in Scotland of the Celebrated  
AMERICAN DRAMATIC READERS,  
MISS ELLA DIETZ.

AND

MR FRANK DIETZ.

Also, Second Appearance of  
THE NEW GLASGOW ORCHESTRA,

Mr W. H. COLE, Conductor.

Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats on Side Galleries, 2s.

Doors Open at 7; Orchestral Performance at Half-past 7 o'clock.

JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.



WHEELER & CO'S  
BELFAST GINGER ALE,  
SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.

The Finest Non-Intoxicating Beverage ever  
Introduced.

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147 STOCKWELL STREET  
GLASGOW.

GLASGOW  
SCIENCE LECTURES ASSOCIATION.

Honorary President—  
SIR WILLIAM THOMSON, M.A., LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S.  
CITY HALL, SESSION 1878-79.

THURSDAY, 14TH NOVEMBER, 1878.

HENRY M. STANLEY,  
The Great African Explorer.  
Subject—"Through the Dark Continent,"  
Illustrated with Map and Diagrams.

THURSDAY, 28TH NOVEMBER, 1878.

PROFESSOR FLOWER, LL.D., F.R.S.,  
Royal College of Surgeons, London.  
Subject—"The Races of Men,"  
Profusely Illustrated with Diagrams.

THURSDAY, 19TH DECEMBER, 1878.

J. R. SEELEY, M.A.,  
Regius Professor of Modern History, Cambridge.  
Subject—"Bismarck."

THURSDAY, 9TH JANUARY, 1879.

GEORGE ROLLESTON, M.D., F.R.S.  
Linacre Professor of Anatomy and Physiology, Oxford.  
Subject—"The Changes Produced by Man on the Indigenous  
Fauna and Flora of Great Britain."  
Illustrated with Diagrams.

THURSDAY, 30TH JANUARY, 1879.

BALFOUR STEWART, LL.D., F.R.S.  
Professor of Natural Philosophy at Owens College, Manchester.  
Subject—"Suspected Relations between the Sun and Planets."  
Illustrated with Diagrams and Experiments.

THURSDAY, 13TH FEBRUARY, 1879.

JOHN M. THOMSON, F.C.S.,  
King's College, London.  
Subject—"On some of the Phenomena connected with Solution  
and Crystallisation."  
Illustrated with Diagrams and Experiments.

Tickets for the Course—1s, 2s 6d, and 5s; Reserved Seats  
(Numbered) 10s 6d. To be had of the principal Booksellers,  
and from the Secretary and Treasurer.

N.B.—With such an attractive Programme, it is confidently  
anticipated that the whole sitting space of the City Hall will be  
Let for Season Tickets. Members and Subscribers are therefore  
advised to secure their Tickets early.

GEO. DAVIDSON, Treasurer, JOHN BROWN, Secretary.  
88 Sauchiehall Street. 96 Buchanan Street.  
Doors Open at 7 P.M. Lectures at 8 P.M.

KAY & REID beg to intimate that they will  
have on View, on and after THURSDAY, 24th inst., 42  
Studies from Nature in Oil by Mr Hall Maxwell, illustrative of  
Auvers and its neighbourhood.

NEWSOMES  
HIPPODROME AND CIRCUS,  
INGRAM STREET, GLASGOW,  
FIRST APPEARANCE of M<sup>lle</sup>. ADELE, who will in-  
troduce the Magnificently-Trained Horse "ADONIS."

NEWSOMES  
HIPPODROME AND CIRCUS,  
OPEN EVERY EVENING AT SEVEN.  
Commencing at 7.30.

On Saturdays the Doors Open at 6.35; commencing at 7.15.  
This Establishment is renowned for its Magnificent Stud of  
FIFTY THOROUGHbred HORSES AND PONIES, which  
are on View daily, from 2 to 4, gratis by tickets, obtainable at the  
Box Office.

GRAND ILLUMINATED PERFORMANCE,  
EVERY SATURDAY, at 3.

Prices of Admission, 3s, 2s, 1s, and 6d. Half-price at Nine  
o'clock to all parts except Gallery. Children under 10 years  
of age—to Reserved Seats, 1s 6d; Boxes, 1s; Pit and Pro-  
menade, 6d.

Box Plan can be seen and Seats secured at Messrs R. J. &  
R. Adams, Musicsellers, 81 and 83 Buchanan Street.  
Sole Proprietor ..... Mr J. NEWSOME.

CITY HALL ORGAN RECITALS.

The CITY HALL COMMITTEE of the Town Council have to  
intimate the usual series of SATURDAY AFTERNOON  
RECITALS on the Grand Organ during the coming Winter,  
and that the Opening Recital will be given by the City Organist,  
Mr LAMBETH, upon

SATURDAY FIRST, NOVEMBER 2ND,  
at FOUR o'clock prompt. The Doors (Albion Street and  
Candleriggs) will be Opened at 3.30. Admission and Pro-  
grammes Free.

Chamberlain's Office, 29th Oct., 1878.

SCOTTISH SOCIETY OF  
WATER-COLOUR PAINTERS.

THE FIRST EXHIBITION

Of this Society will be OPENED in their GALLERY,  
108 WEST NILE STREET, GLASGOW,  
ON SATURDAY, 2ND NOVEMBER, 1878

BROWN & LOWDEN'S MONTHLY SALE OF  
PICTURES.

Within the Gordon Street Gallery, on Thursday, 7th November,  
at One o'clock.

PUBLIC SALE OF A  
MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTION OF MODERN  
PICTURES

AND  
RARE OLD ENGRAVINGS.

(The Property of Local Collectors and others.)

BROWN & LOWDEN will Sell the above,  
within their Fine-Art Gallery, 14 Gordon Street, on Thurs-  
day, 7th November, at One o'clock,  
Gordon Street Gallery, 28th October, 1878.

BROWN & LOWDEN beg to intimate that they purpose holding  
MONTHLY SALES of PICTURES and DRAWINGS,  
to take place on the FIRST THURSDAY of every Month.  
The first Sale will be as above, on 7th NOVEMBER next,  
and they particularly request those who may wish to contrib-  
ute to let them have the Titles of their Works at least  
Four Days, and the Works Two Days, prior to the day of  
Sale.

14 Gordon Street, Glasgow, 28th October, 1878.

In the Royal Exchange Sale Rooms.  
**FORTNIGHTLY CATALOGUED SALE OF  
 ARTISTIC AND LITERARY  
 MISCELLANEA,  
 DECORATIVE PROPERTY, AND ARTICLES OF  
 VERTU.**

In order to meet the growing demand made upon us for the Sale of Small Collections of Pictures, Small Libraries, and General Art Property, which it is impossible for us to introduce into our special Sales, we have arranged to conduct Fortnightly Sales, as formerly, of such Property every alternate Friday during the Season. In thus endeavouring to accommodate our clients, and afford them at all times an early and favourable opportunity for the realisation of Art and other Valuable Property, we trust they will appreciate our efforts and grant us corresponding support. Pictures, Bronzes, Silver Plate, Jewels, Books, Vertu, Curios, &c., can be introduced into these Sales, particulars of which should be sent to us at least a week prior to date of Sale in order to be properly Catalogued. The First Sale of the Season will be held in our Art Galleries on Friday, 8th November, commencing at One o'clock, and will embrace a MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTION of MODERN PICTURES.

Catalogues are in preparation, and may be had Three Days prior to Sale.

Parties wishing to be regularly supplied with these Catalogues can have them forwarded by leaving their names and addresses at our Office.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO., Auctioneers,  
 Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 28th Oct., 1878.

**OPENING OF THE  
 FINE-ART SEASON.**

**ROBERT M'TEAR & CO.,** beg to announce that they have made arrangements by which they hope to surpass their former achievements in the Fine-Art Department of their business. Among the Specialities of the season will be an Important Sale of Pictures (belonging to a Private Gentleman of acknowledged taste), principally by Scotch Artists, which will rank as one of the most attractive Collections ever offered for Auction in Glasgow. Messrs Hollender & Cremetti, Art Collectors, London, Paris, and Brussels, have arranged for the Sale of a Collection which they promise will excel those formerly exhibited by them, and which the Press last year declared to be "*the finest and most varied Collection of Foreign Art ever exhibited in our City.*"

Sale To-day and To-morrow (Wednesday, 30th October), in the City Sale-Rooms, 14 West Nile Street.

**EXTENSIVE AND IMPORTANT TWO DAYS' SALE**

**OF  
 GENUINE HIGH-CLASS MODERN PICTURES,**

Valued at £4770, including  
 Ten Characteristic Works by SAM BOUGH,  
 Large and Important Work by ERSKINE NICOL,  
 And many of the best Artists of the Day.

**J. & R. EDMISTON** have received positive instructions to Sell, in the Saloon of the City Sale-Rooms, To-day and Wednesday, 29th and 30th October, beginning at One o'clock each day, this Valuable Collection.

The Auctioneers feel warranted in calling special attention to this as the most important Sale of Genuine High-class Pictures that has taken place in Glasgow for some time.

Descriptive Catalogues (price 6d each) may be had at the View on Monday, 28th October from 10 to 4.

J. & R. EDMISTON, Auctioneers.

**EXHIBITION of SELECTED PICTURES.**

Oil and Water Colour.

WILLIAM BURNS, 162 Buchanan Street, Glasgow.  
 Admission Free.

**GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.**  
 FIFTH SERIES OF  
 CHORAL AND ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.

NEW PUBLIC HALLS,

Commencing TUESDAY, 12TH NOVEMBER, 1878.

THE SUBSCRIPTION LIST IS NOW OPEN.

Choice of Seats will take place in the order of intimation of Subscriptions.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be had from the principal Musicsellers, and from

JOHN WALLACE, Secretary.

58 West Regent Street.

**STARTLING  
 ANNOUNCEMENT!**

A  
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TO BE

**GIVEN AWAY**

TO EVERY READER OF THIS PAPER.

THE

**WEST OF ENGLAND MUSICAL SOCIETY,  
 BRISTOL.**

In order to encourage the public taste for the musical art, we have made arrangements whereby every reader of this paper will be presented with a HANDSOME BOHEMIAN MUSICAL BOX, capable of playing eight or more airs. The tunes are various and well-selected, and the box itself is an article strongly made and beautifully polished.

As this is a genuine presentation it will only last for two weeks, and the distribution will be finally and positively closed on November 9th.

No box will be sent without this bond, cut from the paper, and applicants will please state at the same time whether married or single.

The W. of E. M. S. only possess a limited number of Boxes, so it is calculated that some will have to be refused.

To ensure safe package, free carriage, and to pay expenses of advertising, etc., a sum of Two Shillings must be forwarded with the bond by P.O.O., or 26 postage stamps.

Post Office Order to be made payable to the Secretary, Mr F. Calder.

<p>The West of England Musical Society                  WILL SEND  <b>ONE BOHEMIAN MUSICAL BOX</b>                  To the under-mentioned address, free—</p> <p>Name.....                  Address in full.....                  Married or single.....</p>
--

All Orders must positively be received before November 9th. It must be distinctly understood that this Box is not automatic.

# ISLAY WHISKY.

W. & J. MUTTER,  
BOWMORE DISTILLERY,  
COUNTING-HOUSE, 41 ANN STREET, CITY, GLASGOW.



SPECIAL SALE OF MAHOGANY HAIR-CLOTH  
COVERED EASY CHAIRS, SOFAS,  
PARLOUR AND DINING-ROOM CHAIRS, AT  
ASTONISHINGLY LOW PRICES.

**A. GARDNER & SON** will offer for Sale  
To-Day and following Days, Large Quantities of the above  
Articles at the Undernoted Great Reductions, in order to reduce  
the Stocks which have accumulated at the Works owing to the ex-  
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their Ordinary Trade, consequently the Frames are substantial  
and the Upholstery Work of the best description. Inspection  
is respectfully invited.

	Former Price.	Now.
1st Lot...Easy Chairs.....	£2 2s	£1 12s
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3d Lot...Fasy Chairs.....	4 4s	3 10s
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6th Lot...Sofas (Arch Backs).....	6 10s	5 5s
7th Lot...Sofas (Various Designs).....	9 10s	7 10s
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10th Lot.Dining Room Chairs.....	23s 6d	18s 6d

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Room Suites, Drawing-Room Suites, Dining-Room Suites, Loo  
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Office Desks; Parlour, Dining-Room, and Drawing-Mirrors;  
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Really Good Substantial Furniture of Artistic Design and  
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BOTHWELL AND WHIFFLET BRANCH,  
BELLSHILL STATION.

**T**HE Public are hereby respectfully informed  
that the above-named Station is NOW OPEN for Goods,  
Mineral, Live Stock, and Parcels Traffic, and in a short time it  
will be ready for Passengers.

Also, NEW STATIONS for Passengers and other traffic  
will, at an early date, be opened at BROOMHOUSE and  
PEACOCK CROSS (HAMILTON WEST).

R. J. BROWNE, General Manager.

Offices—45 Montrose Street,  
Glasgow, 23rd September, 1878.

## PHOTOGRAPHERS TO THE QUEEN

RALSTON & SONS,  
141 SAUCHIEHALL STREET

AND  
165 SANDRINGHAM TERRACE, HILLHEAD.

**RUTHERFORD BROTHERS,**  
ARTISTS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS,  
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BY CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS.  
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*Picture Frame and Room Mouldings.*

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THE QUEEN'S LAUNDRESS SAYS THIS IS THE FINEST  
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1 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

This Old-Established House, adjoining the Waverley Station,  
and opposite General Post Office, affords first-class accommoda-  
tion for Commercial Gentlemen and others visiting the City  
(either on business or pleasure), having recently undergone ex-  
tensive alterations and additions; entirely re-decorated and fur-  
nished in the most approved manner. Parties honouring the  
"BRIDGE" with their patronage will find every comfort, com-  
bined with cleanliness and attention. Cheerful Sitting-rooms.

CHARGES:—Breakfasts, from 1/ to 2/3; Dinners, from 1/9;  
Bed-room, 2/; Attendance, 1/ per day. GOOD STOCK ROOMS.  
JAMES M'GREGOR, PROPRIETOR.

## T H E R O Y A L R E S T A U R A N T,

10 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET.

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**A**DVERTISEMENTS received for all Papers, by A. F.  
SHARP & CO., 14 Royal Exchange Square.

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WALTER WILSON & CO.,  
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They are all the Newest Shapes, and are Sold elsewhere at 6s 6d, 7s 6d, 8s 6d, and 10s 6d.

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SPECIAL DEPARTMENT FOR NOVELTIES IN BOYS' HATS.

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# The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 316. Glasgow, Wednesday, November 6th, 1878. Price 1d

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 316.

THE hero of the past eight days has been Mr JAMES NICOL FLEMING. His connection with the City of Glasgow Bank had made him notorious. Ever since the collapse of that unhappy concern, the story went that the police "had him in their eye," and when the present Board of Directors were laid by the heels it was generally understood that he would share their fate. It seems, however, that Mr FLEMING had a shrewd notion of the position in which he stood. His knowledge of the criminal law made him anticipate the steps that would be taken by the authorities on the publication of the report of Messrs M'Grigor & Anderson. He was "wanted" somewhere about the 22nd of last month, but by that time he had seen proper to remove himself from his usual haunts. He was not in Glasgow; the people at Keil knew nothing about him; and although a rumour prevailed that he had been seen in London all attempts to run him to earth in the metropolis were of no avail. Finding themselves baffled in their private inquiries, the authorities resolved, on Saturday week, to issue a "hue and cry," which gave a description of his appearance, and requested the police and others to make immediate search and inquiry for him, asking particularly that detectives stationed at sea-port towns should overhaul all outward-bound vessels with the view to his apprehension. Up till the time of writing the publication of this "hue and cry" has proved as fruitless as did the private efforts promoted by Mr Fiscal Brown to secure his person. His name has been on everybody's tongue, our policemen have all of them become detectives for the time, the wish that he should be captured is universal, but Mr NICOL FLEMING is still at large. A

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story has come from London to the effect that the runaway has found refuge in Spain, that modern sanctuary of thieves. Some of the shrewder heads among us regard this as no more than an attempt to draw a red herring across his trail. Whether, however, he be in Spain or Scotland, the luck which an old adage assigns to the bairns of another "Nichol," and which has long befriended him, is evidently his portion still. Mr JAMES NICOL FLEMING is a man of enormous personal vigour. He is hardly past middle life, and yet he has already won and lost two or three fortunes. A son of Fleming of Claremont, one of the Whig clique of half-a-century ago, the earlier portion of his business career was spent in Bombay, where he represented the firm of John Fleming and Co., and Wm. Nicol and Co., and where his boldness and energy secured for him a large degree of popularity. On the outbreak of the American Civil War, Mr NICOL FLEMING saw his way to make a fortune. He went in, neck and shoulders, for Indian cotton, buying it up at a rate which made his associates in Bombay regard him as mad, and his firm at home throw over his orders. Nothing daunted by these rebuffs, this dauntless spirit continued to purchase on his own account. He begged and borrowed monies to carry on his speculations. There must have been various "bad half-hours" in his days at this time, but the upshot of it all was, that Mr FLEMING came home shortly afterwards with upwards of £300,000 at his credit. On his appearance in Glasgow he married a young lady fresh from a boarding-school, a daughter of the then Provost of Campbeltown. But the gambling spirit was still strong within him. And as "adventures are to the adventurous," so in his case it seemed that "good fortune attended the fortunate." He adopted one or two others as partners, and the company had a shy

at all that was going. Ships, telegraphs, cotton, iron, anything and everything seemed to be in their way. It appeared, however, to most people that the greater number of their ventures came to grief. The Glasgow Jute Company was one of their speculations, but the Glasgow Jute Company broke up and paid next to nothing in the pound. Real estate about this time became a particular weakness with Mr FLEMING. He bought Knock-don from Mr Rankine: he became a county magnate, his "talk was of bullocks." To watch him presiding at an Agricultural dinner, or at a Horticultural Society's Show, he seemed altogether as to the manner born. From Knock-don he migrated to Cantyre, where he purchased the fine upland estate of Kiel, near Campbeltown, built a splendid house, furnished it at abundant expense, and established himself as a county magnate generally. By and bye, however, whispers got about that our hero was beginning to tire of stock breeding. He gradually dispersed his herds of prize cattle, made other signs of retrenchment, and showed that the *role* of agriculturist was one that he was anxious to discard. At this juncture, and while his credit was still good to outward seeming, the catastrophe of October 2nd took place. The failure of the Bank was quickly followed by that of Mr FLEMING, the one disaster having resulted directly from the other. His connection with the concern had long been known—he had been a director from 1864 to 1875, but the double collapse brought to light the fact that the money used, or was it wasted? in his multifarious speculations, the money squandered on stock-rearing, the money spent on Kiel, was not his own. It all belonged to the City Bank. He was indebted to the Bank for something like a million and a-quarter sterling! Nearly £400,000, moreover, of his dishonoured paper, is still afloat in India, his Bombay connection having been maintained till the very last. Mr FLEMING invariably bore himself well. He was always carefully, nay even nattily dressed. He liked to enjoy life; and he is free from the reproach of indulging in long prayers and frequenting Sunday schools in order that he might hide reckless speculation, if nothing worse, under a cloak of outward piety. Like other of the people connected with the City Bank, he was a furious gambler. He could not rest from speculation. Some men bet on horses, and others traffic in stocks, and betting on horses is the milder, the less heinous vice of the two. Had Mr FLEMING,

when he returned from India with his £300,000, "made a book" on every race in the country, he could only have ruined himself; as it is, looking at his career as a Bank director, and at the money he has drawn from the coffers of the Bank, and which he cannot pay, he has the discredit of not only having ruined himself, but of having brought misery upon hundreds of innocent people who were previously unaware even of his existence.

### "A Newspaper Conspiracy."

LAUGH at last! O give us room,  
In goodly sooth we're like to burst;  
A laugh at last! 'mid all our gloom—  
Then things at last have reached the worst.  
O keep it up, ye *Herald, News*—  
Ye *Evening Times*, keep up the fun;  
There's not a reader can refuse,  
For such good sport, to "score you one."  
Waste paper—bags—ha! ha! ho! ho!  
In truth we really do declare 'tis meant  
To kill us sure with laughing so—  
Nine tons of "Grannies!"—see advertisement.  
Old papers—bother, what a lot!  
All neatly tied in canvas poke;  
The *Herald* bought them—pray, why not?  
'Tis good as *News*, this Wick-ed joke.  
The Schipka Pass—a goodly Barr!  
Fancy the bags all in a row;  
Fancy descriptions of the war,  
In that same pass, these papers show.  
Fancy the carting them away;  
Fancy the weight—a good round "figger";  
Fancy the witnesses—and stay,  
Fancy in Hope Street what a snigger!  
Fancy the *Times'* folk think they're chancy  
In sifting out the ones who stung them;  
And 'mid the mass of papers—fancy,  
There's not a BAILIE found among them.

### To all whom it May Concern.

"Popular Lessons in Scotch Law," by Sheriff Galbraith. (See *Evening Times*.)

THE BAILIE begs to draw the attention of Bank Directors and others entrusted with, or custodiers of, other people's goods, gear, or chattels to this interesting series of articles. A complete knowledge of one's responsibility to the law—when dealing with other people's money—might, (who knows?) have the desired deterrent effect even on the most microscopic of consciences. One thing His Worship is, at any rate, certain of, that the laudable efforts of his Lordship to prevent people sinning *dans ou sans* ignorance is not out of place in Glasgow, nor do they come one bit too soon either.

An Alarming Aspect of the Eastern Question  
—A conspiracy in the Schipka Pass.



The Sabbatarian's Soliloquy.

IS now my whining lifetime done?

And is my shamming racie run?

And must I stand aneath the sun

Be-marked wi' ticket?

A target set for punster's fun,

And fules to kick at?

I'm sure I wore a reverend face,

An' groaned baith in an' oot o' place,

An' studied mony a grave grimace

In kiik an' warl',

An' thocht to end my warldly race

A godly carl.

My lips I screwed to holy mood,

And often at the kirk-plate stood,

And ever spoke o' doin' good

To a' aboot me.

An' ne'er, I thocht, the warld could

E'en try to doot me.

I ne'er wad Monday papers read,

Nor eat the Sunday-bakit bread;

I sprang frae true Mosaic seed

O' purest water;

And loved to quote the holy creed,

An' clutch the catter.

The railers say I've robbed the Bank,

And gi'en its partners rags for rank,

And that I deftly turned the crank

O' pious ranting,

But noo I show the cloven shank

That ends my canting.

I daurna say I wasna wrang

To cut mysel' sae big a whang

Oot o' the boxie named the "strang,"

In Stronach's housie,

An' a' the while sing holy sang

As mim's a pussie.

But then, ye ken, my need was great,

Min' how I lived in noble state,

And shower'd the gold like river spate

A' roun' aboot me,

An' grumhlin' bodies are na blate

That want to clout me.

An' trowth the pleasures o' deceit

Are far frae being rich or sweet;

Sin mixes bitters wi' the meat,

Be't rich or plain,

An' whiles I'm like to sab and greet;

Amen, amen.

FACT, OF COURSE.

(Scene—St. Enoch Station; 1-5 train to Greenock on Saturday; Smoking compartment; Present, three representatives of young Glasgow).

No. 1—Lewis Potter in the *Graphic* is awfully like.

No. 2—I didn't think he wore his hair so awfully long.

No. 3—It's an awful pity for him because he is awfully clever.

[In Walker's dictionary the word 'awful' is said to mean that which 'strikes with awe or fills with reverence.' The expression "Don't you know" is a much safer one for our young friends and has a little of the flavour of the West End.]

Megilp.

OF course the event of the week in the art world of Scotland is the opening of the first Exhibition of the Scottish Society of Water Colour Painters. The press view day was on Thursday, and the private view on Friday.

The private view was a great success. For a formal evening conversazione, the committee wisely resolved to substitute an afternoon tea. The whole thing was bright and pleasant—there was no formality, the turn-out of visitors was large, and every one seemed pleased. Altogether, Mr Smith, the secretary, well deserved the congratulations he received over the good result of the arrangements. It was Mr Smith who conceived the idea of the society, and he has—with the aid of the president and a first-rate committee—carried the idea out with complete success. Mr Smith merits the hearty thanks of all interested in art in Scotland.

The rooms of the society have been altered and arranged for exhibition purposes with great taste and judgment. The light is capital, and no picture is hung so high that it cannot be seen. As I have already mentioned, Mr Skirving, the architect, designed and carried out the work, and Mr Bowie attended to the decorations. There is an air of quiet comfort about the place that is very enticing.

As to the exhibition itself, it may unhesitatingly be said to be a very fine one—much finer than any of those wiseacres, who shook their heads with a world of implied doubt at the very mention of Scotch water colour art, ever anticipated. It would be a highly interesting exhibition if it had been got up by a society strong from years of existence and experience; as the first exhibition of a new society, in a country, too, where water colour art has hitherto received no special attention or encouragement, it is particularly satisfactory. The associates and members must now go on and improve; they must not be satisfied with anything they have yet done; and if they grow in skill—learning wisdom from their successes as well as from their failures—art, and the art education of the masses in Scotland will greatly benefit.

The various drawings in the room might furnish the texts of many disquisitions: to-day I must content myself with naming only a few of them. The scarcity of figure subjects is, I may remark, a pity. Future years must see this remedied.

The visitor with half an hour to spare should look at Mr Lockhart's "Return of the Herring Boats," and his "Advocates' Close," Mr Hamilton Macallum's "Catching Sprats," Mr M'Taggart's sunny pictures of children and sea, Mr David Murray's "River Blossoms," Mr J. Henderson's "A Calm," Mr J. A. Aitken's "Highland Loch," Mr Bough's "Dobbs' Linn," Mr Glover's "Marsden Bay," Mr Powell's "Fallen Rocks," Mr Carlaw's "Sunny Summer," Mr Brown's "Lowland Mere," Mr M'Laurin's "Willy Wastle," Dr Blatherwick's "Loch Lydoch," and Mr Whyte's flowers.

I hope the results of the Art Union for the benefit of the Blantyre Accident Fund will be as satisfactory as they deserve to be. Among the artists who have voluntarily contributed pictures are Messrs Herkomer, Colin Hunter, Marks, Henderson, M'Kay, W. Young, Brydall, Woolnoth, Grey, &c.

Mr White has added to his collection an excellent little picture by Mr William Glover, a stormy view on the Holy Loch. The sea is painted with great spirit.

In Mr Annan's I saw the other day a beautiful statue by Mrs D. O. Hill—Wee Davock on his way to school, poring over "effectual calling," book in one hand, and under the left arm his bonnet, with the head of a little rabbit peeping out of it. The work is full of sweet simplicity and grace. It has been bought, I understand, by a Glasgow gentleman.

Mr James A. Aitken has returned to town. He brings some fine work—oil—with him from the Frossachs, and a large number of beautiful water colours.

Mr David Fulton and Mr John Grey are also settled for the winter. Mr Grey has been painting in the neighbourhood of Dalmellington, and along the coast of Forfarshire, where the bold cliffs have furnished him with several capital subjects.

## Sugaropolitan Treasures.

AMONG the triumphs of nature and art preserved in the Watt Museum, Greenock, are—what think you? “A small pair of morocco shoes and silk stockings, *said* to have been worn by the Princess Louise when a child.” Just fancy! Well may Greenock be proud of its museum; and the element of doubt must be an additional attraction to the admiring Sugaropolitans who crowd, with awe-stricken faces and bated breath, round the wondrous shoes and stockings. The enterprise of our friends does not, however, stop here. The BAILIE understands that the following curiosities have been, or will shortly be, added to the collection:—

r Coral and bells purchased from the nurse of H.S.H. the Hereditary Grand Duke of Eyerundschenken.

Partially-consumed lollipop, alleged to have been rescued from the royal lips of the Prince of Monaco, when in his infancy.

Small cambric pocket handkerchief (used), picked up at Abergeldie—probably dropped by one of their Royal Highnesses of Wales.

Pebble thrown at her governess by H.R. and I.H. the Duchess of Edinburgh, when *à la* 10.

Tooth, which the Dentist to the Household *thinks* he extracted from the youthful jaws of the Duke of Connaught.

Pinafore (much soiled), supposed to have been worn by ex-Queen Isabella of Spain, &c., &c., &c.

## TURNING THE TABLES.

(Scene—Princes' Pier, Greenock.)

*Licensed Boatman* (thinking to have a “rise” out of Tonalt, goes forward and respectfully touching his cap inquires).—“Want a boat, sir?”

*Tonalt*.—Yiss.

*L. B.* (still more respectfully).—“Where to sir.”

*Tonalt* (grinning).—Tae Kommeltun.

*L. B.* retires amid the laughter of the bystanders, looking rather sheepish and with a somewhat confused idea that he has had the worst of it.

MUCH VIRTUE IN “RELEVANCY.”—In a note to his decision in a recent stock-broking case, Sheriff Erskine Murray says, “There is no real defence except that stock-broking is an invention of the Devil—which may be true, but is irrelevant.” Quite right, Sheriff. As long as our bulls and bears keep on the right side of “relevancy” and law, it's no matter how strongly their dealings may smell of brimstone.

For the Bank Safe in the Bank Parlour—The stoneing in “Stirling Castle.”

A Cantire Cantata—“O weel may the Keil row.”

## A Bad World, my Masters.

THE BAILIE'S heart has been heavy within him for weeks past. Yet in spite of the teeming griefs that every hour brought forth he struggled manfully to take the optimist view of matters and hoped for the best. 'Tis the last straw though that breaks the camel's back, and that straw has now been laid on. At the Christian Convention breakfast the other morning, Lord Provost Collins, in speaking of the Evangelistic Association said that “he was glad that the Corporation was able to be of some assistance to the association in giving them the use occasionally of spare room in the police office.” “*Et tu Brute!*” sighed the Magistrate, when he read it. Oh, my Lord Provost, you might have spared us this. Smug respectability in Duke street—Christian workers accommodated with “spare room in the police office!” My Conscience! what would the Deacon have said had he lived to see this day?

## Happy Thought.

WHEN a Burmese gentleman is bitten by a mad dog, he proceeds to swallow the animal by way of antidote. Does not this suggest that, when the next canine scare comes on in Glasgow, the police might be instructed to eat the dogs instead of lassoing them? It would save a lot of trouble in the way of getting rid of “the bodies,” and if occasionally a tyke were to disagree with its gallant consumer there would not be much harm done. Besides, only think of the saving of cold meat!

“ALL SAINTS' DAY.”—“Yesterday (the 1st instant), being All Saints' Day, there was no meeting of the Glasgow Stock Exchange.” The BAILIE read this announcement with some interest in the *Mail* of Saturday; it was a new light for him to find that Saints and their ways had anything to do with “the noble army of”—not “martyrs,” oh no, only brokers. Martyrs are only to be found outside the precincts of the mysterious room.

The name of Robert Burns, said the Earl of Strathmore the other day at Dundee, is a household word in this country. True, my Lord, but if your lordship had included the civilized world you would still have kept within the mark.

Weston, the “walkist,” has filed a petition in bankruptcy, and describes himself as a “gentleman.” “To what base uses—?”

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Mr Toole's engagement at the Royal has turned out as I expected it would. The house, large as it is, was filled every night last week by audiences which laughed, every one of them, till they were fairly sore. But I don't wonder at their cachinnation. That "Screen scene" in "A Fool and his Money" is one of the best things that Toole does. So natural is it, and so amusing, that one is apt to overlook the labour it entails on the artist. A moment's thought, however, will show that the facial expression assumed by Mr Toole in its course—each shade of meaning so like and yet so unlike its neighbour, together with action and gesture which convey such a variety of emotion and feeling, can only have been the result of long and careful study. As a pantomimic effect—using the word pantomime in its true significance—I know nothing equal to it.

Mr Toole appears to-night and to-morrow night in "A Fool and his money," and on Wednesday and Thursday he resumes his well-known pathetic role of *Michael Garner* in Byron's "Dearer than Life." He takes his benefit on Friday when "Artful Cards" will be played.

On Monday next Mr Irving begins a fortnight's engagement with Mr Glover. For the first week we are to have "Louis XI," "Hamlet," and "The Bells."

Mr Glover's benefit will take place at the Theatre Royal on the 13th of next month.

Any one who cares to see a thoroughly good melodrama—compact, consistent, and exciting, cannot do better than turn into the Gaiety and assist at a performance of "Proof." I who am rather *blaze* so far as sensational plays are concerned, sat it out the other evening, having become so interested in it that I could not leave my seat till the fall of the curtain. Every scene in it tells. The interest grows and grows; culminating, as it should do, in the very last scene.

"Proof" is capitally played by Mr Speakman, Mr Haydon, and Mr Fuell, and by Miss Masson and Mrs Hudson Kirby.

A serious attack of illness prevented Mr Regnold Moore from appearing last week, and his role was consequently assumed by Mr Fuell, but I trust that, by this time, he has recovered sufficiently to enable him to take part in the performance.

Mr and Mrs Chippendale begin a six night's engagement at the Gaiety on Monday next, when they will appear in a series of those famous old English comedies with which their names are so closely associated in the minds of every play-goer. This, it is understood, is Mr Chippendale's farewell visit to Glasgow; he will shortly take his final farewell of the stage.

I suppose there will be crowded houses at the Prince of Wales Theatre this week to see "Dip-lunacy" the Burnand burlesque on M. Sardou's play which we had here the other week at the Gaiety. "Dip-lunacy" is one of the cleverest things of its kind ever written. You can't help laughing over the mad freaks of the various characters—especially if you were familiar with "Diplomacy," the piece it so closely follows.

Mr Coleman and his selected company are this week at the Liverpool Amphitheatre, where "Valjean" is proving an immense success.

On Saturday last there was a pleasant gathering in Mr Wilson's Royal Restaurant to do honour to Mr Toole and Mr Loveday. As Mr Toole himself said in the course of a capital little speech, he never gets a kindlier welcome anywhere than in Glasgow—not only from the public but from a band of warm personal friends. The reception both the guests met with on Saturday was of the heartiest description. Toole's stories made the hours fly on magic wings. He would be a very cross-grained man indeed who could be out of humour when Toole was present.

The members of the Volunteer Officers Dramatic Society propose to give a performance in aid of the City Bank Shareholders Fund about the end of the present month.

I looked into Newsome's on Saturday night and found a full house and a capital programme. The ladies of the company gave many pleasing examples of "the poetry of motion" on horseback, while the gentlemen displayed wonderful feats and

overcame equestrian difficulties as if they were non-existent. The evergreen Meers keeps the house in merry trim with his comical quips and grotesque gyrations. Please note, BAILIE, that the performances on Friday night are under the patronage of the Lord Provost and Magistrates, and that the proceeds go to the Relief Fund for the City Bank Shareholders.

What a merry dramatic affair was that at a certain Industrial school on Hallowe'en. With what holy horror must Mr Quarrier have read of the grand success of the little players, and with what Pharisaical head-shaking he must have laid the flattering unction to his soul that he was not, in this respect, as other trainers of waifs and strays. Would you be surprised to learn, BAILIE, that two of the officials of the school referred to are no mere tyros in Literature; that one contributes to "Fraser," and is the owner of a magnificent Library, and that the other contributes to—well, it would be interesting to know what he *doesn't* contribute to.

The Architectural Association—the members of which are the journeymen and apprentice architects of Glasgow, have just held a very nice little Exhibition at 241 George Street. The drawings and plans, especially of some of our old buildings, such as the Colledge, Cathedral, &c., reflect very great credit on the producers.

The monetary crisis is exercising an untoward influence on some of our convivial associations. The Regent Club is alleged to be suffering severely from lack of funds, and "The Cronies," a society started last winter in imitation of the Pen and Pencil Club, has "adjourned its meetings in the meantime"—a sufficiently suggestive phrase.

Messrs Brown and Lowden's monthly Fine Art Sale takes place in the Gordon Street Galleries on Thursday, when they will dispose of pictures by Lockhart, R.S.A., Perigal, R.S.A., Montague Stanley, D. O. Hill, and other well-known artists. They will also sell, at the same time, a collection of rare old engravings. Messrs Brown and Lowden, I may add, propose to institute a monthly sale of pictures and drawings—which will be held on the first Thursday of every month.

Messrs M'Tear & Co. hold their fortnightly sale of modern pictures in the Royal Exchange Rooms on Friday. The collection includes paintings by Chalmers, M'Culloch, Sam Bough, and other artists of note.

Nigger Minstrelsy, ever popular in Glasgow, is represented in Hengler's Cirque this week by Matthews' Minstrels, "the originals of St. James's Hall, London."

FACT IN NATURAL HISTORY.

(Scene—Deck of the Rothesay Castle, near Steward's cabin; slight rain falling.)

Sandy.—I' ye dry, Jamie?

Jamie.—Naw, I'm no dry, but I can drink!

NEW FRIENDS AND PROFESSIONS.

First Friend (over a glass of beer)—Weel, John, tae tell the truth, my faather wiz a cosmopolitan, but 'am a misanthrope.

Second ditto—You're no like me, man. My faather wiz a collier, his faather wiz a collier, and 'am a collier tae, altho' it's no the best o' professions the noo!

An absenting juryman at Salford, notwithstanding the pathetic plea of "nervous debility arising from alcoholic excesses," was mulcted £5 the other day for non-attendance. Not to put too fine a point on it—as Mr Snagsby would have said—this was really too bad.

## Quavers.

IT was a bold, if an inevitable step to publicly bring forward an almost altogether new choir, as Mr Lambeth has done in so short a space of time. That the venture was justified in the concert of Thursday evening last may be readily affirmed, but at the same time it would be mere useless flattery to say that the singing is as yet all that could be desired, as the convenient phrase is, though that we have the promise of a very perfect choir in the immediate future is undoubted.

The voices seem to have been well selected, and combine the freshness of youth with the experience of maturer years. The strength as to numbers is considerably greater than formerly—an arrangement which, for some ends, is probably an improvement.

Curiously enough, the best singing at this the first concert proper was in *mezza voce*, and in piano passages. There, where choirs usually fall short, Mr Lambeth's chorists were at their best, and on the other hand, very probably from not having gauged their true vocal strength yet, they were least satisfactory in forte, or at least fortissimo. If, therefore, "Waken lords and ladies gay," with its somewhat demostative and hard bursts of tone, was somewhat of a disappointment, Ford's ever welcome "Since first I saw your face" (smooth oily-like music, both of harmony and melody), was, by reason of its chaste quietness of interpretation, completely re-assuring.

Macfarren's conventional if clever "Robin Goodfellow," and Lemmers' thoroughly original "Drops of Rain," evinced the syllabic dexterity of the choir, and were both good specimens of part-singing as now cultivated. But by far the finest appearance made by the choir was in the conductor's setting of the old melody, "Ay walkin', O." Throwing it in a more practical shape for choir purposes, Mr Lambeth has harmonised this fine air with more than even his usual success, and the arrangement is sure to become a great favourite. The vocal realisation was in perfect sympathy with the composition; and not less successful was the choir in the conductor's arrangement of the "Last Rose of Summer," also sung for the first time.

In a word or two more, the concert was fittingly concluded with Garrett's finale chorus, "Good night—farewell," a brilliant if slightly meretricious piece of music, which has been singularly overlooked by our choirs. The solos in this, and separately during the evening, proved that there is considerable individual talent in the choir additional, as should be said, to that possessed by the leading lady-member.

As has been announced, the whole net proceeds of the forthcoming series of choral and orchestral concerts, are to be devoted to the relief of the City Bank shareholders. This considerate act is placed in the power of the committee through the kindness of the guarantors, who will make no claim on the funds this year. We may hope that the subscriptions will be greatly increased in the knowledge of this fact. It is so far encouraging to know that though they very naturally do not reach to the total of last year, they are much above the highest point of former seasons.

The services of Mr Lambeth's Choir having generously been placed at the disposal of the committee of these concerts, the choir will sing at one of them in December.

A new instrumental society has been formed under the name of the Glasgow Orchestral Union. It is composed chiefly of local musicians, and the intention is, by careful rehearsal, to give attractive orchestral concerts now and then, and to supply accompaniments to choral and other associations in town and country. There is need of such a society, and we would quite expect their services to be in demand. Signor L. Zaverthal is to be the conductor, and Mr J. B. Heron the leading violin. The society gives a concert in the Kibble Palace on Saturday afternoon of this week.

A series of six organ performances is to be begun on the 14th instant in Dowanhill U.P. Church. Mr Lambeth, Dr Peace, and Mr J. A. Robertson, the organist of the church, will take part. The recitals will be given at intervals of three to four weeks; and considering the fine quality of the organ, and the skill of the performers, should be very enjoyable.

## A Light Matter.

AS man's efforts to turn night into day will be one of the principal factors by which posterity and the "coming New Zealander" will trace the march of Intellect in the 19th century, and as they are distinctly marked efforts and epochs, the BAILIE'S special scientist contributes the following interesting information on "Lights, ancient and modern," for the guidance of the future coloured investigator of ancient history.

THE MOON (one of our earliest recollections).—A *moving* or *fitting* light much taken advantage of about the middle of May and November.

RUSH.—A pithy illuminator, invented after the moon, greatly resembles door hinges, in this respect—requires oiling.

CANDLE.—Children sometimes mistake this snuffed-out article for sugar stick in the shop windows. One bite will suffice, however, to convince the youngest and most obstinate child of its error. It is composed commonly of animal fat, and was invented some little time after the discovery that bullocks were good for food.

GAS.—This product is only visible when burning, and seems never to be consumed, as long at anyrate as the collector gets his money. It is produced by putting a small tubular metal plug into a brass pipe, and turning a little flat brass (sometimes bronzed) protuberance half round. If you forget to light it, it instantly decomposes and smells frightfully; like Banks, it is under the control of Directors.

LIME.—A very bright effulgent article, when burned in theatres, but a different thing in a hod.

ELECTRIC.—Instead of oils, we have coils in this production; but as Mr Eddison is only developing this, our newest night destroyer, we will favour him by allowing him to detail his own handiwork after getting his "Royal letters patent." Any "half back" however will readily give the reader an insight at the next electric football match.

COMPLIMENTARY.—An Edinburgh lecturer has been telling his audience that "as great a proportion of handsome people, physically, are to be found among savage as among civilised tribes." As the audience in question doubtless considered themselves a "civilised tribe," it is to be hoped they enjoyed being compared, physically, to natives of Tierra del Fuego, Australian aborigines, and "the Hottentot Venus."

A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.—A correspondence has been going on in a contemporary regarding the word "Trocadero, what does it mean?" *Asinus* says he understands better what Bodega means; and if any of the puzzled letter writers like to meet him in Exchange Place his knowledge is at their service—for a consideration.

Mr Gemmel thinks that when two intoxicated Sheriff's-officers smash in the wrong door in the middle of the night, "the way they enter the house is quite contrary to the general rule." Let us hope so!

The Toast of "The Evening"—"The Press,"

“A Newspaper Conspiracy.”

IT is admitted even by partial friends that the *Evening Echo* has not been an unqualified success. When it was established a week or two ago we meant it to be a splendid thing. The births column was to be conducted with a spirit of enlightened enterprise which would commend itself to the favourable notice of the heads of rising families. The advertisements were to be so arranged that each individual one would be engraved on the heart of the reading public as with a pen of iron. The contents bill was to be as startling as a sensation novel, and as trustworthy as a banking company's annual report. The clippings from the Yankee journals were always to be a week ahead of everybody else, and the stale Joe Millerisms in the corner of the fourth page were to be altered beyond recognition. In short, it was to be the perfection of evening journalism, and its dozen miserable rivals were to vanish like the baseless fabrics of a dozen visions. These bright anticipations, however, were not realized with the desired rapidity. Our jump into the troubled waters of half-penny literature did not make such a very big splash after all, and creation generally seemed to go on as usual the next day. The public were apparently in a mood for economising their coppers, and there was no particular rush for copies of the *Echo*. To say that we fellows on the staff were annoyed at this want of appreciation, very faintly expresses our state of mind. We were fairly disgusted, and sick at heart of a world so full of hollow mockeries and delusive shams. Not only was our vanity wounded, but our calculations as to rapidly advancing salaries were quite put out. Gloom was written on every face, and discontent and general hard-upishness reigned supreme in the *Echo* office. Still we have the consolation of knowing that we did our level best for the print. We sowed free copies broadcast over the city. To every man, woman, or child, who was referred to in any number, whether in connection with a street accident, a church soiree, a bankruptcy, or a seven-and-sixpenny police court fine, we sent a special copy with the editor's compliments. We gave advertisers five insertions for the price of two, and took payment by a six months' bill. We tossed defaulters double or quits for the balance of their overdue accounts and invariably lost. We hawked the *Echo* through the streets at the reduced price of three a penny, or seven for twopence, and yet we were not happy. We furnished an army of boys with untold half-pence

and sent them out with instructions to ask for the *Echo* at every news-agent in town. We proclaimed from every hoarding and blank wall our opinion that the *Echo* was the brightest and best of the prints of the evening. We announced our circulation at such an enormous figure that the credulity even of our printer's imp (and he is a boy who can swallow anything, from toffee balls upwards) was utterly staggered. In a word, we did everything that ingenuity could suggest, and yet the unsold copies accumulated on our back premises to such an extent that the sub-editor could scarcely find room to put down his paste-pot and scissors. Clearly the situation was becoming desperate, and called for a desperate remedy, so we held an extraordinary meeting of the staff to talk the matter over. The conclusion we arrived at was, that since the public would apparently never buy the *Echo* as long as there was any other print to buy, the only thing that could do us any good would be the total destruction of the other evening papers. Accordingly we appointed an executive committee, consisting of the cashier, the senior office-boy, and the dramatic critic, with power to add to their number, (we selected those three on account of their truculent appearance) to carry out our plans. The arrangement of details was left absolutely in the hands of the committee, but the feeling of the meeting was that the most effective plan would be to blow up the rival offices with nitro-glycerine, with perhaps the addition of a Whitehead torpedo in the vicinity of the editorial chair, just as they were on the point of bringing out one of their detested ten o'clock editions. The committee has not yet presented a report, but it is believed that negotiations with the police of a pecuniary nature are pending, whereby the necessary destruction of life and property will be winked at. The explosion may therefore be confidently looked for at the earliest possible moment, and then—and not till then—will the *Evening Echo* assume its rightful position in the periodical literature of our country.

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STATUS OF STATUES.—When the Bank building in Glassford street is completed, the BAILIE hopes that the sculpture won't—like the hobby-horse—be forgot. Statues of the directors might alike point a moral and adorn a pedestal

What's the difference between a glass o whisky and a glass of water? Fourpence, isn' it?

FIRST GREAT SHOW OF THE SEASON OF PARIS COSTUMES,  
ROBES DE CHAMBRES, MILLINERY, &c., AT

# THE CALEDONIAN HOUSE,

165 AND 167 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

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**M**ESSRS COPLAND & LYE have much pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Glasgow and the West of Scotland THEIR FIRST GREAT SHOW of the SEASON of High-Class Costumes, Gorgeous Robes de Chambres, Splendid Dressing Gowns and Morning Toilettes, High-Class Millinery, Splendid Flowers Feathers, Head-Dresses, Juvenile Costumes, Jackets in Cloth, Silk, Satin, Cashmere, and Fur. Also, Fur-Lined Jackets and Cloaks, Seal-Skin Jackets, Fur Capes, Collarettes, Fur Jackets, Boas, Fur Trimming, Seal-Skin Turbans and Hats, Grand Collection of French Dress Materials, Rich Silks, Satins, and Velvets. Also, Ribbons of the Newest and Choicest kinds, Rare and Valuable Laces, the Finest and Best Makes of French and Brussels Kid Gloves, Mitts, &c., &c. Every Department is filled with the Choicest of Goods, yet the Prices are strikingly Moderate, for, notwithstanding the *Extraordinary Influx of Visitors in Paris this Summer*, Manufacturers, Costumiers, Modistes, and Artistes, have been, and are, much disappointed with the results. Extraordinary preparations were made, and the most sanguine expectations were indulged in, yet doomed to disappointment, hence Large Stocks of the Most Valuable of Costumes, Robes, and High-Class French Productions are thrown into the market for realisation. Mr COPLAND was happy in his selection of Rare and Beautiful Costumes, the surpassing beauty of which exhausts the vocabulary of ecstatic admiration.

Free invitation is given to the Ladies of Glasgow to this OUR FIRST GREAT SHOW. At the same time Ladies will have an opportunity of seeing THE FINEST WAREHOUSE EXTANT. Also, the HANDSOMEST SALOON in the World for the Display and Exhibition of Costumes, Jackets, Millinery, &c., &c.

Ladies are invited to walk through the Caledonian House daily, as Novelties and Special Bargains are being continually laid out.

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We are now showing the Latest Novelties in Ladies' and Gent.'s Hats for Autumn.

**BEEFEATERS !! BEEFEATERS !!!**

Splendid Satin, Beekeepers for 3s 6d, 4s 6d, and 6s, Wholesale prices. Velvet Beekeepers, in Black Navy Blue, Brown, Bronze, Grenat, also in Superb Combinations, from 4s up.

The Largest and Cheapest Stock of Millinery ever seen in one Warehouse. Ladies' Felt Hats in all the New Shades, Fifty New Shapes, only 2s 6d each.

**HAT CLEANING DEPARTMENT.**

Gent.'s Old Felt Hats altered into this Season's Shapes for Ladies or Misses for One Shilling. These may be Trimmed with Silk or Velvet in the most Fashionable Style.

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LARGE VARIETY.

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Cheap and Excellent Luncheons,

Wines and Ales not to be surpassed

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**WALKER'S**  
**BANTING (ANTI-CORPULENT) BISCUITS**  
Will prevent you getting over Stout.

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**SCOTCH FARLS (OAT MEAL CAKES),**  
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**ROYAL SHIRT**  
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As supplied to the Western, Junior New, and other Clubs.

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126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

THE BAILIE.  
WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6th, 1878.

IN all the BAILIE'S experience, never has a November election passed off so quietly as the one which is taking place to-day (Tuesday). The public mind is occupied with other matters than municipal politics. In the face of such a calamity as the Bank failure it is hardly to be expected that much attention should be paid to the Roads and Bridges Act, the Sewage scheme, or the erection of new municipal buildings. At the same time all three questions are of considerable importance to the ratepayers. They mean money; a dip will be made into the pockets of every one of us to find the wherewithal to carry them out. The last named scheme, that connected with the edifice it is proposed to erect in George Square, has scarcely been mentioned in the various speeches that have been made at the recent Ward meetings. Surely this was a serious overlook. We are altogether in the dark as to what is to be done on the subject. The "inner circle" has kept its own counsel all along, and there seems some possibility that the City may be committed to an architect and a

plan before it has been allowed to express an opinion as to either. Some one or other of the more clear-headed among the outsiders—Mr GRIERSON for example—might bring up this subject with profit at an early meeting of Town Council. The ratepayers have a right to know what is being done. Publicity cannot possibly do any harm; it is even possible that it may do a great deal of good.

### Salmon out of Water.

THE BAILIE has had occasion now and again to criticise pretty sharply the sayings and doings of ex-Bailie Salmon, but he still feels that he can conscientiously echo the kindly leave-taking attended by the Lord Provost at last meeting of Council. His Worship would be able to do so with more heartiness, however, were it not for some rather foolish remarks with which Mr Salmon signalled his retirement. They were in reference to the Mitchell Library, in regard to which the ex-Bailie congratulated himself on "the fact that there was not a single novel on its shelves. The books were all on matters of great importance, and for all who used them were of great educational value." "He trusted that those who had charge of our central library would never allow its shelves to be cumbered with novels." These observations were apparently received with favour, but the BAILIE fancies they will meet with little approval beyond the limits of the "Council." His Worship cannot help expressing his astonishment that Mr Salmon, who has made some literary pretensions in his time, should fail to see any "educational value" in such works as those of Fielding, Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens, and should actually make a merit of their absence from the shelves of a library with any claim to completeness. If it be really true that some of our greatest standard authors are misrepresented in the Mitchell Library, the sooner so glaring a defect is remedied the better.

EXPERIENCE TEACHES.—The officials of the Royal Exchange have a proper appreciation of the honesty of Glasgow business men. In the Exchange lavatory, the hair brush has been fastened to the wall with a brass chain, strong enough to restrain the gambols of the maddest bull or the most eccentric bear in "the Room."

News to nobody—There is "waste paper"—and, *waste paper*.

## What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the contributions to the Shareholders' Relief Fund are worthy of the city.

That the vote of £5000 was a graceful act on the part of the Council.

That "oor Jeems" has put his foot in it again.

That the money will be given anyway, and it would have been better not to have interposed the standing orders.

That the conduct of the refractory councillor may affect the subscriptions in other towns.

That "fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

That the municipal contest is the dullest on record.

That there's only a poll in one of the wards.

That even that might have been avoided by a little display of good sense.

That the candidates are Messrs Jackson and Findlay.

That George Jackson is a clear-headed chiel'.

That he has all the Town Council business at his fingers' ends.

That we're needing one or two folk in the Council like George.

That his opponent is a—joiner.

That he's also a landlord.

That the representation of the "joining and landlord" interest in the Council is large enough already.

That when a "joiner and a landlord" gets into the Council we all know whose interests he'll look after.

That votes are not so valuable in the market as they used to be.

That the cab drivers are annoyed at the grievous want of "party spirit."

That a seat at the Council isn't so eagerly sought for now as formerly.

That the rent day is approaching.

That the landlords are better prepared for it than the tenants.

That the quantity of unoccupied property in the town shows that somebody is getting the "baby to hold."

That the Bankruptcy Court farces still continue.

That the business at these proceedings is allowed to conduct itself.

That our sheriffs have sometimes to preside for hours at a trial over the theft of a pocket-handkerchief.

That they can't spare the time to attend a Bankruptcy examination, where thousands of

pounds and the ruin of honest creditors are involved.

That the Enterprise Sales still continue.

That the authorities are too busy just now with big fish to attend to such small fry as Enterprise salesmen.

That the operative masons have shown their brother craftsmen a good example in accepting a reduction of wages.

That if the same judicious spirit were displayed by other trades many an unfortunate dispute might be averted.

That the Clyde shipbuilding returns show that the trade is going somewhere else.

## Hollybush Leck.

(After Scott.)

O H, Hollybush Leck has come out of the west,  
Through the broad plains of Ayrshire his purse was the best,

And save his compassion he motive had none  
For giving his gold in the way he has done.

A thousand good guineas on shareholders poor  
He bestowed, as a token of gratitude sure.

But fortune is fickle, and next day he sees  
His name's on the list of the debtor trustees!

Still, true to the greatness of unsullied fame,  
He kept to his promise, and kept up his name

And to lessen the grief of the City Bank wreck,  
To the town with his gift sped brave Hollybush Leck.

But ere he alighted at Bankruptcy Hall,  
He was met by a friend who had now lost his all;

Poor Smyth stood before him with suppliant air,  
And begged of his kindness he might have a share.

But large-hearted Henry rode past him in scorn,  
And left the dejected distiller forlorn.

At 'Change soon his excellent gift was made known,  
Though he staid not to see the great gratitude shown.

One word to the 'holders, one look at the news,  
A game at the stocks, where he never did lose,

Away went the hero, while all said of him,  
"May the light of his fame now and never grow dim!"

But whence come his riches? Ah, be not deceived,  
For the Hollybush landlord has greatness achieved,

Not born to Henry, not thrust upon Leck,  
But got by a virtuous property "spec."

Transactions were hollow, not ho'lly, some say;  
Yet envious peop'e may slander away,

Still upward shall Holly-bush grow to a tree,  
And Henry may yet be a J. and M. P.

What a generous soul! Come, his virtues inspec';  
Was there ever a nobler than Hollybush Leck?

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"ANOTHER ON THE SHOVEL!" — Granny breaks out at times into fits of spasmodic facetiousness, and on such occasions the BAILIE is always glad to further her efforts by giving them the wider publicity afforded by his columns. Her latest is, when talking of pupil teachers, to describe them as being "in a P-T-able state!" Not bad for the old 'un, eh?

Smokers,—Try Wallach Smoking Mixture, 6d per ounce. Only to be had from D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram Street



Jeems Kaye on the Doonfa' o' his  
Countrymen.

PUIR auld Scotland! my beloved country, what's come ower ye at a'—Glasgow in particular. "Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching o' the word;" it maun hae been unco ill-preached this wheen years, if we may judge by the results. There's this Bank business—the puir shareholders weeping and wailing, the trustees dumbfounded, the depositors no very easy in their minds, and the worthy Directors in common cells reading Miss Braddon's novels ower a basin o' turtle soup frae John Forrester's, and picking their teeth after the juicy jargonelle peer "frae the eminent fruiterer's in Buchanan Street."

What wid Lewis Potter no' gie noo for a sicht o' that nine tons o' unsold *Evening Times's* at £10 the ton! He widna read a Monday's paper, widna he? If I had my way it wid be a gey while ere he got a chance o' a Tuesday's ane. The ither ane wha used tae sit at the central an' say tae the puir hauf-starved wretches "Sixty days, and may the Lord hae mercy on yer soul," what'll he think noo wi' visions of Lord Deas in the distance? Then that third ane that has ta'en leg-bail in a tug boat tae Spain, him wha used tae hae the finest Clydesdale horses at a' the shows roon aboot, and had ships, nae less, named after him, fleein' noo like a hunted hare wi' the beagles at his heels. Eh! what a dooncome.

I'm no' a shareholder, BAILIE, nor even a depositor, but I hae my feelings, and I entirely agree wi' Betty that, before the puir shareholders are asked tae stump up, the Directors should be rookit oot, stump an' rump, o' hoose and ha'. They've leeved lang enough at heck-an'-manger on ither folks' siller—their properties wid be but a drop in the bucket, but it wid be a satisfaction tae a' folks tae see them roupit oot. Then what think ye o' yer freen o' last week that used tae come frae London on a Saturday night rather than miss the teaching o' the Sunday School! Weel, that wis a caution. I'm sure the bits o' bairns must feel highly honoured noo.

There's that "Groper" affair again, that has helped tae tak' oor shipbuilding awa. The auld story, "no' content." Fourteen hundred a year o' a certain salary and yet its recipient maun haud oot baith hauns and cry, "Wha'll gie me maist," or "Will ye baith gie something?" The mair the merrier.

Then we hae the bankruptcy o' the young chiel wha, a year or twa syne, began wi' naething, and

soon boucht properties o' seventy-fower thousand pounds, sixty thousand, fifty-six thousand, and sae on, and spent fower hundred on building stables and oothouses, and boucht and sellt distilleries the same as I wid buy a cart o' coals, floundering on and on a' the time till he floundered in before the Sheriff.

It's a disgrace, BAILIE, tae oor civilisation, oor honesty, and oor integrity that such things should be. Seventy-fower thoosan!! Hoo mony men in Glasgow are worth that after working a lifetime?

Sic a lot o' folk are makin' a profit by failing noo, that I declare if it wisna that I hae made twa three bawbees, I wid think seriously o' coming doon tae. It's easy done. Generally a' ye hae tae sae is, "I commenced wi' twenty pounds that I borrowed; I never kept ony books, but my clerk used tae tak' jottings on bits o' paper; but he's run aff tae America, and the Trustee is at liberty tae get the jottings if he can; I account for my losses in this way: Bad debts, £291 15s 4¾d; expenses o' a lawsuit, £191 6s 8d; clerk ran away wi' £95; a rat ate a £100 note; lost at Musselburgh races, £51 and a gold watch." "The Trustee expressed himself satisfied and the statutory oath was administered." There ye are, white-washed, a' yer auld debts thrown awa' as filthy rags, and ye can commence again.

The rising generation is a kittle ane, no' a hair atween them and the Yankees; an unco difference frae what they were in my young days.

Then there's likely tae be a strike in the shipbuilding. Guid keep us! What's coming ower us a'? The men evidently dinna believe that hauf a loaf is better than nae bread. Weel, weel, there's a time for laughing, and a time for greeting; this is withoot doot the time for greeting, so, BAILIE, fareweel for a wee. Yours, wi' a sair heart,

JEEMS KAYE.

THE GHOST OF BANKO *Loquitur.*

The dividends much overpaid,  
The bullion understated,  
Though gold—not "brass" with g(u)ilt o'erlaid,  
Nor silver nickel-plated;  
Directors and Deposits both  
Lock'd up, till 'vestigated;  
Until there's got what of the "rot" s  
Not "mel ed," liquidated,  
Until there's got what of the lot's  
Not "clean," expatriated.

A question to be asked—"But what will  
Monsieur 'Tompson' say?"

FERGUSON'S CELEBRATED "EDINBURGH  
ROCK."—Agent, JAMES M'MILLAN, Confectioner, 181  
Eglinton Street, near Cumberland Street.

Suburban "Capability."  
**M**R CLARK, of Paisley, thinks the "Suburb" "has one of the most capable fire-brigades in the country"—an opinion which he supports rather oddly by saying that at a recent fire a lot of "fou" folks gathered together, "and the result was that every second man became an amateur fireman, and seized pipes, nozzles, and everything he could get hold of, with the result that ultimately the steam fire-engine got 'fou' too, and refused to work." Mr Clark is of course welcome to his opinion. "Fou" firemen and a "fou" engine may pass for "capable" in Paisley, but in Glasgow we should consider them decidedly *incapable*—and treat them "as sich."

NICOL TO HIS "TRUSTY FRIEND."

We twa ha'e run about the *Bank*,  
 And pu'd its gowd sae fine,  
 But seas between us braid now roar,  
 Sin' the days o' langsyne.

SEASONABLE.—One swallow doesn't make a summer, but five Bank directors, remarks Peter, can make a very bad winter.

TURN ABOUT.—The funds of the Glasgow Prison are locked up in the City Bank, and the Directors of the City Bank are locked up in Duke Street.

At least some satisfaction—If the Bank wasn't safe, the Directors are,

The Men we Know—The newspaper conspirators.

**T H E A T R E - R O Y A L.**

Last Five Nights of the Popular Comedian,

**M R J. L. T O O L E,**

And FULL COMPANY.

TUESDAY, Last Night of  
 A FOOL AND HIS MONEY,  
 WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY,  
 DEARER THAN LIFE.

FRIDAY—BENEFIT,  
 ARTFUL CARDS.

Box Office Open from 11 till 3.

**T H E G A I E T Y.**

Proprietor and Manager.....Mr CHARLES BERNARD.

THIS AND FOLLOWING EVENINGS,

For First Time in Glasgow,

Mr WILSON BARRETT'S SPECIALLY ORGANISED  
 COMPANY OF LONDON ARTISTES,

IN

THE GREAT SUCCESS OF LONDON, PARIS, AND  
 NEW YORK,

P R O O F.

**T H E A T R E R O Y A L.**

ENGAGEMENT FOR 12 NIGHTS ONLY OF  
**MR HENRY IRVING**

AND THE  
 LYCEUM COMPANY,  
 COMMENCING MONDAY, NOVEMBER 11.

For the convenience of Persons wishing to Book Seats, the following will be the Order of Plays Produced:—

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 11..... "LOUIS XI."  
 (First Time in Glasgow.)  
 TUESDAY, " 12..... "HAMLET."  
 WEDNESDAY, " 13..... "THE BELLS."  
 THURSDAY, " 14..... "LOUIS XI."  
 (Second Time in Glasgow.)  
 FRIDAY, " 15..... "HAMLET."  
 SATURDAY, " 16..... "THE BELLS."

Manager (for Mr Irving) .....Mr H. J. LOVEDAY.

Box Office Now Open from 11 till 3.

**P R I N C E O F W A L E S T H E A T R E.**

To-Night, and Every Evening the week,  
 D I P - L U N A C Y.

The Remarkable Parody by F. C. BURNAND on Sardou's Great Play, DIPLOMACY,

Supported by a Company specially selected for the purpose.  
 Commencing at 7.30 Each Evening (on Saturdays Half-an-Hour earlier).

DURING HER MAJESTY'S PLEASURE.

Box Office Open Daily from 12 till 3.

**H E N G L E R ' S G R A N D C I R Q U E.**

T O - N I G H T

THE FAMOUS

**MATTHEWS' MINSTRELS,**

The Originals of

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

Established 1863.

THIS COMPANY NOW ENJOYS THE  
 PROUD DISTINCTION OF BEING THE OLDEST  
 ESTABLISHED AND THE MOST SUCCESSFUL  
 UPON EARTH,

And the acknowledged source whence all would-be imitators  
 obtain the salient features of the delightful and popular

[Entertainment now universally associated with the  
 TITLE OF MATTHEWS' MINSTRELS.

EVERY EVENING AT 8. SATURDAYS AT 3 AND 8.

Doors Open Half-an-hour previous.

Prices—3s, 2s, 1s, and 6d.

AN ENTIRE CHANGE OF PROGRAMME EACH WEEK.

Tickets and Programmes at Messrs Paterson, Son & Co.'s  
 Buchanan Street.

NORTH BRITISH GALLERIES,

44 GORDON STREET.

**T H I R D A N N U A L E X H I B I T I O N**

OF

PICTURES BY GREAT ARTISTS,

Fresh from their Easels,

NOW OPEN.—Admission, including Catalogue, 6d.

**E X H I B I T I O N** of SELECTED PICTURES.

Oil and Water Colour.

WILLIAM BURNS, 162 Buchanan Street, Glasgow.

Admission Free.

WHEELER & CO.'S  
BELFAST GINGER ALE,  
SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.

The Finest Non-Intoxicating Beverage ever  
Introduced.

DEPOT FOR SCOTLAND:—  
147 STOCKWELL STREET  
GLASGOW.

GLASGOW  
SCIENCE LECTURES ASSOCIATION.

Honorary President—  
SIR WILLIAM THOMSON, M.A., LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S.  
CITY HALL, SESSION 1878-79.

THURSDAY, 14TH NOVEMBER, 1878.

HENRY M. STANLEY,  
The Great African Explorer.

Subject—"Through the Dark Continent,"  
Illustrated with Map and Diagrams.

THURSDAY, 28TH NOVEMBER, 1878.

PROFESSOR FLOWER, LL.D., F.R.S.,  
Royal College of Surgeons, London.

Subject—"The Races of Men,"  
Profusely Illustrated with Diagrams.

THURSDAY, 19TH DECEMBER, 1878.

J. R. SEELEY, M.A.,  
Regius Professor of Modern History, Cambridge.

Subject—"Bismarck."

THURSDAY, 9TH JANUARY, 1879.

GEORGE ROLLESTON, M.D., F.R.S.  
Linacre Professor of Anatomy and Physiology, Oxford.

Subject—"The Changes Produced by Man on the Indigenous  
Fauna and Flora of Great Britain."  
Illustrated with Diagrams.

THURSDAY, 30TH JANUARY, 1879.

BALFOUR STEWART, LL.D., F.R.S.  
Professor of Natural Philosophy at Owens College, Manchester.

Subject—"Suspected Relations between the Sun and Planets."  
Illustrated with Diagrams and Experiments.

THURSDAY, 13TH FEBRUARY, 1879.

JOHN M. THOMSON, F.C.S.,  
King's College, London.

Subject—"On some of the Phenomena connected with Solution  
and Crystallisation."  
Illustrated with Diagrams and Experiments.

Tickets for the Course—1s, 2s 6d, and 5s; Reserved Seats  
(Numbered) 10s 6d. To be had of the principal Booksellers,  
and from the Secretary and Treasurer.

N.B.—With such an attractive Programme, it is confidently  
anticipated that the whole sitting space of the City Hall will be  
Let for Season Tickets. Members and Subscribers are therefore  
advised to secure their Tickets early.

GEO. DAVIDSON, Treasurer, JOHN BROWN, Secretary.  
88 Sauchiehall Street. 96 Buchanan Street.

Doors Open at 7 P.M. Lectures at 8 P.M.

KAY & REID beg to intimate that they will  
have on View, on and after THURSDAY, 24th inst., 42  
Studies from Nature in Oil by Mr Hall Maxwell, illustrative of  
Auvers and its neighbourhood.

NEWSOMES

HIPPODROME AND CIRCUS,  
OPEN EVERY EVENING AT SEVEN.

Commencing at 7.30.

On Saturdays the Doors Open at 6.35; commencing at 7.15.

GRAND ILLUMINATED PERFORMANCE,  
EVERY SATURDAY, at 3.

Prices of Admission, 3s, 2s, 1s, and 6d. Half-price at Nine  
o'clock to all parts except Gallery. Children under 10 years  
of age—to Reserved Seats, 1s 6d; Boxes, 1s; Pit and Pro-  
menade, 6d.

Box Plan can be seen and Seats secured at Messrs R. J. &  
R. Adams, Musicsellers, 81 and 83 Buchanan Street.

Sole Proprietor .....Mr J. NEWSOME.

NEWSOMES

HIPPODROME AND CIRCUS,  
FRIDAY FIRST, NOVEMBER 8TH, 1878.

the Performance will be for the

BENEFIT OF THE SHAREHOLDERS OF THE CITY  
OF GLASGOW BANK.

Mr NEWSOME, in announcing his intention of giving a Benefit  
for the sufferers, by what may be called this National Calamity,  
does so with the Consent and Approval of

The HON. LORD PROVOST and MAGISTRATES of  
GLASGOW.

who have also consented to its being announced as under their  
Distinguished Patronage.

A *Recherche* Programme will be put forth on this occasion.

CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING  
CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 9TH NOVEMBER.

TWO HOURS' GENUINE FUN with the Celebrated

MR AND MRS ARTHUR LLOYD

And their COMIC COMPANY.

Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats on Side  
Galleries, 2s.

Doors Open at Seven o'clock. Concert to Commence at  
Eight.

JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

NEW PUBLIC HALLS SATURDAY  
EVENING CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 9TH NOVEMBER.

The following Celebrated London Artistes—

Miss EVA SCOREY, Soprano.

Miss MARY CUMMINGS, Contralto.

Mr W. PARKINSON, Tenor.

Mr J. LYNDE, Bass.

THE NEW GLASGOW ORCHESTRA,

Mr W. H. COLE, Conductor.

Mr E. BERGER,

PIANIST.

Admission—6d and 1s; Reserved Seats, 2s.

Doors Open at 7; Orchestral Performance at 7.45.

JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

CITY HALL ORGAN RECITALS.

The usual SATURDAY AFTERNOON RECITALS will  
be given by the City Organist, Mr LAMBETH, upon

SATURDAY FIRST,

at FOUR o'clock prompt. The Doors (Albion Street and  
Candleriggs) will be Opened at 3.30. Admission and Pro-  
grammes of Music Free.

Chamberlain's Office, 5th Nov., 1878.

**GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.**

CHORAL AND ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.  
 NEW PUBLIC HALLS,  
 The net proceeds to be devoted to the Fund for Relief of the  
 Shareholders of the City of Glasgow Bank.  
**FOUR CHORAL CONCERTS,**  
 TUESDAY, 12TH NOVEMBER, 1878.  
 SIGNOR A. RANDEGGER'S CANTATA, "FRIDOLIN"  
 (Conducted by the Composer), and  
 BEETHOVEN'S CHORAL FANTASIA.  
 THURSDAY, 28TH NOVEMBER, 1878.  
 BEETHOVEN'S ORATORIO, "ENGEDI,"  
 MENDELSSOHN'S "HEAR MY PRAYER," and  
 MR H. A. LAMBETH'S PSALM,  
 "BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON."  
 THURSDAY, 12TH DECEMBER, 1878,  
 HANDEL'S ORATORIO, "JUDAS MACCABEUS."  
 WEDNESDAY, 1ST JANUARY, 1879,  
 HANDEL'S ORATORIO, "MESSIAH."

**SIX ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.**

TUESDAYS, 19TH AND 26TH NOVEMBER, AND 3D, 10TH,  
 17TH, AND 24TH DECEMBER, 1878.  
 GRAND ORCHESTRA OF SIXTY PERFORMERS,  
 SOLO PIANOFORTE...HERR JULIUS TAUSCH  
 SOLO VIOLIN.....MDME. NORMAN NERUDA.

CONDUCTORS.

MR H. A. LAMBETH.  
 SIGNOR A. RANDEGGER.  
 HERR JULIUS TAUSCH.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION—SINGLE TICKETS.

CLASS.	RESERVED SEATS.	AREA.	BALCONIES.
A. Entire Series—Ten Concerts.....	£3 0 0	...	£1 12 6
B. Series of Nine Concerts—Choral and Orchestral (excluding "Messiah," New-Year's Day)	2 15 0	...	1 10 0
C. Six Orchestral Concerts.....	1 17 6	...	1 1 0
D. Four Choral Concerts.....	1 7 6	...	0 16 0

The Subscription List is now open. Choice of Seats will  
 take place in the order of intimation of Subscription, the selec-  
 tion commencing on Wednesday, 6th November.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be had from the  
 principal Musicsellers, and from

JOHN WALLACE, Secretary.

58 West Regent Street.

A SERIES OF SIX

**O R G A N R E C I T A L S**

WILL BE GIVEN IN  
 DOWANHILL U.P. CHURCH

BY  
 MR H. A. LAMBETH, DR. A. L. PEACE, AND  
 MR J. ALEX. ROBERTSON.

THURSDAY EVENINGS

NOVEMBER 14, 1878.	FEBRUARY 6, 1879.
DECEMBER 5, "	Do. 27, "
JANUARY 16, 1879.	MARCH 20, "

Tickets Admitting to entire Series as 6d each, to be had of  
 Messrs Paterson, Sons & Co., 152 Buchanan Street, and Messrs  
 D. Pentland & Co., Charing Cross.

**GLENFIELD STARCH.**

THE QUEEN'S LAUNDRESS SAYS THIS IS THE FINEST  
 STARCH SHE EVER USED.

**GLASGOW ORCHESTRAL UNION.**

(Composed of Resident Musicians. 40 Performers).

FIRST GRAND PROMENADE CONCERT,

KIBBLE PALACE, SATURDAY, 9th NOVEMBER, 3-30 p m.

Vocalist—MADAME BOSANNECK.

Conductor.....SIGNOR L. ZAVERTAL.

Tickets 1s each, to be had at Musicsellers. Subscribers (by  
 Ticket) Free.

**SCOTTISH SOCIETY OF  
 WATER-COLOUR PAINTERS.**

THE FIRST EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS  
 NOW OPEN in their GALLERY,

108 WEST NILE STREET, GLASGOW,

Admission, 10 a m till 6 p m, One Shilling.  
 Season Tickets, Two Shillings and Sixpence.

FORTNIGHTLY ART SALE.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Friday, 8th November.

PUBLIC SALE OF

M O D E R N P I C T U R E S,

By English and Scotch Artists.

Including Examples of

G. P. Chalmers, R.S.A.	Sam Bough, R.A.
H. M'Culloch, R.S.A.	Alex. Nasmyth.
M. Stanley.	Allan M'Dougall.
Charles Woolnoth.	Horlor.
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Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 4th November, 1878.

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 Vincent Place, on Thursday, 7th November, at One o'clock.

Samples on Morning of Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 4th November, 1878.

# ISLAY WHISKY.

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### TRAIN ALTERATIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

The 11-45 a.m. Train, College Station, Glasgow, to Hamilton, will leave at 11-25 a.m., and be earlier throughout.

The 6-35 p.m. Train, College Station, Glasgow, to Hamilton, will leave at 6-20 p.m., and be earlier throughout.

On account of the Opening of Broomhouse and Peacock Cross Stations, several Alterations have been made in the times of Trains at Intermediate Station, for which see Time Bills.

### OPENING OF

BROOMHOUSE and PEACOCK CROSS (Hamilton West) STATIONS.

These STATIONS will be opened for Passenger and Parcels Traffic on 1st NOVEMBER, 1878.

For times of Trains see public Time-Tables.

### BOTHWELL AND WHIFFLET BRANCH, BELLSHILL STATION.

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- |                          |                        |
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| Leslie.                  | Arthur Perigal, R.S.A. |
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(The Property of Local Collectors and others.)

**BROWN & LOWDEN** will Sell the above, within their Fine-Art Gallery, 14 Gordon Street, on Thursday, 7th November, at One o'clock, Gordon Street Gallery, 4th November, 1878.

**BROWN & LOWDEN** beg to intimate that they purpose holding MONTHLY SALES OF PICTURES and DRAWINGS, to take place on the FIRST THURSDAY of every Month. The first Sale will be as above, on 7th NOVEMBER next and they particularly request those who may wish to contribute to let them have the Titles of their Works at least Four Days, and the Works Two Days, prior to the day of Sale.

14 Gordon Street, Glasgow, 4th November, 1878.

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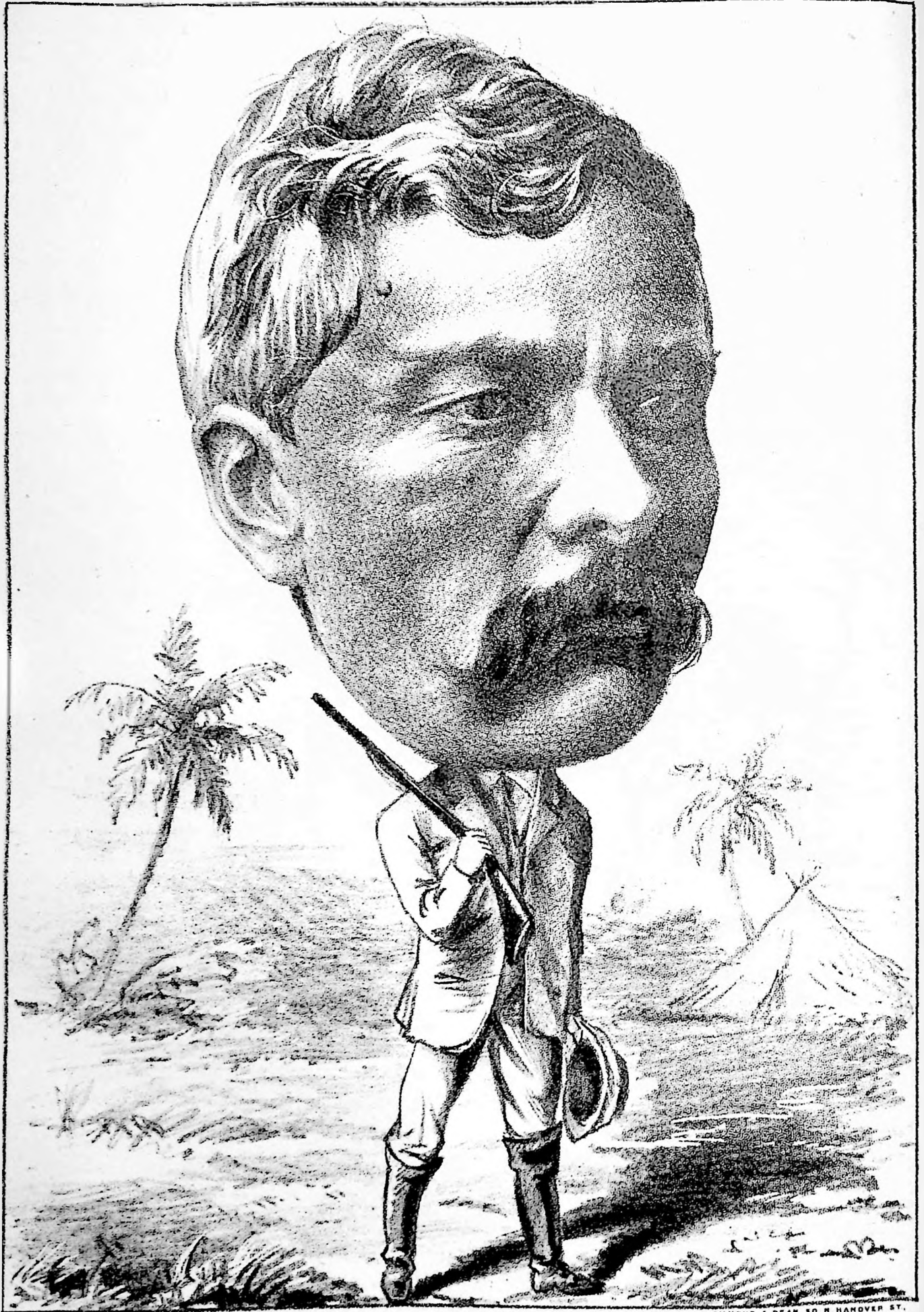
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# The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 317. Glasgow, Wednesday, November 13th, 1878. Price 1d

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 317.

THE BAILIE intends to patronise Mr STANLEY on Thursday evening by attending at his lecture in the City Hall, given under the auspices of our spirited Science Lectures Association. He has rather a partiality for the little man. It isn't every day that one can clap eyes on such a distinguished individual. A compound of Jefferson Brick and Christopher Columbus, with a dash of Black Brandon thrown in by way of giving tone—as the artists would say—to the mixture, he is altogether "one of our most astonishing men." Like other eminent personages Mr STANLEY thinks "nae sma' drink o' himsel'." He delights to talk about his own doings. You cannot please him better than by manifesting a lively interest in "the great African traveller," and there is no surer method of arousing his wrath than by hinting that "well, STANLEY'S African journey wasn't such a very big feat after all." "Cheek" is probably the predominating quality in the mental composition of our friend. He possesses abundant physical vigour, but it is his "cheek" that has enabled him to carry out his various enterprises to such successful issues. Mr STANLEY has been a restless, uneasy unit all his life. While yet a boy—he was born in New York in 1843—he ran away to sea, having shipped in a vessel bound for Spain. His treatment on board, however, was not to his mind, and on arriving at Barcelona he deserted, and wandered, in vagabond fashion, into France, arriving ultimately at Marseilles, from whence he succeeded in making his way back to America. We next hear of him as a Federal soldier in the Secession war, then as a gold-digger in California, and again as the member of a party of Yankees who proposed to walk from Smyrna to India, but who were

robbed by Koords before they had got as far as Erzeroum. Returning to America he was employed by the *Tribune* to describe an expedition against the Indians, and his letters were so lively and picturesque that the *New York Herald* engaged him, shortly afterwards, to accompany Lord Napier of Magdala through the Abyssinian campaign. From Abyssinia he went to Crete, then to Spain, and next on an extended tour, which included the Suez Canal, Palestine, Persia, the Caucasus, and South Russia. On his return to Europe from this wide survey of places and men, a happy thought of young Gordon Bennet, of the *New York Herald*, despatched him, *via* Zanzibar, to "find Livingstone." How he accomplished his mission is known to all the world. After a toilsome march into the interior of Africa, he entered Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, in the November of 1871, and meeting a grey-bearded white man, observed, as he held out his hand, "Dr Livingstone, I believe!" On the outbreak of the Ashantee war, in the following year, Mr STANLEY repaired to the Gold coast, and attended Sir Garnet Wolseley in his march to Coomassie. The early months of 1874 were spent in comparative quiet, but in the August of that year, the death of Dr Livingstone, which had occurred some time previously, induced the *New York Herald* and the *Daily Telegraph* to despatch him to Central Africa, to take up and complete the work of exploration left unfinished by our distinguished countryman. This task was accomplished with wonderful success. Something like three years, or to speak by the book, two years and nine months, were spent in actual journeying up and down Africa. In this space the great Lake N'Yanza was circumnavigated, the source of the Nile was finally determined, and the course of the Congo was traced from its origin in Lake Bemba to its outfall in the South Atlantic. The distance tra-

versed by Mr STANLEY was over seven thousand miles, and no fewer than one hundred and fourteen of his attendants—who were originally two hundred and thirty in number—perished by the way. Much has been made of the manner in which he treated the natives, making war on them something after the fashion of the Spanish conquerors of Mexico and Peru; but this is a question into which the BAILIE has no desire to enter. He may hint, however, to the little gentleman, that both his lectures and his books would be distinctly improved if he were to leave out what *Mr Punch* terms his “sentimental, serious, religious twaddle,” and give us a simple story of personal travel and adventure. We can stand his “cheek,” unparalleled, or almost unparalleled, as this is, but when the cant of missionary meetings is added to the “cheek,” the dose is too powerful, even though it be administered by no less a personage than the “great traveller.” With this gentle suggestion, which the BAILIE gives to Mr STANLEY out of pure benevolence of heart, he dismisses him till Thursday evening.

#### Sweetness and Light at Belfast.

MRS GAMBLE, of Gourrock, lately offered, with characteristic liberality, to supply stained glass windows for a new Presbyterian church in Belfast. “The Presbytery of Lima-vaddy”—euphonious appellation!—have since, the BAILIE fears, with characteristic illiberality, passed a resolution regretting that the building should be “disfigured” by such an “unscriptural innovation”—why unscriptural?—and praying that the youth of the Church may be preserved from the “Ritualistic and corrupting influences” of the coloured glass. Will it be believed that, in order to prevent “controversy in the church,” the authorities have resolved to act upon this precious “resolution,” and decline Mrs Gamble’s proffered gift? Ecclesiastical controversy is no doubt to be deprecated, but better have controversy than truckle to crass and ignorant bigotry. If the same portion of the community is to yield to the dictates of fanatical fools, then “chaos is come again” with a vengeance.

Professor Macklin is reported to have spoken at Coatbridge last week on “the necessity of the Revolution and the results attending such.” Let us hope that the Professor’s diction was somewhat more elegant than that of his chronicler.

#### Chippendale.

“A well-graced actor leaves the stage.”

YOU’VE come to see us and to say farewell;  
Well, well, that time must come some time; and though  
We’re much more sorry than we well can tell,  
We’re glad to see you, we may tell you so.

We know your name has graced the theatre day-bills  
Long, long ere we were born; and now that age  
Has bent you down, we greet you in our playbills  
The premier “first old man” now on the stage.

And should it hap to please you when you know  
Remembrances of you have cheered our heart,  
We’d like you’d also know, ere yet you go,  
The sting we feel at thinking we must part.

We’ve seen you in our time “play many parts;”  
Where is the *Adam* fit to wear your sandal?

’Twill long be ere another one upstarts  
To play *Sir Peter* in the “School for Scandal.”

Who now with *Marlow* will the bottle crack?

Who now with *Hastings* will so well dispute?

Who now will gruffly shout “Now hear you, Jack?”

Ah no, we’ve lost our old *Old Absolute*.

There’s nothing left us but to say farewell;

Farewell, the English comedies of old—

Thy leaving us has broke at last the spell,

And French translations now the stage will hold.

Farewell then, Chippendale—and thus we strip

Ourselves of one great joy in saying so;

Would you had left behind another Chip—

Chip of the old block—then welcome, go.

#### Bravo, Burt.

THE BAILIE has not very often had occasion to compliment Mr Burt, and it is therefore with all the greater pleasure that he thanks him most heartily for his action at the last meeting of the City Parochial Board. It is a scandal and a disgrace that such action should have been necessary, and it is almost incredible that men should have been found capable of publicly defending the practice on the part of guardians of the poor of fuddling themselves at the expense of these same poor. A man with the least remnant of decency clinging about him would choke over a glass of wine whose price is wrung from the needy for the purpose of relieving the more needy still. Let us hope that at the next parochial soirée “gentlemen” will provide their own “refreshments.”

A KILDALTONIAN DISCOVERY.—At Linlithgow the other day, in the course of an ingenious and patriotic comparison of Shere Ali to Robert Bruce, and of his warriors to the Scots who fought at Bannockburn, Mr Ramsay, M.P., made the remarkable assertion that in 1314 our country was situated between France and England. One is always learning something; but if this be true, Scotland certainly does *not* stand where she did.

(Culp)-Able Editors.

A PRESBYTERY meeting is after all the true modern symposium. The most diverse subjects are there discussed, from politics to Shakespeare and the musical glasses, and equally sapient opinions are propounded about them all. At a feast of reason and flow of soul of this nature held in Glasgow last week, one reverend brother asserted, that "in the whole world of editors and sub-editors, there was not a single Christian to be found." The dreadfully sweeping character of this accusation at first inclined the BAILIE to believe that the reverend brother must be mistaken, but subsequent enquiry has proved that he is painfully correct. The following information will be new to most of the Magistrate's readers, and affords convincing proof of the depravity of the human—and especially the editorial—heart. The BAILIE hastens to add that he implicitly believes every word of it—as implicitly as he believes the reverend brother's statement.

The editor of the *Pursuivant* is understood to be a consistent and devoted worshipper of Molech. At least he keeps a little blackguardly image of that or some other heathen deity in his desk, which he kicks and cuffs most unmercifully when the advertisements don't come in with the desired rapidity. Before deciding to issue a supplement his custom is to make a sacrifice of the youngest office-boy at a portable altar, his sub. meanwhile managing the blue fire and whistling snatches from the Druids March, in "Norma." He out-Herods Herod in his dislike of Baptists, and positively foams at the mouth at the sight of a U.P. or a Congregationalist.

The editor of the *True Blue Patriot* has all the outward appearance of a man and an Episcopalian, but those who know him best do not scruple to affirm that at heart he is more of a Mormon than anything else. In the privacy of his own apartment he has been overheard proposing the toast of the Ladies, quoting Tennyson, and otherwise conducting himself as a Brigham Youngite would naturally do. He longs to breathe the congenial air of Salt Lake City, and to mingle with the Saints therein assembled.

To say in print one-half of the things about the editor of the *Permissive Gazette*, which people whisper in each other's ear, would probably be to expose the inoffensive printer of this paper to an action for libel. Suffice it to say, in the most guarded terms, that he is believed to be a ticket-of-leave man; that he wears the top-boots and false eyebrows of the

ordinary stage villain; that he kills a compositor every Friday; that he quarrels with his mother-in-law; that he delights in playing Catch-the-ten and Old Maid on Sunday; that he never breakfasts before nine; and that he uses paper collars.

The BAILIE has a further supply of horrors wherewith to freeze up the blood of the general public; but he mercifully forbears. Enough has been said to show that the reverend Presbyterian was right.

### A Protest.

I AM not at all unfeeling,  
Nor averse to sympathize  
With those dupes of roguish dealing  
Who now fill the air with sighs:  
I will give my mite, most freely  
(Though some comforts with it go),  
To assist them—but they really  
Might stop writing letters so!  
Bill-discounter, banker, debtor,  
Shareholder, depositor,  
Each of his own views, by letter,  
Must be an expositor.

Editor, thy basket ought to  
Suck these inky rivers in;  
If 'tis crammed, a big one bought to  
Hold 'em all, were worth the tin.  
Pile 'em up and run 'em over,  
Advertise a "nine ton lot,"  
Never mind though they discover  
And expose your little plot.  
Whether creditor or debtor,  
Let each mad expositor  
In your basket of his letter  
Be a "poor depositor!"

### "Pubs." for Possilpark.

POSSILPARK has been agitating itself over the great whisky question, and its inhabitants in public meeting assembled have demanded that their benighted region "shall have everything that civilisation allows to other districts"—that is public houses. It seems that there are none of these abodes of civilisation in the district, and that the natives are obliged to depend on the licensed grocers, who, according to one of the speakers at the meeting in question, dispense fluid of so potent a quality that it takes four men to manage a drink—"one to pour out the liquor, one to drink it, and two to hold up the man while he is drinking it. And the man who drinks it generally makes such a face that it might be fancied he was undergoing a surgical operation." Other speeches of a most pathetic nature were made; and, on the whole, the BAILIE thinks that Possilpark's appeal for pubs. should be attended to.

A Want of Money—A lac(k) of rupees

## Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—The drama of "Louis XI.," with which Mr Irving begins his engagement at the Royal this evening, is well-nigh forgotten by all but middle-aged playgoers. Between the death of Charles Kean, and its revival in March at the Lyceum, the number of times it had been represented could probably be counted on ten fingers. Just, however, as Mr Irving saw fit, a year ago, to revive one of Mr Kean's successes in "The Courier of Lyons," so he has now reproduced another in "Louis XI."

The part is one in which even his enemies admit that he has achieved great success. In bearing, in action, and in facial expression, he satisfies the most searching criticism. One scene in which the *King* is interrupted in the instructions he is giving for the murder of a noble by the sound of the "Angelus," another where he condescends to amuse himself with a group of peasants, and a third in which he is threatened with instant death by the son of one of his victims, are declared to be triumphs of dramatic skill. The close of the play, where *Louis* dies on the stage, has caused numerous comments, both favourable and otherwise. His leaden-hued face, hollow cheek, relaxing jaw, jerky, clutching hands, together with the death-rattle which gurgles in his throat, while marvellously real, have been condemned on the ground that they go altogether beyond the limits of true dramatic art. That they are marvellously real there can be no possible doubt. Attention has been called to them in the *Lancet*, and their fidelity to all the details which attend what is known as a "hard death," pointed out by a member of the faculty.

"Louis XI.," which is the work of Casimir Delavigne, a French dramatist of the pre-Imperialist days, was originally produced at the Français so long ago as 1832. It was translated by Mr Boucicault for Mr Kean, and is a picturesque, showy, one character piece.

Mr Irving borrows nothing from Mr Kean in his representation of the *role of the King*. Where the one was quick and hasty in his utterance and movement, the other is measured and accentuated. The charge of monotony, moreover, which was frequently brought up against the older, is in no way chargeable against the younger actor.

"Hamlet" and "The Bells" are the other plays to be represented by Mr Irving this week. His method of sustaining the hero of each is familiar in Glasgow.

When Mr Irving returns to the Lyceum, the cast of "Hamlet" is to be strengthened by the addition of Mr Chippendale, specially retained to play the part of *Polonius*.

Mr Toole opens to-night in Dundee, where he will play *Charles*. His Dundee engagement is for three nights only. He makes his appearance at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, on Thursday. He is accompanied, of course, by Mr G. B. Loveday.

When the members of the Volunteer Officers' Dramatic Corps appear at the Royal in aid of the fund for the Bank sufferers, the pieces to be represented will be "The School for Scandal" and "The Two Polts." The part of *Sir Peter Teazle* in the one, and of *Peter Polt* in the other, will be sustained by a well-known and popular member of the company.

The performances take place on the 25th, 26th, and 27th of the month. I had a peep at the rehearsal on Saturday, your Worship, and can assure you that as far as I can at present see these performances are likely to be the most successful of this Society's many successes—as I believe financially they are expected to prove by far the best.

It is rather early to judge of the performance in detail, but I may mention that on Saturday afternoon the characters of Sir and Lady Teazle were book perfect, and that the brothers Surface are likely to prove as "great guns" as hitherto, and indeed rival any other pair of brothers now or ever before the public—the Davenport brothers, the Corsican brothers, or the Siamese twins notwithstanding.

I may mention that the members are loud in their praises of Mr Glover and our obliging friend, Mr Knapp, for their courtesy and unceasing efforts to make everything go off well.

Mr and Mrs Chippendale appear this evening at the Gaiety for the first time. Their engagement extends over six nights

only, but in this short space they will represent no fewer than six of our great English comedies. The piece for to-night is "The Rivals," Mr Chippendale supporting his great part of *Sir Anthony* while Mrs Chippendale will be *Mrs Malaprop*. A new actress of great promise, in the person of Mrs Bernard Deere, will make her *début* on the occasion on the Glasgow boards in the part of *Lydia Languish*. Mr Everill, Mr J. C. Buckstone, and other well-known comedians accompanying Mr and Mrs Chippendale.

"She Stoops to Conquer," "The School for Scandal," and other standard pieces are in the *repertoire* of "the Chippendales."

Next week we are to have the Albery-Comedies Company in Mr Bernard's house.

"Dip-lunacy" is still running at the Prince of Wales Theatre, and is drawing fair audiences, but not audiences that are equal to the merits of the piece, or the style in which it is acted. If you want a good laugh, my Magistrate, go up this week to the Prince of Wales.

Mr Airlie announces a new soprano for the City Hall on Saturday night—a Miss Eva Scott, who comes to Glasgow specially recommended by Mr Arthur Sullivan and Mr Charles Halle. Mr William Parkinson and Mr Lynde, the new bass, will also appear on Saturday.

The Matthews Minstrels have drawn to Hengler's Cirque, for the first week of their brief season, much better houses than could have been expected in view of hard times, bank smashes, and general gloom. This sable troupe are not of mushroom growth. For over fifteen years they have been before the public in all parts of the kingdom, and have outlived many rival *fac simile* companies.

These "four-and-twenty black-birds" set down a very dainty dish before their patrons, and serve it up in first-rate style. Messrs W. and H. Matthews, the "bosses" and "corner men," are fellows of infinite mirth, and throughout the evening keep the audience in the happiest vein. I thought a deal of the serious solos, notably those of Messrs Garland, Pelham, Lorraine, and Collinson, and was equally pleased with the usual choral refrains. The comical sketches in the second part of the program are cruelly funny, and seriously endanger one's diaphragm with the laughter provoked.

## An Answer will Oblige.

AFTER a good deal of squabbling—"as per usual"—the Free Presbytery of Aberdeen resolved at their last meeting to amend a certain minute—whereupon the Clerk protested against the defacement of "his beautiful minutes." Does it not occur to the worthy scribe that if most of his recent minutes, however "beautiful" they may be, could be erased, it would not damage the Presbytery in the eyes of future generations?

A Lancashire lass, after metrically apostrophising her fickle lover's "siren beauty" and "charms so rare," concluded by announcing her intention of "spurning him till she died." She postponed the spurning business, however, till after she had extracted £20 from the "siren" in the shape of damages.

Dr Marshall Lang "almost never," he tells us, "reviews" a newspaper article "without a feeling of very great pain." Then why in the name of goodness *does* he "review" it?

Sugaropolitan Manners.

THAT bad manners are not confined to the gamins of Sugaropolis is apparent from the following report of a scene which took place last week at a meeting of the shipowners and harbour ratepayers of the port. Whilst one of the Trustees was speaking, a co-Trustee rose to order and directed the attention of the Chairman to the fact that one of the audience was reading a newspaper instead of listening to the speaker. Whereupon the Chairman intimated that the gentleman referred to was not disturbing the meeting by reading the newspaper—a remark which the newspaper report says was greeted with applause. Such an exhibition of bad manners was worthy of a meeting of the friends of a trio of Police Board candidates, but says little for the good breeding of a body which plumes itself upon being the aristocratic constituency of the port—and read in the light of it the proposal made by the Provost to have all the Council meetings opened by a clergyman offering up prayer, for it is to be presumed—the regeneration of the manners of the various members of the public Trust sitting in Council with him, is not so very far wide of the mark after all.

At Last.

THANKS to Stipendiary Gemmill a day of reckoning has dawned at last, and Bill Sykes will have vengeance on his natural enemy the Police, and that in the very manner he himself would have chosen. "If the Police were taking the man *wrongously* into custody he was quite entitled to knock him down," so says the Stipendiary, and as every person considers it anything but a *righteous* thing to be taken to "ta offish," nothing remains to be done but to horizontalise "Tonal" when he collars you, put your hands in your pockets and go leisurely home. You needn't run a bit—Mr Gemmill says it is O. K. So hurroo my boys!

*N.B.*—Be careful not to kick Tonal when he's down, just yet, as the Stipendiary *might* look upon "kick" and "knock" as different modes of treatment.

AN ECHO OF "THE CITY."

First native of Mull. "Tonal, did you'll not heard the tale of the Bank?"

Second ditto. "No, Tougal, I'll didn't, but I'll saw the tail of the Bank when I was with the 'Clansman' whatever.

Suites to the Sweet—Bridal trousseaux.

A Munchausen Extract—Lie-big's Essence.

Dry Toast—A teetotal one.

A Brummagem Answer.

MR CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., thinks that the success of the Liberals at the Birmingham elections "is the answer to the appeal of the Chancellor of the Exchequer for confidence in her Majesty's Ministers!" Bravo, Brummagem! What would Mr Chamberlain say if his political opponents were to point to the election of a Tory alderman in Sleepyhollow as a triumphant refutation of Mr Gladstone's arguments on the Eastern Question?

A DISTINCTION AND A DIFFERENCE.—At the Possilpark anti-public-house meeting, one sapient speaker contended that "alcohol could not be compared with ham—the effects attending the consumption of the two classes of articles being so different." To which the Ass says emphatically "just so." Ham makes him thirsty, and alcohol, judiciously tempered with Loch Katrine, takes away the thirst.

Last week, in the course of an obituary notice the *Scotsman* remarked that the deceased had a grandfather "who only died at the age of 94, in consequence of a fall from his horse." Surely our contemporary is over-exacting. Under the circumstances the old gentleman could hardly have done more than he did. Even the famous Countess of Desmond "only died" after she fell from the cherry tree.

NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT.—The Parochial Board at their last meeting sent their inspector's salary up one hundred pounds at a jump—no doubt the official's prosperity is owing to the "hard times" putting so many of his former employers under his charge; but, of course, the inspector's "screw" will come down to its level again in good times.

Why, enquires Bauldy, is a City of Glasgow Bank Shareholder like a schoolboy who has broken his slate? Because, the creature replies with a grin, he has nothing left to count upon!

Our pseudo-Ritualists are almost as generous as our "merchant princes." Read this:—Chorister-boys wanted for Sandyford church, £2 a-year each." Who wouldn't be a chorister-boy?

They do things "heavy" in the North. "A pauper has been fined £400 at Wick for having in his possession a still for making purposes." How that pauper will hold up his head henceforth to be sure!

The Easiest Way of Taking Medicine.—Taking it away.

## Quavers.

OUR friends of the Choral Union have chosen an apt motto for the programmes of the new series of concerts, and from Shakespeare of course—"Thou wilt be like a lover presently, and tire the hearer with a book of words." We, too, may as well begin the pleasant task again devolving on us, of remarking on these musical meetings, with a scrap or two from the same rich storehouse: "Come on, tune," commands somebody in "Cymbeline," "... first, a very excellent-concerted thing, after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it." Regarding music, some one in "The Taming of the Shrew" asks, "Was it not (ordained) to refresh the mind of man after his studies or his usual pain?" "Serve in your harmony," he practically adds; and every sensible person among us will echo the command, and assist at the feast.

The concert to-night (Tuesday), the first of the new series, appropriately begins with an overture, which has been expressly "written" for the occasion by Herr Julius Tausch, and is to be conducted by the composer. The overture is to be followed by Beethoven's Choral Fantasia, the pianoforte part of which is to be played by Herr Tausch. It will be remembered that this important and characteristic work—a fore-shadowing of the Choral Symphony—was performed at these concerts last season; but, owing to circumstances, rather incompletely.

The foregoing form part first, and Signor Kandegger's dramatic cantata, "Fridolin" comprises part second. The libretto is an adaptation from Schiller by Madame Rudersdorff, whose great powers as a vocalist are still fresh in the memory. The cantata, which will now be heard in Glasgow for, it may be said, the first time, takes high rank in this class of composition. It was written for and produced at the Birmingham Triennial Musical Festival of 1873. The composer himself conducts it to-night.

The first of a series of Saturday evening popular concerts, in connection with the same scheme, is to be given on the 16th instant—next Saturday—some excellent selections having been made. Auber's delightful "Crown Diamonds" overture, that of Nicolai to his "Merry Wives of Windsor" opera, the Lohengrin Introduction to act iii, and a pot-pourri—"The Melodious Congress"—are in the programme. Madame Jenny Pratt is the vocalist, and Herr Tausch is of course the conductor.

It must be interesting to Glasgow people to learn something of the musical career, in Italy, of their townsman Mr George Walker, who sings at the orchestral concert of next Tuesday evening, under the professional *nome di teatro*, necessary for Italian ears, of Signor Giorgio Valcheri. Gifted with a very promising baritone voice, and showing considerable vocal aptitude, it was suggested to Mr Walker that he should go to Italy for lessons in singing. He accordingly went to Milan just seven years ago, and there studied under Sangiovanari, Pedroni, Trevalze, and latterly under the greatest maestro of all, Lamperti. Mr Walker made such marked progress that he was induced to remain in Italy, and to enter on the lyrical stage.

The Italians could make nothing of the to us familiar name of Walker, so its equivalent Valcheri was adopted, to everybody's comfort. Signor Valcheri, after four or five years' sojourn in Italy, has now a very considerable repertory of parts, opera in Italy corresponding in popularity very nearly to drama here. These include—to give a few instances in familiar operas—the important roles of the Count in "Trovatore," Germont in "Traviata," which he has played to Adelina Patti's *Violetta*, Don Carlos in "Ermani," Macbetta in Verdi's opera of that name, the Duke Alfonso in "Lucrezia Borgia," Don Sallustio in Marchetti's "Ruy Blas," Valentino in "Faust," and Amonasro in Verdi's "Aida." One could quote further, but many of the other operas taken part in are all but unknown to us.

Signor Valcheri has sung at, amongst other Italian cities, Milan, Turin, Florence, Genoa, Palermo, Pavia, and Parma; also in Austria and Poland. He is engaged for Her Majesty's in London, and will appear there immediately as *Escamillo*, the Matador in "Carmen," Bizet's new opera.

We will we expect sing at our next concert, Gounod's "There

is a green hill far away," a recitative and arioso from Massenet's "Re di Lahore," and Tito Mattei's "Non e ver."

With its usual fairness the "Musical Times," in a notice of the intended Choral and Orchestral Concerts on its mention of the fact that Mr Lambeth is to conduct the choral concerts, and makes it appear that Herr Tausch is to undertake the whole business, vocal and all. The distinction of choral and orchestral conductor is, for some reason, most carefully recorded in regard to the Edinburgh series, however.

How in the world one could have forgotten till now to record the important fact that a new season had been commenced of the West End Choral Society, we can't imagine. Every apology is due to your Worship for the omission, the more that the patron is no less a personage than the head of the municipal body, the Lord Provost himself. Herr Adolphe Rosberg is the conductor, as before, of this undoubtedly fashionable association, and the "works selected for study" are, Dr Stamer's "Daughter of Jairus," some choruses for female (we beg pardon, ladies') voices, operatic choruses, and part songs. Rather condescendingly, as it strikes one, the association comes as far east for their practising-rooms as the New Halls.

The Crosshill Musical Association have appointed Mr T. S. Drummond to be their conductor, and Macfarren's "Outward Bound" has been chosen as the principal piece.

## Municipal Lukewarmness.

HOW is it that in Scotland we are becoming so indifferent to municipal politics? Not only in Glasgow, but throughout the country as well, the late election passed over without exciting any but the feeblest interest. Is it that we are so hopeless of being properly represented that we have given the thing up as a bad job, or what? It was not so in the BAILIE'S time, nor in that of his father afore him; and his Worship is inclined to think that, with corruption everywhere rampant in high quarters, the sign is hardly a healthy one.

THE FESTIVE COLLIER.—If the gay and festive collier is no longer able to quench his thirst with champagne as in the days of his prosperity, he can still apparently indulge in humbler liquor. Since he can no more command quality, he goes in for quantity. Six of the tribe lately consumed, at one sitting at Airdrie, eight gallons of beer, "besides a quantity of gingerbeer"—on a Sunday, too! It is pleasing to learn that hard times have not injured the brave fellows' powers of suction.

In the Court of Session last week Mr Edmund B. Lockyer made a demonstration in the course of which he "flattered himself he was quite up to the mark—above the mark." He was right. In most of his public appearances Mr Lockyer goes beyond the mark, as he certainly did last week.

FERGUSON'S CELEBRATED "EDINBURGH ROCK."—Agent, JAMES M'MILLAN, Confectioner, 181 Eglinton Street, near Cumberland Street.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the first meeting of the new Council was a lively one.

That "oor Jeems" was as brilliant as usual.

That the Lord Provost's selections were not very satisfactory.

That his Lordship found himself in a minority over one of his pets.

That many of his Lordship's pet schemes will be defeated before his term of office expires.

That the Justices of the Peace have become virtuous.

That they are neither to be bribed by the publicans nor bullied by the teetotallers.

That time was when first-class railway fares and sumptuous feasts were obligingly provided for obliging Justices by their clients.

That they have now resolved to "abjure sack and live cleanly."

That "methinks their worships doth protest too much."

That the subscriptions are pouring in for the Shareholders Relief.

That it will be a fund difficult to manage.

That many of the more necessitous will decline to accept help.

That both firmness and delicacy will be requisite in the distribution of the money.

That the Established clergy are jealous of the power of the press.

That the members of the press are not the least bit jealous of the power of the pulpit.

That Dr Marshall Lang is a man of sentiment.

That he "talks like an angel and writes like poor Poll."

That any reflections on the glorious institution of "elderdom" cause him the very "deepest pain."

That "fine words butter no parsnips."

That "elderdom" has not shone very brilliantly of late.

That trade continues bad.

That it will be worse before it be better.

That the Tyne shipbuilders are profiting by the squabbles on the Clyde.

That according to appearances the Clyde will soon have no trade to squabble about.

That "fires" are unpleasantly frequent at present.

That they generally are at this time of the year.

That some tenants like to make it "hot" for the landlords.

That some tenants who do not approve of heat believe in "moonlight flittings."

That both are equally unprofitable to both landlords and factors.

That Alex. Macdonald, M.P., has been "conferring" with the miners.

That nobody has a more profound faith in the wisdom of Mr Macdonald's counsels than Mr Macdonald himself.

That the Glasgow Philosophical Society has condemned Mr Bateman's plan for the purification of the Clyde.

That the reason is not far to seek.

That every individual philosopher has a sewage plan of his own.

That each separate plan is better than its neighbour.

A Rhyming Reminder.

PAISLEY may well feel pleased and proud to proffer  
Praise at poor Tannahill's poetic shrine;  
And oft "across the walnuts and the wine,"  
She well may laud the genius of Christopher!

Nor need she in star-gazing overlook  
Her lesser, sublunary, living lights—  
Albeit they're neither Beaconsfields nor Brights,  
They talk at times like an illumined book!

What though there's now faint trace of the aroma  
That sprung from Sandford's Attic eloquence?  
There still survives old Hastie's sturdy sense  
In Holms, Macdonald, Murray, and "Paconia!"

And when Saint Mirren, like a mother, dotes  
Upon her highly Fortune-favoured sons,  
Disturb her not—when men make go'd in tons,  
How few prove stewards like her Clark and Coats!

But she's had other bairns—and we beseech her  
Sometimes their pleasant memories to recall;  
For genial Kintrea let a true tear fall—  
For Pollock, too, th' alliterative preacher!

A SINISTER WISH.—The BAILIE fears that Colonel Campbell of Bythswood is hardly so faithful a Mason as his position in society and the order would lead one to expect and desire. The other day he expressed a wish that the Grand Lodge of Scotland should be the "envy" of all other grand lodges. Sir Michael Shaw-Stewart should see to this, or we shall have the Colonel praying for "hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness" as well.

Is feminine Glasgow insensible to the charms of literature? If not, how are we to account for the fact that, though "special accommodation" is provided for ladies in the Mitchell Library, the average weekly attendance of the fair sex is some half-dozen, while masculine visitors are numbered by thousands? Perhaps the introduction of fashion-plates and the *Family Herald* might work a change.

Smokers.—Try Wallach Smoking Mixture, 6d per ounce.  
Only to be had from D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram Street

FIRST GREAT SHOW OF THE SEASON OF PARIS COSTUMES,  
ROBES DE CHAMBRES, MILLINERY, &c., AT

## THE CALEDONIAN HOUSE,

165 AND 167 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

MR COPLAND'S RETURN FROM PARIS.

**MESSRS COPLAND & LYE** have much pleasure in announcing to the Citizens of Glasgow and the West of Scotland THEIR FIRST GREAT SHOW of the SEASON of High-Class Costumes, Gorgeous Robes de Chambres, Splendid Dressing Gowns and Morning Toilettes, High-Class Millinery, Splendid Flowers, Feathers, Head-Dresses, Juvenile Costumes, Jackets in Cloth, Silk, Satin, Cashmere, and Fur. Also, Fur-Lined Jackets and Cloaks, Seal-Skin Jackets, Fur Capes, Collarettes, Fur Jackets, Boas, Fur Trimming, Seal-Skin Turbans and Hats, Grand Collection of French Dress Materials, Rich Silks, Satins, and Velvets. Also, Ribbons of the Newest and Choicest kinds, Rare and Valuable Laces, the Finest and Best Makes of French and Brussels Kid Gloves, Mitts, &c., &c. Every Department is filled with the Choicest of Goods, yet the Prices are strikingly Moderate, for, notwithstanding the *Extraordinary Influx of Visitors in Paris this Summer*, Manufacturers, Costumiers, Modistes, and Artistes, have been, and are, much disappointed with the results. Extraordinary preparations were made, and the most sanguine expectations were indulged in, yet doomed to disappointment, hence Large Stocks of the Most Valuable of Costumes, Robes, and High-Class French Productions are thrown into the market for realisation. Mr COPLAND was happy in his selection of Rare and Beautiful Costumes, the surpassing beauty of which exhausts the vocabulary of ecstatic admiration.

Free invitation is given to the Ladies of Glasgow to this OUR FIRST GREAT SHOW. At the same time Ladies will have an opportunity of seeing THE FINEST WAREHOUSE EXTANT. Also, the HANDSOMEST SALOON in the World for the Display and Exhibition of Costumes, Jackets, Millinery, &c., &c.

Ladies are invited to walk through the Caledonian House daily, as Novelties and Special Bargains are being continually laid out.

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Splendid Satin Beefeaters for 3s 6d, 4s 6d, and 6s, Wholesale prices. Velvet Beefeaters, in Black Navy Blue, Brown, Bronze, Grenat, also in Superb Combinations, from 4s up.

The Largest and Cheapest Stock of Millinery ever seen in one Warehouse. Ladies' Felt Hats in all the New Shades, Fifty New Shapes, only 2s 6d each.

#### HAT CLEANING DEPARTMENT.

Gent.'s Old Felt Hats altered into this Season's Shapes for Ladies or Misses for One Shilling. These may be Trimmed with Silk or Velvet in the most Fashionable Style.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,  
WHOLESALE HAT MANUFACTURERS,

OVERCOATS,  
GREATCOATS,  
AND ULSTERS.  
IMMENSE VARIETY.

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MACDOUGALL'S RESTAURANT,  
MAXWELL STREET, OFF ARGYLE STREET,  
NOW OPEN.

Cheap and Excellent Luncheons.  
Wines and Ales not to be surpassed  
Spirits supplied in quantities of Two Gallons and upwards.

SOLD EVERYWHERE,

HENRY THOMSON & CO'S  
OLD  
IRISH WHISKY.

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—  
ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

TODD'S  
QUININE WINE

FOR INDIGESTION, FLATULENCY,  
NERVOUSNESS, &c.

Stands pre-eminant for Purity and Strength,  
and is recommended by the Faculty.  
Sold by Chemists and Wine Merchants.

W C THOMSON'S  
ROYAL SHIRT  
IS ACKNOWLEDGED SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS  
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6<sup>d</sup> HAIR CUT AND SHAMPOOED. 6<sup>d</sup>  
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GENTLEMEN'S HATTER,  
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CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE  
GINGER BEER.

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE  
YEAR ROUND;" WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC.  
As supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

THOMAS DAVISON,  
DISPENSING CHEMIST,  
126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

THE BAILIE.  
WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 13th, 1878.

THE BAILIE is proud of his townfolk. In little less than seven days they have subscribed considerably over one hundred thousand pounds in the cause of a single charity. If the Bank collapse is unparalleled in the history of commercial disaster, the Glasgow fund for the sufferers, and the manner in which it has been subscribed, is equally unparalleled in the history of charitable movements. Unhappily, however, while proud of his townfolk, the Magistrate can hardly express himself in the same gratified terms with regard to those county gentlemen of whom we constantly hear so much. The shareholders of the City of Glasgow Bank are in a great measure county people. They are farmers, little landlords, graziers, and such like. The movement, therefore, to aid them in their great distress, ought to have originated with the county rather than the city. That it has not done so is well known. That the county magnates are fighting shy of the whole affair is another fact which is equally well known. They have started a relief fund, it is true, on their own account, but the subscriptions to this fund are scanty in number, and, looking at the magnitude of the crisis, comparatively scanty in amount. Lanarkshire is pre-eminent in Scotland for the wealth of its landed proprietors. They have long purses as well as broad acres. In this time of need, however—this time of misery and affliction to

so many of our friends and neighbours, they are buttoning up their pockets, well pleased that they are escaping scot-free, but determined that the task of aiding the victims of STRONACH, POTTER, NICOL FLEMING, and their associates, shall be undertaken by other hands than theirs. Glasgow has not hitherto had much to thank the gentlemen of the county for, and this new evidence of their meanness as a body will not be forgotten in a hurry.

“On Eagle's Wings.”

COMMANDER CHEYNE has again been in Glasgow with his plans for reaching the North Pole, in which balloons play an important part. Now, the BAILIE has an idea on the subject, which he presents *gratis* to the gallant Commander. One great difficulty with the balloon would be how to guide it aright, and direct it straight as an arrow to the Pole. Why not utilise the eagle in the West-End Park and turn it into a live traction engine? Harness it to the balloon, and have a bowsprit projecting from the car with a piece of raw beef dangling from the end of the spar right in front of the eagle's beak. Then securely seated in the car, and properly provisioned, take your observations carefully and keep the beef in a due north direction; the eagle, which “never is but always to be fed,” pursues the tempting lure, and the balloon securely fastened to the powerful bird, voyages on through strange clouds and mists direct to the very Pole itself. Behold a plan, my noble Commander, simple and humane. By adopting it you will serve the cause of science, and you will do a good turn to the Park eagle as well. Surely that unhappy fowl would prefer the free use of its pinions, even amid Arctic snows, to the horrors of its present confinement. The humours, annually recurring of a Glasgow Fair Saturday crowd, and the daily gibes and impertinent staring of uninstructed nurses and irreverent children must sorely fret and fever the soul of the king of birds. Better far be a labourer, even a martyr, in the cause of science than a woe-begone looking target for orange peel and rude jokes!

A contemporary announced the other morning that “the largest audience that has ever been seen in Dunfermline this season assembled in St. Margaret's Hall *to-night*.” Talk of being abreast of the time! Why, it's nothing to such enterprise as this.

## Megilp.

MR KENNETH MACLEAY, who died last week, was the last survivor of the original members of the Royal Scottish Academy. He was a skilled miniature painter in the days when miniatures were fashionable, and some descriptions of water colour work he did well. The figures of Highland clansmen which several years ago he painted for the Queen, were very graceful. As a man, Mr Macleay was much liked by both artists and students for his pleasant disposition and courtly manners.

The Water Colour Society Exhibition has attained great popularity already, and been attended by a large number of visitors.

"Catching Sprats" by Mr Hamilton Macallum is indeed a very fine picture, full of careful drawing and beautiful colour. The figures of the men, the painting of the sea, and the delicate shimmer of light to the right deserve very high praise. The "Fish Auctioneers," also by Mr Macallum, is clever, but is not on the whole so good a picture as "Catching Sprats."

Mr W. E. Lockhart is one of the greatest artists we have in Scotland, and he has of late devoted much attention to water-colour work. He paints with power and insight and, as a rule, with a keen appreciation of the contrasts and subtleties in the subjects he selects. But although it may be heresy to say so, I cannot help thinking that his drawings in the Water Colour Exhibition do not show him at his best. There is too much blackness in them, and in one at any rate, "The Return of the Herring Boats," too little subtlety and refinement. It is a bold, strong drawing, masterly in many points, especially in the grouping of the boats, but it lacks delicacy. "The Advocate's Close, Edinburgh," is a picturesque subject, sympathetically rendered, and "The Broomielaw Sunset" is very fine. I think it is the best of Mr Lockhart's contributions. The glow of colour and the hazy distance full of evening feeling, are beautifully rendered.

Mr Samuel Bough exhibits one good drawing—"Dobbs Linn, near Moffat." His other contributions are not up to his usual standard.

"A Lane in Helensburgh" is the best of Mr J. D. Adams' contributions to the exhibition, and is one of the best pictures he ever painted. It is tender and sweet in both colour and feeling.

"Old Scotch Interior," by Mr R. Anderson, is a capital bit of work. It is strong and natural.

The general meeting of the Institute was held last Monday, and several new members were elected. New rules were to have been submitted to this meeting, but it was explained that owing to the council having resolved to apply for an act for the incorporation of the Institute, the consideration of the rules would in the meantime have to be delayed.

The Council of the Scottish Water Colour Society have been bethinking themselves as to how they could best assist the Bank Shareholders Relief Fund. The first idea was to call only on members of the Society to aid in the good work, but the scheme is now likely to assume wider dimensions, and to become a national one, to the success of which all Scotch artists could contribute.

The winter session of the Glasgow Art Club begins to-day. The Club has become a powerful element in the art life and progress of Scotland, and the present session opens under happy auspices. Its new premises in Bothwell Circus are now ready, and the members have every reason to be proud of their new quarters.

All will join in wishing the club many prosperous and happy years in its new abode. There will be pleasant evenings spent there, I venture to predict, when the perfume of tobacco will fill the air, and the talk be of art, and all its varied interests and associations.

The Art Club Exhibition will of course take place next month. In the new Club-rooms the usual life classes will be carried on—and the members cannot attend them too closely.

Up to Saturday the amount of Sales at the Water Colour Exhibition had reached only £250. I hope that in spite of bad times the returns will improve.

R.

## Oracles Differ.

ONCE more the BAILIE has been puzzled to decide between two contradictory oracles of the press. Speaking of a recent football match by electric light, the *Herald* says that the exhibition was witnessed by "ten or twelve thousand persons," and was "completely successful," while the *News* states the number of those present at six thousand, and declares that the game was "greatly marred by the defective light," it being insufficient "to enable the spectators to witness the play with anything like satisfaction." *Somebody* seems to have been rather foggy on the evening in question.

A contemporary, mentioning that in Partick members of fever-stricken households are permitted to attend school, mildly "deprecates" such "unwise conduct on the part of parents." The BAILIE would very much like to "deprecate" such want of wisdom with a cat-o'-nine-tails.

At Belfast the other day Sir Wilfrid Lawson "made humorous reference to himself in his small pony-trap." "Pony," Sir W.? Don't you think a less noble animal would be more appropriate?

Granny in one column cautions the public against pseudo-victims of the City Bank with goods to sell "at a great sacrifice," and in another inserts advertisements from members of the fraternity. There's nothing like consistency, old lady!

At a ward meeting last week an elector asked Mr Findlay what action he took to stop certain smoke "when it was before the Dean of Guild Court." Gas is bad enough in Court, but isn't smoke rather "too much?"

The other day a Coatbridge man went to look for an escape of gas with a lighted candle. As yet there is only one death reported, and the damage is understood to be covered by insurance.

Professor Meiklejohn, of St. Andrews, says that the duties of a professor "are to examine and 'recreate'," but the BAILIE'S own student considers that, on the principle of the division of labour, the professors should content themselves with examining while the students attend to the "recreating."

THE DIVERSIONS OF PURLEY.—Dr Syntax has discovered that the Whiches in "Macbeth" are all "relatives."

Succour from the South.

THE BAILIE had something to say the other week anent the idiotic newspaper correspondence on the subject of the Bank frauds; but it was left for a genius from the South to eclipse the sublimest efforts of our local noodles. "An English Bank Manager" writes to propose a "scheme of relief" which, among other notable features, includes the incomprehensible proposal that "holders of notes should be paid in full," and the cool suggestion that depositors should "receive whatever the estate realises, which exhibits, according to the published balance-sheet, upwards of 10s in the £1." The BAILIE would like to know the whereabouts of that "English Bank." Is it anywhere near Colney Hatch?

STRICTLY PRIVATE.—Some people are advertising in the *Herald* their desire to purchase oil paintings "privately." Why privately? Are they anxious to do good by stealth, or is their figure so low that they are ashamed to offer it publicly, or what? Meantime the Ass—who is nothing if not fashionable, and consequently dabbles in paint—offers to sell these patrons of the fine arts any number of pictures with the greatest possible privacy—though he confesses his tastes lie rather in the "public" way.

NOT BAD "FOR HIGH."—An Edinburgh professor piles it up in his introductory lecture by referring to "the hideous spectacle of soldiers and diplomatists executing a licentious dance of death over smouldering ruins and prostrate millions, in honour of some phantom doctrine of the Balance of Power!" Ma conscience!!

Encouraged by the BAILIE'S favourable notice, Granny indulged last week in another burst of facetiousness. In her notice of the Prince of Wales Theatre, the old girl talks about the audience being left "free to remain 'During Her Majesty's Pleasure,' or to consult their own by going home." Once more, go it, old 'un!

Sir Wilfrid Lawson says that certain members of Parliament "follow him, although at a respectful distance." Sir Wilfrid's following is fortunately distant enough,—but perhaps the less we say about the respect the better.

"The Eastern Policy of the Government" has been rather roughly handled in various quarters; but the climax of maltreatment was reached at Paisley last Tuesday night. Dundonnachie lectured on it!

Foreign Intelligence.

THE *Saturday Review*, turning its eyeglass in our direction, has discovered some "facts" regarding Scotch habits, almost as remarkable as those which it some time ago unearthed with regard to Glasgow. We are told, for instance, that "an occasional lecture to a Young Men's Improvement Society, or a dance in a barn at Christmas-time or Harvest Home, amply satisfies" a Scottish rustic's "ideas of gaiety;" that our working classes live on "milk and oatmeal;" and that "in the manses and in the mansions of the smaller lairds . . . the everlasting whisky, turned into toddy, takes the place of wine." Such pieces of information as this should do us good, and make us humble ourselves before the superior knowledge of the Cockney. It is very certain that no Scotchman was till now aware of these "facts."

A Dreadful Threat.

GREENOCK possesses a redoubtable tar in the shape of a Captain Campbell, without whose presence a public meeting in Sugaropolis is considered flat, stale, and unprofitable. His method of enlivening the proceedings was exemplified at a municipal meeting held the other evening, when the Captain kept up a running fire of commentary upon the speeches delivered, hurling such pleasant epithets at the speakers as "stuck engineer," "Jack of all trades and master of none," "Tooley Street tailor," and so on. In the end he addressed the assembly generally as "Turks," and declared his dire resolution "never to come to their meetings again." Should the Captain keep his word Greenock will be inconsolable. Couldn't we lend the Sugaropolitans Jamie Martin now and then "for a consideration?"

Principal Caird is reported to have last week welcomed back to the University the "hopeful and beautiful sons of Alma Mater." The BAILIE will say nothing about the hopefulness, and as for the "beauty"—well! But Dr Caird has a fine turn for sarcasm.

A contemporary talks of "a magnificent old clergyman." What an amount of Ritualistic millinery the old gentleman must have heaped upon his back in order to justify such an epithet!

"A warrant of protection has been granted to Mr Lewis Potter." Indeed! Let us hope that Mr P. will be effectually "protected" till he makes his bow to "the Lords."

**Rubbert on the Situation.**

**T**HOUGH Mr Robert Thomson was supine enough, at last meeting of the Presbytery of Glasgow, to allow a resolution in favour of that Romanising institution the Royal Infirmary to pass unchallenged, he asserted himself shortly afterwards by moving that the Presbytery should appoint a committee to inquire into the true principles of banking. It is hardly necessary to remark that the proposal met with no support; but, as Rubbert candidly admitted, that was no matter, since he had had his say. As the BAILIE observed before, he had asserted himself, and he was happy.

**A Question of Time.**

**A**NOTHER wiseacre, a member of the Synod of Lothian and Tweeddale, has been suggesting the payment of the City Bank liabilities by a national abstinence from alcoholic liquors. This gentleman, however, gives four or five months as the period of abstinence, while our local sages considered that a fortnight would be sufficient. The BAILIE must really know what he's undertaking before he temporarily knocks off his grog. Meanwhile, here's t'ye a'!

Mr Gladstone was the other day asked his opinion of the Lunacy Laws, and so much did he feel himself at home in the subject that he wrote two successive letters in reply.

**T H E A T R E R O Y A L.**

ENGAGEMENT FOR 11 NIGHTS ONLY OF

**MR HENRY IRVING**supported by the  
**LYCEUM COMPANY.**

To-night, TUESDAY, Nov. 12.....	"HAMLET."
WEDNESDAY, " 13.....	"THE BELLS."
THURSDAY, " 14.....	"LOUIS XI."
	(Second Time in Glasgow.)
FRIDAY, " 15.....	"HAMLET."
SATURDAY, " 16.....	"THE BELLS."

Box Office Now Open from 11 till 3.

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**T O - N I G H T**  
Everything New.  
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Prices—3s, 2s, 1s, and 6d.  
AN ENTIRE CHANGE OF PROGRAMME EACH WEEK.

**G L A S G O W C H O R A L U N I O N.**

GRAND CHORAL CONCERT,  
NEW PUBLIC HALLS,  
TO-NIGHT (TUESDAY,) 12TH NOVEMBER, 1878.

The net proceeds of the Series of Concerts to be devoted to the Fund for Relief of the Shareholders of the City of Glasgow Bank.

GRAND OVERTURE BY HERR JULIUS TAUSCH,  
(Specially Written for these Concerts, and First Time of Performance).

Conducted by the Composer.

BEETHOVEN'S CHORAL FANTASIA.  
SOLO PIANOFORTE—HERR JULIUS TAUSCH.  
SIGNOR A. RANDEGGER'S CANTATA, "FRIDOLIN"  
Conducted by the Composer.

PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS.

MISS ROBERTSON.  
MR HENRY GUY, | MR LUDWIG,  
MR ROBERT HILTON.  
ORGANIST—A. L. PEACE.

CHORUS NUMBERING 450 VOICES.  
ORCHESTRA OF SIXTY PERFORMERS,

CONDUCTORS.

HERR JULIUS TAUSCH.  
MR H. A. LAMBETH.  
SIGNOR A. RANDEGGER.

Tickets—Area, 8s 6d, 5s, 3s; Balconies, 5s; Gallery, 2s—  
from Messrs Swan & Company, 49 Buchanan Street, Glasgow.  
One Shilling Admission after 7-30.

Doors Open at Seven. Concert at 8.

Subscribers may still be Enrolled for the Series of Concerts.  
Forms of application may be had from the principal Music-sellers, and from Mr John Wallace, 58 West Regent Street, to whom intending subscribers will please send their names, with the number and class of tickets they wish reserved for them.

**T H E A T R E R O Y A L.**

VOLUNTEER OFFICERS DRAMATIC SOCIETY

IN AID OF

CITY OF GLASGOW BANK RELIEF FUND,  
MONDAY, TUESDAY, AND WEDNESDAY, 25th, 26th,  
and 27th November.

SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL  
AND

THE TWO POLTS.

Seats may now be secured at Box Office daily from 11 to 3.—  
Admission Tickets may be had at principal Restaurants and Music Sellers in Glasgow, or at the Office of Lieutenant Ferguson, 137 West George Street, Secretary to the Society.

LATE TRAINS—Tuesday Night, from St. Enoch's to Greenock and Intermediate Stations, at 11-15; Wednesday Night, from St. Enoch's to Barrhead and Intermediate Stations, at 11-15; from Buchanan Street to Motherwell, Wishaw, and Intermediate Stations, at 11-15; from South Side Station to Hamilton and Intermediate Stations, at 11-15; from Queen Street to Helensburgh and Intermediate Stations at 11.

For other particulars see Day Bills.

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Proprietor and Manager..... Mr CHARLES BERNARD.  
Farewell Performances of Mr CHIPPENDALE, his Final Retirement from the Stage, and Last Appearance in Glasgow.

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DIP-LUNACY,  
Preceded by Conquest and Pettit's romantic Play,  
NOTICE TO QUIT.  
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THE MARVELLOUS SWORD-SWALLOWER.  
This Gentleman, who created such a profound sensation, has  
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Extraordinary and Incomprehensible Person ever brought under  
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GREATEST PHENOMENON OF THE AGE.

372 Representations of this Marvellous Feat have been given at  
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New Acts and Scenes in the Arena by the Unrivalled Troupe  
of RIDERS, GYMNASTS, CLOWNS.

GRAND ILLUMINATED MID-DAY PERFORMANCE  
EVERY SATURDAY,

Doors open at 2-30, commencing at 3.  
These Exhibitions are particularly recommended to Families  
residing at a distance, being equal in every respect to those of  
the evening.

Box Plan can be seen and Places secured at Messrs R. & J.  
Adams, 18 Buchanan Street.

RIDING TAUGHT—Ladies, MDLLE. ADELE, Gentlemen,  
MR MEERS.

Prices—Reserved Seats, 3s; Boxes (Select), 2s; Pit and Pro-  
menade, 1s; and Gallery, 6d. Children under 10 years of age  
—Half-price. Doors open every Evening at 7, commence at  
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Performance commence a quarter of an hour earlier. Half-price  
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Sole Proprietor .....Mr J. NEWSOME.

MAX GREGER, "Our Local Phrenologist," returned to  
Glasgow (12 Dunlop Street) for the Winter. Phrenologi-  
cal Museum, admission 2d. Your character and occupation  
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GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.

GRAND POPULAR CONCERT,  
NEW PUBLIC HALLS,  
SATURDAY FIRST, 16th NOVEMBER, 1878.

The Net Proceeds of the Series of Concerts to be devoted to  
the Fund for the Relief of the Shareholders of the City of Glas-  
gow Bank.

The Programme will include  
Overture to "The Merry Wives of London,".....*Nicolai.*  
Minuet for String Instruments,.....*Bockheinn.*  
Poppourri, "The Melodious Congress,"—*Conrade.*  
Introduction to Act III "Lohengrin,".....*Wagner.*  
Ballet Music from "Le Prophete".....*Meyerbeer.*  
Valse Espagnol,.....*Meliet.*  
Overture to "Crown Diamonds,".....*Auber.*

VOCALIST—

MADAM JENNY EAYRES,

*Acc* JENNY PRATT.

BAND OF 60 PERFORMERS,

CONDUCTOR—HERR JULIUS TAUSCH.

Tickets—Balconies 2s; Area 1s—from Messrs Swan & Co.,  
49 Buchanan Street.

HANS VON BULOW

Begs to announce that he will give a

PIANOFORTE RECITAL

AT THE

QUEEN'S ROOMS,

ON FRIDAY EVENING, 22ND NOVEMBER,

At 8 o'clock.

Reserved Seats, 5s; Balcony, 4s; Body of Hall, 2s 6d;  
Back Gallery, 1s 6d.

Tickets of J. Muir Wood & Co., Buchanan Street.

HANS VON BULOW'S

PIANOFORTE RECITAL,

NOVEMBER 22ND.

CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING  
CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 16TH NOVEMBER.

GRAND POPULAR BALLAD CONCERT.

The following Celebrated London Artistes.

Great Success in the New Halls last Saturday.

Miss EVA SCOREY, Soprano.

Miss MARY CUMMINGS, Contralto.

Mr W. PARKINSON, Tenor.

Mr J. LYNDE, Bass.

THE NEW GLASGOW ORCHESTRA,

Mr W. H. COLE, Conductor.

Mr E. BERGER, - - - - - PIANIST.

Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats on Side  
Galleries, 2s.

Doors Open at 7; Orchestral Performance at 7-30.

JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

CITY HALL ORGAN RECITALS.

The usual SATURDAY AFTERNOON RECITALS will  
be given by the City Organist, Mr LAMBETH, upon

SATURDAY FIRST.

at FOUR o'clock prompt. The Doors (Albion Street and  
Candleriggs) will be Opened at 3-30. Admission and Pro-  
grammes of Music Free.

Chamberlain's Office, 11th Nov., 1878.

## QUEEN'S ROOMS.

Messrs SWAN & CO. beg to announce that  
**DR D. A. MOXEY (LEO ROSS),**  
 the Distinguished READER and HUMORIST,  
 WILL GIVE  
**READINGS**  
 FROM THE

POETS, HUMORISTS, AND DRAMATISTS,  
 ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, 13TH INST., AT 8 P.M.  
 PROGRAMMES AND TICKETS.—Reserved Seats, 4s (Family  
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 CITY HALL, SESSION 1878-79.

THURSDAY, 14TH NOVEMBER, 1878.

**HENRY M. STANLEY,**  
 The Great African Explorer.

Subject—"Through the Dark Continent,"  
 Illustrated with Map and Diagrams.

THURSDAY, 28TH NOVEMBER, 1878.

**PROFESSOR FLOWER, LL.D., F.R.S.,**  
 Royal College of Surgeons, London.

Subject—"The Races of Men,"  
 Profusely Illustrated with Diagrams.

THURSDAY, 19TH DECEMBER, 1878.

**J. R. SEELEY, M.A.,**

Regius Professor of Modern History, Cambridge.  
 Subject—"Bismarck."

THURSDAY, 9TH JANUARY, 1879.

**GEORGE ROLLESTON, M.D., F.R.S.**  
 Linacre Professor of Anatomy and Physiology, Oxford.

Subject—"The Changes Produced by Man on the Indigenous  
 Fauna and Flora of Great Britain."  
 Illustrated with Diagrams.

THURSDAY, 30TH JANUARY, 1879.

**BALFOUR STEWART, LL.D., F.R.S.**

Professor of Natural Philosophy at Owens College, Manchester.  
 Subject—"Suspected Relations between the Sun and Planets."  
 Illustrated with Diagrams and Experiments.

THURSDAY, 13TH FEBRUARY, 1879.

**JOHN M. THOMSON, F.C.S.,**

King's College, London.  
 Subject—"On some of the Phenomena connected with Solution  
 and Crystallisation."  
 Illustrated with Diagrams and Experiments.

Tickets for the Course—1s, 2s 6d, and 5s; Reserved Seats  
 (Numbered) 10s 6d. To be had of the principal Booksellers,  
 and from the Secretary and Treasurer.

*N.B.*—With such an attractive Programme, it is confidently  
 anticipated that the whole sitting space of the City Hall will be  
 Let for Season Tickets. Members and Subscribers are therefore  
 advised to secure their Tickets early.

**GEO. DAVIDSON, Treasurer,** **JOHN BROWN, Secretary.**  
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Doors Open at 7 P.M. Lectures at 8 P.M.

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 Season Tickets, Two Shillings and Sixpence.

**KAY & REID** beg to intimate that they will  
 have on View, on and after THURSDAY, 24th inst., 43  
 Studies from Nature in Oil by Mr Hall Maxwell, illustrative of  
 Auvers and its neighbourhood.

At 95 Bothwell Street, on Tuesday, 19th November.

PUBLIC SALE OF A  
 WHOLESALE IRONMONGER'S STOCK,  
 COUNTING-HOUSE FURNITURE,  
 MILNER'S SAFE, &c.

(Belonging to the Trust Estate of John Brisbane & Co., and Sold  
 by instructions of Messrs Galt & Kennedy, Accountants.)

**ROBERT M'TEAR & CO.** will Sell the  
 above, by Auction, at 95 Bothwell Street, on Tuesday,  
 19th November, at 12 o'clock.

On View on Morning of Sale.

Full particulars in Catalogues, which may be had from the  
 Trustees or Auctioneers, on Thursday, 14th November.

The SHOP TO BE LET, with immediate Entry.—For par-  
 ticulars, apply to

Messrs GALT & KENNEDY, 62 Buchanan Street.  
 Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 11th November, 1878.

## PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Wednesday, 20th  
 November.

IMPORTANT PUBLIC SALE OF A  
 COLLECTION OF SPECIALLY SELECTED  
 HIGH-CLASS MODERN PICTURES,  
 From the Studios of the most eminent Academicians of this and  
 other Countries.

(The Property of Messrs Hollender & Cremetti, of London,  
 Paris, and Brussels, whose acknowledged taste and discrimi-  
 nation have lent such a charm to their former Exhibitions.)

**ROBERT M'TEAR & CO.** have pleasure in  
 announcing that they will Sell the above admirable Col-  
 lection, by Auction, in their Art Galleries, on Wednesday, 20th  
 November, at One o'clock.

Particulars in future Advertisements.

*Note.*—The Winter and Spring Exhibitions of Messrs Hollen-  
 der & Cremetti's Collection are now such an acknowledged  
 artistic event that we have only to remind local *connoisseurs* of  
 former Exhibitions to interest them in the above, which will not  
 disappoint their expectations.

**ROBERT M'TEAR & CO.**  
 Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 11th November, 1878.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Thursday, 14th Nov  
 PUBLIC SALE OF

VALUABLE STOCK OF FURS,

Astracan and White Fur Jackets,

Otter Sets, Chinchilla Muffs, Sealskin Jackets,

Silk Trimmings, Jacket Linings, &c., &c.,

60 Plain and Fancy Lyons Silk Dress Pieces, in Choice Colours,  
 (Belonging to a Trust Estate.)

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 Rooms, on Thursday, 14th November, at Twelve o'clock prompt,  
 On View, with Catalogues, on Morning of Sale.  
 Royal Exchange Sale Rooms, 11th November, 1878.

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BOWMORE DISTILLERY.  
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DOWANHILL U.P. CHURCH

BY  
MR H. A. LAMBETH, DR. A. L. PEACE, AND  
MR J. ALEX. ROBERTSON.

THURSDAY EVENINGS

NOVEMBER 14, 1878.	FEBRUARY 6, 1879.
DECEMBER 5, "	DO. 27, "
JANUARY 16, 1879.	MARCH 20, "

Tickets Admitting to entire Series 2s 6d each, to be had of Messrs Paterson, Sons & Co., 152 Buchanan Street, and Messrs D. Pentland & Co., Charing Cross.

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44 GORDON STREET.

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OF  
PICTURES BY GREAT ARTISTS,  
Fresh from their Easels,  
NOW OPEN.—Admission, including Catalogue, 6d.

**E X H I B I T I O N** of SELECTED PICTURES.

Oil and Water Colour.  
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Admission Free.

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THE QUEEN'S LAUNDRESS SAYS THIS IS THE FINEST STARCH SHE EVER USED.

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EXTENSIVE COLLECTION AT 338 SAUCHIEHALL ST  
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1 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

This Old-Established House, adjoining the Waverley Station, and opposite General Post Office, affords first-class accommodation for Commercial Gentlemen and others visiting the City (either on business or pleasure), having recently undergone extensive alterations and additions; entirely re-decorated and furnished in the most approved manner. Parties honouring the "BRIDGE" with their patronage will find every comfort, combined with cleanliness and attention. Cheerful Sitting-rooms.  
CHARGES.—Breakfasts, from 1/ to 2/3; Dinners, from 1/6, Bed-room, 2/; Attendance, 1/ per day. GOOD STOCK ROOMS.  
JAMES M'GREGOR, PROPRIETOR.

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70 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET.

C. WILSON & SON, Proprietors.

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GLASGOW, BOTHWELL, HAMILTON, AND COATBRIDGE RAILWAY.

TRAIN ALTERATIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

The 11-45 a.m. Train, College Station, Glasgow, to Hamilton, will leave at 11-25 a.m., and be earlier throughout.  
The 6-35 p.m. Train, College Station, Glasgow, to Hamilton, will leave at 6-20 p.m., and be earlier throughout.

On account of the Opening of Broomhouse and Peacock Cross Stations, several Alterations have been made in the times of Trains at Intermediate Station, for which see Time Bills.

OPENING OF  
BROOMHOUSE and PEACOCK CROSS (Hamilton West) STATIONS.

These STATIONS will be opened for Passenger and Parcels Traffic on 1st NOVEMBER, 1878.

For times of Trains see public Time-Tables.

BOTHWELL AND WHIFFLET BRANCH,  
BELLSHILL STATION.

The Public are hereby respectfully informed that the above-named Station is NOW OPEN for Goods, Mineral, Live Stock, and Parcels Traffic, and in a short time it will be ready for Passengers.

R. J. BROWNE, General Manager.  
General Manager's Office—45 Montrose Street,  
Glasgow, 29th October, 1878.

FOOTBALL COSTUMES.

Every Club Colour kept in Stock.

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H. & P. M'NEIL,

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JOHN M. SIMPSON, Furniture Warehouse  
and Show-rooms, 60 GREAT CLYDE STREET, (Corner of Maxwell Street) Glasgow. One of the largest Stocks in the City. New Illustrated House Furnishing Guide to be had Free on application. The Cheapest Establishment in the City for Really Good Substantial Furniture of Artistic Design and Superior Finish. Quality Guaranteed.

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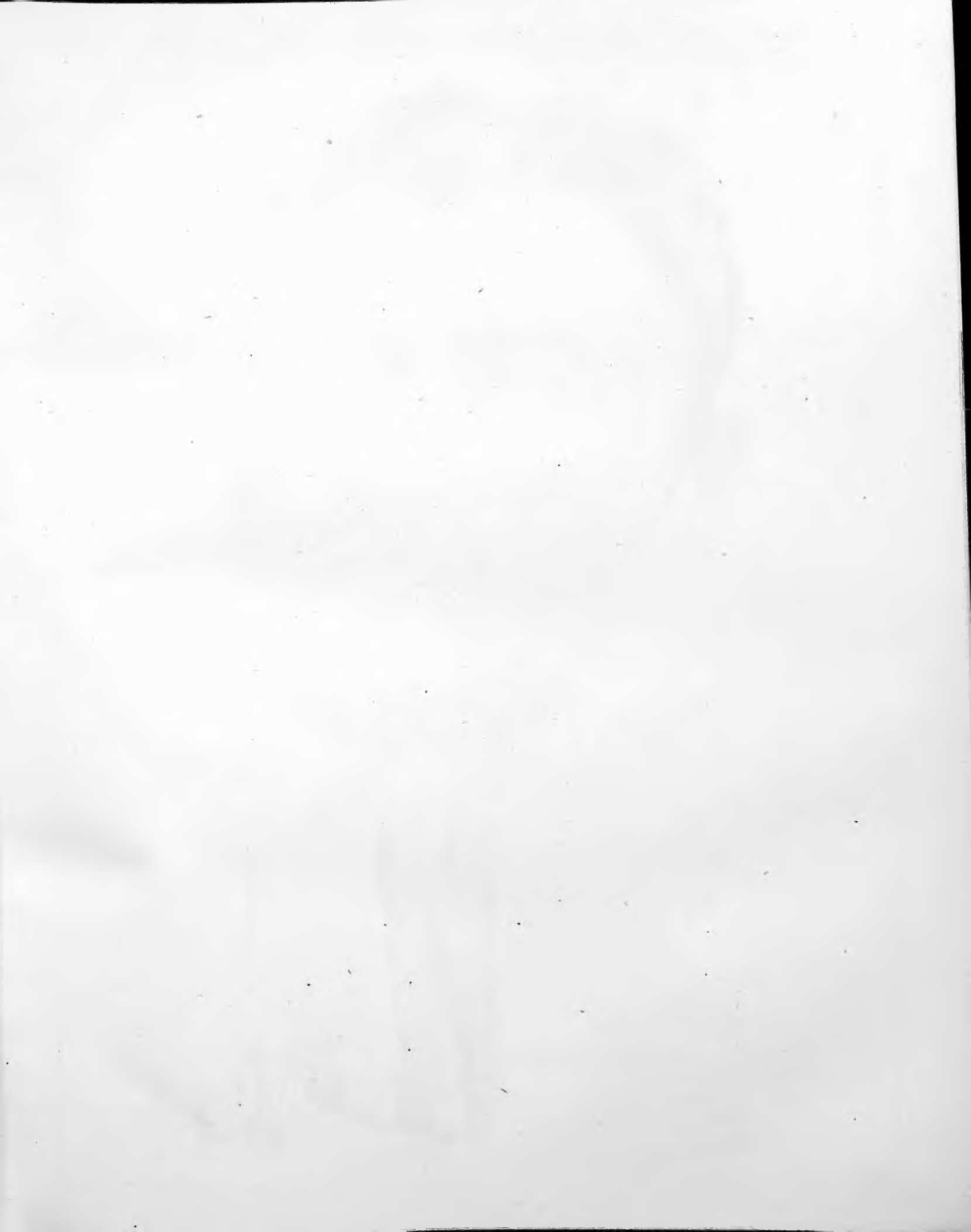
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# The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 318. Glasgow, Wednesday, November 20th, 1878. Price 1d

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 318.

NO form of art, probably, has done more than music in bringing nation and nation together. It is a language understood all the world over, either by the ear or the eye. Through its medium, mutual sympathy and esteem take the place of mutual antipathy and distrust. Our own relations with Germany are a striking instance in point. We have certainly learned to know and respect the Germans, speaking in a general way, better through their music than through their literature or language, and we have a reasonable belief that they on their part find something to admire and appreciate in what our country can boast of in that way, humble though the possession be, compared with the richness of the treasures of the land of Handel and Beethoven. It seems then altogether natural that Messieurs the Directors of the Choral and Orchestral Concerts should not have confined themselves to Britain in quest of a conductor for the band, and as natural and fitting that their choice should have been made in Germany. Herr JULIUS TAUSCH, who has come over to take charge of the Orchestral performances this winter, though but little known in this country is in his own a man of eminence in music. Soon, no doubt, he will be a Man you Know in the fullest and pleasantest sense of the application, but meantime the BAILIE, in presenting his portrait, must now give some biographical facts concerning him. Herr JULIUS TAUSCH is a native of the old ducal town of Dessau, and was born in 1827. He received his early musical education from Frederick Schneider, and in 1844 entered the Conservatoire at Leipsic, then in the height of its fame. After two and a half years of study under Mendelssohn and Hauptman, the future Königl. Musikdirector

settled in Dusseldorf. Since then, that is about 1847, Herr TAUSCH has never permanently left that attractive town—one of the three towns, by the way, in which the Annual Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine is held in its turn, the two others being, it will be remembered, Aix-la-Chapelle and Cologne. Unassuming and modest to a degree, it was sometime ere the young musician became known beyond a limited art-circle, but gradually his pre-eminently excellent pianoforte playing, his gift of improvising (the possession only of genius), and his compositions, brought him into wider notice. When therefore Robert Schumann, then conductor of the Musical Association of Dusseldorf, became unequal through illness to the duties of the post, Herr TAUSCH was appointed his assistant and ultimately his successor; his name thus becoming linked also with Mendelssohn, Rietz, and Hiller, former conductors of the society. The Lower Rhine Musical Festivals were instituted in 1818, and Herr TAUSCH has naturally taken part in the conducting of these important meetings in common with his predecessors in the Dusseldorf Society, by one of whom, indeed, they were founded, and at the jubilee festival concert in that town, in 1869, he was appointed musical director to the King of Prussia, in royal acknowledgment of his talents as a musician. Herr TAUSCH has been the recipient of not a few similar honours symbolised in the usual button-hole decorations, but we daresay he does not attach a very great amount of importance to such distinctions in the general. As a pianoforte performer, Herr TAUSCH is more distinguished for legitimacy of style than for phenomenal display, but it is not to be inferred that he is not equal to any of his countrymen, whom we know better, in the mastery of difficulties in pianoforte playing. We shall probably hear Herr TAUSCH at our concerts in

a piano concerto by Raff, which only the most dexterous manipulators of the clavier attempt, so difficult is it. This concerto, seldom performed, Herr TAUSCH played with the utmost success at Dusseldorf last spring. By the bye, not a few of our countrywomen, some of them ladies from Glasgow, have, the BAILIE understands, benefited by the piano instruction of Herr TAUSCH in Dusseldorf. As a composer our conductor is comparatively unknown in this country, but he has written profusely—music for the church, overtures and other orchestral compositions, piano sonatas with and without accompaniment, pieces of the nature of cantatas for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra, and in all he shows cultured musicianship and wide experience. Of these productions may be instanced four overtures written for the Lower Rhine Festivals, one of which, that produced in 1866, is to be performed, we understand, during the present orchestral series in Glasgow. Probably one of Herr TAUSCH'S best compositions is his "Twelfth night" music—a class of musical illustration made familiar to us through that for the "Midsummer Night's Dream" by Mendelssohn, also by our own Sullivan, for "The Merchant of Venice." In this "What you will" music, Herr TAUSCH has shown a thoroughly artistic apprehension of the spirit of the comedy. The settings of the incidental songs—"O mistress mine," "Come away, Death," and "When that I was a little tiny boy," are quaint and attractive; and the canon in unison to the words of the catch for *Sir Andrew Aguecheek*, *Sir Toby Belch*, and the *Clown*, is exceedingly able and humorous. Among the Entr'acte music is specially to be noticed the "Hochzeits," or wedding march; at the end of the fourth act. It is rich and melodious, and rhythmically neat, and must become popular when well known. It is to be hoped we may hear the composition this season. We should not omit, however, to mention his "Germanenzug" (roughly interpreted "The battle-march of the ancient Germans") written for soprano solo, chorus, and orchestra. It was performed with marked success at the Dusseldorf Musical Festival this year. Humour is an almost unfailing constituent part of genius in art or literature, and besides the proof we have in the "Twelfth Night" music that Herr TAUSCH possesses no inconsiderable share of that quality, a rather remarkable instance of drollery is afforded in his Drum Concerto, the solo part in which is intended to be played on six drums tuned to different notes,

in a circle, in the centre of which the performer stands—the orchestra accompanying. Truly an original idea, though one worthy of Beethoven himself with his fondness for the instrument. Let the concert committee take the hint and get up the concerto, say on the humoristique night, Mr Pheasant the soloist, of course. Returning to Herr TAUSCH, it is to be added, as a proof of the esteem in which he is held as a musician, that at the Choir Competition Festival held at Antwerp last year, he was chosen to represent Germany as judge of the performances, in conjunction with the celebrated Saint-Saens of Paris for France. Further, it is to be said that the same unassuming demeanour which marked TAUSCH'S early years is characteristic of the man yet. He is a great favourite in Germany with artists and the public alike; and that he will equally commend himself here to the goodwill of all, the BAILIE has no manner of doubt.

### "To Withdraw with You."

YES, Irving, you're an actor, top to toe—  
 We've been to see your *Hamlet* once again;  
 And in't there's just one trifling point we'd show  
 Wherein we disagree—we will explain.  
 But stay—you read no criticisms; well,  
 It boots not then how much we think amiss;  
 Yet 't's so very little we've to tell,  
 We'll chance some "d—d kind friend" may whisper this  
 [That d dash d is not our own, you know—  
 To use strong words we've never been induced;  
 The letters then for what you like may go,  
 Still we, with Charles Lamb, maintain 'tis "deuced."]
 After the play—you know the place, right pat—  
 You ask for music—somewhat lost in thought;  
 Two aged minstrels—here's where we'd be at—  
 With pipe right ready, straight to you are brought.  
 "O the recorder; let me see"—and then,  
 You ask a melody from *Guildestern*;  
 The gentleman of course refuses, when  
 You prove 'tis easy, if he cares to learn.  
 We watched you here grow angry, bit by bit;  
 We saw the rage within you grow more ripe;  
 We thought you every moment perfect—yet,  
 'Twas not like *Hamlet* so to break the pipe.  
 Fancy the poor musician standing by  
 To see the pipe that led the dance and song  
 Thus snapped in twain; the courtiers may be sly,  
 But this same minstrel ne'er did *Hamlet* wrong.  
 We like it not; and this we'd further say—  
 While you grow angry—wild as any viper—  
 The thought that strikes us most, when here you play,  
 Is, who's the likely one to "pay the piper."  
 "Too much of this;" good actors, sir, are scarce;  
 And *Hamlets* such as yours are not in plenty;  
 If we are wrong—pray, pardon this our verse;  
 If we are right—then, *verbum sapienti*.

Smokers,—Try Wallach Smoking Mixture, 6d per ounce  
 Only to be had from D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram Street

Quavers.

THE general impression regarding "Fridolin" is that it is a somewhat tedious work as a whole. Somehow none of the characters take hold of us, except perhaps *Hubert* in spite of his villany, or it may be because of it.

Hans von Bulow visits us this season, in the quieter role of solo pianist. The accomplished doctor will certainly obtain a hearty welcome at his piano recital on Friday evening (22nd instant), in the Queen's Rooms, for we cannot forget our indebtedness for the great impetus given to our annual instrumental concerts through his warm and enthusiastic exertions last season. The programme includes Schumann's Grand Fantasia in C major, some old minuets and giges, a Beethoven sonata (Les Adieux, &c.), some of Chopin's music, and brilliant pieces from Liszt and Rubinstein.

There was an excellent and encouraging attendance at the first Choral Union orchestral popular concert in the New Halls on Saturday evening. The whole of the selection was performed with the greatest success. The orchestra is a magnificent one—even more brilliant than formerly in the strings, which are splendidly led by Mr Burnett, by the way, with Mr Gibson as a first-rate *repieno* violin. The brasses are rich in tone, and the horns this year perfectly satisfactory. Herr Fausch, of whom we have written at length elsewhere, had the whole orchestra under complete control, and with little apparent effort. He makes little show, and, after the manner of Italian conductors, allows the stick to shorten out of observation, as it were, when the band is going easily.

The Boccherini minuet was played with great delicacy; the Melodious Congress—a pot-pourri of pot-pourris, indeed—went off smartly; the Lohengrin Introduction was magnificently played and encored (to the credit of the audience); and the favourite Crown Diamonds overture brilliantly concluded the concert. Madame Eayres sang very acceptably. One little fault in the arrangement had better be avoided—a rather long interval between the parts.

The first subscription orchestral concert to-night (Tuesday) begins with the overture to "Oberon" as in former seasons. Two movements are to be performed from Raff's violoncello concerto, Mr E. Howell soloist. One of Schumann's songs, instrumented by Joachim, will be played also; and, chiefly, Beethoven's No. 4 Symphony. Signor Giorgio Valcheri sings the music indicated in last week's issue.

At the next Saturday popular concert the orchestra will play, in conjunction with the band of the Queen's Own Cameronians, selections from Meyerbeer, Sullivan, Wagner (the Tannhauser march and chorus), Haydn, Gungl, &c.; and the Union Glee Club will supply the vocal intermezzi. There will no doubt be a first-rate attendance.

The Partick Musical Association have taken up one of Schubert's Masses—that in C. They will sing it in the original Latin, which, with the intention to take up the solos without outside aid, says something both for their good sense and their courage. Schubert's Mass music is generally melodious, and the independent nature of the accompaniments greatly adds to its attraction. The Society numbers some 70 voices, and is under the care of Mr Duncan Smyth.

Handel's Coronation Anthem, "The king shall rejoice," has been added to the works under study by the Pollokshields Association.

The Trinity Musical Society are practising Spohr's "Christian's Prayer," Sullivan's Festival Te Deum, and Gadsby's "The Lord is King"—the latter two not having hitherto been heard here. It will be remembered perhaps that Henry Gadsby, who has written some very fine music, ran a close race with Arthur Sullivan for the Mendelssohn scholarship, which, as every one knows, was gained by the latter aspirant.

A new song has been received for notice—"He's a'body's friend but his ain," the words by John Johnstone, the music by David Williams (Paterson, Sons, & Co.). There is a good deal of character in both words and music, the latter alternating between A minor and A major. We cannot say, however, that

we are altogether satisfied with Mr Williams' counterpoint, which is, we have noticed, usually somewhat scientific in aim: for example, the symphony at the end of the A major refrain, where the natural harmonic resolution is, it seems to us, at one point needlessly ignored. We can recommend the song, for all that, as a good one of its kind.

Two new songs by Signor V. H. Zavertal have also reached us (Swan & Co.). One, entitled "Good Night," demands more than usual intelligence in the singer to give it due effect, and will be best sung by a mezzo-soprano voice. The other song, entitled "A Moonlight Night," may be considered a companion song, or sonnet rather. Both productions show fine taste and illustrative musical power, for which Southey's sonnet allows full scope.

Extract from the Diary of a Glasgow "Business" Man.

November, 1878.

10 A.M. CAME to the office; read the *Herald*; wrote a letter to the newspapers about the City Bank depositors.

11 A.M. Went to the Exchange; looked at the *Graphic* and the *Illustrated News*; in the writing room of the Exchange wrote another letter to the newspapers—this time about the City Bank shareholders.

12-30 P.M. Left the Exchange; had a glass of sherry at Lang's; back to the office and wrote another letter to the papers—subject, "Way the City Bank depositors should consent to a composition."

1-30 P.M. Walked down Buchanan Street; paid a visit to F. & F.'s; back to the office and wrote again to the papers urging the City Bank shareholders to pay the last penny of their debts.

2-30 P.M. A stroll through the Arcade and a few minutes rest in the Bodega; back to the office and employed myself in the composition of another letter to the papers, expressing my views as to the proper method of winding up the affairs of the Bank.

3-30 P.M. Passed a few minutes in the Exchange, and in the writing room there penned another letter to the papers on the liability of Trustees as shareholders of the City Bank.

4-30 P.M. A farewell nip at the Bodega and home to dinner; quite satisfied that the present commercial depression and crisis had not found me backward in doing my duty to the unfortunate sufferers.

SUNDAY TRAMS.

Tuncan (who has been reading the newspapers) — "Goot news, my lat, ant a feek for Forpes Mackentsie.

Tchon—Chwhat ees it, Tuncan?

Tuncan—Chwhy, we can hev a tram on a Sunta noo, ant no neet to pe a pony feety traivellers neether.

## Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Last week's business at the Theatre Royal was quite wonderful, looking, especially, at the hardness of the times. Why, I understand that over one thousand pounds were taken in the six nights!

The new creations to which Mr Irving introduced us were *Louis XI.* and *Fingle*. I liked the King, but I can't say that I felt greatly in love with the Adventurer. The *Louis* is one of the most wonderful performances I ever saw. It is original, full of individuality and power, and altogether is a work of rare genius.

Due notice has hardly been taken, by our local critics, of Mr Sam. Johnson, Mr Irving's low comedian. Mr Johnson is a humourist of exceptional richness. His *Grave-digger* in "Hamlet" and *Weller* in "Jingle" were noteworthy performances.

Mr Irving's season at the Lyceum begins on the 28th of Decr. His opening piece will be "Hamlet," the *Ophelia* of which will be Miss Ellen Terry, while Mr Teesdale and Mr Elwood, both of whom appeared the other day at the Gaiety in "Diplomacy," and Mr Forrester, who was the *Daniel Druce* at the Royal, will also be of the company. Mr Forrester has been cast for the part of *King Claudius*.

No better evidence could be given of Mr Irving's generosity of feeling than his engagement of Mr Forrester. When he appeared as *Othello* at the Lyceum, in the February of 1876, this gentleman was his *Iago*, and certain members of the London press, eager to depreciate his genius, asserted that it was *Iago*, and not *Othello*, that the audiences went to see. The assertion was as stupid as it was untrue, but a smaller man than Henry Irving might have remembered it when remodelling his company, and declined to accept the services of Mr Forrester. With him, however, the spiteful criticisms had no weight. He only recollected that Henry Forrester was a pains-taking, intelligent actor, and an opening having presented itself he is once more, accordingly, a member of the Lyceum company.

One of the difficulties of the new manager of the Lyceum will be the procuring of new and adequate plays. He will depend, of necessity, on the poetical drama. The "Colleen Bawn" or "Our Boys" would be no value to him. All the poetical dramas, however, of the present generation, that one would care to see twice, could easily be numbered on the fingers of a single hand. Even the "Queen Mary" of the poet laureate, when produced with Mr Irving as *Philip*, was something not very far removed from a failure. Mr Tennyson's fee, by the bye, for "Queen Mary," was £10 per night. Not a bad *honorarium*, eh?

Talking of Mr Tennyson, I may add that he has a new tragedy "on the stocks," to use a ship-building phrase. Its hero is "Thomas A'Beckett."

The "Royal" Pantomime opens on the 16th of December.

The dear old "Two Roses" blossom once more this evening at the Gaiety. Our friend J. G. Shore plays *Digby Grant*. Do you remember BAILIE, one night some seven or eight years ago when I introduced you to this charming comedy in the Prince of Wales Theatre? It was in "glorious John" Coleman's former day, and I well remember that you divided your admiration between *Digby Grant* on the stage and the genial lessee off it. Well, *Digby Grant* was Shore, and he has come back to play his old part; but if he beats his former rendering of it he is even a cleverer fellow than I take him to be—and that's saying a good deal. Nor does he come alone. There's Fred Marshall, for instance, the *Fenkins* of the cast, of "Our Boys," "Married in Haste," and "Broken Hearts" renown—a fellow of infinite jest, and full of "go"—while the other members of the company—ladies and gentlemen alike—are all fitted to do justice to the requirements of the "Roses," whose fragrance I advise your Worship to take the present opportunity of inhaling.

"The Two Roses" enjoy a brief run of six nights at Mr Bernard's house, and are succeeded by "Olivia," with Charles Calvert and Miss Florence Terry in the leading roles.

Mr Toole has done capital business in Dundee and Edinburgh. He is an immense favourite in both places, and the fact that it is

some two years since he visited either made his friends all the more enthusiastic in their greetings.

Wednesday's afternoon readings, in the New Halls, by Mr Toole and Mr Irving, ought to draw a crowded audience. In addition to the object to which the entire proceeds of the readings are to be applied, which, of itself, appeals to every one, there is the farther attraction, to all their admirers, of enjoying a glimpse of either gentleman, "in his habit as he lives," and without the gauds and trappings of the stage. Then that vast population, who does not go to the theatre, but to whom the fame of the two friends is a household word, will naturally flock to the halls, in order that they may enjoy a play-house performance, without committing the enormity of going to the play.

A similar series of readings will be given in Edinburgh on Tuesday, and the proceeds of both ought to add several hundreds of pounds to the Bank shareholders' fund.

"Roller, the marvellous Sword Swallower," is the latest sensation at Newsome's Circus. His feats, my Magistrate, would strongly remind you of the Glasgow Fair of the olden time, when fire-eaters and wholesale dealers in similar atrocities used to gull the gaping crowds in Jail Square. "Roller" must have a roomy gullet to "run in," as he seemingly does, knives, forks, bayonets, swords, walking-sticks, &c. The performance, however, is not quite pleasing, but is interesting withal, as showing that the most daring liberties may be taken with one's internal economy with apparently complete impunity.

I hear that Mr Hodson Stanley, the business agent, leaves Newsome's next week to start with a variety company on his own hook in the South of England.

The varied entertainment of the Matthew' Minstrels in Hengler's Cirque is securing a large share of public support. On Saturday night the house was crowded in every part. In point of solo or choral singing, comical sketches, and roaring vaudevilles the performance is of the best. A complete change of programme is announced for this week.

You will observe, BAILIE, that the redoubtable Captain Matthew Webb, the plucky Englishman who swam the Channel, *bona fide*—not paddle or drift across in a close-fitting canoe called a "Boyton dress"—is to be at the Greenhead Baths on Thursday next, and tell us all about it. All our crack local swimmers are to be there as well, and take part in an aquatic gala.

Messrs Hollender & Cremetti's annual exhibition of pictures is at present taking place in Messrs M'Tear's rooms, and the sale will be on Thursday first. The collection includes 128 works, mostly by well-known foreign artists, and I understand that among them are some exceedingly good pictures.

Leo Ross (Dr A. Moxey of Edinburgh) the famous "reader," appears in the Queen's Rooms, to-morrow (Tuesday) evening. In addition to his fine elocutionary powers, Dr Moxey possesses a large acquaintance with men and affairs. He has lived much in the great world, his familiarity with which stands him in good stead, now and then, in his rendering of scenes from actual life.

The St. George's Select Choir will sing at the City Hall Concert next Saturday evening. They have an excellent repertoire, and have made an attractive choice on this occasion.

## A SCOTCH MIST.

Sawney—What for do I hear sae mony folk makin' sic a fuss about some aff-gaun diffeeculty?—Jist let it gang!

The song of the day—"I know a Bank."

What gratuity would a railway porter be likely to refuse?—The tip of your nose.

Quotation (not from Burns) for the new Cunarder—"Omnis Galla divisia est in tres partes"—Cabin, intermediate, and steerage.

Another of Them.

ONE of the City Bank lunatics, writing to the *News*, exclaims, "The depositors who would insist to (*sic*) exact the last penny, to the ruin of their fellow-creatures, I would consider little better than the directors themselves, and a disgrace to the country. It is to be hoped there are few of this class." The BAILIE would fain hope that there are few of the class to which this extraordinary personage—who, of course, is not a shareholder—belongs; but perusal of the columns of his daily contemporaries tells him that such a hope were vain.

LET GLASGOW FLOURISH—LIKE A GREEN BAY TREE.

The tree on argent dye,  
With fish, and bell, and bird;  
"Let Glasgow flourish by  
The preaching of the word."  
This was the city shield,  
Our city's motto then,  
In days, alas of gild  
With bien, but honest men  
If now the motto's maim'd,  
The "preaching" "taken off,"  
The city's honour sham'd,  
Its praying made a scoff,  
Let, nevertheless, Glasgow flourish  
By preying, if not "preaching,"  
By swindling, jobbing, robbing,  
Cold, crafty over-reaching.

"Does the statement," asks a correspondent, "that a Greenock shipbuilding yard 'is in liquidation' mean that it is being turned into a wet dock?" Get out and liquidate yourself, responds the BAILIE.

POTTERING.—The BAILIE understands that the Free Church Psalmody Committee, with delicate consideration for the feelings of their congregations, have decided upon deleting from their book Tune 71—"Duke Street!"

A "BRILLIANT" PERFORMANCE.—It appears that in the course of Mr Stanley's lecture the traveller's "young native" "illustrated (*sic*) cannibal cries, and was encored for his efforts.' How nice! The BAILIE fancies that in his youth he has assisted at a similar performance in a penny "show"—though the audience in this case could scarcely be styled "brilliant," as that of the "young native" is said to have been.

QUITE POSSIBLE.—A daily contemporary thinks that "if somebody would only discover gold in the New Zealand property, the Relief Committee might find its occupation gone." Very likely; and so it might if some one were to discover green cheese in the moon, or common-sense in "Letters to the Editor."

A Treasure of a Tablemaid.

THERE are some advertisements which are too delicious to be reproduced in anything but their beautiful entirety. Here is one:—"Tablemaid (very thorough) is open to engagement for term. Age, about 30. Strong and tall. Prefers an establishment where a man-servant is kept, or where assistance is given. Two-and-a-half years in last situation, which was that of a titled family in London. Wages, above £20. Is Scotch, but has acquired an English manner and accent." There! Don't all speak at once, ye who are "titled," or at least keep a "man-servant" or "give assistance," and who are prepared to shell out "above" £20 a year for such a paragon of a table-maid! You may ignore her thoroughness, her tallness, her strength, and so forth, but can you resist the last-named qualifications? A lady whose strict regard for truth will not permit her to conceal the degrading fact that she is "Scotch," but who has had the pluck and determination to surmount this natural obstacle by "acquiring"—"acquire" is good, very excellent good—an English accent and manner—an English accent and manner must be something quite too awfully ineffably genteel, something "as genteel as never was"—"she was a wight, if ever such wight were," to be a tablemaid in a titled family, assisted by a man-servant, and drawing above £20 *per annum*!

Mr Henry Leck—who is, please to observe, "not a speculator in property"—says he "knows as much in regard to property as any judge on the bench knows about law." Possibly, Henry; but if you were to acquire a slight knowledge of law as well it might deter you from attempting to wrangle with a judge on the bench.

A local paper which delights to chronicle with gusto the details of any prize fight of which it gets timely notice, terms a "mill" as to whose premeditation it was apparently in ignorance, a "disgusting exhibition." Quite so!

Somebody advertises an "Engineer and Edge Tool Makers' Business for sale." Wonder if the engineers that this "maker" turned out were as sharp blades as the tools!

Out of sight out of mind—A blind lunatic.

The Situation.—Bank failed, Potter jailed, Stewart bailed, Fleming sailed.

Of Unlimited Lie-ability.—False profits.

Punch's Pilot.—John Tenniel.

## Sweet Girl Graduates.

TRULY the lines of the present generation have for the moment fallen in anything but pleasant places. Frauds, embezzlements, and forgeries are the subject of our common conversation, and iniquity in high places has become the rule rather than the exception. The time of the declaration of defaulters has come, and the voice of the bankrupt is heard in the land.

But there is a bright spot even amid the encircling gloom. If the sterner sex is oppressed by the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of directors, the better half of creation at all events has a soul above such sordid trifles, and a firm belief that the cultivation of the intellect is better than the pursuit of mammon. In other words, the classes for the promotion of the higher education of women have resumed.

Pleasing although this spectacle is, it has also its embarrassing side. In order that social intercourse may be not merely enjoyable, but even bearable, it is absolutely necessary that the sexes should have some mutual subjects of conversation. Now if the maiden of to-day means to go in systematically for science and culture, the young man of to-day is put in a rather awkward plight. He will be the first to admit, if you get him in a confidential moment, that he has forgotten almost all the mathematics he has ever learned, that his notions about trigonometry and the differential calculus are at the best hazy, and that the Greek and Latin he acquired in school by such an expenditure of mental and physical suffering, are now but as a dream of the past. What must he do then in the altered social circumstances in which he finds himself, when his partners in a quadrille are steeped to the pretty eyebrows in these abstruse studies?

Will he turn again willingly to his more than half-forgotten Euclid and Cæsar's Commentaries? If the BAILIE knows his young friend at all, he will simply refuse to do anything of the kind. In his eyes Byron and Albery are greater dramatists than Sophocles and Euripides; practical chemistry has no charms for him except as applied to the judicious mixing of liquors; and mathematics and the laws of forces only appeal to him strongly when he wants to make a dozen spot-strokes consecutively at billiards. The natural result of this dreadfully Philistine frame of mind will be that the aspiring female intellect will languish for want of due encouragement, and, the BAILIE much fears, the higher education of women will shortly be at a discount.

If the Magistrate might be allowed to offer a word of advice to the young ladies who are thirsting for scientific training to put them on an equality with man, he would tell them in a whisper not to stand in too much awe of the supposed male attainments. It is his candid opinion that the average young lady who leaves a boarding school at the usual age has a sufficient stock of book-learning to bore any man she is ever likely to meet. The superiority of the male intellect is simply a more extended knowledge of the world, a knowledge which woman, as at present situated, has no possibility of obtaining. And indeed, that sweet ignorance is one of the most potent charms of a charming woman. To alter Lovelace slightly—

“We could not love the dears so much,  
If they loved science more.”

Moore on the several *elderly* gentlemen “now languishing,” &c., in their Duke Street domain.

“For priestly men, who covet sway  
And wealth, though they declare not;  
Who point, like finger-posts, the way  
They never go—We care not.”  
(*Song of the POCO-CURANTE SOCIETY*).

## TA FORCE AGAIN.

(Scene—Broomielaw; Drove of pigs disembarking from Belfast boat).

*Policeman* (to Irishman)—Here's some o' your countrymen comin'.

*Pat*—Shure, they'll be comin' to join the force. [Exit bobby.]

ORCADIAN FESTIVITIES.—They have an odd idea of holiday-making in Kirkwall. When the shopkeepers there determine upon having a holiday, they shut their shutters, open their doors, and “do a roaring trade under the gaslight.” Verily, if this be not taking one's pleasure sadly, it is taking it in a most serious and business-like manner.

MAKING US SMALL.—Glasgow folks who exult over the conferring of a trumpery knighthood on an ex-Lord Provost, should cast their eyes Cumbrae-wards. Just look here:—“The Earl of Glasgow has been re-elected Provost of Millport.” To have things at all proportionate, we should be provided over by a royal duke at the very least. Perhaps Prince Leopold will oblige.

“Coft Wit's the Best Wit”—This proverb can be easily practically illustrated—Buy the BAILIE,



What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the Smith-Walls scene at the Town-Council was instructive if it wasn't very seemly.

That Mr Smith got the worst of the encounter.

That the sorest crook in his lot was the sympathy he received from Mr Martin.

That, all the same, one portion of the public will go on thinking there was something in what Mr Smith said.

That another portion will say Mr Smith was angry he wasn't made a Bailie.

That under Lord Provost Collins the squabbles at the Council meetings aren't getting any fewer.

That he lacks the firmness and capacity for carrying on the business of his predecessor.

That his decisions ought to be more "spirited" and decisive.

That in the meantime some Councillors are allowed to speak about a dozen times on the same question.

That this may be fun to them, but is death to the progress of the proceedings.

That Hollybush appeared in the witness-box last week.

That his evidence was a wonderful revelation of how fortunes are made by property speculations.

That Henry tried to brow beat Sheriff Spens.

That he wasn't very successful.

That queer relations are sometimes maintained between buyers and sellers of property.

That Henry's chances of sitting for the Ayr Burghs are growing smaller every day.

That his subscription of £1000 to the Shareholders' Relief Fund hasn't yet been paid.

That the depositors are beginning to kick at the hard names they are called by the shareholders and their friends.

That strikes, short time, and reduced wages are the orders of the day.

That Stipendiary Gemmel is determined to stop furious driving.

That the drivers of spring carts and vans ought to be licensed as well as cabmen.

That the number of reckless young boys entrusted with horses and the lives of the lieges is perfectly monstrous.

That this is the cause of the many street accidents.

That Glasgow has lost a useful citizen in the death of John Matheson of Cordale.

That Mr Matheson was always willing to

"spend and be spent" for the good of the community.

That the cold weather is increasing the death-rate.

That the want of the necessaries of life will increase it still more among the poorer classes.

That the money market is extremely tight at present.

That small tradesmen are at their w. end for the want of cash.

The Paisley Politicasters.

[A Liberal Association has been formed in Paisley. Among the points noted in its programme are the promotion of Liberal and economical principles in the Government of the country, equalisation of the franchise, religious equality in the State, popular control of the liquor traffic, settlement of international disputes by arbitration, and a revision of the land laws.—*Vide Daily Papers.*]

WAS "Seestu" e'er behind the age,  
Her fashions aged and h'ary?—

See how her sons the warfare wage  
Against the spendthrift Tory.

Few tax-s, peace, land laws revised,  
"What could you wish for more, eh?"  
And every means to be devised  
To thwart the cunning Tory.

Net Tory birds with whiggish claws,  
As some have been before, eh?  
Nor Whiggish beasts with Tory paws—  
They're everything but Tory.

They're in for dis-establishment,  
Permissive Bill's their glory,  
And Suffrage to all extent,  
And dare you call them Tory!

'Tis said that crafty Beaconsfield,  
When first he heard the story,  
Declared the reins of power he'd yield  
To other hands than Tory.

And still to part with such a prize  
He surely will be sorry,  
But Paisley's power will soon capsize  
The craft yclept "The Tory."

Then Radicals shall guide the State  
Away from battles gory,  
And every fetter, small and great,  
Shall sink down with "The Tory."

\* \* \* \* \*  
But, till the 'eclat of the thing  
Affects his upper storey,  
The Ass declares he'll ever sing—  
And proudly—"Am-a-Tory!"

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

*Gudewife*—I hear oor minister's to get a "call" frae the City o' Glasgow for five hunner pounds. D've think he'll tak' it?

*Gudeman*—I dinna ken, but they say he'll no tak' ony mair stipend till it's a' settled.

*Gudewife*—Weel he's a real decent man.

FERGUSON'S CELEBRATED "EDINBURGH ROCK."—Agent, JAMES M'MILLAN, Confectioner, 181 Eglinton Street, near Cumberland Street.

FIRST GREAT SHOW OF THE SEASON OF PARIS COSTUMES,  
ROBES DE CHAMBRES, MILLINERY, &c., AT

## THE CALEDONIAN HOUSE,

165 AND 167 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

MR COPLAND'S RETURN FROM PARIS.

**MESSRS COPLAND & LYE** have much pleasure in announcing to the Citizens of Glasgow and the West of Scotland THEIR FIRST GREAT SHOW of the SEASON of High-Class Costumes, Gorgeous Robes de Chambres, Splendid Dressing Gowns and Morning Toilettes, High-Class Millinery, Splendid Flowers, Feathers, Head-Dresses, Juvenile Costumes, Jackets in Cloth, Silk, Satin, Cashmere, and Fur. Also, Fur-Lined Jackets and Cloaks, Seal-Skin Jackets, Fur Capes, Collarettes, Fur Jackets, Boas, Fur Trimming, Seal-Skin Turbans and Hats, Grand Collection of French Dress Materials, Rich Silks, Satins, and Velvets. Also, Ribbons of the Newest and Choicest kinds, Rare and Valuable Laces, the Finest and Best Makes of French and Brussels Kid Gloves, Mitts, &c., &c. Every Department is filled with the Choicest of Goods, yet the Prices are strikingly Moderate, for, notwithstanding the *Extraordinary Influx of Visitors in Paris this Summer*, Manufacturers, Costumiers, Modistes, and Artistes, have been, and are, much disappointed with the results. Extraordinary preparations were made, and the most sanguine expectations were indulged in, yet doomed to disappointment, hence Large Stocks of the Most Valuable of Costumes, Robes, and High-Class French Productions are thrown into the market for realisation. Mr COPLAND was happy in his selection of Rare and Beautiful Costumes, the surpassing beauty of which exhausts the vocabulary of ecstatic admiration.

Free invitation is given to the Ladies of Glasgow to this OUR FIRST GREAT SHOW. At the same time Ladies will have an opportunity of seeing THE FINEST WAREHOUSE EXTANT. Also, the HANDSOMEST SALOON in the World for the Display and Exhibition of Costumes, Jackets, Millinery, &c., &c.

Ladies are invited to walk through the Caledonian House daily, as Novelties and Special Bargains are being continually laid out.

C O P L A N D & L Y E,  
CALEDONIAN HOUSE, 165 AND 167 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

### DAVISON'S CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE GINGER BEER.

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND;" WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC.  
As supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

THOMAS DAVISON,  
DISPENSING CHEMIST,  
126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

OVERCOATS,  
GREATCOATS,  
AND ULSTERS.  
IMMENSE VARIETY.

FORSYTH,  
5 & 7 RENFIELD ST.

MACDOUGALL'S RESTAURANT,  
MAXWELL STREET, OFF ARGYLE STREET,  
NOW OPEN.

Cheap and Excellent Luncheons.  
Wines and Ales not to be surpassed  
Spirits supplied in quantities of Two Gallons and upwards.

4<sup>D</sup> HAIR-CUTTING, AND SINGING. 3<sup>D</sup>  
JOHN BROWN, 8 GLASSFORD STREET.

G R E A T  
REALISING SALE,  
GENUINE REDUCTIONS,  
W. C. THOMSON,  
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SOLD EVERYWHERE,  
HENRY THOMSON & CO'S  
OLD  
IRISH WHISKY.

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ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

6<sup>D</sup> HAIR CUT AND SHAMPOOED. 6<sup>D</sup>  
M'LEAN, 96 MITCHELL STREET.



FOR INDIGESTION, FLATULENCY,  
NERVOUSNESS, &c.

Stands pre-eminent for Purity and Strength,  
and is recommended by the Faculty.  
Sold by Chemists and Wine Merchants.

### LADIES' FELT HATS.

We are Selling the NEW CAMEL-HAIR FELT HATS so much worn this Season, for TENPENCE HALFPENNY EACH, In all the New Shapes and Colours. Selling elsewhere at four times the price. Hundreds to Choose from!

MILLINERY! MILLINERY!!  
MILLINERY!!!

We now offer our French Patterns for less than Half-Price—a finer range never before in Glasgow. They comprise Hats and Bonnets by Mesdames Josse, Eugenie, Parisit, Lechevalier, Lafitte, &c. &c., of Paris.

Our STOCK of TRIMMED HATS and BONNETS Is the Largest and Richest ever seen in Glasgow.

Real SEALSKIN HATS, in all Shapes at 12s 6d, 21s, 30s, 40s, and 60s.  
Mourning Millinery Bonnets, from 2s 6d.  
Infants' Millinery.

### THE NEW LANGTRY HAT

We are Selling in Hundreds for 4s 6d, Complete. Extra Quality (SILK VELVET), for 8s 6d. Every one should see them.

VELVET BEEFEATER HATS  
For MISSES and LADIES, for 2s each,  
*Charged Double Elsewhere.*

Ladies who have not yet supplied themselves with Winter Bonnets would do well to pay us a visit. All Goods sold at lowest Wholesale Price.

*No Credit given.*

### SPECIAL DEPARTMENT FOR NOVELTIES IN BOYS' HATS.

In our GENT'S HAT DEPARTMENT we offer Immense advantages to Gentlemen who have been buying their Hats from the ordinary retailer, more notably in high-class goods.

SPECIAL SHOW THIS WEEK.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,  
WHOLESALE HAT MANUFACTURERS,  
MILLINERS, &c.  
C O L O S S E U M,  
70 JAMAICA STREET.

# THE BAILIE.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 20th, 1878.

THE BAILIE whistled a curious whistle when he opened his *Herald* on Saturday morning, and saw therein column after column of municipal parliamentary notices. He did not attempt to read the notices—Granny's "sma' type" is rather sharp work for aged eyes—but handing the paper to MATTIE, he asked her to tell him what they were all about. When the intelligent damsel had spent several bad quarters of an hour over the paper, she communicated the important fact to the Magistrate that Glasgow was about to annex a large portion of Pollokshields, that it intended to seize one-half

of Strathbungo, to gain its rightful powers over the South-side Park, and to "take-in" Mount Florida, the Polmadie district, and what remains unclaimed of "No-Man's-Land." But this was not all. Before the astounded dignitary could gasp out "My conscience!" he was further told that there were in future to be tramways stretching from Rutherglen to Dowanhill, and from Possil Park to Pollokshaws. The classic Saltmarket—the abode of his worthy father—was to be cut up with iron rails, the High Street was to resound with the drivers' enlivening whistle, byways like Maxwell Road were to become avenues for the passage of cars, and, in short, the tram-ways were to be laid here, there, and everywhere! This, or something like this, seems to be the purport of the schemes to be promoted by the "Coouncil" in the coming session of Parliament. More folk than the BAILIE are likely to ask what it all means? That the Dogberries and Shallows of the Town Council should employ themselves in the midst of a crisis like the present, a crisis which is breaking the hearts of every one of us, in devising schemes for throwing away the money of the ratepayers, is enough to make every sensible man feel beside himself with disgust. Last session the Parliamentary games of our gay and festive Councillors cost the city something like £15,000. This sum, big as it is, won't pay the cost of their present schemes. Besides, what guarantee have we that the schemes will be successful? The precious extension proposals are certain to be opposed by Crosshill, by Govanhill, and by the Commissioners of Renfrewshire. Hitherto these various interests have always had the best of it in any conflict with the City. It will be strange, indeed, if the Tramway schemes do not meet with opposition also, and who can tell that that opposition won't be successful? Is it too late to withdraw the bills for another session? Can the public not take the matter up and coerce the wire-pullers of the Council into letting well alone for the meantime at least? What with bad trade, starving work-people, and ruined Bank shareholders, the citizens have other uses for their money than to throw it away for the vain-glory of one or two conceited Jacks-in-office.

Somebody wants a footman, possessing a "tall and nice address." How would "Top of Ben Nevis" do "for high" in the way of a "tall address?"

## An Evening in Elysium.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Till last Wednesday night I shared the popular opinion that mankind at a dinner party reaches the perfection of civilized discomfort. The invariable fifteen minutes of restlessness in the drawing-room, while waiting the arrival of the important guest who is invariably late—the invariable hour and a half of more or less indifferent feeding, with the Damocles-sword of indigestion suspended above your head—the invariable twaddle about the orchestral concerts and the ball prospects of the season, with your neighbours on the right and left—the invariable interval of unrelieved masculine gloom after the ladies have left the room—the invariable hour of weak music, with an accompaniment of weaker small-talk, which drags its slow length along when the sexes are once more united—these are the leading features which the idea of a formal dinner brings before the mind.

But there are evidently dinners and dinners; and on this point the evening I spent with the Pen and Pencil Club last week was nothing short of a revelation to my humble Philistine capacity. The whole scene was redolent of jollity and good fellowship; stiffness and white cravats were alike conspicuous by their absence; and the effects of good cookery and good humour were visible on every face; the hum of conversation and the pleasant clatter of knives and forks fell gratefully on the ear, as Charlie Wilson's minions ministered to the gratification of some of the other senses.

The honoured guest of the evening was Henry Irving, who, accompanied by his lieutenant, Harry Love lay, occupied a seat at the head of the table, surrounded by a group of his old Glasgow friends of fifteen years ago. Unso-phisticated people like myself, who had hitherto only seen him at a respectful distance as *Hamlet* or *Matthias*, might be pardoned for staring a little too broadly at his striking, intellectual features.

Plenty of other well-known faces were round the table, too. Glover, Lambeth, Joseph Henderson, David Wingate—the sweetest Scottish poet of our days—George Ewing, J. A. Aitken, the two Adams, Denovan and Stephen, William Young, and a score of others, formed such a representative group of literature and art as cannot be seen every day.

However, all mundane pleasures are fleeting, and even a club dinner cannot last for ever. An adjournment to the smoking-room took place

—a long, cozy, roomy apartment, hung round with admirable pictures, and with the loveliest marble bust of a child I ever saw—fresh from Mr Ewing's studio—standing in one corner.

Perhaps, after all, this was the pleasantest part of the evening. As a rule, men are never so happy and sociable as when they have a pipe or a cigar between their teeth, and almost every member very soon supplied himself with one or other of these aids to social intercourse.

Then, through the haze of tobacco smoke, and amid the fumes of the fragrant Mocha and the stimulating Glenlivet, we had an extempore concert. The club is rich in musical talent, and at the command of the genial president for the evening—a perfect Scotch Mark Lemon, kind of heart and quick of tongue—that talent was placed at the disposal of the company. Herr Julius Tausch, moreover, played several piano-forte solos, and Signor Giorgio Valcheri (note the orthography, O ye spelling-bee committees!) allowed us to hear his magnificent voice for the first time since his return to Scotland.

Eleven o'clock came round with the most unpleasant rapidity; and, as I bade my kind entertainers good night, I resolved that in any future denunciations of the dulness of dinner parties, I would make a mental reservation in favour of the Pen and Pencil "feeds."

WILHELM.

## Who Killed Cock Robin?

WHO smash'd the Bank?  
We, the directors,

Colonial projectors,  
We smash'd the Bank.

Who patch'd the balance-sheet?

I, said the tailor,  
Without thought of jailer,  
I shap'd the balance-sheet.

Who found the figures?

I, said the potter,  
But not from the "jotter,"  
I cast the figures.

Who did the chis'ling?

I, said the wright,  
Helping with all my might,  
I did the chis'ling.

Who are the sufferers?

We who lie in jail,  
And can't get out on bail,  
We are the sufferers.

Who'll have to pay?

Shareholders how they may,  
And ruin'd may thank,  
The directors who smash'd the bank.

A "Drawing" by "Constable."—A "running in" on the barrow,

Megilp.

THE election of Mr Frederick Leighton to the presidentship of the Royal Academy was anticipated by nearly every one, and has given general satisfaction. His work, of course, does not please all critics—it would say so much the less for the work if it did—but there can be no doubt that he is a most accomplished artist in the highest sense of the word. His thorough training, his profound knowledge of art, his wide culture, and his courteous manners, all amply entitle him to the distinction that has been conferred upon him.

His greatest triumphs have been won in decorative art, and in art allied to the decorative: in subjects of this nature his correct drawing, his large conceptions, his careful workmanship, and his reverence for the self-restraint and calmness of classical modes and treatment, find the widest scope and the fairest opportunity of displaying themselves. His execution is frequently too smooth and waxy, his figures too statuesque and passionless, but both the smoothness and the want of passion seem to be in keeping with the ends he has in view, and the effects he wishes to produce.

Mr Leighton is a Yorkshireman, having been born at Scarborough on 3rd December, 1830. He began to study art at the age of eleven, simply because, being a born artist, he could not help himself, and nearly all his early training was received abroad, in Rome, Berlin, Frankfurt, &c.

He first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1855, and he has never missed a year since. In 1877, his bronze figure of "Athlete struggling with a Python," showed that had he not been a great painter, he would have been a great sculptor.

I understand that we in Glasgow will soon have an opportunity of seeing the first picture finished by Mr Leighton after his elevation to the Presidentship.

The three new Associates in the Scottish Academy are Messrs Hole, Alexander, and Gibb. When will an Associateship come west? I don't think we here are unreasonable in thinking that our men should not be passed over next time.

I don't know any event of the kind that has caused more widespread sorrow in Glasgow than the sudden death of Mr John Matheson, Jun. His kindly ways, his wide sympathies, and his cultivated intelligence, rendered him a universal favourite, and made him a man whose place in the city it will be difficult to supply. His many friends will be glad to know that we are not to be left without a memorial of Mr Matheson, an eminent sculptor in town having taken a beautiful cast of the features after death. This will be highly prized.

Mr Stephen Adam has achieved a decided success with his windows for the Trinity Hall, Aberdeen. The designs are poetical and well drawn, the colours rich and harmonious.

In spite of hard times, the cry is still the artists come. There are seventeen candidates for admission to the Art Club, and the elections take place to-day. The first conversazione for the season will be held on Thursday.

The Water Colour Society's Exhibition continues to attract many visitors. It deserves, and more than deserves, all the attention it is receiving. I think the committee would do wisely were they to issue 5s family season tickets. It is now open in the evening at a reduced rate of admission.

Mr Craibe Angus has at present in his galleries a number of very beautiful works. In water colours he is especially rich—the drawings by Lockhart, Stacquet, Pecquereau, and James Mares are delightful. Stacquet and Pecquereau are not much known here, and more's the pity. Mr Angus has also some splendid examples of Chalmers. There is one I liked especially—a woman sitting beside a stall with vegetables on it. The colour and light and shade are magnificent.

The discussions on art topics at the Social Science Congress all tended in the right direction, and if they do no other good, they at least show that among men of intelligence there is a growing appreciation of the absolute necessity for the extension of art culture among the "lapsed masses." By "lapsed masses," I don't mean what Glasgow Green orators and "heated pulpiteers" mean by the term; under the designation I include all our population, rich and poor, "genteel" and vulgar, Protestant

and Catholic, who believe merely in money and success and respectability, and whose eyes are shut to the infinite beauties and possibilities of the world they live in.

The Congress appeared to be pretty unanimous as to the advisability of opening museums and Art Galleries on Sundays. Some fifty years hence, people will look on the arguments now used against opening such places on Sunday with wonder as great as that with which we regard the laws our forefathers passed against witchcraft. R

A Philanthropist.

HOW easy it is to entertain angels unawares! Mr Henry Leck—of whom a local daily admiringly observes that "he is, beyond all question, one of the cleverest men unhung"—is one of these rare angelic visitants. He meets a stranger in the street, takes a fancy to him, and presently the said stranger, practically penniless before, finds himself in a position to acquire property to the value of £300,000! It is true that the stranger next finds himself in the bankruptcy court, but that is clearly his own fault. Since Thursday last the Ass has been daily on the prowl, in the hope of meeting Mr H. L., and having a fancy taken to him.

Ad Hominem.

REPLYING to his own version of the Premier's Guildhall speech, Mr Gladstone "does not quite comprehend in what manner a foe is to embarrass and disturb us on a frontier which it is impossible for him to invade." Think again, Mr G. When the mob broke your windows a year ago, it was practically impossible for them to "invade your frontier." Are you prepared to say that you were neither "embarrassed" nor "disturbed" on the occasion—eh?

A TRAMWAY CRACK.

1st *Worthy*—There maun be a heap of Glasco' folk in Spain this winter.

2nd *Do.*—Ay they'll be going to "do" the country, as the tourists say.

1st *Do.*—Verra likely. They've *done* Glasco' geyan' weel first, I'm thinkin'.

LIGHT, MORE LIGHT.—What with the bi-weekly prelections for the *Times* of a certain legal luminary, the recent enlightening demonstrations in "cooking" by a Bank manager, and the lucid lessons in "conveyancing" by City directors, surely the exhaustive ignorance of the law on the part of the BAILIE'S townsmen ought at length to be dissipated in the revealing glare of these electric *eclaircissements*.

Court of Cession—Asking a girl to marry you.

## Another Insult.

**A**NOTHER Power favouring Russia at our expense! Just look at this:—"The Envoy-Extraordinary for Russia, Chung-How, has been given the title of a Chuan-Chuan-ta-Chen—a distinction which has hitherto never been conferred on a representative of the Chinese Government." Shall we stand it? Never-r-r! Look out John Chinaman, Chuan-Chuan-ta-Chen!

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

*First Stornoway Man.*—O the pleckyart, the everlasting tiskrace to the Lews!!

*Second ditto.*—What is it for, Angus Macdonald, that you'll pe so angry this day?

*First ditto*—Ant it's yourself, Tuncan Mathe-son, will pe angkry too, ay, ant asham't merover to hear that it wass a Lewis potter that ruin't, the Clescaw Bank.

Some of the residenters of Milngavie evidently apprehensive of a hard winter, have wisely taken the precaution of bringing their gardens indoors. This practice is, though not wholly original, a good one, and only requires to become known to ensure its universal adoption. The convenience of having one's cabbages in full growth under the dining-room sofa, and beds of cauliflowers in the vestibule, can only be equalled by the picturesque appearance of the green peas twining around the bed-posts, and the stems of the potatoes embracing the legs of the piano. The Animile has reason to believe such a residence is at present for sale at Milngavie, and has no doubt it will find a ready market.

**A WORD TO THE WISE.**—The BAILIE is always, he need hardly say, pleased to see his hints acted upon, and he congratulates Sir T. E. Colebrooke upon having, on the appearance of his Worship's leader of last week, had the grace to stump up £100 in addition to his former subscription to the Relief Fund. It is to be hoped "Sir Edward's" brother-magnates will follow his good example. Nor is it county magnates alone who require stirring up. The subscription-list exhibits strange and not too creditable contrasts between modest generosity and blatant niggardliness.

**MEM. FOR INVESTORS.**—The only kind of house property that has risen in value lately—*Chateaux en Espagne.*

## A Neglected Opportunity.

**M**R W. R. W. SMITH—who all through last week's meeting of Town Council assumed the rôle of a martyr to duty, "insulted," "badgered," and "kicked about"—cannot be accused of over-modesty, but even he draws the line somewhere. Having stated that he expected the thanks of the Council for bringing a certain matter up, he was asked by the Lord Provost if he would "make a motion to that effect." However conscious of his merits, Mr Smith did not quite see his way to proposing a vote of thanks to himself, and no notice was taken of the invitation.

## THE QUOTATION OF THE HOUR.

To the BAILIE,—Worshipful Sir,—Letters in the papers now say, *Bis dat qui cito dat*; so hopes de folks will see to dat.—Niger.

Lethe Street, 13th Nov., 1878.

During one of Mr Irving's performances last week, according to a local critic, "everybody seemed caught by the hair of the head and lifted into the air." Though the BAILIE would like to have witnessed so curious a phenomenon, he is, on the whole, inclined to congratulate himself upon not having been present on the occasion in question. If there was semblance, there might possibly also have been reality.

## T H E A T R E R O Y A L.

LAST FIVE NIGHTS OF

MR HENRY IRVING

supported by the  
LYCEUM COMPANY.

To-night, TUESDAY, Nov. 19..... "LOUIS XI."  
WEDNESDAY, " 20..... "THE LYONS MAIL."

Box Office Now Open from 11 till 3.

LECTURE AND AQUATIC DISPLAY  
BY

CAPTAIN MATTHEW WEBB,

The Channel Hero,

AND OTHER NOTED SWIMMERS,

GREENHEAD BATHS,

21st NOVEMBER, 1878, at 8 p.m.

COUNCILLOR WILSON PRESIDING.

ADMISSION 1s.

J. G. M'S., SECY. B

### AERATED WATERS.

"The public do not, perhaps, generally know that there is as much difference between good and bad Aerated Waters as there is between good and bad Wine."—*Evening Times*, August 8th, 1878.

The above paragraph states a truism which is patent to all who know anything about the Aerated Water Trade. To the most of people a Bottle of Soda is a Bottle of Soda all the world over; but it is a fact that there is as much difference between a really good and an inferior Aerated Water as there is between a Port or Sherry of the finest brand and a Wine of the poorest class.

All our Manufactures are prepared at Belfast from the famous CROMAC WATER, which is peculiarly adapted for making Aerated Waters, and what we aim at is to produce an article of superior quality, not, as seems to be the case with the majority of Scotch manufacturers, how cheap we can offer an inferior article to the Trade. We recommend all our Waters as being of the finest possible quality; but what we pride ourselves in for an "All the Year Round" Beverage is our GINGER ALE, which we have no hesitation in saying is superior to all others.

Ask for and see that our genuine Belfast Goods are supplied, as Waters of a secondary class are sometimes palmed off as ours.

**WHEELER & CO.,**  
CROMAC SPRINGS, BELFAST.

DEPOT FOR SCOTLAND:—  
147 STOCKWELL STREET  
GLASGOW.

### THEATRE ROYAL.

VOLUNTEER OFFICERS DRAMATIC SOCIETY  
IN AID OF  
CITY OF GLASGOW BANK RELIEF FUND,  
MONDAY, TUESDAY, AND WEDNESDAY, 25th, 26th,  
and 27th November.  
SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL  
AND  
THE TWO POLTS.

Seats may now be secured at Box Office daily from 11 to 3.—Admission Tickets may be had at principal Restaurants and Music Sellers in Glasgow, or at the Office of Lieutenant Ferguson, 137 West George Street, Secretary to the Society.

LATE TRAINS.—Tuesday Night, from St. Enoch's to Greenock and Intermediate Stations, at 11-15; Wednesday Night, from St. Enoch's to Barrhead and Intermediate Stations, at 11-15; from Buchanan Street to Motherwell, Wishaw, and Intermediate Stations, at 11-15; from South Side Station to Hamilton and Intermediate Stations, at 11-15; from Queen Street to Helensburgh and Intermediate Stations at 11. Season Tickets not available by the Helensburgh and Greenock Trains.

For other particulars see Day Bills.

Volunteers are invited to appear in Uniform.

**THE GAIETY.**  
Proprietor and Manager.....Mr CHARLES BERNARD.

This week only,  
Mr ERNEST A. ELTON'S  
TWO ROSES COMPANY.

Prices from 6d to 5s. Box Office open from 10 till 4.

### PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.

Last Nights of DIP-LUNACY.

To-Night, and Every Evening, at 7-30,  
THE PERPLEXED FOOTMAN;

At 8-15,

DIP-LUNACY,

Received nightly with shouts of laughter.

At 9-15, the Favourite Comedy, FAMILY TIES.  
In active preparation, the Grand Christmas Pantomime,  
BLUE BEARD.

Box Office Open Daily from 12 till 3.

### GLASGOW SCIENCE LECTURES ASSOCIATION.

CITY HALL. — THURSDAY, 28TH NOVEMBER, 1878.

PROFESSOR FLOWER, LL.D., F.R.S.

Subject—"The Races of Men,"

Profusely Illustrated with Diagrams.

Admission—6d, 1s, and 2s.

Doors Open for Ticket-Holders at 7 P.M.

### QUEEN'S ROOMS!

Messrs SWAN & CO. beg to announce that

DR D. A. MOXEY (LEO ROSS),  
the Distinguished READER and HUMORIST,

WILL GIVE

HIS LAST READING  
TO-NIGHT (TUESDAY), 19TH INST., AT 8 P.M.

PROGRAMMES AND TICKETS.—Reserved Seats, 4s (Family Ticket for Three, 10s 6d); Balcony, 2s 6d; other seats, 2s and 1s.—At Messrs Swan & Coy., Buchanan and Sauchiehall Streets.

DR MOXEY will on this occasion tell the Scotch Story of "Sandy Jamieson and the School Board," and recite Poe's "Raven."

### GLASGOW CHORAL UNION

GRAND ORCHESTRAL CONCERT,  
NEW PUBLIC HALLS,  
TO-NIGHT (TUESDAY),

The Net Proceeds of the Series of Concerts to be devoted to the Fund for the Relief of the Shareholders of the City of Glasgow Bank.

VOCALIST,

SIGNOR GIORGIO VALCHERI.

SOLO VIOLONCELLO,

MR EDWARD HOWELL,

GRAND ORCHESTRA  
SIXTY PERFORMERS,

CONDUCTOR—HERR JULIUS TAUSCH.

Tickets — 7s 6d, 4s, 2s — from Messrs Swan & Co., 49 Buchanan Street.

Admission, One Shilling.

Doors Open at Seven. Concert at Eight.

### ROYAL EXCHANGE.

'NEW MEMBERS (Town and Country) will NOW be ENROLLED for Year 1879, thus giving them benefit of present Month Gratis.

1st December, 1878.

BY ORDER

**HANS VON BULOW**

Begs to announce that he will give a  
**PIANOFORTE RECITAL**  
 AT THE  
**QUEEN'S ROOMS,**  
 ON FRIDAY EVENING, 22ND NOVEMBER,  
 At 8 o'clock.

Reserved Seats, 5s; Balcony, 4s; Body of Hall, 2s 6d  
 Back Gallery, 1s 6d.

Tickets of J. Muir Wood & Co., Buchanan Street.

**HANS VON BULOW'S**

**PIANOFORTE RECITAL,**  
 NOVEMBER 22ND.

**HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE.**

**IMMENSE SUCCESS!**  
**DELIGHTED AND FASHIONABLE AUDIENCES!!**

Another Entire Change of Programme.  
**EVERYTHING NEW TO-NIGHT.**  
**MATTHEWS' MINSTRELS,**  
 EVERY EVENING AT 8. SATURDAYS AT 3 AND 8.  
 Doors Open Half-an-hour previous.  
 Prices—3s, 2s, 1s, and 6d.

**NEWSOMES**

**HIPPODROME AND CIRCUS,**  
**INGRAM STREET, GLASGOW.**

First Appearance of  
**WILL LORENZO,** American Comedian.  
 Positively the Last Six Nights of "ROLLER,"  
**THE MARVELLOUS SWORD-SWALLOWER.**

This Gentleman, who created such a profound sensation, has  
 been examined by some of the most eminent members of the  
 Medical Profession, and pronounced by them to be the most  
 Extraordinary and Incomprehensible Person ever brought under  
 their notice—In fact, the

**GREATEST PHENOMENON OF THE AGE.**  
 372 Representations of this Marvellous Feat have been given at  
 the Westminster Aquarium, &c., and 29 Weeks at the Canter-  
 bury Theatre of Varieties, London.

**GRAND ILLUMINATED MID-DAY PERFORMANCE**  
**EVERY SATURDAY,**

Doors open at 2-30, commencing at 3.

Box Plan can be seen and Places secured at Messrs R. & J.  
 Adams, 18 Buchanan Street.

Prices—Reserved Seats, 3s; Boxes (Select), 2s; Pit and Pro-  
 menade, 1s; and Gallery, 6d. Children under 10 years of age  
 —Half-price. Doors open every Evening at 7, commence at  
 7-30.

Sole Proprietor ..... Mr J. NEWSOME.

**CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING**  
**CONCERTS.**

**SATURDAY, 23RD NOVEMBER.**  
**ST. GEORGE'S SELECT CHOIR,**  
 Mr WM. MOODIE, Conductor.  
 Miss HENRIETTA COWAN,  
 Celebrated Reader.

**THE NEW GLASGOW ORCHESTRA,**  
 Mr W. H. COLE, Conductor.

Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats on Side  
 Galleries, 2s.

Doors Open at 7; Orchestral Performance at 7-30.  
**JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.**

**CITY OF GLASGOW BANK.**

Just Published  
**LIST OF SHAREHOLDERS,**  
**PORTRAITS AND SKETCH OF DIRECTORS, &c. &c.,**  
 48 Demy 8vo Pages,  
 Price, 3d; by Post, 4d.  
**ADAM M'KIM,** 102 Trongate, Glasgow;  
 and Booksellers.

**AMATEUR FRET-CUTTING TOOLS.—**

Books of Instruction, Designs, and Material, at R. LIV-  
**INGSTON & CO.'S EDGE TOOL WAREHOUSE,** 263 Argyle  
 Street, Glasgow.

ON VIEW TO-DAY.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Thursday, 21st  
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**PUBLIC SALE**

OF AN

Important Collection of Selected  
**HIGH-CLASS MODERN PICTURES,**  
 From the Studios of the most eminent British and Continental  
 Academicians, among which are

"Fatimitza".....By C. L. MULLER.  
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(The Property of Messrs Hollender & Cremetti, of London,  
 Paris, and Brussels, whose acknowledged taste and discrimina-  
 tion have rendered their former Exhibitions so eminently  
 attractive.)

**ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the**

above, by Auction, in their Art Galleries, Royal Exchange  
 Sale-Rooms, North Court, St. Vincent Place, on Thursday, 21st  
 November, at One o'clock.

On Private View (by invitation) To-Day (Tuesday), 19th  
 November, and on Public View on Wednesday, 20th Novem-  
 ber (Admission by Catalogue, Price 6d, to be given to the City  
 of Glasgow Bank Relief Fund).

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# The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 319. Glasgow, Wednesday, November 27th, 1878. Price 1d

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 319.

WE have arrived at a season in the history of the country when everybody seems to have got into the hands of the "writers." Trade of all descriptions is at a stand-still. There is neither buying nor selling. Not one of us is sure of his position for a day. The man who is comparatively comfortable to-night may waken to-morrow and find himself next door to a bankrupt. This all-prevailing misery, however, is giving, as the BAILIE has said, abundant occupation to his friends of the "wig and gown." The law-courts were never brisker than now, the corporation of chartered accountants never reaped a richer harvest than that which has fallen to its lot in the autumn of the present year. Probably the member of the corbie species who stands at the head of his profession in Glasgow, is Mr J. WYLIE GUILD, of the firm of Messrs Auld and Guild, chartered accountants, stock-brokers, and general advisers on all matters connected with mercantile and trading affairs. A tall, buirdly man, with a head which recalls the leonine look of Christopher North; possessing a suave, graceful manner; cunning in speech and skilled in legal argument, Mr GUILD is invaluable as an ally and dangerous to a degree as an opponent. As a necessity of his position, the Man you Know is pre-eminently a man of society. Go where you will—to a dull, formal dinner, to a "first-night" at the theatre, to an orchestral concert, and Mr GUILD'S hyacinthine locks and stereotyped smile are among the most notable objects that will meet your gaze. Now he is masquerading at the Calico Ball, and now he is dancing attendance on a bevy of fair dames at an Exhibition of the Horticultural Society. All this, however, while it is the showiest, is also the

least important side of the man's character. Mr GUILD is a bookish man, he possesses a fine library, and cultivates literary tastes. He is noted, moreover, above his fellows, for his enormous power of work. He has a capacity for affairs which, had he been bred at the English bar, might have raised him to a Chief Justiceship, or had his vocation been politics, might have gained him a seat in the Cabinet. He has a knack, moreover, of carrying through his undertakings to a successful issue. Rightly or wrongly the notion has got abroad that, with WYLIE GUILD at his back, a client has a wonderfully good chance of having the best of it in any encounter, whether the action be in bankruptcy, or only one of the innumerable disputes which are constantly cropping up in the usual course of a business life. Mr GUILD gained the position he has so long kept while yet a young man. Even now he is only in the prime of life. Born in Forfarshire in 1826, and the son of an S.S.C., he was educated at the High School and University of Edinburgh, and received his first professional training in the office of Messrs Ivory and Mackenzie in that city. He came to Glasgow in 1848, began business as an accountant, and had the good fortune to be entrusted by the Town Council with carrying out the acquisition, by the city, of the Kelvin-grove and Woodlands estates, and their erection into what is now the West-end Park. Twenty years ago, when a wave of disaster, similar to that which is at present threatening to overwhelm us, passed over the city, he was commissioned by the Directors of the Western Bank to act in their behalf, and he continued their agent till the final winding-up of the unfortunate concern. He performed a similar service for the Directors of the Aberdeen Bank, while, in the case of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Bank, he was secured by the pursuers as their leading representative. Mr GUILD

has conducted numerous bills through committees of the House of Commons, those concerning the Tay Ferries and the Cumbrae Lights among others; he is an auditor of the North British Railway, of the Bothwell Railway, of the Amicable Assurance Company, and of many other public trusts and companies; he has acted in numberless Jury Trials; and the extent of his general bankruptcy and accountant business has already been referred to. In 1860, on the occasion of the first visit of the Social Science Association to Glasgow, he officiated as Joint-Secretary, those associated with him in the post being Dr A. B. M'Grigor and Dr W. G. Blackie. He has filled a similar honorary office in connection with numerous local movements, and has been conspicuous in all the schemes of a public nature which have been brought under the notice of the community for many years. Any notice of Mr GUILD would be incomplete without some reference to the notorious Lawson business of some five years back. As soon as he found himself confronted with the charge of promoting what was in reality a bubble company he proceeded manfully to his defence, and entertaining a keen appreciation of what was due to those associated with him in various social undertakings, he resigned every position with which he had been honoured until he had succeeded in clearing himself of the various imputations that had been levelled against his professional character. This example, by-the-by, might be followed with profit by others at the present juncture, but whether these suspected ones would be as successful as Mr GUILD in re-instating themselves in the good opinion of their fellows, is another question. The latest task which has fallen to the lot of the Man you Know is the clearing up of the affairs of Messrs Innes Wright & Co., and we may expect that—in spite of the pocketful of loose papers which Mr Scott avers were the only books kept by his partners and himself—these will eventually be restored, under his capable superintendence, into a condition which, although it may not satisfy the creditors, will at least end in securing that substantial justice will be done upon some of those concerned in the City Bank defalcations.

A contemporary says that a certain Greenock police-pest, aged 39, "previous to 1850 was a person of good character." It would be interesting to learn if persons of bad character, aged eleven, are "common objects" in Sugaropolis.

### Opinions on the Afghan Crisis.

LIEUTENANT MILKSOP (reserve forces) — "No, I'll not resign. The Afghan business can't touch us, that's one comfort!"

Captain Bellicose (regular)—"Ah, ha! Jack, my boy, we're in for it now! That confounded old-wifish government of ours wont shuffle so easily out of this scrape!"

Mr Timothy Ciudad—"Go to war? Go to the—deuce! Insults, indeed! We can swallow the insults till trade gets better! Why, haven't sold a rap to-day! It's pretty evident that Beaconsfield beggar has nothing to sell but his country!"

Mr Editor—"By all means let's have wars and failures, and miscellaneous crises of every sort. Pile 'em up; they're like whisky on a cold day—'calculated to promote circulation,' as the doctors say."

Mr Tom Awful-wag—"A 'scientific frontier.' Not bad that for Beaky—means a grab at the niggers' territory and a grand display of pugilistic science."

### AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

#### *East Kilbride.*

A country lad is my degree,  
And few there be that ken me, O;  
My riches a' my penny fee,  
And I maun guide it canny, O.

#### *Elderslie House.*

But warld's gear took hold o' me,  
And a's gane tapsalteerie, O;  
There's nought but care on ev'ry han',  
In ev'ry hour that passes, O.

### What the Greenock Folk are Saying.

THAT the "Cartsyke boy" made his *debut* in the character of *Bottom*.

That he appeared to be thoroughly well up in his part.

That the distribution of municipal honours has given great offence in certain quarters.

That the ex-Convener was shabbily treated.

That if he wants to climb the ladder he must drop riding the high horse so often.

That another feather is about to be plucked from the "left" wing.

That the ex-Bailie's coalition with its members was an unholy alliance.

That he is reaping the fruits of it now in his exclusion from the cabinet.

That Homeward-bound John is making it hot for the directors.

That they had better try to "square" him before going to Westminster.

In the Yates-Ray shindy the other day, the public were afforded the touching spectacle of Labouchere becoming surety for Yates. "Behold how good a thing it is—!"

The 'Leck-trick Light—The light shed by the newspapers on Henry's performances.

For Three Nights Only.

"Bear him, like a soldier, to the stage."—*Hamlet*.

PEACE hath her victories not less than war;  
And though our Volunteers nor tented ground  
Have seen, nor yet can show the bleeding scar,  
Here's how, at home, they tend the tender wound.

Thus year by year the mimic stage they tread,  
And charity is ever their defence;  
So, sirs, we will not criticise—instead,  
We claim a kindly laugh at your expense.

Enter L.C.—Lieutenant-Colonel?—No,  
Left Centre, gentlemen—the stage direction;  
Exit O.P.—Old Private?—off you go,  
Opposite Prompter—your voice, a slight inflection.

These entrances and exits claim attention—  
For, say a fellow who at right should be,  
Comes bang in left; 'tis awkward, though not meant,  
And makes him sadder exit—R. U. E.

And these same footlights make a fellow quite  
Uneasy on his legs—his knees feel weak;  
And then his hands—but we'll drop in some night  
And see what fist you make before we speak.

Yet, after all, you've but the smallest smack  
Of what an actor's life is, nightly, here;  
You doubt it? Then on business turn your back,  
And try it, gentlemen, for one small year.

You little know what pain the player feels  
Who daily stands hard Fortune's fellest knocks;  
You little know what pleasure he conceals  
Each weekly pay-day when the "ghost" it "walks."

But to your play; you've made a goodly choice;  
That piece of Sheridan's is ever new;  
As for the farce—we really do rejoice  
To find such sterling stuff picked out by you.

Yet have a care—see that there be no slip;  
In word and action try and be at home;  
Twas just the other day we saw old "Chip."  
And in our memory fresh is Widdicombe.

"Masters, here are your parts;" and all good luck  
Be with your acting, and the cause it's for;  
May many choose to say, with honest Puck,  
"What, a play toward! I'll be an auditor."

Query (by Peter)—Is not this Afghan business very like using a steam hammer to crack a nut—the Ameer's nut forsooth?

In "Duty" Bound—A pill-box fastened with the government stamp.

Somebody announces that he has lost or been robbed of a ring containing "a diamond set square in sparks." If this "spark" should ever recover his trinket, he will doubtless take care to have it set squarer.

A confectioner wants a "licure-man." The BAILIE advises the confectionery trade to make a spelling-bee one of the features of their next 'soiree.'

"GREAT MINDS—!" —Granny rapturously declares that she "never grows weary" of the essays of "A. K. H. B." The BAILIE is not at all surprised to hear it.

"Our Esteemed Correspondent."

IT was at Strathbungo Station I met him, while I was waiting for the 9-51 p.m. train to Glasgow. I wish I had never seen him. The night was dark, and, waiting for the train, I had strolled near to the bridge. I was suddenly startled by a voice sounding from amidst the obscurity, close at my ear: "Must it be the liquidators this time?"

I gazed as well as the darkness would permit, into the face of the speaker—a bearded man enveloped in a cloak—but started back in astonishment. It was the face of a gibbering idiot, and yet across it, now and again, there darted flashes of bright intelligence, clouded as quickly as they had come by the restless looks that told of a mind unhinged.

He muttered: "Have you read them all? There's plenty more to follow!" Half afraid, I laid my hand gently on the poor creature's arm, and spoke a few soothing words. I must have touched some hidden spring of feeling, for he burst into tears, and convulsively clasping my hand, exclaimed—"Can you not help me? Can you stop me? Shut me up! Take pen and ink from me! Never again let me see a newspaper!"

For a moment or two he seemed to recover himself, and continued in hurried accents, "Immediately after the Bank stoppage I wrote a letter to the papers about the shareholders: it was printed, and my fate was sealed. I tasted the delights of print! Talk of dram-drinking! I have never ceased writing since: I must write or die! The papers print all my letters about the Bank; I write under a thousand names; I have a thousand schemes. I write morning, noon, and on through the night. I have ruined my business, neglected my wife, and wrecked my household; and still I must write! Don't try to stop me! Give me, only give me a new thought, a new alias! My brain is on fire."

His voice had risen; by degrees he had lashed himself into a fury. Vainly I tried to reason with him. He shook in my face a pencil and a sheet of paper; and then, as suddenly as he had come, he vanished into the darkness.

And now, do you wonder why I say, "I wish I had never met him?"

How comes it that men-servants in want of places so often declare that they "understand 'hunting' things?" Would it not be much more to the purpose if they understood "finding" things?

## Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—We are having the Volunteer Officers at the Theatre Royal to-night, to-morrow, and Wednesday in "The School for Scandal" and "The Two Polts." I have already hinted to you that, from the glance I had at one of the rehearsals of the company, the performances are likely to go off with much success.

The *Sir Peter* and the *Charles Surface* of the comedy, and the *Peter Polt* of the farce are accomplished actors.

"*Olivia*," the adaptation by Mr W. G. Wills of Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," will be played to-night at the Gaiety for the first time in Scotland. This piece, as your play-going readers are aware, was originally produced by Mr Hare at the London Court Theatre, in March last, and at once became the talk of the town. Everybody flocked to see it. Mr Hare has had various successes as a manager but he never had such a success as "*Olivia*."

The company appearing at the Gaiety has been specially organised by Mr Hare for the performance of the piece in the provinces. It includes Miss Florence Terry—sister to Miss Ellen Terry, Mr Calvert, Mr Wenman, and Mr Herbert. Probably no more capable quartette, for the parts they sustain—those of *Olivia*, *Dr Primrose*, *Burchell*, and *Thornhill*, could be found anywhere.

The play itself is in four acts, and is an exquisite idyll; it is worthy, indeed, of Goldsmith's immortal story. Could I say more?

In taking leave of his Glasgow friends on Saturday evening, Mr Irving appeared as *Richard* and as *Louis*—two figures which, with striking points of similarity, are yet, taking them as wholes, totally unlike one another. His performance of each served to show how varied and yet how intense is his style. No one who has seen either is likely to forget it.

Mr Sam Johnson goes to the Lyceum with Mr Irving as leading low comedian. Some two-and-twenty years ago, when Henry Irving, then a timid lad, made his first appearance on the stage—at the Lyceum in Sunderland, the low comedian of the company, a kindly fellow by nature, exerted himself to make things as pleasant as possible for the timid youngster. He gave him numerous little friendly hints, and otherwise tried to assist him in his new vocation. In all the years that have passed this kindness has never been forgotten by Mr Irving, and now that he has become famous, and is organising a company of his own, he has sought out his old friend, and finding that he is a capital actor, has engaged him for the Lyceum, thus giving him that opportunity of making a *debut* on the metropolitan boards, which is the one great ambition of a provincial actor. The friend, I need hardly add, is Mr Johnson.

We all recollect the portrait of Mr Irving as *Richard*, painted by Edwin Long; the same distinguished artist is now busy over a portrait of him in the character of *Vanderdecken*.

It does not appear to be so generally understood as it should be that, besides giving their services, Messrs Irving and Toole met the *entire* charges of last week's Relief Fund entertainment. In Edinburgh they had the hall rent-free, but this was not the case in Glasgow; and in both cities the generous artists defrayed, out of their own pockets, the cost of "billing," attendance, &c. Their expenses came to over forty-seven pounds a-piece.

The Scottish tour of Mr Toole has now come to an end, his parting adieus having been spoken to his friends of "Auld Reekie" from the stage of the Theatre-Royal there on Saturday night. This evening he appears at the Theatre-Royal, Brighton, where he will play for six nights.

Mr Toole's present circuit—which has included every place of importance in the United Kingdom; his name is a household word wherever he goes—is the most satisfactory one he has ever had, a circumstance which gives a favourable augury for the great comedian's new London enterprise.

Mr Irving reads at Bradford to-night, his programme being the one he gave in the New Halls on Wednesday; he appears to-morrow, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday at Sheffield; and on Saturday he acts at the Theatre-Royal, Leeds.

Mr John Coleman, who has returned to Glasgow after a most

successful tour with "Valjean," is now busily engaged in the production of his grand Christmas pantomime of "Blue Beard." The Manchester *Momus* of last week had a capital portrait of Mr Coleman in the character of Victor Hugo's hero.

The present is the last week of the Matthews' Minstrels at Hergler's Circus, and BAILIE, I can tell you that those of your friends who have not paid these funny fellows a visit have missed an out-and-out treat. Why their Corner men are the jolliest pair of burnt-cork humourists I've heard for many-a-day. The entire troupe are clever—it includes some capital solo singers—but the Corner men are giants in their way.

Friend Walleit, "the Shakesperian Clown," enters on a short engagement, this evening, at Mr Newsome's Circus in Ingram Street.

Mr Burnett, leading violin of the Choral Union Orchestra has just been elected an honorary member of the Cambridge Musical Society. The membership consists of seven eminent musicians, Joachim and Brahms being of the number.

St. Andrew's day will be appropriately celebrated in the City Hall on Saturday evening by a "Great Scotch Night," under the auspices of the Abstainers' Union. There will be Scotch songs, Scotch dances, and all the other "national" attractions that appeal so irresistibly to a large section of our townfolk. Among the artists I notice the familiar names of Messrs Houston and Lumsden, and Mrs H. Nimmo.

## Saddle the Right Horse.

MR CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, M. P., "considers it a great anomaly that while the three sections of the Presbyterian Church are alike in tradition, ritual, discipline, in their democratic constitution, and in the education and social status of their clergy, one of them should be singled out from the accident of recognition and support by the state." Has it not occurred to Mr C.-B. that the two unrecognised Churches are themselves to blame for this "anomaly," each having "singled itself out" for non-recognition?

## Shambl(e)ing.

FORFAR Town Council once more asserted itself last week. In the course of a discussion on Wednesday, one of the members described another as "a fool and a coward," who "should have been sent to Botany Bay." The latter having called upon the chairman to "put down this rowdyism," the former requested the same functionary to "put down" his opponent's tongue. The subject of discussion, it may be mentioned, was the choice of a site for new public shambles. How would the Council chambers do?

EHEU (HEUGH) FOR COMMERCIAL MORALITY!—At the meeting of Heugh, Balfour, & Co.'s creditors the other day, it was found that £30,000 of their money had gone to churches and charities. This fact did not seem to go well *down*. If application were made in the proper quarter, perhaps a few thousands might be got UP.



What the Folks are Saying.

THAT there was a slight display of feeling at the Innes Wright bankruptcy examination.

That the agents, particularly the gentleman who appeared for Mr Scott, did their best for their clients.

That the fight was a stiff one while it lasted.

That the greater the liabilities the more tenacious the bankrupt is of his character.

That the Sheriff and the trustee on the estate were bowled out.

That we are all curious to know what the Court of Session will do in the matter.

That the Enterprise salesmen have scored another victory in the law courts.

That tradesmen who supply Enterprisers with goods cannot recover their money, Enterprise sales being illegal.

That meanwhile these unlawful sales are allowed to proceed.

That honest tradesmen ought to be protected by the law.

That certain East-end worthies distinguished themselves last week.

That so far as can be learned from the Police Court revelations, the Eastern Relief Committee seem to have collected subscriptions and distributed the proceeds among themselves.

That some at least of the starving unemployed in the East-end are composed of employers of labour, and men with bank accounts.

That the really deserving fared but poorly after the Green sputers had divided the spoil.

That the appeals from the Christian Institute will in future meet with a rather unchristian response.

That the City Improvement Trust are at last getting a sale for some of their unoccupied ground.

That as many unhealthy tenements are being erected now as before the Improvement scheme came into operation.

That a goodly number of these buildings are upon Improvement Trust sites.

That in a few years we will have a new Bill to buy up these closely-built properties.

That the railways have done more to open up the City than the expensive Improvement scheme.

That even the painting of the railway bridge across the Clyde has not made it "a thing of beauty."

That the Parliamentary Bills to be introduced

by Glasgow to St. Stephens this session have a formidable look.

That looking at the Bank calamity and the depression of trade, it would have been better if we had allowed one year to elapse without filling the coffers of the London lawyers.

That a few of the bills are certain to be defeated.

That the trips to the "metropolis" will be as expensive and lively as ever.

That the money expended for and against these bills would make a handsome subscription to the Shareholders' Relief Fund.

That the Trades' Council are not going to oppose the £5000 vote.

That this decision enables us all to breathe freely.

Avizandum.

SOME folks take a long time to make up "what they are pleased to call" their minds. There's a Glasgow spirit-merchant, for instance, who got married thirty years ago, lived with his wife for five weeks, and came to the conclusion the other day that he had better have a divorce. The case has been taken to avizandum by the Lord Ordinary, who will, it is to be hoped for the petitioner's sake, be somewhat more expeditious in making up *his* mind.

LOAFERS, "SPONGERS," AND LOUNGERS.—Mr Morrison talks of "loafers and spongers," who "lounge about the Saltmarket smoking and drinking." Is this phenomenon to be witnessed in the Saltmarket alone, Mr M.? It occurs to the BAILIE that he has seen "loafers and spongers" who appear to do little but smoke, drink, and "lounge about" streets considerably to the west of the classic thoroughfare named.

A local daily is kind enough to introduce us to "the Danish astronomer Zycho Brake." The BAILIE has much pleasure in making the gentleman's acquaintance.

Granny, in the course of a lucubration on things dramatic, selects "Caste" and "The Two Roses" as two pieces which have been successful "without the help of a villain." The old lady apparently regards *Digby Grant* and *Eccles* as exemplary fathers and model men.

"The Silent watches of the Night"—Those that are run down.

"Articles de Paris"—*Un, une, le, la.*

## Muscular Argument.

MR JACOB BRIGHT, M.P., is the proud possessor of a logical mind, which led him to argue, at a Manchester meeting the other night, that because we flog garotters, therefore we ought also to apply the cat to the unhappily numerous class of statesmen with whose views on foreign policy Mr Bright is unable to agree. This eminently Quaker-like suggestion opens up quite a fresh field in the realms of debate, and is really worthy of consideration. True wisdom consists in applying the wisdom of others to our own circumstances; so if Mr W. R. W. Smith is wise, the next time he has a difference of opinion with Bailie Walls he will waste no time in wordy warfare, but will instantly go for him with a horsewhip—with the assistance, if necessary, of a deputation of Scotch coal-masters. In like manner, Mr Martin's good sense will convince him that in the event of a trifling dispute with the Lord Provost, the smart application of a vigorously-wielded cat-o'-nine-tails to the chief-magisterial shoulders may secure for him that justice and fairplay which James's scathing sarcasm and natural, untrammelled eloquence are not always able to command. Reluctant contributories to the City Bank, too, may be unable to answer the persuasive arguments of Mr Anderson and the other liquidators, but may at the same time cherish a firm conviction as to their ability to kick these worthy gentlemen into the middle of next week, and may even visit the Virginia St. premises with the avowed intention of doing so. In short, a very slight progress along these lines will bring us back to the golden age of which Scott sings—

“When he may thrash who has the power,  
And he may box who can.”

And after that the arrival of the millenium can not be much longer delayed.

## A SYMPATHISER.

*Bill Sykes*—I say, Artful, wot's to be done with the national subscription fund of the City Bank?

*Artful Dodger*—Why, bail out the poor directors with it, in course.

It appears that the reason why the foreign demand for English cotton is falling off is the very natural one that it is *not* cotton, 200 per cent. of it being “china clay.” Our next step in the path of “commerce” will probably be to adulterate sheet-iron with paste-board.

## Song of the Cheerful Shareholder.

I HOLD a lot of “City” stock, but still I'm not depressed;  
I try to bear it cheerfully, and not to look distressed.  
The mischief is already done, and as I can't repair it,  
I think the best thing to be done is just to “grin and bear it.”

When the first call comes due I'll fail (to that I'm quite resigned),  
And pay—well! *something* in the £; I've not made up my mind  
How much 'twill be; but, if I wish to be quite *comme il faut*,  
About 3d in the £ is what th' estate should show.

I think some credit's due, as Mr Tapley would remark,  
For being gay, with prospects so exceptionally dark;  
I cheer my fellow-victims when I find that they're repining,  
By reminding them, “the darkest cloud has got a silver lining.”

The “silver lining” in my case, I think 'twill be allowed,  
When I've explained the matter, is quite as plain's the cloud:  
Knowing full well the ups and downs and changes of this life,  
Some years ago I settled Fifty Thousand on my wife.

My creditors may rage and rave, for creditors are greedy,  
And have no tenderness of heart for debtors poor and needy;  
But, having thus by *prudence* saved as much as I require,  
I think I'll leave all business cares, and quietly retire.

## A Gay Deceiver.

MR RAMSAY, M.P.—who is so enamoured of his comparison of his friend Shere Ali to Robert the Bruce that he has been repeating it at Airdrie, and who accuses the Premier of a “desire to remove the seat of Government from the banks of the Thames to the banks of the Dardanelles!”—tells his “bachelor friends” that they “will now be able to get married for the small sum of 2s 6d.” A credulous young man of the BAILIE'S acquaintance, taking this for gospel, plunged into matrimony, and found that the expenses of the nuptial day equalled his half-yearly income. “Half-a-crown!” he indignantly exclaims, “Why, half-a-crown only paid for one newspaper announcement!” That young man used to be a Radical and a Kildaltonian. He is now a pronounced “Jingo,” and foams at the mouth if you mention Mr Ramsay's name in his presence.

## Much Ado about Nothing.

AT last week's meeting of the Glasgow Trades' Council, one of the speakers “sympathised with the shareholders of the City Bank, but he sympathised more with the millions (*sic*) who were now out of employment, and who, by the action of the Lord Provost, were to be compelled to contribute to the relief” of the shareholders. This worthy delegate has discovered a mare's nest. If the £5000 is to be made up of the contributions of “millions”—even of two millions—surely each individual's share is not worth making a fuss about.

A Hard Case—That of an oyster.

Quavers.

THIS week we have two concerts of the subscription series— one of instrumental music to-night (Tuesday), and the other —choral—on Thursday. No doubt this arrangement could not be avoided, though after all there is in a large measure a distinct audience for each class of programme.

At to-night's concert we will have the interesting overture by Cherubini, "Anacreon," all that remains, or that we are likely to know, of the opera of that name, which, with many others, has suffered the fate of extinction, through being allied to a stupid or badly-written libretto. Then there is the "Jupiter" symphony of Mozart, of a simple grandeur all its own; a Faust overture, or study by the greatest of modern musicians, Richard Wagner; a characteristic extract from Hector Berlioz; the so-called Rosamunde overture of Schubert; and Raff's pianoforte concerto in C minor. The solo part in this latter is to be played by Herr Julius Tausch, who also contributes a number from Heller and a polonaise from Chopin.

The amplitude of annotation to be found in the programmes renders all but the barest remarks unnecessary on one's part. A valuable little book recently published might be recommended, by the way, in connection with the orchestral concerts—namely, "Instrumentation," by Ebenezer Prout, in Novello's Musical Primer series. Even to those possessing but a slight technical knowledge of music, the book will prove most interesting and instructive. The examples are new, and many of them are from works we have been hearing these four or five winters back.

It will be admitted, we think, that they know something in Edinburgh of instrumental music; also when a performance is intelligently conducted. Well, the musical people of that city are loud in their praise of Herr Tausch; and a good judge, Sir Herbert Oakley, the Reid professor, has expressed the opinion that we could hardly have secured a better man for the post. Are one or two of our journals here altogether courteous to Herr Tausch? Their notices of the concerts are hardly, at any rate, complete records of their kind, inasmuch as the name of the conductor is left a matter of inference merely—he might be the Ameer himself, or the Emperor of Russia, for all that the reader can gather. What are outside folk to think of the good—or is it the bad taste of the conductors of the prints in question?

Beethoven's oratorio, "Engedi" (the "Mount of Olives," of course, with to us a more suitable subject); Mendelssohn's "Hear my prayer;" one of the best, if not the best, of his Psalms; and Mr Lambeth's poetically-conceived "By the waters of Babylon," make up the choral programme for Thursday night. The vocalists are Mrs Osgood, Mr William Shakespeare, and Signor Valcheri. The conductor is Mr Lambeth, of course.

We have reason to be proud of Signor Valcheri, who is certainly the first important singer we can lay claim to as a townsman. Italy is yet pre-eminently the vocal school of the world, and Signor Valcheri has been a diligent and successful student in it. Should he elect to remain in this country, we may naturally expect somewhat of conformity to our own school of singing, cold and almost unimpassioned in character as it is compared to that of fervent Italia. But for the Italian lyrical stage, the voice and style of Signor Valcheri are perfect in requirement, not to speak of the splendid physique with which Dame Nature has gifted our friend.

What a week is before us, to be sure! for there is, as well as the Tuesday and Thursday concerts, the Saturday Popular Concert at the New Halls, with selections from composers of the day—Macfarren, Gounod, Sullivan, Wagner, and Verdi, among others; Mr Hughes, the instrumental soloist of the evening, on his ponderous but musical instrument; and Signor Valcheri as the vocalist. The latter will sing, we understand, the baritone song in "La Favorita," "A tanto amor;" a new song written for him by Celega, "Sospire d'amore;" Hatton's "To Anthea;" and perhaps "Hearts of Oak."

The attendance on Saturday evening at the New Halls was even better than on the previous Saturday, and if the greater proportion of the music was rather of the noisy sort the concert was yet a very enjoyable one. In the first part the Hungarian Suite proved a most acceptable number, and the reception of

the extracts from Haydn was such as would justify the performance some evening of an entire symphony of even considerable proportions. The "Union" Glee Club are singing very well this season. Their contributions on Saturday evening were on the whole satisfactory, considering what is now expected of vocal parties.

The entertainment at the City Hall on Saturday evening was of a nicely varied character. The St. George's Choir with its refined part-singing, the vocal and instrumental solos most creditably executed, and the orchestral contributions by Mr Cole's party all made up a very pleasant concert.

RIGHT AT LAST.

(Scene. Interior of a drug shop).

*Highland Maid* (holding on to a huge black bottle)—"Please, sur, for a penny's worth o' essence o' coffee."

*Druggist*—"We don't sell essence of coffee, it is to be had at the grocer's, next door."

*Highland Maid*—"No, it's no' essence o' coffee, it's ae—, essence o' peppermint."

*Druggist*—"Are you sure? What is it for?"

*Highland Maid*—"It's for the cowl'd."

*Druggist*—"I'm afraid you're mistaken; essence of peppermint is not taken for a cold."

*Highland Maid*—"Ae,—aye,—no! it's no' for the cowl'd, it's for the win'; I kent it was something about the weather!"

THE STORY OF THE BANK.—"History repeats itself"—so says the poet and so says the Ass. The other day he came across this inscription in an old book:—

"This is the man that broke the barn,  
This is the man that stole the corn,  
This is the man that sat and saw,  
This is the man that ran awa',  
This is wee perry winkle that paid for a'."

It seems that the natives of East Africa have taken to the game of football "with great gusto." The BAILIE is given to understand that these interesting savages propose, by way of improvement on the "Rugby Rules," that the conquering team should dine on the conquered.

Sir T. E. Colebrooke "thinks he deserves a great deal of gratitude" at the hands of the people of Glasgow. If Sir Edward wants to gauge the depth of our gratitude, let him stand for one of the City seats at the next election.

The first achievement of British arms in Afghanistan was the capture of a fort garrisoned by "three children." It was an in-fantry engagement on both sides.

A "Pound" Note—Yelp from a beaten cur.

Smokers.—Try Wallach Smoking Mixture, 6d per ounce Only to be had from D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram Street

FIRST GREAT SHOW OF THE SEASON OF PARIS COSTUMES,  
ROBES DE CHAMBRES, MILLINERY, &c., AT

# THE CALEDONIAN HOUSE,

165 AND 167 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

MR COPLAND'S RETURN FROM PARIS.

**M**ESSRS COPLAND & LYE have much pleasure in announcing to the Citizens of Glasgow and the West of Scotland THEIR FIRST GREAT SHOW of the SEASON of High-Class Costumes, Gorgeous Robes de Chambres, Splendid Dressing Gowns and Morning Toilettes, High-Class Millinery, Splendid Flowers, Feathers, Head-Dresses, Juvenile Costumes, Jackets in Cloth, Silk, Satin, Cashmere, and Fur. Also, Fur-Lined Jackets and Cloaks, Seal-Skin Jackets, Fur Capes, Collarettes, Fur Jackets, Boas, Fur Trimming, Seal-Skin Turbans and Hats, Grand Collection of French Dress Materials, Rich Silks, Satins, and Velvets. Also, Ribbons of the Newest and Choicest kinds, Rare and Valuable Laces, the Finest and Best Makes of French and Brussels Kid Gloves, Mitts, &c., &c. Every Department is filled with the Choicest of Goods, yet the Prices are strikingly Moderate, for, notwithstanding the *Extraordinary Influx of Visitors in Paris this Summer*, Manufacturers, Costumiers, Modistes, and Artistes, have been, and are, much disappointed with the results. Extraordinary preparations were made, and the most sanguine expectations were indulged in, yet doomed to disappointment, hence Large Stocks of the Most Valuable of Costumes, Robes, and High-Class French Productions are thrown into the market for realisation. Mr COPLAND was happy in his selection of Rare and Beautiful Costumes, the surpassing beauty of which exhausts the vocabulary of ecstatic admiration.

Free invitation is given to the Ladies of Glasgow to this OUR FIRST GREAT SHOW. At the same time Ladies will have an opportunity of seeing THE FINEST WAREHOUSE EXTANT. Also, the HANDSOMEST SALOON in the World for the Display and Exhibition of Costumes, Jackets, Millinery, &c., &c.

Ladies are invited to walk through the Caledonian House daily, as Novelties and Special Bargains are being continually laid out.

C O P L A N D & L Y E,  
CALEDONIAN HOUSE, 165 AND 167 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

## DAVISON'S CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE GINGER BEER.

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND;" WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC. As supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

THOMAS DAVISON,  
DISPENSING CHEMIST,  
126 EUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

## GREAT REALISING SALE, GENUINE REDUCTIONS, W. C. THOMSON, UNION STREET.

**R O Y A L E X C H A N G E.**  
NEW MEMBERS (Town and Country) will NOW be ENROLLED for Year 1879, thus giving them benefit of present Month Gratis. BY ORDER.  
1st December, 1878.

6<sup>D</sup> HAIR CUT AND SHAMPOED. 6<sup>D</sup>  
M'LEAN, 96 MITCHELL STREET.

4<sup>D</sup> HAIR-CUTTING, AND SINGING. 3<sup>D</sup>  
JOHN BROWN, 8 GLASSFORD STREET.

**OVERCOATS**  
**GREATCOATS & ULSTERS**  
(IMMENSE VARIETY)  
**FORSYTH'S**  
**5 & 7 RENFIELD ST.**

## TODD'S QUININE WINE

**F**OR INDIGESTION, FLATULENCY,  
NERVOUSNESS, &c.

Stands pre-eminent for Purity and Strength,  
and is recommended by the Faculty.  
Sold by Chemists and Wine Merchants.

**SOLD EVERYWHERE,**  
**HENRY THOMSON & CO'S**  
**OLD**  
**IRISH WHISKY.**

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—  
**ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.**

LADIES' FELT HATS.

We are Selling the NEW CAMEL-HAIR FELT HATS so much worn this Season, for TENPENNY HALFPENNY EACH, In all the New Shapes and Colours. Selling elsewhere at four times the price. Hundreds to Choose from!

MILLINERY! MILLINERY!!  
MILLINERY!!!

We now offer our French Patterns for less than Half-Price—a finer range never before in Glasgow. They comprise Hats and Bonnets by Mesdames Josse, Eugenie, Parisit, Lechevalier, Lafitte, &c. &c., of Paris.

Our STOCK of TRIMMED HATS and BONNETS Is the Largest and Richest ever seen in Glasgow.

Real SEALSKIN HATS, in all Shapes at 12s 6d, 21s, 30s, 40s, and 60s.

Mourning Millinery Bonnets, from 2s 6d. Infants' Millinery.

THE NEW LANGTRY HAT

We are Selling in Hundreds for 4s 6d, Complete. Extra Quality (SILK VELVET), for 8s 6d. Every one should see them.

VELVET BEEFEATER HATS  
For MISSES and LADIES, for 2s each,  
*Charged Double Elsewhere.*

Ladies who have not yet supplied themselves with Winter Bonnets would do well to pay us a visit. All Goods sold at lowest Wholesale Price.

*No Credit given.*

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT FOR NOVELTIES IN BOYS' HATS.

In our GENT'S HAT DEPARTMENT we offer Immense advantages to Gentlemen who have been buying their Hats from the ordinary retailer, more notably in high-class goods.

SPECIAL SHOW THIS WEEK.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,  
WHOLESALE HAT MANUFACTURERS,  
MILLINERS, &c.  
C O L O S S E U M,  
70 JAMAICA STREET.

THE BAILIE.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27th, 1878.

THE failure of the City Bank, and the consequent depression of trade, have been turned to good account by all the swindlers and harpies who are constantly fooling around seeking whom they may devour. While the one class are praying to be released from the payment of their just debts on the plea that "their money is locked-up," or that "they've been ruined by the Bank," their neighbours are making a clutch at everything that comes in their way, on account, they put it, of "dull trade." The attempt at a general reduction of wages, on this latter plea, has done much towards stirring up the wrath of

the Magistrate. People whom the dulness in trade cannot by any possibility have affected, are busily screwing down the wages of their servants; making, what is the misfortune of their fellows, a pretext for filling their own pockets at the expense of their workpeople. This is probably the meanest of all mean dodges. "Shabby" is the word we usually apply to people who act in this wise, but it seems to the BAILIE that "shabby" isn't half strong enough for it, at the present time at all events. Had he his own way he would send the petty swindlers who refuse to pay their lawful debts, and make "the Bank" the stalking-horse for their dishonesty, into "Duke Street," while as for those who "grind the faces of the poor," he would be inclined to apply to them the denunciation used towards their "forbears" in the pages of holy writ.

Improving.

THE great Stark, of Duntocher, actually said rather a smart thing at last meeting of the U. P. Presbytery. The papers tell us he said it "with frankness and good-humour," but the BAILIE isn't going to believe that. Lest some of his Worship's readers should be equally incredulous as to its having been said at all, the *not* is here reproduced. Having termed a certain motion a "foolish" one, Mr Stark was called to order, whereupon he "apologised for having characterised the motion as he thought it deserved." There! Isn't there some hope for Mr Ferguson's friend, after all?

Granny says that our "means of assisting the needful (*sic*) become in seasons of trade depression much impaired." Asinus says that *he* never experiences any difficulty in "assisting the needful," when he has it. The bother is to get the needful to assist *him*. But perhaps the old lady means "needy."

The life of the professional pedestrian is not, apparently, one of unmingled bliss. Something having displeased the spectators of a race at Shawfield Grounds the other day, they rushed on the track and knocked down seven out of the nine competitors. The affair was understood to be a remarkably fine exhibition of "flat" racing.

HIS IDEA OF IT.—Some one advertises "cosy patterns." The Ass's idea of a cosy pattern is an evening with a crony over unlimited toddy and cigars, and he will be glad to go in for any number of "patterns."

## "Les Miserables."

ONE of the most distressing sights the BAILIE can imagine is that presented by the crowds of wretched, half-starved men who are daily to be seen hanging around the corner of Montrose and Ingram Streets. Despite the patent fact that a large proportion of them belong to the loafer class, who would probably be idle in the best of times, they still indicate an amount of misery in our midst which is a positive danger to the body politic. The Magistrate is gratified to find that our civic authorities are not blind to this view of the matter, and that steps are being taken to relieve the distress. There is one very large and influential class of the unemployed, however, which the most far-seeing and energetic municipal rulers can hardly hope to reach, and for whose pitiable case his Worship's heart bleeds—namely, the young ladies of our West-end mansions.

For instance, when it is mentioned that the address of the four Misses Millefleur is 3 Grove Crescent, West, it will at once be admitted that this is no case for soup tickets or parochial relief. Old Millefleur is at the head of a firm of world-wide fame, and his daughters have as many new bonnets and dresses as even the female heart in its most inspired moments can desire. They only require to say to the coachman, "Go," and he goes; and to the footman, "Come," and he comes. And yet they are not happy; on the contrary, they are actually in despair for want of something to do. Morning calls, shopping, afternoon tea, and lessons on the guitar, have each been tried in turn, and found wanting. For them Berlin wool work and painting on china have ceased to be things of beauty, and petting a lap-dog and working for bazaars have proved most emphatically not to be joys for ever. There is at least one point of resemblance between Solomon and the Misses Millefleur, insomuch as that they consider everything to be vanity and the most awfully awful vexation of spirit. They have not come to this despondent frame of mind without many desperate struggles to overcome their adverse circumstances.

Miss Emily, who is of a practical turn, began some weeks ago to take an intelligent interest in household matters, and might have been seen any morning lying on a sofa with an apron on, and a duster in her hand. Her new-born zeal was unluckily quenched by the superior resolution of the upper housemaid, who, after submitting with dignity for a few days to this infringe-

ment of her rights, finally exploded with righteous indignation, and gave warning on the spot. Since then, Emily's apron has ceased from troubling, and her duster has been at rest.

About the same time Miss Grace and Miss Araminta discovered that to go to the Infirmary three mornings a week, and sing hymns to the poor patients, was a work of necessity and mercy of which every right-thinking person would approve. This was a brilliant and most successful idea, but it also was destined to be short-lived. As bad luck would have it, Mamma dropped in to the Infirmary one day, eager to see the gratitude of the poor patients for the Florence Nightingale-like efforts of her dear girls. She discovered her dear girls flirting in a window with a couple of good-looking young Sawbones, the poor patients meantime lying all over the place hymnless and forlorn. It is almost unnecessary to add that the ward which once knew the Misses Millefleur now knows them no more.

It would be cruel to enlarge upon Miss Matilda's cookery lessons, and her subsequent practice at home, which resulted in old Millefleur threatening to dine at his club. Equally heartless would it be to do more than refer in passing to Miss Araminta's waltz and galop compositions, which no music-firm in town would undertake to publish for either love or money. Such a row was made at the time about Miss Emily's "higher education of women" studies, and the consequent explosion of some chemical stuff in her bedroom, that perhaps it will be more graceful to say nothing further about them here.

When the BAILIE last heard of the young ladies, they were debating the propriety of going out to India in a body in connection with the Zenana mission—a mission, he may inform his worldly readers, which has for its object the training of the teeming Hindoo female population in the way it should go. Must they be allowed to go? Can their native land furnish them with no more suitable employment? To any eligible young man who really wishes to look into the matter for himself, the BAILIE can only repeat that the address is 3 Grove Crescent, West.

The latest gem in the way of leading-article English is to say that separation "would be as great a loss—nay, probably a greater—to our colonies *than* to ourselves." This scribbler should get some Sunday-school infant to look over his proofs for him.

A Vane Fowl—A weathercock.

Megilp.

BY the death of Mr Sam Bough Art in Scotland has suffered a heavy and distinct loss. There was probably no painter of the day in this country whose name was more familiar to the general public, and his popular reputation, gained at first by his artistic powers, was maintained by the modes and methods in which he allowed his nature and sympathies to assert and express themselves. In Scotch Art, and in Edinburgh social life, Mr Bough filled a clearly defined place; the place is vacant now, and will never have another occupant.

As a landscape painter, Mr Bough stood in the foremost rank of Scotch artists. His power, his broad touch, his mastery of effect, his skill in artistic composition, his appreciation of light and shade, and his knowledge of sky and cloud forms are displayed in all his works. His genius was strong and original; he imitated no one, he was a follower of no special school.

His weak points are to be seen, occasionally, in his colour, and in the over-breadth and freedom of his touch and execution. His conceptions were daring and appeared sometimes to outrun the ability of the hand, facile as it was, to embody them with care and discrimination.

As a water colourist, Mr Bough was pre-eminently successful—and it almost safe to say that in future generations, his reputation will rest more on his water colour drawings than even on his oil pictures.

All know what Mr Bough was—hearty, genial, outspoken, an amusing companion, a staunch friend, and a good hater; often too brusque, direct, and too little careful of the prejudices and opinions of others, he was always sincere and honest, and his rough exterior hid a kindly heart, that could plan generous deeds, and never think of blazoning them to the world. He had a wide acquaintance with men and life, and paid no court to fashion or conventionality: the healthy Bohemianism of his nature caused him to hold in abhorrence the shams and meannesses that go to make up what is now-a-days worshipped as “respectability.”

Mr Bough's funeral took place on Saturday. All his Edinburgh friends were there, and not a few from Glasgow. Several of the members of the Water Colour Society were present.

The scheme in connection with assistance to be given by artists to the City of Glasgow Bank Shareholders' Relief Fund appears to be taking shape. A meeting of the members of the Water Colour Society is to be held to-day (Tuesday) to consider the subject. It is to be hoped the movement will take a national form, and all Scotch artists contribute to it.

Messrs E. A. Walton, Walter Hutchison, and B. Lyle, have been elected members of the Art Club.

Yesterday (Monday) was sending-in day for the pictures destined for the Art Club Exhibition.

The first conversazione of the season of the Art Club was held last Thursday in their new rooms. The members and friends were there in large numbers, and they spent a most delightful evening. There is not a pleasanter social gathering in Glasgow than that which the Art Club gets together on their conversazione nights. The young fellows have abundance of fun in them, and music, too, and the guests, I think, find the hours go all too quickly.

I must call attention to the fact that the exhibition of the Scottish Water Colour Society is now open in the evenings at a reduced rate of admission.

Mr M'Taggart's contributions to the Exhibition are charming. He stands pre-eminent in his rendering of light and atmosphere, and his seemingly careless and haphazard touches which convey so much meaning, are the result of study and long experience. His pictures are bright and sunny, and his children have all the happy unconscious grace of childhood. Look especially at his “Bait Gatherers” and “On the Coast of Forfar.”

Mr Joseph Henderson's “Fishing Boats at Anchor” and “A Calm” have sweet quiet feeling in them, and in “From the Cliffs” there are both novelty of subject and clever treatment.

“River Blossoms” by Mr David Murray, is a little poem, full of fine colour and rich in suggestiveness. “The Fishers' Steps, Killin,” by the same artist is an excellent piece of work.

“The Barricades.”

AT the last meeting of the Dean of Guild Court, “a number of proprietors were before the Court for having barricades on the street beyond the time granted by the Court; also, for not complying with the notices issued by the Master of Works, requesting them to put the pavements in proper repair.” All very well; but the BAILIE would like to see the creators of the nuisances in question something more than merely “before the Court.” The matter is one to which his Worship has referred times without number, and he intends to keep pegging away until he effects a reform.

DARWINIAN. — In the Town Council the other day Bailie Scott observed that Mr Miller “had supplied him with ‘the missing link.’” Could he mean that Mr Miller—? But no! The BAILIE declines to entertain such an idea.

In a judgment not remarkable for the elegance of its diction Sheriff Lees has granted £100 damages for “loss of market” (!) to a jilted fair one of 45, who was asked in marriage, fourteen years ago, by a boy nine years her junior. And yet the Southron says that we are not a jocular people.

Letters of Mark—D.D., M.A., &c.

“IN THE YEAR AUCHTY-NINE.”

Manager (to old man in public work)—Well, old man, what do you do?

Old Man—A' watch the men tae keep them frae smokin', an' dae odd jobs, sir.

Manager—How old are you?

Old Man—Auchty-nine.

Manager—Indeed! then you were born in the last century.

Old Man—No, sir, a' was born in the Auld Monklan'!

MUNICIPAL RE-FORM.—While our municipal rulers occupy themselves with such trivial matters as schemes of river purification and Bank relief, their Edinburgh brethren discuss subjects that are indeed worthy of a Cooncillor's steel. Last week, for instance, they held a solemn debate over the question whether they should change the position of their chairs. A division taking place, a considerable majority voted for the proposed change, and the results of so serious a revolution are eagerly looked for.

FERGUSON'S CELEBRATED “EDINBURGH ROCK.”—Agent, JAMES M'MILLAN, Confectioner, 181 Eglinton Street, near Cumberland Street.

## Justice and Her Scales.

JUSTICE is generally represented by a pair of nicely balanced scales, but it sometimes seems as if these scales had got a little out of order and would be none the worse of a fresh adjustment. Witness: at Greenock the other day, two females decoyed a poor orphan girl of 14—a stranger to the town—to their den, and stripping her by force of every article she had on (which they pawned for drink), threatened to throw her down stairs. When she escaped at midnight and told her story to a policeman she had nothing in the shape of clothing but a piece of an old bed mat. Had she not had the courage to run out one can only guess at what would have occurred, and the two miserable harridans were sentenced by sapient Bailie Walker to, whisper, thirty and forty days' imprisonment respectively! Why, a couple of days ago a labourer got two months for snaring a hare!

## Pious Profanity.

IT is remarkable how well a little bit of profanity goes down with a "pious" audience. The "saunts" really appear to think that they have a special licence to treat sacred things with a levity which they would sternly reprove in the non-elect. Almost all our ultra-"evangelical" preachers are cases in point, and only last week a jocose reference to "the building of the ark" was received with laughter by a very goody-goody congregation in Glasgow. Perhaps some of these good folks, who would doubtless be justly shocked at the idea of compiling a "comic Bible," have little idea how nearly they have achieved such a compilation.

Mr John Campbell, of the Glasgow Trades Council, says that "there are no loafers among the working classes." If by this John means that a man who works does not loaf, he utters a great and noble truism; but if, on the other hand, he means that the section of society conventionally known as "the working class" does not include any loafers, he—well, he does *not*.

Aleppo seems to be about as rowdy a place at present as it was in the days of the late General Othello. The difference between our time and that of Sir Garnet Wolseley's predecessor is that nowadays the victims of the "malignant and turban'd" natives are Jews instead of Venetians.

## Bull(ock)y for You!

AN intelligent bullock went shopping in Partick the other day. Its first visit was to a bookseller's, where it failed to find any work worthy of its attention, and it was afterwards inhospitably refused admission to a fruiterer's and a grocer's. Finally, "after gazing for some time into a spirit-merchant's shop, it went quietly on its way to the slaughter-house." Partick whisky must be powerful stuff! Talk of Yankee liquor warranted to kill at twenty paces! What is that to tipple the mere contemplation of which disgusts a bullock with life!

A "Scientific Frontier"—An actor's face, well made up.

Extreme Cases—Boots.

## THEATRE ROYAL.

VOLUNTEER OFFICERS DRAMATIC SOCIETY

IN AID OF

CITY OF GLASGOW BANK RELIEF FUND,  
TO-NIGHT (TUESDAY), AND WEDNESDAY, 26th  
and 27th November.

SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL

AND

THE TWO POLTS.

Seats may now be secured at Box Office daily from 11 to 3.—Admission Tickets may be had at principal Restaurants and Music Sellers in Glasgow, or at the Office of Lieutenant Ferguson, 137 West George Street, Secretary to the Society.

LATE TRAINS.—Tuesday Night, from St. Enoch's to Greenock and Intermediate Stations, at 11-15; Wednesday Night, from St. Enoch's to Barrhead and Intermediate Stations, at 11-15; from Buchanan Street to Motherwell, Wishaw, and Intermediate Stations, at 11-15; from South Side Station to Hamilton and Intermediate Stations, at 11-15; from Queen Street to Helensburgh and Intermediate Stations at 11. Season Tickets not available by the Helensburgh and Greenock Trains.

For other particulars see Day Bills.

Volunteers are invited to appear in Uniform.

## THE GAIETY.

Proprietor and Manager.....Mr CHARLES BERNARD.

This and following Evenings,  
Mr W. G. WILLS's New Play,  
"OLIVIA,"

represented by

MR CHARLES CALVERT and a Company specially selected.

Prices from 6d to 5s. Box Office open from 10 till 4.

## PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.

Closed for the preparation of the Grand Comic Pantomime,  
BLUE BEARD.

Full Particulars in Future Announcements.

Applications for space on the Advertising Curtain and in the Books of the Words of the Pantomime to be made at once to Mr R. COWLEY-POLHILL, Business Manager.



## AERATED WATERS.

"The public do not, perhaps, generally know that there is as much difference between good and bad Aerated Waters as there is between good and bad Wine."—*Evening Times*, August 8th, 1878.

The above paragraph states a truism which is patent to all who know anything about the Aerated Water Trade. To the most of people a Bottle of Soda is a Bottle of Soda all the world over; but it is a fact that there is as much difference between a really good and an inferior Aerated Water as there is between a Port or Sherry of the finest brand and a Wine of the poorest class.

All our Manufactures are prepared at Belfast from the famous CROMAC WATER, which is peculiarly adapted for making Aerated Waters, and what we aim at is to produce an article of superior quality, not, as seems to be the case with the majority of Scotch manufacturers, how cheap we can offer an inferior article to the Trade. We recommend all our Waters as being of the finest possible quality; but what we pride ourselves in for an "All the Year Round" Beverage is our GINGER ALE, which we have no hesitation in saying is superior to all others.

Ask for and see that our genuine Belfast Goods are supplied, as Waters of a secondary class are sometimes palmed off as ours.

### WHEELER & CO., CROMAC SPRINGS, BELFAST.

DEPOT FOR SCOTLAND:—  
147 STOCKWELL STREET  
GLASGOW.

### CITY OF GLASGOW BANK.

Just Published,  
COMPLETE LIST OF TRUSTEES,  
Price 2d, by Post, 2½d,  
Now Ready, Third Edition,  
LIST OF SHAREHOLDERS,  
PORTRAITS AND SKETCH OF DIRECTORS, &c. &c.,  
Price, 3d; by Post, 3½d.  
ADAM M'KIM, 102 Trongate, Glasgow;  
and Booksellers.

### CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 30TH NOVEMBER.  
ST. ANDREW'S DAY,  
Celebrated by Scotchmen all over the World.  
GREAT SCOTCH NIGHT!  
REELS AND STRATHSPEYS,  
By Mr W. H. COLE and Party.  
Five Eminent Highland Dancers and Pipers from Edinburgh—  
Messrs GILROY, M'GREGOR, WATT, ROSS, and Pipe-Major  
CAMPBELL.

Also the following Eminent Scottish Vocalists:—  
Mrs H. NIMMO. Miss E. HUNTER.  
Miss AGNES BARR. Mr W. H. DARLING.  
Mr J. LUMSDEN, Mr J. HOUSTON,  
Scotch Comedian. Scotch Comedian,  
Mr F. W. BRIDGMAN, Pianist.  
Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats on Side  
Galleries, 2s.  
Doors Open at Seven o'clock; Concert at a Quarter to Eight.  
JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

## GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.

SECOND CHORAL CONCERT,  
NEW PUBLIC HALLS,  
THURSDAY, 28TH NOVEMBER, 1878,  
BEETHOVEN'S ORATORIO, "ENGEDI,"  
MENDELSSOHN'S "HEAR MY PRAYER," and  
MR H. A. LAMBETH'S PSALM,  
"BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON."

VOCALISTS,  
MRS OSGOOD,  
MR W. SHAKESPEARE,  
SIGNOR GIORGIO VALCHERI,

AND  
MEMBERS OF GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.  
ORGANIST—Dr A. L. PEACE.  
CHORUS OF 450 VOICES.  
ORCHESTRA OF SIXTY PERFORMERS,

CONDUCTOR,  
MR H. A. LAMBETH.

Tickets—8s 6d, 5s, 3s, 2s, from Messrs Swan & Company,  
49 Buchanan Street.

Admission, One Shilling.  
Doors Open at Seven. Concert at Eight.

## GLASGOW CHORAL UNION

SECOND ORCHESTRAL CONCERT,  
NEW PUBLIC HALLS,  
TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1878.

Tickets—7s 6d, 4s, 2s— from Messrs Swan & Co., 49  
Buchanan Street.

## GLASGOW CHORAL UNION

HERR JULIUS TAUSCH.

Will Play  
PIANOFORTE SOLOS,  
Aus den Spagierganen eines ausamen .....Heller.  
Polonaise .....Chopin.  
TO-NIGHT (TUESDAY,) 26TH NOVEMBER, 1878.

## HENGLER'S CIRQUE, GLASGOW.

MONSTRE PROGRAMME  
FOR THE FOURTH AND LAST WEEK OF THE  
MATTHEWS' MINSTRELS.

Prices—3s, 2s, 1s, and 6d.  
EACH EVENING AT 8. SATURDAYS AT 3 AND 8.  
LAST DAY PERFORMANCE, SATURDAY, NOV. 30, at 3.  
LAST NIGHT DITTO, SATURDAY, NOV. 30, at 8.

Next Week—Stirling, Dunfermline, Galashiels, and Hawick.  
Monday, Dec. 9—Newcastle-upon-Tyne, one week.

## AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

THE WAVERLEY DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION  
Give Two Performances in the  
QUEEN'S ROOMS,  
On MONDAY and TUESDAY, 2nd and 3rd December, 1878.  
Programmes may be had at the BAILIE Office.

HIGHLAND SCENERY.  
Mr ALLAN MACDOUGALL will give Instructions  
in the Art.  
Studio, 227 West George Street.

# NEWSOME'S

GRAND CIRCUS,  
INGRAM STREET, GLASGOW,  
In a line with the Post Office and Exchange.  
Open Every Evening at 7, Commencing at 7-30.

TO-NIGHT AND DURING THE WEEK,  
WALLET! WALLET!! WALLET!!!

The Renowned Shakesperian Jester.  
Host of Talent by the Male and Female Artistes.

SPECIAL DAY PERFORMANCE on SATURDAY First,  
November 30th, WALLET, the Queen's Jester, his Last Ap-  
pearance but One; A Select Programme.

Doors open at 2-30, commencing at 3.  
Carriages may be ordered at a Quarter to 5.  
Sole Proprietor ..... Mr J. NEWSOME.

## GLASGOW

### SCIENCE LECTURES ASSOCIATION.

CITY HALL. — THURSDAY, 28TH NOVEMBER, 1878.  
PROFESSOR FLOWER, LL.D., F.R.S.

Subject—"The Races of Men,"  
Profusely Illustrated with Diagrams.  
Admission—6d, 1s, and 2s.

Doors Open for Ticket-Holders at 7 P.M.



GLASGOW, BOTHWELL, HAMILTON, AND  
COATBRIDGE RAILWAY.

THE NEW, POPULAR, AND DIRECT ROUTE.

#### IMPORTANT

TRAIN ALTERATIONS FOR DECEMBER, 1878.

The 8-25 a m Train from Hamilton to College Station, Glasgow,  
will leave at 8-15 a m., and arrive at 8-45 a m.

The 9-25 a m Train from Hamilton to College Station, Glasgow,  
will leave at 9-15 a m., and arrive at 9-45 a m.

The 5-35 p m Train from Hamilton to College Station, Glasgow,  
will leave at 5-30 p m., and arrive at 6-5 p m.

The 10-0 p m Train from Hamilton to College Station, Glasgow,  
will leave at 10-15 p m., and arrive at 10-50 p m.

#### OPENING OF

BROOMHOUSE and PEACOCK CROSS (Hamilton West)  
STATIONS.

These STATIONS were opened for Passenger and Parcels  
Traffic on 1st NOVEMBER, 1878.

WHIFFLET BRANCH.—BELLSHILL STATION.

The Public are hereby respectfully informed that the above-  
named Station is NOW OPEN for Goods, Mineral, and Parcels  
Traffic, and it will shortly be ready for Passenger Service.

For times of Trains see public Time-Tables.

R. J. BROWNE, General Manager.

General Manager's Office—45 Montrose Street,  
Glasgow, 15th November, 1878.

### MAX GREGER, "Our Local Phrenologist,"

Returned. Museum of Anatomy and Phrenology, Dun-  
lop St. 1000 Natural and Scientific Curiosities.—Admission 2d.  
TOOLE.—On the Hunt for Novelties, J. L. Toole and suite  
was "first fit" at Max Greger's Phrenological Museum.

MAX GREGER, "The Popular Educator in Phrenology;"  
Reading Character Taught Scientifically. Class-night—Friday;  
first course, 10s; enrolment immediately.

MAX GREGER, Psychologist, "His skill of the skull is mar-  
vellous; your character and occupation told, 2s, worth 21s.

ABERDEEN Granite Monuments from £5. Carriage Free.  
Inscriptions Accurate and Beautiful. Plans and Prices  
from J. W. LEGGE, Sculptor, Aberdeen.

## GLASGOW ART CLUB

THE SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of OIL  
PAINTINGS and WATER COLOUR DRAWINGS by Mem-  
bers of the above Club will open on MONDAY, 2nd Decr.,  
in Messrs ANNAN'S Gallery, 153 Sauchiehall Street.

Admission Free. Catalogues 6d.

#### PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Tuesday, 3rd December.

IMPORTANT PUBLIC SALE OF  
AN EXTENSIVE STOCK OF  
VALUABLE FURS,

LADIES' SEALSKIN DEEP PALETOT JACKETS  
and CLOAKS,

SABLE MUFFS, LADIES' FURS of every variety,  
GENT'S REAL SEALSKIN DRIVING CAPS and  
VESTS,

CARRIAGE RUGS, HEARTH RUGS, COACH  
WRAPPERS, MATS, &c.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell by

Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North  
Court, St. Vincent Place, on 3rd December, at 12 o'clock, the  
above well-selected and assorted Stock.

SEALSKIN JACKETS, of exceptional fine quality, from  
36 to 42 inches long, both plain and trimmed with Russian  
Sable, Otter, Beaver, Chinchilla, &c.

The CARRIAGE RUGS are a choice selection of the fol-  
lowing valuable Skins:—Wolf, Bear, White, Red, Grey, and  
Silver Fox, Raccoon, African Lynx, Badger, Biscucha, Tartary  
Goat, Kangaroo, Australian and American Opossum, Wallaby,  
&c., &c.

The HEARTH RUGS are of Lion, Bengal Tiger, Leopard,  
Wolf, Bear, Buffalo, Fox, Raccoon, American Opossum, Tar-  
tary Goat, Polar Bear, and other Skins, with Hall and Door  
Mats to match.

Opera Cloak Linings, Sable, Chinchilla, Otter, Beaver, and  
other Flouncings, Neck Ties, Foot Warmers.

FUR TRIMMINGS in great variety for Ladies' Costumes,  
Cloaks, Dresses, &c.

Catalogues may be had Two Days prior, and the Goods viewed  
on the morning of Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 25th Nov., 1878.

## BROWN & LOWDEN,

AUCTIONEERS and VALUATORS,

14 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.

SALES of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, &c., conducted  
at the Owner's Premises, on Moderate Terms.

CASH ADVANCED.

#### FINE ARTS.

MESSRS BROWN & LOWDEN'S next  
MONTHLY SALE of PICTURES will take place at  
their Gallery, 14 GORDON STREET, on THURSDAY, 5th  
December, and they particularly request those who may wish to  
Contribute to let them have the Titles of their Works at least  
Fourteen Days, and the Works Seven Days, prior to the Day  
of Sale.

#### BUTTER.

WE are now Receiving our Regular Supplies  
of FINEST MILD CURED BUTTER for Table use  
during Winter, in Kits of 36lbs and 70lbs each.

JOHN WALKER & CO.,  
FAMILY GROCERS, WINE MERCHANTS, AND ITALIAN  
WAREHOUSEMEN,  
42 WEST NILE STREET.

ISLAY WHISKY.

W. & J. MUTTER,  
BOWMORE DISTILLERY.  
COUNTING-HOUSE, 41 ANN STREET, CITY, GLASGOW.



GREAT CLEARING SALE

OF

SAWN BOARDWOOD, YELLOW PINE BOARDS from Deals, Sarking, White Dram Flooring, and Lining, and 4, 5, 6, and 6½ by 2½ W. D. BATTENS, &c., &c.,

AT

GREENVALE SAW MILLS,  
727 DUKE STREET,

On WEDNESDAY, 11th December, at Twelve o'Clock Noon.

JOHN JEX LONG.

CITY HALL ORGAN RECITALS.

The usual SATURDAY AFTERNOON RECITALS will be given by the City Organist, Mr LAMBETH, upon SATURDAY FIRST, at FOUR o'clock prompt. The Doors (Albion Street and Candleriggs) will be Opened at 3-30. Admission and Programmes of Music Free.  
Chamberlain's Office, 25th Nov., 1878.

SCOTTISH SOCIETY OF  
WATER-COLOUR PAINTERS.

THE FIRST EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS  
NOW OPEN in their GALLERY,

108 WEST NILE STREET, GLASGOW,

Admission—Day, 10 to 5, One Shilling.  
Evening, 7 to 10, Sixpence.

Season Tickets, Two Shillings and Sixpence.

KAY & REID beg to intimate that they will have on View, on and after THURSDAY, 24th inst., 42 Studies from Nature in Oil by Mr Hall Maxwell, illustrative of Auvers and its neighbourhood.

NORTH BRITISH GALLERIES,  
44 GORDON STREET.

THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION

OF

PICTURES BY GREAT ARTISTS,

Fresh from their Easels,

NOW OPEN.—Admission, including Catalogue, 6d.

EXHIBITION of SELECTED PICTURES.

Oil and Water Colour.

WILLIAM BURNS, 162 Buchanan Street, Glasgow.

Admission Free.

GLENFIELD STARCH.

THE QUEEN'S LAUNDRESS SAYS THIS IS THE FINEST STARCH SHE EVER USED.

SCRAP Photographs and Views of Scottish Scenery. Thousands to choose from at A. F. SHARP & Co., 14 Royal Exchange Square.

FOOTBALL COSTUMES.

Every Club Colour kept in Stock.

LIST OF COLOURS ON APPLICATION.

H. & P. M'NEIL,

HATTERS, HOSIERS, GLOVERS, AND SHIRTMAKERS,  
CRICKET AND FOOTBALL OUTFITTERS,  
21 & 23 RENFIELD STREET.

JOHN M. SIMPSON, Furniture Warehouse and Show-rooms, 60 GREAT CLYDE STREET, (Corner of Maxwell Street) Glasgow. One of the largest Stocks in the City. New Illustrated House Furnishing Guide to be had Free on application. The Cheapest Establishment in the City for Really Good Substantial Furniture of Artistic Design and Superior Finish. Quality Guaranteed

PHOTOGRAPHERS TO THE QUEEN.

RALSTON & SONS,  
141 SAUCHIEHALL STREET

AND

165 SANDRINGHAM TERRACE, HILLHEAD.

RUTHERFORD BROTHERS,

ARTISTS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS,

127 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

WASTE PAPER, Ledgers, Letters, Books, Ropes, Bagging, Tailors' Clips—bought at PAPER & MILL STORE, 98 MAXWELL STREET.

OIL PAINTINGS  
BY CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS.

EXTENSIVE COLLECTION AT 338 SAUCHIEHALL ST  
WM. GENTLES, Picture Dealer, Wholesale & for Exportation

Picture Frame and Room Mouldings.

THE BRIDGE HOTEL  
1 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

This Old-Established House, adjoining the Waverley Station, and opposite General Post Office, affords first-class accommodation for Commercial Gentlemen and others visiting the City (either on business or pleasure), having recently undergone extensive alterations and additions; entirely re-decorated and furnished in the most approved manner. Parties honouring the "BRIDGE" with their patronage will find every comfort, combined with cleanliness and attention. Cheerful Sitting-rooms.

CHARGES.—Breakfasts, from 1/ to 2/3; Dinners, from 1/6; Bed-room, 2/; Attendance, 1/ per day. GOOD STOCK ROOMS.

JAMES M'GREGOR, PROPRIETOR.

THE ROYAL RESTAURANT,

10 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET.

C. WILSON & SON, Proprietors.

ADVERTISEMENT received for all Papers, by A. F. SHARP & CO., 14 Royal Exchange Square.

**GLOBE CLOTHING HOUSE,**

**J. LESLIE, 151 Argyle Street**

(NEAR SAINT ENOCH SQUARE.)

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**OVERCOATS,**

In all the Newest Styles and Most Fashionable Materials, Beautifully Trimmed  
Ready-made or to Order.

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**ULSTERS! ULSTERS!**

Made from the Best Scotch and English Tweeds, in a Great Variety of Patterns,  
Ready-made or to Order.

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**LADIES' ULSTERS,**

Newest Styles and Colourings, with Capes, made from the Best Scotch Tweeds,  
Ready-made or to Order.

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**BOYS' OVERCOATS,**

Very Durable Materials, all Sizes, in Great Variety of Patterns and Styles,  
Ready-made or to Order.

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**LADIES' JACKETS,**

Superior Styles, in all the Most Fashionable Materials, Beautifully Trimmed and  
Finished, Ready-made or to Order.

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**J. LESLIE,**

**151 ARGYLE STREET,**

(Near SAINT ENOCH SQUARE.)





# The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 320. Glasgow, Wednesday, December 4th, 1878. Price 1d

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 320.

WE have had a good deal of Mr Bumble in Glasgow of late. The season has been a hard one for the poor and the improvident—and it may be harder before it grows better, and our "parochial" authorities have had ample room and verge enough to show themselves in their proper likeness. As has always been the case, the Govan district has carried off the lion's share of the notoriety. This unfortunate parish has a knack of keeping itself in hot water. At one time the members of the Board are fighting with the Inspector; at another the Inspector is fighting with the Governor of the poorhouse. The poorhouse itself is a fertile source of public talk and public scandal. On every side, in short, the parish authorities supply the ratepayers with ample matter for railing and contumely. Last week's papers, to go no further back, contained the story of an unfortunate woman, who is since dead, but who, while suffering under an attack of fever, was bandied about from pillar to post, by the Govan Inspector and his subordinates. Probably there was no intention of using the poor creature unkindly, on the part of either Mr Wallace or his assistants—Mr Wallace declares that she was treated with every attention, but even Mr Wallace's account of the case is anything but pleasant reading. Whatever shortcomings, however, may be charged against the members or the officials of the Govan Board, there is at least one of the former who is free of all blame in this matter. Mr CHARLES EDWARD IRWIN is instant in season—and out of season as well, in his efforts to improve the condition of the pauper inhabitants of the parish. Big and burly; loud, and sometimes stuttering of speech; and possessing a delightful Dublin brogue notwithstanding the

score or so of years he has spent in Glasgow, Mr IRWIN is invariably found on the side of the poor. He has both the Irish fervour and the Irish kindness of heart. But it must not be supposed that our friend is a mere sentimentalist. His speech at Thursday's meeting of the Govan Parochial Board, when he brought up the case of the fever-stricken applicant for relief, showed that he had plenty of both shrewdness and tact. Mr IRWIN occasionally makes a blunder. One of his slips was his petition against the return of Col. Mure for Renfrewshire. His blunders, however, in connection with parish matters are few and far between. The truth is that he has two sides to his character. One of these was displayed in the "Young Lochinvar" incident with which he began the tax-paying portion of his existence, the other is seen in the success which attends his efforts as a keen and active man of business. Apart from the management of parochial affairs, Mr IRWIN is mainly known as an enthusiastic member of the annexation party in city politics, and as an out-and-out supporter of the Tory cause. Sometimes, indeed, it puzzles the BAILIE to determine whether he or his friend is the more rabid Conservative. For the rest Mr IRWIN, as becomes his nationality, is a jolly, fearless, rollicking Irishman. Gray hairs are beginning to mingle with his sable locks, but his spirits are as gay as they were a couple of decades back. Though he has plenty of opponents, his opponents never develop themselves into enemies. The poor could hardly have a better advocate. He is persistence itself when he takes up a subject; he is one of those people who "won't take 'no' for an answer;" and his rough and ready wit, added to his perseverance, usually enables him to gain his point in the end. Mr IRWIN, however, has evidently his work cut out for him in the coming winter. To judge from the re-

port made the other day by Dr Russell to the Town Council, the mode of dealing with applicants for relief at the offices of the Govan Board in Carlton Place is anything but a satisfactory one. Let it be the task of the Man you Know to infuse a little of his own kindly, hearty feeling into Mr Wallace and his staff of well-paid underlings.

#### Commerce and Friendship.

AMONG the dainty dishes furnished us of late by the bankruptcy-reports, perhaps the choicest was the examination last Thursday of Mr Thomas Matthew. The BAILIE has not space to do it full justice; but here are two tit-bits. Mr Matthew deponed that the suspension of the Messrs Hay would have brought down Matthew & Thielmann; that the failure of Messrs M. & T. would have broken Messrs Matthew, Buchanan, & Co; that the bankruptcy of Messrs M., B., & Co., "would have disclosed the huge 'financing' that was carried on for the benefit of the City Bank;" that Messrs Morton & Co. "were in reality the City Bank;" and that *therefore* "it was essentially necessary that the Messrs Hay should go on!" Oh, "commerce!" Again, in spite of the enormous sums with which he operated, Mr Matthew's average income was only £325, and "all his labour was solely on account of his friendship for his brother-in-law Mr Morton." Oh, "friendship!"

#### "Good for Greenock!"

THE BAILIE is about to do what he never anticipated doing—namely, to congratulate Greenock on its parliamentary representative. As everybody knows, his Worship is a Tory of the Tories. He is also a general supporter of the present Government. But he is always glad to recognise manliness and fair play wherever he finds them, and he found them in the address delivered to his constituents by Mr Stewart on Thursday evening. That gentleman's language in discussing the policy of the Ministry was that of an opponent, but an honourable and just opponent, and he deprecated the absurd, if not malignant, partisanship which would make our rulers responsible for all the evils, social and commercial, which afflict us. Bravo, Stewart!

How doth the whirligig of time bring in his revenges! A Broadhead has been rattened at Sheffield!

100,000.—See Back Page.

#### Sandy Again!

SPEAKING at Cambuslang the other day, the honourable member for Stafford told his hearers that "an educated people would not submit to money being in the hands of the few and poverty in the hands of the many, and the idea must be a congenial one to the 'down-trodden miner!'" To have a right to share in his neighbour's property and have "all things common" is, doubtless, a consummation devoutly desired by the miner in his present condition, and he may well pray for that "education" which, according to the prophetic and erudite Sandy, will produce this state of affairs. But why should not Mr Macdonald, for consistency's sake—not to speak of the advantage to his oppressed constituency—begin the good work by dispensing his own wealth among the poorer brethren? Could not Wellhall be disposed of and the proceeds divided by way of experiment and as an incentive to others to go and do likewise? This, as an initiatory step, would add to the words of the mining apostle much additional weight, besides giving force to the ancient saw—"Better is example than precept."

Course of Lectures by Eminent Men.  
"HOW to spend £173,051 14s yearly for 20 years without cost to spender," by James Morton.

"How to build a house at a cost of £30,000, and settle £80,000 on your wife, and be none the poorer," by J. N. Fleming.

"How to make religion profitable," by Lewis Potter.

"How to live above your salary, and yet make lots of money," by R. S. Stronach.

"How to keep books without writing in them, yet at any time know profits and losses to a £," by William Scott.

#### WEANS AND WANES.

*Boy*—Mither, the maister wanted to ken the day if the moon was populated, an' a' couldna tell 'im.

*Mother*—Wiz there ever sic a gowk? Of coorse it's populated, or whit becomes o' a' the wanes the mune has i' the year?"

An advertiser declares that his goods "shall be on sale" after a certain date. This is quite authoritative. Let's only hope he won't further insist that we "shall" buy them.



"The Modern Thief."

Air—"We don't want to fight."

I DON'T want to thieve, but by jingo if I do,  
I'll be a bank-director, and a county justice, too,  
A magistrate so grave, an elder quiet and staid,  
A Sunday school I'll manage, too, moreover.  
And thus my plan shall be, when business I begin,  
I'll take sittings in a church, behave discreet therein;  
Promotion soon will come—an elder I'll be made—  
Then in the social scale, you know, I'll take a higher grade.  
Expenses will increase—more money must be made—  
So then I will launch out a bit, say in the Eastern trade;  
I'll ship all kinds of goods to China and Peru,  
Have agents out as "drawing posts" from Cabul to Timbuctoo.  
Then bills must melted be, bank credits large obtained;  
My church connection here comes in, for which I can't be blamed;  
Our ruling elder is a banker big and soft,  
And I have heard my colleagues say they've milked him once  
and oft.  
I'll ask; he won't refuse; he'll say, and smile so bland,  
"We're proud to be of service, sir;" and shake me by the hand.  
The matter thus begun, and fairly set on foot,  
By careful, strict attention, will speedily take root.  
My operations, small at first, shall quickly extend;  
But I will keep the banker sweet, and more and more he'll lend,  
Until I'm in his books for millions two or three;  
Then, as their biggest "customer," director they'll make me.  
Then I'll build a church or two, and invest in house and land,  
I'll drive a dashing pair of horse, and dress my wife right grand.  
I'll live in style, yo-a bet, in country and in town;  
Cause all my friends to stare at me, and draw their envy down.  
I'll have fleets of ships at sea, and coasting steamers, too;  
But work on Sunday shan't be done by captain or by crew.  
On Monday rolls I'll shun, for reasons you may guess,  
And as a man of principle, likewise the Monday press.  
I'll give dinners right and left; my colleagues shall be there,  
To taste of what the bank provides—a well-set dainty fare.  
Our wines shall be the best; cigars of finest brand;  
When I become a mammoth thief I mean to do the grand.  
I'll deal in wool and wine, and stocks and shares will rig,  
Or any other thing, you know, respectable if big;  
Estates on tick will buy, endow my kids and wife;  
And when the evil day comes round, will lead an easy life.  
I'll own land by the mile, well stocked with kine and sheep;  
But it will be in distant parts, far far across the deep.  
My poor relations shall have benefit of it;  
My nephews and my nieces there my nominees shall sit.  
A yacht of speed I'll keep to cruise upon the sea;  
And should the scheme burst up too soon, *non est* of course will  
be.  
To Spain I'll shape my course, and brave the stormy sea;  
And when the reckoning is made up, they don't get hold of me.

ONLY HALF-QUALIFIED.—A reverend gentleman declared last week in Edinburgh that "no one but the most astute and pugnacious could tell the meaning" of the Afghan war. That being so, the BAILIE does not wonder at the inability of the reverend gentleman to "tell the meaning" of it. His assault upon the Government proved, indeed, his pugnacity, but the other essential was conspicuously absent.

100,000.—See Back Page.

Gnats and Camels.

THE BAILIE is glad to observe that a Presbyterian minister has had the courage to speak out, with manliness and common-sense, on the much-vexed question of "Sabbath observance." At last week's meeting of the Edinburgh Presbytery, the topic was brought up in the usual way, and Mr Webster, of St. David's, observed that he failed to see how any great harm could result from "the sale of innocent articles of confectionery, and the like," on Sunday. He enlarged upon the inadvisability of attempting to carry out "the letter of the Jewish law" by the aid of the police, and was supported by Dr. Lees, who declared such a policy to be founded on the same spirit "as led their ancestors to persecute and burn people at the stake. Of course, the "protestants," found themselves in a hopeless minority, but their protest is, nevertheless, a good sign. The pious zeal of the ultra-sabbatarian is at best but the old, old story of gnats and camels. It will surely be time to bring the engines of the church and the law against the humble vendors of sweets and ginger-beer when greater sinners show a tendency to mend their ways. Meanwhile, reverend Presbyteries might find more profitable employment than whitewashing sepulchres.

TRUTH STRONGER THAN FICTION.

(Scene—Buchanan Street; Man passing with board advertising the "Choral Union.")

*Tam* (fresh from the country)—Choral Union! Heard ye ever the like o' that! Hech sirs.

*Rab*—Weel, I ne'er heard tell o' the Choral union afore, but it maun be something like the "whustlin' oyster," I'm thinkin'.

*Tam*—Eh, man, d'ye tell me that noo?

What the Greenock Folk are Saying.

THAT "our young member" fairly earned his first vote of confidence.

That he should try to be more forcible in his style of speaking.  
That his speech was discursive and in some points self-contradictory.

That the anti-Tory Bailie must surely have forgotten a certain political interview he had with the Baronet.

That it was a bold speech for him to make so soon after changing his coat.

That the Medico nearly put his foot in it by introducing "shop" into his remarks.

That the Episcopalians had a field day of it at the consecration of the new Saint John's.

That the ecclesiastical linen worn on the occasion stood greatly in need of a visit to the wash tub.

The Game the Directors Played—"Begg ar my neighbour."

## Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—They are playing Tom Taylor's "great moral drama"—shades of the late lamented "Artemus," at the Theatre Royal this week. The part of the *Lancashire Lad* is taken by Mr Richard Edgar, the son of Miss Marriot (Mrs Edgar).

As you may suppose, BAILIE, the preparations for the production of the "Royal" pantomime of "Puss in Boots" are almost complete. I may tell you that the spectacle will be of unusual magnificence, and that special attention has been paid to the musical arrangements.

When Mr Glover takes his benefit, on the Thursday of next week, the 12th inst., one of the features of the evening will be a representation of the famous old burlesque of "Bombastes Furioso," by the members of the Pen and Pencil Club. An accomplished tenor vocalist will also, I believe, make his first appearance in public on this occasion.

I was agreeably surprised by the acting of the Volunteer officers in the "School for Scandal." The prose of Sheridan is almost as difficult to speak as the blank verse of Shakespeare, and yet our friends, in nearly every instance, were not only "letter perfect," but their words came "trippingly from the tongue."

Two members of the corps, Captain Thomson and Lieutenant Niven, displayed marked excellence in the most difficult parts of the comedy—those of *Sir Peter Teazle* and *Charles Surface*, and I was agreeably surprised by the *Lady Teazle* of Miss Perira, which was a graceful and yet spirited performance.

Apropos, BAILIE, of the Volunteer Officers, what consumed laughter is being raised over the visit paid by a pair of unbidden strangers to a certain supper party in the Grand Hotel on the night of Saturday week. Talk of "Adelphi guests" after this little game!

There is a fashion in things theatrical. The many-headed public learns that "society" has taken up a certain piece, and straightway it flocks to every performance of the work. The question as to the value of the play as a play is never thought of. A case in point is supplied by the contrast between "Diplomacy" and "Olivia." The one piece is as dry and artificial as the other is natural and affecting. Mr Bernard, however, has produced both, and while his house was crammed to overflowing when "Diplomacy" was performed, the audiences at "Olivia" have been far from crowded ones.

The public who won't go to see "Olivia," are even more to be pitied than the actors who are acting in indifferent houses. It has seldom been my good fortune to assist at a more perfect performance. Both the piece, and the manner in which it is played, are equally excellent.

We all know what thorough artists Mr Calvert and Mr Wenman are, and I may inform those of your readers, BAILIE, to whom the name of Mr Herbert is unfamiliar, that he also is a cultivated and skilful actor. He was a member of the company at the London Prince of Wales Theatre, when the plays of the late Tom Robertson were originally placed on the stage.

Miss Florence Terry, the lady who plays the part of *Olivia*, is the youngest of four accomplished sisters. Though little more than a girl, and somewhat crude in her style of acting, she has, however, abundant mimetic power, and her feelings are quick and easily touched. I have rarely seen a truer or more affecting expression of pathos, than that displayed by Miss Terry in the more intense passages of "Olivia."

The utmost pains have been lavished on the piece, so that its artistic success may be secured. Arthur Sullivan has composed a trio in its behalf, and Marcus Stone has designed the dresses and superintended the "setting" of the different scenes.

At the close of the tour of the "Olivia" company, Mr Wenman goes to the London Court Theatre.

The grand Christmas pantomime of "Blue Beard" will be produced next week by Mr John Coleman at the Prince of Wales Theatre. It is the joint work of Mr J. F. M'Arde of Liverpool and Mr Coleman himself. I have had a glimpse of the transformation scene, which is new in design and exceedingly gorgeous in colour.

Mr Coleman has engaged a capital company for "Blue Beard." The leading part, that of the hero who gives a title to the extravaganza, will be played by no less a personage than Mr Stanislaus Calhaem, while his retainer, who rejoices in the peculiarly Scottish patrymotic of M'Shackaback, will be played by Mr T. W. Benson, an old Glasgow favourite who has of late developed into a low comedian of great skill.

The role of *Fairy Queen* has been assigned to Miss Elise Maisey, while Miss Blanche Reeves will play the part of *Fatima*, the wife of *Bluebeard*.

Our popular local reader, Mr W. S. Vallance, and Mrs Vallance, conducted a grand Scottish Festival in the Cheltenham Winter Garden on Saturday (St. Andrew's Day).

Mr A. Lindsay, an old Glasgow favourite, seems to have settled down in Hull. He is a popular member of Mr Wilson Barrett's company at the Theatre Royal there.

Mr Toole and his company begin a six night's engagement this evening at the "Grand Theatre" in Leeds.

I understand that Mr George Ewing has been commissioned by Mr Irving to execute a marble bust of Shakespeare for the hall of the London Lyceum. The work will probably be exhibited at the Royal Academy in May next. Q.

## THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY.

(Scene—St. Enoch Station).

*Excited English Traveller*—Porter, who is responsible here?

*Porter*—It a' depends. If you want to go to the refreshment rooms, a'm responsible; if you've lost ony luggage, the guard that went out w' the last train's responsible; if you've ony complaint tae make you had better write to Bridge Street and maybe Edinbro'.

At Kilmarnock last week two miners pleaded guilty to the charge of having stolen 42 lbs. of potatoes from a field, and were dismissed on the ground that the act was committed when they were out of work and hungry. The BAILIE has nothing to say against the magistrate's leniency; but, for the sake of the farmers, he hopes that there are not many of "the unemployed" with such terrible "swallows."

As a proof that "thieves and others who are in the habit of setting the laws at defiance have still some rough principles of honour among themselves," a contemporary relates how one gang of pickpockets the other day betrayed another gang to the police. Certain journalists notions of "honour" are, to say the least, peculiar.

DANGEROUS QUARTERS.—At the Anglo-Egyptian Bank meeting last week the chairman observed that the bank's office at Larnaka "was very secure, being next door to the police station." Unless the Cypriote be a decided improvement upon the British bobby, the BAILIE doesn't think much of this as a guarantee of safety. "Rather t'other!"

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the disclosures of the Bankruptcy Court have been more than astounding.

That the reckless management of the City Bank has never been equalled in the history of speculative financing.

That all the money entrusted to the Bank by depositors was placed at the mercy of one Leviathan speculator.

That some people made "Hay" while the sun shone.

That we want to know what the Leith firm did with the money they received.

That the recent revelations don't improve the prospects of Messrs Stronach & Co.

That it behoves the liquidators to keep a sharp look-out on the shareholders.

That more than one shareholder is making it safe for himself against the "23rd."

That it may turn out that the creditors of the Bank have trusted too much to the "noble sentiments" expressed at the shareholders' meeting in the City Hall.

That "fine words butter no parsnips."

That the shareholders have themselves to blame if the sympathy of the public is beginning to dry up.

That it seems the charge of cruelty made against the Inspector of the Govan Parish is quite unfounded.

That some representatives can roar like lions at the Town Council, and can breathe gently as sucking doves at a Parochial Board meeting.

That if the suffering poor must be buffeted about from pillar to post before they can be relieved, there is surely something wrong with either the Poor Law or its administration.

That the sooner this is altered the better.

That Dr Russell deserves the thanks of the community for his courage in giving publicity to the case of Mrs M'Allister.

That the Alexandra Pond may well exclaim "Save me from my friends."

That "oor Jeems" has damaged the prosperity of his pet hobby.

That Donald Munro has not got quite the wrong end of the stick *this* time.

That he received scant justice at last week's Maternity Hospital meeting.

That the crusade against the Sunday cars has begun.

That the crusaders have their work cut out for them.

That the number of unemployed are on the increase.

That Councillor Jackson's scheme for the relief is a brilliant one.

That a goodly portion of the unemployed might be employed in carrying it out.

That the North British Railway shareholders are in a quandary.

That the proposed action against the Company has frightened everybody.

That Bailie Moir imagines that a superior education makes superior swindlers.

That whatever the superior education now in vogue may do for the rising generation, it is at least serving to line the pockets of the dominies.

That it is better to be a Glasgow Board school-master than a Glasgow College professor.

That at least one of the dominies "under the Board" has over £700 a-year.

That the hard-wrought men in the Board schools are the "assistants."

That high pay and little work is the happy lot of head dominies now-a-days.

FURTHER AFGHAN COMPLICATIONS.

*City Gentleman* (earnestly gazing on *Citizen* contents' bill on pavement)—why, they've captured Ali Musjid!

*Lady* (looking on and deeply interested)—oh! have they caught him *Him!*

Professor Blackie's Medicine for the Rising Generation of Highlanders—Gallic acid.

Anchorites—Admiral Hornby & Co.

The Dizzy Cabinet in Council—The Jingo ring.

"Rifle" Practice—Looting toddy ladles, as effected by two Airdrie volunteers the other day.

A Burning Question—In London Wallsend is the best coal, in Glasgow, Walls' end and aim the cheapest!

Somebody at Gilmorehill has lost a "peculiar" cat. Perhaps some of the gay and peculiar dogs that infest the locality may know something about it.

It appears that poor Mr Fleming was anxious to stop business when he found that he "owed £1,500,000 more than he could pay," but that he was "prevented by the Glasgow Bank." Innocent Fleming! Wicked Bank!

Why, asks Peter, is the City of Glasgow Bank like a clock run down? Because, he replies, it must be wound up before the shareholders can "tell their time o' day."

Bankruptcy a la Mode.

THE examination of the affairs of the insolvent firm of Symple, Symon, & Co. took place last Wednesday in the Sheriff's chambers.

Mr Symon, the senior partner of the firm, deponed—Our firm was established in 1860, and was largely engaged in the African trade. We exported pocket knives, rum, glass beads, temperance tracts, and assorted missionaries by the shipload, and swapped them with the niggers for ivory, palm oil, and gold dust. The business was highly profitable, and for the first ten years I couldn't spend my income fast enough. We kept no regular books, but made jottings in a Murray's diary, and on the fly-leaves of old letters. Our first transaction with the now insolvent firm of Jeremy, Diddler, & Co. occurred in 1870. It consisted of a loan of half-a-crown to Mr Jeremy, to tide him over a temporary embarrassment. Next day he called at our office, and requested an advance of £20,000, to enable him to purchase the good-will of an ivory plantation in Timbuctoo. I had not so much ready money at hand, but on inquiry it transpired that my office boy's mother was engaged by the City Bank to sweep out one of their branch offices in the mornings. I accordingly had an interview with the office boy's mother and the manager of the City Bank, and obtained the necessary advance. I took no acknowledgment from Mr Jeremy of the amount, but made a jotting of it somewhere in the Murray's diary. Unfortunately that season proved an unprecedentedly wet one in Timbuctoo, and consequently the ivory crop turned out almost a total failure. Mr Jeremy was thus compelled to get further advances to carry on the business. Every other day he came along and said whether it was ten or twenty thousand that he required. On each occasion the office boy's mother spoke to the City Bank people, and got the money for us. These advances were not made to Mr Jeremy, or to myself, but always to the office boy's mother. I presume she gave the Bank substantial securities for the various amounts, but I have no definite information on that point. I made no commission or profit of any kind on these enormous transactions. I did it in the first instance to oblige Mr Jeremy; also, of course, to a certain extent, out of deference to the feelings of the office boy and his mother. Ultimately, when the advances grew to nearly half a million, Mr Jeremy got nervous, and wanted to stop. So did I, and in a less degree so did the office boy. The office boy's

mother, however, pointed out that if we did, she would infallibly lose her situation; and, to avert that catastrophe, we struggled on for another year or two. In spite of all our efforts, the ivory plantation was never very successful. The climate of Timbuctoo appears to be too variable for the proper cultivation of the plant.

When the City Bank came to grief in October, and the office boy's mother's occupation was hopelessly gone, we had no further inducement to continue business. We therefore succumbed without more ado. I attribute our failure solely to the collapse of the City Bank. Had that noble institution been in a position to continue to supply us with the necessary funds, we would have been perfectly solvent to-day.

The statutory oath was then administered, and the bankrupt was discharged.

“MUSIC HATH CHARMS, &C.”

*Musical Amateur* (to “Young Glasgow”)—Fine concert to-night. Ever heard the “Tannhauser” overture?

*Young Glasgow*—Eh! Well-I-I, I don't know exactly. What's the tune of it?

INNES WRIGHT & CO.

Why poor Mr Wright for stealing indict?  
Whatever he did he was still *in his right*,  
And his partner, poor Scott, to convict whom 'tis sought,  
He must come off Scott free until *William's caught*

STARTLING.—The BAILIE was shocked the other day to come across a paragraph headed “Finding of a Presbytery overturned by a Sheriff.” On reading the paragraph, he was relieved to find that it did not relate to the discovery of a Presbytery which had been knocked down by a limb of the law, but to the reversal of a decision. Sub-editors, though, should really be more careful.

Should this sort of thing be permitted? An advertisement in Friday's *Herald* runs thus:—“Hervarende Skandinaver anmodes velvilligst om at afgive”—but the BAILIE declines to give any more of such language. Granny ought to be ashamed of herself.

BULLY!—It appears that the news of the British successes in Afghanistan was received by the “bulls” of the Berlin Bourse with cheers for “Old England.” Must have been John Bulls, these—eh?

A Safe Share—The ploughshare.

Smokers.—Try Wallach Smoking Mixture, 6d per ounce Only to be had from D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram Street

Quavers.

THE tone of the Choral Union is notably rich and full this session, but we must wait probably till the Judas Maccabæus is given before we can hear the voices to the best advantage. The choral work of Thursday last was comparatively light, and to a certain extent the concert could hardly be considered a satisfying one, considered as a Union night. Still there were some fine displays of the old "full-voiced" character as in "Hear my Prayer" and in the Engedi Hallelujah.

We have heard Mrs Smith in rather better voice than on Thursday night, but that lady is nevertheless entitled to the highest praise for her intelligent and artistic assumption of the beautiful soprano solo part in Mr Lambeth's cantata, all the more that the music was undertaken on exceedingly short notice. With a distinct recollection of other soloists in the part, it appeared to us that Mrs Smith made much more of it than they did, and probably the music gained rather than lost by the present substitution.

There was the usual full attendance at last Saturday's popular concert, and altogether an excellent programme was submitted. Macfarren's Chevy Chase overture, one of his most natural pieces of instrumental work, the beautiful "King Manfred" Entracte music (encored), the March movement from Raff's Leonore Symphony, the Overture to Tannhauser, and that to Fra Diavolo (sparklingly played), were among the principal items. A scherzo by Mr A. C. Mackenzie was also played by the Orchestra and conducted by the composer. It is very clever, but just a degree lengthy. Mr Hughes' ophcleide solos were very enjoyable.

Signor Giorgio Valcheri created a most marked impression by his singing at this concert of one air from Dinorah and another from La Favorita—that being clearly the school in which for a little yet Signor Valcheri will please most. His notes in the upper register are, without exaggeration, very lovely. Hatton's "To Anthea" was taken rather quickly we thought, but otherwise it was sung with fine expression.

At to-night's (Tuesday) Orchestral Concert are to be played, chiefly, Sterndale Bennett's overture "The Naiads," Brahms' new symphony in D (his second), the introduction to Loreley by Max Bruchs, and the overture to Wm. Tell. Mr Barnett, our able principal violin, is to play an air and gavotte from Sebastian Bach, accompanied (on the piano) by Herr Tausch. The favourite gavotte from Mignon is also in the programme. Vocal intermezzis are to be supplied by Mr Lambeth's Choir, who will sing "Break, break" (Lambeth), "Robin Goodfellow" (Macfarren), "Drops of Rain" (Lemmens), and Smart's "Waken lords and ladies gay." We learn, by the way, that the choir had a very successful concert at Dumfries on Saturday afternoon last.

The humourist night of the season occurs next Saturday (7th inst.) when, among other numbers of that cast are to be played, "The Dance of Clowns" from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, and Herr Tausch's drum concerto, also the Andante from Haydn's Surprise Symphony, and, tapering off a little further from the comic, the Overture to William Tell—this latter as a variety, in fact. There ought to be a large attendance as the music, though humorous for the most part, will not necessarily be trivial.

With real respect for the criticisms on these concerts generally, in the *Daily Mail*, might their expressions of opinion not be, we may ask, a little less conscientious and a little more generous? Is the usual hard severity of the remarks, granting occasional (but inevitable) shortcomings, not calculated to do more harm than good to the cause of music in Glasgow? Again, may not those gentlemen who have striven and spent so much for the elevation of our musical taste become discouraged by all his adverse criticism, or say hyper-criticism, in which the *Herald* joins, by the way, in its own rather rough-and-ready fashion? It is a great pity at any rate to have all this to fight against.

The Glasgow Select Choir were singing at Paisley on Monday of this week. They appear at Wishaw on Thursday and at Rothesay on Saturday. At the latter town the Marquis of Bute and party, also Mr A. B. Stewart and other county gentlemen

are expected to be present. Up till Friday 6th inst., the choir, we are informed, will have sung at twenty concerts. In the hands of Mr Archer they are evidently prospering well. On Thursday the 26th inst., they appear in the Queen's Rooms Glasgow, with a programme of Christmas carols, and, in especial, Macfarren's Christmas cantata, never yet performed here, at least publicly. Sir Julius Benedict, we learn, is writing two carols for this concert.

The St. George's Choral Union will give a concert on Thursday night in the New Halls. They perform Haydn's "Seasons" in its entirety, with Miss Emma Beasley, Mr Henry Guy, and Signor Valcheri for the solos—the orchestra under Mr Burnett for the accompaniments. From what we hear it will be a first-rate performance all through, and no doubt there will be a good and encouraging attendance.

The St. George's Select Choir are engaged to sing at Alexandria on the 11th inst., and at Kilmarnock in connection with the Burns' Club, on the anniversary of the poet's birth, next month.

Signor Valcheri made his *debut* last (Monday) night on the boards of Her Majesty's Theatre under the auspices of Mr Mapleson. He sustained the part of the *Count de Luna* in the "Trovatore."

When the Mapleson Italian Opera Company appear at the Theatre Royal in March, M. Bizet's new opera of "Carmen" will probably be produced with Madame Trebelli in the title part, and Signor Valcheri in that of *Escamillo*. The company will be under the direction of Mr Armit, Mr Mapleson's son-in-law.

To "Abstainers."

AT a recent teetotal meeting the chairman "pleaded with abstainers to do all they could on behalf of those who had been reduced to poverty by the failure of the City Bank, although they (the abstainers) had not so large a share as the general community in bringing about such crises." While the BAILIE declines to endorse the cool assumption that "abstainers" are necessarily more virtuous and prudent than their neighbours, he has no doubt whatever that this "appeal" was quite called for. Your average "abstainer" is usually disposed to abstain from acts of charity as well as from other luxuries.

MAKING IT PLAIN.—A Govan Commissioner asked for a definition of the word "proper," and was referred to Johnson's Dictionary. In case the gentleman's researches should prove unsatisfactory, and in order to bring the matter home to him, may the BAILIE suggest that "proper" means anything exactly the reverse of the management of the local poorhouse?

Some Newhaven sprat-fishers caught a seal the other day. This is understood to be the nearest approach extant to a realisation of the saying about throwing a sprat to catch a whale.

The "Chance Siller" of the Exchequer—Occasional conscience money.

FIRST GREAT SHOW OF THE SEASON OF PARIS COSTUMES,  
ROBES DE CHAMBRES, MILLINERY, &c., AT

# THE CALEDONIAN HOUSE,

165 AND 167 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

MR COPLAND'S RETURN FROM PARIS.

**M**ESSRS COPLAND & LYE have much pleasure in announcing to the Citizens of Glasgow and the West of Scotland THEIR FIRST GREAT SHOW of the SEASON of High-Class Costumes, Gorgeous Robes de Chambres, Splendid Dressing Gowns and Morning Toilettes, High-Class Millinery, Splendid Flowers, Feathers, Head-Dresses, Juvenile Costumes, Jackets in Cloth, Silk, Satin, Cashmere, and Fur. Also, Fur-Lined Jackets and Cloaks, Seal-Skin Jackets, Fur Capes, Collarettes, Fur Jackets, Boas, Fur Trimming, Seal-Skin Turbans and Hats, Grand Collection of French Dress Materials, Rich Silks, Satins, and Velvets. Also, Ribbons of the Newest and Choicest kinds, Rare and Valuable Laces, the Finest and Best Makes of French and Brussels Kid Gloves, Mitts, &c., &c. Every Department is filled with the Choicest of Goods, yet the Prices are strikingly Moderate, for, notwithstanding the *Extraordinary Influx of Visitors in Paris this Summer*, Manufacturers, Costumiers, Modistes, and Artistes, have been, and are, much disappointed with the results. Extraordinary preparations were made, and the most sanguine expectations were indulged in, yet doomed to disappointment, hence Large Stocks of the Most Valuable of Costumes, Robes, and High-Class French Productions are thrown into the market for realisation. Mr COPLAND was happy in his selection of Rare and Beautiful Costumes, the surpassing beauty of which exhausts the vocabulary of ecstatic admiration.

Free invitation is given to the Ladies of Glasgow to this OUR FIRST GREAT SHOW. At the same time Ladies will have an opportunity of seeing THE FINEST WAREHOUSE EXTANT. Also, the HANDSOMEST SALOON in the World for the Display and Exhibition of Costumes, Jackets, Millinery, &c., &c.

Ladies are invited to walk through the Caledonian House daily, as Novelties and Special Bargains are being continually laid out.

C O P L A N D & L Y E,  
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**OVERCOATS**  
**GREATCOATS & ULSTERS**  
(IMMENSE VARIETY)  
**FORSYTH'S**  
**5 & 7 RENFIELD ST.**

**GREAT**  
**REALISING SALE,**  
**GENUINE REDUCTIONS,**  
**W. C. THOMSON,**  
**UNION STREET.**

100,000.—See Back Page.

**D** HAIR CUT AND SHAMPOED. **6<sup>D</sup>**  
M'LEAN, 96 MITCHELL STREET.

**TODD'S**  
**QUININE WINE**

**F**OR INDIGESTION, FLATULENCY,  
NERVOUSNESS, &c.

Stands pre-eminent for Purity and Strength

and is recommended by the Faculty.

Sold by Chemists and Wine Merchants.

**SOLD EVERYWHERE,**  
**HENRY THOMSON & CO'S**  
**OLD**  
**IRISH WHISKY.**

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—  
ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

**4<sup>D</sup>** HAIR-CUTTING, AND SINGING. **3**  
JOHN BROWN, 8 GLASSFORD STREET.

**DAVISON'S**  
**CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE**  
**GINGER BEER.**

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND;" WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC.  
As supplied to the Western, Junior News, and other Clubs.

**THOMAS DAVISON,**  
DISPENSING CHEMIST,  
126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

# THE BAILIE.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 4th, 1878.

THE public interest in the affairs of the City of Glasgow Bank is rapidly dying out. It has existed for fully two months, and for one of these, at least, it remained at something like fever point. Now, however, that the ins and outs of the question are fully known, that the investigators have made their report and the liquidators their call, people are beginning to get tired of the whole matter. A large measure of this indifference is due to the position taken up by certain of the shareholders and their friends. The utmost sympathy was exhibited at first towards the unfortunate proprietors of City Bank stock. Every-one was anxious to assist them, and, as a matter of fact, the sum subscribed in their behalf has been unprecedentedly large. But all this, it seems, will not satisfy our friends. Their idea is that they ought to be re-couped, for a large portion, at least, both of their actual and their prospective losses. Munificent as the amount is that has been raised in their aid, they urge that it ought to be increased ten-fold. And this is not the only demand. They claim, in addition, that the creditors should abate one-fourth of their principal, threatening, unless the abatement be made, to throw themselves into bankruptcy, so that their estates, when realised, will pay even less than 15s per £ to the Bank depositors. The feeling of the BAILIE with regard to all this is one of utter amazement. He is fairly staggered by the mingled folly and wickedness of people who can indulge in such unprecedented demands. They seem to forget that they are, each one of them, directly responsible for the shortcomings of the Bank. Their case is sad—unutterably sad—but why will they aggravate their sufferings by declining to face it like honourable men? Much has already been done in their behalf. More may yet be done if they return to the modest and manly position they assumed while the failure was yet new. If, however, they continue to maintain their present defiant attitude, they will not only rob themselves of all sympathy from the outside world, but they may succeed in procuring a reversal of last week's decision in the Court of Session, and find themselves, before they are aware, groaning under the misery

consequent on a judicial winding-up of the affairs of the Bank.

## Between Two Stools.

IT seems that the new St. Rollox Police Court—the cells in connection with which Mr William Wilson kindly certifies to be “of a comfortable description”—is closed, with the result of great public and official inconvenience; and all through some paitry dispute with the Stipendiary about a cab-fare. Mr Gemmel thinks he should drive to his court in the morning—the corporation think he should walk; and, as usual, between the official stools the citizens come to the ground. The weighty question has been “remitted to the Magistrates' Committee.” It is to be hoped that, for the sake of municipal credit as well as of public convenience, it will be speedily and satisfactorily decided.

## Exclusiveness.

WHAT “ails” Bailie Ure “at” Jeems? Mr Martin having stated, at last week's meeting of the Police Committee, that he was in the habit of using the North-eastern Baths, the Bailie expressed a fear that “Mr Martin had not done much good to the bathing-pond of which he spoke,” adding that if he (Mr Ure) “had had a disposition to take a plunge in that pond, it was entirely gone after the remarks of Mr Martin.” And all because Mr Martin had been there before him! Come, come, Bailie! isn't this going a *leetle* too far?

“WALLACE WIGHT!”—The redoubtable Wallace, of Govan Parochial Board celebrity, has once more distinguished himself by refusing admission to a dying woman, furnished with an official medical certificate. It is interesting to note that Mr Wallace's refusal is couched in terms which prove him to be as superior to the trammels of grammar as he has long been to most others.

THE INTELLIGENT BURGLAR.—Your Paisley burglar apparently possesses an intellectual bias. Within the last few days he has broken into no fewer than three schools. We are not informed what appliances of learning took his fancy—whether globes, maps, slates, or the like—but all must sympathise with the poor fellow's evident desire to remedy his educational defects.

Dunn Brown—The Leith flour-merchant.

## Queries.

WHY have cabs and 'busses to be driven by responsible men, while vans of all sorts are allowed to be driven by brats of boys who seem to take a delight in rushing frantically through the streets, running down women and children, paralysing nervous people, and striking terror into everybody?

Why are the best of cattle provided for the fire engines while the pipe carriage has to trust to any old coalman who has a horse handy? rendering our whole brigade ridiculous in the eyes of strangers; one horse more would be neither here nor there, and it would complete the affair.

When are we to have a commodious waiting-room erected at Bridge Wharf? How long will it be said that the cattle coming out of the Dublin boat have a better shed to stand in than the ratepayers waiting for the Dunoon boat?

Why is the eagle—Bailie M'Bean's eagle—in the West-end Park not allowed to fly away to its native hills, decently protected from the winter storms with a comfortable cage, or at once killed and stuffed for the Museum?

Why is the repairing and re-causing of busy streets like Jamaica Street not done during the night, so as to prevent the serious blocking of the traffic.

Why are ugly, ponderous steam engines allowed to travel during the day and frighten horses?

“AS L'KE AS TWO PEAS.”

(Scene—Music seller's window.)

1st Stable Lad—I say, Bill, 'ere's a go! Galop by Frederick Archer. Well, I allus know'd Fred. was a crack jock, but I never know'd as he could compose music.

2nd Stable Lad—Lor! 'e must be a smart kiddy.

1st Lad—Jist like them publishers, too, with their French lingo. Wy couldn't they call it gallop at once? That's more like Fred.'s real line o' biz.

An astronomical wag says that the moon must be increasing her distance from our planet. 'Cos why? “Sir Wilfred Lawson does not intend to re-introduce the Permissive Bill.” Let's hope the lucid phase may induce him to discontinue the making of “jokes.”

100,000.—See Back Page.

## A Quotation.

TRUE bibliophile that he is, the BAILIE does not overlook the older or lesser literary lights for the newer or greater. The other day one of them gave him the couplet—

“Through life's dark road his sordid way he wends,  
An incarnation of fat dividends,”

which might be pinned to the tails of not a few of our citizens (“out” as well as “in”) whose doings have rendered them lately more prominent than eminent.

## Round the Ring.

I KNEW SOME fellows *knew some* more  
I That *knew some* other one, sir,  
That *knew some* place (he'd been before),  
A jolly place for fun, sir.

He *knew some* riders *knew some* tricks,  
He *knew some* ambling dears,  
He *knew some* clowns—rare jolly bricks—  
Companions of a *Meers*.

*Knew some* of Wallet's creamy jokes  
(He'd burst a very quaker),  
He tickles up the soberest folks  
Our dear old merry-maker.

Our Wallet's fame for ever lies  
Enshrined in Glasgow's bosom;  
Though broken are some dear old ties,  
His visit will re-*New some*.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE.—Granny's irrepresible yachtsman has been “doing” Loch Larne, and is, of course, “taken very bad” in the descriptive line. Here is one of his gems, *apropos* of the appearance of “the Maidens”:—“Keeping the same distance and the same place suggest suspicion, and betimes the lighted lanterns tell.” This is, no doubt, something very grand, but really, for the sake of commonplace mortals, “Spinnaker” should annotate his articles.

RATHER WILD JUSTICE.—Our Stipendiary seems determined to rival his “citizen” colleagues in the matter of “playing fantastic tricks.” Last week he convicted one man of an offence to which another had owned, and that without taking any notice of the peculiar circumstance! It would appear that revenge is not the only “wild justice.”

A SUGGESTION.—The ingenious Yankee who recently suggested the utilisation of Niagara as a motive power, has been outdone by a still more daring countryman, who suggests that the tides of the sea should be used for the same purpose. *Apropos*: Could no one devise some means of similarly utilising the stench of the Clyde? It's strong enough, goodness knows!

“Races of Men.”—Pedestrian matches.



Megilp.

THE sixth exhibition of the Glasgow Art Club is now open, in Mr Annan's Galleries, Sauchiehall Street, and the members may be fairly and honestly congratulated on the progress they have, as a body, made during the past year. The exhibition taken as a whole is exceedingly good, and shows that the artists who contribute to it are working in the right direction. Of course, they have not all succeeded in giving an equally forcible and vivid embodiment to their conceptions, but the tone of the exhibition is healthy and the pictures in nearly every case, where they are not in themselves thoroughly satisfactory, give good promise for the future. The progress of the Art Club marks the progress of Art in Glasgow; the members must bear this in mind, and, recognising their responsibility, be satisfied with no present success. They must keep working and thinking; earnest study, devotion to culture, patient labour will bring their sure results, widening their sympathies and ennobling their work, giving deeper insight to their vision, and ever increasing vigour and power—the power of knowledge—to their execution.

The road to true greatness in art is a rough one to travel, and only those members of the Club who recognise this, and give themselves up to meet the difficulties, who faithfully cultivate their artistic capabilities, and make of every failure and of every success only a stepping-stone to something higher, will not stumble and fall as they struggle on. There are varying degrees of artistic power in the Club, and perhaps the greatest among the members are those who recognise how much they have yet to learn.

"Sending-in day" was last Monday; the pictures were hung on Tuesday and Wednesday; Thursday was "touching-up," Friday was press view, and Saturday private view day. Quick work and an example worthy of imitation by other Exhibition Committees!

"From Ailsa Craig," by Mr Joseph Henderson, is a strong, well wrought out picture. A similar subject—a man laden with dead sea-birds—has, I may mention, furnished the motive for another large canvas which Mr Henderson has just about finished, and which will, I believe, be sent next year to the Royal Academy. It is an admirable picture, full of light, and with the sea painted with a truth and vigour which Mr Henderson has never surpassed.

"A Foretaste of Winter," by Mr Duncan M'Laurin, deserves high praise. The animals are most truthfully drawn, and their expression full of dumb eloquence—a mingled patience and impatience, resignation and expectation—is rendered with great skill. The snow, too, is well painted, and the feeling of the picture is in thorough keeping with the subject.

Mr R. C. Crawford's "Puir Wean" shows the advance this artist is steadily and rapidly making. He has clothed his subject—which some superfine critics may consider not altogether an attractive one—in all the power of truth and reality. We see the "Puir Wean" as she actually is, in her dirt and rags: the work is done with judgment and sympathy, and as a result, the picture appeals to our best feelings. The drawing is excellent and the execution easy and unaffected. The expression in the child's face and her attitude are most happily caught.

"The Narrows, Loch Ard," by Mr William Young, is an excellent landscape, full of good colour and conscientious work. The painting of the water and the hillside merit especial notice.

Mr A. K. Brown's "Farm House in Lincolnshire" is a nice bit of quiet colour and clever arrangement. The poplars show capitally against the sky. Stronger in colour and poetical feeling is a Scotch scene by the same artist "The Road to the Tank." This is a well-painted, effective picture. R.

Clayed Up—The Potter in the prison.

A Bank Depositor—The tide.

FERGUSON'S CELEBRATED "EDINBURGH ROCK."—Agent, JAMES M'MILLAN, Confectioner, 181 Eglinton Street, near Cumberland Street,

Something Like a Word-Picture.

WHO says we do not find literary power in "Letters to the Editor?" The BAILIE confesses that he has hitherto treated these lucubrations somewhat lightly, but he will be more respectful in future. Here is a bit of word-painting, supposed to be descriptive of one of the patrons of "the unemployed":—"A tall, gaunt, sallow-complexioned individual, of a rather repulsive appearance, dressed in a suit of seedy black and slouched hat, he might be 5 feet ten inches high, with a broad chest and dark white face, very flat, and rather sunk in the centre, with a bold, defiant air, and in rather insolent tones, but with the words of solicitation." There! Were his Worship asked if Dickens, for instance, or, say, Victor Hugo, ever wrote anything like that, he could confidently answer, "Never!"

OH! MY AUNTY.

Tom—I say, aunty, you're very soft. How is it you don't get angry when Bob asks silly cross questions?

Aunt—Because a soft aunt, sir, turneth away wrath!

THE ROOKED-OUT SHAREHOLDER.

I have known

The luscious sweets of plenty; every night  
Have slept with soft content about my head  
And never wak'd but to a joyful morning:  
Yet now must fall; like a full ear of corn,

Whose blossom 'scaped, yet's withered in the ripening.  
—Jaffier, in "Venice Preserved."

A FARTHING FOR YOUR THOUGHTS.—Mr Ruskin has had to pay for his whistle. But the BAILIE would be only too happy to supply him with a few farthings if he would favour with his criticism some other of the school of "symphonies," "arrangements," and "nocturnes."

AT IT AGAIN.—Mr Edward Jenkins has been at it again. At Dundee, the other day, he declared that the partition of Poland "had been a blessing to Europe," and likened the Cabinet to the directors of the City of Glasgow Bank! How proud Juteopolis ought to be of its "Baby!"

When is a man who repairs grates like a City Bank liquidator? Why, when he attends to "the rectification of the register," to be sure.

A daily paper commenting on a recent football match announces that the palm was borne off by a *scratch* team. An *itching* palm, of course,

## The "B. W."

HERE is a further illustration of a trait in the character of the noble British workman which was given some prominence during a recent trial in a local police-court. A North Woolwich wire-drawer was charged with failing to support his wife and children, when it appeared that, though he was "on strike," he had been drawing £1 a week "strike-pay" for nearly two years. It was also proved that if he chose to work as a labourer he could earn 22s a week, and when the magistrate asked why he did not do so, he asked in the utmost astonishment, "What! work for 22s a week when I could get 20s for doing nothing!" Clearly a model specimen of the bone and sinew, this!

What is the difference between a bank safe and a safe bank?—The one may be a "Milner," but the other must be a millionaire.

## THEATRE ROYAL.

MR RICHARD EDGAR'S LONDON COMPANY.

THIS EVENING AT 7-30.

THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN.

Robert Brierly ..... Mr RICHARD EDGAR.  
Box Office Open from 11 to 3.

## THE GAIETY.

Proprietor and Manager..... Mr CHARLES BERNARD.

Last Week of

Mr W. G. WILLS'S New Play,

"OLIVIA,"

represented by

MR CHARLES CALVERT and a Company specially selected.  
Prices from 6d to 5s. Box Office open from 10 till 4.

## PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.

NOTICE.—The Whole of the PANTOMIME COMPANY having ARRIVED from ENGLAND, the

THEATRE IS CLOSED

for Daily and Nightly Rehearsals of the Pantomime  
BLUE BEARD.

Due Notice will be given of its First Representation.

## GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.

THIRD ORCHESTRAL CONCERT,  
NEW PUBLIC HALLS,  
TO-NIGHT, 3<sup>D</sup> DECEMBER 1878.

SOLO VIOLIN..... Mr ALFRED BURNETT.  
At the Pianoforte—HERR JULIUS TAUSCH.

VOCAL INTERMEZZI BY

MR H. A. LAMBETH'S CHOIR,  
(Who have kindly given their Services).

Tickets — 7s 6d, 4s, 2s — from Messrs Swan & Co., 49 Buchanan Street.

Admission, One Shilling.  
Doors Open at Seven. Concert at Eight.

## ST. GEORGE'S CHORAL UNION.

GRAND CONCERT,  
HAYDN'S "SEASONS,"  
NEW PUBLIC HALLS,  
THURSDAY, 5<sup>TH</sup> DECEMBER, 1878.

PRINCIPALS—

MISS EMMA BEASLEY.

MR HENRY GUY.

SIGNOR GEORGIO VALCHERI.

ORCHESTRA OF 60 PERFORMERS.

ADMISSION—7s, 5s, 3s, 2s, and 1s.

Tickets may be had at Messrs J. Muir Wood and Co.'s,  
42 Buchanan Street.

Doors Open at 7; Concert at 8 p.m.

## ST. GEORGE'S CHORAL UNION.

NEW HALLS,

THURSDAY NIGHT,

HAYDN'S "SEASONS."

MISS EMMA BEASLEY,

New Soprano;

One of the most promising London artistes, pupil of Randegger's,  
and Student of the Royal Academy, as *Fane*.

MR HENRY GUY,

As *Lucas*.

VALCHERI,

As *Simon*.

FULL ORCHESTRAL ACCOMPANIMENTS

BY THE RESIDENT ORCHESTRA.

HAYDN'S "SEASONS,"

NEW HALLS,

THURSDAY AT 8 P.M.

## NEWSOMES

GRAND CIRCUS,  
INGRAM STREET, GLASGOW,

Open Every Evening at 7, Commencing at 7-30.

Another Attractive Change in the Equestrian Representations,

RE-ENGAGEMENT OF

W. F. WALLETT,

THE QUEEN'S JESTER,

For 4 nights only, to-night and following evenings, concluding Saturday, December 7.

FAREWELL APPEARANCE IN GLASGOW.

DAY PERFORMANCE, SATURDAY,

The Veteran W. F. WALLETT will appear.

Doors open at 2-30, commencing at 3.

Sole Proprietor ..... Mr J. NEWSOME.

## THEATRE ROYAL.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12.  
BENEFIT OF MR WILLIAM GLOVER.  
Box Plans now Ready.

## AERATED WATERS.

"The public do not, perhaps, generally know that there is as much difference between good and bad Aerated Waters as there is between good and bad Wine."—*Evening Times*, August 8th, 1878.

The above paragraph states a truism which is patent to all who know anything about the Aerated Water Trade. To the most of people a Bottle of Soda is a Bottle of Soda all the world over; but it is a fact that there is as much difference between a really good and an inferior Aerated Water as there is between a Port or Sherry of the finest brand and a Wine of the poorest class.

All our Manufactures are prepared at Belfast from the famous CROMAC WATER, which is peculiarly adapted for making Aerated Waters, and what we aim at is to produce an article of superior quality, not, as seems to be the case with the majority of Scotch manufacturers, how cheap we can offer an inferior article to the Trade. We recommend all our Waters as being of the finest possible quality; but what we pride ourselves in for an "All the Year Round" Beverage is our GINGER ALE, which we have no hesitation in saying is superior to all others.

### WHEELER & CO., CROMAC SPRINGS, BELFAST.

DEPOT FOR SCOTLAND:—  
147 STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW.

### CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 7TH DECEMBER.  
TWO HOURS' AMUSEMENT

With the Celebrated

JOHN JOLLY NASH, AND PARTY,  
In Entertainment entitled—

"BE MERRY AND WISE!"

Full of Amusing and Characteristic Sketches, and the Funniest of Funny Songs; brimful of Wit, Humour, and Absurdity.

Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats on Side Galleries, 2s.

Doors Open at 7 o'clock; Organ Performance at 7-30 o'clock.  
JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

### BUTTER.

WE are now Receiving our Regular Supplies of FINEST MILD CURED BUTTER for Table use during Winter, in Kits of 36lbs and 70lbs each.

JOHN WALKER & CO.,  
FAMILY GROCERS, WINE MERCHANTS, AND ITALIAN  
WAREHOUSEMEN,  
42 WEST NILE STREET.

### CITY OF GLASGOW BANK.

Just Published,  
COMPLETE LIST OF TRUSTEES,

Price 2d, by Post, 2½d,

Now Ready, Third Edition,

LIST OF SHAREHOLDERS,

PORTRAITS AND SKETCH OF DIRECTORS, &c. &c.,

Price, 3d; by Post, 3½d.

ADAM M'KIM, 102 Trongate, Glasgow;  
and Booksellers.

### HIGHLAND SCENERY.

Mr ALLAN MACDOUGALL will give Instructions in the Art.

Studio, 227 West George Street,

### ROYAL EXCHANGE. NEW MEMBERS (Town and Country) will NOW be ENROLLED for Year 1879, thus giving them benefit of present Month Gratis.

1st December, 1878.

#### GLASGOW ART CLUB

SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of PAINTINGS  
in OIL and WATER COLOUR, by Members of the Club,  
now on View in Messrs ANNAN'S Gallery, 153 Sauchiehall Street.  
DAILY, from 10 a.m. till 6 p.m.

TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY Evenings, from 6 till 9.

Admission Free. Catalogues 6d.

### GLASGOW AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the MEMBERS of this SOCIETY will be held in the Religious Institution Rooms, 172 Buchanan Street, Glasgow, upon Wednesday the 18th day of December, at Two o'clock p.m.

By order of the Directors,

MARK MARSHALL, Secretary.

145 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow, 29th November, 1878.

NOTE—In addition to the ordinary Business of the Meeting, the Directors' recommendation to alter the Bye-Laws, rendered necessary by the change in the Constitution of the Society, will be considered, and also, in Rule IX, that the word Treasurer be substituted for the word Secretary.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Tuesday, 3rd Decmber.  
IMPORTANT PUBLIC SALE OF

AN EXTENSIVE STOCK OF  
VALUABLE FURS,

LADIES' SEALSKIN DEEP PALETOT JACKETS  
and CLOAKS,

SABLE MUFFS, LADIES' FURS of every variety,  
GENT'S REAL SEALSKIN DRIVING CAPS and  
VESTS,

CARRIAGE RUGS, HEARTH RUGS, COACH  
WRAPPERS, MATS, &c.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell by

Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North Court, St. Vincent Place, To-day (Tuesday), 3rd December, at 12 o'clock, the above well-selected and assorted Stock.

Catalogues may be had on the morning of Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 2nd Dec., 1878.

#### FORTNIGHTLY ART SALE.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Friday, 6th December,  
PUBLIC SALE OF

MISCELLANEOUS PICTURES,

Principally by Modern Artists of the British School, including  
Specimens of

H. M'Culloch,  
Sam Bough,  
Naysmith,

Niemann,  
Leslie,  
Boddington,

Jack,  
Morris,  
M'Pherson, &c.

And a few WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS,  
(The Property of various Collectors).

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the

above, by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North Court, St. Vincent Place, on Friday, 6th December, at One o'clock.

On View, with Catalogues, on Morning of Sale.

Gentlemen wishing Pictures or Art Property included in above Sale will please send a list of their Lots to the Auctioneers at once, in order that they may be properly catalogued.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 2nd Dec., 1878.

ELOCUTION taught Privately and in Class  
by W. S. VALLANCE, 9 Cambridge Street. Shakespearian Class on Wednesday; Dramatic Class Friday Evening



GLASGOW, BOTHWELL, HAMILTON, AND  
COATBRIDGE RAILWAY.

THE NEW, POPULAR, AND DIRECT ROUTE.

IMPORTANT

TRAIN ALTERATIONS FOR DECEMBER, 1878.

- The 8-25 a m Train from Hamilton to College Station, Glasgow, will leave at 8-15 a m., and arrive at 8-45 a m.  
The 9-25 a m Train from Hamilton to College Station, Glasgow, will leave at 9-15 a m., and arrive at 9-45 a m.  
The 5-35 p m Train from Hamilton to College Station, Glasgow, will leave at 5-30 p m, and arrive at 6-5 p m.  
The 10-0 p m Train from Hamilton to College Station, Glasgow, will leave at 10-15 p m, and arrive at 10-50 p m.

OPENING OF

BROOMHOUSE and PEACOCK CROSS (Hamilton West)  
STATIONS.

These STATIONS were opened for Passenger and Parcels Traffic on 1st NOVEMBER, 1878.

WHIFFLET BRANCH.—BELLSHILL STATION.

The Public are hereby respectfully informed that the above-named Station is NOW OPEN for Goods, Mineral, and Parcels Traffic, and it will shortly be ready for Passenger Service.

For times of Trains see public Time-Tables.

R. J. BROWNE, General Manager.

General Manager's Office—45 Montrose Street,  
Glasgow, 15th November, 1878.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

A. GARDNER & SON

respectfully intimate having concluded a private arrangement with an Eminent Manufacturer of Looking-Glasses, *in need of Cash*, to dispose of his very Extensive stock, and that they will offer the same for Sale on the First Floor of their Warehouse, 36 JAMAICA STREET, TO-DAY and FOLLOWING DAYS, at nearly

HALF-PRICE.

This Stock has been arranged to be sold as follows:—

- LOOKING-GLASSES, Square Tops, 1s 11½d, 2s 11d, 4s 3d, 6s 9d, 8s 6d, and 10s 6d.  
LOOKING-GLASSES, Arched Tops, 10s 6d, 12s 6d, 13s 9d, 15s 6d, and 17s 6d.  
LOOKING-GLASSES, Oval and Greek, 8s 6d, 23s 6d, 29s 6d, 32s 6d, and 35s 6d.

And a Few Extra Large Sizes, usually sold at 84s, for 42s.

NOTE.—At the same time will be offered several BLACK and GOLD, WALNUT and GOLD, and GILT MIRRORS, Various Sizes, at fabulously Low Prices. Lot Hang-up KITCHEN or BATH-ROOM GLASSES, at 3½d !!!

A. GARDNER & SON,

CABINETMAKERS, UPHOLSTERERS,  
FURNITURE, CARPET, AND BEDDING  
WAREHOUSEMEN,  
36 JAMAICA STREET.

BROWN & LOWDEN,

AUCTIONEERS and VALUATORS,  
14 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.

SALES of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, &c., conducted at the Owner's Premises, on Moderate Terms.  
CASH ADVANCED.

ABERDEEN Granite Monuments from £5. Carriage Free. Inscriptions Accurate and Beautiful. Plans and Prices from J. W. LEGGE, Sculptor, Aberdeen.

Within the Fine Art Gallery, 14 Gordon Street, on Thursday, 12th December.

PUBLIC SALE OF

MODERN OIL PAINTINGS,  
By Scotch and English Artists.

BROWN & LOWDEN will Sell the above, by Auction, within their Fine Art Gallery, 14 Gordon Street, on Thursday, 12th December, at One o'clock.

N.B.—Those who wish to contribute to the above Sale are particularly requested to let us have the Titles of the Works Four Days and the Works Two Days prior to Sale.

Gordon Street Gallery, 30th Nov., 1878.

PERIODICAL SALE.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Wednesday and Thursday, 4th and 5th December.

INTERESTING AND POSITIVE SALE OF  
HIGH-CLASS SHEFFIELD ELECTRO-SILVER  
PLATE.

Finest African-Ivory Handled Table and Dessert Cutlery, Splendid Bronzes, Marble and Ormolu Clocks, &c.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. have been instructed by Messrs Griffiths, Proprietors of the Albion Plate Works, Sheffield, to Sell, by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North Court, St. Vincent Place, on Wednesday and Thursday, 4th and 5th December, at Twelve o'clock each Day, one of the finest Collections of the above, including—Magnificent Equestrian Groups, the celebrated Marli Horses (large size), noble Statuettes for Entrance Halls, valuable China Vases, painted in the most careful and artistic manner; Japanese and Egyptian Vases.

Valuable GILT, BRONZE, and MARBLE MANTEL-PIECE and HALL CLOCKS, with Vases and Candelabra *en suite*, of high-class workmanship and style.

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Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 2nd Dec., 1878.

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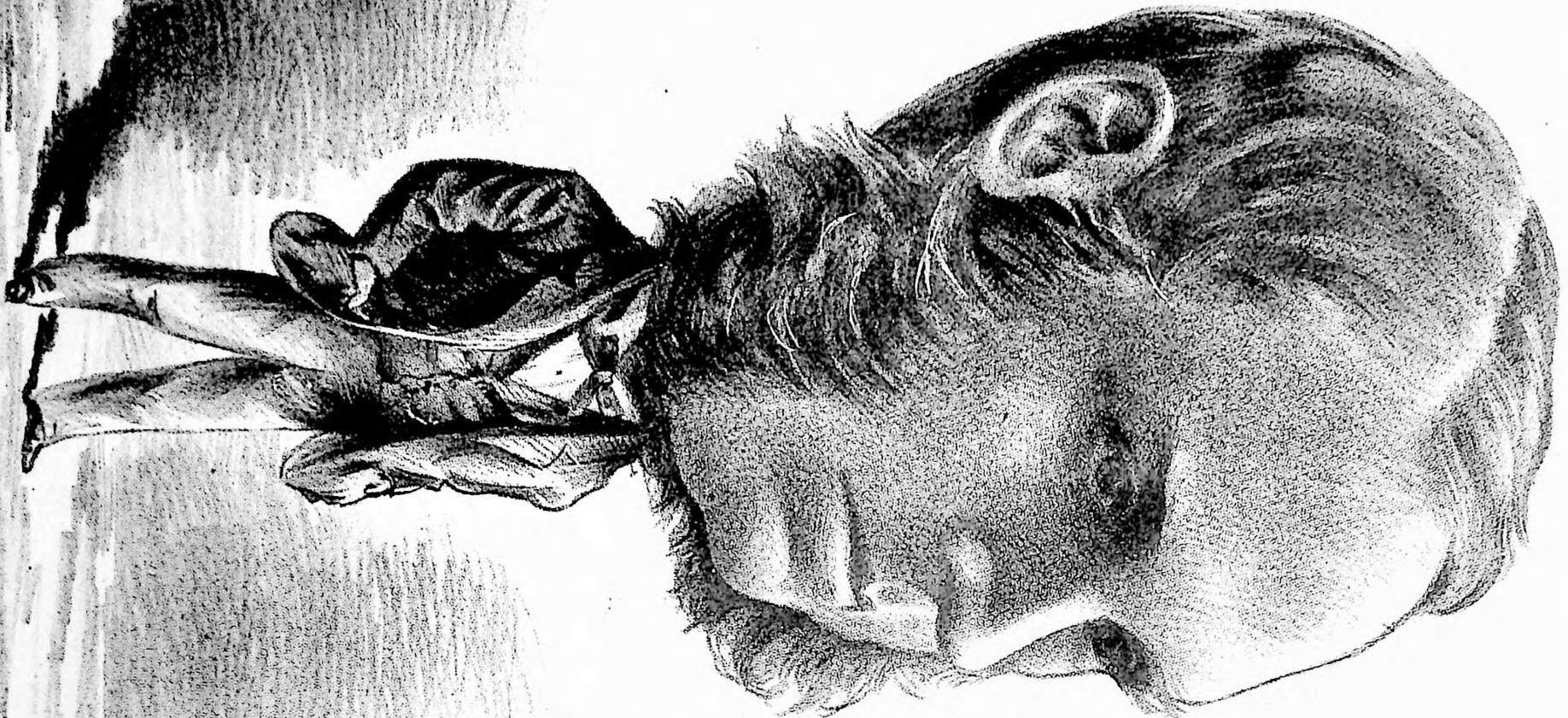
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# The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 321. Glasgow, Wednesday, December 11th, 1878. Price 1d

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 321.

WE are still in the thick of our commercial troubles. The bank smash, which took place ten weeks ago, is as fresh as ever. Shrewd people, indeed, are heard to declare that the worst of the disaster is yet to come. As there is no evil, however, quite unmixed with good, so the failure of the City Bank will not be entirely destitute of advantage to Glasgow. For one thing, the list of our piratical traders has been largely cut down by its means. Both the Leviathan houses and the smaller fry have been shown in their true colours. The air has been cleared, as it were, and a wholesomer feeling prevails in every department of business. Two or three weeks ago the BAILIE had something to say regarding James Morton, the Law of the City Bank bubble, and now he presents his readers with a portrait of THOMAS MATTHEW, the chief of Morton's employés. Pliant, good-natured, and feeble of purpose, MATTHEW was a valuable instrument in the hands of a stronger man than himself. His examination in bankruptcy the other day seemed to show that he was not wholly without good impulses. There is little selfishness in his character, and we have no evidence that he ever did wrong of his own accord. Never, however, in the history of finance, has such a story of mad recklessness been given to the world. Money was thrown away in a manner which is absolutely appalling. Morton filled his pockets at will from the coffers of the Bank with hundreds of thousands of pounds, and then squandered his spoil as madly as if he had chucked it all into the sea. The tie between Morton and his cat's-paw MATTHEW was the double one of business and relationship. In early life, MATTHEW, like Morton, tenanted a domicile on the South-side, in Apsley or Ab-

botsford Place, and being near neighbours they got acquainted with one another, and ultimately MATTHEW fell in love with the sister of his friend. At this time he was young and fresh-coloured, and the reputed owner of a small private income. His suit was successful, to the extinction of the hopes of an elder lover, the couple becoming, in due time, man and wife. The bridegroom, who was engaged in the grain trade, now endeavoured to increase his business. A partner was procured, one Thielmann by name, and a branch was opened in Leith. Indeed, the Leith house was for some time the more important of the two. Becoming entangled, however, with the now notorious firm of Messrs Hay & Son, Messrs Matthew & Thielmann after a time found themselves in difficulties, and Mr Morton was called in to set matters right. He did this with a vengeance. Money was procured for the asking from the City of Glasgow Bank, and was poured into the lap of the Hays, who, like unto the "daughters of the horse-leech," never ceased crying, "Give, give." After a time Morton, finding out the value of his brother-in-law, started him as the principal of another firm, that of Messrs Matthew, Buchanan, & Co. This new co-partnery professed to trade with Moulmein, dealing in teak and other products of the Siamese coast, but their real business was to assist Morton in financing his bills. Mr MATTHEW acted as a species of go between. He fetched and carried for his more energetic and imperious connection. His recent examination showed that he is not ignorant of certain of the terms employed in business, but his real position in regard to his brother-in-law was that of a better species of clerk. Through all his married life he was only a unit in the Morton household. He had to keep at the beck and call of Mr Morton. That personage contrived to

secure a firm hold over him, and this hold was maintained till the very end. His days, however, were not always pleasant ones. It is said that his happiest hours were those when he contrived to escape from the hurry and bustle of Glasgow and wander over the park at Elderslie, tending Morton's prize herd, a task which probably reminded him of his quiet boyhood which had been spent in a Perthshire village. His salary, or more properly his income, during all these years, was comparatively limited, never having been much over £350. All this time, moreover, he was dealing, not with thousands, but with hundreds of thousands of pounds. The one firm of the Hays drew something like three hundred thousands of pounds from his fingers. Altogether, something like a million and a-half sterling were "conveyed" by his instrumentality from the City Bank to the mushroom firms started by his distinguished brother-in-law. The whole truth has not, however, been yet told. The affairs of Matthew, Buchanan, and Co., have to come once more at least before the Bankruptcy Court. Meantime, Mr MATTHEW deserves a rest before again encountering the Toledo blade of Mr Wylie Guild. The BAILIE allows him this breathing space.

### Quavers.

ONE of the best choral concerts there has been given here for a long time was that by the St. George's Choral Union on Thursday evening last. The music was most delightful, being Haydn's "Seasons;" the chorus singing was all that could be wished, the voices being tuneful, and withal of matured quality; the orchestral accompaniments were perfect; and the vocal solos were in the hands of first-rate artists. The one regrettable circumstance connected with the concert was the proportionately very small amount of countenance on the part of the public. The St. George's Choral Society must in fact be considerably out of pocket by this concert. One cannot but express the sincerest sympathy with the society, and their disinterested and talented conductor, Mr William Moodie. The public has been rather wanting in its duty, indeed, to the society, which fills, it is to be said, a clearly defined place, and has done some excellent work since first instituted. It is greatly to be hoped that this neglect will be compensated for by liberal encouragement in the future.

We were much pleased with the singing, at this concert, of Mr Henry Guy, also of Mr John Bridson, the new baritone. From the circumstance, however, of the music having been entrusted to the latter gentleman at very short notice, he was not heard to proper advantage. Mr Bridson appears at the Choral Union "Messiah" concert on New Year's Day.

The appearance here of Bottesini, the contra-basso player at Carlotta Patti's concerts, recalls the Jullien days. He is a worthy successor of the great Dragonetti, but seldom plays now, and there seems little likelihood of a soloist to continue the chain.

The orchestral concert of to-night (Tuesday) will comprise chiefly a Festival overture by Raff, one of Liszt's symphonic poems ("Orpheus"), Mendelssohn's delightful Italian symphony and the "Sakuntala" overture of Goldmark—the latter illustra-

tive, of course, of the Indian mythological story. A Beethoven pianoforte concerto (No. 3 in C minor), a prelude by Bach, and a scherzo by Chopin, are to be performed, with our able and willing Herr Tausch as the pianist. But a remarkable item is Haydn's Emperor's Hymn, with the variations, from the string quartet, to be played by all the strings—an idea which we have no doubt will be justified by the result, though, strictly speaking, it is a bit of a solecism.

On Thursday evening another subscription concert takes place, namely of choral music—the Oratorio "Judas Maccabæus," not often performed, but a favourite nevertheless. The principal vocalists have been most carefully selected in view of the character of the music. They are: Madame Edith Wynne, Miss Helen D'Alton, Mr Barton M'Guckin, Mr Thurley Beale. Dr Peace is the organist, and Mr Lambeth conducts.

The habitués of the Saturday orchestral concerts have a great treat before them for next night, which is to be a Beethoven one—at least, the programme is to consist largely of works from that composer. Those selected are the Egmont overture, the Romance in F for violin and orchestra, the Turkish march (Ruins of Athens), a selection from the Prometheus music; also, one from the Pastoral Symphony. Then the overture to "Semiramide" and "Zampa" are to be played as a variety; and Mr Lambeth's choir will "again appear." That body, let us hope, will be more comfortably placed than on last occasion, when few or none of their selections were heard to good advantage.

The audiences at the Saturday Evening Orchestral Concerts are increasing as every night comes round. There would probably be not fewer than two thousand people present last Saturday night, and the music seemed to be very thoroughly enjoyed, though the programme might quite well have been shortened. In the first part, the allegrezza, "La Mandoline," by Mr Burnett, for the strings in pizzicato, proved a most tuneful little piece. It was written, we believe, for a class merely as an exercise in the guitar style of playing instruments of the violin kind. The extracts from the "Midsummer Night's Dream" were among the most notable selections in the first part. The second half of the programme gave the distinctive character to the concert—the humoresque—the Burlesque, for three violins, and the March and Polonaise for six drums, being the most noteworthy items. Mr Hugh M'Innes crowned himself with honour by his most dexterous performance on the set of percussive instruments which Herr Tausch had written so well for. The drum concerto proved quite a success, and was in fact much more to be considered a serious composition than a comic one. It was very much enjoyed, and part had to be repeated.

The French critics pronounce the new symphony by Brahms (which we heard at last Tuesday's concert) to be "music for the eye rather than for the ear." Some parts of it are discordant enough, certainly, but the occasional disagreeableness was not without a purpose, no doubt.

Signor Valcheri, we find, achieved a real success in the part of the *Count de Luna* at Her Majesty's, last week.

### A PROFESSIONAL VIEW.

*Calcraft*—There's a cove been a suspending' with a surplus.

*Marwood*—A surplice! hang it now, he should not have disgraced the cloth.

### A FORC(E)IBLE REMARK.

(Scene—Inspection of Police.)

*Tam*—Hullo, Archie, what's up here?

*Archie*—O, naething serious, or else ye widna see sae mony policemen sae near at haun.

"Rus(s) in Urbe"—The Guards' return.

Jeems Kaye is a Juryman.

DOOTLESS, BAILIE, ye've been a juryman some time or ither. I've jist been honoured by being made ane; I was quite delighted when I got notice o't, but my certy I changed my tune ere it was a' ower. I wisna sae highly honored as to be a juryman wi' the Lords. I'm no advanced faur enough for that yet, tho' nae doot that'll come in a wee. As yet I'm only the length of the Sheriff—a kin' o' apprenticeship as it were.

Weel, on the morning appointed, I got rigged oot, and cam' in wi' the coach and gaed doon to the Court Hoose. I wis quite joco, an' was vera much surprised tae see a' the rest o' my fellow jurymen looking very glum an' illnatured; dod I thocht they micht feel highly honoured, but they didna. Weel, after a guid while's waiting oor names were cried oot, an' ane by ane we answered, a' but three unfortunate craturs that didna value the honour an' had stayed at hame, an' were promptly fined a hunder merks, which I believe is about five pounds.

Hooever, tae mak' a long story short, fifteen o' us were empannelled as if they were making doors o' us, an' we mounted a bit box, where twa fell asleep, an' ane began to row up his watch—they, ye un'erstaun, were auld callous hauns that cared no a doit for the puir prisoners. I wis made foreman, a fact I dinna mention here in ony boasting, but jist tae show you that an intelligent face aye commands respect.

The first ane to be tried was an ill looking rascal, wi' a dour face, wha wis up for stealing a nepkin—a red an' white cotton ane—frae a man's pocket. The charge was read ower, I dinna min' o't a', but it said "You Peter Wilson, *alias* Johnston, *alias* J. Kenna, what a' on the nicht o' the 14th November, or the morning o' the 15th, or ony ither nicht or morning, in the High Street, or the Trongate, or the Sautmarket, or ither street or streets, did put your richt haun into the left haun pocket, or some ither pocket o' the coat or coats o' John Jamieson, an' did theftuously, maliciously, wickedly, an' feloniously steal or abstract or purloin, or mean tae steal or abstract or purloin, a pocket nepkin belonging to or in the possession o' the said John Jamieson," an' sae on.

Ae witness after anither swore they saw him in the vera act, an he was grippit red haunded, so tae speak, but ye'll no hinder his lawyer tae get up, an' pu'ing his wig straight, tae commence tae examine the witnesses, which, as faur as I could mak' oot, wis jist trying tae mak' them no

vera sure whether they were on their head or their feet. Lod, he had the puir bodies in sich a way that I firmly believe they wid hae sworn they did it themsels if he had asked them.

Ae witness, for instance, having sworn it wis the right haun pocket the napkin wis ta'en oot, the lawyer asked if he wid sweer it wisna the left, so at last I began tae get kin' o' nettled a wee at oor valuable time being ta'en up wi' nonsense, an' I says, "It seems tae me tae matter little whether he had the napkin in his richt or left haun pouch, or his waistcoat pouch or even in his hat, if he lost it an' this body stole it."

The Sheriff, decent man, gied a bit laugh, an' says, "Vera true, Mr Kaye! vera true indeed in theory, but ye see the law's vera particular about thae trifles, an' I am afraid we must alloo the agent to put these questions, but," says he, hauning ower his snuff box tae me, "hae patience, Mr Kaye, he's but young an' I'm thinking he's got a bit gift o' the gab, but he'll mend o' that yet."

The agent stuck a bit gless in his e'e, an' puttin' his thooms in his waistcoat, he stared a wee at me, tae try tae fricht me; but, my certy, he faund I cood stare as weel as him—ay, an' I shook my nieve at him, an' tell't him tae gang on, an' no waste ony mair time.

Then he gied a gran' speech about his client as he ca'ed him, the dear little lamb at the bar. Why, it made us a' laugh—him seeven times convicted afore.

Weel, the upshot wis, the Sheriff, after a, snuff, proceeded to put a' the oots an' inas o' the case afore us. Man, he was a clever ane, no sae lang-winded as the agent, but oh! he had twice his heed. First he made us a' believe the prisoner was innocent, or at least there wis a doot, an' of course we were tae gie him the benefit, an' then he veered awa' roon an' made him oot tae be the greatest villain unhung. He wis letting us see baith sides o' the story, ye understaun, so that we could tak' ony o' them we liked.

We then retired to settle the business, and as sune as we got intae the room an auldish man says:—

"Gentlemen, this is no' the first time I've been a juryman, an' I can hardly hope it'll be the last, sae ye'll excuse me if I seem no' tae tak' an interest in the affair while my ain business is being neglectit. Ye'll also excuse me for saying that as I am geyan stoot, as ye can see, I'm fond o' a sleep" (and here he drew oot

a red nicht-cap). "I'm for fin'ing the rascal guilty, an' when ye hae a' made up your minds ye can wauken me," an' wi' that he put the nicht-cap on his heed an' pu'ing it doon tae the neb o' his nose, he gied his gravat a pull up, an' the twa nearly meeting he sat doon on a chair an' fell fast asleep. Ither twa retired tae the en' o' the room an' begood tae argue aboot the Sunday car question, but, BAILIE, I'm aye conscientious, as ye ken, sae I gathered what wis left roon me like a hen gathering her chickens, an' began tae gie them my views.

"The thing's as plain's a pikestaff, gentlemen," I said, wi' my left haun oot, an' the forefinger o' my richt haun laid doon impressively in it—man, it's wunerfu' what action does!—Shakespeare or some o' thae bodies says, "Position's everything." Weel, it's maybe no jist *everything*, but it goes a great way, especially when combined wi' eloquence. "Gentlemen, it's clear there wis a pocket-nepkin—we a' saw it—an atweel it wisna vera clean, but that micht be because it's gane through sae mony hauns lately—hooever, be that as it may, it wis there—I think we're a' agreed upon that." Here the nichtcap gied a snore. "Even oor freen agrees tae that," I says. "Next, there wis a thief tae tak it oot o' the pocket, unless we're tae believe the man himsel' threw it awa—an' folk as a rule dinna dae that, particularly on cauld nichts like enoo—weel, wha wis the thief, gentlemen?"

But I needna gae ower a' I said.

Jist, hooever, as we were a' agreeing, ane o' the jurymen—a man wi' a lang soor face—said he thocht the evidence was a "wee jimp."

"Jimp," I says, "there's mony a thing jimp in this warl'. Your face is a wee jimp o' breadth, but it's a face for a' that; an' I'm thinkin' if it had been your gold watch he had ta'en, ye wad hae thocht it ample enough." Sae I shut him up, an' we a' agreed tae "Guilty." Wakenin' oor freen up, he took aff his nichtcap, an' said he wis glaid it wis a' ower sae easily.

When we got back into coort, ye wid hae heard a preen fa'. My bosom swelled as a' eyes were turned tae me; but I made short wark, I can tell ye. I'm a man o' few words, an' no gi'en tae unnecessary pride, sae I didna gie them a lang rigmarole, but jist said, "Guilty," an' he got six months, while the Sheriff said we were a most intelligent jury, an' Mr Kaye the foreman was as clear-heidit an' shrewd a man as it was possible tae meet.

"Thankye, yer lordship," says I, "I'm obleeged tae ye for the compliment! Altho' I'm

maybe no sae quick in the uptak' as some o' the younger anes, if ye gie me my time, I can see as faur thro' a milestane as the maist o' folk."

"I quite believe that, Mr Kaye," says the Sheriff. "An' noo," says I, hauning ower my snuff-box tae him, "My lord, micht I say a word?"

"Certainly, Mr Kaye," says his lordship, gieing a rap on the lid o' the snuff-box.

"Weel," I says, "d'ye no think it's ower bad tae tak' fifteen respectable hooseholders awa' frae their business for hauf a day, an' a' aboot a pocket-nepkin worth aboot seeven pence ha'penny? Here's a farmer had tae come 12 miles, an' pay his fare intae the bargain, an' speaking for mysel', guid kens hoo much I'm the loser, for the laddie I left in chairge o' the coal-ree 'll be weeing oot the hunerweights like wildfire—giein' a' the customers guid measure, pressed doon, an' rinnin' ower, as the Scripture says, tae get awa' for a gemm at the bools. Ye ken yersel', Sheriff, when the maister's e'e is no there"—

"Perfectly, Mr Kaye, I understand it a'."

"Weel," I says, "what's tae hinder ye frae trying the like o' this yersel'—ye could polish them aff like winkey. If it was a case o' murder noo, or a hitherto dacent man up for the first time, ye micht be the better o' fifteen clear headed folk like us tae help ye a wee, but in a case like this"—

"But the law, Mr Kaye"—

"Aye, aye, I understaun'," I says, "the law has every respect for convicted thieves, but nane for the ratepayers—hooever, Sheriff, it's no your faut, but it's hard on us."

"Mr Kaye," says his lordship, "I wid have little trouble if all the foremen were like you—no time lost. You quite understood the case at once. What won'erfu' sagacity you possess."

"And your lordship," I says, "if a' the Sheriffs were like you, possessed o' sich legal knowledge an' sich penetration, I think we micht be quite safe in daeing awa' wi' juries in paltry cases any way, an' leaving it in your ain hauns," an', waving oor snuff-boxes at ane anither, we parted.

But, BAILIE, I'm no in love wi' the office o' juryman. Yours, JAMES KAYE.

"Extremes are ever neighbours"—so says Sheridan Knowles, whom Scott thus illustrates:

To each and all a fair goo I night,  
And pleasant dreams and slumbers light (slight).

Hee-haw! "Score one to the shovel."

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—“A dreadful note of preparation” is being sounded this week at each of our three theatres. Quiet outwardly, the scene inside is a busy one for all that. Morning, noon, and night, pantomime rehearsals are in progress. Crowds of substantial fairies, and regiments of dingy youngsters throng their stages.

To an outsider, the dreariest of all dreary proceedings is a pantomime rehearsal. It is absolutely without form or meaning. The work never seems to proceed, everybody is dull and listless, and a general air of discomfort pervades the scene. How the stage manager succeeds in producing his effects on the opening night, with such unpromising materials as he usually has to work with, is a matter that passes my comprehension.

As is publicly announced, the Royal pantomime will be produced on Saturday next, the 14th inst. I've already given you the names of the company, but may repeat that it is perhaps the strongest corps, musically, that has taken part in a Glasgow pantomime for a generation. It also includes, I would remind you, several old local favourites.

The pantomime, which will be put on the stage in a most complete manner, having been already thoroughly rehearsed, has several novel features. Among these is a gorgeous comic panorama of a kind never dreamt of by Gompertz or Hamilton, and evincing, not only much private enterprise, but great “public” spirit. The “transformation” is once more the work of Mr Robert Smythe, Mr Glover's favourite pupil.

“Puss in Boots” has the additional attraction of being fresh. It has never been produced in Glasgow as a pantomime before.

The pantomime of “Cinderella,” which is also announced for Saturday, will be supported by a capital theatrical company. To Miss Annie Poole, of the London Folly Theatre, a skilled vocalist and very charming actress, has been entrusted the part of *Cinderella*; Miss Louisa Gordon, an old Glasgow favourite, returns to the Gaiety to support the role of *Dandini*, a character played some 17 years ago by Mr Kendal, in a version of the story produced at the old Princes' Theatre in West Nile Street. Mr Rogers, whilome of the “Nemesis” Company, Mr C. S. Lester, Mr G. C. Murray, and Mr Harry Collier, will also appear in “Cinderella.”

The grand transformation is the work of Mr Charles Brew, the celebrated scenic artist, and Mr Morris has painted the rest of the scenery; the ballets have been arranged by the Misses Gunniss; while the pantomime has been written by Mr Bernard himself, who is personally superintending its production.

The “Blue Beard” pantomime at the Prince of Wales Theatre which, as I told you a month ago, is the work of Mr J. F. M'Arde of Liverpool, is being localised, I understand, by a well-known Glasgow humourist.

Mr Glover's benefit has been fixed for Friday. His programme for the evening is an unusually interesting one. It includes the comedietta of the “Happy Pair,” the farce of “The Two Polts”—the leading part in which will be sustained by a celebrated amateur actor—the burlesque of “Bombastes,” by members of the Pen and Pencil Club, and “Trial by Jury,” in order to give strength to which Mr J. H. Ryley has come all the way from London. Surely a merrier bill of fare was never submitted to the approval of the public. The audience, I believe, will be crowded and fashionable. Already the stall seats have been all, or nearly all taken up.

It is some time since Mr Glover took a benefit—six years at least I may say—and if he ever deserved one it is at the present moment. Perhaps he is just now the hardest worked man in Glasgow, having the whole management, stage management, and everything else upon his own shoulders.

The following letter explains itself:—

“My Dear BAILIE—I think with your usual desire to see fair play you will not object to insert the following explanation as to the “two unbidden guests” at Mr Irving's supper on Saturday week, which appeared in last Tuesday's issue. The two gentlemen had expressed a strong desire to meet Mr Irving, and

on my naming the fact to him he requested me to ask them to join the supper party; so that for the sin of their being present Mr Irving and I are solely accountable. I write this simply to exonerate both gentlemen, who would not have been present but for my own and Mr Irving's special request. I remain, yours always,  
G. W. BAYNHAM.

Renfrew Town Council.

WHAT a lively meeting of Town Council that was to be sure that took place in Renfrew the other day, and didn't the architect for the Town Hall catch it. There is some doubt, however, about the safety of badgering him as he is believed to be a fellow who doesn't stand liberties. In the course of the discussion Councillor Anderson showed an intimate knowledge of the oxidisation of metals by saying that a few foggy mornings would take “the gloss off the gilding of the Town Hall.” No doubt his past experience as an omnibus conductor eminently qualified him to give an opinion on such a subject. The Renfrew Town Council is a wonderful body. Wouldn't it be better, however, if its members, like the parrot of old, would think more and speak less?

HUMOURISTIQUE CONCERT.

*Anxious Enquirer*—Why didn't *Pheasant* play the march for the six drums?

*Well-informed Party*—Because he thought Tausch wanted to make game of him.

[Collapse of anxious enquirer.]

A Delusion.

THE other afternoon, when the gas had been lighted, a strapping country lass, in a' her braws, and fresh from the feeing fair, wandered into the Glasgow Exchange—and on being asked what she wanted, said “she thocht it had been the ‘Eelensburgh’ Railway Station.” Greater mistakes than this have been made about the Exchange. Didn't we all once think that it was the resort only of men of high probity and unassailable reputation, men whose word was as trustworthy as their bond, and whose good name, blazoned all over the world, rested on a solid basis of truth and honour? We know differently now!

A Presentation of Colours—Giving a neighbour a pair of black eyes.

A foreman is “Wanted for a baking establishment in Greenock, enclosing testimonials and stating where last employed.” What an ingenious establishment to be sure!

## An Unsuccessful Lottery.

THE notable schemes for the relief of the City Bank shareholders which have been propounded through the medium of "letters to the editor" have been so numerous and so ingenious that the BAILIE hoped the fertile imaginations of his fellow countrymen were now exhausted in that direction. In this, however, he was mistaken, and the latest, if not the last, idea is now before the public in the shape of a proposal to reduce the shareholders' debt by means of a lottery. With his customary reverence for precedent, the Magistrate instituted a search in the archives of the country for the history of a similar incident, and his industry was rewarded by the discovery of the following details. If they are considered discouraging, his Worship will be deeply grieved, but at all hazards he must do his duty. The interests of truth are sacred.

When the immense banking concern known as the Neverfail Deposit Company came to grief in the early years of the present century, and imposed a crushing burden of debt on the unlucky shareholders, some ardent and generous souls conceived the idea of a relief lottery on a large scale. Fortunately, the promoters were sanguine and resolute, or the preliminary difficulties might have proved insuperable. The Home Secretary of the day was a man of most irascible temperament, and the first three deputations which attempted to extract from him the necessary permission fared very badly. Some two-thirds of them were kicked down stairs, and the remaining third was thrown with more or less violence out of the window—the interviews in each case, as ill-luck would have it, taking place on the second storey. By a happy chance, a change of government occurred at this moment, and the survivors of the previous deputation mustered sufficient courage to present their petition to the new secretary, successfully this time. The details were quickly arranged; the public took to the matter with amazing enthusiasm; and the lottery was the craze of the hour.

People rushed to buy tickets as frantically as at a later date they rushed to buy Emma shares. Crowds besieged the lottery office day and night, and three ticket clerks and a member of committee were maimed for life by disappointed applicants. Something like order was only restored by the interference of the military, and thenceforth each applicant was conducted to the ticket hole by a group of soldiers with fixed bayonets, who pricked him with a greater or

less degree of severity when necessary—the clerks meantime going about their duties with a six-shooter in one hand. After the ready money of the community was exhausted, an exchange office was opened under the charge of an experienced broker, where pianos, live stock, electroplate, and jewellery were bartered for tickets. Business of all kinds came to a stand still, and the whole nation seemed to have lottery on the brain.

At length the eventful day of the drawing arrived, and the general excitement rose to fever height. The streets around the lottery office were packed with a haggard, careworn, gesticulating mob of ticket-holders, waiting with mad impatience to hear the lucky numbers. When the announcement did come, it was a crusher. The chairman of the lottery committee had drawn the first prize of a hundred thousand pounds, the treasurer, the second of thirty thousand, and the six committee-men the next six of ten thousand each. The clerks had all drawn prizes of from a thousand to a hundred pounds, and a large number of five pound and three guinea prizes were distributed among the outside public. The scene which ensued baffles description. The thing was such a palpable swindle that the fury of the ticket-holders was almost justifiable. After tearing the lottery office to pieces in an incredibly short space of time, they rushed off and sacked the residences of all the officials, great and small. These astute individuals, however, had already vanished with even more than their share of the prize money, so that the satisfaction of smashing their furniture was after all an empty one.

It is almost needless to add that the shareholders of the defunct Neverfail Deposit Company did not benefit to the extent of a simple sixpence by the lottery scheme.

## "THE MRS LANGTRY HAT."

Flippant Fashion set her cap  
At making herself bonnie—  
Big gold feather! Not a rap  
Was't worth to mak' her ony.

When the BAILIE observes, as he often does, a young man advertising his desire and ability to undertake employment "of any kind," he is invariably seized with an inclination to ask the omniscient youth which he would like to begin with—a surgical operation, or the command of the Channel Fleet.

Smokers.—Try Wallach Smoking Mixture, 6d per ounce  
Only to be had from D. GARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram Street

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the Established Presbytery have done a sensible thing in adopting the Sabbath Observance Committee's report.

That the Auld Kirk knows how to keep pace with the times.

That the unanimity with which the report was received speaks well for the liberality of the members of the Presbytery.

That the late Dr Norman Macleod was nearly "hounded" out of the Church for expressing similar views.

That the seed which he sowed has borne good fruit.

That the Rev. Robert Thomson is played out in Glasgow.

That he ought to resume his seat for the Kilmarnock Burghs.

That Councillor Martin has been right for once.

That in opposing the £5,000 grant to the Relief Fund he had "the law on his side."

That "oor Jeems and his freens" made but a sorry appearance at the Town Council meeting.

That Sir John Falstaff and his regiment were small potatoes when compared with Jeems' "squire-ing" of his pets.

That the bearding of the Bailies in their den, the Provost in his hall, was a piece of the most consummate impudence ever witnessed in the Council Chambers.

That the Council had administered to it on the occasion a dose of Godfrey's Cordial.

That "Godfrey," when taken, should be well shaken.

That James Brown knew his duty—and did it.

That the Council has had a sample of what would be the *vox populi* representative.

That the "unemployed" are no more themselves the cause of their distress than are the shareholders of theirs.

That nevertheless the respective Relief Funds look likely to be different.

That perhaps a fund may be also needed for the depositors.

That Morton began business in the milk trade.

That he has learned to skim the cream off.

That the Tramway receipts are falling off.

That the recent revelations regarding the brutal treatment received by passengers from guards wont do much to increase the traffic.

That lowering the wages produces a lower class of conductors.

That Sir James Bain is coming forward to represent Glasgow in the Conservative interest.

That the Campbell is likewise coming.

That 'Arry and his boys will be pressed into the campaign.

That the scheme for the purchase of ground for new municipal buildings is "hanging fire."

That the syndicate are "so wild."

That somebody is certain to get the baby to hold.

That if the sale is not effected a good deal of money will be lost over the transaction.

That a seat at the Council Board may in this event have been sacrificed for nothing.

That Sheriff Guthrie was made a "shepherd" last week.

That the learned gentleman looked exceedingly "sheepish" during the operation.

That it is high time the various Trades Unions were considering the advisability of devoting portions of their funds for the benefit of their unemployed.

That the municipal grants to foreign inundations, fires, and famines, have been pronounced illegal.

That the Common Good Fund will in future be only employed for feteing and feasting notable personages.

That the Bobbies were inspected last week.

That the manner in which they were eulogised will make them more arrogant than ever to the citizens.

That they are quite bad enough as it is.

THE PEOPLE'S WILLIAM.

For Glover's benefit on Friday,

"Bombastes Furioso" played

By "Pen and Pencil Club," with ladies

Professional to give their aid,

Should make a "house" from floor to ceiling,

Of all the season's nights *the* night—

The Pencils all with point for "drawing,"

The ladies with the Pens all right.

And scenes successive that discover

The genius, palette, taste of Glover.

A PREMIUM ON LAZINESS.—The following advertisement appears in a contemporary:—"Fitter Wanted, accustomed with resting Joints.—Apply 436 Springburn Road." The Animile considers that the experience of the past month or two has qualified a good many fitters for this appointment. Could not the considerate advertiser manage to wait upon applicants at their own homes?

New Salve for Shareholders' Sores—Nicol Fleming's "Spanish Fly."

FIRST GREAT SHOW OF THE SEASON OF PARIS COSTUMES,  
ROBES DE CHAMBRES, MILLINERY, &c., AT

## THE CALEDONIAN HOUSE,

165 AND 167 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

MR COPLAND'S RETURN FROM PARIS.

**M**ESSRS COPLAND & LYE have much pleasure in announcing to the Citizens of Glasgow and the West of Scotland THEIR FIRST GREAT SHOW of the SEASON of High-Class Costumes, Gorgeous Robes de Chambres, Splendid Dressing Gowns and Morning Toilettes, High-Class Millinery, Splendid Flowers, Feathers, Head-Dresses, Juvenile Costumes, Jackets in Cloth, Silk, Satin, Cashmere, and Fur. Also, Fur-Lined Jackets and Cloaks, Seal-Skin Jackets, Fur Capes, Collarettes, Fur Jackets, Boas, Fur Trimming, Seal-Skin Turbans and Hats, Grand Collection of French Dress Materials, Rich Silks, Satins, and Velvets. Also, Ribbons of the Newest and Choicest kinds, Rare and Valuable Laces, the Finest and Best Makes of French and Brussels Kid Gloves, Mitts, &c., &c. Every Department is filled with the Choicest of Goods, yet the Prices are strikingly Moderate, for, notwithstanding the *Extraordinary Influx of Visitors in Paris this Summer*, Manufacturers, Costumiers, Modistes, and Artistes, have been, and are, much disappointed with the results. Extraordinary preparations were made, and the most sanguine expectations were indulged in, yet doomed to disappointment, hence Large Stocks of the Most Valuable of Costumes, Robes, and High-Class French Productions are thrown into the market for realisation. Mr COPLAND was happy in his selection of Rare and Beautiful Costumes, the surpassing beauty of which exhausts the vocabulary of ecstatic admiration.

Free invitation is given to the Ladies of Glasgow to this OUR FIRST GREAT SHOW. At the same time Ladies will have an opportunity of seeing THE FINEST WAREHOUSE EXTANT. Also, the HANDSOMEST SALOON in the World for the Display and Exhibition of Costumes, Jackets, Millinery, &c., &c.

Ladies are invited to walk through the Caledonian House daily, as Novelties and Special Bargains are being continually laid out.

C O P L A N D & L Y E,

CALEDONIAN HOUSE, 165 AND 167 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

**OVERCOATS**  
**GREATCOATS & ULSTERS**  
(IMMENSE VARIETY)  
**FORSYTH'S**  
**5 & 7 RENFIELD ST.**

**GREAT**  
**REALISING SALE,**  
**GENUINE REDUCTIONS,**  
**W. C. THOMSON,**  
**UNION STREET.**

**CHRISTMAS CARDS,**  
A SPLENDID SELECTION,  
**A. F. SHARP & CO.,**  
14 Royal Exchange Square.

**6<sup>D</sup>** HAIR CUT AND SHAMPOOED. **6<sup>D</sup>**  
M'LEAN, 96 MITCHELL STREET.

**TODD'S**  
**QUININE WINE**

**F**OR INDIGESTION, FLATULENCY,  
NERVOUSNESS, &c.

Is pre-eminent for Purity and Strength

and is recommended by the Faculty.

Sold by Chemists and Wine Merchants.

**C**ENTRAL HAIR-CUTTING ROOMS.—ESTAB. 1847.  
JOHN BROWN, 8 GLASSFORD STREET.

**SOLD EVERYWHERE,**  
**HENRY THOMSON & CO'S**  
**OLD**  
**IRISH WHISKY.**

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—  
ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

**DAVISON'S**  
**CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE**  
**GINGER BEER.**

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND;" WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC. As supplied to the Western, Junior New, and other Clubs.

**THOMAS DAVISON,**  
DISPENSING CHEMIST,  
126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.



Seasonable Economy.

**S**ELDOM, we think, in Commercial experience, has the wisdom of a particular course been more signally shown than the introduction by us of the "CASH" Principle into our TAILORING DEPARTMENT. The "Credit" System we regarded, and still regard, as thoroughly vicious and indefensible, and it required, we confess, some little courage to take a firm stand against it, and introduce a system sounder and every way more beneficial. It is gratifying to us that our Patrons have not been slow to appreciate our exertions, based as these have been on the intelligible principle of "MUTUAL ADVANTAGE," all the more worthy of support, when in these days of great Business depression the necessity of the most rigid economy comes home to every one in the Community.

In harmony with these views, we have pleasure in stating that we have just completed the amplest requirements for supplying, for this Season, our HIGH-CLASS

100s.

BLACK DRESS SUIT.

The success that has attended this Scheme during the limited period since it was introduced has encouraged us to make it in future

A LEADING SPECIALITY.

The depressed state of the Markets for some time past has enabled us to Purchase the BEST BLACK CLOTHS at Prices lower than they have been for some time, and we are, in consequence, in a position to supply our customers with a still better Article at the same cost as hitherto.

We venture to say that there are few Gentlemen who, in their quiet moments, do not entertain the opinion that a First-Class Dress Suit *ought* to be procurable for at least 100s., although at the same time they may be passively submitting to a Charge of nearly One-half more. If this be so, then we claim in this Leading Speciality to have met a felt want and to have done a public service.

FORSYTH.

5 AND 7 RENFIELD STREET.

THE BAILIE.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 11th, 1878.

**T**HE stoppage of the Caledonian Bank is the saddest affair which has yet arisen in connection with the City Bank disaster. Its shareholders have lost their entire paid-up capital, amounting to £150,000, they may even be called on for some further contribution, what was a flourishing concern has been ruined, and business generally over the northern counties of Scotland, has been subjected to a rude, and it may be, calamitous shock. The keenest sympathy is due to the sufferers by this wide-spread trouble. Their connection with the City Bank, which was of the slightest possible character,

was the result of a simple accident. All this tremendous loss has been caused by the acceptance of four solitary shares—no more than £400 of stock, in lieu of a bad, or at all events of a somewhat unpromising debt. It is difficult not to feel, when looking at the entire circumstances of the case, that the Caledonian Bank has been hardly dealt with by Messrs HALDANE and CAMERON and their brother liquidators. These gentlemen have exacted the utmost penny from the unfortunate concern. Their measures towards it have been swift and thorough. Would it be wrong to inquire, in view of the species of Jeddart justice dealt out to the Caledonian shareholders, whether the City Bank proprietors have been treated with equal sternness? Have steps been taken to prevent them from relieving themselves of portions of their personal property previous to the 23rd instant? Have the liquidators made themselves familiar with the income and position of each City Bank shareholder, and are they prepared to push every single shareholder for money until every call has been made good? Have they, again, intimated to those shareholders who have sold out within a year, to the trustees and executors on those estates which have become contributories to the Bank that they are, each one of them, liable for the entire shortcomings of Mr STRONACH and his directors? This is the policy which has been adopted towards the proprietors of the Inverness Bank, and common justice would seem to demand that they, whose connection with the City Bank was only the accident of an accident, should be treated with as much leniency, at least, as the people who, subsequent to the catastrophe, rejoiced in the receipt of large dividends, even although they did not assist at the division of the depositors' money.

—♦♦—  
 "SPARE THESE BLUSHES!"—When brought face to face with the thought of the Afghan war, the Rev. Mr Fleming, of Edinburgh, according to his own confession, behaves exactly as a lobster does when it is popped into hot water. He "boils and blushes." Unhappy Fleming! the BAILIE can only advise him to wear his black coat quietly, and not work himself into a state of fiery indignation over questions he does not understand.

ARRANGEMENT AND (K)NOC-TURN. — The "knoc" turn arrangement of the dials of the Gorbals steeple—from black by day to white at night.

## Sabbath Desecration.

OF all the precious, blood-bought privileges handed down to us by our dauntless forefathers, perhaps the most priceless is our traditional and inalienable right to be gloomy and miserable on the Sunday. Anything which tends to mitigate that gloom, to alleviate that misery, is an unwarrantable interference with our Presbyterian liberties. The BAILIE observes with unfeigned regret, therefore, that the reprehensible and ever-growing custom of church-going is rapidly depriving us of the full enjoyment of these time-honoured sufferings. Now this practice of church-going is objectionable on many grounds. In the first place, it deprives many otherwise respectable citizens of their precious day of rest. The bell-ringer, the beadle, the minister, the doorkeeper, the female pew-opener, and the elder who stands at the plate are all compelled by it to follow their customary avocations on Sabbath, just as if this were not a Christian land. By the necessity of walking to church, countless thousands are forced to enjoy the sunshine and breathe the fresh air, who would otherwise be properly occupied sitting in a back room with a good book in their hands, and the blinds turned the wrong way. A smaller number, further advanced in depravity, actually drive to church in tramway cars and private carriages, thereby causing a frightful amount of Sunday labour to man and beast. The pernicious habit of wearing Sunday clothes, too, deserves to be severely censured—a habit entailing as it does a hideous exhibition of the rampant vices of extravagance, vanity, and frivolity. But for this weekly saturnalia of fashion, the heads of families would have less occasion to groan over unutterable milliner's bills, and ten-button gloves would cease to exist. The periodical gluttony of the Sunday dinner is another evil outcome of church-going. The natural result of the exercise, and the aggravating tediousness of the parson's sermon, is to whet the church-going appetite to an almost sinful degree. Instrumental music in church, and the chant and anthem-singing, which turn what ought to be a time of mortification into a species of theological promenade concert, are corruptions so glaring that it is sufficient simply to horrify the Presbyterian soul by pointing them out. In a word, Scotland will never regain that proud position in the universe, from which it has so disgracefully fallen, till the national street doors are unanimously double-locked on Saturday night, and not re-opened

till Monday morning. It would be easy to enlarge on this painful theme, but the BAILIE has said enough to indicate the pressing need for reform. Will no prominent citizen take the matter up, and petition the Town Council to save the national character?

## Song of a Clyde Shipbuilder

WITH pursed-up brows and eyes  
 Glued close to his balance sheet,  
 A shipbuilder sat, and shook in his fat,  
 Too shocked to stand on his feet;  
 "Work! work! work!  
 Alas! my great yard is still,  
 Work! work! work!  
 Alas! my year's profits are *nil*.

My men were obstreperous, and stuck,  
 My machinery—once my pride,  
 Now rusts, and my envied luck  
 Has been banished away from the Clyde.  
 Steam and derrick and crane,  
 Crane and derrick and steam;  
 No more the swift rapping of hammers like rain  
 Do I hear—unless when I dream.

See these workmen stand at my gate,  
 These *tradesmen*, naked and bare,  
 They see their folly too late,  
 As they coldly stand shivering there.  
 Build! build! build!  
 Bare stocks and prospects blue;  
 To the Thames and the Tyne, what by custom was  
 mine  
 They have driven—I've nothing to do.

And then came that "Dredger" affair;  
 (The English builder may brag)  
 But our strikes and that "double commission's" the  
 pair  
 That have let our fat cat out the bag.  
 Keel and rivet and plate,  
 Plate and rivet and keel;  
 There's something not straight on the Clyde of late,  
 It's as plain as a paddle wheel.

Yet our river flows on as of yore,  
 It's tides rise and fall as per card;  
 All we want is the orders, and then as before  
 Will the sweet sound of hammers be heard.  
 Clyde! Clyde! Clyde!  
 Is thy prestige for ever clean gone?  
 Clyde! Clyde! Clyde!  
 Thou'rt another poor river gone wrong."

With pursed-up brows, and eyes  
 Glued close to his balance sheet,  
 A shipbuilder sat and shook in his fat,  
 Too shocked to stand on his feet.  
 Mast and rudder and screw,  
 Screw and rudder and mast;  
 English builders are thriving, and busily driving  
 The trade that was ours in the past.

PARADOXICAL.—When can an actor speak while it is impossible for him to utter a word? When a *gag* is put into his mouth.

For Christmas and New Year's Gifts, Large Assortment of Fancy Boxes, Figures, Ornaments, &c., for Christmas Trees, JAMES M'MILLAN, Confectioner, 181 Eglinton Street,

Megilp.

THE Art Club Exhibition is attracting much attention, and the public verdict seems to be that it is, on the whole, a very good one. It does not contain many striking pictures, but the average of the work is, in quality, decidedly above that of previous years.

Mr T. M'Ewan selects subjects full of interest that appeal to the sympathies of every-day life, and he renders them with much quiet, unaffected feeling. His large picture of the girl saying her catechism is arranged with skill. The figure of the girl shows well. In "Sunny Hours," the child is capitably drawn, and there is nice light in the picture. Mr M'Ewan is making steady progress.

Another artist who shows a considerable advance is Mr A. Black. He has given a spirited and correct rendering of the sea in "At Ballantrae." Mr Black is much improved in both colour and style.

Mr J. A. Aitken's "In the Trossachs" is strong and effective. I like Mr Murray's little picture, "The herring fleet, Tarbert," as well as any of his other contributions. It is a fine bit of colour.

Mr Lauder gives us a very good portrait of Dr Wilson Bruce. It seems "true," and has a deal of character in it.

"The North Dyke, Dunure," by Mr John Miller, is carefully painted. Mr Walton, a new member of the club, shows good work. His "Birches" are very graceful. Mr Walton promises well.

Mr D. Mackellar's "He loved his tippie well" is an excellent little picture. It is full of character, and the execution is easy.

"Pansies" (water colour) by Mr J. G. White, is a beautiful study in colour and arrangement.

In Mr A. S. Boyd's water colours of "Blarney Lane, Cork," and "The Evening Mail," there are good light and atmosphere, and a crisp touch. Mr E. S. Calvert never did a better piece of work than his little water colour of "A summer's day on the East coast." The sea, the sand, and the sky are all good. Mr Denniston's views of interiors in Pisa Cathedral, and of the church of San Stefano, Capri, are very clever.

In the Water Colour Society Mr Glover's large view of "Marsden Bay, Sunderland," is very strong and effective.

Mr Robert Herdman's contributions—"Shells and Seaweed," and "An Arran Study"—are beautiful examples of skilful work. The head of the old man is a fine study.

"A Highland Loch," by Mr J. A. Aitken, is a powerful and effective drawing; and his "Sunset on the Shore" is excellent in colour.

Mr A. K. Brown's "Poplars," and "A Lowland Mere," show great delicacy of touch, and soft, chaste colour.

"Willie Wastle," by Mr D. M'Laurin, is a clever and honest drawing, vigorously and effectively worked out.

"The Oldest House in the Village" is a bright little bit by Mr Wm. Young, and "An Unfrequented Path" by Mr Sam. Donald is graceful and light looking.

Mr David Murray has in his studio and nearly completed, what is sure to be one of the pictures to the next year's Institute—"Tarbert Harbour."

Mr White is at present showing some fine etchings in the North British Galleries, and has made some important additions to his collection of paintings, including a very complete little Fiere and examples of Brughton and Fraser.

Mr G. E. Ewing has just completed an admirable bust of Mr M'Call, lately writing master, Glasgow. Mr Ewing has had a good subject, and has not lost his opportunity. The massive head, the keen, shrewd look and all the characteristic lines of the face are reproduced in the marble with power and effect. This is one of the best busts Mr Ewing has ever done. R.

"BACKING OUT OF IT."

Little Girl (to shopwoman)—A ha'pny worth of apples, and a ha'pny back.

Shopwoman—I've got nae ha'pny backs!

A Fatal Prospect.

SOME of our continental friends have an unpleasant way of expressing their antipathies. A French labourer kills a priest because "he does not like priests," and an Italian cook attempts to assassinate a king because "he does not like kings." *Bassanio* asks, "Do all men kill the things they do not love?" to which *Shylock* responds, "Hates any man the thing he would not kill?" and this may have been sound logic in Venice. The BAILIE hopes, however, that it will be long before it "gins in our duller Britain operate." Should the principle ever become prevalent, his Worship may find himself some fine morning doing mortal execution with his red-hot poker.

ANOTHER PROOF OF THE DULL TIMES.

(Smith, hurrying on his way to keep an appointment, meets his chum, Dick, who consults his watch, which happens to be minus the moment hand, and one-half of the hour hand.)  
*Smith*—Halloo, old boy, what's up with your ticker?

*Dick*—O, to keep the concern working full time I have been obliged to reduce the number of my hands.

Vaulting Ambition.

OUR contemporary in Union Street is nothing if not modest. On the morning after the opening of Parliament the *Mail* states—

"Among the Scottish members who gave notices, Dr Cameron announced a bill for preventing the repetition of the City of Glasgow Bank calamity, which was very cordially received."

Bravo, Dr Charlie, not a single word about "attempting to prevent." If you can pass a bill preventing the repetition of such calamities, Pitt and Burke in their best days were small potatoes to the senior member for Glasgow.

HEY SIR?

*Lady of House* (reading examination of Matthew & Thielmann)—John, dear, who are these men Hay?

*John* (a victim)—Men of straw.

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L

EVERY EVENING AT 7-30,  
H. J. BYRON'S Original Drama,  
BLOW FOR BLOW.

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L

FRIDAY FIRST, 13TH DECEMBER,  
BENEFIT OF MR WILLIAM GLOVER.  
Box Office Open from 11 to 3.

**T H E A T R E - R O Y A L**

SATURDAY FIRST, 14TH DECEMBER,  
Production of the "Royal" Pantomime,  
P U S S I N B O O T S.

**T H E G A I E T Y.**

Proprietor and Manager..... Mr CHARLES BERNARD.

NOTICE.—In consequence of the extensive nature of the Preparations necessary for the Production of the ensuing PANTOMIME, the THEATRE will be CLOSED for FIVE NIGHTS from MONDAY, 9th DECEMBER, and will RE-OPEN on SATURDAY, 14th DECEMBER, with the

Grand Fairy Extravaganza and Pantomime, entitled  
C I N D E R E L L A.

Prices from 6d to 5s. Box Office open from 10 till 4.

**P R I N C E O F W A L E S T H E A T R E.**

NOTICE.—The Whole of the PANTOMIME COMPANY having ARRIVED from ENGLAND, the  
THEATRE IS CLOSED

for Daily and Nightly Rehearsals of the Pantomime  
B L U E B E A R D.

Due Notice will be given of its First Representation.

**E**LOCUTION and Oratorical Gesticulation  
taught Privately and in Class, by W. S. VALLANCE,  
9 Cambridge Street.

ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW.

**N E W S O M E ' S**

HIPPODROME AND CIRCUS,  
INGRAM STREET, GLASGOW,

To-Night, Doors Open at 7, Commencing at 7-30.

ENTIRE AND COMPLETE CHANGE OF HORSES  
AND ARTISTES.

FRIDAY NIGHT, DECEMBER 13,  
GREAT MILITARY NIGHT.

MID-DAY PERFORMANCES on SATURDAYS,  
Doors open at 2-30, commencing at 3.

In Preparation,  
A GRAND EQUESTRIAN PANTOMIME.

**C I T Y H A L L S A T U R D A Y E V E N I N G  
C O N C E R T S.**

SATURDAY, 14TH DECEMBER.

The following Celebrated London Artistes:—

Miss JOSE SHERRINGTON, Soprano.

Miss EMILY DONES, Contralto.

Mr J. H. PEARSON, Tenor.

Mr GEORGE FOX, Bass.

Mr E. BERGER, Pianist.

THE GLASGOW ORCHESTRA,  
Mr W. H. COLE, Conductor.

Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats on Side  
Galleries, 2s.

Doors Open at 7 o'clock; Orchestral Performance at 7-30.  
JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

In Laird's Auction Rooms, 46 Bath Street, on Friday, 13th  
December, at One o'Clock.

SALE OF

GENUINE FOREIGN CIGARS,  
(In Bond and Duty-Paid).

JAMES LAIRD will Sell as above, on Friday,  
13th December, Commencing at One o'Clock.  
Samples Day previous and from 10 o'Clock on Day of Sale.

**G L A S G O W C H O R A L U N I O N.**

FOURTH ORCHESTRAL CONCERT,  
NEW PUBLIC HALLS, TO-NIGHT (TUESDAY).  
G R A N D O R C H E S T R A

SOLO PIANOFORTE AND CONDUCTOR,  
HERR JULIUS TAUSCH.

Doors Open at Seven. Concert at Eight.

**G L A S G O W C H O R A L U N I O N.**

THIRD CHORAL CONCERT,  
PUBLIC HALLS, THURSDAY, 12TH DECEMBER.  
"JUDAS MACCABEUS."

VOCALISTS,

MDME. EDITH WYNNE. | MISS HELEN D'ALTON.  
MR BARTON M'GUCKIN. | MR THURLEY BEALE.

ORGANIST,

DR. A. L. PEACE.

CHORUS OF 450 VOICES.

ORCHESTRA, 60 PERFORMERS.

CONDUCTOR—

MR H. A. LAMBETH.

Tickets—8s 6d, 5s, 3s, 2s; Admission 1s—from Messrs Swan  
& Co., 49 Buchanan Street.

Doors Open at Seven. Concert at 8.

**G L A S G O W C H O R A L U N I O N.**

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

PUBLIC HALLS, SATURDAY, 30th DECEMBER,  
The Programme will include selections from the works of  
B E E T H O V E N.

Overtures to "Egmont Semiramide and Zampa," &c., &c.,  
Violin and Clarinet Solos by Messrs BURNETT & EGERTON.

MR H. A. LAMBETH'S CHOIR

(who have kindly given their services, will appear and sing  
several Part Songs),

Conductor—HERR JULIUS TAUSCH.

Tickets—2s and 1s, from Messrs Swan & Co., 49 Buchanan  
Street.

Doors Open at 7. Concert at 8.

**B O U Q U E T S, B O U Q U E T S, B O U Q U E T S:**

BRIDAL BOUQUETS, PRESENTATION BOUQUETS,

DINNER TABLE BOUQUETS, COAT BOUQUETS,

Hair, Preast, and Girdle Bouquets,

ECCLESIASTICAL BOUQUETS.

FUNERAL BOUQUETS, SICK ROOM BOUQUETS.

Bouquets, Fresh, Fragrant, and Brilliant, suitable for every  
Purse and every Purpose.

NATURE'S MEMENTOES, ART'S TRIUMPH.

WALKER'S BOUQUETS,  
18 GORDON STREET.

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Just Published,

COMPLETE LIST OF TRUSTEES,

Price 2d, by Post, 2½d,

Now Ready, Third Edition,

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PORTRAITS AND SKETCH OF DIRECTORS, &c. &c.,

Price, 3d; by Post, 3½d.

ADAM M'KIM, 102 Trongate, Glasgow;  
and Booksellers.

STRANGERS VISITING GLASGOW  
WILL SAVE MONEY BY PURCHASING THEIR  
BOYS' AND YOUTHS' CLOTHING  
AT  
BUCHANAN & JOHNSON'S  
NEW CLOTHING WAREHOUSE,  
174 AND 176 TRONGATE,  
(CORNER OF HUTCHESON STREET),  
GLASGOW.

THE SIGHT OF THE CITY.

100,000 HATS

Have been SOLD in the COLOSSEUM since 1st January 1878, being equal to ONE HAT for every FIVE PERSONS in Glasgow.

THE COLOSSEUM—have you ever been in it? If not, why not call? We have the best Shapes in the city, and nowhere can better goods than we show be bought. We sell for 7s the same quality of Felt Hat that is sold daily in Glasgow at 10s 6d. Then why should Gentlemen pay the higher price? We cannot see it; indeed, as we guarantee every Hat we sell to be made specially to our order from the raw materials, nothing but the best fur or wool being used, we assure Gentlemen that there is not any difference whatever in the Hats we offer for Fifty per cent. less than is charged by the retail trade of Glasgow. We merely buy in quantity, and from the maker direct, paying prompt cash, getting the largest discount, and selling for a very small profit,—that is the whole secret, and we are happy to state that, in spite of the most venomous opposition, we have succeeded beyond our most sanguine expectations; and we predict, that from the encouragement we have already received, that in a short time no Gentleman who pays cash for his hats will go elsewhere, unless, indeed, there be a very great revolution in the price of Hats charged by the retail trade. We would again urge on those Gentlemen who have not yet bought a Hat from us to try our Felts at 4s 6d, 5s, 5s 9d, 6s 3d, or 7s, which we warrant to be perfect in every way, and guarantee them to retain their shape and colour. Our Satin Hats are by the best Makers, and are charged at Lowest Wholesale Price.

**MILLINERY DEPARTMENT.**

Ladies should pay us a visit this month, as we are selling the few remaining (about 900) Pattern Hats and Bonnets at merely nominal prices.

Camel Hair Felt Hats, all New Shapes, for 10½d each.

**WALTER WILSON & CO., Hatters, Milliners,  
COLOSSEUM, 70 JAMAICA STREET.**

## AERATED WATERS.

"The public do not, perhaps, generally know that there is as much difference between good and bad Aerated Waters as there is between good and bad Wine."—*Evening Times*, August 5th, 1878.

The above paragraph states a truism which is patent to all who know anything about the Aerated Water Trade. To the most of people a Bottle of Soda is a Bottle of Soda all the world over; but it is a fact that there is as much difference between a really good and an inferior Aerated Water as there is between a Port or Sherry of the finest brand and a Wine of the poorest class.

All our Manufactures are prepared at Belfast from the famous CROMAC WATER, which is peculiarly adapted for making Aerated Waters, and what we aim at is to produce an article of superior quality, not, as seems to be the case with the majority of Scotch manufacturers, how cheap we can offer an inferior article to the Trade. We recommend all our Waters as being of the finest possible quality; but what we pride ourselves in for an "All the Year Round" Beverage is our GINGER ALE, which we have no hesitation in saying is superior to all others.

## WHEELER & CO., CROMAC SPRINGS, BELFAST.

DEPOT FOR SCOTLAND:—

147 STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

**A. GARDNER & SON** respectfully intimate having concluded a private arrangement with an Eminent Manufacturer of Looking-Glasses, *in need of Cash*, to dispose of his very Extensive stock, and that they will offer the same for Sale on the First Floor of their Warehouse, 36 JAMAICA STREET, TO-DAY and FOLLOWING DAYS, at nearly

*HALF-PRICE.*

This Stock has been arranged to be sold as follows:—

LOOKING-GLASSES, Square Tops, 1s 1½d, 2s 11d, 4s 3d, 6s 9d, 8s 6d, and 10s 6d.

LOOKING-GLASSES, Arched Tops, 10s 6d, 12s 6d, 13s 9d, 15s 6d, and 17s 6d.

LOOKING-GLASSES, Oval and Greek, 8s 6d, 23s 6d, 29s 6d, 32s 6d, and 35s 6d.

And a Few Extra Large Sizes, usually sold at 84s, for 42s.

NOTE.—At the same time will be offered several BLACK and GOLD, WALNUT and GOLD, and GILT MIRRORS, Various Sizes, at fabulously Low Prices. Lot Hang-up KITCHEN or BATH-ROOM GLASSES, at 3½d!!!

## A. GARDNER & SON,

CABINETMAKERS, UPHOLSTERERS,  
FURNITURE, CARPET, AND BEDDING  
WAREHOUSEMEN,  
36 JAMAICA STREET.

**BROWN & LOWDEN,**  
AUCTIONEERS and VALUATORS,  
14 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.

SALES of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, &c., conducted at the Owner's Premises, on Moderate Terms.  
CASH ADVANCED.

**A**BERDEEN Granite Monuments from £5. Carriage Free. Inscriptions Accurate and Beautiful. Plans and Prices from J. W. LEGGE, Sculptor, Aberdeen.

In the Royal Exchange Sale Rooms, on Wednesday, 11th Thursday, 12th, and Friday, 13th December,  
EXTENSIVE PUBLIC SALE OF  
A Further Portion of  
HIGH-CLASS

## FANCY and DECORATIVE ART PROPERTY,

Despatch Cases, Musical Instruments, Gold and Silver Jewellery, together with a Great Variety of Nic-Nacs, and High-Class Fancy Articles, adapted for Christmas and New Year's Presents.

(Belonging to Mr Watheo, 78 Buchanan Street, to be sold without Reserve, in consequence of the termination of his lease.)

**ROBT. M'TEAR & CO.** will Sell the above, by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Wednesday, 11th, Thursday, 12th, and Friday, 13th December, commencing each day at Twelve prompt.

On View, with Catalogues, on Tuesday, 10th December, from 10 a.m. till 6 p.m., and on morning of Sale.  
Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 10th Dec., 1878.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Tuesday, 17th December, at Twelve.

PUBLIC SALE OF

VALUABLE STOCK OF FURS, CARRIAGE RUGS, HEARTH RUGS, COACH WRAPPERS, OPERA CLOAK LININGS, NECK TIES,

SABLE, SEALSKIN, and other MUFFS,

FUR TRIMMINGS for Ladies' Costumes, Cloaks, Dresses, &c.

**ROBERT M'TEAR & CO.** are instructed to Sell the above Stock, by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North Court, St. Vincent Place, on Tuesday, 17th December, at Twelve o'clock prompt.

On View on Morning of Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 9th December, 1878.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Wednesday, 18th December, at Twelve.

COMPULSORY PUBLIC SALE OF

A LADY'S WARDROBE, and Sundry other Articles of WEARING APPAREL,

INCLUDING

SILK, SATIN, BROCADED, and other DRESSES, SEALSKIN, VELVET, and other JACKETS;

NAPERY, BLANKETS, &c.;

Also, Very Valuable JEWELLERY by the best Makers.

(Belonging to a Family who, through the pressure of circumstances, have been compelled to realize.)

**ROBERT M'TEAR & CO.** will Sell the above, by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Wednesday, 18th December, at Twelve prompt.

Catalogues in preparation, and may be had on application Three clear Days previous to Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 10th Dec., 1878.

## BUTTER.

**WE** are now Receiving our Regular Supplies of FINEST MILD CURED BUTTER for Table use during Winter, in Kits of 36lbs and 70lbs each.

**JOHN WALKER & CO.,**  
FAMILY GROCERS, WINE MERCHANTS, AND ITALIAN  
WAREHOUSEMEN,  
42 WEST NILE STREET.

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# ISLAY WHISKY.

W. & J. MUTTER,  
BOWMORE DISTILLERY,  
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**ROYAL EXCHANGE**  
NEW MEMBERS (Town and Country) will NOW be  
ENROLLED for Year 1879, thus giving them benefit of present  
Month Gratis. BY ORDER  
1st December, 1878.

## GREAT CLEARING SALE

OF  
SAWN BOARDWOOD, YELLOW PINE BOARDS from  
Deals, Sarking, White Dram Flooring, and Lining, and 4, 5,  
6, and 6½ by 2½ W. D. BATTENS, &c., &c.,

AT  
GREENVALE SAW MILLS,  
727 DUKE STREET,

On WEDNESDAY, 11th December, at Twelve o'Clock Noon.  
JOHN JEX LONG.

## CITY HALL ORGAN RECITALS.

The usual SATURDAY AFTERNOON RECITALS will  
be given by the City Organist, Mr LAMBETH, upon  
SATURDAY FIRST,  
at FOUR o'clock prompt. The Doors (Albion Street and  
Candleriggs) will be Opened at 3-30. Admission and Pro-  
grammes of Music Free.  
Chamberlain's Office, 25th Nov., 1878.

## SCOTTISH SOCIETY OF WATER-COLOUR PAINTERS.

THE FIRST EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS  
NOW OPEN in their GALLERY,  
108 WEST NILE STREET, GLASGOW,  
Admission—Day, 10 to 5, One Shilling.  
Evening, 7 to 10, Sixpence.  
Season Tickets, Two Shillings and Sixpence.

### GLASGOW ART CLUB

**SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION** of PAINTINGS  
in OIL and WATER COLOUR, by Members of the Club,  
now on View in Messrs ANNAN'S Gallery, 153 Sauchiehall Street.  
DAILY, from 10 a.m. till 6 p.m.  
TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY Evenings, from 6 till 9.  
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**SCRAP** Photographs and Views of Scottish  
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HATTERS, HOSEIERS, GLOVERS, AND SHIRTMAKERS,  
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**JOHN M. SIMPSON**, Furniture Warehouse  
and Show-rooms, 60 GREAT CLYDE STREET, (Corner of  
Maxwell Street) Glasgow. One of the largest Stocks in the  
City. New Illustrated House Furnishing Guide to be had Free  
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Really Good Substantial Furniture of Artistic Design and  
Superior Finish. Quality Guaranteed.

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Ropes, Bagging, Tailors' Clips—bought at PAPER  
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BY CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS.  
EXTENSIVE COLLECTION AT 338 SAUCHIEHALL ST  
WM. GENTLES, Picture Dealer, Wholesale & for Exportation  
Picture Frame and Room Mouldings.

## THE BRIDGE HOTEL

1 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

This Old-Established House, adjoining the Waverley Station,  
and opposite General Post Office, affords first-class accommoda-  
tion for Commercial Gentlemen and others visiting the City  
(either on business or pleasure), having recently undergone ex-  
tensive alterations and additions; entirely re-decorated and fur-  
nished in the most approved manner. Parties honouring the  
"BRIDGE" with their patronage will find every comfort, combin-  
ed with cleanliness and attention. Cheerful Sitting-rooms.  
CHARGES.—Breakfasts, from 1/ to 2/3; Dinners, from 1/9;  
Bed-room, 2/; Attendance, 1/ per day. GOOD STOCK ROOMS.  
JAMES M'GREGOR, PROPRIETOR.

## THE ROYAL RESTAURANT,

10 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET.

C. WILSON & SON, Proprietors.

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SHARP & CO., 14 Royal Exchange Square.

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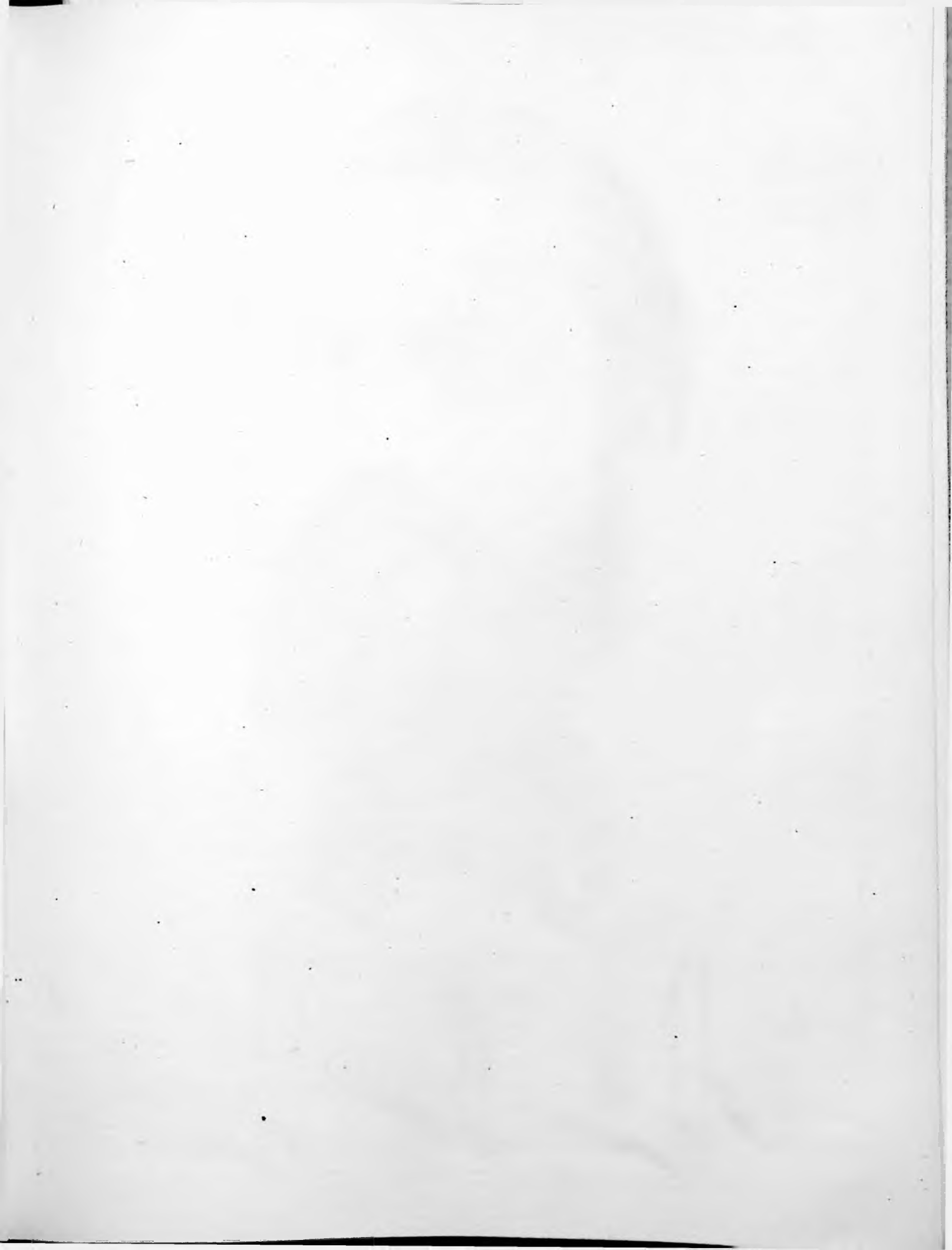
Come and Judge for yourselves.

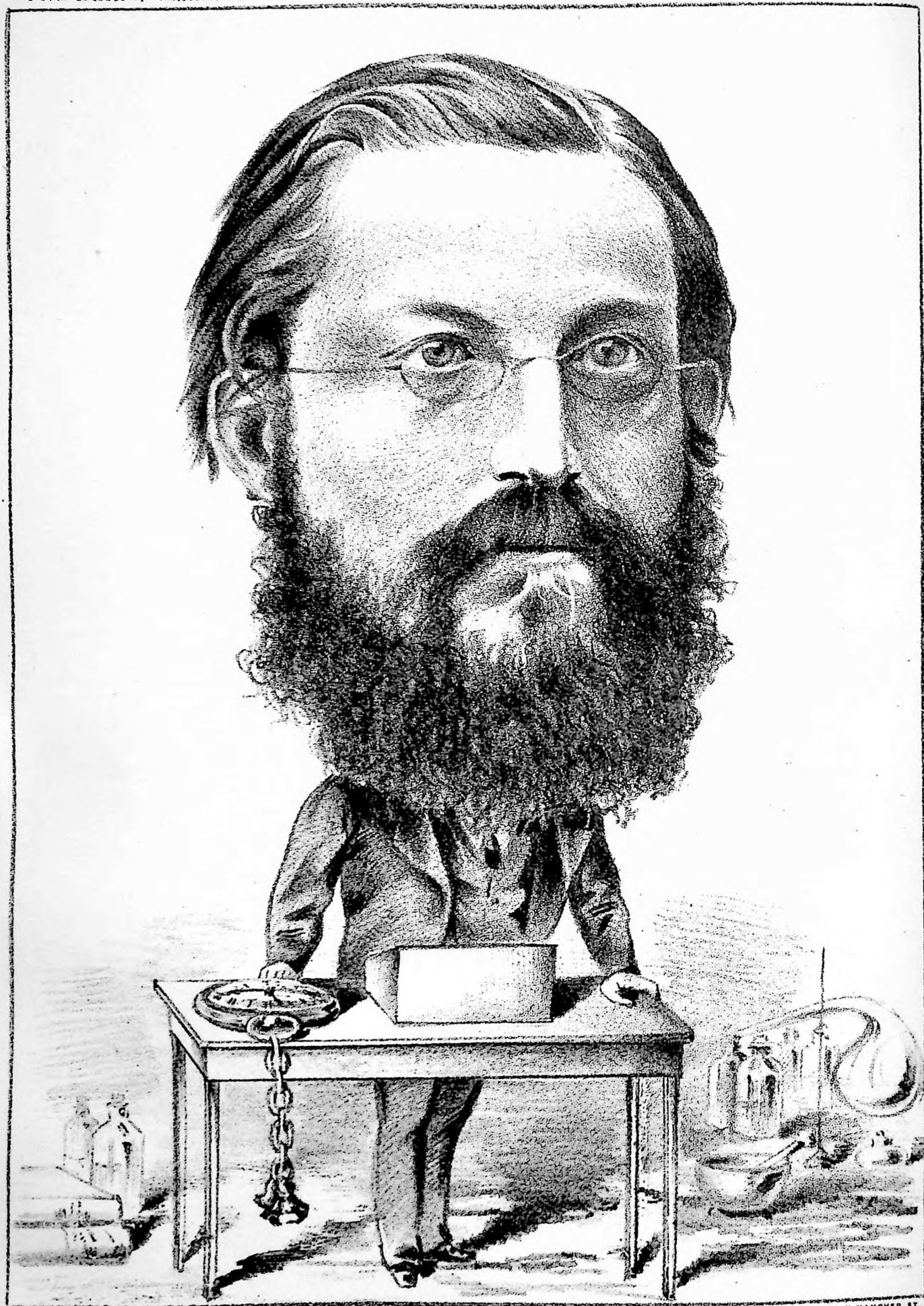
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**GLASGOW CLOTHING COMPANY,****63 ARGYLE STREET,**

Corner of Dunlop Street.







# The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 322. Glasgow, Wednesday, December 18th, 1878. Price 1d

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 322.

THERE are speculators and speculators.

Each of the classes has its mission. The one goes about seeking what it may devour, and if we may judge from recent events it seems to have been very successful. The speculators of this kind have but one aim, the gratification of their own ambition, and this they will do, even if they spend the "bottom dollar" their friends have got. They fulfil their mission with the perseverance of saints, and, as Tom Carlyle puts it, the relentlessness of "dead iron-devils." The other class of speculators finds its mission in unfolding "The fairy tales of Science, and the long results of Time." As they have no talent for skinning eels and ruining homes they have to content themselves with the possibly less notorious and certainly far less profitable task of clearing men's brains, and of now and again throwing a ray of light upon the road to Eldorado. Of this class of speculators the BAILIE would like to introduce Professor DITTMAR as a good specimen. WILLIAM DITTMAR, chemist, was born at Umstadt, near Darmstadt, in Germany, some forty-five years ago, and for many years past the savants of Europe have recognised him as a worthy son of the same town as Liebig and Strecker, Kekule and Schorlemmer. In Darmstadt he spent his youth in the study of pharmacy, and duly became a knight of the pestle. Finding, however, no rest for his soul in dispensing elegant preparations, black draughts, and the other medical amenities of civilised life, he gave up the study of dog-Latin, and betook himself in 1857 to the Laboratory of the celebrated Bunsen, who, speedily anticipating the promise of his student, soon appointed him to an assistantship. It was in this capacity, and as a fellow-student,

that Professor Roscoe met the Man you Know. The issue of their intimacy was that Roscoe carried DITTMAR with him to England as his private assistant. The appointment of Roscoe to the chair of Chemistry in Owen's College, Manchester, did not break the connection. There Mr DITTMAR remained until 1861, when he was made chief laboratory assistant to Dr Lyon Playfair of Edinburgh. Although only an assistant, his hurried gait, eager, intellectual face, and inevitable umbrella, equally with his kindly manner and great power as a laboratory-trainer, made him one of the most noteworthy figures that passed through the University Quadrangle. He continued to reside in Edinburgh until 1869, in which year he returned to his own country. The next three years were spent by him in the successive capacities of "privat docent" and lecturer on meteorology at Popelsdorff. Declining a professorial chair in Cassel, he returned to Scotland in 1872, to resume under Professor Crum Brown his old post at Edinburgh. After a little time he was invited to the chair of Practical Chemistry in Owen's College. He had not been long in Manchester, however, before the chair of Chemistry in our own Andersonian College fell vacant, through the removal to England of Professor Thorpe. The choice of the Directors of the Andersonian University did them credit; showing, as it did, that they realised the need of having, in so important a chemical centre as Glasgow, some man, not of local or insular standing, but whose voice was already clearly heard and listened to by scientific Europe. Mere influence is too often the key which opens the gate of success. To such a key Mr DITTMAR owes but little. He has literally had to hew his way, to the position he now holds, through the rock of professional difficulties. Nor had he, either, a long array of

degrees, or a flattering examinational percentage, to throw as a sop to the educational Cerberus. But he could point to solid and enduring work which he had done. This is neither the time nor the place to dilate upon technical points; but our readers will not be displeased to hear that among them they have in Professor DITTMAR the man who first noted and rightly interpreted the dissociation of a solid substance; the man whose process for the estimation of chrome ores is used by high authority in Germany as a test of the other processes; the man who has improved upon the water analysis of Frankland; who has made valuable discoveries in organic chemistry; who has made researches of the highest moment in regard to the absorption of gases and the luminosity of coal gas; and who is the contriver of perhaps the most delicate and perfect chemical balance in the market. In the literature of his science, our Professor is as high an authority as in the laboratory. It was he who wrote the articles on "Titrometric" and "Gas Analysis" in both the great German and the great English Dictionaries of Chemistry, and the articles on the "Balance," and on "Fermentation," in the new edition of the British Encyclopædia. Besides these, he is the author of a work on qualitative analysis, which one of his reviewers styles almost chemically "omniscient." In all that he writes there is much that is native to him, and that even which he borrows is stamped with his own individuality. He is even now engaged upon a work on Organic Chemistry. In the City at this day there is no man more busy. Lecturing seven or eight times a week, spending his day in the training of his students, engaged upon commercial analysis, contriving methods for the scientific analysis of specimens with which the Government scientists have entrusted him, or darting to the Edinburgh or Glasgow courts as an expert, he yet finds time to drop the garb of the alchemist, and play the part equally well of host or guest. We have grave doubts of his ever letting all the paraphernalia of wizardry out of his mind at any moment. Domestically and socially he is a happy man, but he lives and moves and has his being in his science. Transparent and candid as a child, he has a shrewd idea of business. He is at once persistent and enthusiastic, fertile in resource, and sure in result. As an expert in legal cases, he is jealous of his chemical conscience, and "speaketh only that which he doth know." His burette and balance are not at the beck and bow of any man; nor is his opinion

dependent on his fee. Unendowed as is his chair, and although the day is gone by when a man can hope, however laborious and able, to realise a competence by private chemical practice, he is yet proud of the prestige of his post. Compared with his distinguished predecessors, we may say that if Graham were a giant, Ure most practical, Penny polished and brilliant, and Thorpe industrious, DITTMAR may be justly called thorough. In a word, the Man you Know is one who can see much further into a grindstone than most men, even of his profession, can see through a pane of glass.

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### The Books.

NOW attention, if you please,  
And I'll sing you a little song,  
'Tis all about poor Innes Wright,  
Or rather Innes Wrong.  
'Twas very hard for him to lie  
Within his dungeon dark  
And know his partner, William, soared  
As free as any lark.  
But come along, sweet William,  
Just tell us once again  
That charming story of "The Books,"  
While you are in the vein.  
We have not heard so strange a tale  
For many a long, long year,  
Nor one where we could safely call  
The evidence more *clear*.  
I know there are some wicked folks  
Who will insinuate—  
No matter what—I'd rather not,  
The subject's delicate.  
Who could uncharitably condemn  
When dumb, unconscious books  
Lift up *white* faces to our eyes  
And mutely plead by looks?  
Poor Books! although neglected long  
They bear no grain of spite,  
For they the firm will never wrong  
Which never did them *write*.

---

### MISS-TAKING IT.

(Scene—The Green, at midday. Two arabs reclining before Nelson's Monument.)  
*1st Arab*—Whit's thae twa letters, M.D., up there for? Thae yins afore the figgers.  
*2d Ditto*—O, that's for Anna Domino. The maister says that, at anyrate.  
*1st Ditto*—It canna be that. It's no A.D., ye ken.  
*2d Ditto*—It'll be for Maggie Domino, then!

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"ONE FOR THE SCHOOL BOARD."—If a cripple, says Peter, invested all his money in the purchase of six wooden legs, how much cash would he have left?—Why, sixpins, to be sure? Wouldn't he? He-haw!

Stories of the Pantomimes.

PUSS IN BOOTS.

"More than prince of cats, I can tell you."—*Romeo and Juliet.*

ONCE on a time—and that's a goodly date—  
A miller lived—and, living well, took ill—  
Sent for the doctor, who arrived to state,  
The man had gone his way, and left this will.

"I leave my eldest son the mill to grind;  
My second son I leave my ass to fat;  
My youngest son, though last not least, will find  
I leave behind a treasure in my cat."

Thus ran the will; the youth was sorry—rather;  
And all his fortune proved to be a cat!  
He thought 'twas somewhat cruel of his father,  
So gave the puss a push with, "There, take that!"

"Come, come," replied the cat, "give grumbling over;  
The world is wide—you yet may win your spurs;  
Leave it to me—you'll find yourself in clover—  
Your pockets filled—and these no empty purrs."

The youth astounded heard the puss thus brag,  
And in the cat's pause merely answered, "Toots!"  
But puss undaunted says, "Here, bring a bag—  
Then take my measure for a pair of boots."

The cat, equipped, set off like any shot—  
His glittering boots the neatest were of shapes—  
And in his bag two rabbits soon he got,  
While many others had hare-breadth escapes.

He thinned the warrens daily, by degrees—  
The rabbits wondered, "Who comes here to grab us?"  
The cat flew to the king—flopped on his knees—  
"These from the Marquis, please you, of Carabbas."

The king then thanked him; but when next day driving—  
Driving for pleasure by the river's brink—  
He saw a youth, who instant took to diving—  
"Help, help!" the cat cries out, "he sure will sink."

The youth was brought to shore all dripping wet;  
Up steps the cat, who soon his master knows;  
"The king—the marquis; sire, you can't forget  
Who sent the game—but some one's nabbed his clothes!"

The king, in pity, to the palace sent him,  
All shiv'ring from his late dip in the water;  
And there a prince's gorgeous garb he lent him—  
Then straightway introduced him to his daughter.

The king had enemies—what king has none?—  
An ogre, hard by, daily stole some vassal;  
The cat had heard of this—ere set of sun,  
He rapped full boldly at the giant's castle.

"Hillo there, Bloody Bones! I wish to see  
You take some mighty shape—from here I won't stir!"  
The cat had just but time to climb a tree,  
When out a lion pops—a desperate monster.

"That's good for you," the cat says, "but I've heard,  
You take more shapes than one; so, just for fun,  
Let's see a mouse,"—the cat a spring prepared,  
And ere the mouse could wink the job was done.

We'll end our tale: the marquis got the princess;  
They lived for many years together, loyal;  
If any reader at the story wince,  
They'll "let the cat out" at the Theatre Royal.

Men who Run their Course—Jockeys.

For Christmas and New Year's Gifts, Large Assortment of  
Fancy Boxes, Figures, Ornaments, &c., for Christmas Trees,  
JAMES M'MILLAN, Confectioner, 181 Eglinton Street,

The Rectification of Some Frontiers.

BEFORE the collapse of the Bubble Bank,  
Mr Joseph Surface, who was a shareholder,  
was worshipped as one of the golden calves of  
bull-ion. The gold has disappeared, and,  
although the calf remains, it is discovered to  
be of half-cast iron, and rude and hollow. Now  
none so poor as do him reverence.

Mr O'Delfy, another shareholder, was believed  
to be, if not of the bluest blood, of the very  
bluest of old china. The glaze is now off, and  
he is revealed as of the commonest, coarsest,  
and most superficial clay.

While a holder of Bubble stock, Mr Purse  
Proud carried a very high head. With his  
money Mr P. P. lost his backbone, and he now  
goes about with his eyes downcast, as if he was  
looking for it.

Mr Pennycute gave largely to the poor and  
needy. "Charity shall cover the multitude of  
sins," but his cloak has been of filthy rags, and  
now his "failings, flaws, air wants, are a' seen  
through."

So long as he drew his 14 per cent., Mr Air  
strutted about vastly inflated and "puffed up;"  
but his windbag was pricked when his money-  
bags collapsed, and it needs no new light to see  
that there is nothing in him.

The Misses Belle-Mettle have been always  
distinguished for their "cheek," but what was  
thought to be blushes has been rectified to  
*rouge*.

Mr Titus Oates has been believed to be  
rather "green," but he now appears in his true  
colours—in liver as white as the newly-fallen  
snow-flake, and in heart as black as the ace of  
spades.

The motto of the city arms was wont to be  
"Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the  
Word," but it has been significantly rectified to  
the "preaching" being left out. It may yet be  
further to "Let Glasgow flourish by preying."

SOLD, WITH A VENGEANCE.

(Scene—Studio; enter Fred).

Artist (ruefully regarding picture on easel)—  
Well, Fred, old chap, I'm sold!

Fred—No! By Jove, let's liquor!

Artist—Don't be in a hurry! I mean I've  
just been offered five pounds for my "interior"  
—why, man, I meant it to fetch a hundred!

Fred—Whew! That's the sell, is it?

A Water-colour—"Lake."

"Waits"—the directors for their trial.

## Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—The pantomimes are now in full swing. There is "Puss in Boots" at the Royal doing her best to carry her master, the "Marquis of Carabass," forward to fortune; there is "Cinderella" at the Gaiety as simple and charming as ever; while "Blue Beard" at the Prince of Wales is the most amusing of bigamists, and the wildest-mannered man that ever doomed a spouse to death.

May I whisper in your ear, however, my magistrate, that all three entertainments—and I've had a glimpse of each—don't seem to depend a great deal for their success upon the "words." These are clever enough, certainly, but still they don't recall, to my mind at least, the manner of the Broughs or Henry Byron, not to mention the polished decasyllabic burlesque rhymes of Planché.

I was more charmed with the "Snow Ballet" at the Theatre Royal than with any other portion of "Puss in Boots." It wasn't that the rest of the pantomime was poor, but that this scene was so wonderfully fine. Indeed, I don't think I ever saw anything to surpass it on the stage.

"Puss in Boots" is really a captivating piece. It introduces Miss Lucy Franklein as the liveliest, most fascinating hero imaginable; Mr Arthur Rousbey as a most amusing "old English gentleman, all of the olden time;" Mr Major as the rombusiouest of rombusiouest stage villains; and Miss Ethel Castleton as the sweetest of sweet *Polly Prettypets*.

The scenery is artistic to a degree. Why, one of the sets alone, a view of an English farmyard, with trees covered with apple blossom in the foreground, and a wide expanse of upland and valley beyond, would of itself repay a visit to the theatre. Mr Smythe, moreover, has succeeded in producing an exquisitely graceful "transformation."

Mr Kenneth, the machinist of the Theatre Royal, died suddenly last week. He leaves a wife and family, who are, I fear, but poorly provided for.

"Cinderella" is charmingly acted. Charlie Lester must be seen as the "elderly ugly daughter" of *Baron Pompolino*, and sister of *Cinderella*, as also Harry Collier as *Alidoro*, the Prince's private tutor. The comic "business" which each imparts into his part could hardly fail to float a piece. In its way, the ball scene, where all the ladies and gentlemen—including a number of very tender years—appear in court costume of the last century and walk through a tuneful minuet, is something unusually brilliant and admirable.

Miss Gordon Gourlay (Mrs Murray) met with an exceedingly flattering reception on Saturday night from her friends in front. Mr Murray, who is also engaged by Mr Bernard for "Cinderella," is at present laid aside with a sprained ankle.

"Blue Beard," at the Prince of Wales, is a capital Pantomime and goes with great spirit and liveliness. It could stand "fining-down" in certain scenes—but too much vivacity is not altogether a bad fault in a Pantomime which appeals of course to the rough and ready perceptions of the "the rascal many," and not to the delicate taste of the cultivated few.

"Blue Beard" has already shaken down into good working order, and everything runs remarkably smoothly. The dances and songs and processions are sure to make the Pantomime popular.

All the performers play well, but Mr Gordon as *Sister Ann*, and Miss Elise Maisey as the *Genius of Love* deserve an especial word of praise. The former is very funny, and never too demonstrative, and the latter is charming. She acts and sings with ease and grace, and as if she really enjoyed what she has to do.

Toole never forgets old friends, and last Friday night he gave a very kindly proof of this from Newcastle, where he is playing at the Theatre Royal. He telegraphed to Mr Glover, wishing him a bumper benefit and all success to the following pantomime, and sent remembrances to all Glasgow friends. If it were for his warm heart alone, Toole deserves all the success he has obtained.

Among the visitors to the city on Saturday was Mr Alfred Davis, whilome of the Prince of Wales Theatre. *Cher Alfred* is growing stout, and the fingers of time have of late scooped

out any number of "crow's-feet" about the corners of his eyes. He is at present lessee of the two Sunderland Theatres.

Our old friend Mr Mackintosh, formerly of the Gaiety, has been engaged by Mr Hare to play *Dr Penguin* at the forthcoming revival of a "Scrap of Paper" at the Court Theatre. He had been secured for the Newcastle pantomime, but in view of this opening on the metropolitan "boards" Mr Bernard very generously cancelled his engagement.

I understand that the date fixed for the trial of the City Bank directors and officials is Wednesday, the 15th of next month.

Messrs Campbell Douglas & Sellars have been instructed by the City Bank liquidators to complete the Bank premises now in course of erection in Glassford Street. The front elevation is a very elegant one, and is the work, I believe, of Mr Sellars.

What could a writer in the *Evening News* of Saturday mean, when, describing the different pantomimes, he said that "in the Gaiety the Prince of Wales, as a some time Bank Director, is made the villain of the piece?"

Misses Jose Sherrington and Dones, and Messrs Pearson and Rushbury (the last a suddenly summoned substitute for Mr Fox) drew a good, appreciative house at the City Hall on Saturday night. For next Saturday we are promised Mr and Mrs Henri Clark, with their amusing entertainment, "Our Wedding Day," which comprises 18 distinct characters. Q.

## THE CUSTOM O' "THE CLOTH."

(Scene, Dinner-table in a Country House.)

*Hostess*—(to clergyman who has already been helped four times to soup)—Allow me to give you a little more, Mr M'Donald.

*Clergyman* (with a side glance at his wife)—Weel, jist a *very* little, if *you* please.

*Clergyman's wife* (to servant)—Na! na! Tak' awa his plate. He'll dae himsel' ill.

"LIKE DRAWS TO LIKE."—Now that the Enterprise Sale people are taking to selling live geese, it is devoutly to be wished that their patrons may see they are only doing realistically what they have long perpetrated metaphorically. "*Similia similibus curantur*;" let's hope they do so, at least in such cases as this.

PAW KWEECHAW!—With the warmest sympathy *Asinus* read the heading—"Lady pursued for Slander." He was once pursued for slander himself, and the thought of that awful stern chase, with the torture of the boot ever growing more imminent, makes him feel for that lady the sincerest pity.

THE LATEST ASININITY.—That cuddly of ours is developing fresh traits of audacious humour every day. His "latest" is, as he sallies forth deliberately determined to "go on the spree," to hum gaily the Shakespeare-Bishop composition, "Lo, here the gentle lark!" Gentle, indeed! Ma conscience!

"Via Dolorosa."—Balmano brae with that treacherous slide at the foot of it.

An "Interrupted Cadence"—Catching a falling "drunk."

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT curlers and skaters have had seasonable weather for their sports.

That "beef and greens" have had their "innings" for the past eight days.

That they have been diluted in every case with oceans of "skreich."

That the "roarin' game" on the ice sometimes develops into "roarin' fou" in the "public."

That when "friendly neebors neebors meet" there's aye a "guid dram gaun."

That the proprietors of the ponds round the city are making money while the frost holds.

That the frolicsome youths who indulge in pelting females with snowballs would be none the worse of a touch of the birch.

That sliding on the pavement is the prevailing amusement of our city message boys.

That the "running in" of a few of the "sliders" would tend to abate the nuisance.

That things are growing blacker for the City Bank shareholders every day.

That after all the "lottery" is the only scheme which is likely to afford them any succour.

That lotteries are opposed by the "unco guid."

That the parson who "gaffaws" over a lottery, the proceeds of which are to go to the furnishing of his manse, holds up his hands in pious horror at one in which he has no personal interest.

That "Granny" has waxed virtuously indignant over the idea that a lottery is even possible.

That the reason for this is not far to seek.

That the suggestion did not "emanate from any of our numerous and influential contributors."

That "Granny" is as usual getting herself laughed at.

That Dr Anderson Kirkwood is prepared to ride the proverbial coach-and-six through the Lottery Act.

That this will be the very "ticket."

That the scheme is certain to be a big success.

That the Innes Wright bankruptcy examination has provided us all with a fresh sensation.

That the capture of Mr Scott in the County Buildings on Monday was effected with much skill.

That it is hard to say who was the more astonished at the capture—Scott himself or those who saw Mr Boyd taking him into custody?

That his revelations on Monday regarding his

firm and the Bank are the most astounding yet made.

That the reasons for the apprehension of Leresche are now growing clearer.

That his "borrowings" from the City Bank have a suspicious look of "black mail."

That the measures taken for the relief of the unemployed by the authorities have been so far satisfactory.

That Bailie M'Bean is furious that Councillor Jackson should have been appointed Sub-Con- vener of the Relief Committee.

That "George" is the "right man in the right place."

That the Lord Provost has had quite enough experience of "round men in square holes."

That the £5000 from the "public good" which was not voted by the Council to the Bank shareholders ought to be assigned to the unemployed.

That the Crosshill ladies deserve credit for their efforts to alleviate the prevailing distress.

That the quantity and quality of the gas supplied to our shops and warehouses during the fog of last week was something deplorable.

That Bailie Walls' coals may be cheap but they are certainly nasty.

That the arrangements for putting out fires in Hillhead are rather of a primitive kind.

That the hose are better adapted for scattering water on a crowd than for extinguishing flames.

That the Glasgow City Fire Brigade are more useful than welcome at fires in Hillhead burgh.

ART CRITICISM.

*First Critic* (who is a baker by trade).—I say Pat, arn't these stones in the picture there like lumps of dough.

*Pat*.—Of coorse they are, and why shouldn't they, too. Does'nt the painter make his brea'd by them!

"BUT WHATNA DATE, OR WHATNA STYLE?"

If speculation's backward blow  
Sent building all to pot and panic,  
Now architecture's sunk as low—  
To 'twixt mechanic and Queen-Annic.

A SELL.—Somebody advertises for "a gentleman" "to sell coach-painters, house-painters, and japanners' varnishes." Before applying for the situation, the Ass would like to know whether the japanners are to be sold as well as the coach and house-painters, or only their varnishes?

## Osculatory Dangers.

WHAT a dreadful world this is, to be sure! How full of snares and pitfalls for the unwary feet! How beset with hidden dangers to the careless wayfarer! The BAILIE has been put on this moralizing track by the warnings against osculation with which the medical papers now abound. Can the imagination conceive anything more horrid? Is the once blissful, ecstatic operation of kissing to be henceforth conducted under stringent sanitary regulations? Must kissing, which erstwhile was supposed to go by favour, in future go by medical certificate? Does a fit of toothache, a twinge of hereditary gout, or a touch of rheumatism incapacitate an individual from kissing for the time being? Would red hair or a squint communicate any subtle malady if the possessor of these charms were kissed? If this should prove an ascertained fact in physiology, some radical changes must be made in our current literature. All those passages in the poets, where "kiss" rhymes with "bliss," must be entirely reconstructed. A new version of a once popular song will be required, under the title of "Kiss me quick and go—to the Hospital for Pulmonary Diseases." To kiss any one for his mother—or even his grandmother, will be universally considered much too dangerous a proceeding. At this festive season to, when a special dispensation for kissing seems to exist, young men who deem their lives worth taking care of may be seen behind drawing-room doors and in dark corners, furtively consulting pamphlets entitled "Kissing, Chirurgically considered," or "Whom to Hug, Kiss, and Avoid," before they trust themselves in the vicinity of the too seductive mistletoe. Altogether, the question is one of the utmost moment, and it behoves society to look to it without delay. Why waste precious time in discussing the City Bank affairs or the Afghan War when such a portentous subject is trembling in the balance?

## THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG.

"Puss in Boots"—no, not *in shoes*:—  
It's all the same, invokes the "Mews,"  
Mews-ache that in the sole resides,  
Or, purr-adventure, th' upper hides.

## A CRAMMAR IN GRAMMAR.

Why is the sun masculine? 'Cos sons allus is.  
And the moon feminine? 'Cos it's so changin'.

## An Exceptional Being.

I ONLY seem to walk this earth  
That thieves may plunder me;  
I've furnished food for sharpers' mirth  
Since I began to be.  
I hear you ask, "Pray who is he  
Whom rogues thus swindle can?"  
I am that strange anomaly,  
An honourable man!  
They cheat me here, they cheat me there,  
My friends and foes alike,  
Each seems to strive, with prowess rare,  
The harder blow to strike.  
Come one, come all—kiss, ban at me!  
Jade Fortune back each plan!—  
I'll still be that anomaly,  
An honourable man!

HOME, SWEET HOME.—(See daily papers of 11th inst.)—"James Nicol Fleming left Otago, N. Z., for the United Kingdom, Dec. 5th." "Bless me!" exclaimed Bauldy when he read it, "Is the man daft? Otago! If I was in his shoon I wad consider I *ought tae go* some ither gate than to the United Kingdom, and fancy him turnin' up there when everybody, Captain M'Call included, thocht he was only in Spain."

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.—"For the sake of experiment, Sir Humphrey Davy subjected himself systematically to an intoxicating draught of alcohol." The Ass, reading this sentence in a learned essay, pondered sadly over the unequal fates of men. Often has he, too, subjected himself to an intoxicating draught of alcohol, but never once did even his dearest friend look upon the performance as a *scientific* experiment.

MY 'ART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.—"Highland Scenery," says the unspeakable advertiser in one of his fits,—"*Instruction given in the Art.*" Dear me, remarks Bauldy, and has it come to this? Are our mountains and lochs and corries only an art to be acquired for pelf in a top flat somewhere in West George Street?

## TOO TRUE.

*Country Clergyman* (who takes an occasional holiday, to old member)—How is it, John, I so seldom see you in the church.

*John*—Weel, sir, it maun be because you're sae seldom there yersel'.

Certain advanced Liberals have been freely remarking that the proper "Toast for the *Times*" would be one at the end of a certain gentleman's toasting-fork.



Quavers.

APROPOS of some criticisms on last Tuesday's orchestral concert, it might be asked—first, what is the use of discussing the rate of speed of a "Pilgrim's March," when no such accredited march exists, at least in the work remarked on; and, second, what is the good of desiderating "new light" on music that is as clear as the day, and so transparent that the simplest musical mind can grasp it?

The tone of the Choral Union is excellent as a whole just now, but less equal than we have heard it. As has usually been the case, the bass carries off the palm. It is very grand and sonorous this session. The soprano, though good, is less brilliant and a little courageous; and the alto and tenor parts, though on the other hand timorous, are not so strong as before. But all this is said with a warm interest in a society which has done splendid choral work in its time, and is, for some qualities, surpassed by probably no other similar association in Britain. Considered as a body of amateurs, without any professional admixture, as in England, the Glasgow Choral Union is unique.

Was the orchestra playing as steadily as it should have done at the "Judas Maccabeus" concert? It seemed to require a firm hand to restrain them somehow, but "the statutory conductor" (an amusing synonymic phrase we noticed lately) was equal to the occasion, and we have hardly seen anywhere more graceful, as well as firmer, conducting than on that evening.

Why not, by the way, have those Handelian recitatives accompanied on the organ in place of by the violoncello? Even from the skilful bow of a Howell, such string accompaniments are most unsatisfactory, and besides are an Italian innovation entirely out of keeping with the character of the music.

At to-night's orchestral concert (Tuesday) will be performed an Organ Concerto, the composition of Ebenezer Prout, one of our most learned and at the same time least pedantic English musicians. Dr Peace is to play the solo part. The chief symphony of the evening is Schumann's No. 4, in D minor; and the overture is the "Der Freyschutz." This latter will be somewhat fresh, from its comparative rarity of performance, in these days of Raff, Brahms, Goldmark, and so on. Arthur Sullivan's "In Memoriam" symphony finds a place, and deserves it. Alas, that its composer should now have descended to pinafore-work! One interesting and important item in to-night's programme is Herr Tausch's incidental music to Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." The mingled pathos and humour of the play are ably reproduced, and altogether the work is of a high order of merit. A gratefully pleasant characteristic is the decidedly "old and antique" flavour which Herr Tausch has contrived to impart to the music—which, by the way, was written for what might be termed the "Pen and Pencil Club" of Dusseldorf, some twenty years ago. Mr James Allan will sing the three incidental songs, "rare" ones of their kind. The Hochzeits or Wedding March, published for piano separately, will be found a valuable addition to the home repertory.

Mrs Davison, a new soprano from America, appears at to-night's concert, and will sing the Romance from Guillaume Tell, "Sombre foret," with songs from other sources.

Mr Donaldson of St. Vincent Street has just published Mr Alfred Burnett's "La Mandoline," arranged for piano. It is a graceful and elegant little composition.

The Glasgow Select Choir announce a concert on the evening of Thursday the 26th inst., the night after Christmas. The chief features of the programme will be a selection of Christmas Carols, including two expressly written for this concert by Sir Julius Benedict and Professor Macfarren; and the cantata, "Christmas," by Macfarren. This concert will be something entirely novel. We in Scotland have little or no acquaintance, we may say, with Christmas Carols, but many of them, it will be found, possess considerable musical interest. We are indebted to Mr Frederic Archer, the talented and well-read musician who conducts the choir, for this opportunity of hearing some of these interesting Christmas songs; and a most attractive concert may be looked for, appropriate to the season. The choir sings with great refinement, as we all know, but to give proper effect to the

solo part in Professor Macfarren's cantata, the services of Miss Carina Clelland, of the Alexandra Palace Concerts, have been engaged for the occasion.

An organ recital was given in Queen's Park Parish Church, on Friday evening last, by Mr Samuel Fraser, organist of the church, with vocal intermezzi by the choir. Among the organ pieces, an Offertoire by Collins was brilliantly played, and the execution of Haydn's Hymn, with the variations, was characterised by neatness and grace. Of the vocal intermezzi—a capital phrase, by the way, in similar circumstances—most worth noticing, both for selection and rendering, were Dr Spark's anthem, "I shall see Him," the quartet in which was tastefully sung; the Jubilate from Clark Whitfield's Service in E; a Deus Misereatur from Bridgewater; and that capital chorus, the Gloria from Mozart's 12th Mass.

The St. George's Select Choir gave a specially successful concert at Alexandria on Wednesday evening last. Mr Moodie's clever "Willie Wastle" created quite a furor among the "Vale" people, while the refined and careful singing of the choir was not the less appreciated in the more serious pieces.

By the bye, BAILIE, your most respectable printer seems fond of condensation. The other week the title of Rossini's masterpiece was printed so—Wm. Tell. One may quite expect after this to have to submit to such indignities as F. Diavolo or L. Borgia; or to find in some would-be eloquent outburst in this column, oneself made to speak of, for instance, the immortal Beet, the glorious Moz., composer of the never-dying D.G.; or of the great musical genius of the day, condensedly, as R. Wag.

TONALT IN PETTICOATS.

(Scene—Suburban Villa; *Dramatis personæ*, Highland domestic and grocer's message boy who is calling at the house for morning orders).

H. D.—Wull you be a wine merchant, too, as well?

Boy—Yes.

H. D.—Will you be pleased to send me a gill whisky and quarter-a-pound sugar barley for the cold?

A Friend in Need.

THE magistrates are coming forward to the relief of the unemployed—in shoals. His Worship means, of course, the *real* "Glasgow Magistrate"—the one whose "scales" are never accused of tilting up at the touch of gold. He is a true friend, and it has been noticed more than once that though we may say nothing of him in our prosperity he always revisits the Clyde when distress makes his presence doubly welcome. Here's health and plumpness to you, my worthy magistrates, may you escape out of the net—into the hands of the fishermen; and may your end be—a perfect cure!

A QUESTION TO BE ASKED.—Asinus wishes to know who are to be directors of this Lottery scheme, in which, as in banks, the public will be invited to take shares. It's not easy to know "who's who" in 1878. The "City" directors were believed to be "all honourable men," and—

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Free invitation is given to the Ladies of Glasgow to this OUR FIRST GREAT SHOW. At the same time Ladies will have an opportunity of seeing THE FINEST WAREHOUSE EXTANT. Also, the HANDSOMEST SALOON in the World for the Display and Exhibition of Costumes, Jackets, Millinery, &c., &c.

Ladies are invited to walk through the Caledonian House daily, as Novelties and Special Bargains are being continually laid out.

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**M'LEAN, 96 MITCHELL STREET.**

**TODD'S  
QUININE WINE**

**F**OR INDIGESTION, FLATULENCY,  
NERVOUSNESS, &c.  
Stands pre-eminent for Purity and Strength,  
and is recommended by the Faculty.  
Sold by Chemists and Wine Merchants.

**IURUYKAS.**

Ck ynuc znk rgxmkyz yzuiq ul "Mktzy loxyz irgyy Ngzy" ot Mrgymuc, gtj ykrr kbkxe yotmrk ngz gz cnurkygrk vxoiiky. Ck magxgtzkk zu mobk znk hkyz wagrozoky zngz igt hk sgjk gtj gregey ynuc znk tkckzy yngvky.

**IURUYKAS,  
PGSGOIG YZXKKZ.**

Key to the above to be found on p. 13.

**SOLD EVERYWHERE,  
HENRY THOMSON & CO'S  
OLD  
IRISH WHISKY.**  
SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—  
**ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.**

**C**ENTRAL HAIR-CUTTING ROOMS.—ESTAB. 1847.  
**JOHN BROWN, 8 GLASSFORD STREET.**

Seasonable Economy.

**S**ELDOM, we think, in Commercial experience, has the wisdom of a particular course been more signally shown than the introduction by us of the "CASH" Principle into our TAILORING DEPARTMENT. The "Credit" System we regarded, and still regard, as thoroughly vicious and indefensible, and it required, we confess, some little courage to take a firm stand against it, and introduce a system sounder and every way more beneficial. It is gratifying to us that our Patrons have not been slow to appreciate our exertions, based as these have been on the intelligible principle of "MUTUAL ADVANTAGE," all the more worthy of support, when in these days of great Business depression the necessity of the most rigid economy comes home to every one in the Community.

In harmony with these views, we have pleasure in stating that we have just completed the amplest requirements for supplying, for this Season, our HIGH-CLASS

100S.

BLACK DRESS SUIT.

The success that has attended this Scheme during the limited period since it was introduced has encouraged us to make it in future

A LEADING SPECIALITY.

The depressed state of the Markets for some time past has enabled us to Purchase the BEST BLACK CLOTHS at Prices lower than they have been for some time, and we are, in consequence, in a position to supply our customers with a still better Article at the same cost as hitherto.

We venture to say that there are few Gentlemen who, in their quiet moments, do not entertain the opinion that a First-Class Dress Suit *ought* to be procurable for at least 100s., although at the same time they may be passively submitting to a Charge of nearly One-half more. If this be so, then we claim in this Leading Speciality to have met a felt want and to have done a public service.

FORSYTH.

5 AND 7 RENFIELD STREET.

DAVISON'S  
CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE  
GINGER BEER.

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND;" WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC. As supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

THOMAS DAVISON,  
DISPENSING CHEMIST,  
126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

THE BAILIE.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 18th, 1878.

**T**HE newest panacea for healing the troubles arising out of the stoppage of the City of Glasgow Bank is the appointment of an arbi-

trator who would adjudicate on all questions as between the Bank and its shareholders on the one hand, and the shareholders and the creditors on the other. This scheme is promoted by a benevolent firm in the city of London, from purely philanthropic motives. Mr MORRIS, of the firm of Ashurst, Morris, & Co., the great metropolitan humanitarians, is the starter of the project, and he has so much faith in it that he has taken the trouble to come down to Scotland to explain his plan to those for whose benefit it is understood to be intended. Curiously enough, however, Mr MORRIS only favoured Edinburgh with his presence. Although the bulk of the shareholders belong to Glasgow and its neighbourhood, he was careful to avoid the Western City. The BAILIE is all the more surprised at this conduct, seeing that Mr MORRIS must be no stranger to us. His firm took an active share in floating the Glasgow Tramways' Bill, and folk do say that the philanthropy they displayed on that occasion was so lucrative to themselves that they took some £40,000 of the promotion money connected with the measure. Can it be that the present move of Messrs Ashurst, Morris, & Co. is intended to produce similar results? Wouldn't it be well for Mr BLYTHE, Mr COWAN, and the rest of the people who are supporting Mr MORRIS, to satisfy themselves on this point before proceeding further in the matter? It seems to the BAILIE that the statements of Mr MORRIS with regard to the time the winding-up will occupy in the Scotch law courts are somewhat extravagant, to say the very least. If our philanthropic friend desires that his scheme should be supported by the great body of shareholders and creditors, it is only fair that he should supply them with the data on which he founds his assertions. It can scarcely be supposed that he is possessed of any special knowledge of the working of our Scotch law courts, and the business-like way in which the Court of Session has dealt with the Bank cases that have already come before it, is a sufficient proof that the appointment of such an arbitrator as Messrs ASHURST, MORRIS & CO. propose, would be altogether superfluous.

The latest thing in the way of applause, according to the reporters, is "tremendous cheering." We shall next hear of "terrific laughter" and "frightful hear-hears."

A Rogue in Grain—The emperor that fed his horse on g(u)ilt oats.

At Lochburnie.

**C**HARLES (on his knees before Amelia, putting on her skates)—The only objection I have to the acme skate is that it is so ridiculously easy to put on. Why, in the old strap and buckle days, I could have spent a blissful ten minutes over the operation—and now you see it's done.

**Amelia**—And that isn't what you would call the "happy dispatch?" Now, sir, if you are quite finished, there's no excuse for you kneeling any longer. That old lady on the right—the one with the spectacles and the big brown muff—has got her eye on you.

**Charles**—In deference to the old lady's opinion, I sacrifice my feelings and get up. Now for a start—*C'est le premier pas qui coûte*, you know, so have a care, madam. If we tumble, we may shock the old lady again.

**Amelia** (with a little squeeze of the arm)—It's you who have a care, Charlie—care of me, you know. You haven't forgotten mamma's dreadfully strict orders already, I hope? Oh isn't this awfully jolly? (They bump violently against a fellow-skater going backwards). Oh-h Charlie!! (Crash behind). I'm afraid we've knocked that gentleman into a hole!

**Charles** (looking back)—He certainly is in a hole, at all events. Never mind, let him drown!

**Amelia**—How can you be so unfeeling? I almost think you would say the same thing if I went in!

**Charles** (with effusion)—In that case I'd rescue you—even if the water should be twenty-four inches deep—or perish in the attempt! I wouldn't have sufficient moral courage to go home and tell your mamma of your untimely end. If there's to be any drowning done, I must insist that we drown together.

**Amelia**—Romeo and Juliet with skates on! How dramatic! (A delicious pause). Wouldn't it be jolly if we could go on like this for ever—just like the Wandering Jew, you know, only—together! (Another little squeeze).

**Charles**—Glorious! or like Weston or O'Leary or any of those thousand-miles-in-a-thousand-hours fellows! Only I wouldn't care about it if that old lady friend of yours was to be constantly staring at us—a sort of perpetual watching sentinel. There she is on the bank now. She makes me blush.

**Amelia**—Bother the old lady! At least she seems to bother you a good deal. I'm afraid it's your evil conscience that takes alarm at the poor old thing. You see she doesn't trouble me.

**Charles**—That only proves you are a more hardened offender than I. Don't boast of your superior wickedness, you brazen female, or the ice may be tempted to open and swallow you up.

[At this point the BAILIE'S Skating Special, who had been reluctantly compelled to overhear the foregoing conversation, could stand this sort of twaddle no longer. He therefore rushed incontinently from the ice; and he hereby registers his deliberate opinion, that the small talk of a young couple who are "spoons" on each other would be a disgrace to the average inmate of any well-regulated lunatic asylum.]

### East and West.

GLASGOW, DECEMBER, 1879.

**O**RGAN pipes are pealing  
Far up in the golden West,  
While a ragged East goes reeling  
Into its honeyless nest:  
Gael, Saxon, and Scot,  
Dog of the garbaged street;  
Thief, beggar, and sot  
Under the night-hive meet.

Concert rooms are filling,  
Ball-room belles are dressed,  
But the East hath songs more thrilling  
Than ever were heard in the West.  
Gael, Saxon, and Scot,  
Doomed to a life-long wail;  
Thief, beggar, and sot,  
Born for the workhouse and jail.

The West is kneeling and praying,  
Church and chapel are lit;  
But faster the East is straying  
Into a fathomless pit.  
Gael, Saxon, and Scot,  
Fragments broken and lost;  
Thief, beggar, and sot,  
Into their last tomb tossed.

UNDER WHICH KING?—"Sir Garnet Wolseley is about to visit England to recruit," says a gossiping recorder of news. This is ambiguous. Liberals, of course, say it's his health the distinguished soldier means to recruit, but good Tories, knowing how invigorating is the climate of our newly-acquired sanatorium, are quite certain it must be the army Sir Garnet is zealously bent on recruiting.

PEDESTRIANISM EXTRAORDINARY.—A Dundee contemporary gravely states that at "Kirkcaldy, Pepper's Ghost is enjoying a good run in the Corn Exchange." The Animile, who is anxious to make money, would like a report of the "betting" on the event, because he has himself lately been running—into debt. He has also lost a pile over those directors who are "running their letters."

An Impertinent Observation—A fixed stare.

Smokers,—Try Wallach Smoking Mixture, 6d per ounce  
Only to be had from D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram Street

Megilp.

THE members of the Hanging Committee for next Institute Exhibition have been appointed. They are Messrs Sellars, Mossman, and Powell.

Committees must keep in view the quality of art at the Loan Exhibition and endeavour to secure for the Institute Exhibition as fine pictures from London and elsewhere as they possibly can. At the same time, it must be borne in mind, that the Institute Exhibition is identified with the West of Scotland, and that all West of Scotland artists have a right to expect in every consideration for their contributions. Pictures should be hung, but the work of young artists should be promoted well—must not be pushed aside to make room for the canvases even of London Academicians and Associates, who in many cases are glad to get their pictures hung here, simply because they have been unsaleable elsewhere.

The thick fog of last week, making darkness in the city, has interfered materially with the inspection of pictures. In the coffee-coloured gloom the most brilliant tints and the sweetest harmonies lost all their charm and effect.

In Messrs Kay & Reid's, two large pictures by Sir Noel Paton are at present being exhibited, "Via Dolorosa" and "The Great Shepherd." I have seen the pictures, but only very indistinctly, so I must reserve fuller notice for another occasion. All admirers of Sir Noel should go and see them.

The sales at the Art Club Exhibition in Mr Annan's amounted up to Saturday evening to £656. Not so bad considering the wretched times.

Messrs Adam & Small are about to open an Art show room in Sauchiehall Street, at the corner of Campbell Street. Examples of stained glass and specimens of other branches of decorative art, such as brass work, tapestry, furniture, &c., will be exhibited there, and I have no doubt that such a show room will exercise a most beneficial effect in improving public taste in Glasgow. Of the true principles of decorative art, regular Glasgow men and women are thoroughly ignorant. They have as yet hardly got, in matters of taste, beyond the state of the savage, who, when he adorns himself for battle or for love, will use no other pigments than blue and red in all their native untempered gaudiness.

R.

PROMOTION.

(Scene—Mining village).

Free Church Minister (at miner's door)—"Is James at home, Mrs Brown?"

Mrs B.—"No, sir, he's awa' tae the toon the day."

Minister—"I'm sorry for that, because I wanted to tell him that he's been appointed a deacon."

Mrs B.—"A deacon, sir! I'm rale glad tae hear o't, for tae tell ye the truth, sir, onything's better than a collier noo-a-days."

A REGISTRAR'S REFLECTION.

If marriages in heaven are made,  
(And not, as some say,—well!)  
Angels, like men, must feel dull trade,  
And work half-time a spell!

Why is the Cuddie like the money market?  
—They both get "tight" now and then. Heehaw!

Art Note—Nocturnes are not always (k) night pieces.

What Folk Think of some Ministers.

THAT they should attend to the duties connected with their own congregations, before they undertake others, or indulge in hobbies that occupy the time that should be devoted to the interests of those on whom they depend for their living.

That if payment for work done and by results was a rule, some would have to work much harder than they do, or get very much smaller salaries.

That if the members of some churches attended no better to their private businesses than their ministers do to their duties as ministers, they would soon find their names in the black list.

That ministers should practise in their relations to their congregations, more nearly than some do, what they preach to them.

That it is unfair to congregations that members should be obliged to leave and so break off old associations because they get little benefit on account of ministers not attending to their duties.

That it is unfair to those who prefer to remain to feel that they must contribute to the support of one whose only interest in them seems to be that he knows they are obliged to provide him with the means of a livelihood.

That our church courts should find means of redress for these cases that would be unpleasant to the few only—the indolent and the incapable.

That it is to be hoped they will set about doing this at once.

FITTED.

(Scene, Fancy hosiery; facetious youth purchasing bow for his sweetheart).

Facetious Youth (to shop girl)—"I suppose you have all kinds of ties here, miss?"

Shop Girl—"Yes, I believe we have, sir, what kind would you like to see?"

Facetious Youth (winking to his sweetheart)—"Could you supply me with a pigs-ty?"

Shop Girl—"With pleasure, sir, just hold down your Hogs-head and I'll take your measure."

[Tableau.]

A PIT'LESS JOKE.—A card, says the Animile, has been sent round announcing that splendid parlour coal may now be had "fresh from pit in West George Street." Pit, he adds, it's no true!

Applicants for a vacant situation are requested to "apply with character." Asinus, who thinks of going in for the berth, asks, What sort of character? He has no character himself, but knows no end of queer characters, one or more of whom he could produce.

## T H E A T R E - R O Y A L

The "Royal" Pantomime.

The Scenery by Mr WILLIAM GLOVER and  
Mr R. S. SMYTH.

Miss LUCY FRANKLEIN,

Every Evening, at 7-30,

The Grand "Royal" Pantomime,

P U S S I N B O O T S .

Or the Orge, the Cat, and the  
Miller's Son.

Grand Illuminated Morning Performance of the Pantomime.

On SATURDAY DEC. 21st, and WEDNESDAY DEC. 25th,

At 2 o'clock.

Box Office Open from 11 to 3.

## P R I N C E . O F W A L E S T H E A T R E .

TO-NIGHT (MONDAY), DECEMBER 16, at 7-30 o'clock,

Will be produced the Pantomime for 1878-79,

B L U E B E A R D ,

Supported by the Most Powerful Vocal, Dramatic, and Pantomimic Company in the Kingdom. New and Georgeous Scenery, and Elaborate and Magnificent Costumes.

Prices of Admission—Private Boxes from One to Two Guineas. Single Seats in the same, 4s. Dress Circle, 3s. Stalls, 2s 6d. Pit, 1s. Amphitheatre, 9d. Gallery, 6d.

Extra Doors (to avoid the crush) Open at 6-30 each evening. Saturdays at 6. Admission to Pit, Stalls, and Circle, 6d each additional; to Amphitheatre and Gallery, 3d each additional.

Grand Illuminated Morning Performance at 2 o'clock on SATURDAY First, Dec. 21, Wednesday, Dec. 25, and SATURDAY, Dec 28.

**E**LOCUTION and Oratorical Gesticulation taught Privately and in Class, by W. S. VALLANCE, 9 Cambridge Street.

## G L A S G O W S O U T H - S I D E T O N I C S O L - F A C H O R A L S O C I E T Y .

GRAND CHORAL CONCERT,

IN THE CITY HALL,

ON WEDNESDAY EVENING THE 18TH DEC, 1878.

HANDEL'S CANTATA,

ACIS AND GALATEA.

SOLOISTS—

Mrs SMITH, Soprano;

Mr Wm. PARKINSON, Tenor;

Mr Wm. WALLACE, Tenor;

Mr JAMES ALLAN, Bass.

Organist, - - - Dr A. L. PEACE,

CHORUS OF 200 VOICES,

Conductor, - - - Mr JAMES M'KEAN.

ADMISSION—Front and Side Galleries, 2s; Area and Back Gallery, 1s.

Doors Open at 7-30; Concert at 8 o'clock.

## T H E G A I E T Y .

Proprietor and Manager..... Mr CHARLES BERNARD.

Every Evening,

Mr C. BERNARD'S

Original, Grand, and Fairy Extravaganza  
and Pantomime,

C I N D E R E L L A .

Box Office open Daily from 10 till 4.

## G L A S G O W C H O R A L U N I O N

FIFTH ORCHESTRAL CONCERT,  
PUBLIC HALLS, TO-NIGHT

## G L A S G O W C H O R A L U N I O N .

"MESSIAH."

NEW-YEAR'S-DAY, 1ST JANUARY, 1879.

Tickets—8s 6d, and 5s (Reserved Seats), from Swan & Co.,  
49 Buchanan Street, Glasgow.

## G L A S G O W C H O R A L U N I O N .

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.  
PUBLIC HALLS, SATURDAY, 21st DECEMBER,  
GRAND POPULAR CONCERT,

VOCALISTS,

Miss IRVINE and Mr OSBORNE.

CLARINET and PICCOLO SOLOS by Messrs EGERTON and  
PACKER, Jun.

Tickets—2s and 1s, from Swan & Co., 49 Buchanan Street.  
Doors Open at 7. Concert at 8.

## G L A S G O W S E L E C T C H O I R .

MR FREDERIC ARCHER.....Conductor.

GRAND

CHRISTMAS CONCERT,

QUEEN'S ROOMS,

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26TH, 1878.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

AND

MACFARREN'S CANTATA "CHRISTMAS."

Miss CARINA CLELLAND, Soprano.

(First Appearance in Glasgow.)

Mr ARCHER will Perform PIANOFORTE SOLOS,  
By Beethoven, Bennett, and Chopin.

Tickets—5s (Reserved), 3s, 2s, and 1s—at Messrs Swan & Co.,  
and Paterson & Sons, Buchanan Street.

## C I T Y H A L L S A T U R D A Y E V E N I N G C O N C E R T S .

SATURDAY, 21ST DECEMBER.

The Celebrated Comedians,

Mr and Mrs HENRI CLARK

Assisted by Mr HARMANN TRIPP,

In Celebrated Entertainment, entitled "OUR WEDDING DAY" full of amusing and Burlesque Sketches. 18 Different Characters. Written and Composed by G. W. Hunt, Esq.

Organist, - - - - - Mr H. A. LAMBETH.

Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats on Side  
Galleries, 2s. Children, 2d, 4d, and 6d.

Doors Open at 7 o'clock; Organ Performance at 7-30.  
JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

STRANGERS VISITING GLASGOW  
WILL SAVE MONEY BY PURCHASING THEIR  
BOYS' AND YOUTHS' CLOTHING

AT

BUCHANAN & JOHNSON'S  
NEW CLOTHING WAREHOUSE,

174 AND 176 TRONGATE,

(CORNER OF HUTCHESON STREET),

GLASGOW.

THE SIGHT OF THE CITY.

AERATED WATERS.

"The public do not, perhaps, generally know that there is as much difference between good and bad Aerated Waters as there is between good and bad Wine."—*Evening Times*, August 8th, 1878.

The above paragraph states a truism which is patent to all who know anything about the Aerated Water Trade. To the most of people a Bottle of Soda is a Bottle of Soda all the world over; but it is a fact that there is as much difference between a really good and an inferior Aerated Water as there is between a Port or Sherry of the finest brand and a Wine of the poorest class.

All our Manufactures are prepared at Belfast from the famous CROMAC WATER, which is peculiarly adapted for making Aerated Waters, and what we aim at is to produce an article of superior quality, not, as seems to be the case with the majority of Scotch manufacturers, how cheap we can offer an inferior article to the Trade. We recommend all our Waters as being of the finest possible quality; but what we pride ourselves in for an "All the Year Round" Beverage is our GINGER ALE, which we have no hesitation in saying is superior to all others.

WHEELER & CO.,  
CROMAC SPRINGS, BELFAST.

DEPOT FOR SCOTLAND:—  
147 STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW.

6<sup>D</sup> will be given for No. 309 of the BAILIE at the Publishers'.

IURUYKAS

KEY.

a	stands as	u	j	stands as	d	s	stands as	m
b	"	v	k	"	e	t	"	n
c	"	w	l	"	f	u	"	o
d	"	x	m	"	g	v	"	p
e	"	y	n	"	h	w	"	q
f	"	z	o	"	i	x	"	r
g	"	a	p	"	j	y	"	s
h	"	b	q	"	k	z	"	t
i	"	c	r	"	l			

GLASGOW CATHOLIC CHORAL SOCIETY.

SEASON 1878-79.

FIRST SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT,

ALBION HALLS, COLLEGE STREET,

THURSDAY Evening, December 26th, at EIGHT o'clock.

His Grace Dr EYRE, Archbishop of Glasgow, in the Chair.

SELECTION OF SACRED AND SECULAR MUSIC.

CHORUS OF ABOUT NINETY VOICES.

SOLO PARTS by MEMBERS of the SOCIETY.

Solo Violinist.....Mr A. BARRETT, Glasgow Orchestra.

Accompanist .....Mr R. BUCHANAN, Junior.

Hon. Conductor... ..Mr JAMES M'ARDLE.

Reserved Seats, 2s; Second do., 1s. Season Subscription, 5s, entitling holder to Two admissions at each of Two Concerts.

Tickets may be had and Subscribers enrolled at Mr J. H. De Monti, 101 Buchanan Street.

NOTE.—No Tickets sold at Doors (except to Subscribers), till a Quarter to Eight o'clock.

GLASGOW  
SCIENCE LECTURES.

Professor J. R. SEELEY, M.A.  
Subject—"Bismarck."

CITY HALL,  
THURSDAY, 19TH DECEMBER, 1878.

Doors Open at Seven P.M. Admission, 6d, 1s, and 2s.

ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW.

NEWSOMES  
HIPPODROME AND CIRCUS,  
INGRAM STREET, GLASGOW,

To-Night, and Every Evening, Doors Open at 7, Commencing at 7-30.

ENTIRE AND COMPLETE CHANGE OF HORSES AND ARTISTES.

MID-DAY PERFORMANCES on SATURDAYS,  
Doors open at 2-30, commencing at 3.

In Preparation,  
A GRAND EQUESTRIAN PANTOMIME.

## NATIONAL SECURITY SAVINGS BANK OF GLASGOW.

The FORTY-THIRD ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of this Bank will be held in the MERCHANTS' HOUSE, 1 West George Street, on MONDAY, the 23rd December, 1878, at One o'clock, when the Report for the past year will be submitted.

Depositors and the Public are invited to attend.

By order of the Directors,  
WILLIAM MEIKLE, Actuary.

99 Glassford St., 13th Dec., 1878.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Tuesday, 24th Dec.  
IMPORTANT PUBLIC SALE OF

### AN EXTENSIVE STOCK OF VALUABLE FURS,

LADIES' SEALSKIN DEEP PALETOT JACKETS and CLOAKS,  
SABLE MUFFS, LADIES' FURS of every variety,  
GENTS' REAL SEALSKIN DRIVING CAPS and VESTS,  
CARRIAGE RUGS, HEARTH RUGS, COACH WRAPPERS  
MATS, &c.

**ROBERT M'TEAR & CO.** will Sell, by  
Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North  
Court, St. Vincent Place, on Tuesday, 24th December, at 12  
o'clock, the above well-selected and assorted Stock.

SEALSKIN JACKETS, of exceptional fine quality, from 36 to 42  
inches long, both plain and trimmed with Russian Sable, Otter,  
Beaver, Chinchilla, &c.

The CARRIAGE RUGS are a choice selection of the following  
valuable skins:—Wolf, Bear, White, Red, Grey, and Silver  
Fox, Raccoon, African Lynx, Badger, Biscucha, Tartary Goat,  
Kangaroo, Australian and American Opossum, Wallaby, &c.

The HEARTH RUGS are of Lion, Bengal Tiger, Leopard,  
Wolf, Bear, Buffalo, Fox, Raccoon, American Opossum, Tartary  
Goat, Polar Bear, and other Skins, with Hall and Door Mats  
to match.

Opera Cloak Linings, Sable, Chinchilla, Otter, Beaver, and  
other Flouncings, Neck Ties, Foot Warmers.

FUR TRIMMINGS in great variety for Ladies' Costumes,  
Cloaks, Dresses, &c.

Catalogues may be had Two Days prior, and the Goods  
viewed on the Morning of Sale,

Royal Exchange, 17th Dec., 1878.

### IMPORTANT SALE OF HIGH-CLASS JAPANESE FANCY GOODS.

In the Royal Exchange Sale Rooms, at Twelve o'clock,  
On Monday first, the 23rd December.

### PUBLIC SALE OF HIGH-CLASS JAPANESE FANCY GOODS.

**ROBT. M'TEAR & CO.** have received in-  
structions to offer without reserve a large and important  
consignment of Japanese Fancy Goods, comprising an extensive  
variety of Real Satsuma, White and Blue, and other Fancy  
China Vases, Tea and Breakfast Sets, also a Choice Lot of  
Japanese Tortoiseshell Cigar and Cigarette Cases, Fancy Cigar  
and Tobacco Boxes, Trays, Cabinets, Fancy Nic-Nacs, &c.,  
&c., suitable for Christmas and New-Year's presents.

On View on Saturday first and on Morning of Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 16th Dec., 1878.

### BUTTER.

**WE** are now Receiving our Regular Supplies  
of FINEST MILD CURED BUTTER for Table use  
during Winter, in Kits of 36lbs and 70lbs each.

**JOHN WALKER & CO.,**  
FAMILY GROCERS, WINE MERCHANTS, AND ITALIAN  
WAREHOUSEMEN,  
[42] WEST NILE STREET.

## BROWN & LOWDEN, AUCTIONEERS and VALUATORS, 14 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.

SALES of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, &c., conducted  
at the Owner's Premises, on Moderate Terms.  
CASH ADVANCED.

### IMPORTANT SALE OF FURS.

Within the Sale-Rooms, 14 Gordon St., To-Morrow (Tuesday)  
and Wednesday, 17th and 18th December, at Twelve o'clock  
each day.

#### PUBLIC SALE OF

The Second and Last portion of  
The Extensive and Varied Stock of

## VALUABLE FURS,

Consisting of

Elegant Sealskin Jackets, Paletots,  
Ladies' Circular Fur-lined Cloaks, and  
Ladies' Sealskin Hats of the Latest Fashion,  
Fur Trimmings of Every Description.

Muffs in Great Variety,

Carriage, Travelling, and Hearth Rugs, &c.

## BROWN & LOWDEN will Sell the above

Valuable Stock within their Rooms 14 Gordon Street,  
To-Morrow (Tuesday) and Wednesday, Dec. 17 and 18, at 12  
o'clock each day, comprising Elegant Real Sealskin Jackets,  
and Paletots, Ladies' Circular Fur-lined Cloaks, Ladies' Real  
Sealskin Hats of the Latest Fashion, Rich Quality Handsome  
Russian, Sable, Chinchilla, Ermine, Silver Fox, Raccoon,  
Lynx, Opossum, Beaver, Skunk, and other Rare Fur Sets for  
Mantles, Paletots, and Flouncings. Large Variety of Muffs  
composed of Sable, Kolinsky, Grebe, Chinchilla, Ermine,  
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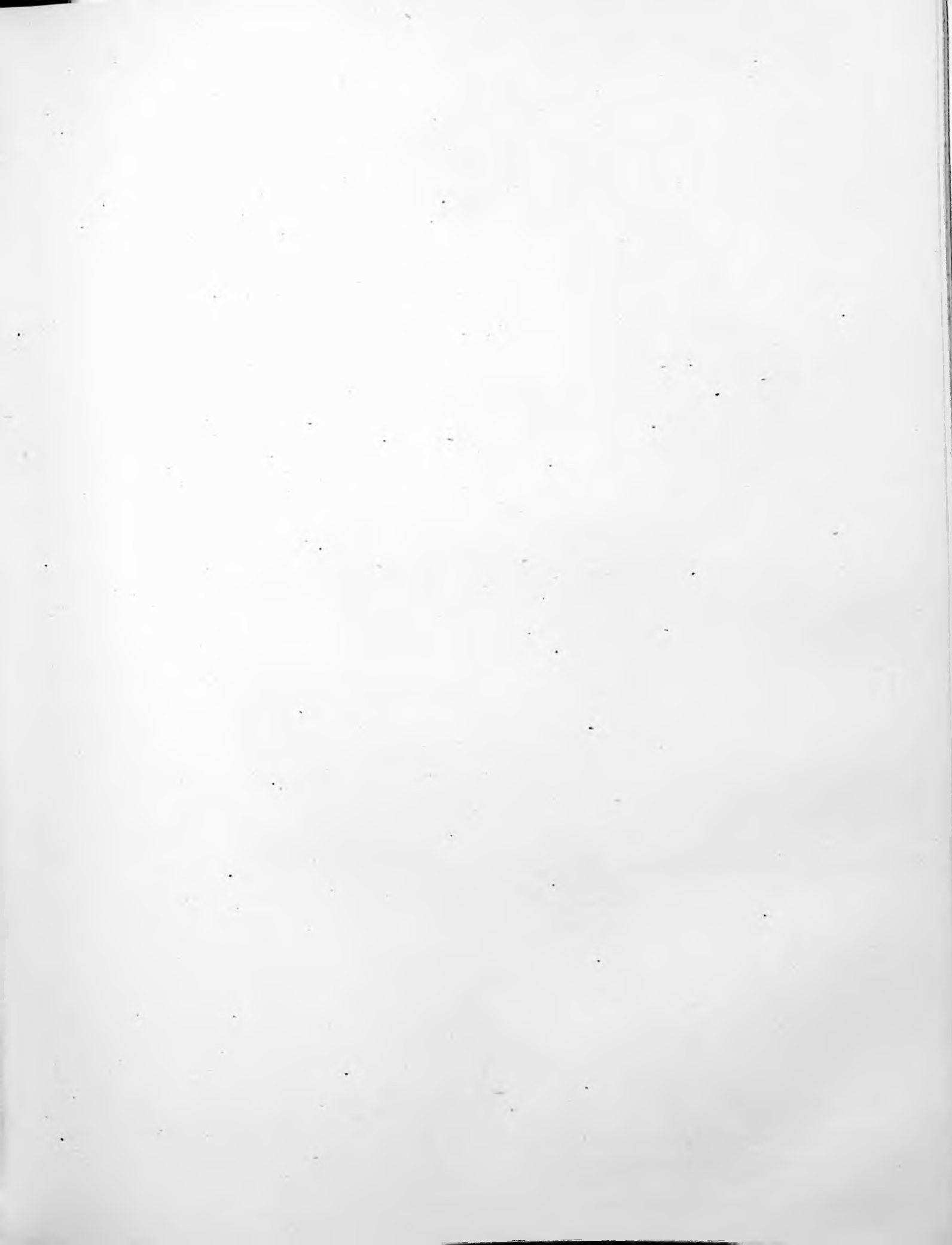
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# The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 323. Glasgow, Wednesday, December 25th, 1878. Price 1d

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 323.

THE comedy in the story of the City Bank is supplied by Mr HENRY INGLIS of Torsonce. This personage is so full of humour that even a shareholder might smile at his antics. He is the "Harold Skimpole" of the concern. Like that easy-minded moralist he is no hand at figures. Money has no meaning for him. It is good to have—especially other people's money, but really he is so innocent, so trusting, so utterly guileless, that when he has the coins he throws them away, and he usually gets along without any supply of "the needful" whatever. Mr HENRY INGLIS came to man's estate over half-a-century ago. He is a Writer to the Signet, and is understood to have done a small family business, but among lawyers his position never stood high. Mr INGLIS has always had a partner in his office to whom the work of the concern invariably fell. Indeed, the *role* chosen by our jaunty friend was that of a country gentleman with cultivated tastes, rather than of a man of business. He is an enthusiastic Mason, and he succeeded, no further back than the beginning of autumn, in getting himself consumedly well laughed at for his claims towards the position of Grand Master of Scotland. But in addition to the *roles* of Mason and county gentleman, Mr INGLIS has courted fame as a spouter and a poet. He has published numerous volumes of verse, and his position among the poets of Scotland was sufficiently important to gain him a niche in the "Modern Scottish Minstrel" of that prince of critics, the Rev. Dr Chas. Rodgers. Strange as it may seem to those who are familiar with the walk and conversation of Mr INGLIS, he generally chose his themes from religious subjects. As a versifier he was nothing if not pious. Even his latest book, a volume of

halting rhymes entitled "Ballads from the German," is peppered over with saintly allusions. Mr INGLIS was a Scottish Rights man in the days when we all grew enthusiastic over the position occupied by our national lion on the Imperial Standard; and he patronised the "Author of Waverley," by condescending to interest himself in the proceedings of the Edinburgh centenary banquet in 1871, although he quitted the Banquet Committee before the banquet took place. The rise in Mr INGLIS' fortune dates from his connection with the City Bank. His average income he estimates at £1500 per annum, but as a man of Society he never lived on his income, and it was not till he was admitted into the directorate that he could indulge his tastes for "purple and fine linen." Almost immediately afterwards, however, he became the purchaser of the old posting inn of Manorhead; he next acquired a pendicle to this property; and then came a grand *coup* in the acquisition of Torsonce. The estate was in a "natural condition" at the time, and the funds of the City Bank were utilised for the purpose of embellishing it, and erecting a mansion fit for the residence of a bank director. Mr INGLIS became, moreover, a patron of the fine arts. His walls at Torsonce were hung with pictures, and the flat he occupied since the death of his wife, as a species of bachelor-hall, in Great Stuart Street, Edinburgh, was furnished, if not in very good taste, with at least a lavish outlay of money. He did not content himself, moreover, with the bank directorship. The Kilbagie Chemical Manure Company, a concern which long since came to grief, numbered him among its proprietors, and he seems, in a hazy way, to suppose that the money of the Bank that had been lost in the manufacture of chemical manures all came back again. Together with one or two of his co-directors of the "City" he next made a trip

to Portugal, where, listening to the voice of some "sweet Portugee," they purchased an iron mountain, and founded the Mongez Iron Company. This was also a failure, although Mr INGLIS is certain that it may yet turn out all right. The Mongez clique further entered into negotiations with a personage rejoicing in the absurdly uncommon name of "Mr Jones, of Wales," for the purpose of bringing their iron from its native mountains to the banks of the Tagus, and £10,000 of the funds belonging to the Bank was expended in this fashion. With that keen nose for good things which has always distinguished this nimble man of affairs, he now became a director of the Glasgow Jute Company, and the coffers of the Bank were once more utilised in his behalf. He had a good opinion of the Jute Company when he joined it, and he seems to have a good opinion of it still! The Marbella Iron Company was another of Mr INGLIS' favourite speculations, he went in for iron warrants, and he toyed with house property when house property was at its top price—and by these and other channels our hero assisted in frittering away the money of the shareholders. When thinking over the entire story one is fairly astonished that such a bubble could remain so long without bursting. We are a great commercial community in Glasgow, and yet this idle fribble, who never tried to manage his own affairs, was trusted with the task of guiding the affairs of others. Towards the close of his examination on Friday Mr INGLIS asked the trustee on his estate not to take up the policy of £1500 on his life as he "intended to live a long while yet." Probably the regimen upon which he is put subsequent to the 20th of January may have some influence upon the duration of his days. Although, the BAILIE may remark in conclusion, Mr INGLIS has "given a covered bond to the trustee over every mortal thing he has," the money he may thus restore to the City shareholders is only a small portion of the sum he had previously drawn from their pockets.

#### SICKLE-Y UNTO THE HARVEST.

In winter the ice-sickle gathers them in,  
When the bones are bare, and the blood is thin,  
When the blood is thin, and the air is thick,  
When the bones are bare, and no bones to pick,  
When the air is thick, and the clothes are thin,  
Then, then the ice-sickle gathers them in.

Hew and Cry—The baronet and the housemaid.

#### Stories of the Pantomimes.

##### CINDERELLA.

"I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper."—*Love's Labour Lost.*

LONG, long ago (we can't tell when nor where—  
The story is so old we've to relate)

An old man died, and left, divided fair,  
To his three daughters, all his whole estate.

The elder two we never knew their names,  
But history tells they were a vixen pair;  
And day and night, 'tis said, these worthy dames  
Did nought but torture their young sister fair.

These precious prides would walk in bright attire,  
With sealskins, muff, and silver-tipped umbrella,  
And leave their younger sister by the fire—  
Poor kitchen-wench—they named her Cinderella.

One night the king's son gave a brilliant ball,  
And these two minxes had their "kind invite;"  
Poor Cinderella felt more keen her thrall,  
And when they left she wept outright that night.

Scarce had they gone when through the kitchen door  
Comes hobbling in, leaning on cross-topped switch,  
An old, grey, wrinkled hag—put on the floor,  
Say, Mother Goose and her—then witch is witch.

"Come, come, what ails my Cinderella, sweet?—  
Nay, dry thy tears—already I know all;  
Fly for a pumpkin, near the garden seat—  
You yet shall with your sisters to the ball.

"And now, my Cinderella, get thee to the trap,  
And bring six mice you'll find, and eke a rat;  
Then lizards six, pray fetch me in your lap—  
With these, my little chuck, we'll do it fat."

She touched them with her wand, and in a trice  
The pumpkia was a coach—the rat the driver;  
The lizards changed to footmen, and the mice  
Were turned to horses by this 'pert contriver.

"Thus for your equipage; now for the rest—  
We'll turn these rags of yours to brightest sheen;  
Then presto, change!"—she, with the change opprest,  
Stood modest blushing as a new-made queen,

"Now," said the fairy—she was nothing less—  
"Off to the ball; but listen, should you wait  
Past twelve o'clock, your jewel sparkling dress,  
Your coach and all shall to their former state."

The dance was bright, but brightest in the dance  
Was Cinderella—late the kitchen maid;  
The prince, himself, threw many a tender glance,  
And more than passing was the court he paid.

But hark! the clock strikes twelve; then down the stair,  
All out of breath, sweet Cinderella tripped,  
Till coming to the foot—her foot was bare,  
For one glass slipper from her heel had slipped.

The prince soon missed the lady, and his search  
Was bootless till he found her shoe, by chance;  
He then proclaimed he'd carry to the church  
The maid this shoe was made for in the dance.

They tried it on by ones, and twos, and threes,  
Till thousands sought in vain the prince's love;  
Then Cinderella comes with, "I'll try, please"—  
When lo! the slipper fitted like a glove.

The prince thus claimed his bride, beloved by all,  
And with their wedding this our tale is done;  
The moral is, that "pride will have a fall,"  
So should the shoe fit—why, just put it on.

A Christmas Numb-er—A-n-icer one.

A Christmas Wish.

OLD Father Time, that wrinkled, determined fellow with the scythe and the hour-glass, has been plodding along as steadily as ever, regardless alike of scientific frontiers and commercial gloom, and Christmas-tide is with us once again. Young men and maidens are eagerly expectant of the merry dance and the artfully-concealed mistletoe; while their seniors are intent on the more solid delights of roast turkey and stuffing, and their juniors are delirious on the subject of plum-pudding and mince pie—all equally defiant of the Nemesis of indigestion and blue pills which inevitably follows the banquet. Now is the time when long-severed friends are once more united round the groaning mahogany; when happy memories and the tenderest recollections crowd into every one's mind; when hand-shaking and good-wishing cease not day nor night; when the surliest are sweet-tempered, and the keenest skinflints are almost generous; when every post brings pretty Christmas cards by the basket, and nice little Christmas bills by the shoal; when the carnival of indiscriminate tipping has come, and the voice of the Christmas Wait is heard in the land; in a word, Merry Christmas is here.

A Merry Christmas! to how many, alas, in our good city, must this time-honoured greeting have the most bitterly mocking sound! To the bank shareholder, with enormous and indefinite calls to meet—to the merchant, with profits growing fine by degrees and beautifully less—to the shopkeeper, painfully struggling between the Scylla of high rents and taxes, and the Charybdis of bad debts—to the workman, who must face a reduction of wages, and his less fortunate brother who is unemployed and starving—to all these, and to countless others, the prospect is as dreary as can well be imagined. Mephistopheles, in his most brilliant moments, could hardly conceive a better joke than to wish these poor souls a Merry Christmas. Heaven help them! But there are gleams of sunshine even amid the surrounding blackness. Though disaster has been so general, some of us have been fairly prosperous; if many have encountered terrible losses, some have suffered none. After all has been said, there still remains a large number of comfortable and happy homes in our midst, each shedding on its little circle the cheery radiance of kindness and hospitality.

In a season like the present, those exceptionally fortunate mortals have a noble opportunity for the exercise of true Christian charity. Let

but each do some little deed of kindness to some forlorn suffering brother, and the total result will be inestimably more praiseworthy than building a church or putting in a memorial window with other people's money. One can be a genuine benefactor to his species without being either a millionaire or a defaulting bank director. To all those who do their best to brighten the work-a-day world around them, the BAILIE heartily wishes a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Dangerous!

I AM a little, fragile thing,  
Tight-skirted, tender-souled,  
Who loves to prattle, play and sing  
And—now and then—to scold;  
But that's in private—let it go—  
Men think me gentle, nice,  
And delicate, until I show  
My paces on the ice.  
They fancy such a rose-leaf chit  
Can't skate, but if I'd try  
They'd gladly hold me up a bit  
In their "strong arms"—my eye!  
We go—they see these "slender limbs"  
Shoot past them in a trice;  
And don't they gape as "rose-leaf" skims  
Unaided o'er the ice!  
"Outside" and "Inside Edge" I do  
With equal grace, and I  
The "Dutchman's Roll" can show you, too;  
That is—when no one's by.  
Poor, silly man, beware of me!  
And, ere you "ask," think twice;  
The wedding o'er, I mean to be  
Myself—*upon the ice!*

PHILOSOPHY UPSET.

(Scene—"On 'Change.")

*Mr Job Skumfurter* (to ruined shareholder)—  
Toots, man, you'll get over it; it's only so much less of "the root of all evil" to bother you. I declare you're a lucky man!

*Shareholder*—Humph!

*Mr Job*—The depositors'll be all right, I suppose?

*Shareholder*—Will they? I'll eat my hat if they see fifteen shillings in the pound!

*Mr Job* (seriously alarmed)—Eh? What! You don't mean it? I wouldn't like that; I'm a depositor myself!

*Shareholder* (dryly)—Indeed! You're to be congratulated; just a bit slice off the "root," and so much the less to bother you; you're in luck, like your neighbours. Good-day.

A Christmas Card—The ticket for soup.

Short Bread—The poor and kneady's.

Smokers,—Try Wallach Smoking Mixture, 6d per ounce  
Only to be had from D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram Street

## Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE.—All three pantomimes are now going with amazing spirit. The performers have grown familiar with their parts, the scenery works smoothly, and the dresses and other appointments are still at their brightest.

"Puss in Boots" has more than sustained the reputation of Mr Glover. The singing is especially fine. Every member of the company, from Miss Franklein downwards, is a skilful vocalist.

The part of *Puss* at the Theatre Royal is now taken by Miss Grace Huntley, who sings and acts with much liveliness and spirit. Miss Howard, the former representative of the Cat, labours under the disadvantage of having been, at one period of her career, an "infant phenomenon." Clever Miss Bessie Sanson is the new *Titania*, and a very pretty *Titania* she is.

Little George Preston has astonished us all by the fun he contrives to get out of the harlequinade. His tricks are, most of them, new, and even the old ones make you laugh, so cleverly are they performed.

Mr Bernard understands the secret of making a pantomime "go." His "Cinderella" is one scene of lively bustle from beginning to end. The interest never flags for a moment. Scene succeeds scene, every one brighter and more taking than another, till the whole ends in a brilliant "transformation," which invariably "brings down the house."

I like Miss Louisa Gordon better in "Cinderella" than in any part I have seen her sustain. She is wonderfully graceful; there is a finish about her style which one seldom meets now-a-days, especially on the pantomime stage. Mr Harry Collier, and Mr Lester, moreover, are funny beyond measure; while Miss Polly Marsh, Miss Ryan, and Miss Poole give strength and importance to the cast.

The performances at the Gaiety on Wednesday—Christmas day—are for the benefit of the unemployed; and as Mr Bernard gives his first morning representation of "Cinderella" on that day, his contribution to the fund will be a valuable one.

"Blue Beard," I have reason to know, has even more than realised Mr Coleman's expectations with regard to its success. I looked in at the Prince of Wales Theatre once or twice last week, and found capital audiences laughing over the fun made by the "Gleska chappie" who played *Blue Beard*, alias Mr T. W. Benson. Miss Elise Maisey is capitally suited as the *Fairy Queen*; her fine voice is heard to every advantage in the various songs with which she has been provided by Mr J. F. M'Arde, the author of the libretto. The other members of Mr Coleman's company are clever, capable actors, and they have already established themselves as local favourites.

Among Mr Coleman's arrangements for the coming theatrical season are a revival of his fine melodrama of "Valjean," the representation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" by "real niggers," and the production of "Henry V.," with the dresses and scenery with which it was played at the Queen's Theatre in London.

Two amateur dramatic performances will be given in the Albert Hall, Bath Street, on Thursday and Saturday, the pieces announced for representation being the play of "Money" and the comœdette entitled "stage-struck." The male parts will be filled by members of Mr W. S. Vallance's dramatic class, who will be assisted by Mrs Lowe, and Misses Guilfoyle and Macdonald.

Mr Irving opens the Lyceum on Saturday night with "Hamlet."

The bust of Shakespeare he commissioned for the hall of his theatre, from Mr George E. Ewing, is now completed, and has been despatched to London. I was indulged with a peep at it one day last week, and was delighted with the sculptor's conception of our great poet. Mr Ewing has preserved the general look we know so well, but he has given to the features a strong, commanding character which suits excellently with our notion of the author of "Lear" and "Macbeth." The face, indeed, is one of rare power, and even majesty. A word is further due to the execution of the bust, the modelling of the cheeks being wonderfully fine, while there is some delightful work in the hair and the round curves of the lips. Altogether, this "Shake-

speare" cannot fail to satisfy even the most fastidious critic. In its situation in the hall of the Lyceum, it will necessarily attract the attention of the most intellectual audiences in London, and it will also, I can safely predict, secure their undivided admiration.

The arduous duties pertaining to the post of stage manager at the Lyceum have been confided by Mr Irving to Mr Harry Loveday, and he could not have made a happier selection. Added to a life-long experience of the theatre, Mr Loveday possesses a fine taste, great powers of organisation, and an energy which is positively untiring.

Mr Walter Bentley has just concluded a short, and very successful reading tour, during which he gave readings from Shakespeare, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, and other well-known authors. He takes a rest till the middle of next month when we may expect to see him back in Scotland.

Mr Newsome, who has secured a theatrical licence for his neat, cosy circus in Ingram Street, has arranged to produce the grand equestrian fairy pantomime of "Ride-a-Cock Horse to Banbury Cross" this evening. It has been specially written for this establishment by Mr Fredericks, the comic scenes have been invented by "little Meers," and the rehearsals have been specially superintended by Mr Newsome. Madame Newsome, moreover, has looked after the dresses, and there will be fireworks, specially manufactured for Mr Newsome by Mr T. C. Barlow. I have heard, besides, golden opinions of some pet lambs which will make their appearance under Mr Newsome's auspices. Of course, all those of the "younger sort" will flock to "Ride-a-Cock-Horse."

Mrs Frost, Harpist of the Choral Union Orchestra, announces her intention of giving a Harp Concert in the New Halls on Monday, 6th proximo. This lady, as we have all had the opportunity of observing, is a skilful player on her classic instrument; but besides her special aptitude for taking part in orchestral work, Mrs Frost is an elegant soloist. It will be a graceful act on the part of the musical people of Glasgow to assist liberally at her concert.

The Glasgow Tonic Sol-Fa Choral Society under Mr Miller give a concert on Thursday evening, 2nd January, with Schumann's "Song for the New Year," a comparatively new work to us.

They have very good music generally in Eastwood Parish Church. A service of Christmas music is announced to be given on Thursday this week, Mr Montague Smith, organist, Mr Seaton, conductor.

Mr Airlie has arranged for a night with Matthew's Minstrels, those clever negro entertainers, in the City Hall on Saturday evening.

Could not Mr Lambeth be induced in these foggy days to favour us with "The people that walked in darkness" on the fog-horn stop of the City Hall organ?

Rumour has it that Mr Black's next story will appear in the columns of the *Glasgow Weekly Herald*. I hear that in it Mr Black again puts the West coast under contribution for scenery.

That peculiarly American institution, the "Surprise party," is coming into vogue among us. Two or three people call of an evening at the house of a mutual friend, and shortly after their arrival a cab drives up laden with hampers of good things, the wine of a fine brand, and the comestibles cooked and ready, and—there you are.

Quite a throng of people interested in artistic matters flocked to the Galleries in Gordon Street of Messrs Brown and Lowden, on Saturday and to-day, when what is really a capital collection of statuary, pictures, Sevres ware, and bric-a-brac generally, was on view. The sale of the collection takes place to-morrow (Tuesday), and in spite of the prevailing "lack of pence" which is troubling us all, gentle and simple alike, I feel sure that good prices will be realised for the various articles. Q.

"Signs" of the Times—The baker's, the butcher's, the confectioner's and the wine-merchant's.



Intercepted Communications.

FROM Duncan M'Tavish M'Harrigal, Glasgow, to Dugald M'Tavish M'Harrigal, Inverness :—

"Dear Tugal, my brother,—Can you'll lend me a loan of a pound or twa, as al my money is gone with ta City Bank?"

From Dugald M'Tavish M'Harrigal, Inverness, to Duncan M'Tavish M'Harrigal, Glasgow :—

"My ferry dear brother Tuncan,—No, Tuncan, I'll cannot as al my money is gone, too, with ta Caledonian Bank, but you draw a bill, like a shentleman, on me at three months afore sight for what you'll want ant I'll pay it when it is due."

BAD TIMES.

*First Friend* (cheery and conventional)—A merry Christmas to you, my boy!

*Second Friend* (glum and literal)—Thank you, but where is it?

"A CATCH, A CATCH."—The other evening a few musical friends invited the Ass to join them in a *round*. The invitation was deemed most seasonable, but great was the chagrin of the Retainer when he found there are rounds and round and that it was only at a musical round he had been asked to assist.

"A LEAP IN THE DARK."—We have all heard of the man who took a leap into the middle of next week, but our venerable and agile contemporary in Buchanan Street treated us on Monday morning to a bit of news regarding a collision in Turkish waters with the date "Constantinople, January 21st." If any of Granny's rivals can lick this, let them speak out.

"Macleod's Wax Work.—Just added: the City of Glasgow Bank Directors."—Such is fame! May they point a moral if they cannot adorn a tale.

The actual *founts* of Knowledge—Printers?

Query by Smart School-boy—Can a minor canon be a great gun?

The "Panes" of Popularity—The BAILIE'S on publishing day.

"Scott-free?" Well, no; not exactly.

POEM BY A PAINTER.

The sun is up, and yet it is not day,  
The clock alone informs me when 'tis night,  
My brushes all aside I'm forced to lay,  
To smoke, and cry with Goethe for more light!

The Time is Out of Joint.

WHILE burning out the embers of the year,  
A weighty gloom o'erburden's all the land;  
No "time of universal peace is near"—

Save peace of trade and commerce at a stand,  
Of hammers idle, spindles out of gear,

Men out of work; and, pending over all,  
The silent fear of what may next unroll

From dark futurity, what next befall,  
From fell decree in Fate's black-letter'd scroll.

A darkness o'er our city as a pall

In day-time hangs—as black as is the soul

Of greed grown great, truth, justice, honour, small—

Black, thick, but scarce too wide

Our city's shame to hide

While when a Princess died bells needs death-telling toll.

"So hallowed and so gracious is the time,"

This time of peace on earth, to men goodwill,  
Which children carol, Christian churches chime—

A peace that sleeps, 'neath sordid cares lies still,  
For men's goodwill—their wilfulness in crime—

That earth deep-dy'd in every tinct of ill  
Was kindly hid; unto its face was given

Once more a purity direct from heaven.

Then, notwithstanding evil that hath been,

Let Christians made be merry as of yore;

Through deeds of mercy may our mirth be seen,

From rich to poor the cup blest running o'er,

And "charity which covereth" haply be some mean

Alike to hide our shame, and clothe us as before.

LETTERED COMETS.

This is how the Directory (p. 576) shows some of the Anderson's College worthies go *scoushin* through space :—

"Mills, Prof. E. J. D. Sc. F.R.S.

"Buchanan, Alex. M.A.M.M.D.

"Wilson, J. G. M.D.F.R.S.E."

Verily, these be men of letters with a vengeance!

"ENTERPRIZE SALES."

(*Quoth the Enterprizer.*)

Well named! yes, I should think they are,

There's naught by way of titular

That half so well applies:

For, when I see each fly drop in,

I chuckle to myself, and grin,

And murmur "Enter-prize."

'Twixt sales in other rooms and here

There's this relationship, a queer

Odd sort of stranger-kin:

Prizes there are in both, no doubt—

While there they all are *taken out*,

Here they get *taken in*.

A Christmas Peal—Lemon peel.

Christmas Bell(e)s—"Specialties" of the season.

ILL BLOWS THE WIND THA' PROFITS NOBODY

—*Srd Henry VI.*

"There is some sou' of goodness in things evil,  
Would men observingly distil it out!"

The storm, the thaw, and other disagreeable weather, having assisted in giving work to the "unemployed."

Jeems Kaye and the Slide.

SKATING may be a' very guid, BAILIE, but gie me a guid lang smooth slide. Skating may be vera bonnie tae look at, an' may mak' them that are skating vera prood o' their accomplishments, but for fun, for daffing, for warmth, and for excitement gie me, I say, a slide. Jist look at them a' in a raw on the bank o' the pond, ane ahint the ither, big anes and wee anes mixy-maxy, like oor rifle corpses; aff the first ane goes, then anither, an' anither, and sae on, till every ane arrives at the end o' the slide, an' then if they're onything o' keen sportsmen an' ken their business, they'll hae anither slide tae come back on, sae they slide baith ways, an' guid help ony interloper that daurs tae slide against the grain—he's trippit up in the twinklin' o' an ee an' doon he goes a' his length like a hunner o' coals.

There ye see a big chap leading aff, then a wee ane wha slides along wi' his hauns in his pouches quite joco, then an auld man whase arms are thrown oot a' their length an' his feet wide apairt, an' him spinning roun' an' roun' like a peerie, wishin' he was aff but canna get, then a middle-sized ane wha, frae being a wee bowlie in the legs canna' tak' a big enough race, an' disna secure enough force tae drive him tae the end o' the slide, an' anither catching up on him their legs get fankled an' doon they come, an' then comes a reg'lar stramash, every ane goes doon till at last there's a reg'lar humpluck o' them ane abin' the ither heeds an' thraws; aifter lying a wee tae recover their breath they begin tae rise up, an' aifter seeing what damage has been done they begin again an' "keep the kettle biling." But noo-a-days the folk are unco genteel; the march o' civilisation drives guid roaring fun oot o' their heeds an' mak's them enjoy fun that's sae harmless in its character that it wanna crush the breest o' their shirt or tousel their weel-brushed hair. I'm vexed tae see the guid roaring gemm o' shinty deeing oot an' in place o't a mamby pamby sort o' a gemm ca'ed lawn tennis, a gemm a man ocht tae be ashamed tae play at—a gemm fit only for bairns and lassocks. But, BAILIE, the gemms past an' present are a kin' o' index tae oorsel's. We were rough an' ready, but we were *honest*; noo we're genteel! an' plausible but double-faced, cheating ane anither, robbing the widows and orphans, an' takin' advantage o' oor ain flesh an' bluid. It's terrible, BAILIE!

Hooever, when speakin' o' slides ye maun bear in min' when I say slides I dinna mean

slides on the pavement, no, that's a wee beyond my philosophy. I canna thole them. Jist last Tuesday Betty an' me were comin' doon Egelton Street; I wis weel wrapped up wi' my gravat, an' Betty had her muff, an' clasped in her hauns inside the muff she had a wee black bottle o' speerits that she wis taking tae an auld body that wis fashed wi' tick-dol-aroo or rheumatics, I forget which. Weel, ye'll no hinder puir Betty tae walk on a slide. She walked on't a vera wee bit, then her feet gaed frae her an' doon she cam' an' the muff flew up in the air an' then cam' doon wi' a crack on the street. I didna hear the crack as I had gotten ane mysel' on my pow that made me look twa roads for Sunday. I got sich a tummel that it was naething short o' a miracle that saved me frae being made a lameter for life; as it was, my hench was sair for a day or twa, an' even yet, when weeing a hunnerwecht o' coals a stoon whiles gangs through it that mak's me jump.

After I got up, an' wis rubbin' my heed wi' the tae haun, an' puttin' oot the ither tae help Betty up, I felt a maist extronary strong smell o' whuskey, an' I says tae a dacent auld man that wis helping me tae get Betty up—I had nae min' o' the bottle, ye ken, the dunt knockit it clean' oot o' my heed—I says, says I, "Is there any distillery near this?" "Aye," says he, "it's in yer-wife's muff;" and then the hail crood burst oot a lauchin. Guid save us, that wis the smell!—no an unpleasant smell, min' ye, on a cauld nicht, at the fireside wi' the kettle bilin'—but in broad daylight, ye ken, I wis fair ashamed, an' faith I might be, for jist as they were a' lauchin' at us, an' saying we were fou, an' carrying mair hame, wha cam' by but oor minister, arm in arm wi' Mr Sawmon, that keeps the opposition coal ree across the street frae me; an' the minister, seein Betty speechless, an' me wi' my face a' thrawn wi' pain, says—

"Mister Kaye, I mak' it a pint never tae admonish a man whan he's been tasting; but at a more fitting season—when ye're sober—I'll hae a few words tae say tae ye." And Mr Sawmon says, wi' a snigger, "Aye, aye! a bonnie elder! fou an' it no eleeven o'clock yet! ye'll hear mair about this yet." An' by my sang I did; for next mornin', when the cairter cam' wi' the coals frae the pit, he says, aifter a remark about his "puir beast," an' the bad roads, "It wis an awfu' peety, Mr Kaye, ye broke the bottle when ye tummled, or a body might ha'e got a drap this cauld mornin'." An' the bairns a' jined hauns roun the gate an' sang—

“ For we'll jine the teetotal,  
And break the wee bottle,  
And never get fou again.”

BAILIE, I'm on my p's and q's enoo—watchful an' wary—circumspect till the thing's blawn by; but I fear that'll no be in a hurry, if Mr Sawmon can help it. A' things considered, I'm no sure if I shouldna score oot the first fower lines o' this letter; for ye see hoo a slide has blastit my character. But no! conscious o' my innocence—although even my ain guid-brither 'll no believe me: hoo wicked the warl' is—I'll say what I think, an' haud my heed up as high as ever.

JAMES KAYE.

Quavers.

HOW have the choral and orchestral programmes been allowed to run out so lengthily this season? The concerts have seldom been over even by half-past ten, the very latest they should extend to. Last year, or the year before, ten or a little after was the rule, was it not?

The programme for to-night (Tuesday) includes one of the four Leonore overtures of Beethoven, No. 3 in C, often performed between the two acts of the opera (“Fidelio”); the symphony of the evening is by the same composer, and is the No. 7 in A, heard two or three years ago, it will be remembered. The opportunity of now hearing this great symphonic work should not be missed by subscribers and non-subscribers alike. Certain portions of it are familiar through piano and other arrangements. To add to the attraction of this concert, the sixth and last of the subscription series, a violin concerto by Mendelssohn will be performed, with Madame Norman-Neruda in the solo part. There will also be produced a festival overture by Herr Tausch, of whose ability to write gracefully and effectively for the orchestra, we had a pleasant proof in the “Twelfth Night” music last week.

The orchestral programme committee have hit upon the happy idea of a children's concert, and Thursday the 26th is the date fixed for giving effect to it. The young people will no doubt assemble in hundreds. A capital “bill of fare” (as the old-fashioned phrase is) has been provided. There is a Toy symphony (Romberg), its nature sufficiently indicated in the title; then the Farewell symphony fragment, with the candle-extinguishing effect (as good as a pantomime); also, Herr Tausch's clever and original concerto for six drums, with the gracefully agile performance of Mr M'Innes—another Caspar, as it were, in the charmed circle; the Funeral March of a Marionette, which is so familiar now through the piano arrangement; a quadrille on nursery rhymes; and lastly, that delight of one's orchestral youth, the overture to “Guy Mannerling.” Though humour will be a chief element in the concert, yet the music as a whole cannot fail to have an educational effect on the juvenile mind.

The next Saturday Popular Concert will consist of Scotch music, classic and popular, vocal as well as instrumental.

Let us call attention again to the Christmas Carol concert by the Glasgow Select Choir on Thursday evening, 26th, in the Queen's Rooms, at which also Macfarren's cantata, “Christmas” is to be sung. We can promise a very pleasant and at same time perfectly novel musical entertainment.

By the way, we would appear to have erred somewhat in stating that this would be the first public performance of Prof. Macfarren's “Christmas” in Glasgow. The cantata, it seems, was sung on Thursday, 27th December of last year, by the St. Columba Musical Association. In a sense this was hardly so much of a public performance as that to take place on the corresponding night of this year by the Glasgow Select Choir, yet the necessity is seen of your being duly informed, BAILIE, of all such

events, public or semi-public, that all may receive due acknowledgment.

The choral singing at the “Acis and Galatea” concert of the South-Side Sol-Fa Society, on Wednesday evening last, was, as a rule, excellent, reflecting much credit on the painstaking and enthusiastic conductor, Mr J. M'Kean; also on the members themselves for evident carefulness. The chorus, “Wretched lovers,” considering its difficulty, was remarkably well executed. Sometimes the alto was not so satisfactory (in this chorus, for instance), but it should be remembered that the part was written by Handel for male voices, and that what is effective in the one voice is not so in the other. Some transposition might be made with advantage, in view of the almost exclusive use in these days of the female voice for the alto part. The solos were most intelligently sung by three of our chief local artists—Mrs Smith, Mr Wallace, and Mr James Allan—also by Mr Parkinson; and Dr Peace did wonders, even with the City Hall organ, in lieu of an orchestra.

Emboldened by their success last year, the Glasgow Catholic Choir Society intend this season giving three concerts, two of them (this week and at Easter) by subscription, and one (in February) for a charitable object. Beethoven's great Mass in C will be produced at this latter, with full orchestral accompaniment. Mr James M'Arde is honorary conductor as before. At their concert this week will be sung—among the sacred works, Mozart's Splendente te Deus, and the Sanctus and Benedictus from Haydn's 16th Mass; and among the secular, “The Chough and Crow,” and “Now tramp,” with other tuneful and taking selections in chorus and solo.

The Crosshill Musical Association have arranged to give a concert, in aid of the unemployed, sometime in the course of next month. Remembering what has been done in “the burgh” for charitable purposes in previous years by similar means, a goodly sum ought to be raised.

The opening recital, on Thursday evening last, on the organ newly erected in Renfield Street U.P. Church, showed that the congregation had been fortunate in obtaining a really good and useful instrument. The builders were Messrs Willis & Son of London. Mr Lambeth played on the occasion referred to.

Bauldy was greatly astonished at the wonder excited by the feats of the sword-swallower in the circus the other night. “Why, man,” said he, “you can see a more extraordinary thing than that ony day if you gang up to the railway station.” “What is't, Bauldy?” “Why, fish-plates ‘bolting’ iron rails, of course.”

“A GOOD TIME COMING.”

English Traveller—Well, Mike, how is it your Irish banks keep up while banks in England, Scotland, and Wales are breaking?

Irish Peasant (excitedly)—Sure isn't it owin' to Saxon onjustice intoirely. Bot wait till we've Home Rule, sorr, an' bedad we'll break ivery blissid bank in the conthry.

The three R's of the City Bank—Rogues, robbery, and ruination.

The Christmas Number of the BAILIE—No. 323.

For Christmas and New Year's Gifts, Large Assortment of Fancy Boxes, Figures, Ornaments, &c., for Christmas Trees, JAMES M'MILLAN, Confectioner, 181 Eglinton Street,

FIRST GREAT SHOW OF THE SEASON OF PARIS COSTUMES,  
ROBES DE CHAMBRES, MILLINERY, &c., AT

**THE CALEDONIAN HOUSE,**  
165 AND 167 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

MR COPLAND'S RETURN FROM PARIS.

**M**ESSRS COPLAND & LYE have much pleasure in announcing to the Citizens of Glasgow and the West of Scotland THEIR FIRST GREAT SHOW of the SEASON of High-Class Costumes, Gorgeous Robes de Chambres, Splendid Dressing Gowns and Morning Toilettes, High-Class Millinery, Splendid Flowers, Feathers, Head-Dresses, Juvenile Costumes, Jackets in Cloth, Silk, Satin, Cashmere, and Fur. Also, Fur-Lined Jackets and Cloaks, Seal-Skin Jackets, Fur Capes, Collarettes, Fur Jackets, Boas, Fur Trimming, Seal-Skin Turbans and Hats, Grand Collection of French Dress Materials, Rich Silks, Satins, and Velvets. Also, Ribbons of the Newest and Choicest kinds, Rare and Valuable Laces, the Finest and Best Makes of French and Brussels Kid Gloves, Mitts, &c., &c. Every Department is filled with the Choicest of Goods, yet the Prices are strikingly Moderate, for, notwithstanding the *Extraordinary Influx of Visitors in Paris this Summer*, Manufacturers, Costumiers, Modistes, and Artistes, have been, and are, much disappointed with the results. Extraordinary preparations were made, and the most sanguine expectations were indulged in, yet doomed to disappointment, hence Large Stocks of the Most Valuable of Costumes, Robes, and High-Class French Productions are thrown into the market for realisation. Mr COPLAND was lappy in his selection of Rare and Beautiful Costumes, the surpassing beauty of which exhausts the vocabulary of ecstatic admiration.

Free invitation is given to the Ladies of Glasgow to this OUR FIRST GREAT SHOW. At the same time Ladies will have an opportunity of seeing THE FINEST WAREHOUSE EXTANT. Also, the HANDSOMEST SALOON in the World for the Display and Exhibition of Costumes, Jackets, Millinery, &c., &c.

Ladies are invited to walk through the Caledonian House daily, as Novelties and Special Bargains are being continually laid out.

**C O P L A N D & L Y E,**  
CALEDONIAN HOUSE, 165 AND 167 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

**OVERCOATS**  
**GREATCOATS & ULSTERS**  
(IMMENSE VARIETY)  
**FORSYTH'S**  
**5 & 7 RENFIELD ST.**

**G R E A T**  
**REALISING SALE,**  
**GENUINE REDUCTIONS,**  
**W. C. THOMSON,**  
**UNION STREET.**

**CHRISTMAS CARDS,**  
A SPLENDID SELECTION,  
**A. F. SHARP & CO.,**  
14 Royal Exchange Square.

**6<sup>D</sup>** HAIR CUT AND SHAMPOED. **6<sup>D</sup>**  
**M'LEAN, 96 MITCHELL STREET.**

**R O Y A L E X C H A N G E.**  
NEW MEMBERS (Town and Country) will NOW be ENROLLED for Year 1879, thus giving them benefit of present Month Gratis. BY ORDER  
1st December, 1878.

FOR PRESENTATION—CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR.

**T H E L Y R I C G E M S O F S C O T L A N D**  
contains Hundreds of Scottish Songs, handsomely bound, gilt and gold edges. Published at 4s 6d; to be had for 1s 11d, at LINDSAY'S, 102 Queen Street.



**F O R I N D I G E S T I O N , F L A T U L E N C Y ,**  
**NERVOUSNESS, &c.**  
Stands pre-eminent for Purity and Strength,  
and is recommended by the Faculty.  
Sold by Chemists and Wine Merchants.

**S O L D E V E R Y W H E R E ,**  
**H E N R Y T H O M S O N & C O ' S**  
**O L D**  
**I R I S H W H I S K Y .**  
SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—  
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**C E N T R A L H A I R - C U T T I N G R O O M S . — E S T A B . 1 8 4 7**  
**JOHN BROWN, 8 GLASSFORD STREET.**

OVER 100,000 HATS

Have been sold in the Colosseum since 1st January, 1878, or one for every Five Persons in Glasgow.

C O L O S S E U M .

SPECIAL NOTICE.—CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR

GENTLEMEN'S FELT AND SATIN HATS.

Immense Deliveries. Several Lorry Loads.

Strictly Wholesale Price for Single Hats.

Come at once before the Crush of the Holidays.

Thousands of Felt Hats at 2s 9d, 3s 6d, 4s 6d, 5s, 5s 9d, 6s 3d, 7s, every Hat guaranteed to retain shape and keep the colour. These same goods are charged 50 per cent more by the ordinary retailers. Our Dress Hats at 8s 6d, 10s 6d, 12s 6d, 14s 6d, and 16s 6d are worn by thousands in Glasgow, and our Dress Hats at 17s 6d we guarantee the best that money can buy. We hold the most complete stock of High-Class Hats in Scotland.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT FOR NOVELTIES IN BOYS' HATS.

LADIES' HATS. MISSES' HATS.

Felt Hats, all Shapes and Colours, from 9d. Single Hat charged same price as buying a Gross.

The LANGTRY HAT, in Velvet, complete, 4s 6d; Extra Quality (Silk Velvet). 8s 6d

Velvet and Satin Brafeater Hats, in every Colour, choice of Hundreds, from 10½d each.

MILLINERY! MILLINERY!!  
HATS AND BONNETS.

Five Hundred Richly Trimmed Pattern Hats and Bonnets will now be sold at merely nominal prices; such an opportunity rarely occurs.

Large Lot of Crape Bonnets, Newest Styles, from 2s 6d each.

Mr WILSON and his ASSISTANTS are leaving for London and Paris shortly. Before going he has resolved to clear out every Patent Hat and Bonnet (some of which cost from Four to Six Pounds each) at prices unheard of in the Millinery Trade.

The Great Event of 1879 will be our Early Spring Show of FRENCH and ENGLISH NOVELTIES.

FLOWERS! FEATHERS!! ORNAMENTS!!!

The Latest Novelties. Wholesale Prices.

FURS! FURS!! FURS!!!

FUR BOAS, Yard Long, for One Penny each.

" Splendid Foxtail, for 11½d each.

" Worth three times the price.

MUFFS.—Several Hundred Muffs, full size, from 1s 6d each.

These are a decided bargain.

SPECIAL SHOW FOR TWO WEEKS.

HAT CLEANING DEPARTMENT.

Gent.'s Old Felt Hats Altered in the Latest Shapes for Ladies and Misses for One Shilling.

With the aid of our Superior Appliances, we are now enabled to finish these Goods

IN TWO DAYS.

These may be Trimmed with Silk or Velvet in the most Fashionable Style.

We do not recommend the Cleaning of Gentlemen's Hats.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,

WHOLESALE HAT MANUFACTURERS,

C O L O S S E U M ,

70 JAMAICA STREET.

Seasonable Economy.

SELDOM, we think, in Commercial experience, has the wisdom of a particular course been more signally shown than the introduction by us of the "CASH" Principle into our TAILORING DEPARTMENT. The "Credit" System we regarded, and still regard, as thoroughly vicious and indefensible, and it required, we confess, some little courage to take a firm stand against it, and introduce a system sounder and every way more beneficial. It is gratifying to us that our Patrons have not been slow to appreciate our exertions, based as these have been on the intelligible principle of "MUTUAL ADVANTAGE," all the more worthy of support, when in these days of great Business depression the necessity of the most rigid economy comes home to every one in the Community.

In harmony with these views, we have pleasure in stating that we have just completed the amplest requirements for supplying, for this Season, our HIGH-CLASS

100S.

BLACK DRESS SUIT.

The success that has attended this Scheme during the limited period since it was introduced has encouraged us to make it in future

A LEADING SPECIALITY.

The depressed state of the Markets for some time past has enabled us to Purchase the BEST BLACK CLOTHS at Prices lower than they have been for some time, and we are, in consequence, in a position to supply our customers with a still better Article at the same cost as hitherto.

We venture to say that there are few Gentlemen who, in their quiet moments, do not entertain the opinion that a First Class Dress Suit *ought* to be procurable for at least 100s., although at the same time they may be passively submitting to a Charge of nearly One-half more. If this be so, then we claim in this Leading Speciality to have met a felt want and to have done a public service.

FORSYTH.

5 AND 7 RENFIELD STREET.

DAVISON'S  
CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE  
GINGER BEER.

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND;" WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC. As supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

THOMAS DAVISON,  
DISPENSING CHEMIST,  
126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

THE BAILIE.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 25th, 1878.

THE condition of the streets of Glasgow during the past week has been something unbearable. Go where you would, you were

wading over the ankles in muddy snow. No attempt was made to remove the snow shovelled from the pavement into the road-way, and the consequence was that, not only the bye-ways, but the chief thoroughfares, like Buchanan and Argyle Streets, were positively impassable for pedestrians. The scandal of this state of things is all the more crying when we have an Inspector of Cleansing who is paid a good round salary to preserve the amenity of our streets. Where was this gentleman all week? An attempt, on Saturday, by some of the ratepayers, to teach him his duties by bringing him up at the Central Police Court was met by the plea that he was "busy getting the streets cleared." Busy getting them cleared on Saturday! Why, with the means at his command, the Inspector ought to have had them cleared in the beginning of the week. Any assistance he needed might surely have been supplied by the unemployed people who are at present engaged on the hill in the feuing ground in the South-Side Park. But however done, the snow and mud on the streets ought to have been removed at once, and any repetition of this do-nothing policy will be visited with a severer punishment than a summons to the Police Court, or a note of warning like the present gentle reminder in the BAILIE.

#### What the Folks are Saying.

**T**HAT the revelations in the bankruptcy examinations read like a chapter from the Arabian Nights.

That the Trust decision of the Court of Session has "floored" five hundred decent folk.

That the office of Trustee will in future be "declined with thanks."

That the date for the first call has arrived.

That there wont be such a rush to pay the £250 per share as there was to lift the 12 per cent. dividend.

That on Christmas some of the shareholders may find it difficult to entertain "goodwill towards those men" who have brought them to ruin.

That the failure of the City Bank is the blackest day Scotland has seen since the battle of Flodden.

That the number of unemployed is on the increase.

That the efforts of the Committee must necessarily fail to reach many of the most necessitous cases.

That considering the many claims upon the

charitable, the subscriptions to the Unemployed Relief Fund are exceedingly satisfactory.

That a grant from the Common Good Fund would be unanimously approved.

That another attempt is to be made to repress the Enterprise Sale shops.

That it is to be hoped it will be more successful than the previous one.

That if the authorities fail in suppressing these notorious nuisances, there will be a fresh outbreak of Enterprise Sale shops all over the city.

That one of the professors in the College has taken to the showing up of some of his brother teachers in *Truth*.

That Bailie Moir is anxious another Tontine Piazza should be built.

That the last was a rendezvous for the riff-raff of the city.

That John Ferguson has found out how to avert the ruin of British trade.

That it is the old cry of "back to the land"

That the bazaar season has set in with its usual severity.

That the pastors and masters do not decline to accept funds raised by raffles at kirk bazaars.

That they consider the "ends justify the means."

That the Blantyre accident subscription has been most admirably managed.

That all concerned deserve credit for the judicious manner in which the money has been expended.

That "the Lords" are in.

That one of them is Lord Young.

That Lord Young is determined no offender shall escape punishment.

That as the day lengthens the cold strengthens.

That the daft days are approaching.

That the festivities will be more limited than usual.

That there will be a deal of dram-drinking and hand-shaking.

That "trusty friens" are not always inclined to "gie a han."

That everybody wishes the BAILIE a merry Christmas and a happy New-year.

#### SHERE ALI.

Finding himself in direst plight,  
Shere Ali shirks a fight by flight—

At least so rumours tell—

From which a Touchstone would infer

"His / is his *sole* peacemaker.

Much virtue in an /."

A Christmas Party—Clown, Pantaloon, and Harlequin.

Christmas Waits.

MISS ANGELINA FITZ-CLARENCE, after having given her Alonzo even more than due encouragement, is waiting anxiously, and with an affirmative answer on the tip of her tongue, for that young man to propound the momentous question.

Mr Alonzo Mainchance is waiting for some authoritative information as to old Fitz-Clarence's financial position before committing himself. As to the young lady herself, he has reason to believe that he need give himself no uneasiness on that score.

Mr Fitz-Clarence, Sen., is waiting with grim impatience for Mr Mainchance to ask his consent, in order to put Alonzo through rather a severe heckling as to his present income, and his prospects in the immediate future.

The three younger Misses Fitz-Clarence are waiting in awful fidgets for dear Angelina to go off, in order that their own modest merits may have a fair chance.

Mr S. K. E. Daddler is waiting, with a ready packed portmanteau, for a favourable opportunity to realise his available assets, and leave the land of his birth, before any more calls are made on City Bank shareholders.

Inspector Sharpman, of the detective division, is waiting for Mr S. K. E. Daddler to make a move, in order to tap him gently but firmly on the shoulder.

Master Tommy Gormandiser, who has been at three children's parties in succession, is waiting the arrival of the family physician, relieving the tedium by howls of anguish and kicks of agony.

Mr Jack Sanscoin, whose present salary from his governor, old Skynflynt the stockbroker, is barely sufficient to keep a fellah in cigars, is waiting for that estimable but slightly penurious old buffer to offer him an advance.

Old Skynflynt the stockbroker, who has not an exalted estimation of Mr Sanscoin's business abilities, is waiting for him to ask an advance, when he proposes to seize the opportunity of indignantly giving Jack the sack.

Miss Blanche Plumpington is waiting the assistance of her maid to get into her newest dress, which no mortal woman could enter unaided, any more than a camel could go through the eye of a needle.

Mr Bob Goodfellow is waiting to see if nothing better turns up, before he accepts Mrs Droner's invitation to dinner next Wednesday.

Water of "Life"—Merryflat's tank fluid.

Megilp.

"SENDING-IN" day for the Glasgow Institute will be the 9th of January.

The exhibition is likely to be a very good one, as the Council are making every effort to secure for it first-class pictures. One or two of the best-known collectors in the neighbourhood of Glasgow have promised to lend some works by famous artists, and an adequate representation by Messrs Bough and Docharty will also be aimed at. If Glasgow taste is not improved, it is hardly the fault of those who take the lead in art matters here.

The Water Colour Society's Exhibition will close shortly after the New Year holidays. All who have not yet seen it, should make a point of visiting it at once.

"Loch Lydoch," by Mr C. Blatherwick, in the Water Colour Exhibition, is good in tone. Miss Blatherwick's "decorative" studies of flowers are very graceful and correct.

"The Morning Post," and "A Ghost Story," by Mr R. W. Macbeth, are clever. They recall Fred Walker. "Off Prestwick," by Mr R. Greenlees; and the drawings by Messrs Cassie (very sweet and unaffected), Fairbairn, Ferrier, Maculloch, Bannatyne, and Law, and Miss Greenlees, should be noticed.

Mr Carlaw devotes himself to water colour work, and shows always fine feeling, and true sympathy with the gentler poetry of nature. He promises, as his experience widens, to take rank among the best of the Scottish water colour painters. His drawings in the exhibitions of both the Water Colour Society and the Art Club are marked by good colour and a conscientious striving after harmony and repose.

In the Art Club Exhibition, I should like just now to draw attention to Mr David Fulton's "Autumn Thoughts," the figure of a girl, with very well painted landscape accessories; "A Burnie," by Mr J. D. Taylor, the best picture this young artist has yet painted; Mr C. M'Ewen's "Trespassers," careful and natural; Mr Richmond's "Autumn Leaves;" and Mr A. Davidson's water colour of "Redding the Lines."

Mr Joseph Henderson has painted excellent portraits of Major Bannatyne and his wife. These were presented to the Major last Friday night, in the City Hall, by his comrades of the 31st Volunteers, on the occasion of his leaving Glasgow to resume service with the regular army.

I hear that the three new Edinburgh associates, Messrs Hole, Gibb, and Alexander, are likely to distinguish themselves at the next Scotch Academy Exhibition. They have all excellent work on their easels.

Report speaks highly of the picture Mr Pettie is at present engaged as for the Royal Academy. It represents a youthful king unwillingly signing a death warrant. The subject is one that suits Mr Pettie's genius admirably. It allows of strong contrasts and effective action and grouping.

The election of Mr H. Stacey Marks as Royal Academician seems to have given general satisfaction. His clever picture of "Convocation"—an assembly of solemn-looking storks—in last year's academy will be fresh in every one's recollection. Another fine work by him is "Capital and labour." Mr Marks is a facile and correct draughtsman. I lately saw in Glasgow some very smart bits by him.

Mr J. D. Adams is pretty well advanced with a large picture of Ardrishaig harbour, which will likely be exhibited at the Institute.

The career of Mr Henry Dawson, the English landscape painter, who died on the 13th inst., offers a noteworthy example of what can be achieved by a man of determination and pluck. He began life as a millhand in Nottingham, and making the most of the few and indifferent opportunities for study within his reach, became an artist at twenty-five years of age. His work, as the *Athenæum* says, was like the man, "English, simple, and sincere."

The painting of the Railway Bridge over the Clyde has not improved its appearance. The ugliness of the structure is sufficient to frighten even a well conditioned horse into fits. What about the bridge over Argyle Street? Is it, too, to be the reverse of "a joy for ever?"

\* \* Next week, THE BAILIE will be published on Monday.

## T H E A T R E - R O Y A L.

The "Royal" Pantomime.  
The Scenery by Mr WILLIAM GLOVER and  
Mr R. S. SMYTH.

Miss LUCY FRANKLEIN,  
Every Evening, at 7-30,

The Grand "Royal" Pantomime,  
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Miller's Son.

Grand Illuminated Morning Performance of the Pantomime.  
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At 2 o'clock.

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Pronounced by the Press and the Public to be the most successful  
Pantomime ever produced at the Prince of Wales Theatre.

The *Glasgow Herald* says:—"We feel bound to say, in justice  
to Mr Coleman, that his

B L U E B E A R D

is more than equal to 'The Fair One with the Golden Locks'  
or 'Si bal the sailor,' and it

EXCELS THEM IN ATTRACTIVENESS."

Morning Performances at Two on December 25th and 28th,  
and at Twelve and Three on January 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th.

## G L A S G O W S E L E C T C H O I R.

MR FREDERIC ARCHER.....Conductor.

GRAND

CHRISTMAS CONCERT,

QUEEN'S ROOMS,

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26TH, 1878.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

AND

MACFARREN'S CANTATA "CHRISTMAS."

Miss CARINA CLELLAND, Soprano.

(First Appearance in Glasgow.)

Mr ARCHER will Perform PIANOFORTE SOLOS,

By Beethoven, Bennett, and Chopin.

Tickets—5s (Reserved), 3s, 2s, and 1s—at Messrs Swan & Co.,  
and Paterson & Sons, Buchanan Street.

## G L A S G O W C H O R A L U N I O N

SIXTH ORCHESTRAL CONCERT,  
PUBLIC HALLS, TO-NIGHT.

SOLO VIOLIN, MADAME NORMAN NERUDA.

## G L A S G O W C H O R A L U N I O N.

CONCERT OF CHILDREN'S MUSIC  
AND POPULAR SELECTIONS,  
PUBLIC HALLS, THURSDAY, 26th DECEMBER,

The PROGRAMME will include—

Symphony for Toy Instruments .....Romberg.  
Funeral March of a Marionette.....Gounod.  
Fragment from "The Farewell Symphony" .....Haydn.  
March and Polonaise for Six Drums .....Tausch.  
Nursery Rhymes Quadrilles .....  
Overture to "Guy Mannering".....Bishop.

MADAME JENNY EAYRES will SING  
NURSERY RHYMES, &c., &c.

PIANOFORTE SOLO,

Fantasia "Home Sweet Home," .....Spindler.  
By a Young Lady.

FULL ORCHESTRA.  
HERR JULIUS TAUSCH, Conductor.

SOLO VIOLIN—Mr A. BURNETT.

SOLO OPHECLEIDE — Mr HUGHES.

Tickets—Reserved Area, 4s; Balcony, 2s; and Area, 1s—at  
Messrs Swan & Co., 49 Buchanan Street, Glasgow.

Children under Fourteen Years of Age, Half-Price.

Doors Open at 6-30. Concert at 7-30 P.M.

Concert will be over in time for Late Trains.

## G L A S G O W C H O R A L U N I O N.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.  
PUBLIC HALLS, SATURDAY, 28TH DECEMBER.

SCOTCH NIGHT.

The PROGRAMME will include—

Overture to Montrose .....Bishop.  
Danse Bohemienne from "The Fair Maid of Perth" ....Bret.  
Scherzo & Finale from "The Scotch Symphony" Mendelssohn.  
National Scotch Overture .....Dezwar.  
Overture "Ossian" .....Gade.  
Caledonian Quadrilles.....Faulien  
Overture to "Rob Roy".....Foster.

VOCALISTS—

Mrs TAGART and Miss BOYLE.

Solo Violincello, Mr E. HOWELL, (Scotch Fantasia.)

Solo Ophecleide, Mr S. HUGHES (Scotch Melodies).

CONDUCTOR—HERR JULIUS TAUSCH.

Tickets—2s and 1s, from Swan & Co., 49 Buchanan Street.  
Doors Open at 7. Concert at 8.

## G L A S G O W C H O R A L U N I O N.

"M E S S I A H,"

PUBLIC HALLS, NEW-YEAR'S MORNING,  
1st JANUARY.

Tickets—8s 6d and 5s (Reserved Seats), 3s—from Swan & Co.,  
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MRS FROST will give a GRAND HARP CON-  
CERT in NEW HALLS, MONDAY, JANUARY, 6th,  
at 8 p.m. Patrons—The Hon. the Lord Provost, Sir Jas. Bain,  
Festival Executive Committee and Choral Union Council. Harp  
Solos, Duets for Two Harps on National Melodies of Wales, &c.,  
&c. Songs with Harp Accompaniment—Vocalist, Miss KEMLO  
STEPHEN. Mozart's Concerto for Harp and Flute, Mr W.  
PACKER, Jun.

Tickets at Messrs Muir Wood & Co.'s; and Mrs Frost, 19  
Newton Street, Charing Cross.—Reserved Seats, Four Shillings;  
Second Seats, Two Shillings. ADMISSION ONE SHILLING,



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SELECTION OF SACRED AND SECULAR MUSIC.

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Accompanist .....Mr R. BUCHANAN, Junior.

Hon. Conductor.....Mr JAMES M'ARDLE.

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entitling holder to Two admissions at each of Two Concerts.

Tickets may be had and Subscribers enrolled at Mr J. H. De  
Monti's, 101 Buchanan Street.

NOTE.—No Tickets sold at Doors (except to Subscribers), till a  
Quarter to Eight o'clock.

GLASGOW TONIC SOL-FA CHORAL SOCIETY.

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NEW PUBLIC HALLS,

THURSDAY, 2ND JANUARY, 1879.

SCHUMANN'S CANTATA,

A SONG FOR THE NEW-YEAR,

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Signor FABRINI,

Miss EMILY DONES,

Mr HENRY POPE.

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SATURDAY, DEC. 28...at 3 | Day).....at 11, 1, 3, & 5

MONDAY, DEC. 30.....at 3 | THURSDAY, JAN. 2, at 1 & 3

TUESDAY, DEC. 31,.... at 3 | FRIDAY, JAN. 3.....at 3

SATURDAY, JAN. 4,.. at 3

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respectfully intimate having concluded a private arrangement with an Eminent Manufacturer of Looking-Glasses, *in need of Cash*, to dispose of his very Extensive stock, and that they will offer the same for Sale on the First Floor of their Warehouse, 36 JAMAICA STREET, TO-DAY and FOLLOWING DAYS, at nearly

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LOOKING-GLASSES, Square Tops, 1s 11½d, 2s 11d, 4s 3d, 6s 9d, 8s 6d, and 10s 6d.

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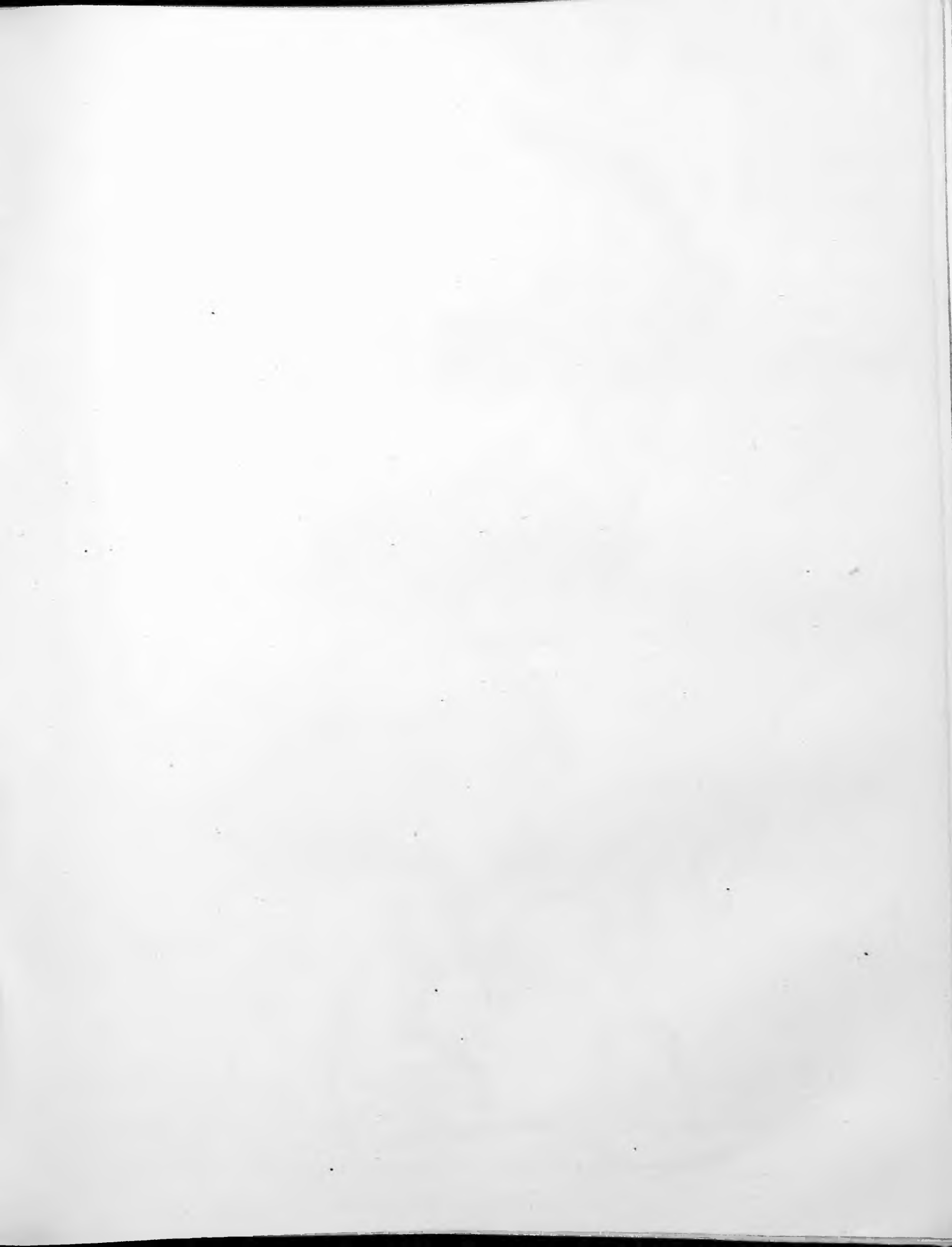
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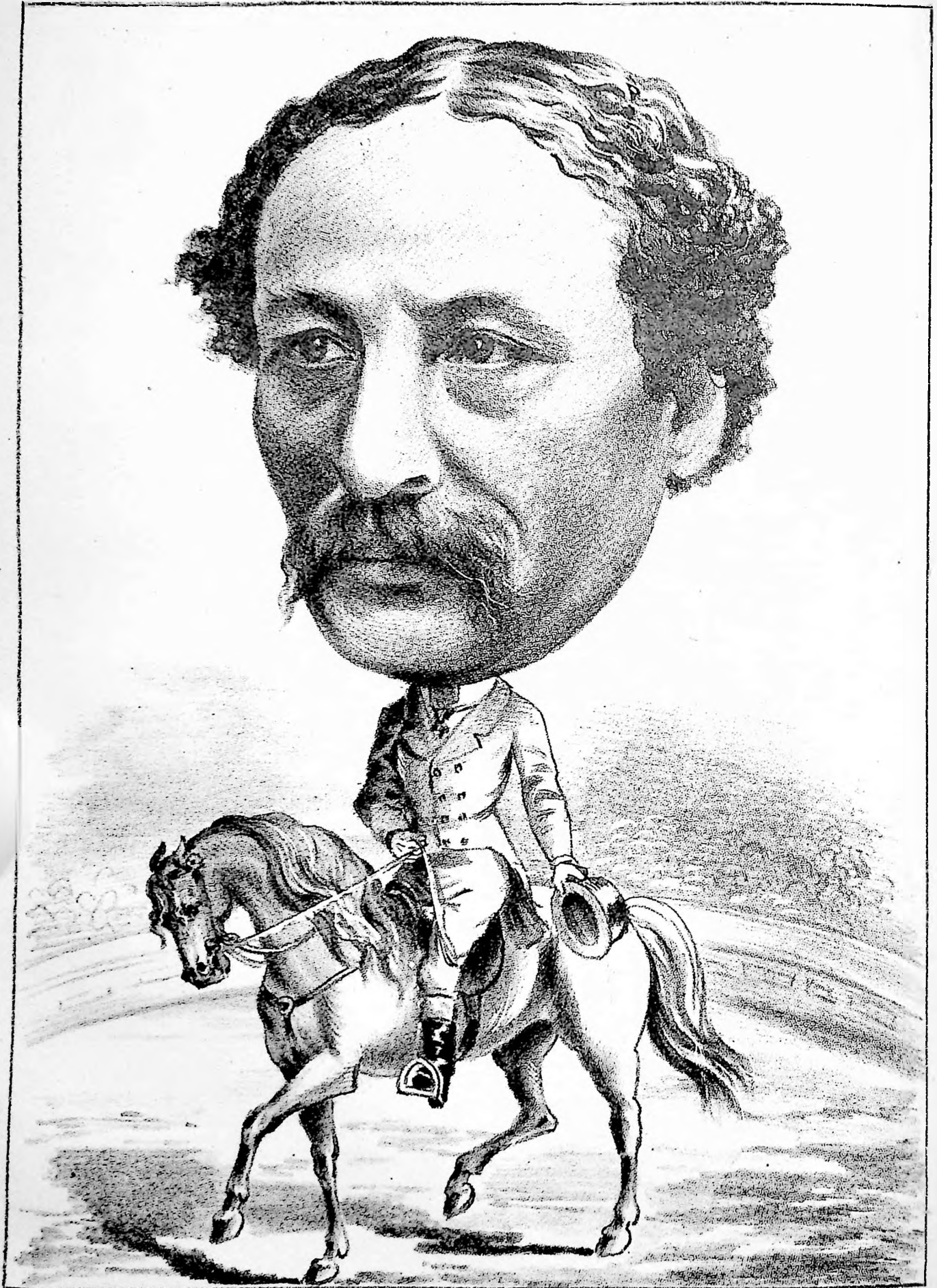
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"*AND* be it further enacted, that when the scenes in the circus commence, the Merriman, Grotesque, or Clown shall not, after the first equestrian feat, exclaim, 'Now I'll have a turn to myself,' previous to his toppling like a coach-wheel round the ring; nor shall he fall flat on his face, and then collecting some saw-dust in his hands drop it down from the level of his head, and say his nose bleeds; nor shall he attempt to make the rope-dancer's balance-pole stand on its end by propping it up with the said saw-dust; nor shall he, after chalking the performer's shoes, conclude by chalking his own nose, to prevent his foot from slipping when he treads on it; nor shall he take long pieces of striped cloth for Mr Stickney to jump over, while his horse goes under; previous to which he shall not pull the groom off the stool, who holds the other end of the same cloth, neither shall he find any difficulty in holding it at the proper level; nor, after having held it higher and lower, shall he ask, 'Will that do?' and, on being answered in the affirmative, he shall not jump down, and put his hands in his pockets, saying, 'I'm glad of it;' nor shall he pick up a small piece of straw, for fear he should fall over it, and afterwards balance the said straw on his chin as he runs about. Neither shall the Master of the Ring say to the Merriman, Grotesque, or Clown, when they are leaving the circus, 'I never follow the fool, sir;' nor shall the fool reply, 'Then I do,' and walk out after him; nor, moreover, shall the Clown say that 'the horses are as clever as the barber who shaved bald magpies at twopence a dozen;' nor tell the groom in the red jacket and top boots, when he takes the said horses away, to 'rub them well down with cabbage-puddings,

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for fear they should get the collywobbleums in their pandenoodles;' such speeches being manifestly very absurd and incomprehensible. *Saving always*, that the divers ladies and gentlemen, young ladies and young gentlemen, maid-servants, apprentices, and little boys, who patronise the circus, should see no reason why the above alterations should be made; under which circumstances, they had better remain as they are." This section of a patter speech which was popular in the early years of the century, shows that, in circus affairs, as in everything else, we are constantly reproducing the thoughts and words of the people who went before us. Of all things and institutions in the world, indeed, circuses seem the most conservative. Horsemanship came first into vogue with the elder Astley over a hundred years ago, but the circus bills of that period differ little, if any, from those of to-day. In many cases we find the same names appended to the "Scenes in the circle" in the year of grace 1779 as those which appear in this present year. There were Cookes, Meares, Delavantis, Ducrows, and Samwells, fighting at the beginning of the century under the banners of Mr Astley and Mr Batty, just as there are Samwells, Ducrows, Delavantis, Meares, and Cookes, fighting to-day under the banners of Mr Newsome and Mr Hengler. The life of a "rider" is not on the whole an unpleasant one. Circus people usually live long. Their *physique*, to begin with, is necessarily first-rate, their profession keeps them in constant training, and to be a successful performer in the arena means that excess of all kinds has been carefully avoided. Probably no better representative of the equestrian world is to be found anywhere than Mr JAMES NEWSOME, the proprietor and manager of the circus in Ingram Street. Mr NEWSOME, who is now in his fifty-fifth year, has been among

horses all his life. His father was a royal huntsman at Windsor, and he himself was "articled" as an apprentice to Batty before he was twelve years old. His skill as rider soon made him famous in circus circles. By the time he was twenty his services were everywhere in request, and it was declared that the elder Ducrow himself was in no way superior to "young NEWSOME." The secret of Mr NEWSOME'S success lay in his passion for horses. He studied them constantly. They were his personal friends, so to speak, and his power over them was nothing short of a marvel. Marrying, in his twenty-second year, the Fraulein Hinné, the accomplished daughter of a celebrated German equestrian, Mr and Mrs NEWSOME made a lengthened continental tour, performing engagements in Paris, Brussels, Berlin, and other large cities. During this tour Mr NEWSOME applied himself specially to the science of horse-breaking, and his success was so marked that it drew particular attention from the Crown Prince of Germany, who presented him with a fine horse as a present when he left the German capital. Mr NEWSOME has been widely known and respected at home as a circus proprietor. He has never, to use a professional phrase, gone in for "tenting," his system being to erect a series of substantial, elegant buildings in our larger towns, and to occupy these, year by year, so many months in succession. We all know his circus in Ingram Street, which was opened in the November of 1877, and in which he is now playing his second season. Circuses, it is needless to say, have always been popular in Glasgow, and Mr NEWSOME has already become a Man we all Know, and a man whom we all like as well. Personally he is one of the simplest, kindest of men. He is satisfied with having become a master of his Art, and he finds his pleasure as well as his business in its daily exercise. At a holiday season like the present Mr NEWSOME and his brother entertainers sustain an important part. There is a time for work in the life of everybody, both gentle and simple, but there is also a time for play, and when the playing time comes round it is in the society of these clever, nimble spirits that we find the best relaxation from the hurry and bustle of every-day existence. "People," says, Mr Sleary, the circus proprietor of *Hard Times*, "Mutht be amuthed. They can't alwayth be a-learning, nor they can't be alwayth a-working; they an't made for it. You *mutht* have uth. Do the withe thing and

the kind thing too, and make the betht of uth; not the wutht."

### The Bailie's New-Year.

BAILIE.

COME, Mattie, my lass, fill my tumbler again,  
 An extra bumper the nicht I maun drain;  
 For my heart feels sae open an' fou o' guid cheer  
 I could wish the hale warld a happy New-Year.  
 Seventy-eight's been a lively ane, a' the warld ower,  
 We've had baith shower an' sunshine—especially shower,  
 Lod! the rain o' misfortune's fair weeten us through—  
 Some sugar noo, Mattie my lass—that'll do.  
 Aye, as I was sayin', we've been sair put about  
 By that jaud ca'd mis-fortune, she's gien us a clood,  
 It'll tak' us some years o' hard wark tae pull through  
 The load o' disgrace she's put on us enoo.  
 Losh it seems as if ilka Deil's buckie conspired  
 To be constant in mischief an' never get tired,  
 The forces o' Sautan seem a' tae combine  
 An' possess oor great men, as the deils did the swine.  
 If my faither, the deacon, had been to the fore  
 (As "honour an' bless him!" his loss I deplore),  
 There would still have been ane in the ceety to trust,  
 As it is—well I widna like tae be unjust,  
 But it seems as if ilka concern was agee  
 And naebody honest but Mattie and me.  
 Up in Duke Street the nicht lie a when o' auld men,  
 Wham Auld Nick (no my faither) possessed as ye ken,  
 Tae plan an' tae plot, an' religion disgrace,  
 An' while pickin' oor pockets tae wear a saunt's face.  
 Then the Cooncil's no' jist the rale thing I could wish;  
 I maun mak' the electors look mair to the dish,  
 An' no' lift ilka platter, until it be seen  
 That the inside as well as the outside is clean.  
 They've some wark cut oot for them this incomin' year,  
 But if they be faithfu', they've naething tae fear,  
 For the BAILIE chastises but where he sees need,  
 An' can clap a man's shouter, as weel's crack his heid.  
 The affairs on the Clyde tae, hae come tae a pass  
 That really requires our attention, my lass.  
 Oor shipbuilders an' men, by their actions supine,  
 Have sent the Clyde's wark tae the Thames an' the Tyne,  
 "A's nae tint that's in danger," if yet they agree  
 Lots o' wark on the river this New-Year may see.  
 May the crack! crack! o' hammers peal loudly an' strong,  
 A welcome tae trade on the Clyde before long.  
 Noo, Mattie, my lass, put the buns in the press  
 An' gae an' put on your guid bonnet an' dress,  
 An' Ise gie ye my arm these slippery times,  
 An' we'll gang an' see some o' the new pantomimes.

MATTIE.

Here's your coat noo then, BAILIE, your gravat an' stick,  
 While you're gettin' them on, I'll gae dress mysel' quick;  
 See an' button weel up, pull your hat owre your broo,  
 An' when tyin' your gravat, leave room for your mou'.

BAILIE.

Ma conscience! I wonner what she wants wi' my mou'—  
 She's shurely mair sense than try kissin' the noo  
 When the greatest o' doctors that leeve in the laun'  
 Hae forbidden a' kissin'—save kissin' yer haun.

MATTIE (*enters with the bottle and glass.*)

Here noo, BAILIE, yer faither aye liked a wee drap,  
 He aye said, "it's as guid as an extra hap."

BAILIE.

'Tweel a wat did the Deacon, he kent whit was what;  
 But, Mattie! No sicna wee drappie as that!

Smokers,—Try Wallach Smoking Mixture, 6d per ounce  
 Only to be had from D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram Street



Jeems Kaye's New-Year Party.

LAST year, BAILIE, I tell't ye about Betty's attempt at a Christmas dinner, and its failure; this year I took the affair in haun mysel', an' ye may guess I wid hae naething tae dae wi' Christmas, but raither gie a New-Year party.

Aifter it wis arranged we were tae hae this, the hoose wis turned upside doon. When I wid be sitting reading the papers, I wid hear the delf playing birr in a' directions, till whiles I thocht I wid be murdered in cauld bluid at my ain fireside. Betty wid tak a notion that the ashets on the shelf wanted a cleaning, an' she wid scramble up on the dresser tae get them doon—an' they cam' doon tae, wi' a vengeance—in amang the trayfu' o' tea dishes, an' I wis thankfu' if there wis nae greater damage done than the strop aff the teapot, or the sugar bowl broken. Being a peaceable man—till I'm fairly roused—I said naething, but jist sat as close tae the fire, an' as faur oot o' the way o' danger, as possible.

But the lang-looking for nicht cam at last—it was last Thursday. I shut up the coal ree an oor afore the time, an' got rigged up in my second best suit; while, if ye had seen Betty—I canna describe her—she had sae mony fal-derals: but she wis the best-dressed woman at the party, an' that wis saying a guid deal. Women's dress I pay little attention tae as a rule, but I min' she had a braw mutch, wi' a string o' flooers roon an roon, an' meeting at a great big jargonelle peer that hung ower her broo, an' waggled up an' doon every time she spoke.

The company wis sma' but select—jist a wheen neebors, auld freens—for I hate thae stuck-up affairs whaur the tae hauf o' the folk are strangers tae the ither hauf. I had come doon han'somely, as I aye like tae dae; an' we had a big cake o' shortbread, wi' "A Happy New Year" on't, an' an angel—an' o' the wings got chippit aff in the carrying hame, for which I wis very sorry—a big curran' bun, wi' the raisins as thick's I don' know what, an' carvey for the bairns; a jar o' fine spirits; an' a pint o' brandy for the stomach, in case onybody ate ower muckle—ye ken hoo faur-seeing I am—an' I had left word in the shop below tae sen' up the oyster man when he gaed by at 11 o'clock, an' we wid hae a bit tenpence worth o' oysters; an' min' ye that wis in addition tae what I micht ca' the or'nary things—finnan haddies, tea cookies, an' sae on.

The tea was a dreich business. The ladies

had a heap tae say, an' palavered awa, an' took ae cup aifter anither till I began tae think the teapot wis inexhaustible, like Professor Anderson's bottle.

Betty wid say: "Dear me, mem, whan did ye see Mrs M'Gregor, mem? The last time I saw her, the neb o' her nose wis awfu' red—I wis fair ashamed tae look her in the face, in case she wid think I wis lookin' at it. I'm sure she must tak a—ay, jist so—oohoo," an' then they a' looked vera solemn like.

Then anither ane wid say: "What dae ye think about Mrs Jamieson's false teeth, mem? D'ye think they improve her? Oor John thinks they dae, but I'm sure for my part I think they mak her frichtsme. She never wis vera bonnie, but noo— No thankye, mem, I couldna really, this is my fifth cup! Weel, jist a thimblefu' tae keep ye company. It's rale fine tea that, mem; that's nane o' the kin' ye get the dizzen o' cups an' saucers intae the bargain wi', I'm sure—no, I thocht no. It's extro'rnar fine. I like a pickle mair green in mine—but that's naething—jist custom," &c., &c.

The tea being over, for which I wis thankfu', it wis proposed we wid hae a dance in the kitchen. I'm no a dancing man mysel', BAILIE, as ye ken, but I dinna objec tae't. Sae the floor wis cleared, an' tae alloo mair room, I got up on the dresser, an' getting my auld fiddle, I screwed it up, an' began tae play. Noo, Mr Pinkerton has a wudden leg, but we a' felt it wis hard a man couldna enjoy a dance because he had a wudden leg, so he got up wi' oor Betty for a partner. I began, an' they at it; and in a wee the fun grew fast an' furious, an' they were "hoochin'" an' cracking their fingers an' kicking up their legs like onything. Every noo and again ye wid hear the wudden ane play "thump, thump" on the floor; an' as it couldna bend, ance or twice whan Mr Pinkerton got excited, it flew by my nose an' nearly knocked me aff the dresser; an' ance it got fankled in a chair on which was a trayfu' o' glesses for refreshments, and an ashet o' pottet-heed, an' the hale affair cam doon wi' Mr Pinkerton on the tap o't.

Noo, there's twa things tae observe here. Oor hoose, being an auld ane, the kitchen floor's no vera strong, an' at the seams it's gey shoogly; an' below us leeves Miss M'Fee, an auld maid. Noo, this Miss M'Fee, feeling the bad times like the rest o' us, couldna pay her gas accoont, an' the gas was cut aff, an' the body had only the licht o' a penny caunle: at this minute she was sitting on the floor wi' a ban-box before her,

looking oot a bonnet tae gae tae a party the next nicht.

But tae return tae the story, as the novel writers say. Oor party was dancing some kin' o' a waltz, an' Mr Pinkerton was ga'ing roon like a peerie, wi' the wudden leg aye in the ae place, between the seams. If he had been in the middle o' the plank it nicht hae dune, but as it was, the spinning roon made a hole, and wi' a crack doon thro' went the wudden leg. Puir Miss M'Fee looks up and thocht she saw a gun pinting exactly at her heed, an' the licht o' the caunle glinting aff the brass virl on the end o' the leg made it look quite frichtsme.

"Oh, save me!" she cried, and buried her heed below the ban-box. As we were a' dumbfounded and speechless and quiet she took courage and looked up, but there wis aye the gun wi' its brass neb, and covering her heed wi' the ban-box, oot she ran and up tae us. The body having got a taste o' brandy she wis soothed doon, and noo the job wis tae get Mr Pinkerton released. Easier said than dune. First we got a grip o' him and pulled, but the leg wis ower ticht wedged in for that, and after drawing his coat and waistcoat aff we had tae gie in, and mind ye a' this time he couldna sit doon for the leg widna bend. Then Mr Proodfit wis for getting the len o' a saw and sawing it aff, but says I—

"Ye nicht saw a common bit o' wudd, but legs are made o' hard wudd, cross-grained an fu' o' knots tae staun the teer and weer, and I'm thinkin' ye'll no' saw that vera easily, unless maybe ye had a steam saw mill."

Then Betty proposed we should go doon below and shuve up. The vera thing! Mr Proodfit and me, after giving Mr Pinkerton a gless o' brandy tae keep him frae fenting—ye see the pint wis a wise forethought on my pairt—we gaed doon and got on Miss M'Fee's table, and getting a haud o' the leg shuded wi' nicht and main. Mr Proodfit had a grip o't where the cauf should hae been, while I had a haud o' the virl on the en'. When folk are excited they forget mony a wee thing, sae did we; we shuded at the leg like what ye see the men wi' the long pole shuving the rafts floating doon at the Broomielaw brig.

"Noo," says I, "lean yer wecht on't. Noo—oo—." Awa' went the table and we baith fell doon, me intae the coal-bakie getting a clour on the brig o' my nose, while Mr Proodfit went fleeing through the air till he landed on the parrit's cage that wis sitting in a corner, making

the puir parrit yell oot like an evil spirit, while the table went spinnin' intae the fire-place knocking doon the kettle and scalding an auld tom cat, that tummlit heeds ower heels in its fricht. Guidsave this was getting waur and waur. The man next door cam' in wi' the poker, thinking it was naething less than Miss M'Fee getting murdered in her ain hoose, but seeing me rubbing my nose and pinting up at the leg he got a kin' o' inkling o' what wis wrang, and we then formed a procession and gaed awa up the stair, and we a' sat doon roon the fire tae consider what wis tae be done, while Mr Pinkerton stood mournfully in the middle o' the flure hauding on tae twa chairs we had put in tae support him.

"It's a mercy it wisna his ither leg!" says ane, "he has great reason to be thankfu'."

"Mercy!" says I, "nae mercy at a'; if his ither leg had gaen in it could hae came oot again, but this contoonded thing is like a wedge, it aye gets thicker and thicker, there's nae getting it oot. Hooever, something must be dune and that speedily," I says, "I'm no' against gieing a party, tae break up at a reasonable hour, but I'm no' ga'ing to thole a man stan'ing a' nicht wi' a wudden leg through the flure and us no' getting tae oor beds; fun's fun, but this is ga'ing ower the score a'thegither."

I lichtit my pipe and smoked up the lum, and turned the thing ower in my min'. Never having had ony experience o' wudden legs, I wis a wee at sea, till some ane said—

"As the wudden leg is no part and parcel o' his material body it maun be tied on some wiy or anither."

The vera thing! I sprang up, and getting a haud o' the straps we sune got him free. After he recovered his breath Mr Proodfit and me oxtered him hame, but the leg remained, and tae keep us frae tripping ower't in the nicht we hedged it roun wi' chairs.

And sae oor party cam' tae a' end. A' the shortbread and jeely and things nicht as weel never been ordered!

BAILIE, there's either a judgment on parties gi'en at a time when folk generally are ill aff, or else I'm particularly unfortunate in mine.

As I sit writing this tae ye and nibbling awa at the remains o' the shortbread, I've registered a vow tae hae nae mair parties for a while, and whan I dae, by my sang, I'll tak care tae ask nae freens wi' wudden legs. JAMES KAYE.

P.S.—When ye sen' ower the usual jar min' and pey the carriage tae save Betty haeing a rippit wi' the parcel-delivery laddies.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT some of the "martyrs" in Duke Street have been asserting their innocence.

That according to their own showing there never was a more incapable lot than the Directors of the City Bank.

That one of them had no head for figures, and he took everything for granted that was placed before him.

That a convenient memory is a very convenient thing at times.

That the examinations of Inglis & Potter show with what imbecile recklessness the Bank Funds were squandered.

That if Lord Young is on the bench when the Bank Directors are tried, they may bid "a long farewell to all their greatness."

That the anxiety of certain capitalists a year or two ago to enable the public to share in their enormous profits was something astonishing.

That the public snapped at the bait like so many gudgeons.

That one of the most catching of all baits was that of the promoters of the Benhar Coal Coy.

That the Benhar shareholders are now finding out how they've been caught.

That our streets are in a pleasant condition.

That a new broom is needed in the cleansing department.

Herr Julius Tausch.

*Salve et Vale!*

GOING? why, you've only come! We had thought a few months

You'd be with us—now you're off! Have then really two months gone already? Well, it shows, if the proof were needed, How 'mid genial friends old Time fleeteth by unheeded.

Stranger did you come to us: yet we think in no sense Now we've met that you can feel stranger, still you go hence, Though you could not in our harsh crooked tongue harangue wage,

Well, you spoke in music's grand universal language.

Thanks! a thousand thanks! for those glorious golden pleasures Conjured by your spell from out music's richest treasures. Wizard's baton did you wield, each great score so guided, That its mighty master came and himself presided.

Well; *Es ist bestimmt*, you know. Friends must part. God speed you!

Speed your lovely, charming *Frau*! May good fortune lead you Where are peace, prosperity, happiness sojourning. Hasten hence, now, that you may sooner be returning!

Song for Satan.—"Here's to the year that's awa."

The other "Bun" Marché.—John Forrester's.

A Study in Black and white.—The fog and snow storm.

"Financing."

(See recent Bankruptcy Examinations.)

OUR city, ne'er behind the age,  
But ever with the times advancing,  
Just now's developing a rage  
For the new business called "Financing."

Business no longer is inviting,  
It's grown unprofitable, tame;  
We must have something more exciting,  
"Financing" is our "little game."

"Financing," 'tis a noble word,  
It's use we can't too highly laud;  
Some think, which is of course absurd,  
It's just another name for fraud.

To Finance, first of all we need  
Some men with consciences elastic,  
But pious, too, they must indeed  
Love well all things ecclesiastic.

A bank must then be "squared," we know,  
The cash in scanty sums not doling.  
But letting tens of thousands go  
To set and keep "the ball a rolling."

From hand to hand the money's paid,  
Without receipts or any bother;  
For, unlike other men in trade,  
Financers can trust one another.

The cash thus passes round the ring;  
Each firm is scrupulously honest;  
But soon a very curious thing  
Is brought to light: the money's *non est*.

"Where has it gone?" the question runs,  
And, if an answer must be made,  
It's one that certainly surprises,  
"The money has been lost in trade."

This surely should be paying work,  
And, as the ranks just now are thinning,  
Right-minded men ought not to shirk,  
But speedily make a beginning.

It has its drawbacks, too, no doubt,  
Bankers will fail, and "rings" collapse;  
But, even should this come about,  
Financers get off free—perhaps!

IRE-ISH HIGHLANDERS.

*1st Policeman*—What is it for that ta BAILIE will alwiss make a choke of ta Highlanders Tuncan, ant poke fun at us as a nation?

*2nd do.*—It iss pecaas long aco we will insult him at ta clachan of Aberfoyle. Confoond him, I wish Machor Kalpraith had kilt him then and there!

*1st do.*—See here how he will poast of his conscience, too. Conscience inteet! ta hypocrite!

*2nd do.*—Kootness knows his conscience iss long since seart with ta hot poker he'll pee so ready to touch us up with. I declare, Tchon Munro, if I had ta old fillain noo I'd send him to ta place where his poker would pee of goot use!

A-n-ice Entertainment.—Mrs Frost's.

## Stories of the Pantomimes.

## BLUE BEARD.

"Lord worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got!"

—*Merchant of Venice.*

THERE once was a man they called Blue Beard  
(We never had doubts 'twas a true beard),

Who had thoughts amatory,  
For so runs the story,

And never man like him e'er grew beard.

He had had in his time many wives, sirs,  
Who had had in their time but short lives, sirs,

So he sighed for one more,  
Just to make up the score,

And needs must when a certain one drives, sirs.

A widow lived at hand, with daughters two,  
And Blue Beard thought them both exceeding handsome,

But neither could endure his beard, so blue—

"Never say dye!" says Blue Beard, "yet I'll chance 'em."

He brought them presents, till the young one grew

To think him not so very much a fright;

Nor did his beard seem quite so blue of hue—

In short, he got her tender hand one night.

The nuptials over, Blue Beard and his wife

(Fatima her name; her sister's, Sister Anne)

Lived for a month or so a pleasant life,

And all "true blue" their married life began.

At length, says Blue Beard, "For a week or two

I leave you, dear, to do just as you please;

Room where you will—except the Chamber Blue—

Go not in there; Ta, ta! Here are my keys."

So Blue Beard off; and she and Sister Anne

Were left in charge the castle wide to keep;

Then, to herself, she says—"Indeed, no man

Should have a secret—what harm's in a peep?"

She crept down stairs and reached the chamber door—

(Though first she sent the servants to their beds off)

Undid the lock—when horror! on the floor

All Blue Beard's former wives lay with their heads off.

When Fatima the murdered wives did see,

She fainted on the chamber, with a thud;

Then coming to, and looking for the key,

She found it lying in a pool of blood.

All night and day these gentle sisters two

Tried, from the key, to wash the fatal memory;

But all their rubbing, scrubbing would not do—

The blood was there, in spite of all their "emery."

When in comes Blue Beard—and his wife, so doting,

Flew to his arms—says he, "I've been to town;

There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting—

The key! Be sharp! that's good—Anne, chalk it down.

Aha! there's blood upon the key!" says he

"Prepare for death as fast as e'er you can;"

"O spare me, Blue Beard,"—then, aside, says she,

"Run—see who's coming;" and her sister ran.

He held his glittering scimitar aloft

And with his left hand caught the fair one's locks;

Then in a moment her sweet head had doff—

But was arrested by some thundering knocks.

The door flew open and two buirdly men

Rushed in, and caught him by the beard so blue;

"What! Comest thou to beard me here in den"—

"Mark!" said her brothers—and they cut him through.

So this is the tale of Blue Beard t'ye,

And we hope 'tis a lesson of fear t'ye,

For though tyrants are furious

Still women are curious,

So we'll end—and a Happy New-Year t'ye.

## The Court of Lilliput.

THE BAILIE learns by special wire that the following are among "the orders" recently promulgated for the regulation of the internal economy and etiquette of this court, which has now taken up its abode in Ottawa:—

Gaelic is to be henceforward used as the Court language.

All the gentlemen ushers are to learn to play the bagpipes; and all the ladies in waiting, must, before their appointment, pass an examination in "The Reign of Law."

All old women found gathering sticks for fire-wood within one hundred miles of His Excellency's residence shall be ordered off for instant execution.

Any one venturing to look at His Excellency without murmuring in an audible voice "God bless the Duke of Argyle," shall suffer imprisonment, on bread and water, for forty days.

## A SOUND CONCLUSION.

*Father*—Yes, Rubbert, thae strikes are verra bad things. It's aye strikes that bring the warks to a staunstill.

*Robert*—If that's true, faither, hoo is't that when the clock strikes the warks dinnae come to a staunstill?

*Father*—A'm thinkin' it's time *you* were in your bed.

## REVERSES.

Yiss, Neil M'Millan, ta force of sarcumstances will prought me to Clescow.

Ay, ant chwat are you go-oin' to do in Clescow, Tchon Maclean?

Kon a pee a polus offisher, pecaas it wass a goot report I'll hard in Tyree of ta sarcumstances of ta force.

"A TRAVELLER'S TALE."—Sir George Campbell's expedition to the United States has not been without its effect upon him. He has lost, somewhere on the way, his belief in alcohol and church establishments. Perhaps if he had journeyed further, he might have cast from him even his belief in himself. And yet the BAILIE fears that after all it would have been unreasonable to look for such a miracle under any circumstances. Isn't it Addison who says that it is only to wise men that travelling teaches wisdom?

For Christmas and New Year's Gifts, Large Assortment of Fancy Boxes, Figures, Ornaments, &c., for Christmas Trees, JAMES M'MILLAN, Confectioner, 181 Eglinton Street,

Quavers.

FOLLOWING on the admirable introductory address by Dr John Hullah a few weeks ago, a series of six lectures on practical education in music will be delivered by Herr Ernst Pauer, from the 20th to the 25th of January, in the New Halls, in connection with the Glasgow Association for the Higher Education of Women. Musical talent and its development, the art of teaching, and other cognate and useful subjects will be taken up, and Herr Pauer will play certain selected piano pieces after each lecture. The experience of so eminent a professor cannot but prove of high value to young ladies studying or teaching the pianoforte.

Perhaps, however, the distinguished example of Madame Neruda, as a violinist (whom we had here lately playing so charmingly), may not be thought unworthy of imitation. The violin is not necessarily an instrument for gentlemen; indeed, a new attraction is added when it is played upon by a lady, and the bowing becomes a grace in itself. The violin should certainly be taught in ladies' schools as a substitute, in some instances, for the piano, or as an addition to it.

The Carol concert of the Glasgow Select Choir, on Thursday last, did not disappoint us. The music was quaint but melodious and most interesting, and we venture to say that another season will find these carols quite the fashion in Glasgow. We have not heard the Choir sing more charmingly than at this concert. Macfarren's cantata, "Christmas," was presented in the most perfect vocal form conceivable, great pains evidently having been taken with it. The piano part was chastely played, but with a want of verve we have not scrupled to advert to on former occasions as the one fault of Mr Senior's accompaniments. This, however, is an easily remedied defect. Miss Carina Cleland, Mr Allan, and Miss Boyle took the solo music acceptably in this semi-operatic work of Macfarren's—for such appears to be the character of "Christmas," though certainly the libretto is more didactic than dramatic, as Mr Archer observes in his notes to the cantata. Mr Archer's annotations, by the way, are very readable and instructive, and prove the possession of a special literary gift in addition to his musical talent.

The artistic importance of our select choirs does not seem to be sufficiently recognised here in what Jeames calls the "hupper suck." The loss is chiefly that of the distinguished absentees themselves, but why these special choirs with their refined singing should not have become "fashionable" somewhat puzzles one.

A concert was given by the Dennistoun Musical Association on Monday of last week with a fair measure of success. As a rule we should say society concerts in mid-season are hazardous, but this under Mr Drummond, conductor, may be said, we hear, to have justified the attempt. Macfarren's "Mayday," with orchestral accompaniment, was the chief piece of music essayed.

The Hillhead Society's first concert of the season on Friday last, was largely attended as usual. The chief hall of the Queen's Rooms is quite a sight on these occasions, but we have noticed a greater crowd at previous concerts. As a whole the choral singing was good at this concert, but there was hardly enough of the class of work which more thoroughly tests a society. Gounod's "Ave Verum" was one test in which the choir came off very creditably, the motet being unaccompanied. With the aid and colouring of the orchestra, steadily led in the violin by Mr Heron, and with assistance from piano and harmonium, Macfarren's Christmas cantata went very well, and proved, in the circumstances, additionally attractive. The soprano and contralto solo parts were very effectively and intelligently filled. Signor Zavertal kept the whole in hand well, notwithstanding the large body he had to deal with and the confined space occupied. One's interest legitimately lying in the Hillhead Society as a choral body, it will surely not be impertinent to repeat the opinion that a somewhat less numerous membership would be an advantage. The amount of vocal strength to be obtained from small well-trained choirs is now-a-days forced on one's attention, and admitting that the cases are not exactly alike, it is a question worth considering whether

more substantial good is not to be gained by compact, solid, well-balanced singing than by mere numerical strength.

The Choral Union children's concert was an artistic success. Another time it is sure also to be a commercial success, although we will venture to say that the latter rather vulgar result was little in the minds of the projectors of the idea.

The programme of a concert by the musical association connected with John Street U.P. Church duly reached us. Another time a point will be made of hearing how the choir of this rather musical congregation acquit themselves. A *Te Deum* by the conductor, Mr George Taggart, which was sung on the occasion gives evidence of a solid and advanced musical education the treatment of the several divisions of the ancient hymn being marked by musicianly thought and skill.

Signor Giorgis Valcheri has gone to Italy since the close of the recent season at Her Majesty's Theatre. He will rejoin the company in their provincial tour and will be in Glasgow again in the first week of March as formerly mentioned.

Mr Lambeth's choir give a popular concert in the Kibble Palace on Saturday, 4th January, with a "holiday programme" of glees, madrigals, &c.

On New-Year's morning the Choral Union give the "Messiah" as customary, and at night there is a popular orchestral concert, at which Miss Mary Davies sings, an attraction in itself.

Furtum Grave.

THREE thieves broke into the shop of a widow lady in the East-end and stole, among other things, a hundred cigars. Of all the impious thefts that ever were committed this is perhaps—with the exception of stealing kisses—the most audacious and unprincipled. Not only to steal, but to steal from a lone widow, and to steal from that lone widow the very symbols of her loneliness—her "weeds!" No wonder every hair of the Cuddie rose in protest against the unheard of barbarity as he perused the record of the crime.

FOR '79, LINES NINE.

Swing out the old, ring in the new,  
With old, re-cording; with the new, the rope  
Lachesis' "wheel" from Clotho's distaff drew.  
The requiem-knell, awaking-bell  
With old year's close to new year's eyelids ope;  
The new year, the old year out,  
One done and doom'd, the other wrapt in doubt;  
Tale of the old in dole out-toll'd,  
The new's appeal, a peal at least of—Hope.

THAT FATAL GLASS!

Tom (drinking "neat")—There's death in that tumbler, Jack, don't touch it!

Jack (startled into arresting the hand with which he is watering his grog)—Why, you blooming humbug, there's three times as much "death" in your own tumbler.

Tom—I deny it, my boy; you've "drowned the miller" in yours. I haven't.

(The murderer repents.)

"Non mi Ricordo"—Read Mr Potter's examination.

GRAND DISPLAY  
OF  
EVENING AND BALL COSTUMES  
AT  
THE CALEDONIAN HOUSE,  
165 AND 167 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

MESSRS COPLAND & LYE invite Ladies to visit their GRAND SALOON,  
and inspect the VARIOUS COSTUMES for EVENING and BALL wear; also, to Promenade through the  
BAZAAR OR FANCY FAIR,

which is now Filled with ALL KINDS of Toys, Fancy Goods, Work-Boxes, Writing-Desks, Japanese Goods, Fancy China, Electro-Plated Goods, Books, Albums, &c., &c. To Ladies having Bazaars in perspective this is an excellent opportunity. Ladies having Dorcas Societies or Charities to provide for will find their wants supplied at the CALEDONIAN HOUSE at the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

The HANDSOMEST SALOON in the World for the Display and Exhibition of Costumes, Jackets, Millinery, &c., &c.

Ladies are invited to walk through the Caledonian House daily, as Novelties and Special Bargains are being continually laid out.

C O P L A N D & L Y E,  
CALEDONIAN HOUSE, 165 AND 167 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

**OVERCOATS**  
**GREATCOATS & ULSTERS**  
(IMMENSE VARIETY)  
**FORSYTH'S**  
**5 & 7 RENFIELD ST.**

G R E A T  
REALISING SALE,  
GENUINE REDUCTIONS,  
W. C. THOMSON,  
UNION STREET.

NEW YEAR CARDS,  
A SPLENDID SELECTION,  
A. F. SHARP & CO.,  
14 Royal Exchange Square.

6<sup>D</sup> HAIR CUT AND SHAMPOOED. 6<sup>D</sup>  
M'LEAN, 96 MITCHELL STREET.

ROYAL EXCHANGE.  
NEW MEMBERS (Town and Country) will NOW be  
ENROLLED for Year 1879, thus giving them benefit of present  
Month Gratis. BY ORDER  
1st December, 1878.

FOR PRESENTATION—CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW  
YEAR.

THE LYRIC GEMS OF SCOTLAND  
contains Hundreds of Scottish Songs, handsomely bound,  
gilt and gold edges. Published at 4s 6d; to be had for 1s 11d,  
at LINDSAY'S, 102 Queen Street.

**TODD'S**  
**QUININE WINE**

FOR INDIGESTION, FLATULENCY,  
NERVOUSNESS, &c.  
Stands pre-eminent for Purity and Strength,  
and is recommended by the Faculty.  
Sold by Chemists and Wine Merchants.

SOLD EVERYWHERE,  
HENRY THOMSON & CO'S  
OLD  
IRISH WHISKY.

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—  
ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

CENTRAL HAIR-CUTTING ROOMS.—ESTAB. 1847  
JOHN BROWN, 8 GLASSFORD STREET.

OVER 100,000 HATS

Have been sold in the Colosseum since 1st January, 1878, or one for every Five Persons in Glasgow.

C O L O S S E U M .

SPECIAL NOTICE.—CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR.

GENTLEMEN'S FELT AND SATIN HATS.

Immense Deliveries. Several Lorry Loads.

Strictly Wholesale Price for Single Hats.

Come at once before the Crush of the Holidays.

Thousands of Felt Hats at 2s 9d, 3s 6d, 4s 6d, 5s, 5s 9d, 6s 3d, 7s, every Hat guaranteed to retain shape and keep the colour. These same goods are charged 50 per cent more by the ordinary retailers. Our Dress Hats at 8s 6d, 10s 6d, 12s 6d, 14s 6d, and 16s 6d are worn by thousands in Glasgow, and our Dress Hats at 17s 6d we guarantee the best that money can buy.

We hold the most complete stock of High-Class Hats in Scotland.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT FOR NOVELTIES IN BOYS' HATS.

LADIES' HATS. MISSES' HATS.

Felt Hats, all Shapes and Colours, from 9d. Single Hat charged same price as buying a Gross.

The LANGTRY HAT, in Velvet, complete, 4s 6d; Extra Quality (Silk Velvet), 8s 6d.

Velvet and Satin Beafeater Hats, in every Colour, choice of Hundreds, from 10½d each.

MILLINERY! MILLINERY!!  
HATS AND BONNETS.

Five Hundred Richly Trimmed Pattern Hats and Bonnets will now be sold at merely nominal prices; such an opportunity rarely occurs.

Large Lot of Cape Bonnets, Newest Styles, from 2s 6d each.

Mr WILSON and his ASSISTANTS are leaving for London and Paris shortly. Before going he has resolved to clear out every Pattern Hat and Bonnet (some of which cost from Four to Six Pounds each) at prices unheard of in the Millinery Trade.

The Great Event of 1879 will be our Early Spring Show of FRENCH and ENGLISH NOVELTIES.

FLOWERS! FEATHERS!! ORNAMENTS!!!

The Latest Novelties. Wholesale Prices.

FURS! FURS!! FURS!!!

FUR BOAS, Yard Long, for One Penny each.

" Splendid Foxtail, for 11½d each.  
" Worth three times the price.

MUFFS—Several Hundred Muffs, full size, from 1s 6d each. These are a decided bargain.

SPECIAL SHOW FOR TWO WEEKS.

HAT CLEANING DEPARTMENT.

Gent.'s Old Felt Hats Altered in the Latest Shapes for Ladies and Misses for One Shilling.

With the aid of our Superior Appliances, we are now enabled to finish these Goods

IN TWO DAYS.

These may be Trimmed with Silk or Velvet in the most Fashionable Style.

We do not recommend the Cleaning of Gentlemen's Hats.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,  
WHOLESALE HAT MANUFACTURERS,  
C O L O S S E U M ,  
70 JAMAICA STREET.

SEASONABLE ECONOMY

100s.

BLACK DRESS SUIT.

We venture to say that there are few Gentlemen who, in their quiet moments, do not entertain the opinion that a First-Class Dress Suit *ought* to be procurable for at least 100s., although at the same time they may be passively submitting to a Charge of nearly One-half more. If this be so, then we claim in this Leading Speciality to have met felt want and to have done a public service.

FORSYTH.

5 AND 7 RENFIELD STREET.

DAVISON'S  
CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE  
GINGER BEER.

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND;" WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC. As supplied to the Western, Junior. New, and other Clubs.

THOMAS DAVISON,  
DISPENSING CHEMIST,  
126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

THE BAILIE.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1st, 1879.

WHAT a pleasant thing it must be to have a better half like Mrs LEWIS POTTER. Why "Poor Richard" was a fool to this prudent house-wife. Within the space, say of six months, Mrs POTTER managed to "lay by" the comfortable little sum of £50,000! We have this upon the authority of her own husband, Mr LEWIS POTTER, the venerable director of the City of Glasgow Bank, a personage whose veracity, as we all know, stands high in the world of churches and churchmen. Most people will probably regard the provident ways of Mrs POTTER and the success which has attended them with no small measure of envy. The BAILIE himself has been fairly put out by the stories told by her husband. Hitherto he had set down the household expenses of people like Mr LEWIS POTTER of Udston at a "King's fee," but it now seems that given a discreet, managing spouse like Mrs POTTER, and one's fortune is made. We all know the old saw regarding a "virtuous wife," and how that she is a "crown to her husband," but can a partner like Mrs POTTER, who

through good report and bad report still pursues her housewifely qualities, be considered as other than a whole batch of crowns. The BAILIE is sorry that it has lain within his province to introduce the name of a lady who is, so far as he knows, a most estimable person, into his pages. The notoriety, however, given to her the other day by that bright and shining light of the Free Kirk, Mr LEWIS POTTER, leaves him no option. She has, according to Mr POTTER, become the possessor of a fortune, accumulated entirely by her own skill and forethought. It is to be feared, however, that those cruel, commonplace individuals, the Liquidators of the City of Glasgow Bank, may endeavour to dispoil this good lady of some of her hard earned savings. They are people, as we all know, who prefer the smallest gain of fact to a whole bushel of romance. How sorry we should all feel, to be sure, were Mrs POTTER'S £50,000 to be transferred from her pocket to those of the City Bank shareholders!

#### Uncle Grumphy's Protest.

BLOW New-year's day!—I hate the name,  
 'Tis redolent of "tips;"  
 Each greedy soul, on't void of shame,  
 Into my pocket dips.  
 The butcher's, grocer's, baker's boy,  
 The postman, man in blue,  
 Clerks, servants—all that I employ,  
 And some I never do.  
 I am a bachelor—*that's* good!  
 But I'm an uncle, too,  
 And each prim niece and nephew rude,  
 That don't get tipped, looks blue.  
 They come to me with hungry looks,  
 And well-drilled "Good New-years!"  
 Agog for shillings, sweeties, books—  
 Oh, *bl-ess* (?) the little dears!

ON THEIR TRIAL.—The Ass would like much to hear Lord Young pass sentence on those knaves in pottery, the forty thieves that are every night stealing golden opinions in "Her Majesty's" house, and in the presence of all its visitors. He loves a bit of "Gossip," and is rather Q.-rious to have it.

#### "ACCOUNT RENDERED."

(Scene—Wholesale stationery warehouse; Proprietor and traveller in conversation).

*Proprietor*—I see our "Ledger" department is getting overstocked, you must push books on your next journey.

*Traveller*—No use, sir, no use. So many firms doing without books now-a-days, I wouldn't wonder to see "Jones' System" in the shelves of the Antiquarian Museum before long.

"Oh, Awfully Jolly!"

SKATING is such fun! Isn't it, now? Just listen:—I trudged out to Lochburnie the other night in the jolliest, solidest fog—and very nearly into the dirtiest canal!—I ever saw.

I had a rombusious half-hour with my skates on quite the nicest, frost-bitingist bench I ever luxuriated upon.

I had a glorious—some would have called it "inglorious"—soft squat on the delightfully muddy bank previous to setting out upon the "frozen sea."

Thereafter I had quite the most delicious series of short "rests," all coming about in a way at once most natural and totally unexpected.

In the course of my perambulation I met, full in the face, the knobbiest, stunningist stick! and, by Jove, it did stun me, rather, about the nose!

I sat down on the ice (ever so often) with some of the funniest, and rudest, people I ever came across.

I burned my mouth, smashed a cup and paid the damage in the attempt to swallow some of the most sweetly scalding hot water that was ever brewed.

I tumbled into a chair driven by one of the most vituperous young men I ever met; a heap of judicious flattery and a packet of sixpenny court plasters scarcely healed the wounds.

I had quite the most excruciatingly jolly "tug of war" afterwards with my (he-he!) Aff-gaun straps; there is nothing like leather, when it's frozen!

I was gloriously tired (oh, that walk home!) and I tumbled into a deep sleep in an arm-chair, and caught quite the most awfully fetching cold the season has produced.

But it was all so particularly jolly that really one could excuse a few trifling drawbacks.

7-8-9.

Hence '78, with all thy weight  
 Of care, of doubt, of fear;  
 Through Janus' gate, as fits thy fate,  
 Ill-starr'd, disastrous year,  
 In darkness dense and silent, hence!  
 And hence, now light let shine  
 To joyous ray shed o'er the way  
 Where Janus' gates wide open wait  
 To hail New Year, be-9.

Transformation-Scene.—From snow to fog, *et vice versa*.

Compliments of the Season.—Peculation, Transportation, Liquidation, Incarceration.



Megilp.

THE Art Club Exhibition will close on 4th January. Bad times and dull weather have unfortunately told against the sales. This is much to be regretted, as the exhibition is in many respects one of the best the Club has yet held.

Mr P. Buchanan has put careful work into his "Autumn Day." The water is strongly painted. Mr Buchanan has both feeling and facility.

Mr J. L. C. Docharty is making steady progress. Mr M'Glashan's "Road to the Peats" is good in colour and feeling. Mr W. Adam's views from "Campsie Glen" and "On the Feuch," and "New Shott Isle," and "The Heart of Borrowdale," by Mr Hanbidge, must not be passed over.

The Paisley Art Institute Exhibition and the Kilmarnock Loan Exhibition will attract many visitors during the holidays. I have not yet seen the Paisley Exhibition, but hope to have a look at it some day soon.

All who are interested in Scotch Art and artists will remember the deep regret occasioned, two or three years ago, by the death of a young Edinburgh painter, Mr G. Manson. What promised to be a brilliant career was prematurely ended. He left behind him many attached friends, who had loved him as a man as much as they had valued him as an artist, and two of the most intimate of these friends are about to pay an affectionate tribute to his memory. There will appear sometime early in the spring a short memoir of Manson, the joint work of Mr W. D. M'Kay, A.R.S.A., and Mr P. Adam. The memoir will be illustrated with photographs of sketches, &c., by Manson. About the beginning or middle of February, circulars will be issued conveying explicit information regarding the book, which is sure to be well done, and cannot fail to be interesting. There is a halo of romance and pathos round the memory of all young genius "untimely slain."

IT IS THE CAUSE.

(Landlord and Tenant Meeting.)

Tenant.—Oh, did you hear there's a great fire in New Street?

Landlord (who has property in New Street).—I hope it's no my hoose.

Tenant.—Oh, there's nae fear o' that. Your hoose is ower damp tae bleeze.

The Mistletoe "Bough"—That by which she stoops to conquer.

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L .

	Grand "Royal" Pantomime,	
	P U S S I N	B O O T S .
TUESDAY, DECEMBER 31,	...	at 2 o'clock.
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1, ...	...	at 12 and 3 o'clock.
THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, ...	...	at 12 and 3 o'clock.
FRIDAY, JANUARY 3, ...	...	at 12 and 3 o'clock.
SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, ...	...	at 2 o'clock.
EVERY EVENING, ...	...	at 7-30.

T H E G A I E T Y .

Proprietor and Manager.....Mr CHARLES BERNARD.  
 Every Evening,  
 Mr C. BERNARD'S  
 Original, Grand, and Fairy Extravaganza  
 and Pantomime,  
 C I N D E R E L L A .  
 Box Office open Daily from 10 till 4.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.

To-Night and Every Evening at 7-30., Saturdays at 7,  
 The most successful Comic Pantomime,  
 B L U E B E A R D ,  
 Pronounced by the Press and the Public to be the most successful Pantomime ever produced at the Prince of Wales Theatre.  
 The Glasgow Herald says :—" We feel bound to say, in justice to Mr Coleman, that his

BLUE BEARD  
 is more than equal to 'The Fair One with the Golden Locks' or 'Siabod the Sailor,' and it  
 EXCELS THEM IN ATTRACTIVENESS."  
 ENTIRELY NEW SCENERY!  
 ELEGANT AND COSTLY NEW DRESSES!!  
 NEW AND SPARKLING APPOINTMENTS!!!  
 Holiday Morning Performances at Twelve and Three on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, January 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th.

MRS FROST'S GRAND HARP CONCERT

NEW HALLS, MONDAY, JANUARY 6th, 1879, at 8 o'clock, under the Patronage of the Hon. the Lord Provost, Sir James Bain, Festival Executive Committee and Choral Union Council. Mrs FROST will play Mozart's Concerto for Harp and Flute, with Mr PACKER, Jun., composed in Paris, 1778, first published, 1876. Aberthur's Concertino for Harp with Piano and Quartette of Strings accompaniment. Duets for two Harps with Miss VIOLA TRUST, "Cambria," "Scenes of Childhood on Welsh Melodies," "Souvenir du Nord" on Russian Melodies, by John Thomas, and Grand Duo on Opera Les Huguenots of Meyerbeer, arranged by Oberthin. Miss KEMLO STEPHEN will sing "Assisa a Pie D'un Salice," from Opera of Otello Rossini; also "There be none of beauty's daughters," "The Minstrel Boy," with Harp Accompaniment, "Pretty Mocking Bird," with Flute Obligato. Mrs Frost will play Solos for Harp, "Autumn," by John Thomas; and "Danse des Fils," by Parish Alvars.  
 Reserved Seats, Four Shillings; Second Seats, Two Shillings. Tickets at Messrs Muir Wood & Co.'s; and Mrs Frost, 19 Newton Street, Charing Cross.

GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.

"M E S S I A H,"  
 PUBLIC HALLS, NEW-YEAR'S MORNING,  
 1st JANUARY.  
 PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS—  
 MISS MARY DAVIES. | MR EDWARD LLOYD.  
 MADAME PATEY. | MR JOHN BRIDSON.  
 FULL CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA.  
 CONDUCTOR—  
 Mr H. A. LAMBETH.  
 Tickets—8s 6d and 5s (Reserved Seats), 3s—from Swan & Co., 49 Buchanan Street, Glasgow.  
 Doors Open at 11-30; Concert at 12-30.

GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.

GRAND POPULAR CONCERT.  
 NEW-YEAR'S EVENING, 1ST JANUARY. 1879.  
 VOCALIST—  
 Miss MARY DAVIES.  
 SOLO CONTRA-BASSO—  
 Mr J. H. WAUD.  
 FULL CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA.  
 CONDUCTOR—HERR JULIUS TAUSCH.  
 Tickets—3s, 2s, and 1s, at Swan & Co.'s, 49 Buchanan Street.  
 Doors Open at 6-30. Concert at 7-30 P.M.

## GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,  
PUBLIC HALLS, FRIDAY, 3rd JANUARY, 1879.

PROGRAMME—

## SUFFRAGE UNIVERSAL.

FULL ORCHESTRA.

Conductor—HEER JULIUS TAUSCH.

Tickets—2s and 1s, from Swan &amp; Co., 49 Buchanan Street.

Doors Open at 7. Concert at 8.

EXTRA ATTRACTIONS FOR THE CHRISTMAS AND  
NEW-YEAR HOLIDAYS.

## N E W S O M E ' S

HIPPODROME AND CIRCUS,  
INGRAM STREET, GLASGOW,  
TO-NIGHT, Doors Open at 7.

THE GRAND  
EQUESTRIAN PANTOMIME.

ENTITLED

RIDE A COCK HORSE TO BANBURY CROSS.  
THE WITCH, THE FAIRY, THE FIRE-PROOF STEED;  
OR, THE BURNING OF OLD MOTHER GOOSE.  
Introducing 100 Horses, Artistes, and Trained Animals.

SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE CHRISTMAS  
AND NEW-YEAR DAY PERFORMANCES.

MONDAY, Dec. 30.....at 3	THURSDAY, JAN. 2, at 1 & 3
TUESDAY, Dec. 31,.... at 3	FRIDAY, JAN. 3,.....at 3
WEDNESDAY, (New-Year's Day).....at 11, 1, 3, & 5	SATURDAY, JAN. 4,.. at 3

Doors Open Half-an-Hour previous to these times.

CALEDONIAN RAILWAY.



## NEW-YEAR HOLIDAYS.

ON 30TH AND 31ST DECEMBER AND 1ST JANUARY,  
RETURN TICKETS AT A SINGLE FARE

Will be issued from GLASGOW and PAISLEY to PERTH,  
DUNDEE, and all Stations north thereof; to KILLIN, LUIB,  
CRIANLARICH, TYNDRUM, and DALMALLY; to  
BEATTOCK, CARLISLE, DUMFRIES, and intermediate  
Stations south of Beattock; to all Stations on the Portpatrick  
Line; and to Through Booking Stations on the Highland and  
Great North of Scotland Railways—available for return within  
10 days from date of issue.

## EXTENSION OF TIME OF ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS.

Ordinary Return Tickets issued between Caledonian Stations,  
and to Through Booking Stations on the North British, Glasgow  
and South-Western, Glasgow, Barrhead and Kilmarnock, Great  
North of Scotland, and Highland Railways, and *vice versa*, on  
Saturday, 30th December, and intervening days up to and in-  
cluding Monday, 6th January, will be available for return up to  
and including Monday, 6th January, 1879.

This will not apply to Return Tickets which are available be-  
tween certain Stations for longer periods, for which see the  
Company's Time Tables and Bills.

Return Tickets between Glasgow and Cumbernauld, and all  
Stations north thereof on the Caledonian Railway, are available  
for going or returning at any time within six months from date  
of issue.

## EXTRA TRAINS AND LATE TRAINS.

For particulars of these, see Bills, &amp;c.

JAMES SMITHELLS,

GLASGOW, December, 1878.

General Manager.

MR H. A. LAMBETH'S  
CHOIR.

## GRAND POPULAR CONCERT.

HOLIDAY PROGRAMME.

OLD FAVOURITE GLEES, PART-SONGS, MADRIGALS, &amp;c.

KIBBLE PALACE,

SATURDAY, 4th JANUARY, 1879.

Doors Open at Seven. Concert at Eight.

Admission—One Shilling.

GLASGOW AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.



## NEW-YEAR HOLIDAYS.

EXTENSION OF TIME OF RETURN  
TICKETS.

ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS issued at Stations on the Glas-  
gow and South-Western Railway, and at Stations on the Glasgow,  
Barrhead, and Kilmarnock Joint Railway are now available for  
One Calendar Month.

RETURN TICKETS issued on FRIDAY, 20th December, and  
any day up till and inclusive of SATURDAY, 4th January,  
between Stations on the Glasgow and South-Western, North  
British, and Caledonian Railways, will be available for return  
up to and inclusive of MONDAY, 6th January, by Trains  
having the Class of Carriage.

## RETURN TICKETS AT A SINGLE FARE

Will also be issued from Glasgow and Paisley to Stations  
between Thornhill, Carlisle, Dumfries, Castle-Douglas, Kirk-  
cudbright, Girvan, Stranraer, and Stations on the Girvan and  
Port-Patrick Junction and Port-Patrick Railways, and on Satur-  
day, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, 28th, 30th, and 31st  
December, and 1st January, the Tickets being valid for Return  
Fourteen Days (Sundays excepted) from date of issue.

ARRAN *via* ARDROSSAN.

On Tuesday, 31st December, the Steamer will sail (weather  
permitting) from Ardrossan to Arran in connection with the  
2-0 p.m. Train from Glasgow, returning from Arran in con-  
nection with 7-5 p.m. Train from Ardrossan.

## SPECIAL TRAINS.

In addition to the Ordinary Trains, Special Trains will be  
run from Glasgow to Paisley and Johnstone, leaving St. Enoch  
Station at 10-20 a.m., 1-20, 4-0, and 6-20 p.m., returning from  
Johnstone at 10-55 a.m., 2-45, 5-0, and 7-30 p.m.

In addition to the Ordinary Trains, Special Trains will be  
run between Glasgow (St. Enoch Station) and Greenock as re-  
quired, calling at all Intermediate Stations.

## SPECIAL LATE TRAINS.

On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th  
January, the 10-0 p.m. Train, Glasgow to Kilmarnock, will not  
leave till 10-45 p.m., and will run as on Wednesdays.

On Tuesday, 31st December, a Special Train will leave Glas-  
gow for Greenock at 10-5 p.m., calling at all Intermediate  
Stations.

On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd  
January, a Special Train will Leave Glasgow for Greenock at  
10-45 p.m., calling at all Intermediate Stations.

On Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, 31st December, and 2nd  
and 3rd January, the 10-30 p.m. Train to Pollokshaws will go  
on to Barrhead, and be same time as on Wednesdays and Sat-  
urdays.

On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, 30th and  
31st December, and 1st and 2nd January, Passengers from and  
to Glasgow and Kilmarnock, will not be conveyed by this Com-  
pany's Express Trains *via* Glasgow, Barrhead, and Kilmarnock  
Joint Railway.

All Trains now leave St. Enoch Station—No Trains leaving  
Bridge Street Station.

W. J. WAINWRIGHT, General Manager.

Glasgow, December, 1878.

STRANGERS VISITING GLASGOW  
WILL SAVE MONEY BY PURCHASING THEIR  
BOYS' AND YOUTHS' CLOTHING

AT

BUCHANAN & JOHNSON'S  
NEW CLOTHING WAREHOUSE,  
174 AND 176 TRONGATE,

(CORNER OF HUTCHESON STREET),

GLASGOW.

THE SIGHT OF THE CITY.

CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING  
CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 4TH JANUARY, 1879.  
GREAT ANNUAL COMIC CONCERT.

MISS MARIANNE SMITH,  
MISS EFFIE GOODWIN,  
MR JAMES DUNLOP,  
MR RITCHIE THOM,  
MR DEAN JOHNSON,  
MR LOUIS LINDSAY,  
MACDONALD-MILNE FAMILY—  
Miss Jane, Miss Annie,  
Mr Macdonald-Milne, Mr Willie Grant,  
and Little Ina.

MR F. W. BRIDGMAN, . . . . . Pianist.

Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Children, 2d, 4d, and 6d.; Reserved Seats on Side Galleries, 2s.

Doors Open at 7 o'clock; Concert to commence at 7-45.  
JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

NEW PUBLIC HALLS SATURDAY  
EVENING POPULAR CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 4th JANUARY, 1879.

ONE NIGHT ONLY.

The Celebrated Troupe of

CHRISTY MINSTRELS,

The Famous

MATTHEWS' MINSTRELS (THE ORIGINAL C.C.C.)

Proprietors—

Messrs T. W. Matthews, W. Matthews, and Harry Matthews.

This is the most Popular Troupe of Christy Minstrels that has ever appeared in Glasgow.

22 EMINENT PERFORMERS.

The best selected Vocalists, Comedians, Dancers, &c.

Entire Area of Hall and East Gallery, 6d; Galleries, 1s; Reserved Seats (Galleries and Platform), 2s.

Entrances—Kent Road and Berkeley Street.

Reserved Seat Tickets to be had at Office, 58 Renfield Street, and Messrs Pentland & Co.'s Music Warehouse, Charing Cross.

Doors Open at Seven; Concert to Commence at Eight o'clock.

JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS.

CRYSTAL PALACE,  
ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS.

For Four Days Only!

Three Performances each Day.

New-Year's Day, and Thursday, Friday, and Saturday,  
1st, 2nd, and 3rd January, at 12, 3-30, and 7-30,  
Saturday 4th January, at 11-30, 2-30, and 5.

Mr EDGAR GRANVILLE,  
The Inimitable Humorous Vocal Illusionist,  
Mimic and Ventriloquist,

Will give his Popular, Pleasing, and Refined Entertainment.  
"THE SEVEN AGES of MAN,"

Introducing Twenty Distinct Changes, and Twenty Characteristic Songs, with musical accompaniment, at each performance.  
Admission One Shilling, Children Sixpence.

This includes Gardens, Conservatories, Palace, and Entertainments.

The Gardens, Palace, &c., are open from 9 a.m. till 10 p.m.

The Palace, which holds several thousand people, will be comfortably heated by new apparatus.

Refreshments will be served in the Palace Restaurant.

Cars for Gardens, start every few minutes from St. Vincent Place, Kelvin Bridge, and St George's Cross Cars come within easy walking distance.



GLASGOW, BOTHWELL, HAMILTON, AND  
COATBRIDGE RAILWAY COMPANY.

THE NEW, POPULAR, AND DIRECT ROUTE.

TRAIN ALTERATIONS FOR JANUARY, 1879.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

The Train presently leaving College Station, Glasgow, at 6-20 p.m., for Hamilton will leave at 6-25 p.m. With this exception, all the other times of Trains leaving College Station, for December, 1878, remain in force until further notice.

BROOMHOUSE and PEACOCK CROSS (HAMILTON) STATIONS are now OPEN for Passenger and Parcel Traffic.  
WHIFFLET BRANCH.—BELLSHILL STATION.

This Station is NOW OPEN for Goods, Mineral, and Parcels Traffic. For times of Trains see public Time-Tables.

R. J. BROWNE, General Manager.

General Manager's Offices,  
24th December, 1878.

## AERATED WATERS.

"The public do not, perhaps, generally know that there is as much difference between good and bad Aerated Waters as there is between good and bad Wine."—*Evening Times*, August 8th, 1878.

The above paragraph states a truism which is patent to all who know anything about the Aerated Water Trade. To the most of people a Bottle of Soda is a Bottle of Soda all the world over; but it is a fact that there is as much difference between a really good and an inferior Aerated Water as there is between a Port or Sherry of the finest brand and a Wine of the poorest class.

All our Manufactures are prepared at Belfast from the famous CROMAC WATER, which is peculiarly adapted for making Aerated Waters, and what we aim at is to produce an article of superior quality, not, as seems to be the case with the majority of Scotch manufacturers, how cheap we can offer an inferior article to the Trade. We recommend all our Waters as being of the finest possible quality; but what we pride ourselves in for an "All the Year Round" Beverage is our GINGER ALE, which we have no hesitation in saying is superior to all others.

WHEELER & CO.,  
CROMAC SPRINGS, BELFAST.

DEPOT FOR SCOTLAND:—  
147 STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW.

ON VIEW, for a short time only.

## CHRIST, THE GREAT SHEPHERD,

Dedicated, by Special Permission, to the Queen:

Also, the Magnificent Original Picture,

## VIA DOLOROSA

(The Saviour surrounded by 30 Life-Size Figures),

Both works painted by Sir NOEL PATON, R.S.A., L.L.D.  
At Messrs KAY & REID'S, 103 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.  
Admission from 10 till Dusk, Sixpence.

## IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

## A. GARDNER &amp; SON

respectfully intimate having concluded a private arrangement with an Eminent Manufacturer of Looking-Glasses, *in need of Cash*, to dispose of his very Extensive stock, and that they will offer the same for Sale on the First Floor of their Warehouse, 36 JAMAICA STREET, TO-DAY and FOLLOWING DAYS, at nearly

## HALF-PRICE.

This Stock has been arranged to be sold as follows:—

LOOKING-GLASSES, Square Tops, 1s 11½d, 2s 11d, 4s 3d, 6s 9d, 8s 6d, and 10s 6d.

LOOKING-GLASSES, Arched Tops, 10s 6d, 12s 6d, 13s 9d, 15s 6d, and 17s 6d.

LOOKING-GLASSES, Oval and Greek, 8s 6d, 23s 6d, 29s 6d, 32s 6d, and 35s 6d.

And a Few Extra Large Sizes, usually sold at 84s, for 42s.

NOTE.—At the same time will be offered several BLACK and GOLD, WALNUT and GOLD, and GILT MIRRORS, Various Sizes, at fabulously Low Prices. Lot Hang-up KITCHEN or BATH-ROOM GLASSES, at 3½d !!!

A. GARDNER & SON,  
CABINETMAKERS, UPHOLSTERERS,  
FURNITURE, CARPET, AND BEDDING  
WAREHOUSEMEN,  
36 JAMAICA STREET.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE

NOW OPEN

With the New and Original Burlesque

PANTOMIME,

ALI BABA AND THE 40 THIEVES.

## GLASGOW TONIC SOL-FA CHORAL SOCIETY.

GRAND NEW-YEAR CONCERT,

NEW PUBLIC HALLS,

THURSDAY, 2ND JANUARY, 1879.

SCHUMANN'S CANTATA,

A SONG FOR THE NEW-YEAR,

ALSO

SCOTCH AND OTHER SELECTIONS.

ARTISTES—

Miss ANNIE SINCLAIR, Soprano. | Signor FABRINI, Tenor.

Miss EMILY DONES, Contralto. | Mr HENRY POPE, Bass.

AT THE PIANO—Mr E. BERGER.

THE GLASGOW ORCHESTRAL UNION.

FULL CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA OF 450,

Conductor, . . . Mr W. M. MILLER.

PART FIRST.

SCHUMANN'S "SONG FOR THE NEW-YEAR."

Solo and Chorus, "The bell's brazen tongue," Mr Pope and Choral Socy.

Chorus, . . . "O child, born in darkness," Choral Society.

Duet, . . . "Till now thou hast reigned," Miss Sinclair & Miss Dones.

Chorus, . . . "Hail! youthful commander," Choral Society.

Solo and Chorus, "Raise, brothers, your eyes," Mr Pope and Choral Socy.

Chorus, . . . "Since time is unsleeping," Choral Society.

Solo and Chorus, "O prince, waking thron'd," Mr Pope and Choral Socy.

Finale, . . . "Now thank we all our God," Choral Society.

Song, . . . "Ah! Shelah," (*Gordon*), Signor Fabrini.

Duet, . . . "Maying," (*Alice Mary Smith*), Miss Sinclair & Miss Dones.

Spinning Wheel Quartette, . . . "Martha," (*Flotow*), Miss Sinclair, Miss Dones, Signor Fabrini, and Mr Pope.

Song, . . . "Jennie o' the Mill," (*Leduc*), Miss Sinclair.

Part Song, . . . "Comrade's Song of Hope," Choral Society.

(*Music*, "Les Enfants de Paris," arranged by *J. S. Stalybrass*.)

PART SECOND.

Overture, . . . "Rob Roy," (*Foster*), Orchestra.

Part Song, . . . "A guid New-Year," Choral Society.

(*Music* by *A. Hume*, Harmonized by *W. M. Miller*.)

Song, . . . "I fear no foe," (*Pinsuti*), Mr Pope.

Song, . . . "Auld Robin Gray," Miss Sinclair.

Part Song, . . . "Ay Waukin, O!" Choral Society.

(*Harmonized* by *W. M. Miller*.)

Solo and Chorus, "Now, Tramp," (*Bishop*), Miss Sinclair & Choral Society.

Song, . . . "Flowers of the Forest," Miss Dones.

Trio, . . . "The Troubadour," (*W. Macfarren*), Miss Sinclair, Miss Dones, and Mr Pope.

Part Song, . . . "Corn Rigs," Choral Society.

(*Harmonized* by *W. M. Miller*.)

Song, . . . "The Anchor's Weighed," (*Braham*), Signor Fabrini.

Finale, . . . "Auld Langsyne," Choral Society.

(*Harmonized* by *W. M. Miller*.)

POPULAR PRICES OF ADMISSION—

Balconies, 3s; Area, 2s and 1s; North Gallery, 6d.

2s Tickets enter by Kent Road only, the others by Berkeley Street.

Tickets, Programmes, and Books of the Cantata at J. Muir Wood & Co.'s, 42 Buchanan Street.

Doors Open at 6-30; Concert at 7-30.

# ISLAY WHISKY.

W. & J. MUTTER,  
BOWMORE DISTILLERY,  
COUNTING-HOUSE, 41 ANN STREET, CITY, GLASGOW.



## CHRISTMAS.

WE have now on hand a selection of Finest Table Raisins, Eleme Figs, French Plums, Crystallised and Glace Fruits, West Indian and China Ginger, Fancy Biscuits and Sugar Wafers, Calves' Feet Jelly, Foreign Liqueurs, &c.

JOHN WALKER & CO.,  
ITALIAN WAREHOUSEMEN,  
42 WEST NILE STREET.

## BOUQUETS, BOUQUETS, BOUQUETS.

BRIDAL BOUQUETS, PRESENTATION BOUQUETS,  
DINNER TABLE BOUQUETS, COAT BOUQUETS,  
Hair, Breast, and Girdle Bouquets,  
ECCLESIASTICAL BOUQUETS.  
FUNERAL BOUQUETS, SICK ROOM BOUQUETS.  
Bouquets, Fresh, Fragrant, and Brilliant, suitable for every  
Purse and every Purpose.  
NATURE'S MEMENTOES, ART'S TRIUMPH.

WALKER'S BOUQUETS,  
18 GORDON STREET.

## CITY HALL ORGAN RECITALS.

The usual SATURDAY AFTERNOON RECITALS will  
be given by the City Organist, Mr LAMBETH, upon  
SATURDAY FIRST,  
at FOUR o'clock prompt. The Doors (Albion Street and  
Candleriggs) will be Opened at 3-30. Admission and Pro-  
grammes of Music Free.  
Chamberlain's Office, 30th Dec., 1878.

## SCOTTISH SOCIETY OF WATER-COLOUR PAINTERS.

THE FIRST EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS  
108 WEST NILE STREET, GLASGOW,  
WILL CLOSE JANUARY 4TH, 1879.  
Admission—Day, 10 to 5, One Shilling.  
Evening, 7 to 10, Sixpence.

## GLASGOW ART CLUB

SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of PAINTINGS  
in OIL and WATER COLOUR, by Members of the Club,  
now on View in Messrs ANNAN'S Gallery, 153 Sauchiehall Street.  
DAILY, from 10 a.m. till 6 p.m.  
TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY Evenings, from 6 till 9.  
Admission Free. Catalogues 6d.

## EXHIBITION of SELECTED PICTURES.

Oil and Water Colour.  
WILLIAM BURNS, 162 Buchanan Street, Glasgow.  
Admission Free.

## GLENFIELD STARCH.

THE QUEEN'S LAUNDRESS SAYS THIS IS THE FINEST  
STARCH SHE EVER USED.

## FOOTBALL COSTUMES.

Every Club Colour kept in Stock.  
LIST OF COLOURS ON APPLICATION.

## H. & P. M'NEIL,

HATTERS, HOSIERS, GLOVERS, AND SHIRTMAKERS,  
CRICKET AND FOOTBALL OUTFITTERS,  
21 & 23 RENFIELD STREET.

JOHN M. SIMPSON, Furniture Warehouse  
and Show-rooms, 60 GREAT CLYDE STREET, (Corner of  
Maxwell Street) Glasgow. One of the largest Stocks in the  
City. New Illustrated House Furnishing Guide to be had Free  
on application. The Cheapest Establishment in the City for  
Really Good Substantial Furniture of Artistic Design and  
Superior Finish. Quality Guaranteed.

## PHOTOGRAPHERS TO THE QUEEN.

RALSTON & SONS,  
141 SAUCHIEHALL STREET  
AND  
165 SANDRINGHAM TERRACE, HILLHEAD.

RUTHERFORD BROTHERS,  
ARTISTS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS,  
127 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

WASTE PAPER, Ledgers, Letters, Books,  
Ropes, Bagging, Tailors' Clips—bought at PAPER  
MILL STORE, 98 MAXWELL STREET.

## OIL PAINTINGS BY CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS.

EXTENSIVE COLLECTION AT 338 SAUCHIEHALL ST  
WM. GENTLES, Picture Dealer, Wholesale & for Exportation  
*Picture Frame and Room Mouldings.*

## THE BRIDGE HOTEL 1 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

This Old-Established House, adjoining the Waverley Station,  
and opposite General Post Office, affords first-class accommoda-  
tion for Commercial Gentlemen and others visiting the City  
(either on business or pleasure), having recently undergone ex-  
tensive alterations and additions; entirely re-decorated and fur-  
nished in the most approved manner. Parties honouring the  
"BRIDGE" with their patronage will find every comfort, com-  
bined with cleanliness and attention. Cheerful Sitting-rooms,  
CHARGES:—Breakfasts, from 1/ to 2/3; Dinners, from 1/9;  
Bed-room, 2/; Attendance, 1/ per day. GOOD STOCK ROOMS.  
JAMES M'GREGOR, PROPRIETOR.

## THE ROYAL RESTAURANT,

10 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET.  
C. WILSON & SON, Proprietors.

ADVERTISEMENTS received for all Papers, by A. F.  
SHARP & CO., 14 Royal Exchange Square.

**GREAT NEW-YEAR SALE****LIPTON'S**

Finest Selected

**NEW CURED HAMMS,**

Lean and Fresh as Steak,

Cannot be Excelled at any Price,

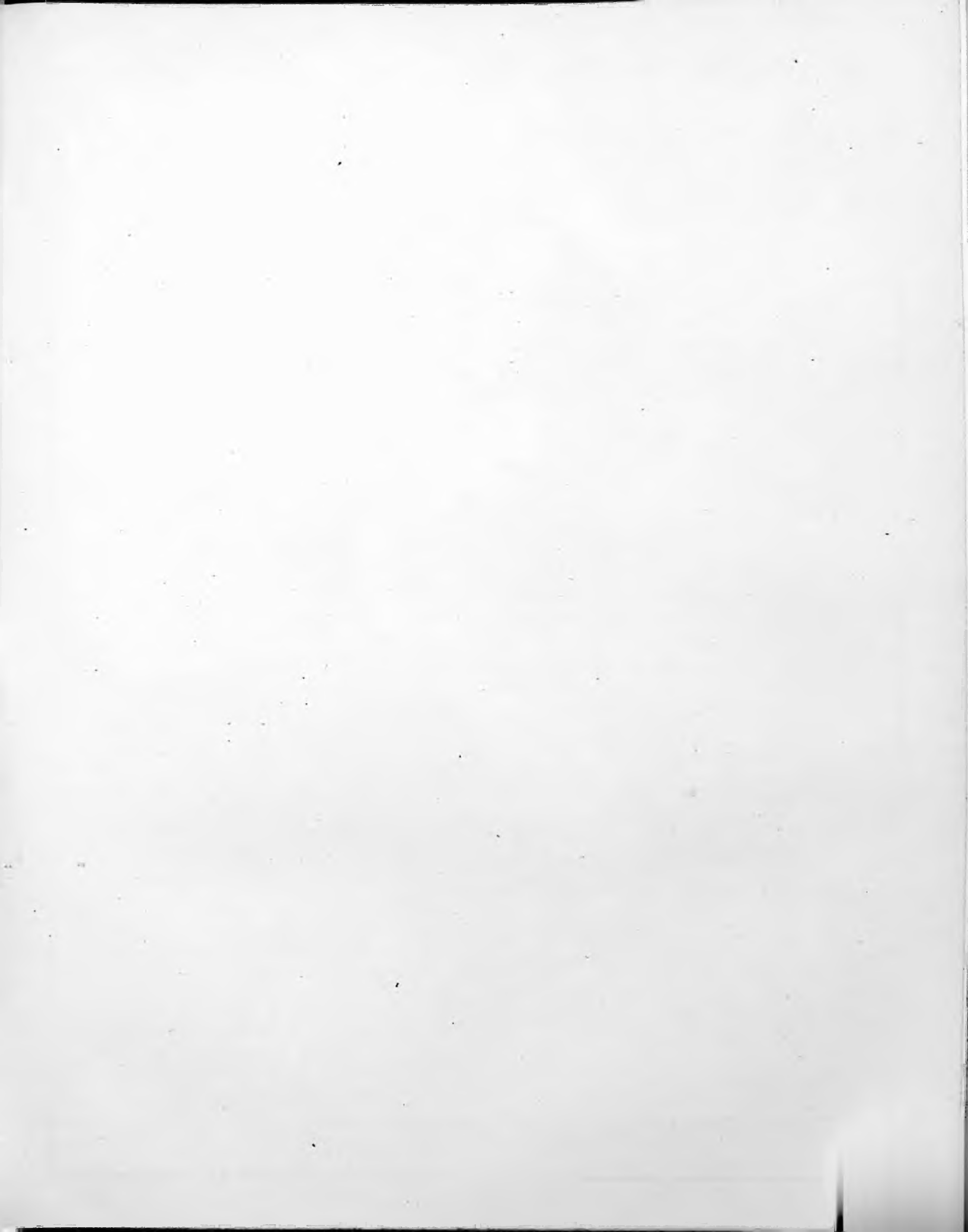
**7D. PER LB.**

Remember, it is our Best Hams,

**7D. PER LB.,**

Worth 1s 2d.

**LIPTON'S****IRISH MARKET,****THE LARGEST RETAIL DEALER IN THE WORLD.**







# The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 325. Glasgow, Wednesday, January 8th, 1879. Price 1d

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 325.

THE BAILIE is this week on frugal thoughts intent. Like his townsmen, both of high and low degree, he spent the past eight days mostly in enjoyment. Once a year the Scotch sorely belie their character for economy and thrift. They never fail to observe "Na'ar-day" as a holiday. As sure, however, as the week of the New Year is given over to fun and frolic, so sure is the one which follows it a scene of penitence and contrition. White sheets are in request, and a cry of *peccavi* is heard over the land. But while the celebration of the "daft days" is the rule, like all other rules it possesses numerous exceptions. There are some Scotchmen who never fail in their attachment to the golden maxims which teach us to "cut our coat according to our cloth," "to keep within compass," "to save against a rainy day." To be in complete consonance therefore with the present season, the BAILIE has this week selected one of these for his Man you Know. WILLIAM CHAMBERS, LL.D., of Glenormiston, is perhaps the shrewdest, longest-headed Scotchman going. He is one of those people who never made a false step, who were never guilty of a weak action. Born in the earliest year of the century, and the possessor of an ample fortune, he is still, as his letter on the Bank failure the other day seems to show, as careful of his money as when, a penniless lad of nineteen, he erected a wooden stand in Leith Walk, and started as a trafficker in second-hand books. Dr CHAMBERS, indeed, is "thrift" impersonated. He is nothing if not frugal. The possessor of a keen, pawky brain, and a wiry, sinewy body, his example should admonish all who have a tendency to take life easy, who are indifferent whether their money is laid out to the very best ad-

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vantage. As the originator and proprietor of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, he occupies the leading position among the purveyors of our weekly serial literature. For seven-and-forty years the *Journal* has found a place in every middle-class household, and has been a foremost favourite among the working classes. In their own way, if to a more limited degree, the other serials promoted by the Man you Know have been a distinguished success. Recognising, with a clearness of vision that was altogether congenital, that the true end of a serial or a book was to be sold, he set himself, while yet young, to produce books and serials that people would buy. This aim he has kept steadily before him ever since. Now and then, of recent years, impelled perhaps by the garrulity of age, he has insisted on occupying the foremost place in the *Journal* with some lucubration of his own, but this has only been at intervals, his shrewd—nay, his apparently intuitive sense of what the public will read, having usually preserved him from giving way to the temptation to "see himself in print." Like others of his kind, Dr CHAMBERS is not afraid to spend money when the object is one that all men can appreciate. He is too much of a political economist to indulge in almsgiving, but he has gifted a museum and library to his native town of Peebles, to which, so that there can be no doubt with regard to the individuality of the donor, the name of the "Chambers Institution" has been given. The BAILIE cannot easily forgive Dr CHAMBERS for the manner which, during the period he bore sway as chief magistrate of Edinburgh, he dealt with the Canongate—transforming the grand old historic street into a mean thoroughfare, with tall, shabby piles of stone and lime on either hand. The romance of association, and the feeling for the picturesque, have only a very small place in

Dr CHAMBERS'S eminently practical intellect. When people write or speak of Dr CHAMBERS, the terms applied to him are usually those of obsequious reverence. He is the father of his country; the benefactor of his species. Now, he has never seemed either the one or the other to the BAILIE. A brave, patient man; resolute in will; and the possessor of a brain that can look both before and after, he is one of the last folk in the world to whom the term "philanthropist" can be applied. WILLIAM CHAMBERS is no more a "friend of humanity" than was George Canning. A better maker of a bargain does not exist. Those who deal with him are not given to sing the praises of his goodness of heart. The workpeople of the firm have always found them just, but never indulgent masters. But it is precisely such a figure as this that we are all anxious to imitate—at least on the eighth day of the New Year. Our carnival is over, and our Lenten season has set in. We are full of repinings for the past, and of good resolutions for the time that is to come. Those, like the BAILIE, who have got over the period of middle life, have a shrewd notion of the exact value of these good resolutions. Every schoolboy, indeed, is familiar with the saw which tells how, when a certain personage was sick, he made up his mind to become a saint on the instant; and how, when he grew well again, he was no more a saint than ever. There is another reason, moreover, than this immediate one, for the BAILIE presenting his friends with a portrait of Dr CHAMBERS. The name has become a household word in Scotland, and every Scotchman must own a personal interest in its wearer.

#### Acrostic.

A lfred the Great be thy name evermore!  
L ong may thy fiddle last—long may it pour,  
F ully and freely, its sweet dulcet tone;  
R ich as an organ's sound, soft as wind's moan:  
E ven and smooth, and just like thine own heart—  
D ear to the friends from whom now thou must part.

G iven a fiddle, be it ever so good,  
I t's only a fiddle,—a few pieces of wood;  
B ut when it gets into those deft hands of thine,  
S oon all its hid beauties most brilliantly shine;  
O n music's sweet pinions in rapture we soar—  
N ow,—when will you return to delight us once more?

The Retainer declares that Wm. Scott, Esq., is now Innes-Wright-place, 71 Duke Street. (Can he mean in his right place?)

How they raised the wind to keep the bubble floating.—By blank draughts.

#### Deoch an Doruis.

SAYS I, last week, to 'Seventy-Eight—  
(The good old year that now no more is)  
"The time rolls on—the hour grows late—  
Let's fill a glass for *deoch an doruis*.  
"The year, they tell us, has been bad—  
But what care I their grumbling stories?  
For many a happy night we've had—  
So fill a glass for *deoch an doruis*.  
"While Parliament may warm debate,  
And out the Whigs, and in the Tories—  
We'll now forget affairs of state  
And fill a glass for *deoch an doruis*.  
"Though wars abroad may wildly wage,  
Perhaps a near-hand peace in store is—  
But why should wars our minds engage?  
Let's fill a glass for *deoch an doruis*.  
"I'm tired of all their banking news—  
The whole affair to me a bore is—  
Of course, good friend, I nothing lose—  
So fill a glass for *deoch an doruis*.  
"While most remember thy dark days,  
And leave unsung thy brighter glories,  
There's yet one voice will note thy praise,  
And drain a glass for *deoch an doruis*.  
"Thy dismal days will make more bright  
The glad new year that now before is;  
So, friend, let's bid a last good night—  
And here's your health in *deoch an doruis*."  
With that twelve struck—and 'Seventy-Nine,  
With face aglow, now on the floor is;  
I grasped the younker's hand in mine—  
And quaffed the old year's *deoch an doruis*.

#### NEW SONGS AND OLD SENTIMENTS.

"The Potter's Saturday night."—A few hard lines in a prison.  
"The Inglis neuk."—A Duke Street ditty.  
"The Wright man in the right place."  
"Scotts wha hae 'The City' bled."  
"Kept in bond."—A lay of congenial spirits.

A TRACT FOR THE TIMES.—One which shows how a rich man, being a shareholder, sold all that he had, and changed his manner of life.

Hanging fire.—The sun—in a fog.

A (p)lausible Party—The claque.

A Drop too Much—Marwood's.

A Prize(d) Ring—The hymeneal circlet.

Robbing the Poor Man of his Bier—Cremating him.

Soled Again—Remarked the souter on "fixing" the auctioneer's boots.

Honour to an admirer of the BAILIE—William Wilson, C.B.

A Settler's Saw—"A four in hand" is worth a team in "the bush."

The Minister of Mines.

THE following interesting note of a meeting in Manchester, from which all correspondents but "our own" were rigidly excluded, the BAILIE hastens to make public property.

(A Hotel; Evening sederunt; tumblers, pipes, &c. Present: The President, Mr Pikestaff, Glibtongue, "Our Own," and several other delegates.)

*The President*—Gentlemen, I fear we are getting a little slow. I call on my most esteemed personal friend, henchman, and countryman, Mr Glibtongue, for a sentiment.

*Esteemed Friend and Countryman*—I rise with much pleasure to respond. I give you "Our future Minister of Mines"—(great cheering, all stand up, save—curiously—the President, who keeps his seat as if he were the Minister and had to respond. After a second or two he seems to see the oddness of it, and rises blushing). I beg pardon, gentlemen, I was absorbed in—a—dream of a—grand scheme of a universal and permanent amelioration of the working-man; I beg your pardon. "Our future Minister." (General cheering.)

*The President* (after a short pause)—Gentlemen, I also will give a sentiment. "The Minister's Private Secretary."

Everybody but the President sits still, till he, with a beaming smile, says—"Gentlemen, you can't all be my—I beg pardon—you can't all be private secretary." Amid visible confusion every one then rises and responds.

*Mr Pikestaff*—Gentlemen, I wish just to say a word about this ere matter. Let us elec' the Minister and his Secretary. Let each member write down the name of the man he would make Minister on a slip of a paper, and under that the name of him he would make Secretary.

Applause, bustle, papers written and handed to the President.

*President*—Gentlemen, I beg to thank you. I have, as I expected, been elected Minister of Mines; the evidence is here in my hand, and as the slips are of no further use I will (walking towards the fire) burn them. (Holocaust of slips in parlour grate).

*Mr Pikestaff*—But, sir, I did not—

*Mr Glibtongue*—Nor I, sir.

Several others all at once—Nor I, sir.

*President*—I know. Each man made himself Minister and your humble servant—Secretary. Therefore, gentlemen (smiling), you have seen the result. I knew it could not be otherwise. I hope your choice is prophetic. (Bows and sits down).

"Our Own" says his notes got muddled shortly after this point, but he remembers the last verse of one of the many songs which were sung, and it was—

Fill full the cup and sip it up  
And air your festive graces,  
When Sandy is the Minister  
His men will all get places.  
Hip! hip! hurra! hip! hip! hurra!  
Once more for our commander—  
The golden ram he'll bring again.  
Hurra for Alexander!

### Fashionable Intelligence.

THIS mysterious announcement appeared in the *Herald* the other day—"Sir John, Sir John, I know well your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way.—Anon." What can the false baronet have been up to with the "true cause," that he should be thus publicly informed that his "tricks and manners" are known to "Anon.?" Sir John is not likely to bother his aristocratic head with the maunderings of "Granny," but he doubtless reads the BAILIE: if so, let him beware lest, as the play-books say, he "meet anon!"

### NURSERY RHYME—ADAPTED TO THE TIME.

Sing a song of millions,  
A bottle full of lies,  
A lot of Bank Directors  
With fingers in the pies.  
When the pies were opened,  
Those birds began to sing;  
Oh, wasn't that a dainty dish  
Before the Lords to bring.

### UNEMPLOYED V. CURLERS—A (N)ICE DISTINCTION.

(Scene—On the road from Lochburnie; a party of gentlemen returning from the ice, armed with their brooms.)

*John* (calling loudly to his better-half)—Hi! Mysie, woman! What's a' this crood about? See tae them cauld-lookin' chiels wi' their hands in their pooches and their bissoms ablow their oxters!

*Mysie* (putting on her glasses)—Dear me, John! A's warrant ye they'll be some o' they unemployed folk on their way tae the soup kitchen! Losh peety them! Hoo thin and starved-lookin' they are!

Little Tommy is home for holidays just now. He lately commenced Latin and already can translate *Palman qui meruit ferat*, "Let him bear the 'palmy' who deserves it."

"Dog Latin"—Cave canem

## Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—I suppose, now that the holiday season is at an end, you and your friends will find time to patronise the pantomimes. This year, unhappily, the New Year crowds have been far from as numerous as of old. The plain fact is that money is far from plentiful among any class of society. Even the folk who are as well off as formerly have so many calls upon them from needy relations and friends that their spare money goes in this way instead of for amusement.

Since it's incumbent upon us all, however, to pay at least one visit to each pantomime, I may remind you that "Puss in Boots" is still playing her pranks at the Royal; that "Cinderella" continues nightly to charm her "Prince" at the Gaiety; that "Blue Beard," at the Prince of Wales, is as uxorious as ever; and that the Captain of "The Forty Thieves," at Her Majesty's Theatre, is the most fetching rogue in the world.

There are afternoon performances at each theatre for young people and country cousins on Saturday next; and every night, of course, during the week.

Mr Irving seems to have satisfied everybody by the way in which he has begun his term of management of the London Lyceum. Even the *Pall Mall Gazette*, hitherto Mr Irving's most carping critic, has nothing to say that isn't favourable either of his individual performance or of the general manner in which he has placed "Hamlet" on the stage.

The stage-management at the Lyceum is universally applauded. Mr Irving's stage-manager, as I think I mentioned a week or two ago, is Mr Harry Loveday.

In a long and appreciative notice of the Lyceum "Hamlet," the *Saturday Review* remarks that Mr Sam Johnson, who is *First Gravedigger*, plays with "commendably quiet humour," and that "the small but important part of *Marcellus*, by Mr Gibson, is well-filled."

I've already told your readers how the connection between Mr Irving and Mr Johnson originated—'twas in Sunderland, when Mr Irving made his *debut* on the stage; Mr Gibson is an old Glasgow favourite—he was long at the "Royal," but he has been laid aside for a year or two by severe illness.

Mr Lindsay, whilome of the Gaiety, is this season playing one of the leading parts in the pantomime of "Sinbad the Sailor," at the Theatre-Royal, Hull, his companions being Mr Chapman and Miss Lisa Weber.

Messrs Wenman and Mackintosh made their first appearance on Saturday at the London Court Theatre, in the drama of "A Scrap of Paper," the leading people of the company being Mr and Mrs Kendal.

Our old friend, Mr Charles Groves, continues at the New Royalty, London, where he occupies the post of principal comedian.

Arrangements are in progress for the delivery of two lectures on "organ music," towards the end of the month, in the New Halls, by Mr Frederick Archer. The earlier of the two will be devoted to the Organ Music of the past, and the other to the organ music of our own days, and both will be illustrated by selections played by the lecturer on the great organ of the halls.

Two young gentlemen, well-known in amateur dramatic circles, Mr W. B. Smith and Mr H. D. Gooding, advertise a literary and musical entertainment in the Albert Hall, on Thursday, in aid of the Unemployed Relief Fund.

Mr Airlie has provided two excellent entertainments for his friends next Saturday. One of these takes place in the New Halls, where a capital company of vocalists and comedians will entertain us with a selection from the works of Sir Walter Scott and his friend, James Hogg; and the other in the City Hall, which will be supplied by those amazingly clever fellows, the famous Matthews' Minstrels. I expect that Mr Airlie will have big audiences in both halls.

The circus in Ingram Street, owned and managed by Mr Newsome, your last week's "Man you Know," is being thronged by admiring crowds, drawn thither by the equestrian pantomime of "Ride-a-Cock-Horse," or the "Burning of Mother Goose." Take all your young friends to see it, my Magistrate.

Mr Maccabe, the "inimitable Maccabe," is once more at Hengler's Circus. He lights up the outside of the building with the electric light, and the inside with his own surpassing wit.

"They say" that a celebrated business in the Vale of Leven will shortly change hands. The chief member of the present firm died four or five weeks ago, and his partner is understood to have no wish to remain longer in trade. Rumour points to Sir Peter Coats as a possible purchaser of the concern.

On Friday night, Mr and Mrs A. B. Stewart celebrated the completion of the additions to Rawcliffe Lodge, Langside, by a grand ball. As re-modelled, Rawcliffe Lodge contains a spacious and capitally lighted picture gallery. Q.

BRUTE!—A French lady advises her sisters, if they would avoid those "footsteps on the sands of time" known as "crow's-feet," never to let more than five or six hours pass without closing the eyes for about ten minutes or so; and an ungallant male person adds that if the fair creatures were to follow the same course with their mouths, it *might* prevent the appearance of tell-tale lines, and would certainly be a blessing to those around them.

Why, enquires the Animile, is a messenger-at-arms like that jolly old cock King Death?—Because, the creature adds with a grin, he presents summonses from the Supreme Court. He-haw!

"MOST MUSICAL, MOST MELANCHOLY."—  
"And you say Mozart wrote this piece in five flats?" "Yes; there they are in the signature."  
"Dear! dear! dear! To think what it is to be a genius and hunted about from one lodging to another while engaged on such a sublime composition as this! Dear! dear!"

History is sometimes said to repeat itself, and the truth of the saying was shown the other day when a gentleman rejoicing in the historic name of William Sykes, was brought before Stipendiary Gemmel on a charge of theft.

## "DRIVEN FROM HOME."

*1st Auld Wife*—'Deed wumman it's a rale fac 'at the Princess Looezy's gane to Halifax.

*2nd Auld Wife*—Ye dinnae say sae! Weel, fowk hae often sent me to Halifax but I never gaed. An' they hae sent the Princess there—the Queen's ain dochter tae! Puir thing! what ill did she dae to be sent to Halifax?

## Profound Believers in Chance—Waiters.

The thaw as described by our own skatomanic—"Paradise Lost." The renewed frost—"Paradise Regained!"

The Lottery.

THE BAILIE is glad to learn that the scheme known as the "City Bank Aid Fund" is now about to be launched, and launched, too, under the auspices of a body of gentlemen of high social and professional standing. Its promoters describe the project as one which, while assisting the shareholders of the Bank, will also provide a series of bonuses for the benefit of its own subscribers. With the exception of a small body of Free Church clergymen, the scheme is meeting with universal approbation. Why Principals Rainy and Douglas, and their score or two of co-ecclesiastics, should set themselves in direct opposition to the prevailing current of public opinion, is a matter which not even the BAILIE can account for. To his mind, indeed, they positively seem as if they were *fey*. Have the two grave and reverend Principals never dabbled in speculation? Do they never study the share market? Are no sharebrokers numbered among the office-bearers of their church? Nay, for that matter, was not the City Bank pre-eminently a Free Kirk institution? and have not the funds of the shareholders been squandered in part upon the building of churches and the endowing of clergy connected with the sect? The arguments urged by the opponents to the scheme are as miserable as their aims seem to be mercenary. They have no alternative proposal to make. They are well aware that the Lottery, or City Bank Aid Scheme, or whatever name it may receive, is the only project that holds out the smallest prospect of salvation to the shareholders. But it does more than this. There are other sufferers from the City Bank frauds than the people who held its stock. How about the depositors, who have already endured a bitter wrong at the hands of the Bank, and who may, after a series of years be forced to put up with no more than a composition on their principal? But, indeed, the entire commercial and working-class community of the West of Scotland have been injured by the manner in which the company has been managed, or rather mismanaged; and they will be benefited in proportion by the success of the Lottery scheme. The opposition, therefore, of the knot of ecclesiastical agitators places them in direct antagonism to the best interests of their countrymen.

Laying Spirits—"Stilling" whisky.

The Man who Renders Signal Service to his Employers—A railway pointsman.

AGE, THOU ART SHAM'D.—*Caius Cassius*.

All fame from honour bright abolish,  
When nothing's fair there's nought to tarnish;  
An age too gross for brilliant polish  
Takes out its shine in surface varnish—  
A varnish spread o'er mere veneering  
That hides the heartless rotten building,  
The substance hid, the show appearing  
Like "brass" 'neath guilt disguised by gilding—  
The gilding ev'n Dutch metal merely,  
Laid on by specious trick so clever as  
To look, if not so well, yet nearly  
To simples, as the real auriferous.  
A shameless age of sham and shoddy,  
False art in building, acting, painting,  
Yea, even the ecclesiastic body  
By ritual forms Religion tainting—  
A shameless age of bankruptcy and fraud,  
And, in a word—nae better than it's ca'd.

THE MODERN ALCHEMY.—He who was not of an age, but for all time, says that "to gild refined gold is wasteful and ridiculous excess." Nowadays it doubtless is, when brass with, or even without guilt, is "the sovereign'st thing on earth."

PAWN HONAW!—These fashionable novels are a treat. Their language is sublime. What do our "out-of-elbow" fellow-citizens think of this?—"Ha, Fillipps, here is a dog of a Jew that will serve us in our extremity," and so saying the lovely heroine, in plain prose, plunged into a pawn-shop!

A reporter observes of a drunken woman that she "showed she had her spirits affected by indulging in all sorts of eccentricities." One might rather suppose that this showed the spirits to have affected her; but doubtless the reporter knows best.

QUAINT SAYINGS BY AC-QUAINTANCES.

The Acts—Omission, Commission, and Double Commission—J—s D—s.

Tick or Credit—Belief in £400,000—J—n I—s W—t & Co.

Double Tick—Two Watches, £120 each; Stowaway—One of them in my pocket—W—m S—tt.

INVERARAY CROSS.

*Tonalt*—Is that you Tuncan? hech pit I'm rale prood tae see you. I only wuss I had a shillin tae gae ye a tram—pit maype ye'll hae ane yersel'.

"The Time is Out of Joint"—Then synchronise it.

A great Snow—"Ball."—The Snow Ballet.

## The Story of a Prescription.

THE BAILIE's young friend, Splutters, is an amiable youth, but his conversational powers are, to put it mildly, limited, and he used to find considerable difficulty in keeping up a running fire of small-talk with his partner at dinner or ball. So he sought the advice of his friend, Sparkler, an "agreeable rattle," who is never at a loss, and whose society is consequently much in demand. Said Sparkler, "I'll tell you, my boy. You take a pint of fizz before going out, and you'll find you can talk like one o'clock." Splutters was to spend the next evening at the Pumpingtons—old Pumpington is a prominent teetotaler—and as he was rather anxious to make a good impression on everybody in general, and Lottie Pumpington in particular, he tried his friend's prescription. In fact, he improved upon it; for, as he reasoned, if it took a pint to bring Sparkler up to conversation pitch, it must take at the very least a quart to do the same good office for him (Splutters). Splutters is not sure whether he talked like one, or like twelve o'clock that night, but he does know this, that when he called a few days later the family were "Not at home," though half of them were distinctly visible at the drawing-room windows.

## What the Greenock Folk are Saying.

THAT the local authority on art has volunteered to take the new Municipal Buildings under his patronage.

That the scheme has been too well settled provisionally to stand any more expensive luxuries.

That in reply, the Trustees might recommend the study of "the house that Jack built."

That the transplanted sugar-refiner must feel flattered at the Ward Committee's choice of a successor.

That the Carisdye constituency have queer notions of the fitness of things.

That the decision of the Councillors is eagerly waited for.

That it is hoped they will have some respect for the dignity of their office, and act independently.

That the Tilly takes it for granted that the Provost intends to retire next November.

That maybe he will, and maybe he'll no.

That the future would-be Provosts had better not count their chickens until they are hatched.

## OUR NATIONAL LOVE OF MUSIC.

(Scene—Street in a quiet suburb; a German band has played over its entire collection of tunes.)

*Mrs White* (to *Mrs Black*).—Hid ye the Germans up at ye the day?

*Mrs Black*.—Aye.

*Mrs White*.—An' whit did ye gie them?

*Mrs Black*.—A' gied them a guid glower,

## Ye Detectives of Scotland! Ye Scottish Detectives!

DETECTIVES all of Scotland!

Who strut about at ease,  
Why have you not on Morton yet,  
Authority to seize?

And why should bookless William Scott

To "durance vile" then go,

While you ne'er let him hear

Your faithful whistles blow,

Till in distant Spain the milkman, too,

May mock your loudest blow?

The spirit of his fathers

In everything did gleam,

He scorned cretaceous matter aye,

And took from all the cream;

"Alone I did it!" seems his boast,

And will you still be slow?

For reply you must try

To make your whistles blow,

Ere in Spain the milkman shelter finds

Even from your strongest blow.

The "City" got no mercy

From Matthews and from Hays,

(When kept afloat by Stronach's aid,

A losing business pays!)

They all have in the spoil well shared,

And creditors should know,

That they bear their full share

When all your whistles blow;

Whoe'er partook at Mammon's feast

Must not escape your blow!

When trade (?)—devouring millions

In speculation rash,

Make "bills" go round a jingo-ring,

And all on borrowed cash.

'Tis surely time the law's bright light

Their guiltiness should show;

And say who will pursue,

If your whistles cease to blow?

Until they're all to judgment brought

May you never cease to blow!

## "OUR KILTY LADS."

*1st Highlander*—Ton't you think yourself, too, as well, Tchon M'Alpine, that it was a great shame to make ta prave Hielant soltiers fecht in a cow-house on ta road to Cabul?

*2nd do.*—Chwat iss that same you'll say, Shamus Ross?

*1st do.*—That it was a shame to make our kallant lats fecht in ta Kye-byre, ant for Cheneral Roperts to win ta day by a grand coo', as ta factor his own self will read from ta Clescow paper this ferry morn. Oh yiss a cowardly shame!

Motto for the BAILIE—"Semper paratus," *i.e.* always read eh?

A Severe Gale (Gael)—Bailie M'Bean.

A Rain of Terror—A Greenock downpour.

The Ass's Bridge—A "pub"-lic viaduct.

The 'Air Apparent—A budding beard,

Quavers.

NOW that our brief season of choral and orchestral concerts has come to a close, we may not unprofitably indulge in a few remarks thereon. First, as to the management, matters seem to have gone on very smoothly in that department. Few or no disappointments as to the music promised have been experienced, and the selections made seem on the whole to have given satisfaction. Cordial thanks are most certainly due to one and all connected with the management, for time and thought so unsparingly given.

The choice that had been made of Herr Julius Tausch as orchestral conductor has proved to be a fortunate one. What slight want of finish there was at the beginning is easily explained. A great amount of music had to be rehearsed and performed in a very short space, and the orchestra and conductor had all too brief a time together for mutual understanding. It is enough to refer, however, to the splendid performance of the Schumann symphony, towards the close of the series, for a proof, if proof is needed, of what Herr Tausch can do with an orchestra.

As director of the orchestra, indeed, Herr Tausch has done his work conscientiously and anxiously, and, taken altogether, most successfully; and we are sure we reflect the feeling of the subscribers, and the attenders of these concerts generally, in expressing the wish that he may be soon amongst us again in a similar capacity.

As a writer for the orchestra, Herr Tausch takes high rank, and we shall ever have a very pleasant recollection of such of his compositions as were performed during the past season. Herr Tausch's services, too, as solo pianist, so willingly given, must not be forgotten. Is it not something that the two offices of conductor and pianist have been so ably combined? Alas for the energy and application of British musicians, that there are few or no parallel instances amongst us!

A slight want of calmness marked the orchestra this year but the band was in the main very satisfactory, and we trust to see the members one and all soon back again.

A word or two regarding the choral concerts. If we have had more satisfactory exhibitions of fugal music in former seasons, let neither Mr Lambeth nor the chorus be held responsible. The truth is the platform should be re-arranged. The singers complain that the sound travels slowly from the one voice to the other, and that when the conductor's baton indicates a start to one part, the last notes of the previous voice are heard only after the new part has commenced, causing confusion and uncertainty, as may well be imagined. It is vain to expect accuracy in taking up points in fugal or imitative work from any chorus in such circumstances. This is a matter that our Union should see to have remedied for them against another season. All that is needed is to provide that *none of the parts are behind the line of the organ.*

The members of the orchestra did a very graceful thing in presenting their little *souvenir* to Herr Tausch the other evening. The act is almost unique, and was as spontaneous as it must have been gratifying to their conductor.

Some people came all the way from Caithness, we learn, to hear the "Messiah" performed (on New Year's Day) by our Choral Union; also from as far south as Wigtonshire.

It is quite a mistake to speak always of the "Messiah," as some do, as being familiar work to the Choral Union, the fact being that every year it is almost entirely new to at least two-thirds of the membership, which fluctuates considerably, like that of most other amateur societies.

The plebiscite concert was one of the most enjoyable of the popular series, thanks to judicious voicing and to a spirited performance. The large audience heartily cheered Herr Tausch, in farewell, at the conclusion.

After the concert, the last of all for the season, the Choral Union had their annual *conversazione* and ball, their sole return for all the hard work of the year. Mr Lambeth and a few of the big wigs of the Union fitly headed the opening quadrille of the assembly. An amusing incident of the evening was the farewell tour of the room by Mr Burnett, borne on the shoulders of

enthusiastic members. Mr Burnett has made himself universally liked during his short stay here.

At the same meeting Herr Tausch had a letter handed him, signed by the principals of the Union and Executive committees, testifying in warm terms to the success of his labours, and expressing many kindly wishes.

The Glasgow Tonic Sol-Fa Society had a most discouragingly small audience the other evening in the New Halls. But though quite sympathising with Mr Miller and his earnest body of chorists, we must remark that the singing was hardly what it ought to have been. There was not wanting a degree of coarseness we were not really prepared for.

A very excellent set of waltzes, entitled the "Luss and Colquhoun," has just been published by Mr Machell, Great Western Road, the composition of Mr J. E. Gildard. The melodies are elegant and flowing, the singing style so desirable in waltzes being a marked characteristic. The numbers are sufficiently varied, yet are all in keeping. There are five waltzes in the set, as usual, with a highly finished introduction and short finale. The "Luss and Colquhoun" would score very effectively for a band. The harmonies are of a high character. In bar 21 of No. 1 we would recommend a B flat in preference to the C on the right hand, despite the imitation intended by a subsequent bar.

A New Year's "Reverie."

A CONTEMPORARY of the BAILIE'S indulged in a reverie on New-year's day evening which his Worship at first thought must have been superinduced by rather copious libations. Further reading, however, convinced him that such was not the case. The writer spoke of running a tilt against "unsympathetic walls." Now walls as a rule have no "sympathy," even with hilarious pressmen, and if the author of the reverie did make such a "run" there's no wonder that a crack was the result—although not in the wall.

AN ICE DIALOGUE.

*She*—What a bore having to make such holes in one's best boots!

*He*—It can't be help'd, dear, for these skates are like drunken men.

*She*—Like drink you mean, because they elevate a little, and make people lose their legs occasionally.

*He*—No, because they must be regularly screwed before they're tight.

*She*—And like naughty boys require to be well strapped before they'll keep straight. See you've lost a buckle.

*He*—So I have, buckle No. 1, but like young Jenny in the vicinity of Auld Reekie 'I win a buckle two.'

*She*—Horrible pun! Are these skates really quite perfection now?

*He*—No, dear, they are not the acme!

Why are Home Rulers and Conservatives like Scotch cottagers? Because they have a Butt and a Ben over their heads. He-haw!

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THE BAILIE.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8th, 1879.

MR DAVID DALGLISH was for something like a couple of years a partner of the firm of Messrs William Hay, Son, & Co., millers and grain merchants, City Grain Mills, Port Dundas. Previous to joining it this young gentleman was altogether ignorant of the position of the company. He had no acquaintance with the individual members even when, one fine day, he entered the counting-house and announced his intention of becoming one of the partners. Fortunately he had had the foresight to take £15,500 along with him when setting out on his errand, and on the Messrs Hay becoming aware of this circumstance they agreed to make him as one of themselves. During the two years Mr DALGLISH dealt in grain and flour at Port-Dundas he was entirely ignorant of the position of his firm. He believes that books were kept, but he knew nothing about them. He took no interest in the financing of the concern, he did not make or meddle with the general trade, and indeed, to use his own words, he had no particular department in the business. Mr DALGLISH is now aware that the firm has failed and that at the very most the

creditors won't get more than three shillings and sixpence in the pound. This, however, is a matter which evidently gives him but very slight concern. For his own part he has no assets, unless an unfinished house at Rutherglen, to which he has not yet acquired a title, be an asset; and any attempt to make him responsible for the shortcomings of Messrs Hay and Son will therefore resemble nothing so much as the ancient ceremony of "stripping the breeks aff a Hielan' man." As for the £15,500 which Mr DALGLISH took down with him that forenoon two years ago to the Messrs Hay, why that wasn't his money at all. Not a penny of it came out of his pocket. The obliging Mr MATTHEW, Mr MORTON'S brother-in-law, supplied the sum, and everybody knows by this time where *he* got it. Taking the statement of Mr DALGLISH as it stands, it seems one of the most incredible possible. It has something about it of the Arabian Nights, and something of Gartnavel Asylum, not to speak of a worse place. The BAILIE wonders how many of the folk one meets every day on 'Change, faultless as regards their linen and their boots, and wearing £120 watches in their pockets, are of the kidney of Mr DALGLISH. He can hardly be termed a man of straw, since he dealt in grain, but his grain must surely have abounded largely in chaff. As an example of the Glasgow merchant of the period, he is enough to make the bones of St. Mungo rattle in their leaden coffin.

"A CHEAP LOT."—One of our big drapers advertises, with exquisite taste, that he has in his shop for sale "paintings by local artists" at half "the money" they would have brought last winter. The times are bad and artists suffer, but probably this advertisement is the cruellest indignity dull trade has yet inflicted on our brethren of the brush! The BAILIE wonders who *are* the "local" men represented in this cheap gallery! Now, young gentlemen, don't all speak at once!

OLD COUPLET RESET.

Arraign, arraign, go to Spain,  
Bring Nicol Fleming home again.

Why, enquires Bauldy, are the customers of a certain bank in Ingram Street like the citizens of the Turkish Empire? Because, he rejoins, they are very much "Affleckted" at present.

Masterful Inactivity—Heads of schools leaving all the work to their assistants.

## What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the City Bank depositors met with a chilly New-Year's greeting.

That five shillings in the pound is a sorry dividend.

That the "contributories" are indifferently cashing up.

That it seems likely a "Relief Fund" may be required for the depositors.

That a score of calls will be needed before the City Bank creditors can get twenty shillings in the pound.

That the indictment of the imprisoned officials is a most wordy document.

That in its attempt to cover everything the libel may not prove invulnerable.

That "Brown's Concordances" have not hitherto been remarkably successful.

That the Lottery Scheme is growing in favour every day.

That several of its previous opponents are now its most influential advocates.

That Miss Faucit has offered to "read" in behalf of the shareholders.

That besides "reading," she may perhaps also have to pay for a hall.

That Toole and Irving had.

That some whose names are always coming up with the big bankruptcies and "the Bank" might be lodged in at least the *Debtors'* prison.

That a good many of the "unemployed" have joined heartily in the festivities of the season.

That several got so hilarious that they required to be "run in."

That a great strike of engineers is threatened.

That this will only increase the prevailing destitution.

That artisans would do well to ponder well and accept the inevitable.

That when trade was good short hours and big wages were universal.

That when trade is bad the reverse must ensue.

That Lord Provost Collins has come down handsomely in treating the poor of the city.

That his benefactions at this season have given universal satisfaction.

That the revelations regarding the Maternity Hospital are not very creditable to the officials of that institution.

That Mr Munro's protests have seemingly not been made without some cause.

That where there is fire there is always some smoke.

That Stipendiary Gemmel has got a new Court.

That he was not out of the need of it.

That in going in for fiction for the Mitchell Library, Dunlop was "the cheese."

That the "Lady of the Lake" is no less a "novel" than is "Waverley."

"That we should keep our electric-lighting, as we do our gas and water, in our own hands.

That we might have also kept our tramways.

TO SMOOTH THE ICE IS WASTEFUL AND RIDICULOUS EXCESS. — Annually the Police Board issues a public notice anent the throwing of orange skins upon the pavement. But other things than orange skins may be dangerous to even the best feet that ever stepped in shoe-leather. The footpath in Bothwell Street is a slide from end to end, and decent men and women, if they would save their bones, are necessitated to take the causeway that idle young men and boys may monopolise the footpath merely for a selfish amusement. Why not clear away slides as well as snow?

## A BRIEF DIALOGUE UNDER AWKWARD CIRCUMSTANCES.

(Scene—South Albion Street.)

*Ragamuffin* (standing in front of the Central Police Office shouts to comrade locked up in one of the cells which overlook South Albion Street)—Aw Barney!

*Barney* (pressing his mouth close to his cell window)—Ay, whit is't, Bob?

*Ragamuffin*—Naethin', only whit cell are ye in?

*Barney*—It's number twenty-seven, the yin wi' the wee hole in the flare.

*Bob*—Is there onybody else aside ye?

*Barney*—Ay, there's Pat. M'Guire, an' anither auld man wi' big tacketty bits on.

*Bob*—A weel, a'll see ye at the van the morn?

*Barney*—Ay, very weel Bob, min' an' tell ma' mither tae bring us a chit!

*Bob*—Aw richt, Barney; so-long.

*Barney*—So-long, Bob.

## THE SECRET OUT.

If success ye want to win,

This is hoo to work it—

First ye'll hae tae big a kirk,

An' then ye'll rig the market.

For Christmas and New Year's Gifts, Large Assortment of Fancy Boxes, Figures, Ornaments, &c., for Christmas Trees, JAMES M'MILLAN, Confectioner, 181 Eglinton Street,

Megilp.

I AM sure, my dear BAILIE, you will join with me in wishing all artists—especially all Glasgow artists—a happy and prosperous new year.

For artists, as for nearly every one just now, the prospect is not particularly bright. Dull trade, and general scarcity of money, cannot fail to affect adversely the sale of pictures; but patience and courage will carry through safely all who have the right stuff in them. Work away, boys, steadily and calmly, and believe this—no honest labour will go without its due reward! A reaction will come, and when the “good times” return, you will welcome them with a keener zest, if you have borne manfully the disappointments of these present dark days, and tried to turn their lessons to good account. And may 1879 be the best and the happiest year that each one of you has ever had!

The annual general meeting of the Scottish Society of Water Colour Painters will be held in the Windsor Hotel, Edinburgh, on Thursday, the 16th inst., at three o'clock. The secretary's report and financial statement will be read, office-bearers, &c., elected, and the questions entered into connected with the vacancies in the membership and associateship. The meeting will also consider the advisability of the society aiding the City Bank Shareholders' Relief Fund.

The Water Colour Exhibition, owing to the prevailing commercial depression, may not have been a success financially, but in every other respect the society has good reason to be proud of it. An admirable beginning has been made, and the society is doing a work by which the public cannot fail to benefit.

“Sending-in day” for the Royal Scottish Academy is the 15th inst.

This week the pictures will all be sent in for the Institute Exhibition.

The following are among the artists who will contribute, with the names of the works by which they are likely to be represented. The list is, of course, given subject to the additions and alterations which the artists may make at the last moment.

Mr Joseph Henderson will send four pictures—“The Waterfall,” figure of a girl, and probably the portrait of a lady, and a sea piece; Mr J. A. Aitken, four pictures—“Carsaig,” a shore piece by moonlight, a road with birches, and a small subject; Mr David Murray—his large picture of Tarbert, a road in Harris, the “End of the Journey,” and a small picture. Mr John Miller will be represented by one large canvas—a road, trees, &c., in Arran—and two smaller ones.

Mr A. K. Brown will likely send three pictures, the two most important of which will be a “Burn,” and a scene from the Fenlands. From Mr D. Mackellar we shall have, at any rate, a figure subject, “Were there death in the cup,” and two scenes from village life—a joiner's shop and a barber's. Mr Alexander Davidson's largest picture will be a figure subject—“The White Cockade.”

Next week, I shall have much more to say about the pictures that have been sent in.

The Art Club Exhibition closes to-day (Monday). Up to Saturday evening, the total realised from sales was £723. This is not so good as it should be, but “bad times,” my masters, “bad times.” I believe some of the unsold pictures will remain on view at Mr Annan's for a few days longer, and I hope there will still be a considerable addition to the amount resulting from sales.

Captain Watters, who is well-known [in Edinburgh from the encouragement he has given to young artists (the medal gifted by him last year at the Academy was won by Mr Lorimer), is himself about to appear as an exhibitor. I saw in Mr Craibe Angus's two little things done by him, and intended for the Scotch Academy. One—a water colour—is particularly good in tone and light and shade.

The position Mr Whistler has taken up in his pamphlet against Mr Ruskin can hardly be called a defensible one. If artists are alone to be the critics of pictures, to which school of art will Mr Whistler himself appeal for a judgment on his own work? Who are the artists whom he recognises as competent

to criticise his nocturnes and harmonies? Are all painters who cannot follow with unstinted admiration the various eccentricities of his genius, who do not understand the jargon of his little coterie—are all who are not his worshippers simply Philistines and base mechanics, unworthy of the name of artists?

sneering, brutal, unsympathetic criticism is absolutely hateful and hurtful. But who have been most frequently guilty of such criticisms? Artists themselves! It would almost seem as if the greater an artist is, the more unable is he to understand methods and aims in Art that do not coincide with his own. Yet Art is as varied as nature herself, and the true and reverent critic is he who sympathises with and tries to understand all the manifestations and modes of Art that are sincere and earnest. There is room in Art for all who are—each after his own kind—true artists, for Whistler as well as for Raphael, for Leighton as well as for Chalmers. R.

He-haw! There is some prospect, it seems, that works of fiction will shortly be admitted into the Mitchell Library. Hitherto we in Glasgow have only been officially cognisant of the literature of hard fact. Our fiction has been relegated to such unofficial documents as bank reports, company prospectuses, and the like. Should the proposal regarding novels, made by Mr Dunlop at last week's meeting of the Town Council, be carried out, it may teach our budding Lewis Potters and Nicol Flemings the distinction between truth and falsehood, and may possibly preserve the Glasgow of a generation hence from such scandals as those of the City Bank and the Huntingdon Copper Company.

An Aged Sinner's Confession.

MY hair and waist are both *non est*,  
My whiskers bleached like snow,  
My teeth are of the dentist's best,  
Gout has me by the toe.  
I'm old; and yet, though hard I'm run  
By grim old Father Time,  
I dodge his scythes—go in for fun,  
And doat on pantomime.  
Seems odd that one so old should try  
To see each jokelet through,  
Should gape at scenes and dresses—ay,  
And pretty pink legs, too.  
And yet, although I'm old and grey,  
And 't seems a fearful crime,  
I must confess that, to this day,  
I doat on pantomime.  
To keep it dark (with cunning rare)  
That I the thing enjoy,  
I take no end of youngsters there,  
I'm such a sly old boy!  
I think they like to go with me,  
We have a jolly time;  
I laugh, they laugh—Ho! ho!—he! he!  
We doat on pantomime.

MARRY, QUOTHA.—By this lowering of fees for the proclamation of banns, a woman is now only half-a-“crown to her husband.”

Smokers,—Try Wallach Smoking Mixture, 6d per ounce Only to be had from D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram Street

## Trades-Unionism Run Mad.

MANY and ingenious definitions of the word man have been given to the world. He has been described as a cooking animal, as a laughing animal, as a clothes-wearing animal, as a marrying animal, as an umbrella-carrying animal. But after all, his most peculiar characteristic has not hitherto been noticed. He is essentially an animal with an irresistible bias towards trades-unionism. From the guild brethren of the middle ages to the colliers and ironworkers of to-day, who strike at the word of command of a mountebank secretary with the gift of spouting clap-trap, the social history of mankind has been the history of the more or less successful struggles of trade combinations. Nor is this true only of craftsmen. The entrance examinations to the learned professions, and the long and weary apprenticeships which must be served before a man can be recognised as a competent chimney sweep or a trustworthy bill-poster, are but the natural outcome of the same spirit of trade protection. It has been reserved for Glasgow, however, to produce the most thorough-going example of this deeply-seated propensity. According to a correspondent of a contemporary, the errand-boys of our good city have entered into an unhallowed compact never to execute even the shortest message in less time than a quarter of an hour, and indeed have enforced the agreement by punching the heads of their too expeditious comrades. If this be true, it seems to indicate a new departure in trades-unionism. These combinations have till now confined their efforts to restricting the working hours and raising the wages of the members, but compulsory dawdling has not hitherto been included in the industrial programme. At the first blush, it appears as if the possible fruits of this novel idea would be almost beyond a joke. Tramway drivers will no doubt issue a manifesto, stating that in future they mean to drive at the rate of one mile per hour, instead of their present headlong speed of about two and a half. Newspaper boys will mildly but firmly refuse to sell the evening papers till the following morning. Letter-carriers may forcibly express the opinion that three deliveries a week are amply sufficient for the reasonable wants of the city. Clergymen of all denominations may pass a resolution to the effect that ninety minutes is the normal length of a sermon. Railway clerks may think that two in five minutes would be a rare rate at which to issue tickets to the travelling public,

with an extra allowance of time in the event of requiring to give change. In short, life will be unbearable if this sort of thing goes on. In the name of our common humanity, the BAILIE calls upon the message boys to desist from their fell project, and to spare the tottering framework of nineteenth-century civilization!

## The Three Graces.

THIS world, once rude, has grown so good  
 Since Paul in't lived and wrote, sir,  
 We now may see the Graces three.  
 In every man of note, sir.

Where money's made (or lost) in trade  
 Most touching *Faith* is seen, sir,  
 Our merchants trust in rogues who "bust,"  
 Then whitewash and are clean, sir.

To lose their "tin" and then fill in  
 Nice balance sheets with *Hope*, sir,  
 By this new plan our bankers can  
 For losing find more scope, sir.

Last of the three, there's *Charity*;  
 The sum spent on which Grace, sir,  
 Might pardon you for whistling—"Heugh!"  
 In a certain bankrupt's face, sir.

## THE CUP THAT "CHEERS."

(Scene—New-year's day evening, public bar ;  
 Enter three inebriates.)

1st I.—Wai'r! thr' boles zish (hic).

Waiter—What?

2nd I.—'R' y' deaf? (hic) Thre' boadles jidge.

Waiter (still in the dark)—You've had enough already. Better take soda.

3rd I.—Na (hic), na, we'll no chynge oor drink. Will we, chaps?

Omnes—(hic) Never!

Exeunt singing "We are nae (hic) fou'.

They wanted *ginger beer*!

Bad Management of the Ameer—Allowing the British to gain admission by Passes.

The following is the Animile's latest "atrocitv!"  
 —What is the difference between a smart young man and a church beadle? One minds his P's and Q's, and the other his keys and pews.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE,  
 MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE,

The most Elegant, Handsome, and Commodious Place of Amusement in Scotland.

OPEN EVERY EVENING,

With the New and Original Burlesque

PANTOMIME,

ALI BABA AND THE 40 THIEVES.

Supported by the Best Company, and revealing one of the most  
 MAGNIFICENT TRANSFORMATION SCENES  
 ever witnessed.

Doors open at 7. Commence at 7.30.

MACNIVEN & CAMERON'S PENS ARE THE BEST.—*Public Opinion.*

"They are without doubt the best pens invented."—*Shrewsbury Journal.*



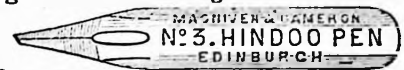
"They come as a boon and a blessing to men—  
The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen."

PENMAKERS TO HER MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT OFFICES.

THE  
COMMERCIAL  
PEN.  
For Fine Writing  
and  
Bookkeeping.



"Embodies an improvement of great value."—*Engineer.*



"The finest pens we ever used."—*Overland Mail.*

6d and 1s per Box, at all Booksellers and Stationers.  
1660 Newspapers recommend them. See the *Graphic.*

"The world owes a debt of gratitude to the patentees for their excellent inventions."—*Reading Herald.*

SPECIMEN BOX, CONTAINING ALL THE KINDS, ONE SHILLING; BY POST, 1S 1D.  
THE GOLD WAVERLEY PEN: THE GOLD J PEN, 10S 6D EACH; POST FREE.

PATENTEES: MACNIVEN & CAMERON,

(ENTRANCE BY NO. 23.) 23 TO 33 BLAIR STREET, EDINBURGH. (ESTABLISHED 1770.)

**T H E A T R E - R O Y A L .**

The Grand "Royal" Pantomime,  
**P U S S I N B O O T S .**  
EVERY EVENING at 7-30.  
Saturdays at 7.

ILLUMINATED DAY PERFORMANCES  
Every SATURDAY at 2; Doors open at 1-30.  
Box Office open from 11 till 3.

**T H E G A I E T Y .**

Proprietor and Manager.....Mr CHARLES BERNARD.  
Every Evening,  
Mr C. BERNARD'S  
Original, Grand, and Fairy Extravaganza  
and Pantomime,  
**C I N D E R E L L A .**  
Box Office open Daily from 10 till 4.

**P R I N C E O F W A L E S T H E A T R E .**

Continued and Increasing Success of the Pantomime,  
**B L U E B E A R D ,**  
Acknowledged everywhere and by everyone to  
be the  
**BEST PANTOMIME**  
Ever Produced at this Theatre.  
EVERY NIGHT, THE CONGRESS OF NATIONS!  
WITH THE  
GORGEOUS DRESSES!  
MAGNIFICENT APPOINTMENTS!  
AND NATIONAL AIRS!  
Prices from 6d to £2 2s.

**M U S I C A L A N D L I T E R A R Y E N T E R - T A I N M E N T , E N T I T L E D**

"STAVES AND SCRAPS,"  
IN AID OF THE  
GLASGOW UNEMPLOYED RELIEF FUND,  
ALBERT HALL, 285 BATH STREET.  
THURSDAY EVENING, 9TH JANUARY, at Eight o'clock.

**C I T Y H A L L S A T U R D A Y E V E N I N G C O N C E R T S .**

SATURDAY, 11TH JANUARY, 1879.  
Re-engagement for One Night only.  
Last Appearance.

ENTIRE CHANGE OF PROGRAMME.

The Celebrated Troupe of  
**C H R I S T Y M I N S T R E L S ,**

The Famous  
MATTHEWS' MINSTRELS (THE ORIGINAL C.C.C.)  
Proprietors—  
Messrs T. W. Matthews, W. Matthews, and Harry Matthews.  
Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Children, 2d, 4d, and 6d.; Re-  
served Seats on Side Galleries, 2s.  
Doors Open at 7; Orchestral Performance at 7-30 o'clock.  
JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

**N E W P U B L I C H A L L S S A T U R D A Y E V E N I N G P O P U L A R C O N C E R T S .**

SATURDAY, 11th JANUARY, 1879.

Great Night with  
**S I R W A L T E R S C O T T**  
AND  
**H O G G , T H E E T T R I C K ! S H E P H E R D .**

Artistes—  
Miss JESSIE SIMPSON.  
Mrs W. GOURLAY.  
Miss AGNES STRUTHERS.  
Miss MINNIE GOURLAY.  
Mr W. H. DARLING.  
Mr THOMAS WALKER.  
Mr JAMES HOUSTON,  
Eminent Scotch Comedian; and  
Mr WILLIAM GOURLAY,  
The Celebrated Scotch Comedian.  
Mr F. W. BRIDGMAN, Pianist.  
Entire Area of Hall and East Gallery, 6d; Galleries, 1s;  
Reserved Seats (Galleries and Platform), 2s.  
Reserved Seat Tickets to be had at Office, 58 Renfield Street,  
and Messrs Pentland & Co.'s Music Warehouse, Charing Cross.  
Doors Open at 7 o'clock; Concert to Commence at 7-45.  
JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

EXTRA ATTRACTIONS FOR THE NEW-YEAR  
HOLIDAYS.

**N E W S O M E ' S**

HIPPODROME AND CIRCUS,<sup>1</sup>  
INGRAM STREET, GLASGOW,  
TO-NIGHT, Doors Open at 7.

THE GRAND  
EQUESTRIAN PANTOMIME.

ENTITLED

RIDE A COCK HORSE TO BANBURY CROSS.  
THE WITCH, THE FAIRY, THE FIRE-PROOF STEED;  
OR, THE BURNING OF OLD MOTHER GOOSE.

Introducing 100 Horses, Artistes, and Trained Animals.

MID-DAY PERFORMANCES OF THE PANTOMIME—  
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, AT 3.

Doors Open Half-an-Hour previous to these times.

Places can be secured at the Box Office, from 11 till 3; also at  
Messrs Adams & Co. Buchanan Street.

**M**ACCABE AND THE ELECTRIC  
LIGHT.

THE LATEST PARISIAN SENSATION  
AND THE

WONDER OF GLASOW AT HENGLER'S CIRQUE.  
Evenings at 8 o'clock. Saturdays at 2-30 and 7-30.

**E**LECTRIC SUCCESS OF MACCABE'S  
NEW COMBINATION. The most perfect Amusement  
Enterprise travelling, consisting of the following Artistes:—  
Miss CLARA PERRY, Miss JESSIE CLAYTON, Mr  
HABGOOD, and Mr WINGROVE, who will appear at each  
Representation, in conjunction with Mr MACCABE, in his Re-  
embellished Entertainment.

BEGONE, DULL CARE!

Conceded on all sides to be the most Original, Brilliant, and  
Mirthful Production ever presented to the Public.

**M**ACCABE, HENGLER'S CIRQUE,  
Evenings at 8. Saturdays at 2-30 and 7-30.

With his Electric Combination and Original Entertainment of  
PERSONATIONS AND SONGS.

A Superb Exposition of Ventriloquism; New Musical Effects,  
Complete Programme, Complete Orchestra, and a Complete  
Entertainment.

Conductor—Mr SCHOFIELD. Pianist—Mr DYSON.

Prices of Admission vary from 6d to 3s.

Ticket Office Open Daily from 10 to 4.

Doors Open at 2 and 6-30 o'clock.

FORTNIGHTLY ART SALE.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Friday, 10th January,

PUBLIC SALE OF

MISCELLANEOUS PICTURES,

Principally by Modern Artists of the British School, including  
Specimens of

H. M'Culloch,

Sam Bough,

J. Cassie,

Niemann,

J. Docharty,

Rev. J. Thomson,

Chalmers,

C. Woolnoth,

M'Pherson, &c.

And a Few WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS

(The Property of various Collectors).

**R**OBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the  
above by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms,  
North Court, St Vincent Place, on Friday, 10th January, at  
One o'clock.

On View, with Catalogues, on Morning of Sale.

Gentlemen wishing Pictures or Art Property included in above  
Sale will please send a list of their Lots to the Auctioneers at  
once, in order that they may be properly catalogued.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 3rd January, 1879.

PARIS EXHIBITION.

GOLD MEDALS! SILVER MEDALS!

**W**E have been repeatedly twitted about not  
having received a MEDAL at the Paris Exhibition, and  
asked why. The reason is that, considering Medals a Humbug,  
we have never sent Samples of our Manufactures to any Exhi-  
bition. "Good Wine needs no bush," and our Aerated Waters  
require no Medal to publish their excellence; their qualities of  
Purity, Flavour, Strength, &c., speak for them wherever they  
become known. The Golden Opinions of a discriminating  
Public, rather than Gold Medals, it is our ambition to gain and  
keep. Our Lemonade, Soda, Potash, Seltzer, Sarsaparilla, &c.,  
are all unequalled for general excellence; but for a Winter  
Beverage we recommend our GINGER ALE, which is an  
excellent tonic, and a pleasant and harmless stimulant.—If found  
rather strong, our Ginger Ale may be diluted with Water,  
without at all spoiling its flavour.

**WHEELER & CO.,**

CHEMISTS & AERATED WATER MANUFACTURERS,  
CROMAC SPRINGS, BELFAST.

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147 STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW.

**B**R O W N & L O W D E N,  
AUCTIONEERS and VALUATORS,  
14 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.

SALES of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, &c., conducted  
at the Owner's Premises, on Moderate Terms.  
CASH ADVANCED.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

**A.** G A R D N E R & S O N  
respectfully intimate having concluded a private arrange-  
ment with an Eminent Manufacturer of Looking-Glasses, *in  
need of Cash*, to dispose of his very Extensive stock, and that  
they will offer the same for Sale on the First Floor of their  
Warehouse, 36 JAMAICA STREET, TO-DAY and FOLLOW-  
ING DAYS, at nearly

HALF-PRICE.

This Stock has been arranged to be sold as follows:—

LOOKING-GLASSES, Square Tops, 1s 11½d, 2s 11d, 4s 3d,  
6s 9d, 8s 6d, and 10s 6d.

LOOKING-GLASSES, Arched Tops, 10s 6d, 12s 6d, 13s 9d,  
15s 6d, and 17s 6d.

LOOKING-GLASSES, Oval and Greek, 8s 6d, 23s 6d, 29s 6d,  
32s 6d, and 35s 6d.

And a Few Extra Large Sizes, usually sold at 84s, for 42s.

NOTE.—At the same time will be offered several BLACK and  
GOLD, WALNUT and GOLD, and GILT MIRRORS,  
Various Sizes, at fabulously Low Prices. Lot Hang-up  
KITCHEN or BATH-ROOM GLASSES, at 3½d !!!

**A. GARDNER & SON,**

CABINETMAKERS, UPHOLSTERERS,

FURNITURE, CARPET, AND BEDDING  
WAREHOUSEMEN,

36 JAMAICA STREET.

**S**CRAP Photographs and Views of Scottish  
Scenery. Thousands to choose from at A. F. SHARP &  
Co., 14 Royal Exchange Square.

# ISLAY WHISKY.

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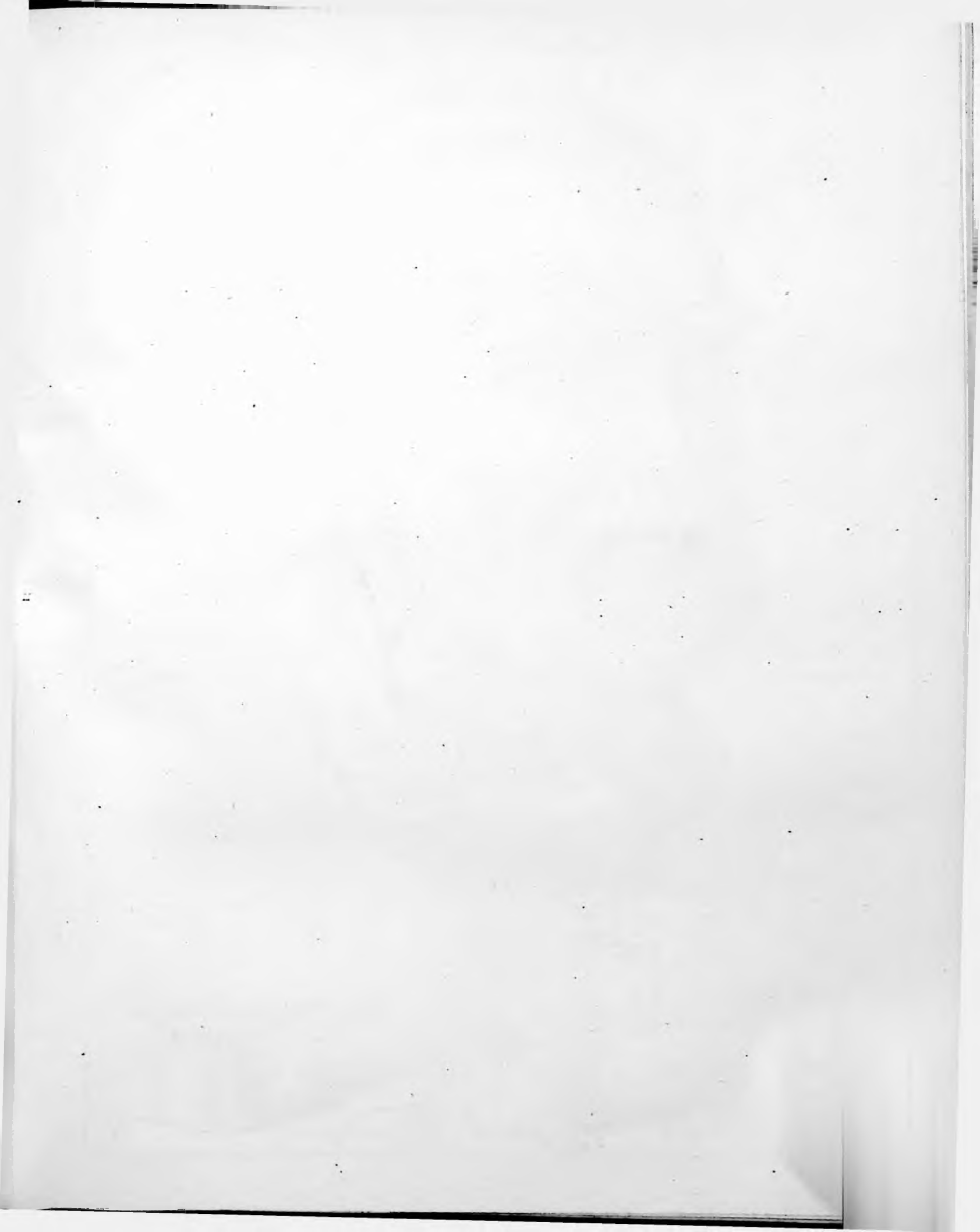
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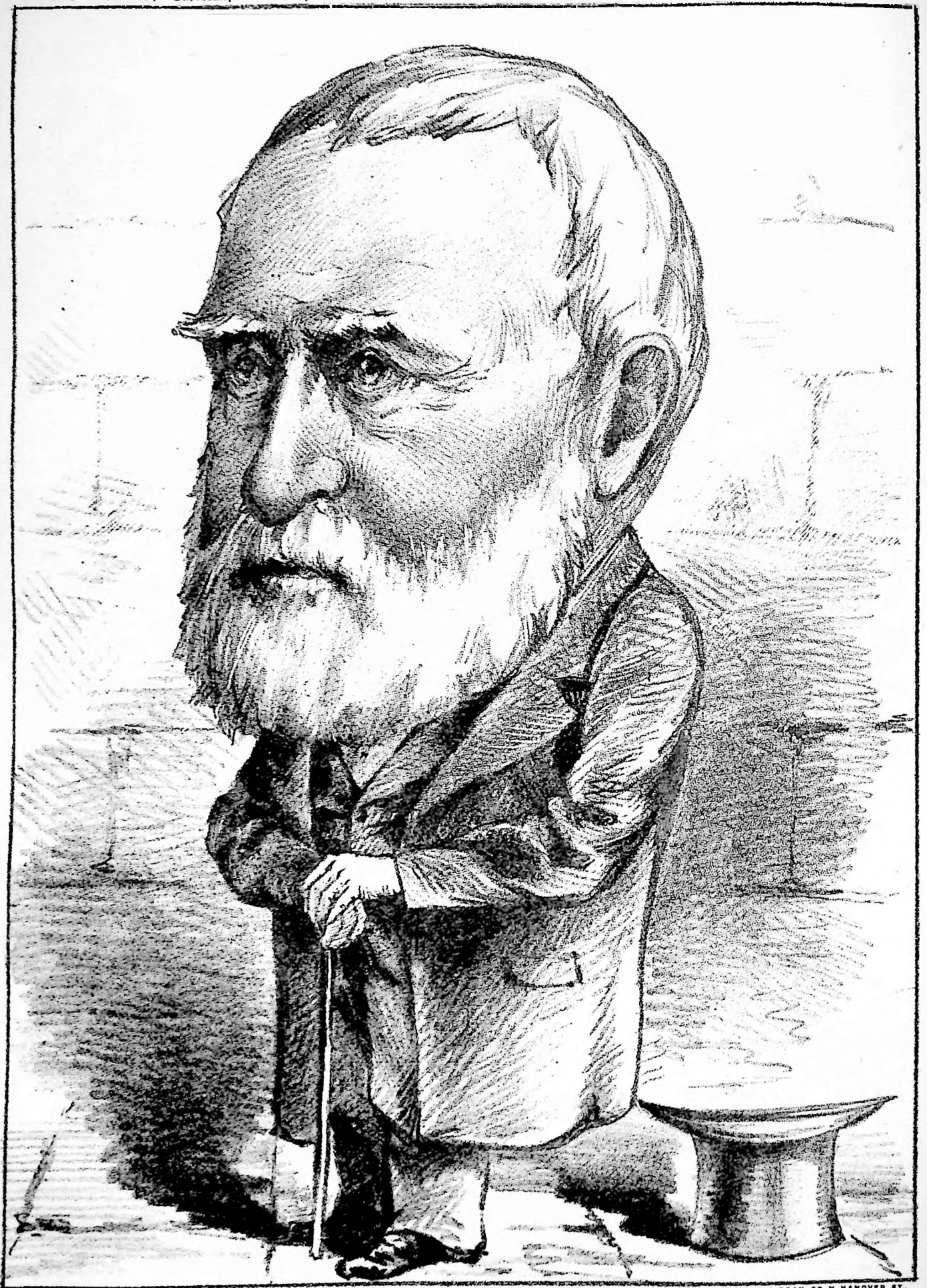
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# The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 326. Glasgow, Wednesday, January 15th, 1879. Price 1d

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 326.

ON Monday next, the Directors of the City of Glasgow Bank will take their stand in the dock of the High Court of Justiciary at Edinburgh, to answer an indictment charging them with fraudulent dealing, and with the theft of various moneys entrusted to their care. It may be they will all be found guilty, it may be some of them will be adjudged more criminal than others—the BAILIE has no desire, at this time of day, to make any guess at the probable results of the trial. If a long and intimate connection with the concern, however, should load any one of the seven panels with a heavier measure of responsibility than another, ROBERT SALMOND, of Rankiston, has certainly the weightiest burden to bear. Mr SALMOND attended at the launching, forty years ago, of the undertaking, and he assisted, in the last days of last September, at its ignominious and disgraceful obsequies. From the "City" Mr SALMOND migrated in early life to the "Western," where he rose, under Mr Donald Smith, to the post of cashier. Unfortunately both for Mr SALMOND and for Scotland, Mr Smith was shortly afterwards succeeded by Mr John Taylor, and it is more than probable that it was to the lessons in banking the Man you Know received from Mr Taylor that much of the misery which at present prevails over the country is due. In 1848, Mr SALMOND was appointed to the post of manager of the City Bank. Even at that date, it seems, the system of over-drafts to directors had begun. His predecessor in the management was Mr Henry Paul, one of the most upright of men, and it is now shrewdly suspected that the retirement of Mr Paul was due to the fact that certain of the Bank authorities found it impossible to "use him" as they wished. There was no

difficulty of this kind with Mr SALMOND. Whatever his abilities might be as a banker, he had the knack of making things pleasant for his Directors. Month after month and year after year went bye and the "City" was evidently one of the most flourishing of concerns. But this state of matters could not last for ever. Mr Taylor, the Gamaliel at whose feet Mr SALMOND had imbibed his notions of banking, brought the "Western" to an end, and the ruin of the one concern was instrumental in causing the temporary suspension of the other. This suspension opened the eyes of certain of the "City" Directors. One of the most outspoken of their number, the late Mr Alexander Baird of Gartsherrie, told Mr SALMOND that, so far from being able to manage a Bank, he "hadn't the ability to keep a 'pike," an opinion in which most people have had too good reason by this time to coincide. When the difficulties which had threatened the safety of the Bank in 1857 had been removed, or apparently removed, three of the most influential of the directorate saw fit to sell their shares and withdraw from it altogether. These were Mr Henry Dunlop, Sir Andrew Orr, and Mr Alexander Baird. Why they withdrew was kept secret at the time, but knowing what we know now it is impossible not to suppose that their action was occasioned by the acquaintance they had gained with the policy pursued by Mr SALMOND and his confederates at the Board of the Company. In 1861 Mr SALMOND was succeeded in the managership by the late Mr Alexander Stronach, and it was also in this year that he acquired the valuable estate of Rankiston in Ayrshire. How Rankiston came into his hands was told the other day in the columns of the *Herald* by Mr Robert Galt, jun. To most people, the action of the City Bank towards Mr Allan, the former proprietor of the estate, must have seemed cruel

in the extreme. It was, however, only in a piece with the manner in which the corporation treated its poorer and more unfortunate clients. While impecunious directors stuffed their own pockets, and those of their friends, with the money belonging to the concern, their regular customers were usually treated with contumely, and too often with harshness, when seeking for a perfectly legitimate advance. Rankiston, in short, had been pledged to the Bank by Mr Allan, and the Directors, taking advantage of a moment when that gentleman's means were locked up in Cotton, demanded an instant re-payment of the loan they had advanced him. Their claim, as they well knew, could not be complied with at the time. They refused, however, to listen to any appeal for mercy, and seizing the estate, which they alleged had been foreclosed by the terms of the mortgage, handed it over to Mr SALMOND, who, though he had withdrawn from the managership, still retained his seat at the board. What he had done to merit this splendid gift has not been recorded. At the very time, however, when he entered on the possession of Rankiston, other members of the directorate, the Flemings, Potters, and Lorraines were receiving large advances from the Bank, and the inference one would naturally draw from the transaction is, that the estate was simply his share of the spoil. However this may be, he has figured as SALMOND of Rankiston for these last seventeen years. The name looked well in county lists, it assisted in maintaining the credit of the biggest bogus company ever known, together with that of Potter of Udston it will sound roundly in the mouth of the crier of the Justiciary Court next Monday morning. The directors of the City Bank may be monstrous criminals; they may be no more than the victims of an ill-regulated and vicious system of transacting business. Whether criminals or victims the evil they have wrought almost transcends belief. A century hence their existence will be recognised as a national calamity. They will rank in history with the Plague of London and the Black Death.

Our friends in "the most prosperous burgh" in Scotland like their pleasures highly-seasoned. A local contemporary chronicles the fact that "Residenters in Govan had the pleasure this week of seeing a policeman running through the streets with a poker in chase of a mad dog." If the mad dog had chased the constable how the Govanites would have screamed.

"Let the World Slide."

—*Taming of the Shrew.*

SINCE New-Year's Day—and how time flies,  
The fifteenth's now the date—  
I've tried as hard as in me lies  
To do the "figure eight."

(By "figure eight" you'll know I mean  
I have been out to skate,  
And, while no novice, feel quite green  
Attempting "figure eight.")

I slipped away at early hour,  
And struggled on till late;  
Yet found it far beyond my power  
To do that "figure eight."

My legs and arms are black and blue,  
My back—but need I state  
The accidents that I've come through  
Through that same "figure eight."

To square the circle's hard to do,  
Philosophers still prate;  
Most learned friends—a tip for you—  
Just try that "figure eight."

To master it though much I've striven,  
I needs must yield to fate;  
The mystic number may be seven—  
I've found it to be "eight."

My lady friends stand by and smile—  
The fun it must be great—  
They say I "cut a figure" while  
I learn this "figure eight."

Max Greger would be puzzled sore  
Were he to feel my pate;  
Of extra bumps I've now a score,  
All through that "figure eight."

Rome was not built all in a day,  
And so I'll calmly wait,  
The time may come when I'll can say,  
Look! here's the "figure eight."

A BRUSH UP.

(Scene—Argyleshire smithy; Smith repairing and painting old ploughs; enter parish minister).

*Minister*—Happy new year to you, Dougal; you're trying to make the old look like new again, eh?

*Dougal*—Same to you, too, sir. Hooch aye, shust geein them a bit coat to hide their fauts.

*Minister*—I'm dootin' I'll hae to mak ye gie some o' my elders a bit coat, Dougal. I was hearin' some o' them had been rubbed gey an' bare at the new year. Too much whiskey, Dougal, too much whiskey!

*Dougal*—Ay yes, sir, it's true what ta poet says:—

"A Hielan' tram was fery coot  
When tuke in moderation,  
But like the tree in Adam's yard  
It's shust a crate temptation."

Och! Och! Aye, sir.

Remarkable Example of "Dutch Courage"—  
The old king marrying a girl in her "Teens."

Pro and Con.

**SMITH**—Good morning, Brown. How are you to-day? Cold weather isn't it? Anything fresh in the papers this morning?

**Brown**—Only a fresh batch of letters about the lottery scheme. It seems to be rather a puzzling affair. What do you think of it?

**Smith**—Well, I'm not quite clear about it. It appeals too strongly to the very gambling spirit that caused the disaster. Over-speculation ruined the City Bank, and here we are asked to go in for another gambling speculation to repair the ruin. There's a little too much of the double-or-quits principle about it for my taste.

**Brown**—Then you don't approve of it?

**Smith**—Well, I'm not quite clear about it. To be sure, something must be done. We can't stand coolly by, and see the helpless widow and orphan, and the inoffensive clergyman, and—and all that sort of people, you know, made penniless without wishing to do something for them. And when you come to think of it, no other plan has been proposed that has a ghost of a chance.

**Brown**—Then you do approve of it.

**Smith**—Well, I'm not quite clear. You see those eminent professors, and elders, and philanthropists say that lotteries are the unpardonable sin, and that if this one goes on, Scotland is a lost nation. Now these men aren't speaking about a thing they know nothing of, for most of them have built manses and endowed churches and evangelised the heathen by the aid of sixpenny raffles for embroidered smoking caps and anti-macassars. In fact, they are in the position of the man who knew that honesty was the best policy, because he had tried both ways; and if they say that a lottery is immoral, you may depend upon it they are right.

**Brown**—Then you don't approve of it?

**Smith**—Well, I'm not quite clear. Of course this is a most exceptional case. There never was an instance before where so many harmless creatures were ruined for no fault of their own; and desperate diseases require desperate remedies. You can't lay down a hard and fast rule, and make no allowance for exceptions.

**Brown**—Then you do approve of it?

**Smith**—Well, I'm not quite clear. The difficulty is to draw the line. If this lottery is allowed to go on, there may be a dozen other similar claims in six weeks. Why not have a lottery for the unemployed, or the Indian famine, or the Affghan war expenses, or the

"Thunderer" explosion fund? These are all urgent enough, and what's sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander.

**Brown**—Then you don't approve of it.

**Smith**—Well, I'm not quite clear. I have no doubt the three millions could be raised by a lottery, and I confess I don't see where the money is to be got by any other means. And yet everybody agrees that it is necessary for the credit of Scotch banking that the creditors should get their pound of flesh.

**Brown**—Then you do approve of it?

**Smith**—Well, I'm not quite clear—

**Brown**—Now look here, Smith. Will you oblige me by saying in one word whether you do or do not approve of the lottery?

**Smith**—Well, I'm not quite—

**Brown**—Oh bother!

[Exit Brown, anathematizing Smith.]

HARD TIMES FOR TA FORCE.

**Tonal** (soliloquising)—Tchooch ay, times iss ferry pad. It iss more as a month or more nor that save seence I will run in a wan sinkle man, ant it iss not a trunkart weeth loose siller nor pawpees neether in his poackat will effer come my way now at al. Ay, ant eferypoty knows that it iss myself that will not yet hev picked up a wattach, ant I hev been in ta force fower months or perhaps less! Och yiss, times iss ferry pad, inteed, for an honest lad.

Dumbarton's drums are beating backward. Provost Rogerson has joined the ranks of the Good Templars. Besides the Provost the town can now boast of three Good Templar clergymen, a Good Templar Bailie, a Good Templar Dean of Guild, and two or three Good Templar Councillors. Has any such gathering taken place since Sir John Falstaff, of gracious memory, marshalled his ragged regiment in the courtyard of Justice Shallow's house down in Gloucestershire?

SCHOOL BOARD DEFINITION.

**New Boy**—What's Newsome's Circus.

**Old Scholar**—New sum's circus? Why, it's a fresh "coont" in circulating decimals going roon' the arithmetic class!

Isn't it singular that a sermon should have so many heads and only one tail?

Children of the Mist—The London link-boys.

Smokers,—Try Wallach Smoking Mixture, 6d per ounce Only to be had from D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram Street

## Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE.—What might be almost termed a second edition of "Puss in Boots" is now in full swing at the Theatre Royal. Mr Glover has re-arranged much of the "business." Miss Franklein, Miss Castleton, Mr Rousbey, and Mr Major, not to speak of our ubiquitous friend, Master Walter Andrews, have altered and adapted their several parts till the performance comes fresh and new, even to those who have already seen it more than once.

When "Puss in Boots" has run its allotted term at the Theatre Royal, Alfred Cellier's tuneful "Sultan of Mocha" will be put up in its stead. The "Sultan of Mocha" was originally produced in Manchester, and it has been played with great success at the London St. James's Theatre. Miss Lucy Franklein and Mr Arthur Rousbey will sustain the leading parts in Mr Cellier's opera.

"Cinderella" is still filling the Gaiety. It goes, of course, better than ever. Why, Miss Louisa Gordon herself makes sufficient fun to entertain you for a whole evening. Then there is clever Mr Collier; Mr Murray, who is Scotch, to the manner born, and the graceful ladies who are respectively *Cinderella* and her princely lover. Mr Bernard, you will be glad to know, my Magistrate, has fairly "fetched" the good folk of Newcastle by his pantomime of "Robinson Crusoe." He appears in it—playing, as he did when he produced it here, the part of *Billy Taylor*.

"Blue Beard" is continuing to amuse the audiences at the Prince of Wales Theatre. Mr Benson, Mr Gordon, and Miss Minnie Ross are a capital trio, the humour of the two gentlemen, and the nimbleness and grace of the lady being exceedingly pleasant. Mr Coleman, moreover, is fortunate in being able to number an actress like Miss Maisey among his company.

I should like, of all things, to see Miss Maisey play *Juliet*. At present our only *Juliet* is Miss Adelaide Neilson, but while Miss Maisey necessarily lacks the splendid art of Miss Neilson, she is younger, and possesses, by right of her youth, a freshness and spontaneity which a more experienced actress could by no possibility command. When "Blue Beard" is withdrawn will not Mr Coleman give us one night of "Romeo and Juliet?"

The story goes that Mr Ra'sbeck Robinson, the manager of the "Jane Seton" company, has threatened Mr Coleman of the Prince of Wales Theatre with an action, on the ground that his people only played eleven nights instead of twelve during their recent visit, the night they didn't play being that of the Autumn Fast, when the theatre remained closed. Why doesn't Mr Robinson proceed against the Fast-day?

"Her Majesty's Theatre" has supplied what the shop-keepers term a "felt want" on the South Side. Mr M'Fadyen is continuing to draw capital houses with "Ali Baba." May his shadow, or rather his "houses," never grow less.

Our old friend Mackintosh—once of the "Gaiety" and before that of the "Globe," has made quite a hit in London. He is at the Court Theatre, one of the houses frequented by the intellectual playgoers of the metropolis, and he has already become a favourite with its *habitués*. The part he appears in is that of *Dr Penquin*, the humorous character in the "Scrap of Paper."

Mr Kennedy,—the Scottish vocalist *par excellence* of the period—is about, in company with his accomplished family, to pay us another visit. He appears in the City Hall on the Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday—Burns's natal day—of next week.

Next Saturday Mr Airlie has arranged for a "nicht wi' the Gourlays" in the City Hall, when the famous Mrs M'Gregor will once more hold her "levee;" while, on the same evening, the admirers of Scottish song and Scottish poetry will be treated to a grand Burns night in the New Halls. Among the features of the latter entertainment will be readings by Mr Vallance, and the singing of Mr W. M. Miller's choir.

Rumour avers that the City Bank Lottery Committee will astonish everybody when it is published—so numerous is it, and so influential. At least two of its members belong to the Scottish peerage, and other two are doctors of Divinity—one of

them, whisper it not in Gath, being an eminent D.D. of the Free Church.

I have received a copy of the prospectus of the forthcoming "Treasury of English Sonnets," edited by Mr D. M. Main, who, as you are aware, is well known in literary and artistic circles in Glasgow. The book has been with Mr Main a labour of love for many years, and the thoroughness and completeness with which the selection has been made cannot be exaggerated.

The sonnets are all taken from original sources or authoritative texts, and chosen with taste and discrimination. The collection will include some that are quite new, even to book-men—the result of Mr Main's thoroughgoing research. For example, among them will appear the original version of Blanco White's great sonnet, "Night and Death." The notes are full of parallel passages and illustrative readings, for which all our best literature has been ransacked. The "Treasury" promises to be *the* book on the subject for many a day to come.

The volume will issue from the press of Mr Alexander Ireland, of Manchester, himself an accomplished litterateur, and a man of wide culture, who collects books and knows them well. The bibliographer of Hazlitt, Hunt, and Lamb, the close friend of Emerson, the Cowden Clarkes, and indeed of every distinguished literary personage of the day, Mr Ireland has many claims to our respect, not the least of which, my dear BAILIE, is that he is "a kindly Scot," who, amid all the attractions of England, has never forgotten the land of his birth. Q.

## NO HARM IN ASKING.

(Scene—Second flat of three-storey property.

Policeman, who has been called up from the street to top flat to quiet a row, raps at door to make inquiries.)

Tenant (surprised)—What are ye wantin' here, polisman?

Policeman—Somebody wants me; perhaps its up stairs. Who lives above you?

Tenant (getting agitated)—Oh, they're rale quate folk abuve us, sir; they're dummies! I never heard an angry word amang them since I came here.

Policeman—Thank you; perhaps they can tell me something.

## "AND THAT'S THE REASON WHY."

(Scene—Kilmalcolm. Native showing Military looking Visitor places of interest.

Visitor.—"Remarkably well situated, capital position for a defending force. I suppose you have volunteers here?"

Native.—"Volunteers! nae fear o' us, we don't need them here."

Visitor.—"How so?"

Native.—Bekuz, if an enemy was'tae show face at the Tail o' the Bank, we wad hae a' the corps in Greenock up here as fast as their legs could carry them.

The Glass of Fashion, and the Mould of Form.—Sir, are you a show-case maker? No, sir, I'm an architect.

Reduced to Extremities—Eating rumpics.

An Advertising Atrocity.

THOSE advertisers are amusing rascals. Reading his *Citizen* the other evening, the BAILIE came upon one funny dog who "wanted" a room, somewhere on the South Side, for a "lady, gentleman, and child," and who, after enumerating the furniture of the apartment, said he must have, in addition, "every attendance and cooking, together with gas and fire," while the rent he was willing to pay for the whole was from 7s to 8s per week! To cap the joke it was added that, while an English family was preferred, a civilised Scotch one "would not be objected to." The BAILIE wonders, however, why his friend limited the locality he wished to patronise by specifying the South Side, which is very far from being a fashionable district? Why didn't he include Park Circus, or, say, Belhaven Terrace? And why, again, did he stop short at "attendance and cooking, with gas and fire?" A request for daily dinner, with a glass or two of generous wine thrown in as a species of luck-penny, would have distinctly enhanced his application, and made the replies to his advertisement all the more numerous. People will do anything, you see, in these dull times, for "from 7s to 8s per week."

OUT OF BREATH.—The Cuddie is both long-winded and clear-headed, but he has tried this sentence about Gladstone and Midlothian, in Granny, five times, and still he can't make it out:—

"The feeling in Edinburgh is that it is not so much consequence what particular constituency he goes in for—though it is of course an advantage to oust the heir of Buccleuch—because the river of raging wisdom which will burst out on the platforms in and around Edinburgh if Mr Gladstone comes down will find its own swelling level in every town and village of Scotland, and (if kept within the bounds of discretion) may float other candidates all around into Parliament, even if by chance it should leave Mr Gladstone himself stranded in Midlothian, and returned for some other constituency."

NO WONDER!

(Scene—A rural post office; Waggish customer requiring a postage stamp raps smartly at the window).

*Post-master* (who has run in "a' pechin'" to see what's the matter)—Dear me, John, sic a fricht as you've gi'en me.

*Waggish Customer*—Nae wonder, to see a man wantin' a "head!"

What Ruskin said when he read it—"That's a Whistler."

GRAND!

(Scene—A Highland glen; Time, July). *Innocent Urban Visitor* (under the guidance of a native)—Losh, it's bonny, an' look at the snaw up there no meltit yet.

*Native* (rather disgusted)—Snaw! Whaur's the snaw? Man, that's granite.

*I. U. V.* (explosively and never dreaming of a joke)—Hoo gran' it looks!

It seems that Lord Colin Campbell is not the only *enfant terrible* of the ducal house of Argyll. His elder brother, Lord Walter, showed, by his letter of Friday on the Lottery scheme, that the hereditary conceit of the family is by no means concentrated in the M.P. Besides, Lord Colin, if somewhat priggish, is certainly clever, while the letter of Lord Walter shows that he is as silly as he is conceited. The reason is now abundantly clear why the Princess Louise has always fought shy of her husband's relations.

"HOW ARE YOU OFF FOR SOAP?"—One of those gentlemen who are obliging enough to supply testimonials, writes thusly to a firm of tradesmen:—"Gentlemen—I must really express my obligation to you for the benefit one of my little girls has derived from the use of your Soap." It may be that the little girl was requiring a washee-washee, but surely papa needn't have mentioned it, at least in such a public manner.

HORNS? EVEN SO.—*As You Like It.*

The single horn of unicorn,  
Form'd not to use, but to adorn,  
'Stead to the head but incidental,  
Seems rather to the manner born,  
For, situate this unique horn  
On brain, 'tis plain it's horny-mental!!!

CANNIBALISM IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

*1st Randy*—That'll dae na, ye jaud, a canna stammack ony mair o' your jaw!

*2nd Randy*—An a canna swallow ony mair o your lip, ye impident limmer!

*1st Do.*—Weel, dinna ram your ill tongue doon ma throat!

*2nd Do.*—What gars ye eat a body's heid aff like that then?

[They proceed to tear each other to pieces.]

The Acme of Perfection.—The popular skate  
The Art "Club"—The maul-stick.

Near Relations—Stories of misers.

A Tight Fit—The habit of going on the spree

## Quavers.

AS far as the West of Scotland is concerned, Mendelssohn's "Elijah" has hitherto been monopolised by the Glasgow Choral Union. One regards, therefore, with considerable interest, the production of that oratorio in Ayr on the 13th of next month. The performance of Handel's "Messiah" last year showed that the Ayr Choral Union (under the able guidance of Mr H. M'Nabb) were capable of great things, and this year a still further stride has been made, in respect at least of difficulty. The courage displayed in tackling a work which makes such demands on the chorus as Mendelssohn's "Elijah," will no doubt be justified by the performance, and we can trust the good folks of Ayr to prove their appreciation of good music this year as last, without the rather vulgar attraction of great names for the solo parts.

It looks very much as if the long and elaborate article which appeared in the *Mail* a week ago, on the subject of the orchestral concerts, were labour thrown away. Certainly nobody has as yet come forward to endorse the writer's views, showing, with what has been published in opposition to these views, that the writer of the article has no sympathisers among the general musical public.

It is really not worth while now to refer to the matter, except, perhaps, to notice the very odd inference to be drawn, among others—namely, that the German people are comparatively indifferent to the proper interpretation of celebrated instrumental compositions. They probably content themselves, like the philosophical nation they are, with imagining a good performance when they don't really have one. But it is not unfair to say that generally, throughout the otherwise readable and instructive writing on these concerts in the *Mail*, there has been a deal of what we could hardly term masculine logic, or reasonable deduction.

It cannot be complained, now-a-days, that our national minstrelsy suffers neglect. Its pathos, or its humour, as it may be, seems to have caught the fancy of skilled musicians, and one very common and useful form in which the old melodies are reproduced is with harmonies for voices. A number of happy arrangements of this kind have been current amongst us for some time, and several have quite recently appeared. Mr Frederic Archer has harmonised a few of the Burns melodies for the anniversary concert of the national poet, which, it will be noticed, the Glasgow Select Choir are to give in the Kibble Palace, on the 18th inst.—a week sooner, we understand, from the difficulty of obtaining a hall for the 25th.

These melodies are "Corn Rigs," "Bonnie Wee Thing," "Mary Morrison," "She's fair and fause," "There was a Lad was born in Kyle," and "Afton Water,"—most of them, it will be seen, not hitherto arranged. We like especially the arrangements of the first two named. "Corn Rigs" has been treated antiphonally, and with chaste gaiety, the other beautiful air with refined taste. Mr Archer has, as a rule, maintained the tonalities appropriate to the several melodies, but has yet contrived to infuse sufficient modern colouring to interest the ear.

The "Afton Water" Mr Archer has employed his skill upon is not the modern recognised air, but the older one to which Burns wrote the words. Though the new air has a hold now which we may be sure it will not easily lose, at the same time that it is somewhat modern in character, yet the original melody is not without attraction, and it has been gracefully and appropriately clothed. Mr Archer has also written music for "The Lament of Mary Queen of Scots," for the concert, as a contralto solo, and arranged "The De'il cam' fiddlin' through the toon," for male voices; and the choir have had "Duncan Gray," certainly a first-rate subject, harmonised by another pen for mixed voices, for the same occasion.

The Glasgow Select Choir sing so beautifully that this Burns Concert of next Saturday should be quite a musical treat.

Romberg's setting of Schiller's "Lay of the Bell," which formed the first part of the programme of the Bellahouston Society's concert on Friday evening last, is tuneful and interesting music of its kind. The cantata may be described as of the

Haydn-Mozart school, reminiscences of both composers being not infrequent in its course. There is a good deal of trying work for the solo voices, but it was all very creditably gone through. Especially pleasing was it to hear the careful intonation and correct phrasing of the soprano, and the graceful singing of the tenor. The chief bass part would have been quite satisfactory, as a whole, but that there was a slight want of animation, and consequent indecision in taking the notes. The chorus did its part well as a rule, and the tone was good and equal. The tenors, however, must be kept in; they are yet too eager to make themselves heard.

There was some excellent singing in the second part, chiefly, perhaps, in Gounod's "Night" and Benedict's "Wreath," but notably in Pearsall's "A King there was in Thule," to our mind the best choir performance of the evening. "Phyllida and Coridon" we had reason also to be much pleased with, in respect of execution. Prout's "Hail to the Chief" is disappointing. Oddly enough, the chieftain's designation was printed in the programme so—Roderick Vich Alpine due—as if he had been a train or a bill.

But, seriously, to conclude, the Bellahouston Society is decidedly advancing, and Mr Moodie, the conductor, has much credit by it.

By the way, Romberg's "Lay of the Bell" was first performed in Glasgow ten years ago, by the Bridgeton Choral Society, under Mr H. M'Nabb, with Miss Margaretta Smyth in the chief soprano part, and with the interesting orchestral accompaniments.

Mr Lambeth's Choir intend having their Burns' concert on Saturday the 25th inst. (the natal day); and the St. George's Select Choir sing at Kilmarnock on the 24th, in the same connection—of both of which events more anon.

## A Phalanx.

THE most nebulous of all nebulous organisations is surely the Glasgow Liberal Association. At a meeting the other day in the Northern district of the city the chairman observed that "no person was bound by any part of the programme (meaning the programme of the Association) whatever." "The programme," he added, "was a mere item!" If the BAILIE were asked to suggest a motto for this jelly-like body he would recommend the old saw:—"Our sowens are ill sour'd, ill seil'd, ill sauted, ill sodden, thin, an' little o' them. Ye may stay a' night, but ye may gang hame if ye like."

## "MOTLEY'S THE ONLY WEAR."

Our Ally Baba do not skip,  
Nor Puss in bootiful prunella,  
Nor let the glassy slipper slip,  
That fits the foot of Cinderella;  
Go see Blue Beard before he dies—  
Who many women wived, and slew some—  
Then ride Cock-horse to Banbury Cross,  
And feast on fun purveyed by Newsome.

## THE HARD TIMES.

(Scene--Lochwinnoch Station; Two Glaswegians have been out for a day on the ice).

Tummas—Man, Jeams, your whiskers are a' mill due."

Jeams (a retired "commercial")—I'm gled it's no' a bill due!



What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the Lottery scheme has been fairly launched.

That the names of the Committee are a sufficient guarantee for its success.

That the County gentlemen are making up for their paucity in their subscriptions to the Relief Fund by enthusiasm in the lottery business.

That everybody is going to take shares.

That nothing less than the first prize of £25,000 will satisfy each of the shareholders.

That a paltry bonus of £5 won't be looked at.

That Glasgow will now flourish by the success of the Liquidation Aid Scheme.

That the depositors imagine they see their way at last to get twenty shillings in the pound.

That we shall see what we shall see.

That the trial of the officials approaches.

That everybody will be glad when it is over.

That our Bank managers have got a new cry.

That the refrain of it is:—"We're a' nagging, nag, nag, nagging."

That they may carry this little game just a shade too far.

That the number of soirees this season is not so numerous as in previous ones.

That the purveyors of stale pastries are anything but delighted at the state of matters.

That the small orators, who love dearly to hear the sound of their own voices, are even less satisfied.

That the recent financing revelations in the Bankruptcy Courts have astounded everybody.

That if there was a rotten concern in town the City Bank was certain to have a big finger in the pie.

That the Established Presbytery have been discussing the advisability of returning to the old-fashioned manner of preaching.

That a number of the clergy spend time in attempting to confute science, which would be better employed in denouncing dishonesty and commercial immorality.

That modern preachers have modern methods of preaching.

That the Greenock authorities are quite jealous of the fines which are pouring into the River Bailie Court.

That they are determined this will be the case no longer.

That skippers would rather have Glasgow justice than Greenock squabbling.

That there is so little doing in the Greenock

Police Court that the presiding Bailie was presented with a pair of white gloves the other day.

That this makes the Sugaropolitan authorities "so wild."

That the member for Stafford has presented the Trades' Council with a number of essays on trades' unionism.

That Sandy is kind to the needy.

That if he had sent a few tons of coals to the unemployed they would have been much more acceptable.

That Nicol Fleming's examination is appointed to take place on Friday.

That Nicol wont appear to have even the statutory oath administered.

That sliding on the streets in frosty weather is now one of the recognised public amusements of Glasgow.

That "furious driving" in Glasgow will not be put down until the Lord Provost and one or two Bailies have been run over.

That as a beginning, a Highland policeman's mother might be sacrificed either on a slide or under the wheels of a van.

Nellie Perplexed.

BAILIE, dear, please don't *this* letter  
 Into your waste-basket fling;  
 How, sir, could you look for better  
 From a "silly little thing?"  
 Once we girls looked on the "City"  
 As a place quite paved with gold,  
 Full of banks—('twas true, 'tis pity!)—  
 Each of which held wealth unto'd.

Thinking thus we little heeded  
 How much money we might spend;  
 In the "City," if 'twas needed,  
 There was gold without an end.  
 Ah, our little dream is over,  
 "Gooseys" though we are, we see  
 That the years we've lived in clover  
 Now must dearly paid for be.

"Pappy" and "the boys" so happy  
 Used to come home ev'ry day;  
 Now they're either cross and snappy,  
 Or they've not a word to say.  
 "Things look blacker in the 'City'—"  
 That, they say, is why they're sad;  
 Dear old BAILIE, do have pity!—  
 Tell us, is it *quite* so bad?

If it is, we will most gladly  
 Cut our old expensive ways,  
 And, though New Year's opened badly,  
 Fearless face the coldest days.  
 Hops, or balls, or quiet parties  
 We'll the easier do without  
 That the matrimonial mart is  
 Closed just now—beyond a doubt.

Mews-ic hath Charms—He who would hear  
 all the mews-es must visit the Cats' Parliament

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THE BAILIE

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 15th, 1879.

THE Rev. G. R. BADENOCH has taken action  
in the matter of the Bank Aid Liquidation

Scheme. He is the cat who has been selected by the clerical monkeys to pick the roasting five pound notes out of the Lottery fire. What Principal RAINY and the rest of the Free Kirk fathers have been afraid to do themselves they have succeeded in getting Mr BADENOCH to do for them. The attempt to crush the scheme may prove successful. It is quite on the cards, now that the attention of the Lord Advocate has been formally called to the matter, that he may feel necessitated to interfere. His interference means, of course, utter ruin to the shareholders, serious loss to the depositors, and general depression and suffering to the country. Should all this occur it must not be forgotten that those mainly responsible have been a body of churchmen who, all their lives, have allowed gambling to go on under their very noses, and have never once opened their lips to denounce it. Their sect has been enriched by the little games of the Stock Exchange; in their official organ, the *Edinburgh Daily Review*, horse-racing news is regularly published; more than one prominent member of the Free Kirk was identified with the "rig" in the iron market which occurred a few years ago. The Bank aid scheme, however, does not offer them any immediate personal advantage—it is to benefit the nation at large and not a small knot of ecclesiastics—and they therefore seem determined to earn a cheap absolution for their former *laches* in the matter of gambling, by denouncing a proposal which, whether it sinks or swims, cannot seriously affect their individual positions. Mr BADENOCH, the instrument put forth to quash the scheme, has, of late, waxed fat in a snug official berth. Surely, however, though like other needy Scots he has found London a land of plenty, he should not forget altogether his period of probation on this side of the Tweed. He had a sufficient experience of the thorny paths of life before he discovered the road to the South, and it is too bad in him to kick, in this his day of prosperity, at his friends in the North, some of whom are threatened with as sorry a future as he has had a past.

The Spots for "A Free Coup."—Pavement "slides."

"A Surprise Party."—The Waits.

A "Surprise Symphony."—Harmonies by a Whistler.

Effectual Calling.—The demands on the City Bank contributors.

## Matrimony and Misery.

"HORROR on horror's head accumulates!" To the already too numerous classes of the unemployed whose privations are being exposed to the gaze of the charitable public, a fresh class has been added within the last week or two. Letters have appeared in the papers describing the pitiful case of unemployed clerks, and appealing on their behalf for a few drops of the shower of generosity which is so freely falling all around. Now the BAILIE has the utmost sympathy for the misfortunes of a peculiarly helpless class, but there is one point in this connection on which he feels bound to say a word or two. In every instance which has been described—and many of them have been most painful—the unemployed clerk has a wife and family depending on his exertions. Why should this be so? To his Worship's mind it explains the reason of a great deal of the poverty and misery we see around us. The average young man of the lower middle class no sooner finds himself the proud possessor of an income of thirty shillings per week than he must straightway take to himself a helpmeet to assist him to spend that mighty sum. The thing is radically absurd. One would think that even the most improvident of men would see the utter folly of attempting to support a family respectably on an income of such dimensions—and yet how many clerks can earn more? The days when Goldsmith's country parson could be "passing rich on forty pounds a year" have gone by never to return, and with the present social habits and modes of living marriage has become a luxury of existence. The BAILIE has no hesitation in saying that a man in the position of an ordinary clerk, or in any similar quasi-genteel circumstances, and without any reasonable prospect of rising to anything higher, has no more right to marry than he has to drink champagne.

This may seem a very heartless, and even un-christian sentiment, but it is one which the stern logic of facts must force upon the mind of every thoughtful man who uses his eyes. Undoubtedly, improvident marriages are among the crying evils of our time, and in these days when the official preliminaries to matrimony can be got through for the modest sum of half-a-crown, a warning voice is all the more necessary. Of course, the Magistrate admits that marriage is a very nice and a very comfortable thing, but there are very many nice things not within everybody's reach. It is not given to everybody

to have a carriage and a powdered footman, to dine on eight or ten courses, and to smoke nine-penny cigars. In the name of common-sense, let those of us who cannot afford such luxuries cease crying for the moon!

## SUCH LAZINESS.

(Scene—Highland cottage: Time, New-Year's morning. Husband and friend returning from first-footing find Flora (the wife) sitting crooning at an almost dead-out fire.)

*Friend Archie* (shivering)—Hoch man, Alister, put she's caul'! hag a bit stick an' mak a bit lowe or she'll pe a' froze afore she'll got ta cork oot.

*Alister* (to Flora)—Hoch, woman, you peat a' the womans eever I saw, afore you wad go to the stick to pring in a hull, you wad sit on the fire without a hoose tull you wad starve yersel', hestye fast an' get a peat.

## WAITING FOR AN ANSWER.

I've tasted much this weary mortal "round,"  
And "sage" experience bids me this declare—  
That goose, if roasted, nicely stuff'd, and brown'd,  
Would, for the future, be my Christmas fare.

## The Deceased Wife's Sister.

THAT most stiff-necked of the sex, the deceased wife's sister, a lady whose pertinacity puts even Miss Jex Blake to the blush, has at last found an advocate. Professor Calderwood has adopted her cause, and we may expect to hear even more of her in the future than we have in the past. What do the fathers of the U.P. body, who visited Mr Macrae with such heavy discipline for pleading for a greater measure of intellectual freedom, say to this "new departure" in social ethics?

The times are not altogether without an occasional gleam of hope. A "revivalist" has absconded from Dunfermline, taking with him the funds with which he had been intrusted by his dupes.

STRUCK.—Little Spooner has lost his heart. Miss Castleton (*another capture, Miss Castleton!*) is drawing him six nights a week to the Royal pantomime (reason enough, say we). In a moment of delirious delight he composed this conundrum:—

Why is *Jady Prettyface*  
Happiest of the female race?  
'Tis that wheresoe'er she goes  
At her feet she finds sweet beauty.

Megilp.

MR YOUNG will likely be represented in the Institute Exhibition by four canvases—the subjects being drawn from Killiecrankie, Loch Ard, Roseneath, and the Thames district.

Mr Greenlees will show two landscapes—one of them a woodland scene—and a portrait. Among the other artists who will probably contribute portraits are Messrs Crawford, Lauder, and J. Stewart. Mr Crawford will also be represented by figure and landscape subjects.

From Thomas M'Ewan we shall have some of his favourite interior subjects, of which the largest is called "Wait a wee;" and from J. D. Taylor a landscape from the Kyles of Bute, a study of willows, and one or two other subjects.

A view on the Buar, and a sea piece, will be among Mr Calvert's contributions; and from Mr Peter Buchanan we shall have "Autumn by the Side of Loch Katrine," "When Gloamin' haps the Glen," and probably two small canvases.

Mr Carlaw's contributions are of course all water colours, and the subjects are taken from the East Coast. From Mr M'Glashan we shall have a study of a birch and a rowan tree, a view at Whitehouse, and "After the Bath."

Mr William Glover has found his subjects in the Holy Loch and Glen Messan district. Mr John R. Reid has sent, I believe, his Academy picture of "The Cricket Match."

Mr K. Allan's largest picture will be one of boys' bathing. Mr Fulton will be well represented—his most important work being the figure of a country girl. Mr Boyd's chief contribution depicts a street in a Lincolnshire village. Mr Black will likely have four canvases, two being views at Tarbert. We shall have pictures from the Messrs M'Ewen, Mr Hall Maxwell, Mr Walton, and Mr Guthrie.

Mr Whyte has sent a flower piece, and Mr M'Laurin, I understand, a landscape with sheep.

Mr Wellwood Kattray will probably have two pictures—a scene at Lochgoil and one from near Kilmun.

From Mr Brydall we shall have four pictures, including an interior and a view of Loch Vennachar. Miss Greenlees sends two water colours and two oils, one showing a showery day with cattle.

A great effort has been made, I hear, to secure an example of Whistler for the Exhibition, but, as yet, without success.

Messrs Gray will this year again issue an illustrated handbook to the pictures.

It has been resolved to raise a monument over the grave of Mr Bough, in Dean Cemetery, Edinburgh, and a committee has been formed to collect subscriptions and make all necessary arrangements. Sir Daniel Macnee is chairman, and Mr Thomas Chapman, Jun., 11 Hanover Street, Edinburgh, secretary and treasurer. Subscriptions will be received in Glasgow by Messrs T. Lawrie & Son, and Mr Craibe Angus.

The Royal Scottish Academy have surely acted unwisely in resolving not to have this year the usual dinner—previous to the opening of the exhibition. "Bad times" will not be made any better by such a course; and just now, when despondency is too apt to creep into artists' hearts, the Academy ought to have set an example of cheerfulness and hope. I am glad to hear that the Society of Scottish Artists in Edinburgh will hold their dinner, as usual, towards the end of the month.

It is not at all unlikely that, before long, the scheme for establishing in Glasgow a Black and White Society worthy of Scotland and Scottish art will take definite shape. There can be little doubt that such a society would be exceedingly useful, and its exhibitions very interesting and instructive. We have several artists who work in black and white with power and facility—all they want is encouragement, and an opportunity of showing their productions to the public. Several leading men have declared themselves to be in favour of the scheme. It requires only some one to give the thing a start, and those who approve of the project should communicate with Mr William Smith, 61 West Regent Street. Mr Smith has a wide experience in such matters, and the society could not start under a better director.

Sir Noel Paton's pictures of the "Via Dolorosa" and "The Great Shepherd," will leave Messrs Kay & Reid's in a few days.

An awful Example.

HOITY-TOITY, what a gift eloquence is to be sure. Why the other night decent old Walter Macfarlane, a douce elder whose one weakness hitherto has been the purchase of high-priced pictures, blossomed forth into a full-fledged orator. 'Twas at a meeting held in the Grove Street Hall, for the purpose of denouncing Lord Beaconsfield and all his works, that our aged friend showed us how grandiloquent he could be upon occasion. "The Liberals were about to stop the reign of restless braggadocio and violence which the present government had established," quoth Walter, and he looked as if he meant it, too. Further on he fulminated against "the Machievellian arts of a subtle minister" somewhat after—indeed a good bit after—the style in which Cicero thundered against Verres; and towards the close of his oration he informed his audience that "the iron heel of militaryism was eating like a cancer into the vital resources of the industrial classes"—surely a sufficiently alarming statement, and one which, when it comes from Mr Macfarlane, must be accepted without even the proverbial grain of salt, seeing that if our old man eloquent knows about anything under the sun it is about iron, especially iron castings. Now that Mr Macfarlane has castigated Lord Beaconsfield in such a terrible manner, he may perhaps be induced to forego any further punishment. Another such oration and the Premier would probably betake himself to Cyprus forthwith.

SPEAKING BY THE CARD.

(Scene—Dunoon Pier, foggy morning.)

Porter No. 1 to Passenger by Helensburgh steamer—Come from Bowling this morning?

Pass.—Ay.

P.—Hear onything o' the Inveraray Castle?

Pass.—Ay, she's lyin' at Bowling, she canna move.

P.—Is't thick there?

Pass.—Thick's tar.

P.—D'ee say sae?

Pass. (emphatically)—Ay a' dae. Ye canna see your finger afore ye.

P. No. 1 to P. No. 2.—D'ee hear that?

No. 2 (overawed).—Is't as bad as that?

Pass.—Ay is't, an' waur!

Pint or Point—The artist who "loved his stipple well" must have been an engraver.

The "Royal" "Mews"—In "Puss in Boots."

## Old Harry Again.

**MR HARRY ALFRED LONG** is once more in luck. Nobody had trod on the tail of his coat for ever so long, and it seemed as if he were about to drop out of notice altogether, when a certain Miss Mary Catherine Collins, sued him, on Wednesday, in the Small Debt Court, for £8 10s, which she alleged he was due her as the price of one of his anti-Romanist pamphlets, and of which, it appears, she was the authoress. The defender didn't deny that Miss Collins had written the broad-sheet (his agent hints that it belonged to the fictitious order of literature, although Mr Long declares he believed every word of it), but he pointed out that he had already paid £2 for it, and stated that this was all it was worth. After hearing the case the Sheriff dismissed Miss Collins's plea, and the matter is apparently at an end, so far, at least, as the Sheriff Court is concerned. Mr Long is thus a gainer on every side. He only paid £2 for the M.S.; he has won his case; and his name is once more dragged under the notice of the public. Bravo 'Arry!

## ANOTHER.

When Edwin Jones has plighted troth  
With Angelina Brown,  
And purchased her engagement ring  
Ere setting out from town,  
We can imagine the disgust  
He tries in vain to smother  
At finding, that, on his return,  
She's wedded to "Another."

When Magistrates and Councillors  
Wax warmly eloquent,  
When Mr Smart licks Bailie Bung  
With tongue irreverent,  
Then Provost Plunger says he cares  
For neither one nor t'other,  
While, disregarding logic, Hicks  
Exclaims—"Sir! you're another."

THE GREAT UNLEARNED.  
(M—ff—t Police Court.)

*Presiding Bailie* (a native, to prisoner who has just been fined two shillings)—Noo, Geordie, ye maun gie owr thae pranks, or next time the coort'll nae be sae lineal wi' ye!

[Geordie is led out in hysterics.]

Ash Wednesday.—The wreck of the City Bank.

Good Friday.—The launch of the "Aid Liquidation Scheme.

A New-Year "Hamper."—Snowed-up by rail.

## THE AGE WE LIVE IN.

(Scene—Iron Coy.'s Office.)

*Visitor* (to clerk, son of City Bank shareholder)—How's iron?

*Clerk*—Iron be blowed, this is the age of steel. (Query by the Animile—Could he mean steal?)

Girls of the Peri-od.—Pantomime fairies.

Men of the "Times."—Messrs Walter, Delane &c.

## ROYAL EXCHANGE.

The SUBSCRIPTION BOOK for ENROLLING NEW MEMBERS is NOW OPEN. BY ORDER.  
1st January, 1879.

## THEATRE-ROYAL.

THIS and EVERY EVENING at 7-30.

Saturdays at 7 o'clock.

The Grand "Royal" Pantomime,

P U S S I N B O O T S.

Scenery by Mr WM. GLOVER and Mr R. S. SMYTH.

MISS LUCY FRANKLEIN.

Box Office open from 11 till 3.

## THE GAIETY.

Proprietor and Manager..... Mr CHARLES BERNARD,

Every Evening,

Mr C. BERNARD'S

Original, Grand, and Fairy Extravaganza  
and Pantomime,

C I N D E R E L L A.

Box Office open Daily from 10 till 4.

## PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.

Continued and Increasing Success of the Pantomime,  
BLUE BEARD,

Acknowledged everywhere and by every one to be the  
BEST PANTOMIME EVER PRODUCED.

THE CONGRESS OF NATIONS!

Georgeous Dresses and Appointments, and National Airs.  
Nightly provoking the loudest and most prolonged applause.

Places may be Booked a Month in advance.

No fees. Box Office open Daily from 11 to 3.

PRICES—Pit, 1s; Stalls, 2s 6d; Dress Circle, 3s.

Private Boxes—admirably adapted for parties of children, as they seat from 10 to 20 persons—from 2 1s to Two Guineas.

Doors open at 7; commence 7-30.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE,

11 MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE,

The most Elegant, Handsome, and Commodious Place of Amusement in Scotland.

OPEN EVERY EVENING,

With the New and Original Burlesque

PANTOMIME,

ALI BABA AND THE 40 THIEVES.

Supported by the Best Company, and revealing one of the most  
MAGNIFICENT TRANSFORMATION SCENES  
ever witnessed.

Doors open at 7. Commence at 7-30.

**NEW PUBLIC HALLS SATURDAY EVENING POPULAR CONCERTS.**

SATURDAY, 18th JANUARY, 1879.

Last Concert of the Series.

In Celebration of the Anniversary of the Birth-Day of Robert Burns.

**GREAT BURNS' NIGHT AND SCOTTISH FESTIVAL.**

Artistes—

- Mrs H. NIMMO.
- Miss A. MILNES.
- Mr J. BOYD.
- Mr C. J. M'CONNELL.
- Mr. J. LUMSDEN.
- Mr J. HOUSTON,
- Mr W. S. VALLANCE,

Celebrated Reader.

Mr. W. M. MILLER'S CHOIR.

**REELS AND STRATHSPEYS,**

By Reel Players, (Mr COLE & PARTY).

Mr F. W. BRIDGMAN, - - - - - Pianist.

Entire Area of Hall, 6d; Galleries, 1s; Reserved Seats, 2s.  
Reserved Seat Tickets to be had at Office, 58 Renfield Street,  
and Messrs Pentland & Co.'s Music Warehouse, Charing Cross.  
Doors Open at 7 o'clock; Concert to Commence at 7.45.  
JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

**KENNEDY'S SONGS OF SCOTLAND**

CITY HALL,

MONDAY,.....20TH JAN. | WEDNESDAY, ...22D JAN.  
TUESDAY,.....21ST JAN. | THURSDAY, .....23D JAN.

NEW HALLS, SATURDAY, 25TH JANUARY  
(BURNS'S BIRTHDAY).

- Mr KENNEDY will be assisted by
- Miss HELEN KENNEDY, Soprano.
  - Miss LIZZIE KENNEDY, Soprano.
  - Miss MARJORY KENNEDY, Contralto.
  - Mr DAVID KENNEDY, Tenor.
  - Mr ROBERT KENNEDY, Tenor.
  - Mr JAMES KENNEDY, Baritone.

\*\*\* As Mr KENNEDY and FAMILY Sail in the course of a few weeks for the Cape of Good Hope, these are Positively their Only Appearances in Glasgow this Season.

MONDAY, 20TH JANUARY, ALLAN RAMSAY'S  
"GENTLE SHEPHERD"

(the Dialogues Interspersed with Appropriate Songs).

TUESDAY, 21ST JANUARY,

"TWA HOURS AT HAME."

WEDNESDAY, 22D JANUARY,

"A NICHT WI' THE JACOBITES."

Change of Programme Each Evening.

Commence at 8. Entire Body of Hall, 1s. Balconies, 2s.  
Package of 10 Transferable Tickets, Available Any Night, to  
Body, 7s 6d; to Balconies, 15s. Tickets at Swan & Co.'s.

**KENNEDY'S LAST APPEARANCES,**

Prior to Departure for the

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

The attention of Families and Schools is directed to the Reduced Price of Tickets in Packages, by which 10 Adults or 20 Children may enter the Body of Hall for 7s 6d, and the Balconies for 15s. The Tickets are Transferable and Available Any Night, and are Sold by Messrs Swan & Co., Buchanan Street, and at the Door.

**GREAT BURNS CONCERT.**

KIBBLE PALACE,

SATURDAY FIRST, 18th JANUARY, 1879.

**GLASGOW SELECT CHOIR.**  
MR FRED. ARCHER, Conductor.

ADMISSION ONE SHILLING.

DOORS OPEN AT 6-30; CONCERT AT 7-30.  
Tickets at principal Musicsellers.

**M**ACCABE STILL A PRODIGIOUS SUCCESS. HENGLER'S CIRQUE Crowded Nightly with the Fashion of the City. Never on any of the previous Engagements of Mr MACCABE in Glasgow have there been audiences more enthusiastic in their Applause, more Jolly in Spirits, or more Generous with their Smiles.

**MACCABE'S NEW COMBINATION.**

The most perfect Amusement Enterprise travelling, consisting of the following Artistes:—Miss CLARA PERRY, Miss JESSIE CLAYTON, Mr HABGOOD, and Mr WINGROVE, who will appear at each Representation, in conjunction with Mr MACCABE, in his Entertainment.

**BEGONE, DULL CARE!**

A Vocal, Ventriloquial, Musical, and Sartorial Melange.

**M**ACCABE—

HENGLER'S CIRQUE,

EVERY EVENING

At EIGHT.

SATURDAYS,

At 2-30 and

Half-Past SEVEN.

In all his Great and Original

Assumptions of Characters, Songs, Improvisations, Delineations, and Sartorial Surprises, replete with Eccentricities of the most novel kind.

Admission—Stalls, 3s; Area, 2s; Second Seats, 1s; Gallery, 6d. Private Box to hold 6, 12s; to hold 12, 24s. Children under Twelve, Half-Price.

Places Booked on Plan at the Ticket Office, Hengler's Cirque, between Ten and Four Daily.

**CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.**

SATURDAY, 18TH JANUARY, 1879.  
GRAND SCOTCH ENTERTAINMENT.

The Celebrated GOURLAYS in their Popular and Mirth-Provoking Entertainment, Entitled—

MRS M'GREGOR'S LEEVE,  
A DREAM OF AULD LANGSYNE,

Introducing Comic and Eccentric Characters, New Ballads, Old Songs, Duets, Old Sayings, Humorous Anecdotes, and Dances. All Thoroughly and Characteristically Scotch.

MR WILLIAM GOURLAY,  
The Eminent Scotch Comedian.

MRS GOURLAY.  
MISS MINNIE GOURLAY.

Mr J. H. O'BRIEN, - - - - - Pianist.  
Mr H. A. LAMBETH, - - - - - Organist.

Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats on Side Galleries, 2s. Tickets for Reserved Seats to be had at the Office, 58 Renfield Street, up till Two o'clock on Saturday.

Doors Open at 7; Organ Performance at 7-30 o'clock.

JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

**SCRAP Photographs and Views of Scottish Scenery.** Thousands to choose from at A. F. SHARP & Co., 14 Royal Exchange Square.

## PARIS EXHIBITION.

## GOLD MEDALS! SILVER MEDALS!

WE have been repeatedly twitted about not having received a MEDAL at the Paris Exhibition, and asked why. The reason is that, considering Medals a Humbug, we have never sent Samples of our Manufactures to any Exhibition. "Good Wine needs no bush," and our Aerated Waters require no Medal to publish their excellence; their qualities of Purity, Flavour, Strength, &c., speak for them wherever they become known. The Golden Opinions of a discriminating Public, rather than Gold Medals, it is our ambition to gain and keep. Our Lemonade, Soda, Potash, Seltzer, Sarsaparilla, &c., are all unequalled for general excellence; but for a Winter Beverage we recommend our GINGER ALE, which is an excellent tonic, and a pleasant and harmless stimulant.—If found rather strong, our Ginger Ale may be diluted with Water, without at all spoiling its flavour.

## WHEELER &amp; CO.,

CHEMISTS & AERATED WATER MANUFACTURERS.  
CROMAC SPRINGS, BELFAST.

DEPOT FOR SCOTLAND:—

147 STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW.

**BROWN & LOWDEN,**  
AUCTIONEERS and VALUATORS,  
14 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.

SALES of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, &c., conducted at the Owner's Premises, on Moderate Terms.

CASH ADVANCED.

## IMPORTANT SALE OF FURS.

Within the Sale-Rooms, 14 Gordon Street, To-Day (Tuesday) and Wednesday, 14th and 15th January, at Twelve o'clock Each Day.

PUBLIC SALE OF  
AN EXTENSIVE AND VARIED STOCK OF

VALUABLE FURS,

Consisting of  
Elegant Sealskin Jackets, Paletots,  
Ladies' Circular Fur-lined Cloaks,  
And

Ladies' Sealskin Hats of the Latest Fashion,  
Fur Trimmings of Every Description,  
Muffs in Great Variety.

Carriage, Travelling, and Hearth Rugs, &amp;c.

**BROWN & LOWDEN** will Sell the above Valuable Stock, within their Rooms, 14 Gordon Street, To-Day (Tuesday) and Wednesday, 14th and 15th January, at Twelve o'clock each day, comprising Elegant Real Sealskin Jackets and Paletots, Ladies' Circular Fur-lined Cloaks, Ladies' Real Sealskin Hats of the Latest Fashion, Rich Quality Hand-some Russian Sable, Chinchilla, Ermine, Silver Fox, Raccoon, Lynx, Opossum, Beaver, Skunk, and other Rare Fur Sets for Mantles, Paletots, and Flouncings. Large Variety of Muffs composed of Sable, Kolinsky, Grebe, Chinchilla, Ermine, Sable Tail, Sealskin, Opossum, &c., &c.; Carriage, Travelling, and Hearth Rugs and Mats of Bear, Wolf, Buffalo, Silver Fox, Badger, Opossum, Raccoon, Lynx, Tiger, Leopard, Kangaroo, and other Rare and Interesting Skins; also an immense Variety of other Useful and Ornamental Furs.

(All to be Sold to cover Advances).

On View, with Catalogues, To-Day.

14 Gordon Street, Glasgow, 13th Jan., 1879.

MR H. A. LAMBETH'S  
CHOIR.

## ANNUAL BURNS CONCERT.

KIBBLE PALACE,  
SATURDAY, 25th JANUARY, 1879.

WITHOUT RESERVE.

WITHIN THE FINE ART GALLERIES, 14 GORDON STREET,  
ON FRIDAY, 17th JANUARY, AT 12 O'CLOCK.

PUBLIC SALE OF  
200 MODERN OIL PAINTINGS.

**BROWN & LOWDEN** will Sell the above, by Auction, within their Fine Art Galleries 14 Gordon Street, on Friday, 17th January, at 12 o'clock, comprising 200 Oil Paintings, Landscapes; Sea Pieces, Figure Subjects, &c. The Property of a Local Dealer, and to be sold, *without the slightest Reserve*, to cover advances.)  
On View Day prior to Sale. Catalogues in preparation.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Tuesday, 21st January

IMPORTANT PUBLIC SALE OF  
AN EXTENSIVE STOCK OF  
VALUABLE FURS,

LADIES' SEALSKIN DEEP PALETOT JACKETS and CLOAKS,  
SABLE MUFFS, LADIES' FURS of every variety,  
CARRIAGE RUGS, HEARTH RUGS, COACH WRAPPERS,  
MATS, &c.

**ROBERT M'TEAR & CO.** will Sell, by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North Court, St. Vincent Place, on Tuesday, 21st January, at 12 o'clock, the above well-selected and assorted Stock.

SEALSKIN JACKETS, of exceptional fine quality, from 36 to 42 inches long, both plain and trimmed with Russian Sable, Otter, Beaver, Chinchilla, &c.

The CARRIAGE RUGS are a choice selection of the following valuable skins:—Wolf, Bear, White, Red, Grey, and Silver Fox, Raccoon, African Lynx, Badger, Biscucha, Tartary Goat, Kangaroo, Australian and American Opossum, Wallaby, &c.

The HEARTH RUGS are of Lion, Bengal Tiger, Leopard, Wolf, Bear, Buffalo, Fox, Raccoon, American Opossum, Tartary Goat, Polar Bear, and other Skins, with Hall and Door Mats to match.

Opera Cloak Linings, Sable, Chinchilla, Otter, Beaver, and other Flouncings, Neck Ties, Foot Warmers.

FUR TRIMMINGS in great variety for Ladies' Costumes, Cloaks, Dresses, &c.

Catalogues may be had and the Goods viewed on the Morning of Sale.

Royal Exchange, Sale-Rooms, 13th January, 1879.

## FORTNIGHTLY ART SALE.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Friday, 24th January,

PUBLIC SALE OF  
MODERN PICTURES  
(Including a Small Private Collection),

**ROBERT M'TEAR & CO.** beg to intimate that their next Fortnightly Art Sale will be held in their Galleries, on Friday, 24th January, at One o'clock.

Particulars in future Advertisements.

Gentlemen wishing Pictures or Art Property included in above Sale will please send a list of their Lots to the Auctioneers at once, in order that they may be properly catalogued.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 13th January, 1879.



# ISLAY WHISKY.

W. & J. MUTTER,  
BOWMORE DISTILLERY,  
COUNTING-HOUSE, 41 ANN STREET, CITY, GLASGOW.



EXTRA ATTRACTIONS FOR THE NEW-YEAR HOLIDAYS.

## NEWSOMES

HIPPODROME AND CIRCUS,  
INGRAM STREET, GLASGOW,  
TO-NIGHT, Doors Open at 7.  
THE GRAND

### EQUESTRIAN PANTOMIME.

ENTITLED

RIDE A COCK HORSE TO BANBURY CROSS.  
THE WITCH, THE FAIRY, THE FIRE-PROOF STEED;  
OR, THE BURNING OF OLD MOTHER GOOSE.

Introducing 100 Horses, Artistes, and Trained Animals.  
MID-DAY PERFORMANCES OF THE PANTOMIME—  
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, AT 3.

Doors Open Half-an-Hour previous to these times.  
Places can be secured at the Box Office, from 11 till 3; also at  
Messrs Adams & Co. Buchanan Street.

Will CLOSE, WEDNESDAY 15th,  
CHRIST, THE GREAT SHEPHERD,

Dedicated, by Special Permission, to the Queen:  
Also, the Magnificent Original Picture,  
VIA DOLOROSA

(The Saviour surrounded by 30 Life-Size Figures),

Both works painted by Sir NOEL PATON, R.S.A., L.L.D.  
At Messrs KAY & REID'S, 103 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.  
Admission from 10 till Dusk, Sixpence.

## BOUQUETS, BOUQUETS, BOUQUETS.

BRIDAL BOUQUETS, PRESENTATION BOUQUETS,  
DINNER TABLE BOUQUETS, COAT BOUQUETS,  
Hair, Breast, and Girdle Bouquets,  
ECCLESIASTICAL BOUQUETS.

FUNERAL BOUQUETS, SICK ROOM BOUQUETS.  
Bouquets, Fresh, Fragrant, and Brilliant, suitable for every  
Purse and every Purpose.

NATURE'S MEMENTOS, ART'S TRIUMPH.

WALKER'S BOUQUETS,  
18 GORDON STREET.

## CITY HALL ORGAN RECITALS.

The usual SATURDAY AFTERNOON RECITALS will  
be given by the City Organist, Mr LAMBETH, upon  
SATURDAY FIRST,

at FOUR o'clock prompt. The Doors (Albion Street and  
Candleriggs) will be Opened at 3-30. Admission and Pro-  
grammes of Music Free.

Chamberlain's Office, 30th Dec., 1878.

## EXHIBITION of SELECTED PICTURES.

Oil and Water Colour.

WILLIAM BURNS, 162 Buchanan Street, Glasgow.  
Admission Free.

## GLENFIELD STARCH.

THE QUEEN'S LAUNDRESS SAYS THIS IS THE FINEST  
STARCH SHE EVER USED.

## FOOTBALL COSTUMES.

Every Club Colour kept in Stock.

LIST OF COLOURS ON APPLICATION.

## H. & P. M'NEIL,

HATTERS, HOSIERS, GLOVERS, AND SHIRTMAKERS,  
CRICKET AND FOOTBALL OUTFITTERS,  
21 & 23 RENFIELD STREET.

JOHN M. SIMPSON, Furniture Warehouse  
and Show-rooms, 60 GREAT CLYDE STREET, (Corner of  
Maxwell Street) Glasgow. One of the largest Stocks in the  
City. New Illustrated House Furnishing Guide to be had Free  
on application. The Cheapest Establishment in the City for  
Really Good Substantial Furniture of Artistic Design and  
Superior Finish. Quality Guaranteed.

## PHOTOGRAPHERS TO THE QUEEN.

RALSTON & SONS,  
141 SAUCHIEHALL STREET  
AND

165 SANDRINGHAM TERRACE, HILLHEAD.

## RUTHERFORD BROTHERS,

ARTISTS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS,  
127 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

WASTE PAPER, Ledgers, Letters, Books,  
Ropes, Bagging, Tailors' Clips—bought at PAPER  
MILL STORE, 98 MAXWELL STREET.

## OIL PAINTINGS BY CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS.

EXTENSIVE COLLECTION AT 338 SAUCHIEHALL ST  
WM. GENTLES, Picture Dealer, Wholesale & for Exportation  
*Picture Frame and Room Mouldings.*

## THE BRIDGE HOTEL 1 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

This Old-Established House, adjoining the Waverley Station,  
and opposite General Post Office, affords first-class accommo-  
dation for Commercial Gentlemen and others visiting the City  
(either on business or pleasure), having recently undergone ex-  
tensive alterations and additions; entirely re-decorated and fur-  
nished in the most approved manner. Parties honouring the  
"BRIDGE" with their patronage will find every comfort, com-  
bined with clean iness and attention. Cheerful Sitting-rooms.

CHARGES:—Breakfasts, from 1/ to 2/3; Dinners, from 1/9;  
Bed-room, 2/; Attendance, 1/ per day. GOOD STOCK ROOMS.  
JAMES M'GREGOR, PROPRIETOR.

## THE ROYAL RESTAURANT,

10 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET.

C. WILSON & SON, Proprietors.

ADVERTISEMENTS received for all Papers, by A. F.  
SHARP & CO., 14 Royal Exchange Square.

WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT  
A HAM?

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**L I P T O N ' S**

Finest Selected

**N E W C U R E D H A M S ,**

Lean and Fresh as Steak,

Cannot be Excelled at any Price,

**7 D . P E R L B .**

Remember, it is our Best Hams,

**7 D . P E R L B . ,**

Worth 1s 2d.

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**L I P T O N ' S**

**I R I S H M A R K E T ,**

**T H E L A R G E S T R E T A I L D E A L E R I N T H E W O R L D .**





# The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 327. Glasgow, Wednesday, January 22nd, 1879. Price 1d

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 327.

ONE of the saws that "Colin Dunlop" of Clyde Ironworks fame had seldom out of his mouth, was the venerable proverb which teaches that there are two classes of men to avoid—those who are given to long prayers, and those who turn up the whites of their eyes and quote Scripture the while. Had Colin lived in these latter times he would have found, oftener than not, the two characteristics combined in the same individual. Our professors, now-a-days, can both quote Scripture and put up long prayers. In this present year of our Lord we are more given than ever to believe in the Covenant of Grace rather than the Covenant of Works. Among the people who have fulfilled most of the conditions that the wise old ironmaster wished to avoid, is Mr JOHN INNES WRIGHT, chief of the firm of John Innes Wright and Co., general merchants and bill discounters, and one of the seven directors of the City of Glasgow Bank. Mr INNES WRIGHT can hardly be termed a man with a history. A sexagenarian in years, until his name appeared appended to the fatal balance sheets of the Bank, he was totally unknown out of his own narrow circle of trade and ecclesiasticism. A native of Glasgow, where he was born eight-and-sixty years ago, and the son of Mr Wright of the New Lanark Mills of David Dale, Mr INNES WRIGHT was reared in the office of his uncle, John Fleming of Clairmont, the father of James Nicol Fleming. For the most part of his life, Mr INNES WRIGHT has been more or less of a tool in the hands of cleverer men than himself. He came, early in his business career, under the influence of his unscrupulous cousin, Mr Nicol Fleming, and from 1863 he has played, in a measure, second fiddle to his partner, Mr Wm.

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Scott. The dealings of Messrs Innes Wright and Co. for over thirteen years, read like an unwholesome chapter from Balzac's "Human Comedy," rather than the records of a company of Glasgow merchants. They lost continually. Money was poured into their coffers from those of the City of Glasgow Bank, and it ran through them like water through a sieve. The firm carried on vast transactions. In one year their turn-over was £231,000, and usually it averaged more than £200,000. Notwithstanding the importance of the enterprises in which they engaged, Messrs Innes Wright and Co. kept no books. From 1865 till now they never struck a balance. All they knew was that they could get money for the asking from the City Bank, and that they invariably asked this money and threw it away in business, presumably injuring the credit and the income of the honest merchants in their own line of trade. All this time, moreover, Messrs Innes Wright and Co. had no stake in the City Bank. They may have kept a bank account, they may even have kept it in the "City," but neither Mr WRIGHT nor his partner, Mr Scott, were holders of shares. At last 1876 arrived, and in the summer of that year Mr INNES WRIGHT was asked to become a director of the Bank, and acceded, as how could he do otherwise, to the request. He had been selected by the confederates who managed the affairs of the concern to re-place Mr Irvin, a gentleman who seceded from the directorate on account of the reckless conduct of his brother officials. At the board of the City Bank, Mr WRIGHT—who had been appointed in order that he might assist in the management of its affairs, and who was £400,000 in debt to the concern when he joined it—was no more than a nonentity. When under the tutelage of a clever friend like his partner Mr Scott, he could draw a bill and get it accepted in the next

room, he could throw away money in trade with any man in the country, but as for managing a delicate and onerous business like that of the City Bank—bah! Mr INNES WRIGHT, in private life, was the same weak nonentity he was in business. He had no taste in literature, he took no interest in public affairs. Like other men with fishy brains and a dull circulation, Mr WRIGHT was rather given to ecclesiasticism. He believed in the Church, apparently placing the salve to his conscience that long prayers and the walk and conversation of a street preacher would make up for his commercial shortcomings. On Monday he took his seat in the dock before the Lord Justice-Clerk on a charge of participating in the most gigantic fraud on record. Whatever may be the upshot of the trial, the life of Mr INNES WRIGHT may be fairly supposed to be at an end. Surely it is one of the least satisfactory lives that could well be imagined.

#### A Lack of Lawyers.

THE few remaining hairs on the BAILIE'S cranium fairly bristled with amazement when he read in the *Herald* of Wednesday that after wandering all over the County Buildings looking for an "agent to raise an action for him," a shoemaker came away with his quest unfulfilled. A further perusal of the article, however—it was a Police Court report—served to restore the equanimity of the Magistrate. It was blindness—mental blindness, that is—on the part of the son of St. Crispin, and no lack of legal "limbs," that caused him to come forth into Ingram Street agentless. But if the poor man could not find a lawyer in the Buildings, he lighted easily enough upon a lawyer's clerk in a Wilson Street "public," and thinking that Jack was quite as good as his master, entrusted him with the case and the fee. It is almost needless to add that he lost the former, and that he has been vainly hunting around in search of the latter ever since.

#### HIELAN' MORALITY.

*Mrs Black* (recommending her servant, a sony young lass from Tobermory)—Ou ay, Mrs White, am shure she'll please ye, she's a gran worker and a verra virtuous bit lassock.

*Mrs White* (who is prejudiced against everything that is Hielan')—Hech, sirs, wumman! wha ever heard o' *virtue* in the Hielan's?

Bills Overdue (dew)—Early "Birds."

#### The Lottery.

'TIS the fashion to speak of this lottery in rhyme,  
 I And you see I must follow my neighbours—  
 Although had the "Crown" sent their note but in time,  
 'Twould have saved certain poets their labours.  
 I know my opinion's considered of worth,  
 If before you I cared but to set it,  
 For of sterling advice there's at present a dearth,  
 So, of mine, don't you wish you may get it?  
 The Committee, I see, of this subject so vexed—  
 The fast friends who have taken ad with it—  
 Mean to put their poor case before Parliament next,  
 And ask for a helping hand through with it.  
 But should they, in London, refuse the request,  
 Still in asking there's nought to regret it,  
 So cheer yourselves, meanwhile, with hoping the best—  
 And, my friends, don't you wish you may get it?  
 Now supposing this lottery all in full swing,  
 And the tickets by thousands now going,  
 What a time of excitement the drawing will bring—  
 For whose the good luck there's no knowing.  
 The first prize, we will say's twenty-five thousand pounds,  
 And we all have the same chance to net it;  
 So wish on for the best—you've the best of all grounds—  
 But, see here—don't you wish you may get it?  
 I spoke of the poets who rhymed on this scheme—  
 Though I care not to show the poor bard up,  
 Still I know that that tribe must just humour their theme  
 As they chance at the time to be hard up.  
 I speak for myself, and I will not deny  
 That I write this my poor throat to wet it;  
 And I anxiously wait the P.D. with reply—  
 What d'ye say?—Don't you wish I may get it?

#### Seestu Again.

THE Paisley Town Council is divided against itself on the subject of the Brodie Park. This is a piece of ground bequeathed to the burgh as a public park, with the express stipulation in the bequest that it must be maintained intact in all time coming. The firm of Messrs Brown and Polson, are anxious, however, for a large slice from one side of the park in order that they may form a roadway in front of some ground that they propose to feu for villas, and they offer in return to—pay the expense of an application to the Court of Session seeking for powers to alter the terms of Mr Brodie's will. Will it be believed that the majority in the Council have agreed to further their wishes? The BAILIE is at a loss which to admire most—the generosity of the wealthy firm of starch boilers, or the public spirit of their allies in the Town Council.

#### PANTOMIMICAL.

(Scene—Dining-room.)

Clown, Bank Manager, Pantaloon, Bank Customer.

*Clown*—Here's *bouilli* for me, and *bully* for you, too. (Cuffs and kicks Pantaloon.)

Cant and Charity.

IT is a fact which can hardly fail to strike the most unobservant minds, that whenever a clergyman ventures outside of his pulpit and expresses an opinion about mundane affairs, he cuts but a sorry figure. Even in the sanctuary of that sacred rostrum many of them do not make a very admirable appearance, but when bereft of its shelter they become as helpless and incompetent as a lame man without his crutch. Whether it be that profound study of Shorter Catechisms and Westminster Confessions incapacitates a man from passing a charitable judgment on less abstruse questions, or that the Geneva gown and bands are as indispensable a part of the cleric as the magic wand is of the conjuror, the BAILIE cannot say; but it is undeniable that the unofficial utterances of the average clergyman are usually of a nature to make the judicious grieve. The latest instance of this curious fact is now being unfolded before the wondering gaze of the public. Some noble and generous men among us—to whom be all honour!—moved to pity by the spectacle of the undeserved ruin which the failure of the City Bank threatens to inflict on some hundreds of our hapless countrymen, have devised a scheme for their assistance, which partakes of the nature of a lottery. Now it requires no ghost to come from the grave to tell us that lotteries are dangerous, but in this particular case, the wrongs inflicted on the shareholders are so monstrous, and their fate is so heart-rending, as to remove the matter quite out of the cold region of stern reason. The worst that can be said of the Aid Scheme is that its failings lean to virtue's side. One would have thought that its promoters could have safely counted on the co-operation of the clergy in this unselfish project. No other class could reasonably be expected to take a more charitable view of any effort to assist the innocent and unfortunate. But the very reverse has been the case. The sternest critics of the Aid Scheme have been clergymen. Not only have individual ministers been constrained to lift up their voices in Pecksniffian wails, but presbyteries have passed condemnatory resolutions or minutes, or whatever they call them. Perhaps nothing better was to be expected of men of the stamp of the "Rev. Dr" Badenoch—though why Reverend or why Doctor it would be hard to say—but it is surely a pity when a Walter C. Smith or a Principal Rainy joins in the same canting, uncharitable cry. Indeed, when any man of

decent reputation finds himself in the same boat with Badenoch, it ought to make him suspect shrewdly that he is on the wrong side. Good, earnest men who think they cannot say anything in favour of the only scheme which promises to mitigate a most cruel wrong, might at least treat it as Tristram Shandy's uncle Toby treated the fly that pestered him so sadly by buzzing about his head. "Go," said Uncle Toby, advancing to the open window with the offending insect in his hand, "go, poor wretch! why should I harm thee? There is surely room enough in the world for thee and me!" There are five hundred social evils in the world around us, five hundred times more desperate than the generous Aid Scheme, and against these the tender-conscienced clergymen are welcome to try their crusading blades.

A Week's Weather.

"Too late a week."—As You Like It.

THE Fog.—The air polluted, black, and chill,  
With breath surcharged from every form of ill,  
Breath reeking rank from grasping, grinding greed,  
And black as falsehood swearing by the Creed,  
Cold as the heart which ever if it beat  
With warmth for woe was when it warmed to cheat.

The Snow.—A covering kindly thrown o'er earth,  
The day to grace that dates the sacred birth—  
Its shame thus hid, to shameless earth now given,  
Once more a purity direct from heaven.

The Rain.—As closes doleful '78—  
New '9 await on last run-down of weight—  
From filthy lucre's stain in hurrying shower,  
The face of earth, if not to cleanse, to scour—  
Late lie-ability the while forgot,  
Assumed a virtue if it hath it not.  
The Rain—in closing dolefullest of years,  
Fast heavy falling in a flood of tears  
From clouds of sorrow with no silver lining,  
Nor rent for ray of golden hope through shining.

The brilliant Sunshine.—Transformation-scene  
From rains that filled the Old Year's closing e'en.  
In wet and wind the Old Year passed away,  
"The glorious sun himself for *New* looks gay;"  
Old '8 departed mourned in tears and sighs,  
New '9 in sm les descends from cloudless skies—  
Omen of brighter days, with wealth of work and wages,  
Till this decade decayed '9's heaped on former ages.

"I say, my BAILIE," quoth the Animile, as he ambled into the sanctum with his accustomed he-haw! t'other afternoon, "Talking of Bank directors, isn't this a *close time for Salmon*. Eh?" The creature, who evidently thought he had made a hit for once, was disagreeably disillusioned as he received "one" on the shins from the magisterial staff.

Smokers.—Try Wallach Smoking Mixture, 6d per ounce  
Only to be had from D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram Street

## Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—We are still in the regions of pantomime, so far as theatrical matters are concerned. "Puss in Boots," "Cinderella," "Blue Beard," and "Ali Baba" continue to occupy the stages of the Royal, Gaiety, Prince of Wales, and Her Majesty's theatres, and the public seem to enjoy them as much as ever.

For my own part, I suppose I should toss up my hat for pantomime, but may I whisper in your ear, my Magistrate, that I'm rather wearying for some stronger theatrical fare than either "fairy openings" or funny harlequinades. However, the public continue to appreciate the pantomimes, and it is the public the theatre managers must please.

Mr Walter Bentley will appear in the City Hall one of these Saturday evenings as a dramatic reader. We all know Mr Bentley as an accomplished actor—his *John Mildmay* in one style of art, and *Clarence* in another, are masterly performances—and I understand that his reading is at least as effective as is his acting. He has never read publicly in Glasgow before, and his appearance ought to assist in drawing a crowded house on the occasion.

After a rest of some seven or eight weeks, Mr Barry Sullivan resumes the practice of his art to-night in Greenock. He plays in Sugaropolis for eight days, visits Edinburgh and Aberdeen, and then comes to the Gaiety here.

"They say"—but whether "they" have any authority for "saying" it is another matter—that Mr Toole has become lessee of the London Globe Theatre. A certain Mr Francis Fairlie—an ex-captain of the army—has held the lease of the Globe for several years, but it is understood that his term of occupation has expired, and that Mr Toole succeeds him. At present the boards of the Globe are occupied by Alexander Henderson's "Cloches de Corneville" company.

The popular little London bandbox 'yclept "The Strand Theatre," is about to pass into new hands. Miss Swanborough goes out, and Mr Fred. Vokes comes in. May all good luck attend this clever artist in his managerial career.

When the run of "Hamlet" at the London Lyceum comes to an end, which won't be on this side of midsummer, a drama entitled "Robert Emmett" will be put up by Mr Irving. "Robert Emmett" is at present only in course of being written. Its author is the amateurish Mr Frank Marshall, the author of "False Shame," the weakest of all the weak imitations of Mr T. W. Robertson's comedies.

Charles Wyndham is about to leave the London Criterion, the management of which will revert to Messrs Spiers & Pond.

They are playing "Chang-hi-Wang" at Hengler's Circus, this being a "Chinese operetta" by the famous M. Jacques Offenbach. Frederick Maccabe *alias* "Frederic the Great," appears in it, and receives capital aid from a clever gentleman named Wingrove, whom I don't recollect to have met before. The programme at Hengler's includes, in addition to "Chang-Hi-Wang," the famous entertainment which he has so aptly entitled "Begone dull Care." Go and see Maccabe, my Magistrate.

Mr Airlie has got together a talented party for a great Burns' night on Saturday first in the City Hall. Besides the vocalists proper to such a concert there are the celebrated Reel and Strathspey Players, and Highland Pipers and Dancers. With such a company the hall is sure to be crowded.

Mr Kennedy and his clever family appear in the City Hall on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday in "Twa Hours at Home," and on Saturday in the New Halls, in their world-renowned entertainment, "A Nicht wi' Burns."

What a lively old boy Professor Blackie is, to be sure. He has now passed his sixth decade by over six years, and yet he tells us in a letter written the other day that he was "studying geology under Von Seebach at Gottingen some four or five years ago."

I am no art critic, BAILIE, pictures and painting are subjects of which I am profoundly ignorant. Being thus a complete outsider, I can all the better hint to you and your readers that something not unlike a storm is brewing in connection with the Glas-

gow Fine Art Institute. People who ought to know allege that while numbers of our younger and more promising artists have received but scant justice in the matter of the number of their pictures that have been sent back, various outsiders—lady amateurs and others—have had their precious productions accepted. This sort of thing may do for a time; but will it last? Even if the artists stand it, will the public put up with this conduct?

Mr Irving has expressed his high satisfaction with Mr Ewing's Lyceum bust of Shakespeare. Writing to a friend in Glasgow, he characterises it as a "noble work of art." "All my London confreres," he adds, "are unanimous in their admiration of it."

There is no foundation for the rumour that, now that the season of the "Waits" is over, the members of the Glasgow Ballad Club propose to introduce their ditties at various street corners—selling the broadsheets of their songs for the benefit of the bankrupt shareholders.

I wonder, my Magistrate, where the money to conduct the defence of the City Bank Directors is to come from? Why, the fee of the senior counsel for one of the defendants, for the first week alone, will be over £450. Altogether, the defence will cost from £12,000 to £15,000. I may point out, at the same time, that the individual estates of the directors are, or ought to be, attacked by the liquidators for behoof of the creditors of the Bank.

Herr Ernst Pauer is lecturing this week on musical training at the New Halls, in connection with the Association for the Higher Education of Women.

As I didn't see your Worship among the other magistrates on Thursday night, in the City Hall Committee Room, I think it right to let you know that I was there. Ma conscience! talk about the *elite* of society; on every side it was nothing but—"How d'ye do, Bailie?" "How are ye, my Lord Provost," and so on; and then when our "Senior Member" came in, wasn't there an exercising of elbow joints among the notables. "George" kept quietly in a corner of the room, where he discussed the lottery scheme with a knot of bald, polished craniums, which wagged and nodded excitedly at every word he let fall, and so interested was he that he had to be reminded at eight o'clock that the hour of declamation was at hand. Q.

The Animile, on learning that an attempt is being made to get a "Whistler" for the forthcoming exhibition of the Glasgow Institute, suggested that if the attempt should fail the Hanging Committee ought to send for the wee "poy in Jimaca Street." His art, says the Retainer, is quite as good as that of his Yankee namesake.

AN ANAGRAM.—The reason isn't far to seek why the Rev. G. R. Badenoch objects to the shareholders receiving monetary help. He doesn't need any himself—G. R. Badenoch has "Grab'd-enoch."

THE BIGGART CASE—These are instructive times. We now know the meaning of the phrase "marrying a wife with encumbrances;" *i.e.*, holding "City" stock.

A Bright Idea—Peace at any price.

An Anker of Hope—A keg of brandy.

School Banners—The six *Standards*.

An Old Saw Re-set—Where there's a swell there's a sway.



What's in a Name?

ONE of our local "evenings" indulged t'other day in a wonderful traveller's tale about a plant which it said grew somewhere in South America, and which it called the cow tree. To this the dusky milkmaids repaired each morning with their pails, drew as much as they required, and then corked it up again for future consumption.

The BAILIE has no particular reason to suspect "Granny's bairn" of being the organ of the milk trade—the tenor of its articles rather leading him to believe that it is brought up on quite another sort of "bottle"—but its eagerness to limit the *locale* of the cow tree to South America is a very remarkable circumstance indeed.

Does the deceptive little sheet mean to say that the cow tree cannot flourish nearer home than South America?

Does it mean to assert that in farmyards, or by the causeway side, it has never seen a short but sturdy plant, with one long branch and a short trunk of about a foot in length, from a wound in the extremity of which the liquid flows into the milkmaid's pitcher or pail?

If not, then let it put on its botanical spectacles, and, repairing to the neighbourhood of the dairy which has the honour—and profit—of supplying it with "pure milk," examine carefully the nearest specimen of the *pumpis vulgaris* (or common pump) at the hour when milkmaids most do congregate around it, and then and there declare whether the cow tree has not its place among the many "plants" which have been cultivated in poor old Scotland of late.

THE DEATH OF THE LOTTERY.

Who killed the Lottery?  
I, said Badenoch,  
With my pen and cheek enough,  
I killed the Lottery.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—An index of character surely. At least, such a moral is pointed by Miss Huntley, our lively Puss in Boots at the Theatre Royal, for never sure were lines more gracefully delivered than are hers.

"A Morning Call"—The Reveille.

KEPT IN BOND.

Traveller (selling whisky to Hieland Boniface)—I would recommend you to try this, sir, very fine, been five years in bond.

Boniface (after tasting)—D'ye tell me it's five year auld? My, my, it's maist as guid's new.

Eggs-traordinary!

IT may be a fowl calumny on brother Jonathan, but it is not the less a current report that he has taken to making hens' eggs without the assistance of the hens. With a blow-pipe he puffs out the shell from plaster of Paris; into this he injects an albuminous mixture of sulphur, carbon, slaughter-house refuse, and mucilage; and completes the measure of his iniquity by inserting a yolk, coloured with chrome-yellow, and made up of such dainty ingredients as blood, lime, magnesia, ammonia, and several acids. "Oh, isn't this a dainty dish to set before a king?" Assuredly their "yolk" will not be light who partake of it. Our smart cousins' hands are certainly not idle ones, and yet from Alabama claims to hens' eggs, they are always hatching mischief of some kind or other. The Magistrate intends to give over being surprised; bring forward your flying porkers compounded of smelling salts and hair-pins, your spring chickens made of tenpenny nails and hough, your chemical beef and electric hams. Let us eat them and die!

According to the *New York Herald* "a depression is crossing the Atlantic, and will probably soon reach our coasts." Let it come, 'twill meet its big brother here; that's one thing the Yankees can't lick us in—hooray! John Bull for ever—or for a "depression!"

A COMMINATION SERVICE.—Were the members of the Free Church Presbytery of Dumbarton really in earnest last Wednesday, or was it "only their fun?" The BAILIE is inclined to think that the Presbytery's proceedings were purposely arranged beforehand, in order to enable the members to get rid, safely and respectably, of a lot of pent up bad language. The BAILIE is quite shocked: he never feels tempted to use such naughty words—except when he is brought face to face with bigotry, narrowness, and "all uncharitableness."

"SEND BACK THE MONEY."—If all the Churches were to throw the money by which they have profited—some of them largely—from Bazaar raffles into the Bank Relief Fund, their clergymen might protest with at least cleaner hands and purer hearts against Relief Lottery Schemes. The thing is practicable. Something somewhat similar has been done by the United Presbyterians of the Queen's Park Church.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—Where's Preston? At the "Royal"

## Quavers.

AMONG the numerous musical celebrations of Burns' natal day, the concert by Mr Lambeth's Choir, in the Kibble Palace, on Saturday evening first, holds an important place. This will be the third concert of the kind under Mr Lambeth's baton, and as usual a number of the Burns melodies will be reproduced in part-song form.

The programme will contain the principal pieces that have been heard at previous concerts, but Mr Lambeth has harmonised several others, chief of which new part-songs are "John Anderson my Jo," treated ingeniously in canon form, with, of course, one or two slight changes for the answers; then "Duncan Gray," harmonised in a simple but effective way—the famous courteship is surely receiving ample musical attention—further, "The Land o' the Leal," "My Nannie's awa'," "Lord Gregory," "Whistle and I'll come to you, my lad," and "Sleep'st thou or Wak'st thou"—all desirable subjects, and quite suited to what we might call Lambethian treatment. "Aye wakin O" is also in the programme, as is befitting its beauty of melody and harmony; and of course there are the established favourites, "Ranin' Rovin' Robin," "Green Grow the Rashes," and so on.

The choir as now constituted consists of some thirty-five voices, and it is understood to be exceptionally fine in the treble and alto parts. We should quite expect to find the audience very large on next Saturday evening, for what Mr Lambeth has done for Scotch music well deserves acknowledgment.

For the concert by the St. George's Select Choir on the 24th at Kilmarnock, Mr William Moodie has written music to Burns' jovial lines, "A bottle and an honest friend." The piece is for three male voices, and reminds us somewhat of the old French tertettos. It has a lively, almost indispensable, piano accompaniment, and altogether the music is melodious and enjoyable. Some nonsense verses of Burns—"Scroggam,"—have, too, been set to wildly funny music by Mr Moodie, who seems to have quite a genius for this kind of composition. His "Willie Wastle"—so humorous, but yet so musician-like withal—is now a favourite everywhere.

The appointment of Dr Peace to the organistship of the Cathedral is one that will be universally approved. Dr Peace was in London last week, as to progress, at the builders', and the organ, it is hoped, will be ready in two months hence.

An excellently-selected but rather lengthy programme was submitted by the Pollokshields Musical Association on Friday evening last, at their first private concert of the season, in the Established Church there. The pieces, all sacred, were short—rather an agreeable arrangement, as one felt. The most important were Spohr's "God Thou art great," and Handel's "The King shall rejoice." In the first of these, and indeed in all the other choral music, there was some very careful and effective singing. The society, however, has evidently suffered this winter, like others of its kind, from the counter-attraction of Mr Jack Frost, for there were occasional defects which we are sure would not have existed had there been fully-attended rehearsals.

The Pollokshields Society have some most intelligent singers in their number, and this was proved chiefly by the tasteful and sweet interpretation of the chief soprano part in Spohr's Cantata, also in the song "Consider the Lilies," very nicely sung. We look forward to the second concert of the society with expectation, but the tenor part is disproportionately weak, and should be strengthened. Signor Zaverl is a thoroughly efficient conductor. His motet, "Hail to thee," sung at this concert, is a proof of the possession of musicianly acquirements of the highest value to a society. Mr Berry gave invaluable aid on the organ of the church, combining, admirably, crispness, body, and colour. There was a large attendance.

An orchestral and vocal concert was given in Uddingston on Thursday last, in aid of the unemployed. Musically, as well as financially, it was a success. The instrumental music was supplied by members of the Glasgow Amateur Orchestral Society, who played remarkably well, the overture "De Sargino" being excellently performed. Mr George Heron was leading violin, and contributed an andante from Mendelssohn. Of the vocal music may be noted "Non a ver," rendered by a lady in most

artistic style. A considerable sum was added to the fund being collected in Uddingston, which has now reached about £100.

The Glasgow Select Choir had a large audience at the Kibble Palace on Saturday night, one proof among many that if only circumstances do not absolutely forbid, the public will not fail to support good music when it is to be heard. A great treat was looked for, and there was certainly no disappointment. The singing under Mr Archer's skilful and judicious training was to the full everything that could be desired, and the audience testified its delight by numerous but not indiscriminating demands for repetition. Among the numbers so honoured were "Aston Water" (old setting), "Duncan Gray" (spiritedly sung), and "The Deil's awa wi' the Exciseman"—a clever composition by Mr Archer, and wonderfully Scotch in style. The trio, "Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maur," was similarly complimented, and deservedly so, for it was tunefully and effectively sung, and without the slightest taint of vulgarity, which, in our sensible, sober days is a point not always borne in mind. The song, "Gae bring to me a pint o' wine," deserves mention for its artistic interpretation, as also do Sterndale Bennett's "Long, long the night" (as English in style as the words themselves), and Mr Archer's "Farewell of Mary Queen of Scots," for contralto, which is a musicianly setting of the words in an evidently intended antique style.

## THE LATEST ATROCITY.

(Scene—Railway arch, Maxwell Street; Two street arabs are quarrelling over a game of pitch and toss; An old gent interposes.)

*Old Gent*—Come, come, you shouldn't quarrel that way, it's very wrong. What have you done, my lad, that he should strike you?

*1st Street Arab*—Naething, sir.

*2nd do. do.*—Yer a lie. Ye ca'd me a bank director.

PISCATORY.—Mr Alexander Baird, writes the BAILIE'S own Iszaak Walton, told Mr Salmond that, "so far from being able to manage a bank, he hadn't the ability to keep a 'pike." Now, adds the venerable Piscator, read in the light of the present day, the aptness of this remark must come home to the most untutored understanding. Every one can observe, he says, the intimate and rather fishy connection between the Salmon(d), the Bank, and the "pike."

Lord Provost Collins believes that people have now "about as much time to drink as to work," and on this account he would close the public-houses two hours earlier at night. But wouldn't it be better, My Lord, if the people were to work the two hours, and allow the "publics" to remain open as long as at present? It seems to the BAILIE that the proposals mean practically the same thing, the only difference between them being that his is much the better of the two.

Young Lady Pianist for Evening Parties, &c., &c., 15s.—Address, "Music," 14 Exchange Square.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the congregation of Queen's Park U.P. Church have returned Mr Morton's "gift" to the City Bank liquidators.

That the U.P.'s of that ilk have demonstrated that they know the meaning of the term "filthy lucre."

That the Free Kirk magnates can put that in their pipe and smoke it.

That if said magnates and their co-worshippers would "go and do likewise," there would be less need for a lottery scheme.

That the F.C. differs from U.P. in being "Unco Particular."

That all's fish that comes into the Free Kirk net.

That "the world, the flesh, and the devil" have charms for some saints, as well as for most sinners.

That the Lottery scheme has been knocked on the head.

That the "unco guid" are exultant,

That none of the objectors to the lottery scheme are shareholders of the Bank.

That the visions of independent fortunes have vanished.

That the opponents of the Aid Scheme should propose an equally good plan.

That the Relief Fund is about played out.

That if other £6000 are added to its total it will be about all.

That this will be a loss of nearly six millions.

That the poor shareholders are not overjoyed at the result.

That their ruin must be accomplished that our respectability may be maintained.

That the depositors are now to get 6s 8d in the £ as the result of the first call.

That this is the price of a writer's letter.

That the lawyers have got a good skimming off the whole affair.

That the probability is they will get a good deal more.

That the prospect of twenty shillings in the £ to depositors has not been increased by the downfall of the Aid Scheme.

That the trial of the directors has commenced.

That it will be some time before the trials of the shareholders are finished.

That the house factors were upon the "stump" last week.

That they are as full of gas and "smash" as ever.

That there is too much unlet property for them to put the "screw" on any further.

That a large number of tenements are "rack rented" already.

That the factors want no interference with their hollow squares and close buildings.

That it is to be hoped the authorities will stick to their provisional orders.

That "oor Jeems" was in great form at last Council meeting.

That he made it lively for the Provost and the deputations.

That if Jeems is to be catechiser-in-chief, deputising will be abolished.

That Jeems would like to see the East end interlaced with tramways.

That the East enders may want bread but they must have their cars.

That the Liberal members' meeting was rather a dull affair.

That George's speech was dull and prosy.

That the Doctor's was parochial and mythical.

That the Cape story was a mare's nest.

That it "tickled the ears of the groundlings."

That the tale was contributed to the Cape papers by the *Dansbury Newsman*.

That the *Mail* won't send out a special commissioner to investigate.

That the Conservatives had also their annual oratorical dissipation.

That John Burns was the principal spokesman.

That John has only to say the word to add M.P. to his name.

That the Enterprise salesmen have got another lease of life.

That the "Enterprisers" and the Income tax collectors are the only parties who are drawing in the money at present.

That the slushy condition of the streets at the close of last week reflected again on the sanitary authorities.

That hard frost is your best scavenger.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE BANK AID SCHEME.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,  
The City Bank Aid Scheme at sunset was seen;  
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn has blown,  
That scheme on the morrow lay withered and strewn.

For the fiat went forth, bringing death in its trail,  
And the widows and orphans are loud in their wail;  
And the eyes of the suff'ers waxed deadly and chill,  
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still.

The Box on the Ear—Morton's.

EXACTLY.—The opposition to the lottery by the unco guid party is summed up in *Hudibras*. They—

"Compound for sins they are inclined to,  
By damning those they have no mind to."

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OF  
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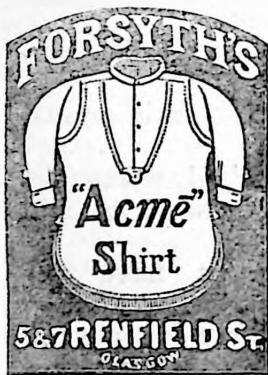
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BAZAAR OR FANCY FAIR,

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Electro-Plated Goods, Books, Albums, &c., &c. To Ladies having Bazaars in perspective this is an excellent opportunity.  
Ladies having Dorcas Societies or Charities to provide for will find their wants supplied at the CALEDONIAN HOUSE at  
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The HANDSOMEST SALOON in the World for the Display and Exhibition of Costumes, Jackets, Millinery, &c., &c.

Ladies are invited to walk through the Caledonian House daily, as Novelties and Special Bargains are being continually laid  
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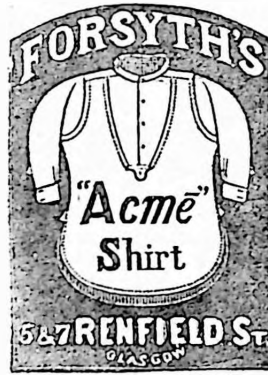
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who, in their quiet moments, do not entertain the  
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One-half more. If this be so, then we claim in this  
Leading Speciality to have met felt want and to have  
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Lot 4. Stock of Ladies' Stuff Costumes, 15s 11d and 21s; worth 25s to 45s.  
Lot 5. Stock of Knitted Evening Shawls, 2s 11d and 4s 11d; worth 4s 9d to 7s 6d.  
Lot 6. Stock of Finest Saxony Tartan Plaids, 21s 6d; worth 30s.  
Lot 7. Large Lot of Super English Blankets, (slightly soiled), 11s 6d to 13s 6d; worth 17s 6d and 10s 6d.  
Lot 8. Lot of Finest Home-Made Blankets, 7½lb weight, for 12s 11d; worth 18s 6d.  
Lot 9. Special Lot of Beautiful Striped Batistes, suitable for Children's Pinafores, which sold at 3½d per yard, now 6 yards for 1s 11d.  
Lot 10. Stock of Furs, at and below Half-Price.  
Lot 11. Entire Stock of Ladies' Underclothing at prices quite unequalled in the trade. Every Lady should visit this Department.  
Lot 12. Stock of Ladies' Nantwich Tan and Doeskin Gloves, to be cleared out at 11½d per pair; former price 1s 9d.  
Lot 13. Stock of the Same Quality of Misses, all sizes 9½d worth 1s 6d.  
The best Glove for School wear—  
Lot 14. Extraordinary Bargain in Gentlemen's Calf Kid Gloves, at 1s 3½d per pair; well worth 2s 6d.  
Lot 15. Stock of Tapestry Carpets, 1s 5½d per yard; worth 2s 3d.  
Lot 16. Stock of White Fur Rugs, 8s 6d; well worth 12s 6d.  
Lot 17. Stock of All-Wool Scotch Tweeds at 2s 3d; formerly 3s 6d per yard.  
Lot 18. Every Householder should visit our New American Department. 250 gross Clothes' Pins, 6 dozen for 3½d.  
½ Ton Pure Glycerine Soap to be cleared at 7½d per lb. 7 lb. for 4s.  
50 do. Ladies' Silk Scarfs, Newest Goods, 6½d and 9½d; worth 1s to 2s 3d.

BOYS', YOUTHS', & MEN'S READY-MADE CLOTHING  
at Great Reductions.

For further comparison of Lots and Prices see our 10 Windows.  
SALE OF STOCK, 10 o'clock TO-DAY, 17th JANUARY.

JAMAICA STREET CORNER.

DAVISON'S  
CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE  
GINGER BEER.

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND;" WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC.  
As supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

THOMAS DAVISON,  
DISPENSING CHEMIST,  
126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

THE "ACME" SHIRT.

THERE is no single article of Dress that Gentlemen, as a rule, are so anxious to wear with a sense of comfort, as that of a Shirt, and yet perhaps it would be difficult to name anything that they have actually so little real satisfaction in wearing. The reason of this is obvious. Shirts have generally been made pretty much like loose overcoats, under the delusive idea that proper fitting was of very secondary importance, forgetful of the fact that no garment worn by a Gentleman required more care and skill in its manufacture.

Our "Acme" Shirt maintains its well-earned reputation as the most perfect fitting Shirt in the city. In one way only has this been accomplished. We have made it our careful study to adopt, from time to time, every possible improvement that our experience and judgment could suggest. The result has been that we have never in a single instance failed to give Gentlemen complete satisfaction in this important article of dress. We have therefore the utmost confidence in inviting a trial on the part of those who have not yet proved the merits of the "Acme."

FORSYTH,

RENFIELD STREET.

THE BAILIE.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 22nd, 1879.

MR JAMES MORTON, or it may be more correct to say *the* MORTON is the latest addition to the ranks of the already far too numerous body who suffer from an itch for writing letters to the newspapers. Of course he is still a saint in his own esteem, and the greatest "innocent" in London. Unconscious of anything but the most perfect rectitude of conduct, he says, with characteristic jaunty simplicity, that it seems to him no act of his, however simple or common, can be allowed to pass unnoticed, or without being made the subject of ridiculous comment. The humour of this effrontery is delightful, and forms an apt introduction to what follows. He gave not only a contribution of £125 to the scheme for the building of the Queen's Park U.P. Church, but also gave them the benefit of his eminent knowledge of how to finance their project. The congregation in their haste, which they will probably regret, have resolved to hand the £125 to the Liquidators of the City of Glasgow Bank, under the belief that the money came out of the coffers of that institution; but Mr MORTON explains with becoming exultation that in the years in which he promised and gave his contribution his income from salaries alone was £19,500 a year. Why a Prime Minister wasn't a patch to Mr MORTON. As for losses

during these years, why should any reference be made to them seeing that his only object was to impress on an ungrateful congregation the folly and danger of returning subscriptions received from donors who subsequently became bankrupt, and the inconveniences of excessive honesty? Having disposed of the Queen's Park congregation to his own satisfaction, Mr MORTON promises to give a like true version of "The curious story of a box;" but would it not be better for him to try to undo the bungle of having his examination in bankruptcy in London instead of Glasgow?

#### Riding on the Top of their Commission.

THOSE butcher neighbours of ours are surely losing their heads. Their annual soiree was held in the City Hall the other evening, and the speech of the chairman was one grumble from beginning to end. He was angry that beef was dear and hides were cheap. It seemed a hardship, to judge from his tone, that in England customers bought their meat in large quantities, and he distinctly objected to the number of times half-pound and quarter-pound weights were used in Glasgow. His main hardship, however, was the manner in which the "good old Scotch dinner, of broth, beef, and potatoes," had become a thing of the past. In this last grievance the BAILIE is at one with his friend. He would like to know, however, if our townfolk were forsaking sirloin roasts and fillet steaks for "broth, boiled beef, and potatoes," what would become of the butchers? Where would their profits be? The Magistrate doesn't quite hold with the philosophy of Dr Pangloss, and believe that everything is for the best in this best of all possible worlds—not even as regards the butchers, but at the same time he rather thinks that, looking at the prevailing dulness of trade, the dead-meat men have been unusually lucky of late. That they should take it into their heads to grumble at folk for spending too much money on them, recalls nothing so much as the feats of the proverbial beggar who, when he gets on horseback, rides we all know where.

FILL AND FETCH MAIR.—Byron's motto for the Directors and the "City" coffers:—

"So, for a good old-gentlemanly vice,  
I think I must take up with avarice."

"Advance Notes"—The bugler's call.

#### Football Daft.

TELL me not in mournful numbers  
Football's but an empty dream—  
For that soul is dead which slumbers  
Without joining "a good team."

Football's real—football's earnest—  
Each man strives to win the "goal;"  
So the empty sneer returnest  
Void unto the scornful soul.

Pure enjoyment without sorrow  
Is its destined end and way—  
And to practice that each morrow  
Finds them better "up" in play.

Time is short—the season fleeting,  
Let your hearts be stout and true:  
So that whether beat or beating,  
Honour still shall be your due.

In the football's mimic storming,  
As in many a nobler cause,  
Coolness wins where mere performing  
Only earns a brief applause.

Trust no "move," however specious,  
That would tempt you from the right:  
Never do an act ungracious,  
Nor a "selfish" game e'er fight.

Lives of great men all remind us  
How they strove e'er fame they won;  
We, departing, leave behind us  
Stories of some brilliant "run:"

Stories that perhaps another  
Sailing life, with fruitless aim,—  
Some "la crosse" or "cricket" brother  
Hearing, shall take to the game.

Forward, then, "be up and doing,"  
Let your charity be great—  
Goals achieving—good pursuing:  
Learn to "dribble" and to wait.

#### A Model Teetotaller.

HONEST Bailie Buchanan, of the ancient burgh of Dumbarton, assured the Lord Advocate the other day that, although he professed the principles of total abstinence, yet he was "the greatest favourite possible among the publicans of the town!" Well, well, the Boniface of the period isn't usually the most disinterested fellow in the world, but nothing is impossible, and the licensed victuallers of Dumbarton may admire the Bailie on perfectly independent grounds. An inconvenient saw, however, much favoured by folk of the older sort, assures us that a man is known by the company he keeps, and when we hear of any one being a favourite with the keepers of public-houses, it is impossible not to—Eh, Mr Buchanan?

A Bitter Draught—A bill dishonoured.

A Safe Investment—A "Milner." A Sound Investment—A phonograph. A Risk-y Investment—Provanmill whisky.

Megilp.

THE meeting of the Scottish Water Colour Society was held in Edinburgh on the 16th inst. The office-bearers for 1879 were then elected. Mr Powell remains president; Mr M'Taggart becomes vice-president in room of Mr Bough, and the members of council are Messrs Aikman, Murray, White, Anderson, and Herdman. Messrs Colin Hunter, and Otto Leyde were elected members of the society in place of Messrs Bough and M'Leay. At next meeting four new Associates will be elected.

The society hope to get over any little difficulties that may be in the way of their holding their next Exhibition in Edinburgh. It would be an excellent arrangement and one most conducive to the promotion of a general public interest in the society, were they to have their Exhibitions alternately in Edinburgh and Glasgow. Of the continued and increasing success of the society there can be no doubt; it has already thoroughly established itself, and the excellence of the work done by the members gives the fairest promise for the future.

Mr George Ewing will likely be represented in the Institute Exhibition by busts and a figure subject. Among his contributions to Edinburgh will be a bust of a little girl, daughter of Mr J. D. Adams.

Mr J. A. Ewing has finished a plaster bust of a well-known Glasgow citizen, Mr Emile Berger, which will be shown at the Institute. It is an excellent likeness; the sculptor has caught all the characteristic lines and expression of the face. I should like to see this bust in marble. Mr J. A. Ewing has executed in marble a very beautiful little figure, "Comin' through the Rye." It is exceedingly graceful and truthful. The spirit of the song is in the figure, but the idealization is not carried too far. It is a very pleasing natural bit of work, happily conceived, and skilfully completed. It, too, will be in the Institute Exhibition.

I should have mentioned last week that Mr John Grey will have three pictures in the Institute, "The Cliffs at Auchmithie," "Town and Cathedral of Brechin," and "The village of Auchmithie," the original of Sir Walter Scott's "Musselcraig." Mr Grey has sent to Edinburgh subjects taken from the Forfarshire coast and from Galloway.

Mr J. D. Adams will be represented in the Institute by his large picture of Ardrishaig Harbour, and a smaller canvas. Mr Adams will have two pictures in Edinburgh.

I hear that some three hundred fewer pictures than usual were this year sent to the Institute.

The touching-up day at the Institute will be on the 31st inst. The conversazione takes place on Monday evening, 3rd Feb., and the Exhibition opens to the public on Tuesday, 4th Feb.

The Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy opens on Saturday, 1st February, about a fortnight earlier than usual.

In the Scottish Academy Exhibition Mr Orchardson's fine picture of "The Sword Dance," and his "Social Eddy," will be among the attractions.

An adequate representation has been secured of both Mr Bough and Mr Chalmers. Four oil pictures and three water colours by Mr Bough will be shown; the former are, "Burns' Cottage," "St. Monance," "Edinburgh Castle" (shown in Glasgow at, I think, the second exhibition of the Institute), and a landscape—the last bit of work he completed. The water colours are "Bannockburn," "Yanwith Hall," and a coast scene.

In Edinburgh the examples of Chalmers will be his grand "Legend," the property of the National Gallery, portrait of Mrs Todd, the "Monk," and an old woman.

Mr Pettie's last year's Royal Academy picture, "The Laird," and his portrait of Mr Colin Hunter, will be in Edinburgh.

I saw in Mr Craibe Angus's gallery the work by Mr Alma Tadema destined for the Scottish Academy. It is a companion picture to his Agrippa descending the stairs to grant an audience, and represents Agrippa leaving the audience. It is a masterly painting—the textures are rendered with wonderful power and accuracy, the grouping is fine, and the distance most effective. Mr Angus has in his possession just now a splendid example of

Messrs Kay & Reid and Mr Yuile will shortly open exhibitions. Mr White has at present some good pictures in his galleries—among them an excellent Chalmers. The public of Glasgow will this week have an opportunity of passing an opinion on Mr Whistler's work. Mr White is to have two canvases fresh from the easel of this artist. The one is a *nocturne*—the Thames by moonlight, with ice coming down the river, an effect seen by Mr Whistler only the other night—and the second is the portrait of a young lady, with yellowish drapery leaning over a balcony. It is possible that, at any rate, one of these will be in the Institute Exhibition. They cannot fail to attract much attention while in the North British Galleries.

I hear that in the Grosvenor Gallery Exhibition there is nothing finer in quality and colour than the water colours by Mr Bough and Mr Lockhart. The latter will have a wonderfully fine picture in the Scottish Academy—"Alnaschar," from the "Arabian Nights."

I lately had an opportunity of seeing Mr Colin Hunter's large picture of kelp gatherers at work on the coast of the West of Ireland. The picture is not yet finished, but it promises to be one of the very best Mr Hunter has yet painted. There is a fine swing in the waves, and the colour is strong and true. Mr Hunter's work for the year is very good. There is one picture painted at Kinsale which is especially noteworthy, from the reflections on the water, and the general management of the light. Mr Hunter, who has been staying at Helensburgh, returned to London last week.

Among the crowd of calendars that make their appearance at this time, those issued by Mr Gentles of Sauchiehall Street, and by Mr Richardson of Queen Street, deserve favourable mention. Mr Gentles' calendar is designed by Mr Moyr Smith, and he has used the pencil with both taste and humour. R.

MEMS. ON PERIODICALS.

(By our own News Agent.)

- The Ladies' Treasury—A husband.
- Good Words—"Begone dull care."
- Truth—A City Bank balance sheet.
- The Children's Friend—"Cinderella."
- The Infants' Magazine—Aladdin's Cavern.
- Musical Times—Andante and Allegro.
- Sporting Opinion—Tam o' Shanter and White and Gold.
- Law Times—The visits of the "Lords."
- The People's Friend—Jeems Martin.

While heading a deputation of temperance reformers to Lord Advocate Watson the other day, Lord Provost Collins spoke familiarly—some particular people might even say "cheekily"—to his lordship, and immediately a broad smile overspread the faces of his followers. The BAILIE read the remarks of our chief magistrate as they were given in the *Herald*, but he totally failed to see where the laugh came in. Perhaps, however, the scurril rogues were sniggering at Mr Collins's shaky grammar!

The times, remarks "Bauldy," who is a trustee—more's the pity—were surely *bad enoch* already without the Wolf of Badenoch coming to our doors.

## The Other Side of it.

DEAR OLD BAILIE,—Till last week I always thought you *such* a duck! but now I'm sure you're a horrid, ugly, old, cross-grained fellow. Of course you know why I've changed my opinion. That article of yours was perfectly *shameful*. You know the one I mean; that one advising young men not to marry unless they can afford it. Afford it, indeed! much you know about it! What has that got to do with it, pray? If two people *love* each other, its their *duty* to marry, whether they can afford it or not. These are my sentiments; and I may tell you—but this is in the most awfully strict confidence—that these are Charlie's sentiments, too (*my* Charlie, you know). We haven't succeeded in getting papa to see it in that light yet; but *he* doesn't know anything about *love*. Why there's nothing else worth living for! Who would be so awfully mean and mercenary and all that kind of thing, as to speak of money where the *heart* is concerned? What's the good of all the money in the world, I'd like to know, in comparison to the bliss of always being near the one you love? I wouldn't care a *bit* how poor I was—and neither would Charlie—if I had the affection of a fond heart to cheer me—and clothes to wear like other girls, of course, and a nice house to live in, and all that, you know. Really, your language was quite too *awfully* awful, and the more I think of it, the angrier it makes me. The truth is that because you're a *crusty old bachelor* yourself, you want, like the fox and the sour grapes, to persuade other people that marriage isn't nice. *But I don't believe you*—and neither does Charlie.—Yours indignantly, LOTTIE LAMOURVILLE.

[The BAILIE cannot find words grovelling enough to apologize sufficiently to Miss Lottie for the injury he has done to her tenderest feelings. Her natural eloquence has made a convert of him; and from henceforth the glorious institution of matrimony will have no more faithful champion than himself—not even Charlie.]

“DEEDS ARE MEN.”—To “Graham a letter,” and to “Burke a man,” are well-known sayings of sinister significance. Another, equally suggestive, has just been added to them. In connection with the Bank Lottery it has pleased an ultra-reverend gentleman to stamp the phrase “a rainy day” with an opprobrium that his right-minded relatives and friends are grieving under.

“A Continuous Break”—The present lowering of wages.

## Sugar for Naething.

(Bauldy's latest dodge, a tip to the unemployed.)

I HIV'NA wrocht a single stroke  
For thirteen weeks or mair, sir;  
I daursay I'll surprise maist folk  
When I say I dinna care, sir,  
Hoo lang yet I may idle go,  
To me wark's no a gay thing  
Since first I ca'd on Cash & Co.,  
And sugar got for naething.  
Cash & Comp'ny, Cash & Co.,  
Aboot ye I ken ae thing,  
Whatever folks say o' your tea,  
Your sugar costs me naething.

Instead o' gaun tae look for wark,  
In bed I lie alane, sir,  
My wife goes out as female clerk,  
While I attend the weans, sir.  
Whenever they begin tae yowl,  
Or tire o' ony plaything,  
I haun them ower the sugar bowl  
Because it costs me naething.

Wi' sugar sweet they stap themsel's,  
A pleasant and rich diet;  
It settles a' their hungry yells,  
And keeps them nice and quiet.  
Then I can lie and snore like mad,  
And waukin' I can aye sing,  
That Cash & Co. they make me glad,  
Wi' their sugar a' for naething.

The “Retainer,” who has invested ninepence in Prof. Nichol's Manual of English Composition, is beginning to plume himself on his knowledge of grammar. This is his latest:—“*Peculiar* is the only English word that can be spelt any way. If it is spelt with a q it is still peculiar, and the more strangely it is spelt the more peculiar it is.”

DEPRECIATION OF SILVER.—In the good old days of ye omniscient William, who wrote for all time coming on most points, we learn that “A tanner will last you nine years.” (Hamlet, Act V., Sc. 1.) But since then “*tempora mutantur*,” &c., with a vengeance. Why a tanner nowadays barely suffices to wet the whistle of a morning. Clearly these nine days' or nine years' wonders are things of the past.

## EXCHANGING OPINIONS.

I wunner at ye, Kirstie, sayin' they maun be a' guid men on the Glesga Exchange!

Weel, ye needna, if ye only consider what they dae. Oor minister, guid man, can only convert sinners, but on the Exchange I hear they can even convert stocks!

The new “curse o' Scotland.”—The Rev. “Dr.” G. R.

The Relief Lottery—All to Pottery.



A Thing of Beauty is a Joy—for Ever.  
 IN Sir Richard Steele's *Spectator* a wit says to a lady that on her face she cannot place a patch where she does not hide a beauty. As the Queen Anne literature has disdained to be revived with the "Art," the above has probably not been read by those who would clash up against the Jamaica Street Bridge an iron bridle of three irregular spans. The BAILIE is not speaking of the hideous railway bridge, but of an intention to vulgarify and disfigure one of the most exquisitely beautiful bridges in the empire. The Beautiful! if there is not much of it in Glasgow, what little there is is apparently an eyesore. There are other blindnesses than that of "colour."

WALTER WILSON & CO.,  
 COLOSSEUM.  
 70 JAMAICA STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S FELT AND SATIN HATS.  
 Immense Deliveries. Several Lorry Loads.  
 SINGLE HATS AT WHOLESALE PRICES.  
 MILLINERY.—We now offer the remains of our Stock (several hundreds) of Richly-trimmed Pattern Hats and Bonnets at merely nominal prices.

ROYAL EXCHANGE.  
 The SUBSCRIPTION BOOK for ENROLLING NEW MEMBERS is NOW OPEN. BY ORDER.  
 1st January, 1879.

THEATRE-ROYAL.  
 THIS and EVERY EVENING at 7-30.  
 Saturdays at 7 o'clock.  
 The Grand "Royal" Pantomime,  
 PUSS IN BOOTS.  
 Scenery by Mr WM. GLOVER and Mr R. S. SMYTH.  
 Miss LUCY FRANKLEIN.  
 Box Office open from 11 till .

THE GAIETY.  
 Proprietor and Manager.....Mr CHARLES BERNARD.  
 Every Evening,  
 Mr C. BERNARD'S  
 Original, Grand, and Fairy Extravaganza  
 and Pantomime,  
 CINDERELLA.  
 Box Office open Daily from 10 till 4.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.  
 Continued and Increasing Success of the Pantomime,  
 BLUE BEARD,  
 Acknowledged everywhere and by every one to be the  
 BEST PANTOMIME EVER PRODUCED.  
 THE CONGRESS OF NATIONS!  
 Georgeous Dresses, Appointments, and National Airs.  
 Nightly provoking the loudest and most prolonged applause.  
 No fees. Box Office open Daily from 11 to 3.  
 PRICES—Pit, 1s; Stalls, 2s 6d; Dress Circle, 3s.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE,  
 MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE,  
 The most Elegant, Handsome, and Commodious Place of  
 Amusement in Scotland.  
 OPEN EVERY EVENING,  
 With the New and Original Burlesque  
 PANTOMIME,  
 ALI BABA AND THE 40 THIEVES.  
 Supported by the Best Company, and revealing one of the most  
 MAGNIFICENT TRANSFORMATION SCENES  
 ever witnessed.  
 Doors open at 7. Commence at 7.30.

KENNEDY'S SONGS OF SCOTLAND.  
 CITY HALL,  
 TUESDAY,.....21ST JAN. | WEDNESDAY, ...22D JAN.  
 THURSDAY, .....23D JAN.  
 NEW HALLS, SATURDAY, 25TH JANUARY  
 (BURNS'S BIRTHDAY).  
 Mr KENNEDY will be assisted by  
 Miss HELEN KENNEDY, Soprano.  
 Miss LIZZIE KENNEDY, Soprano.  
 Miss MARJORY KENNEDY, Contralto.  
 Mr DAVID KENNEDY, Tenor.  
 Mr ROBERT KENNEDY, Tenor.  
 Mr JAMES KENNEDY, Baritone.

\*\* As Mr KENNEDY and FAMILY Sail in the course of a few weeks for the Cape of Good Hope, these are Positively their Only Appearances in Glasgow this Season.

TUESDAY, 21ST JANUARY,  
 "TWA HOURS AT HAME."  
 WEDNESDAY, 22D JANUARY,  
 "A NICHT WI' THE JACOBITES."  
 THURSDAY, 23D JANUARY,  
 "TWA HOURS AT HAME."

Commence at 8. Entire Body of Hall, 1s. Balconies, 2s.  
 Package of 10 Transferable Tickets, Available Any Night, to  
 Body, 7s 6d; to Balconies, 15s. Tickets at Swan & Co.'s.

KENNEDY'S LAST APPEARANCES  
 Prior to Departure for the  
 CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.  
 The attention of Families and Schools is directed to the  
 Reduced Price of Tickets in Packages, by which 10 Adults or  
 20 Children may enter the Body of Hall for 7s 6d, and the  
 Balconies for 15s. The Tickets are Transferable and Available  
 Any Night, and are Sold by Messrs Swan & Co., Buchanan  
 Street, and at the Door.

CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING  
 CONCERTS.  
 Anniversary of the Birth-Day of Robert Burns.  
 GREAT BURNS' NIGHT  
 SATURDAY, 25TH JANUARY, 1879.  
 POPULAR SCOTTISH VOCALISTS.  
 The Celebrated  
 REEL AND STRATHSPEY PLAYERS.  
 The Eminent  
 HIGHLAND DANCERS AND PIPERS  
 from Edinburgh.  
 Mr F. W. BRIDGMAN, - - - - - Pianist.  
 Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats on Side Galleries  
 2s. Tickets for Reserved Seats to be had at the Office, 58  
 Renfield Street.  
 Doors Open at 7; Concert to commence at 7.45.  
 JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

## PARIS EXHIBITION.

## GOLD MEDALS! SILVER MEDALS!

**WE** have been repeatedly twitted about not having received a MEDAL at the Paris Exhibition, and asked why. The reason is that, considering Medals a Humbug, we have never sent Samples of our Manufactures to any Exhibition. "Good Wine needs no bush," and our Aerated Waters require no Medal to publish their excellence; their qualities of Purity, Flavour, Strength, &c., speak for them wherever they become known. The Golden Opinions of a discriminating Public, rather than Gold Medals, it is our ambition to gain and keep. Our Lemonade, Soda, Potash, Seltzer, Sarsaparilla, &c., are all unequalled for general excellence; but for a Winter Beverage we recommend our GINGER ALE, which is an excellent tonic, and a pleasant and harmless stimulant.—If found rather strong, our Ginger Ale may be diluted with Water, without at all spoiling its flavour.

## WHEELER &amp; CO.,

CHEMISTS & AERATED WATER MANUFACTURERS.  
CROMAC SPRINGS, BELFAST.

DEPOT FOR SCOTLAND:—

147 STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW.

## MACCABE—HENGLER'S CIRQUE.

Evenings at 8. Saturday, 2-30 and 7-30.  
FOURTH WEEK OF UNINTERRUPTED SUCCESS OF  
FREDERIC MACCABE

IN HIS ORIGINAL MONOLOGUE  
BEGONE, DULL CARE!

The most successful of all the Entertainments offered to the Public; received nightly by densely-crowded Audiences with screams of Merriment. It is one of the Sights of Glasgow, and its fame has rendered it the chief attraction of Visitors during the past month.

## MACCABE—CHANGE OF PROGRAMME

SECOND NIGHT of a  
GRAND CHINESE OPERETTA by OFFENBACH, entitled  
C H A N G - H I - W A N G,  
C H A N G - H I - W A N G;

OR,  
BRITONS IN CHINA.

Translated and Adapted from the French by  
FREDERIC MACCABE.

**MACCABE AS A CHINESE PRINCE,**  
CHANG-HI-WANG, a New Portrait, Sketched,  
Coloured, and Finished-off by himself, for the Second Time,  
TO-NIGHT, Supported by

Miss CLARA PERRY as .....MEE-MI-HI.  
Mr WINGROVE as .....KO-KI-KO.  
Mr HABGOOD as .....DAN-DI-DO.

NEW CHINESE SCENERY,  
MAGNIFICENT CHINESE DRESSES,  
SPARKLING CHINESE MUSIC, & NOVEL EFFECTS.  
FULL BAND AND CHORUS.

Prices of Admission—Reserved Seats (numbered), 3s; Unreserved Seats, 2s; Second Seats, 1s; Third Seats, 6d.

Plan of the Cirque may be seen and Tickets obtained at the Ticket-Office, West Nile Street, Daily, between 10 and 4.  
Doors Open at 7-30, to Commence at 8; Carriages at 10.

**SCRAP Photographs and Views of Scottish Scenery.** Thousands to choose from at A. F. SHARP & Co., 14 Royal Exchange Square.

MR H. A. LAMBETH'S  
CHOIR.

THIRD ANNUAL

BURNS CONCERT.  
KIBBLE PALACE,

SATURDAY, 25th JANUARY.—BURNS' BIRTHDAY.

ADMISSION.....ONE SHILLING.

Tickets from principal Music-sellers and at the Palace. Seats reserved in Inner Circle for Ticket-holders till 7-30.

*NEW MONTHLY FINANCIAL PAPER, 6d.*

*Second Edition Now Ready of the January number of*  
**THE SCOTTISH BANKING AND INSURANCE MAGAZINE, JOURNAL OF FINANCE AND JOINT STOCK COMPANIES.**

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ALL BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Friday, 31st January, at One o'clock.

PUBLIC SALE OF

12 Dozen Superior PALE SHERRY, in Dozen Cases.  
2 Q.-Casks Port,  
10 Cases ½-Pints CLARET (in 4-Doz. Cases), } in Bond.  
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Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 18th January, 1879.

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14 Gordon Street, Glasgow, 21st Jan., 1879.

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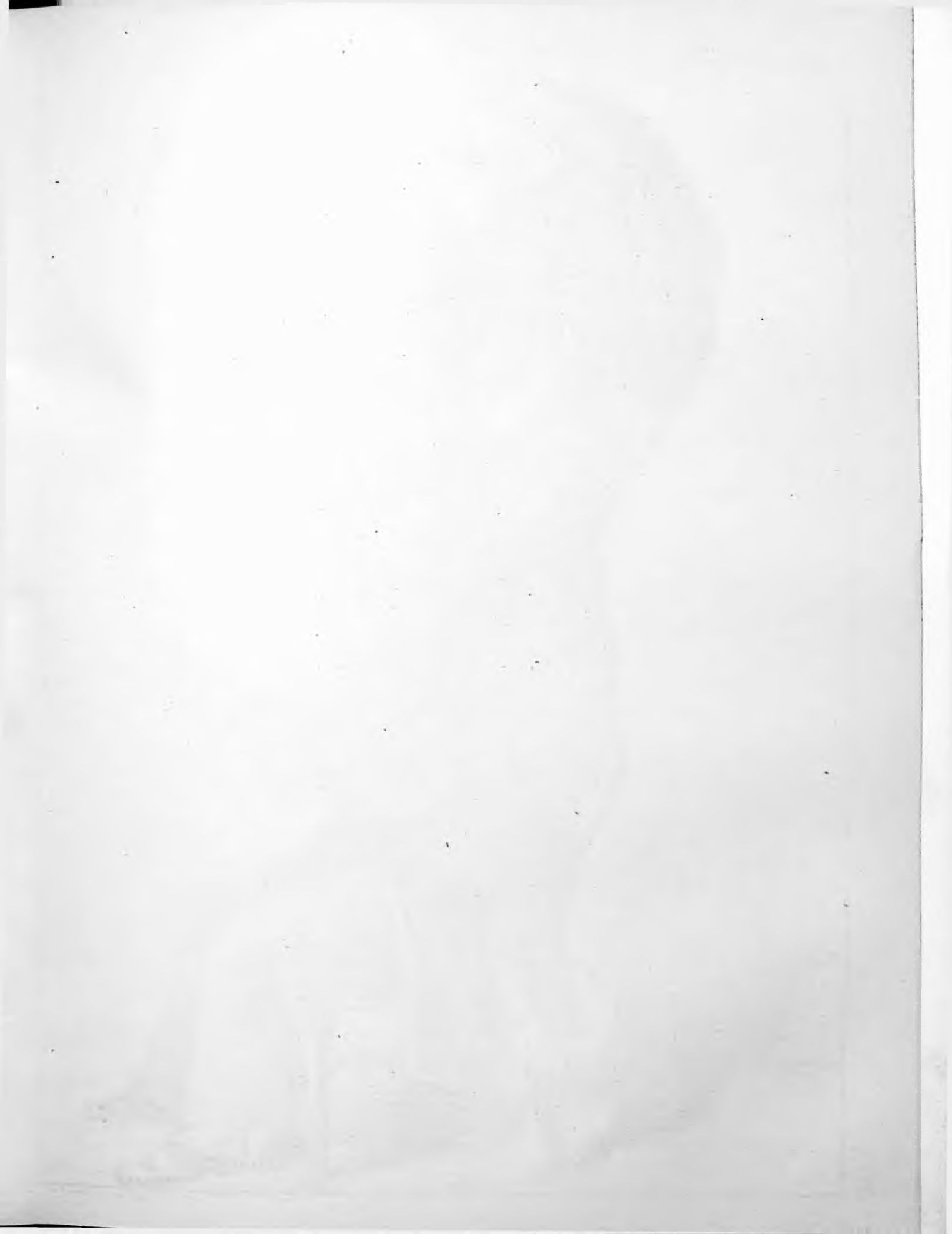
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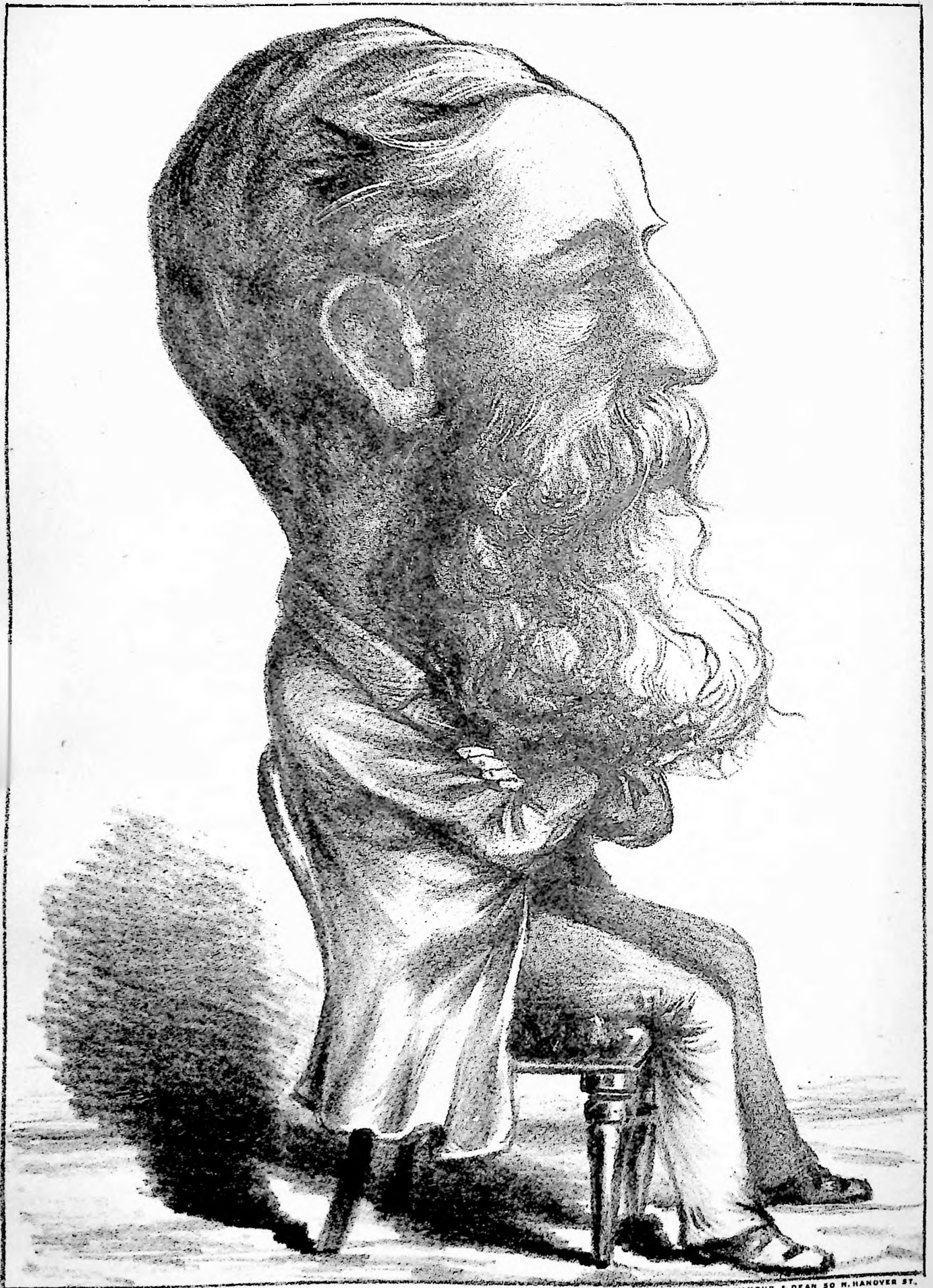
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# The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 328. Glasgow, Wednesday, January 29th, 1879. Price 1d

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 328.

SCOTCH Banking is on its trial to-day. The proceedings in the High Court of Justiciary deal with principles as well as with individuals. Hitherto "as safe as the Bank" has been a proverb in everybody's mouth. Our national system of banking was believed, over the length and breadth of the land, to be as stable as the British Constitution, as unassailable as a demonstration in Euclid. When the country received the shock of the 1st of October, the excitement was too great for a thought to be wasted over anything beyond the results of the City Bank failure. The catastrophe was so tremendous that we could only gaze in horror at the ruin it had created. Even after people generally had in some measure recovered the use of their thinking faculties, their energies were partly spent in blaming the directors, and partly in contriving schemes for the assistance of the sufferers. Now, however, that the affair has become in some measure a matter of history, time has been allowed us to judge, as well of the relative blame to be attached to the various officials connected with the Bank, as of the causes which led to its disastrous and irretrievable failure. And first the notion should be dismissed, at once and for ever, that the directors were only engaged in a vulgar conspiracy to help one another to plunder the shareholders and the public. As it seems to the BAILIE the germs of failure were inherent in the City Bank since its very origin, and that they were not peculiar to the City Bank, although it is only in the "City" that they have, so far, found a soil favourable to their growth, and their ultimate and complete development. The principle of Scotch Banking is that a certain number of people are trusted with the money of a certain

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number of other people. This trust is practically unlimited. No check, of any kind whatever, is placed upon those who receive the money. They may issue false reports, publish false balance-sheets, pay interest out of capital, and play at ducks and drakes generally with the funds at their disposal, and until the business collapses from its own internal weakness, the owners of the money are left without a single hint of the ruin awaiting them. This is the story, in a nutshell, of the City Bank. Why should it not be that of other similar establishments? Could any concern be more popular than was the "City" this day twelvemonths? Where was a more trusted septennate, than that made up by the panels who now occupy the dock in the High Court of Justiciary. It is urged that the City Directors did not confine themselves to the proper business of bankers. Do other Scotch bank directors confine themselves to this business? If the "City" lost money by Nicol Fleming, is it not patent that another bank was heavily involved with the Messrs Collie? The story of the Australian pastoral land scheme is in everybody's mouth for the moment; but is it less legitimate to meddle with pastoral properties in Australia than to back up a "ring" formed for the purpose of operating on Caledonian stock? We are all familiar with the advances procured by the directors of the City Bank; is the City the only establishment in which advances to directors have been the order of the day? To none of the 7 panels has more commiseration been extended than to Mr JOHN STEWART, the chairman of the directors. Mr STEWART is well-known in Glasgow, where he has lived all or nearly all his life. Indeed, as the managing partner of Stewart, Pott & Co., his acquaintances among the members of the Wine, Spirit, and Beer Trade over Scotland are numbered by the hundred. Mr STEWART, in

his early years, travelled far and wide in search of orders. In these days the keeper of a public house seldom dealt directly with the distiller, and Mr STEWART, together with his brother, Mr Robert Stewart—now designated of Ingleston, and one of the directors of the National Bank—occupied the position of middlemen between the maker and the seller of whiskey. Working on the connection they had thus created, the brothers formed the Kirkliston Distillery Company, and to the business of distilling they subsequently added that of malting, thus becoming at once distillers and maltmen, and being, at the same time, agents for brandy, beer, and every other intoxicant known to the true-blue British tippler. All this time Mr STEWART was only known in business circles. He wrought hard, the aim of acquiring a fortune being the single one he seemed to propose to himself. This he is supposed to have attained something like twelve months ago, when he withdrew from trade, and at the same time removed his household belongings from Montague Place to the aristocratic district of Moray Place in Edinburgh, the air of Glasgow being, it is understood, too plebeian for his exclusive tastes. Although Mr STEWART made a sufficient number of acquaintances while actively engaged in business, he can hardly be said to have made many friends. His reputation as a commercial man was that of a keen, and not very generous trader. He never hummed or hawed when seeking for his bond. He seldom hesitated to proceed to legal extremes against an unlucky debtor. To the unfortunate few who had chanced to fall under Mr STEWART'S displeasure, he could be sarcastic and direct enough upon occasion, while with those who stood well in his graces, he was as gushing and complacent as Mr Pecksniff himself. To everybody he met Mr STEWART adopted the grand style. He bid you "good morning" in a manner that recalled the grandiose air of the Turveydrop of "Bleak House." For three years—from '59 to '62—Mr STEWART was a Town Councillor of Glasgow, and in 1876 he became a Director of the City of Glasgow Bank. Latterly he was chairman of its Board, and as such was able in July last to congratulate the shareholders on the excellent condition of its affairs. Most people will recollect Dr A. B. M'Grigor's description of his qualifications for the post of chairman, this being that he had about the worst head for figures he (Dr M'Grigor) had ever met. Mr STEWART

himself, however, was fully sensible of the "honourable and onerous" position to which he had been appointed. He never failed to impress everybody he met with his added importance. But the whirligig of time has brought round its surprises to our friend. His connection with the City Bank, both as Director and Chairman, has gained a measure of celebrity for his name that he probably never, even in his most ambitious dreams, had dared to hope for.

### The Directors' Trial.

"They practised falsehood under saintly show."—*Milton.*

SINCE the trial cam on a' my notions are changed,  
When I read hoo the lawyers explain,  
The Directors—puir fallows—are innocent lambs—  
"They were a'body's freen but their ain."

For years each and a' were working like slaves,  
Morton, Fleming, & Co. tae maintain;  
An' noo a' their thanks are summed up in these words,  
"They were a'body's freen but their ain."

Though whiles a bit thousand or twa cam their airt,  
They ne'er thocht on the gross carnal gain,  
But just made it ower tae their wives or their weans,  
"They were a'body's freen but their ain."

It quite brings the tears tae a puir body's e'e,  
When we think o' the grief and the pain.  
They felt when the ither banks tell't them sae sharp,  
"They were a'body's freen but their ain."

But I doot very much, for a' the 'cute skill  
O' the counsel that each noo retain,  
If the jury will tak as a valid defence,  
"They were a'body's freen but their ain."

The shareholders, judges, and jury and a'  
Will tell them in words braw an plain,  
Their conduct was bad, and the evidence proves  
"They were naeboddy's freen but their ain."

### What the Greenock Folk are Saying.

THAT the Craigs road it has been for many a day.  
That, despite any re-christening, the Craigs road it will continue to be to the end of the chapter.  
That the "heights of Abram" would not be a bad name for the summit level to bear.  
That it would always recall the bold attempt to drive the Wolf(e) from the door.  
That little pay and less work is a most expensive style of road making.  
That the attempted manipulation of the clothing contract was a shady bit of business.  
That fortunately the Board squelched the Tooley Street jookery-packery in an unmistakable manner.  
That the commercial morality of corporations cannot be too carefully guarded in times like the present.  
That "mechanical equivalents" was caviare to the philosophers.  
That the Committee seem bent on emptying the hall on Watt nights.  
That the young shipbuilder has given quite a tone to the registrar's marriage notice board.  
That the M.P. is being trotted out in grand style.  
That by the time he gets back to St. Stephea's he will be quite an adept at speechifying.  
That the Free Mids will have to look about for a big gun to keep up with the Free Wests.



To the Rev. Dr Walter C. Smith.

MY rev'rend frien' I've seen your verse,  
Your *gen'rous* lott'ry rhyme ;  
It's clever, neat, and rather terse,  
And true to touch and time.

But twa wee elements ye want,  
To name them I'm unwillin',  
Gude sense, I fear is something scant,  
Forbye gude kin'ly feelin'.

Say, were this scheme to help the "Frees"  
Would they denounce the venture ?  
Or sing a' roun', like hivin' bees,  
Yoursel' the head precentor ?

Or like the hounds about a tod,  
A' yellin' for a share o't  
Devourin' a' that comes their road,  
An' gapin' still for mair o't.

Ye wadna ca't a pious scheme,  
Far less pray for the schemer.  
'Twould rouse your wrath, even in a dream  
—But aiblins ye're nae dreamer.

Ye wadna own sic godless gear,  
Sae like the filthy rags,  
Ye'd maybe say, ye'd maybe swear,  
Ye ne'er saw "lucky bags."

Ye wadna pooch a single maik  
Although ye had permission,  
Unless, perhaps, jist for the sake  
O' some dear Foreign Mission.

Ye've purg'd auld Scotland noo sae pure  
There's naething left to mention,  
Her draps o' drink an' Police stoor  
Require nae mair attention.

The twa-three hungry, ill-clad folks  
That dauner through the country  
Are welcome ay to your meal pocks,  
They're dearer far than gentry.

Oor roarin' "pubs" are a' shut up,  
Except the ornamental,  
Oor verra thieves let go the grup  
An' noo grow sentimental.

Commercial honesty's sae strang  
An' sturdy on her shanks,  
Oor verra weans could scarce gae wrang  
In guidin' Boards an' Banks.

Hypocrisy nae langer thrives,  
She's deid, and sleeps below,  
She blush't an' fled whene'er she read  
Knox, R—y, S—, & Co.

Corruption noo, o' every hue,  
Maun hide its ill-faur't heid,  
An' sceptics a', baith great an' sma',  
Are number'd wi' the deid.

The lion an' the lamb lie doon  
An' cuddle close thegither,  
An' wadna for a gowden croon  
Think ill o' ane anither.

Nae party strife divides the laun  
In prayer or in politics ;  
The wisdom teeth hae a' been drawn  
O' cavillers an' critics.

Millenial glories owre the laun'  
Are bleezin' pure an' bricht ;  
The sun andmune may baith gae dune,  
Nae mair we'll miss their licht.

An' a' this godlike wark ye've dune,  
An' dune't for less than naething,  
Ye've driven oot a nation's sin  
Like ony worthless plaything.

An' pastures new ye sidge for noo,  
To scatter kindred blessin's,  
An' justly think that wark sae true  
The sin o' lott'ry lessens.

Oh, make us grateful for this corps  
O' noble benefactors ;  
They've greater blessin's yet in store—  
They're mouldin' mair Directors.

Oh ! Thou great Power that rul'st above,  
Forgive our native land ;  
An' let Thy mercy an' Thy love  
Thy weel-won wrath withstand ;

An', oh, whatever else ye tak',  
To gar the nations won'er,  
In mercy, Lord, sen' back, sen' back  
Her lang lost truth an' honour.

### Lost and Found.

(A Play in three Acts.)

SCENE I. A crowded thoroughfare at night.—  
*Woman* (with child in her arms standing on the pavement and looking round)—Whaur's wee Jamie ? Oh ! whaur's wee Jamie ? He was there a minit sin' syne, and noo he's awa. Fether ! did ye no' see him. Oh ! rin and find him. Come here roon about me a' the rest o' ye, Johnnie, Jessie, Maggie, Lisbeth, Willie, aye, ye're a' there, did nane o' ye see yer wee brither ? Oh ! what's come o' my wean ? Aye, sir, we wis a' jist walking along, looking at the shops and things, an' wee Jamie's lost. Oh ! what'll a dae, I've lost my bonnie wean !

SCENE 2. A side street.—*Chorus of Sympathising Women*—"What's yer name, my bonnie lamb ?" "Boo hoo, a want my mither." "Div ye no' ken whaur ye stey ?" "A want ma mither." "But whaur is she ?" "A dinna ken." "There's a lassie here says his mither's roon the corner luckin' for him." "That's richt, lassie, dicht his bit face an' tak' him till her."

SCENE 3. A crowded thoroughfare as before.—Oh ! here's ma wean, whaur wis ye ma doo ? Did ye get lost and did this nice lassie bring ye back till yer mither ? But what gart ye rin awa' frae's an' hae the hale street seekin' efter ye. A've a guid mind tae gae ye a threshin'. Aye, an' I'll dae it tae. Here, fether, haud wee Mary till I gie Jamie his licks.

[Tableau.]

### A Site for Sore Eyes—An oculist's.

Young Lady Pianist for Evening Parties, &c., &c., 15s.—  
Address, "Music," 14 Exchange Square.

## Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—“Puss in Boots” is now in its latter days. On Saturday next it will be played for the last time. To-morrow (Tuesday) night the performances will be for the benefit of little George Preston. Hitherto we have known Mr Preston as one of those valuable fellows who can turn their hands to anything, from painting a scene to playing *Hamlet*. This year he has shown that he possesses a stock of wit that has astonished and amused everybody. Usually the harlequinade is the portion of a pantomime that people of the elder sort are careful to avoid; in the case of “Puss in Boots,” however, the harlequinade has been one of the most attractive portions of the entertainment for folk of every age.

Charming Miss Lucy Franklein will take her benefit on Friday.

Among the pieces underlined at the Theatre Royal are “Clancarty” and “Trial by Jury.”

Mr Walter Bentley’s “Tam o’ Shanter,” at the Royal on Saturday, would have been more effective had he dispensed with the book. The style he adopted was a compromise between reading and recitation, and compromises are never wholly satisfactory. Mr Bentley succeeded best in the quieter and more level passages of the poem. He introduced several touches of great delicacy, and his humour was of that dry, pawky kind that a Scotch audience can always appreciate.

Friday week, the seventh of next month, has been set apart for the benefit of Mr E. L. Knapp. Of course the Theatre Royal will be crowded on the occasion. We have few better-known or better-liked townsmen than Mr Knapp, and his troops of friends make an invariable point of rallying round him on the occasion of his annual benefits.

Among the people who will appear at the Royal on the seventh of February, are Mr M’Neill, lessee of the Edinburgh Princess’s Theatre, and Mr Frederic Maccabe—“the inimitable Frederic.”

“Cinderella” is still drawing crowds of sight-seers to the Gaiety. It continues to “go” with as much *vim* as ever. Many new points have been introduced, both into the extravaganza and the harlequinade, and the dresses, scenery, and other appointments look as bright and effective as they did when the piece was first put on the stage.

Miss Louisa Gordon (Mrs G. C. Murray,) was laid up, some days last week, with a severe cold, her *role* of *Dandini* being taken, in her absence, by Miss King, a clever young lady who formerly belonged to the burlesque company of Mr Eldred.

“Robinson Crusoe” has hit the Newcastle play-goers this season quite as severely as it did those of our own good City when it was produced at the Gaiety in the December of 1876.

Mr Bernard, who was in the cast of “Robinson Crusoe” up till the middle of the month, was in London, last week, completing his arrangements for the forthcoming summer.

The run of “Blue Beard” at the Prince of Wales Theatre comes to an end on Friday. Do you know, my BAILIE, I’m not sure that I didn’t laugh more heartily at “Blue Beard” than at any other of this season’s pantomimes. Certainly, some of the passages were amazingly funny. That procession, moreover, was an exceedingly clever scene.

Mr Coleman proposes to treat us to a novel sensation on Monday by the production of “Uncle Tom’s Cabin,” with a company in which the “black parts” will be sustained by real negroes. Surely there ought to be a sufficiency of “local colour” here.

I understand that Miss Elise Maisey, whose present engagement with Mr Coleman comes to an end this week, has been engaged by Mr Wilson Barret for his “Proof” Company. She will take the important part of *Valentine*. Miss Maisey’s “farewell benefit” at the Prince of Wales, is announced for to-morrow (Tuesday) evening.

The national drama of “Rob Roy,” always a popular card in Glasgow, will shortly be put up, I understand, by Mr M’Fadyen, at Her Majesty’s Theatre, the elegant new south-side house.

Miss Cary Nelson takes her benefit on Friday night, when in addition to the Pantomime of “Ali Baba,” the musical comedietta of the “Daughter of the Regiment,” will be performed.

It may interest your readers, my Magistrate, to know that at an auction recently held in Bombay, an oil painting of James Nicol Fleming realised Rs22. The competition was a very keen one, but the work was ultimately knocked down to an Asiatic with an admiration for clever (shall we say) swindling financing.

Mr Wm. Canton of the *Glasgow Herald* has published a volume “The Shining Waif” and other tales. It is a most readable little work: there is power as well as poetry in it.

## BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

*Small boy* (home from Glasgow after a visit to the circus.)—“Faither, did ye ever see a cock-horse?”

*Father* (a gamekeeper.)—“No, Johnnie, but I hae shot mony a mare-hen, and I daursay they’re the same sort o’ fowl.”

WHAT’S IN A NAME?—A little suburban village—not unknown to fame—rejoices in the two names of Hogganfield and Millerston. Perhaps, Cologne-like, by any other name ’twould still *smell* as sweet. What says the Local Authority?

“IN MYRIADS CLEAVE THE CRYSTAL FLOOD”—*Smollett*.—Every one has heard that Loch Lomond is famed for fish without fins and powans. But perhaps it is not so generally known that in winters of more than ordinary severity it is often overrun with skates.

“Stopping payment” is a euphemism for “a disgraceful bankruptcy.” So says Prof. John Nichol of Glasgow University, in his recently issued Primer of English Composition. The BAILIE approves the definition, and commends it to the notice of Nicol Fleming, Innes Wright, *et hoc genus omne*.

It may interest more than one friend of the BAILIE to know that the “Mrs Martin” announced in the *Herald* the other day as shortly to give readings for the benefit of the Bank Shareholders is not Mrs Councillor James Martin, but Mrs Theodore Martin who may possibly be recognised under her maiden name of Miss Helen Faucit.

A Nuisance.—Not Bank Directors, but Bank misdirectors.

The original “Rab an’ his freens.”—Burns and “The twa Dogs.”

H’M!—While reading the evidence of some of the City Bank officials, there somehow rises into one’s mind that proverb about a man looking over a hedge while a horse is being stolen.

A CALL TO ARMS.—“Hey, Johnnie, ma mannie, come to yer mither an’ let me cairry you.”

A Ferry Grievance.

THERE'S always somebody grumbling. Sometimes they have cause, and sometimes they haven't. Just now there's a grumble about the advance in price of weekly tickets for the Ferries. That concerns workmen principally, but have the general public not a little grievance here too? Conveyance by water is well known to be much cheaper than either horse or locomotive conveyance, and yet look what the Clyde Trustees give us for a ha'penny—a sail extending the length of the Broomielaw Bridge; and compare it with the tram car pennyworths, say from Argyle Street to Paisley Road Toll, or to Charing Cross, or indeed any other, or the omnibus from Queen Street to Hutchesontown for a penny, or the railway from Bellgrove to Pollokshields for a penny. Bear in mind, also, that cars, omnibusses, and trains are owned by individuals who run them ostensibly for profit; the Ferry boats belong to a body who should not look solely for profit, but to the convenience and ease of the public. A return ticket for a ha'penny would be about the mark for crossing the Clyde by a ferry-boat.

THE BURDEN OF A SONG.

*Duncan*—Here Ankus Fraser, you hev been doon in Ayrshire. What wass Burns's Anniversary?

*Angus*—Oh yiss, Tuncan, I know ferry well. Annie Versary wass ta girl he will mortalise in ta song—"My Nannie, O'!"

A BROTH OF A BOY.

Said Mickie eating soup one day,  
('Twas made of peas and taters)  
"Though banks may smash or banks may stand,  
I'm wan ov the liquid-aiters!"

CLERICAL INCONSISTENCY.

*Brown* (to *Robinson*)—Yes, my dear boy, it is quite true "marriage is the greatest lottery," and the better to induce poor fellows to get into it the ministers have reduced their terms, yet they threw every obstacle in the way of the lottery for the City Bank. Awfully inconsistent, wasn't it?

MATTER-O-MONEY.—The Kirk is fighting the Registry for the privilege—and profit—of tying "true lovers' knots." An enterprising country registrar has the following advertisement in the local paper:—"Cheap Emigration to the United States! Safe passage guaranteed for one and sixpence. None but fools need apply."

Why I did not Read the Big Trial.

BECAUSE I was not a shareholder.  
Because I am not a depositor.  
Because I have no head for figures.  
Because I couldn't find time to wade through 12 columns of such stuff every day.  
Because I was always meeting fellows who could give you all the evidence in a nut shell, and could even foretell what the verdict and sentence would be.  
Because I much preferred a couple of hours skating.  
Because I wanted to be the only man in Glasgow who took no interest in the affair.  
Because the deficit of six millions never touched me a bit.  
Because I can't be bothered with newspapers.  
Because I never read anything but the BAILIE.

A-N-ICE ADVERTISEMENT.

As the day lengthens the weather gets colder,  
And the cold strengthens as the year the older,  
As the ice thickens the timid grow bolder  
And the pulse quickens in younger and older—  
The older to curl, the younger to whirl  
On those "acme" of skates by A. Cutler that sold are!!!

CONUMFRUDUM.

(Scene—Lochlomond—Thursday.)

*Dugald*—(standing on a cleared path, to *Donald*, who hearing the ice renting gets alarmed)—what for wull she no keep on ta paifment like hersel.

*Donald*—Toot na, Tougal, I'm as weel here as where I am—this is getting no petter quite fast.

"Lac"-a-Day.—"Ice-cream" has been at last suggested by Shakspeare—"when milk comes frozen home in pail."—*Love's Labour Lost*, Act V., Scene 2nd.

UNION AT LAST.—The other day in Glasgow it took a representative from each of the Scottish Presbyterian Churches, three clergymen in all, to make one happy marriage. Why this diversity of creeds in the officiating parsons? Were the parties to the contract not quite sure which church is "divinely commissioned," and so determined to make assurance doubly sure, and have a blessing from all three.

Now that the City Bank is being wound up out of existence, its officials will be in the market for fresh employment, similar or other. It is understood that several are well experienced in the art of making themselves generally useful.

## Quavers.

THE lectures on musical instruction by Herr Pauer were concluded on Saturday afternoon, and have been well attended. They cannot but have proved valuable to those of either sex intending to follow the profession of music, or already engaged in it, who have found it convenient to attend. Another year, perhaps, the hour might be made with advantage a little later.

Mr Lambeth's Burns programme on Saturday contained two part song arrangements by Mr Julius Seligmann—"The Land o' the Leal," sung, we remember, at a concert by the Bellahouston Society last winter, and "My Nannie's awa," both melodies being treated with tenderness and grace. There were also two similar arrangements from a German collection, "O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad," and "Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou?" simply harmonised, but with appreciation of the characteristics of the music.

By this infusion from other sources, variety of harmonic idea was lent to the programme; and as respects the concert, the singing, taking into account chiefly the extreme cold in the Kibble, was on the whole very good. "Aye wakin' O" was as usual a model of vocalisation. "Duncan Gray" was well sung, as was also "John Anderson my Jo," though to appreciate the canon effect in the latter, it should be heard in a more suitable building. "Scots wha hae" was given with really splendid effect, and "Green Grow the Rashes, O" was encored. A word of praise is due for the annotations in the programme. There was a large attendance, despite other attractions.

The musical sensation of the hour is of course the Burns concerts. It would be well if all sensations were as legitimate. The Glasgow Select Choir were at Dunfermline on Friday evening, and at Paisley on Saturday evening, with their Burns programme, and they are engaged for this week's Saturday evening concert in the City Hall, with the same special bill of fare. A crowded house may safely be expected on the latter night.

The choir are likewise to give the Burns music at Dunfermline on the 13th proximo.

The St. George's Select Choir had a most successful concert at Kilmarnock on Friday evening, in connection with the Burns Club celebration there, the house being crowded, and the singing more than usually good.

Our Choral Union is surely the most indefatigable of all musical societies. No sooner have they got to the end of one arduous season than they begin to prepare for another. Practisings for next winter are already resumed, and will be continued twice a week for a considerable time. The works to be first put in rehearsal are Mendelssohn's "Lobgesang," and Schubert's "Song of Miriam," and the council are in hopes to be able to announce a new work of very considerable interest in the course of a few weeks. New members are desiderated.

There is every probability, it seems, of the Union assisting at the opening of the Cathedral organ, which event is expected in about two months. It strikes one that an appropriate act on the occasion would be to produce one of the works written by Dr Peace (about to be translated to the Cathedral) for his musical degrees—along with such music as may be selected from other sources suitable for an opening. If the idea is practicable within the time, it might well be given effect to.

The Organ Recitals in the New Halls are to be begun for the season on Saturday first, by Dr Peace.

Singing fitsly holds a chief place in the arrangements of the Glasgow Foundry Boys' Society. Get young people to take an interest in music, and you have one means of drawing them from grosser recreation. Sacred music, naturally, is studied most, but the secular element is by no means neglected. Meetings are held once a week for practice, on the Sol-Fa method, and there are twenty-five to thirty such classes over the society, from which selection is made for examination.

A singing class examination in connection with the society took place on Saturday afternoon, at which nine classes were heard in various tests—as choir-singing, time, "reading" at sight, and so on. From such competitions a fresh one arises, and three challenge shields are competed for, after the example of

volunteers, evidently. It is hoped to have a preliminary combined musical meeting in the New Halls, on Tuesday, the 11th February.

The quality of tone at Saturday's competition, and the intelligence displayed by the choirs, were very noticeable and pleasing facts. One defect might be pointed out. In two-part singing the alto sung is that of the usual four-part arrangement—a serious mistake, from the necessarily imperfect and disagreeable character of the harmony. The services of an expert ought to be, and could be, easily obtained, to put the harmony right for the purpose, and by just a few touches.

Mr Charles Halle, with his celebrated Manchester orchestra, and with Madame Norman Neruda, solo violinist, gives a concert here on Tuesday the 18th February. The Eroica symphony of Beethoven, and selections from Wagner's "Meistersinger," are the chief features of Mr Halle's programme, this visit.

## A FEW BANKING TERMS.

A Cross Entry—The Black Boy Close.  
Colonial Credits—Dredger tips.  
Foreign Credits—Yankee weather predictions.  
Over Draughts—Drunks and disorderlies.  
A Ledger Balance—Walking on the ledge of a precipice.  
Balance Sheets—Those on a clothes pole.  
Bank Accounts—Last week's newspapers.

## Ain't it Nice ?

STAMP, stamp! flop, flop! blow fingers and toes,  
I wish I could shake 'em all off,  
Letting 'em drop, as, down from my nose,  
An icicle falls when I cough.  
Slip, stagger, slide, up heels and down head;  
'Tis easy, and done in a trice;  
Humbled one's pride, the gutter one's bed;  
Jump up—try a smile—ain't it nice?  
There's the fog, too, that tickles one's tubes,  
Makes life a continual "Ahem-m!"  
One soon runs through, in cayenne jujubes,  
A fortune—dissolving the flem.  
Had I but known, bank stock I'd have sold,  
And laid out my fortune in ice;  
That chance is flown, I'm out in the cold  
With City Bank scrip—ain't it nice?

THREE BLACK CROWS.—What a pretty picture Granny drew for her sympathetic readers last week. The dear little school-boys feeding the starving, frozen-out crows down at Govan. How benevolently the little darlings broke up their "pieces" for the benefit of those "wildest and shyest of birds." The BAILIE has heard other stories, however, about crows, as well as about schoolboys and their general way of treating feathered unfortunates coming within picking distance of their enticing "pieces"—and then Govan! Ah, well, "salt savours all things."

Mr Whistler's Knock-turn—His turning upon Ruskin.

Smokers,—Try Wallach Smoking Mixture, 6d per ounce  
Only to be had from D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram Street

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the great trial has been the absorbing topic of conversation.

That the newspapers have done their best to foster the excitement.

That a shrewd suspicion exists that the prosecution will break down.

That the withdrawal of the major charges of theft and embezzlement has been a sore blow to the prosecution.

That Procurator-Fiscal Brown is meeting with his usual luck.

That at most one or two of the panels will be made the scapegoats of the whole affair.

That the North British Railway has been doing a good heavy passenger traffic during the trial.

That the railway shareholders may expect an increase to their dividend this year.

That it's an ill wind that blows nobody good.

That the inevitable railway accident has not yet taken place.

That a big smash would involve the half of the legal profession in Glasgow.

That the clergy have fairly killed the Aid Liquidation Scheme.

That it behoves them to propose some idea equally efficacious.

That the proposal of the Edinburgh Presbytery that the three churches should raise three millions in two years is just so much gas.

That the majority of the clergy manage to marry wealthy ladies.

That if all these fortunate parsons were to hand over their stipends for a couple of years a goodly sum might be realised.

That the clergymen who are shareholders are no great admirers of the zeal in opposing the Aid Scheme displayed by their non-shareholding brethren.

That the misfortunes of our friends are easy to bear.

That no pastor can countenance church bazaars after their denunciation of the lottery.

That the house-hunting season has commenced.

That the ladies delight in this mild annual dissipation.

That feminine curiosity to see the interior of other people's houses has a good deal to do with the sport.

That a removal once a year is a craze some people have.

That it is a most expensive one.

That the husbands detest flittings,

That the carters enjoy them immensely.

That the bad trade seems to be affecting even the tramway receipts.

That this does not look rosy for any increase in the shareholders' dividend.

That a number of the cars have an aroma of the stables about them which is the reverse of pleasant.

That the Partick Commissioners are kicking up their heels at the Glasgow Corporation and its Tramways Bill.

That Glasgow is invariably opposed by those suburbs for whom she has done most.

That Crosshill has our South-side Park and Partick our West-end Park for which they pay nothing.

That still they are not happy.

That the gas which the Corporation has been supplying during these foggy days has been of the most inferior description.

That no town wants the electric light more than Glasgow.

That as the Corporation have the gas works in their own hands they won't be in a hurry to introduce the new light.

That both curlers and skaters are having a royal time of it.

That the pond proprietors don't care how long the frost may last.

That some of the farmers will get a richer crop from their lochs than they will have this year from the whole of their arable land.

That Gourcock Davie has had another tilt at the standards.

That Rabbie's memory was well toasted on the 25th.

That the anniversary dinners were less numerous than usual.

That the enthusiasm was as great as formerly.

That Rabbie's hatred of religious cant was duly trotted out "on this occasion."

That local crime and interesting meetings have wonderfully fallen off since the directors' trial commenced.

That this is generally the way when there is anything big taking place.

That we can't get the use of our own papers for these Bank Directors.

TO MISS LUCY FRANLEIN.

(With best wishes for a good house on Friday night.)

With blithest of song and merry speech blent,

By tuneful lips tipped with pantomime graces,

The BAILIE can now conceive what is meant

By "lines having fallen in pleasantest places."

The "Innocents"—The City Bank directors.

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AT  
**THE CALEDONIAN HOUSE,**

COMPLETION OF STOCK-TAKING,  
AND SALE OF GOODS OF PASSING FASHION, AND ALL SURPLUS STOCK.

**M**ESSRS COPLAND & LYE, in announcing another Week's Sale of Extraordinary Bargains, cannot but express their thanks to the numerous Customers who so freely responded to their invitation to the last Week's Sale. They now invite all who can possibly take advantage of such an opportunity to call and inspect the many unparalleled Lots that will be laid out for This Week's Sale.

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MILLINERY.—We now offer the remains of our Stock  
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Will clear out a Lot of All-Wool Shirts at 3s 5d, Dress Shirts at 2s 11d, Lamb's-Wool Pants at 2s 11d, Lamb's-Wool Semmets at 2s 11d, All-Wool Plaiding Drawers at 1s 11d, Wincey Shirts at 1s 11d, Wool Sox at 5½d.

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**THE "ACME" SHIRT.**

**T**HERE is no single article of Dress that Gentlemen, as a rule, are so anxious to wear with a sense of comfort, as that of a Shirt, and yet perhaps it would be difficult to name anything that they have actually so little real satisfaction in wearing. The reason of this is obvious. Shirts have generally been made pretty much like loose overcoats, under the delusive idea that proper fitting was of very secondary importance, forgetful of the fact that no garment worn by a Gentleman required more care and skill in its manufacture.

Our "Acme" Shirt maintains its well-earned reputation as the most perfect fitting Shirt in the city. In one way only has this been accomplished. We have made it our careful study to adopt, from time to time, every possible improvement that our experience and judgment could suggest. The result has been that we have never in a single instance failed to give Gentlemen complete satisfaction in this important article of dress. We have therefore the utmost confidence in inviting a trial on the part of those who have not yet proved the merits of the "Acme."

**FORSYTH,**

**RENFIELD STREET.**

**THE BAILIE.**

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 29th, 1879.

**A**MID the many thrilling sensations of these exciting times, it is a relief to find that the public ear is still liable to be tickled periodically by that friend of the human family known as the house-factor. At the present moment the main object of his thoughts is to know whether his tenants are going to sit for another year. Nothing will please him but an answer this week, while many a respectable householder hasn't the most remote idea where his *laves* and *penates* may be three months hence. To all the impecunious rent day has always been an unpleasant prospect, and it is so to an infinitely larger number in those days of poverty and depression. But, then, the house-factor, like his master the landlord, is so considerate and forbearing! He will do anything to oblige—if he only gets all he wishes. Then he is as meek and patient as a book-cavasser when soliciting an order. He will paint and paper and put this and that to rights, but if it is not so expressed in the missive, there is too frequently found to be a difference between the promise and the performance. His memory is at times conveniently defective, and some masters of the trade have been known to have an occasional hardness of hearing. They are all strong on "time and material," and the inferiority of the

work of the tradesmen he does not employ, and therefore has no possible interest in praising. Nor is this to be wondered at seeing how many lazy or unfortunate tradesmen have made a housefactorship the stepping stone in the late good times to being an accountant or property speculator. The citizens of Glasgow, however, are very much less able to manage their own affairs than they are usually supposed to be, if all the arts of the house factors enable them to continue to use tenants in the way they have done of late years, and right thinking landlords can only expect that the universal dulness should affect them also.

#### Stones for Bread.

IT must always be a painful thing for an earnest philanthropist to find himself compelled for conscience' sake to express disapproval of any scheme for the relief of the unfortunate. But the pain must be to a large extent neutralised if the philanthropist is able to replace the objectionable plan by another equally effective one, which is open to no conscientious objections. This latter is the beatific state to which belongs a reverend brother of the Edinburgh Free Presbytery, whom the BAILIE forbears to name, knowing as he does that true benevolence is ever modest. Everybody is aware that the proposed City Bank Shareholders' Aid Scheme has acted on various members of that Presbytery very much as the traditional old rag does on a mad bull, or an anti-Sunday car deputation on Jeems Martin. Pious hands have been uplifted in holy horror, and the whites of saintly eyes have rolled appealingly heavenward over this generous proposal in a manner that the late lamented Chadband himself might have equalled, but could never have surpassed. But while reverend brethren by the score have joined in the chorus of denunciation, one reverend brother, and one only, has been able to think of something better to accomplish the same good end. This worthy father in Israel, reminds the world that the three great Presbyterian Churches contribute jointly a sun of about a million and a half annually to their various funds. He further goes on to state that in his opinion there would be no great difficulty in raising double that sum, which of course, in two years time, would place the desired three millions in the Liquidators' hands. The only flaw in this otherwise meritorious idea is that it is conceived in a somewhat too apostolic spirit. Supposing, for the sake of argument, that the

reverend brother in question is not an absolute lunatic, then we are forced to conclude either that he has been born some nineteen centuries too late, or that his guileless childishness—we should say childlikeness—would better fit him for this mundane sphere in its millennial period. Gracious powers! can this reverend brother be ignorant of the artful dodges, the knowing contrivances, the pertinacious canvassing, the envy, malice, and all uncharitableness which are annually brought into play to secure this noble voluntary offering of a million and a-half? Can he know anything about the harmless necessary wire-pulling, the generalship, the knuckling-down to the rich, the flattering of the vain, the adroit management of the ambitious by which the grand result is obtained, and yet suggest the possibility of doubting it? Can he be unaware of the seductive army of male collectors, and the still more seductive army of female ones, the soirees, the sacred concerts, the bazaars, the tea-fights, the cookie-shines, nay, even the wicked and illegal raffles, by which the million and a-half is collected? Has he forgotten the frantic appeals from the pulpit for increased liberality, the equally frantic circulars in the pews on the same interesting subject, the begging letters, the ordinary collections, the special collections, the collections on retiring, the collections on entering, and the collections in the middle; or does he talk about the extra million and a-half with a vivid recollection of these various financial spasms? In a word, the amazing puerility of the reverend brother is almost incredible; and a clergyman who cannot offer to the famishing the bread they need, would best consult the dignity of his profession by not offering them stones instead with such exasperating sanctimonious coolness.

#### A SOUND APPLICATION.

*Donald* (reading an account of the anniversary concert at the Kibble Palace)—Can you'll tell me, *Tougal*, what wass meant by "uniform tonalities" in ta concert music?

*Dougal*—Uniform Tonal-ities? Chwhy yiss, wass it not ta praw plue-coated Highlant polis-men who cam' in to preserve ta harmony of ta concert?

ARE A' YER INSIDES OOT?—Before this his Worship has heard of the house being turned inside out. It is only now, however, that he understands—after having seen some new "elevations" in the West-end,



Megilp.

THE other day I got a hint—but not from one of the hangers—that the hanging of the pictures at the Institute has been done with great taste and discrimination, and that the method of arrangement that has been adopted has a fine decorative effect. The Exhibition is said to be a very good one.

Mr William Small's "Wreck" is one of the important pictures in Glasgow.

Messrs Gray are very anxious that their illustrated "Art Notes" to the Institute should be as complete as possible. There was some unavoidable delay in the issue of the circulars asking the artists to forward to the publishers sketches of their pictures. In fact, the artists did not receive the circular until "sending-in day," and very many of them had not time to do the requisite sketches. If, however, on "touching-up day," they will make such outlines or sketches of their contributions as they can find time to overtake, and send them to Messrs Gray, they will materially assist the editor of the Notes, and help to insure the success of the publication. The Notes are a pleasant guide through, and a valuable souvenir of, the Exhibition, and it is to be hoped, therefore, that every painter here will do his best to contribute to them.

The work of Mr Halkett, the editor of the Notes, is this year much increased by the fact of the Edinburgh and the Glasgow Exhibition opening simultaneously. This was altogether a mistaken arrangement, and the Edinburgh people are to blame for it. Until now the opening of the Scottish Academy has followed that of the Institute by about a fortnight. The alteration has interfered with the comfort and convenience of every one who has to do with both Exhibitions.

The three new associates of the Royal Academy are Messrs Val C. Prinssep, Luke Fildes, and John M'Whirter.

Mr M'Whirter's well-merited promotion has, of course, given universal satisfaction in Scotland. We have every reason to be proud of him, as he has won his position by the sheer force of good work.

Glasgow people will remember Mr Fildes by his powerful and pathetic picture of "The Casual Ward." Mr Fildes is an accomplished artist. His work shows originality and strength, with the ease naturally resulting from these excellences. A good example of Mr Fildes is at present in Messrs Lawrie's Galleries—"The Playmates," his last year's academy picture altered and improved. The subject is a girl teasing a little dog, and is wrought out with fine grace, and passages of soft harmonious colour.

Messrs Lawrie will in a few days open an exhibition of water colour drawings. The collection will be very select, and will number about sixty or seventy examples. One by Aumonier will be shown—a beautiful drawing of the Thames district at Marlowe. It is full of quality and breadth, and altogether charming in its great truth and suggestive little touches.

The annual meeting for the election of office-bearers of the Glasgow Art Club will take place on the 6th February.

The dinner of the Scottish Artists' Club, which took place last Friday, was in every way a success. It was held in Edinburgh. Mr Mactaggart filled the chair, and Mr Barclay acted as croupier. Sir Daniel Macnee was among the company, and, of course, aided not a little in making the evening a very happy one. Mr David Murray was the only Glasgow artist present, and replied to the toast of "kindred associations."

Wednesday first is "touching-up day" at Edinburgh; the Exhibition, which I understand will be an excellent one, opens on Saturday. Friday is "touching up" day at the Glasgow Institute; the press view takes place on Saturday, the private view on Monday. There will be the usual conversazione on Monday evening, and the Exhibition will open to the public on Tuesday.

A "nocturne" by Mr Whistler was on view last week at Mr White's North British Galleries, and will be exhibited at the Institute. It evidently represents a winter scene on the Thames, but as to what is the exact effect intended to be reproduced, critics are not quite agreed. I think it shows the river ice-covered with snow lying on the banks. Through the darkness,

barges loom in the distance, apparently frozen in, and beyond there are buildings and lights, some of which being coloured, we may presume to be the lamps on a railway bridge.

This "nocturne in snow and silver" has been bought by a well-known picture collector in Glasgow. R.

The Rev. Dr G. R. Badenoch.

THE BAILIE publishes the following communication for what it is worth. As the author has many admirers in Glasgow—Dr Anderson Kirkwood among others—the original may be seen at No. 81, and after it has been on exhibition for 30 days it will be sold, the proceeds to go, of course, to the fund for the ruined shareholders:—

National Club, 1 Whitehall Gardens, S.W., 23rd Jany.

Dear Mr Editor,—Some kind friend has sent me the BAILIE. I always read it with pleasure, when I have an opportunity. If you know the friend who has sent it to me, pray convey to him my best thanks.—Very truly,  
G. R. BADENOCH.

A (n)Ice Romance.

HA!—Robinson! and Jones!! and Brown!!!

Three biggest swells in all the town;

To move, save in a crawl, they hate—

What can have made *them* learn to skate?

What from their cosy club hath wiled

That kid-gloved trio, nobby-tiled?

Whew! that's their game? Just come to town,

A girl with twenty thousand *down!*

See!—see them, acme-fitted, glide,

One just behind, one at each side!

Ha, ha! Crack—crackle goes the ice;

Alone's the fair one in a trice;

She slips—she falls—a crash—a splash!—

Flying for ropes (with courage rash),

Shout Robinson—and Jones—and Brown—

"A girl (*with twenty thousand*) *down!*"

But look!—while fast for help they run,

Sprawls on the ice a lanky son

Of Alma Mater, all his length,

And drags her out with rustic strength.

Home with the dripping maid he flies;

One reads his fortune in her eyes.

Poor Robinson, poor Jones, poor Brown—

A girl with twenty thousand *down.*

JOKES ON THE BENCH.—What a wag Sheriff Birnie must be, to be sure. "Are there two Messrs Long?" queried his Lordship, on Wednesday last, in the case of Collins *v.* Long, just as if there *could* be two of 'em you know. He might as well have asked if there were two suns in the firmament. No, no, your Lordship, a little bit of *him* goes a *long, long* way.

BETWEEN YOU AND ME AND THE POST.—The BAILIE observes that in the new Post-Office there is a special box for English newspapers. This is as it should be, and next week in posting *The Manchester Guardian* to Ecclefechan he expects to enjoy the pleasure of using it.

## Unmerited Distress.

THESE are indeed trying times. Not only are bank directors and officials compelled to suffer grievous trials, but inoffensive members of the general public have also got to put up with a lot. Miss Amy Bellair is an inoffensive member of the general public, and she has to put up with a lot. Old Bellair is something or other in the East Indian trade—Miss Amy does not know exactly what, but she thinks he sends out something or other thither, and gets home something or other thence. But however that may be, she does know to her cost that papa has been grumbling about bad trade ever since she can remember. Personally, she does not care a bit whether trade is bad or good, but for some mysterious reason, papa seems to think that when it is bad she shouldn't have any money to spend. Miss Amy has turned the thing over in her mind with the greatest care, but she utterly fails to see how it would make trade any better although she didn't get a new bonnet for a year. If she were convinced that by wearing out her last season's dresses she could make the Hindoos or the Chinese, or whoever they are, buy more of papa's stuff, whatever it is, she would cheerfully make herself a sacrifice on the altar of filial duty, but as yet she can't see it. Really, you know, papa, although in the main a dear old fellow, is sometimes dreadfully unreasonable.

Then touching the question of gloves. Is it fair, Miss Amy would like to know, to blame her because twelve-button gloves cost so much? Clearly, she cannot help that, and when papa says she should not buy twelve-button gloves, points out the impossibility of doing otherwise by mentioning that Blanche Millefleur wears them. Papa evades this puzzler by explaining that old Millefleur is an accountant with a splendid bankruptcy connection, and that in times like these he makes money like winking. It pains Miss Amy awfully to argue with papa, but she feels it her duty to inquire why he also is not an accountant with a splendid bankruptcy connection? And further, if he could not even yet become an accountant with a splendid bankruptcy connection, say next week, and thenceforth proceed to make money like winking? According to his own showing, the whole difficulty was caused by his not being an accountant with a splendid—

At this culminating point in Miss Amy's argument, Papa jumped up like a madman, and bounced out of the room, slamming the door

behind him, and muttering something about confounded idiots and wax dolls. Poor Miss Amy's pretty little frizzy head positively aches with unavailing efforts to solve the connection between commercial depression and twelve-button gloves. Will any enthusiastic advocate of the higher education of women, or any kind-hearted University professor with advanced views about social economics, kindly call at 5 Grovepark Terrace, and explain? At home on Thursdays. Afternoon tea at five.

Something to be Grateful for.

"FRIENDS," said elder Spoutfish, "we have great reason to be proud of our medical mission. During the year that is gone four hundred poor people, 'sick unto death,' have been treated by Dr Potion, and it is satisfactory to observe that the number is double that of the previous one; should this wonderful rate of progress be maintained for several years we shall, indeed, have great reason to thank the Lord for the success of our medical mission," and they all seemed to think it would be a good thing for that benighted neighbourhood; but would it, now?

## THE CHANCES OF LIFE.

*Thompson*—How blank you look this morning, Wilson! Anything wrong?

*Wilson*—Rather. I've just heard of the loss of £25,000.

*Thompson*—Awfully sorry to hear it. How did it happen?

*Wilson*—Well, you know I thought to win the first prize in the City Bank Lottery, and now that it's knocked on the head I'm so much the loser. Just my luck!

When the City Bank Directors left College Street Station for Edinburgh, the porters thought them a party of gentlemen going to Newhaven to enjoy a fish-dinner. "It was very nait'ral," commented Bauldy when he heard it, "for a mair fishy lot, wi' an auld Salmon' at their head, ne'er left the toon; but, faith, instead o' haein' a dennar, they'll be dished up themsels afore long by the sharks—o' the law."

A "Cookery" School—The City Bank.

## ROYAL EXCHANGE.

The SUBSCRIPTION BOOK for ENROLLING MEMBERS for CURRENT YEAR is NOW OPEN.  
BY ORDER.

1st January, 1879.

PARIS EXHIBITION.

GOLD MEDALS! SILVER MEDALS!

WE have been repeatedly twitted about not having received a MEDAL at the Paris Exhibition, and asked why. The reason is that, considering Medals a Humbug, we have never sent Samples of our Manufactures to any Exhibition. "Good Wine needs no bush," and our Aerated Waters require no Medal to publish their excellence; their qualities of Purity, Flavour, Strength, &c., speak for them wherever they become known. The Golden Opinions of a discriminating Public, rather than Gold Medals, it is our ambition to gain and keep. Our Lemonade, Soda, Potash, Seltzer, Sarsaparilla, &c., are all unequalled for general excellence; but for a Winter Beverage we recommend our GINGER ALE, which is an excellent tonic, and a pleasant and harmless stimulant.—If found rather strong, our Ginger Ale may be diluted with Water, without at all spoiling its flavour.

WHEELER & CO.,

CHEMISTS & AERATED WATER MANUFACTURERS.  
CROMAC SPRINGS, BELFAST.

DEPOT FOR SCOTLAND:—

147 STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW.

THEATRE-ROYAL.

LAST WEEK OF THE "ROYAL" PANTOMIME.

P U S S I N B O O T S.

Doors Open at 7; Commence at 7-30.

Box Office open from 11 till 3

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE,  
MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE,

LAST SIX NIGHTS

Of the Highly successful Burlesque Pantomime.

ALI BABA AND THE 40 THIEVES.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 31ST,

BENEFIT OF MISS CARRY NELSON,

DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.

And Last Night But One of the

PANTOMIME.

CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING  
CONCERTS.

ANOTHER GREAT BURNS' NIGHT!

The Great Burns' Concert given in the Kibble Palace by the "GLASGOW SELECT CHOIR," on Saturday, 18th January, having proved such a Splendid Success, the Directors are glad to announce that they have succeeded in arranging for its being Repeated in the City Hall next

SATURDAY, 1ST FEBRUARY, 1879.

NO INCREASE IN PRICES.

The Celebrated

GLASGOW SELECT CHOIR

MR FRED. ARCHER, Eminent Conductor.

Also,

THE GLASGOW ORCHESTRA,

Mr W. H. COLE, Conductor.

Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats on Side Galleries 2s. Tickets for Reserved Seats to be had at the Office, 58 Renfield Street.

Doors Open at 7; Orchestral Performance at 7.30 o'clock.

JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

THE GAILETY.

Proprietor and Manager.....Mr CHARLES BERNARD

Every Evening,

Mr C. BERNARD'S

Original, Grand, and Fairy Extravaganza  
and Pantomime,

CINDERELLA.

Box Office open Daily from 10 till 4.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.

LAST FIVE NIGHTS of the PANTOMIME, which must be withdrawn in the full flush of success, in consequence of arrangements previous'y made for the production of

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN,

THIS EVENING, and EVERY NIGHT, inclusive of Friday,  
the New Edition of

BLUE BEARD,

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Thursday, 6th February  
at One o'clock.

EXTENSIVE PUBLIC SALE OF

HIGH-CLASS WINES AND SPIRITS,  
PORTS, SHERRIES, CLARETS, SPARKLING WINES,  
BRANDIES, AND WHISKIES.

All specially selected by extensive Importers, and now forced upon the Market to meet pressing obligations.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above, by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North Court, St. Vincent Place, on Thursday, 6th February, at One o'clock, comprising:—

PORTS.—Dow's Old Light, Taylor's 1870, Warre & Co.'s Tawny, Cockburn's Old Light, Mackenzie's Roughton's Martinez, Gassiot & Co.'s, &c.

SHERRIES.—Vino de Pasto, Amoroso, Old Romano, Manzanilla, Old East India, Fine Old Brown, Pale Dry, &c., shipped by Duff, Gordon, Mackenzie, Gonzalez & Co., Byass & Co., and other well-known Shippers. Cossart Gordon's Madeira.

CLARETS.—Fine Chateau Branc Cantenac, second growth, bottled at the Chateau, and specially recommended to Connoisseurs; Chateau Margaux (corks branded), Chateau Latour, Chateau Lafitte, Leoville, Medoc, and St. Emilion.

SPARKLING WINES.—Champagne, Hock, Moselle, and Burgundy.

Catalogues may be had Three Days prior to Sale, and Samples Tasted on Morning of Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 28th January, 1879.

IMMENSE SALE OF GLASS AND CHINA,

AT M'DOUGALL & SONS',

71 TO 79 BUCHANAN STREET.

DISCOUNT of 20 per Cent. for Cash off

Regular Prices, to prevent loss, in consequence of the Herald Proprietors being about to take down and Rebuild their Property adjoining. The Stock is one of the Largest and Finest in the Kingdom, and is Suitable for all Classes, comprising an endless Variety of Useful and Ornamental Goods.

Tea Sets, 7s 6d to £25; Table Sets, 28s to £85; Dessert Services, 22s to £50; Toilet Sets, 7s to £15; Vases, 1s to £70 per pair; Glasses and Tumblers, 2s to 100s per dozen; Sugars and Creams, 4d per pair and up. Also, Decanters, Caraffes, Butters, Jellies, Jugs, Teapots, Cheese Stands, Parian Figures, Flower Pots, Dresden Candelabra, and Mirrors, &c.

Depot for Minton's, Copeland's, Worcester, and Dresden Porcelain.

Inspection Invited. Goods can be Packed and Stored Free till May Term.

Will be prepared with a large NEW STOCK after Herald Buildings have been taken down.

## GLASGOW SCIENCE LECTURES.

PROFESSOR BALFOUR STEWART, LL.D., F.R.S.  
 Subject—"Suspected Relations between the Sun and Planets."  
 Illustrated with Experiments.  
 CITY HALL,  
 THURSDAY, 30TH JANUARY, 1879.  
 Admission, 6d, 1s, and 2s.

## MACCABE.—LAST WEEK BUT ONE.

Fifth Week of the Triumphant Career in Glasgow of  
 FREDERIC MACCABE and his Talented  
 MUSICAL AND VARIETY COMBINATION,  
 Pronounced by all who have witnessed it to be the most interest-  
 ing, amusing, and delightful entertainment ever produced.

## MACCABE—HENGLER'S CIRQUE.

Every Evening at 8. Saturday, 2-30 and 7-30.  
 BEGONE, DULL CARE!  
 GRAND CHANGE OF PROGRAMME,  
 GRAND CHANGE OF PROGRAMME.

In consequence of the Extraordinary Enthusiasm with which the  
 audiences have received the new  
 GRAND CHINESE OPERETTA by OFFENBACH, entitled  
 CHANG-HI-WANG;  
 CHANG-HI-WANG;

OR,  
 BRITONS IN CHINA.

'It will be repeated Every Evening at 9 o'clock.

"CHANG-HI-WANG is very effectively got up, is very  
 enjoyable, and is sure to be exceedingly attractive."—*Glasgow  
 Herald*, January 20.

Prices of Admission vary from 6d to 3s.  
 Ticket-Office Open Daily between 10 and 4.

**SHELDON'S  
 HAIR RESTORER**  
 RESTORES Grey Hair to its Youth-  
 ful Colour. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER  
 Causes a New Growth of Hair. SHELDON'S HAIR  
 RESTORER Removes Dandriff and all Impurities  
 from the Hair. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER  
 Prevents the Hair from falling off or turning Grey.

May be had of any Chemist or Perfumer.

Price, 3s 6d.

DEPOT, 121 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

Within the Sale-Rooms, 14 Gordon Street, Glasgow, Early in  
 February.

PUBLIC SALE OF  
**VALUABLE BOOKS.**  
 BROWN & LOWDEN, Auctioneers.  
 14 Gordon Street, Glasgow, 27th January, 1879.

At Auction Halls, Drury Corner, Renfield Street, on Tuesday,  
 4th February, at One o'clock.

PUBLIC SALE OF  
 WINES, SPIRITS, AND CIGARS.  
 Including the Stock of Whisky in Bond belonging to a  
 Sequestered Estate.

**DUNCAN KEITH & BUCHANAN** will  
 Sell, by Public Auction, as above.  
 Full particulars in Catalogues, to be had on application.  
 Drury Corner, Renfield Street,  
 Glasgow, 27th Jan., 1879.

**SCRAP Photographs and Views of Scottish  
 Scenery.** Thousands to choose from at A. F. SHARP &  
 Co., 14 Royal Exchange Square.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Tuesday, 4th February.

IMPORTANT PUBLIC SALE OF  
 AN EXTENSIVE STOCK OF  
 VALUABLE FURS,

LADIES SEALSKIN DEEP PALETOT JACKETS and CLOAKS,  
 SABLE MUFFS, LADIES' FURS of every variety,  
 CARRIAGE RUGS, HEARTH RUGS, COACH WRAPPERS,  
 MATS, &c.

**ROBERT M'TEAR & CO.** will Sell, by  
 Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North  
 Court, St. Vincent Place, on Tuesday, 4th February, at 12  
 o'clock, the above well-selected and assorted Stock.

The CARRIAGE RUGS are a choice selection of the following  
 valuable skins:—Wolf, Bear, White, Red, Grey, and Silver  
 Fox, Raccoon, African Lynx, Badger, Biscucha, Tartary Goat,  
 Kangaroo, Australian and American Opossum, Wallaby, &c.

Opera Cloak Linings, Sable, Chinchilla, Otter, Beaver, and  
 other Flouncings, Neck Ties, Foot Warmers.

Catalogues may be had and the Goods viewed on the Morning  
 of Sale.

Royal Exchange, Sale-Rooms, 27th January, 1879.

FORTNIGHTLY ART SALE.

PUBLIC SALE OF

MISCELLANEOUS PICTURES.

**ROBERT M'TEAR & CO.** beg to announce  
 that their next Miscellaneous Picture Sale will be held in  
 their Galleries, on Friday, 7th February, at One o'clock, and  
 will include some Choice Works.

Parties wishing Art Property included in above Sale should  
 send a list of their Lots to the Auctioneers before Friday first,  
 in order that they may be properly catalogued.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 27th January, 1879.

IMPORTANT SALE OF JEWELLERY.

Within the Sale-Rooms, 14 Gordon Street, on Wednesday and  
 Thursday, 29th and 30th January, at Twelve o'clock Each Day.

PUBLIC SALE OF

**JEWELLER & WATCHMAKER'S STOCK**  
 (As per Valuation, amounting to £1750),

Consisting of

Gentlemen's Gold English Lever Watches, by John Forrest,  
 Flynn, and other Eminent Makers;

Ladies' English Lever and Geneva Watches,  
 English Lever Hunters and Keyless Watches,  
 Gent.'s 15 and 18 Carat Gold Albert Chains,  
 Ladies' Gold Guard Chains,

Elegant Suites of Gold Brooches and Ear-Rings,  
 Beautiful Gold and Diamond Locketts and Bracelets,

Suites of Gold and Diamond Studs,  
 Solitaires and Links, Scarf Rings and Pins,

Ladies' Half-Hoop Diamond Rings,  
 Gent.'s Single-Stone Diamond Rings,

Ladies' Gold Jewel Rings, Set with Rubies, Amethysts, Pearls,  
 Torquoise, Emeralds, Garnets, &c., &c.;

Magnificent Bronzes in Groups and Single Figures,  
 Opera and Marine Glasses,

A Quantity of Electro-Plated Goods of the Finest Quality,  
 comprising Dinner and Dessert Spoons and Forks, Toddy  
 Ladles, Salt and Mustard Spoons, &c., &c.;

Also,

A Lady's Gold Lever Watch and Guard Chain, Wedding Ring,  
 and Three Gem Rings

(Which belonged to a Lady deceased, and Sold by order of the  
 Executors.)

**BROWN & LOWDEN** have received instruc-  
 tions to Sell the above Valuable Stock, within their  
 Rooms, 14 Gordon Street, on Wednesday and Thursday, 29th  
 and 30th January, at Twelve o'clock each Day.

On View, with Catalogues, To-Morrow.

# ISLAY WHISKY.

W. & J. MUTTER,  
BOWMORE DISTILLERY,  
COUNTING-HOUSE, 41 ANN STREET, CITY, GLASGOW.



## NEWSOMES

HIPPODROME AND CIRCUS,  
INGRAM STREET, GLASGOW,  
TO-NIGHT, Doors Open at 7.  
LAST SIX NIGHTS OF  
THE GRAND  
EQUESTRIAN PANTOMIME.

ENTITLED  
RIDE A COCK HORSE TO BANBURY CROSS.  
THE WITCH, THE FAIRY, THE FIRE-PROOF STEED;  
OR, THE BURNING OF OLD MOTHER GOOSE.  
Introducing 100 Horses, Artists, and Trained Animals.  
MID-DAY PERFORMANCES OF THE PANTOMIME—  
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, AT 3.  
Doors Open Half-an-Hour previous to these times.  
Places can be secured at the Box Office, from 11 till 3; also at  
Messrs Adams & Co., Buchanan Street.

BROWN & LOWDEN,  
AUCTIONEERS and VALUATORS,  
14 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.

SALES of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, &c., conducted  
at the Owner's Premises, on Moderate Terms.  
CASH ADVANCED.

## BOUQUETS, BOUQUETS, BOUQUETS.

BRIDAL BOUQUETS, PRESENTATION BOUQUETS,  
DINNER TABLE BOUQUETS, COAT BOUQUETS,  
Hair, Breast, and Girdle Bouquets,  
ECCLESIASTICAL BOUQUETS.  
FUNERAL BOUQUETS, SICK ROOM BOUQUETS.  
Bouquets, Fresh, Fragrant, and Brilliant, suitable for every  
Purse and every Purpose.  
NATURE'S MEMENTOES, ART'S TRIUMPH.

WALKER'S BOUQUETS,  
18 GORDON STREET.

## CITY HALL ORGAN RECITALS.

The usual SATURDAY AFTERNOON RECITALS will  
be given by the City Organist, Mr LAMBETH, upon  
SATURDAY FIRST,  
at FOUR o'clock prompt. The Doors (Albion Street and  
Candleriggs) will be Opened at 3-30. Admission and Pro-  
grammes of Music Free.  
Chamberlain's Office, 30th Dec., 1878.

## EXHIBITION of SELECTED PICTURES.

Oil and Water Colour.  
WILLIAM BURNS, 162 Buchanan Street, Glasgow.  
Admission Free.

## GLENFIELD STARCH.

THE QUEEN'S LAUNDRESS SAYS THIS IS THE FINEST  
STARCH SHE EVER USED.

## FOOTBALL COSTUMES.

Every Club Colour kept in Stock.  
LIST OF COLOURS ON APPLICATION.

## H. & P. M'NEIL,

HATTERS, HOSEIERS, GLOVERS, AND SHIRTMAKERS,  
CRICKET AND FOOTBALL OUTFITTERS,  
21 & 23 RENFIELD STREET.

JOHN M. SIMPSON, Furniture Warehouse  
and Show-rooms, 60 GREAT CLYDE STREET, (Corner of  
Maxwell Street) Glasgow. One of the largest Stocks in the  
City. New Illustrated House Furnishing Guide to be had Free  
on application. The Cheapest Establishment in the City for  
Really Good Substantial Furniture of Artistic Design and  
Superior Finish. Quality Guaranteed.

## PHOTOGRAPHERS TO THE QUEEN.

RALSTON & SONS,  
141 SAUCHIEHALL STREET  
AND  
165 SANDRINGHAM TERRACE, HILLHEAD.

RUTHERFORD BROTHERS,  
ARTISTS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS,  
127 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

WASTE PAPER, Ledgers, Letters, Books,  
Ropes, Bagging, Tailors' Clips—bought at PAPER  
MILL STORE, 98 MAXWELL STREET.

OIL PAINTINGS  
BY CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS.  
EXTENSIVE COLLECTION AT 338 SAUCHIEHALL ST  
WM. GENTLES, Picture Dealer, Wholesale & for Exportation  
Picture Frame and Room Mouldings.

## THE BRIDGE HOTEL 1 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

This Old-Established House, adjoining the Waverley Station,  
and opposite General Post Office, affords first-class accommoda-  
tion for Commercial Gentlemen and others visiting the City  
(either on business or pleasure), having recently undergone ex-  
tensive alterations and additions; entirely re-decorated and fur-  
nished in the most approved manner. Parties honouring the  
"BRIDGE" with their patronage will find every comfort, com-  
bined with cleanliness and attention. Cheerful Sitting-rooms,  
CHARGES:—Breakfasts, from 1/ to 2/3; Dinners, from 1/9;  
Bed-room, 2/; Attendance, 1/ per day. GOOD STOCK ROOMS.  
JAMES M'GREGOR, PROPRIETOR.

THE ROYAL RESTAURANT,  
10 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET.  
C. WILSON & SON, Proprietors.

ADVERTISEMENTS received for all Papers, by A. F.  
SHARP & CO., 14 Royal Exchange Square,

A SUITABLE SIGHT.

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**BUCHANAN & JOHNSON'S**

**MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY**

OF

**SPRING TWEEDS**

**ON SATURDAY FIRST,**

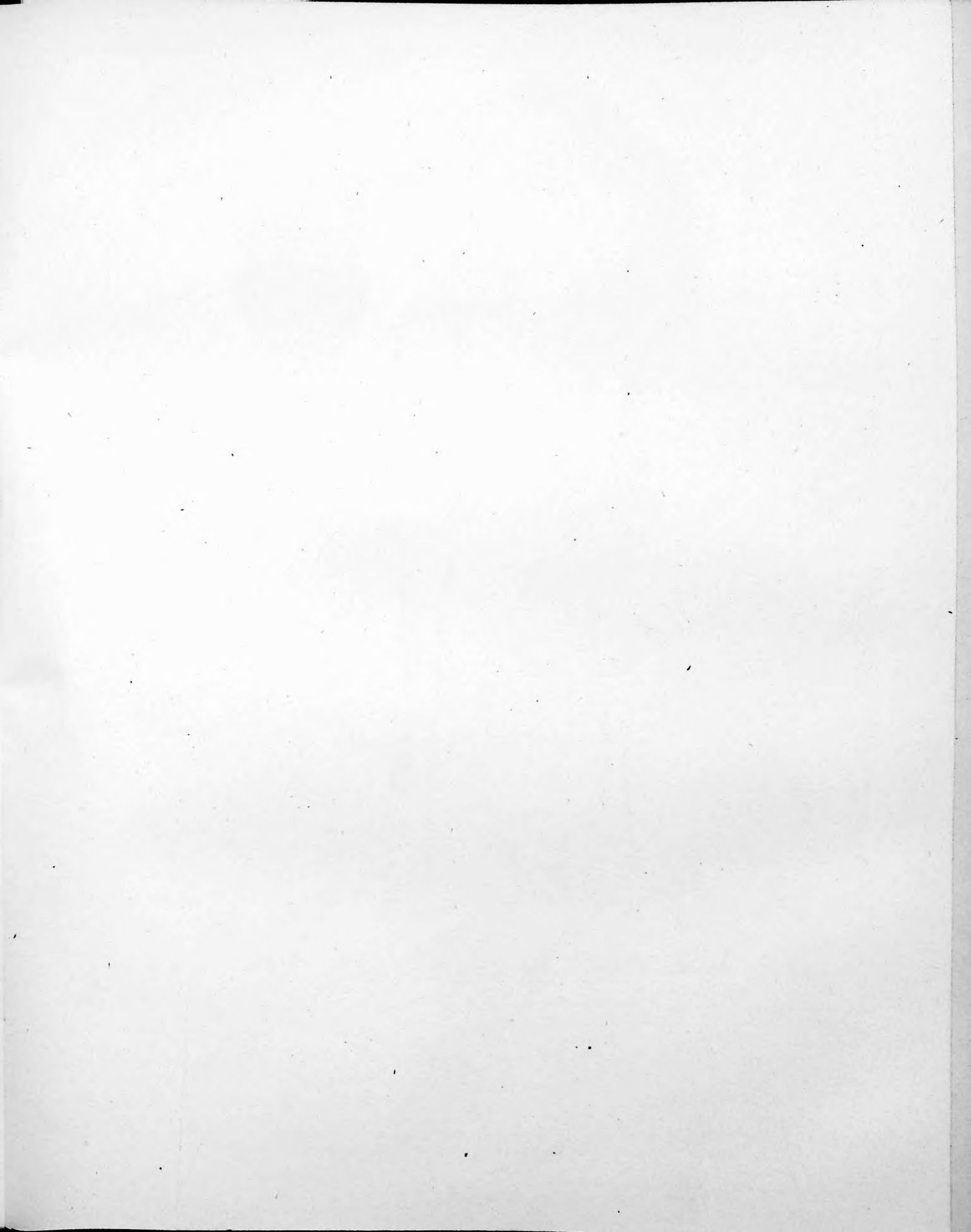
**174 & 176 TRONGATE,**

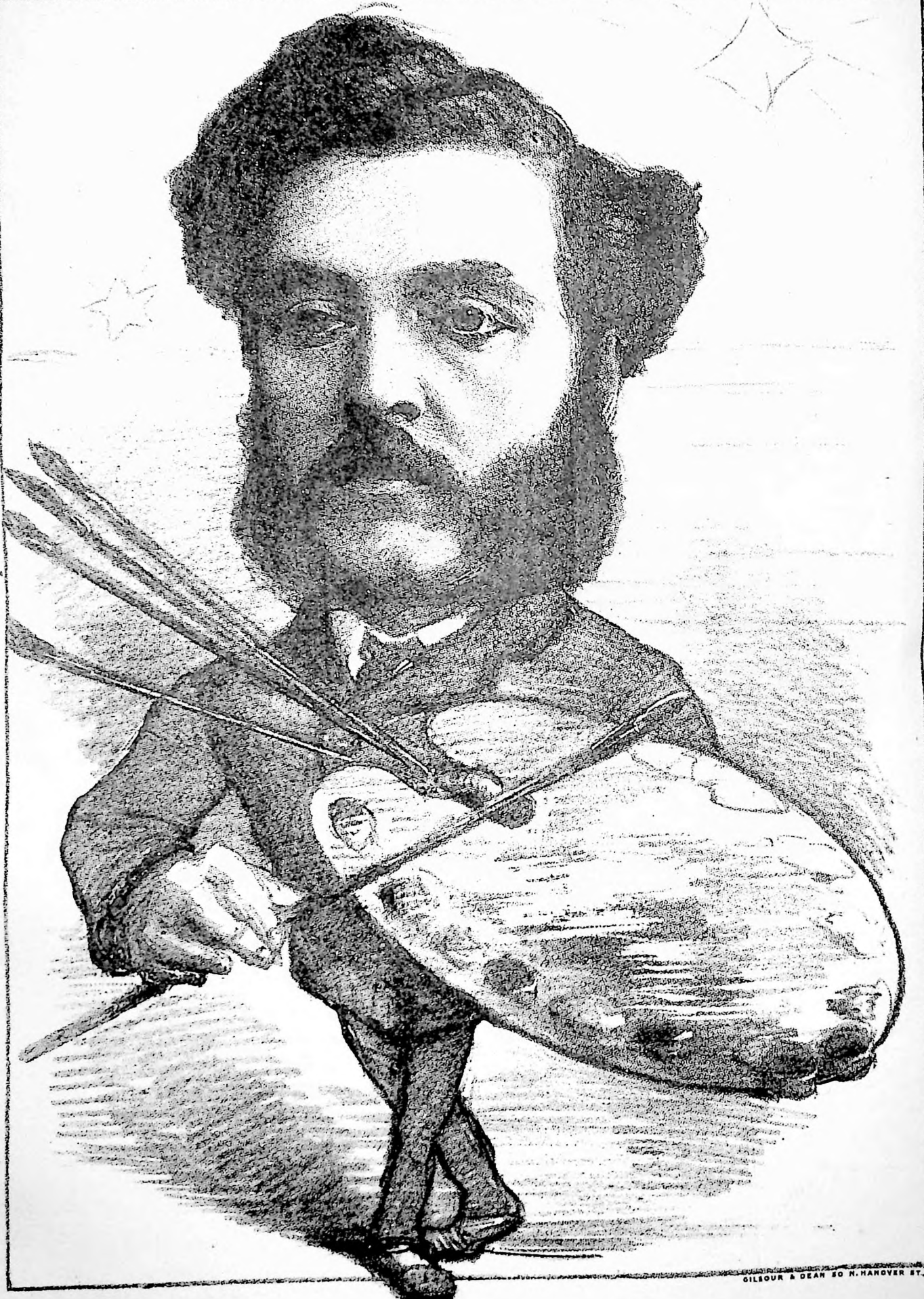
**Corner of Hutcheson Street.**

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THE SIGHT OF THE CITY.

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# The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 329. Glasgow, Wednesday, February 5th, 1879. Price 1d

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 329.

AFTER the fever and the fret of the past few months, the BAILIE welcomes with unalloyed pleasure, the opening of the Institute Exhibition. Art and its interests have nothing in common with fraudulent balance-sheets and unfaithful directors, and the sight of the pictures, and the varied questions and discussions to which they must give rise, will come as a wholesome distraction to men's minds inclined as they are now, from the force of circumstances, to dwell too much on the imperfections of human nature, and the vicissitudes of human affairs. We cannot breathe, even for a short time, "the ampler ether and the diviner air" of art without being purified and strengthened, and made more callous to the manifold annoyances and disappointments of every-day life. According to his annual custom, at the opening of the Institute Exhibition, the BAILIE presents an artist to his readers as the Man you Know. On this occasion he has selected Mr DAVID MURRAY, a painter of whom Glasgow has every reason to be proud. Mr MURRAY is a Glasgow man, born and bred, but there is Highland blood in him, and we may believe that he owes, in part at least, to the Celtic strain some of the imaginative and sympathetic qualities that go to the making of an artist. He began active life in an office, and stuck to business manfully for eleven years. But what Charles Lamb calls "dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood" little suited Mr MURRAY'S temperament. All the time of his servitude he was slowly forming and bringing to maturity his resolution to be a painter. His tastes and inclinations lay unmistakably in the direction of art, and every leisure moment that he had (he often rose at four in the morning) saw him at work with his

brush and pencil. He began to make progress in manipulative skill, and to "exhibit." Two water colours by him were hung at an Institute Exhibition, but the BAILIE believes they were put in a dark lobby, not now used for exhibition purposes, and that to see them properly you required the aid of a candle! About 1873 Mr MURRAY wisely gave his inclinations the rein, and took the big leap out of commerce into art, and leaving amateurism behind, became a regular artist. The chronicle of Mr MURRAY'S career, so far as it has gone, is mainly a chronicle of the places he has visited, and the pictures he has produced. The life of a painter in Britain is usually tame enough—the Regnaults and the Courbets, with their wild exploits, are the growth of a warmer clime than ours. In Mr MURRAY'S case, the biographer cannot even speak of early struggles, and of the long contest that the young aspirant in art has frequently to wage with neglect and poverty. The Man you Know quickly won for himself a good position, and he did so, because he gave his artistic powers full justice, and set to work from the beginning with a clear-headed determination to let no difficulties created by himself trip his feet and confuse his outlook. In his first year of professional life, Mr MURRAY went to Skye, and, for art's sake, lived the life of a hermit in a hut on the shores of Loch Coruisk. His pictures in the Institute Exhibition of 1874, "Untrodden Ground" and an upright hillside of Coruisk, brought him some fame, and his succeeding year's work "Scavaig," also from Skye, increased it. We next find him "among the farthest Hebrides;" in 1876 he exhibited the "Ford" from Uist. These Western Islands, with their half-civilized ways and their grand sea-beat cliffs have a great attraction for Mr MURRAY. He has been twice at Uist and once at Barra, and come through many a strange experience among

their simple, kindly-hearted people. From the rocks of the outer Hebrides, clothed in mist and re-echoing the clamour of sea fowl, to the banks of the Thames, rich in foliage and sparkling with colour, is surely a sharp transition. Mr MURRAY managed to effect it with success. He went to Cookham, and by the pleasant river side where life always seems something of a holiday, he found as much to attract him as he had previously discovered in the majesty and bareness of Hebridean cliffs and sands. His "Spoiled Holiday" in 1877, and his well-known "Apple Blossom" in 1878, are results of his Thames studies. Mr MURRAY'S most important picture in the Institute this year is "Tarbert Harbour." Since 1875 the Man you Know has been a regular contributor to the Royal Academy. Among the landscapes he has shown there, are the "Gloaming of the Year" (which was in the Glasgow Loan Exhibition in 1878), and the "Glory of Decay," a powerful representation of autumn tinted foliage. In his studio at present Mr MURRAY has a work nearly finished which shows the highest point he has yet reached. It is called the "Highland Funeral," and represents a scene in Uist. Across the dreary wet sands, illumined here and there with the light of the dying day, a small band of mourners carry their dead friend to his resting place. The figures are seen through a slight haze; it is as if the mystery of the spirit land half enveloped them. In the foreground stand two men who, hushed and sympathetic, watch with bowed heads the receding procession. Their thoughts are of the dead; they remember when he, too, was strong and full of life as they are, and wrought and laughed with them in the long summer days—and now! Lo! the sun sinks down in the heavens, and death is the appointed end for all men. The picture is a poem. Mr MURRAY is no slap-dash painter. His work is manly, straight-forward, and unconventional; his colour strong and correct. Above all, he possesses great originality and variety; he copies no one, not even himself. Each year he seems to discover "fresh woods and pastures new" by which to set up his easel, and he is equally at home either on the cliffs of Barra or by the banks of the Thames. His drawing of the human figure is not always good, his experiments are occasionally too daring, and his pictures sometimes lack unity in composition; but these are faults he will overcome. Prosperity has not spoiled Mr MURRAY, nor high prices misled him into thinking that there

is nothing more for him to learn. He is a hard worker and an enthusiastic student of nature. His years are few yet, not over thirty, and he has set himself assiduously to cultivate and discipline his genius. His reward is sure, as his power is of a kind that is certain to develop and increase as he advances in knowledge and experience. Personally, the Man you Know is frank, gay-hearted, and outspoken, and with a pleasant air about him of happy audacity, begotten of success. That success the BAILIE believes he has honestly and honourably won, and anticipates for him a fair and prosperous future.

### Theatre Royal.

BURNED to the ground! the Theatre Royal down!  
Ah me, ah me, in truth a woful sight;  
With saddened heart we see the bills in town—  
"The pantomime of Puss in Boots—last night."

"Last night," indeed; now bring the happy throng  
That there in boxes, pit, and gallery sat;  
That listened to the jest or merry song—  
Where is the clown? Come, "make them laugh at that."

Burned to the ground! Alas, across that stage,  
That ne'er by mortal can again be crossed,  
Have tripped the greatest actors of our age—  
Aye, evn actors to our stage now lost.

Here have we seen sweet *Beatrice*, who ere  
She made her exit, would a kiss thus toss it  
To *Benedict*—who well deserved the fair:  
'Twas Swinburne, gentlemen, and Helen Faucit.

And here *Fidelio*, the faithful wife,  
Who, as a page, e'en prison doors defied,  
To save, if possible, her husband's life—  
We lost *Fidelio* when Tietjens died.

We've laughed full hearty here with honest *Rip*,  
And sadly now his happy face we miss;  
But Jefferson to private life can slip,  
And *Rip's* long sleep is nothing like to this.

And great *Ristori*, queen of tragic art,  
Ere now across these blackened boards has sped;  
And tears down burly farmers' cheeks would start,  
Nor could they tell one single word she said.

Here have we Mathews seen, though old yet young—  
But death since then has cried him, "Hold, enough!"  
And we may leave his virtues all unsung,  
Save we'd the tongue of his own *Mr Puff*.

Here played Dundreary-Sothorn, aye, and Toole;  
And Henry Irving, too, the princely Dane;  
And Sullivan, come of an older school;  
And—hold! we'll see these good old friends again.

Again! yes, many times again, we trust,  
They'll come our smiles and e'en our tears to rob;  
And, though the Royal now lies i' the dust,  
We'll get our masons—quick, sirs! here's a job.

AN EXPLANATION.—What Mister Billy O' Moneyowe really meant by his affairs being all sixes and sevens was, that the sixes were his assets and the sevens his liabilities.

Always Pointed and with One Eye to Business—A needle.

A Queer Lot.

THE seven counsel for the defence had differed from each other on many points, but on one at least they were unanimous. Each of them repeatedly declared that the jurymen were the most impartial, intelligent, shrewd, and altogether admirable body of men that ever occupied a jury box. In spite of this testimony, when the fifteen retired for consultation, it was with a decidedly dazed feeling, as if a multiplication table were revolving rapidly in their brains. Each of the counsel had read them off a page or two of figures, and begged them by all that was sacred to take a note of them. The result was that every juryman had his hat filled with old envelopes, the blank sheets of letters, and other scraps of paper, covered with millions of pounds, each of which was a matter of life or death to one or other of the accused.

"Look here," said No. 12 (counting from the right hand of the back row) reading from one of his scraps, "I've written '£413,000, Stewart. Impossible.' I don't recollect the exact circumstance, but we can't very well convict in the face of that."

"That was the sum, however," said No. 9, referring to the back of a yellow playbill, "which was extracted from the Colonial Credit, No. 3 account, and after appearing on the left hand page of the balance ledger, was dealt with by a cross entry."

"Quite so," said the other thirteen.

"Humph," said No. 12, dubiously, and still unconvinced.

"Which of them was it that was always away from home when anything was being done?" inquired No. 5, after examining the notes he had made on the margin of a temperance tract for some minutes without finding the information he sought.

"You're thinking of the secretary," replied No. 14. "They always turned him out, you know; and when he came back they gave him the Addenda book, or the Magenta book, or whatever they called it."

"Quite so," said the other thirteen.

No. 5 said nothing more, but turned up the other side of his temperance tract and continued his examination with an unsatisfied air.

"I say," whispered No. 10, nudging his next neighbour with his elbow, "how many nothings do you generally put down for a million?"

His next neighbour surveyed No. 10 from top

to toe with a scornful glance, but deigned to make no reply.

"Let's have no more negotiations  
For Pastoral Associations,"

hummed No. 7 under his breath, with a frivolity which a recent visit to a pantomime could hardly excuse.

"Couldn't we draw lots for a verdict?" said No. 3, after the silence had become unsupportable.

The other fourteen faces brightened instantly.

"But would it be safe?" suggested No. 5. "Lotteries are illegal, you know." (No. 5 was always bothering people with doubts about something or other.)

"I'll tell you what to do," said No. 14. "You put your eye to the keyhole, and if you see the Lord Advocate coming down the passage, you can give a shout."

"All right," said No. 5, taking up his position.

The foreman's hat was speedily emptied of its arithmetical contents, and the names of the accused were all shaken up together.

The Lord Advocate did not come down the passage, so the jury were able to arrive at a verdict without interruption.

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

(Scene—Parlour of house in fashionable suburb; Proud parent, who is going over school exercise with promising son, glancing out of window sees two coffins being carried from the front door of house on opposite side of the street).

*Proud Parent*—See here, Tommy, what a singular affair this is, two corpses being taken from the same house.

*Promising Son*—That's not singular, papa, is it?

*P. P.* (impressively)—Very singular, indeed, Tom. Why not?

*P. S.* (timidly)—'Cause I thought when there was more than one it would be plural!

[*P. P.* collapses, and grammar lesson is immediately resumed.]

SUITABLE TO THE OCCASION.—The moderator of the Dumbarton Free Presbytery, during the recent debate on a certain unparliamentary word, was surely the right man in the right right place, being no other than (shade of Mantalini!) the Rev. Mr D—— ahem! Dem-pster.

Smokers.—Try Wallach Smoking Mixture, 6d per ounce  
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## Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—The one subject in theatrical, and all other circles to-day, is of course the burning of the Theatre-Royal. Everybody is sorer than another for Mr Glover. He has not had a very good season, and I understand that one of the results of his economising had been, several months ago, the serious reduction of his insurance premiums. His loss, between the burning of the house and the destruction of his scenery, is almost incalculable.

But it isn't Mr Glover alone who is a sufferer by the conflagration. Why the burning of the panorama of the "Lady of the Lake" is nothing less than a national loss. We have never had any transcript of our greatest scenery equal to this series of pictures.

Then that "drop" scene can never be replaced. Do you know, my Magistrate, that custom has made this picture common to us, but fellows who come to Glasgow only once a year could appreciate it at its true value. One evening in the Hogarth Club, I heard a round dozen of London artists going into raptures over those birch trees in the foreground. They really understood how good the scene was; they hadn't the chance, you see, to meet it every day as we had.

Mr E. L. Knapp, I may further say, is a serious loser by the conflagration. His benefit had been arranged for Friday, and now it's fairly a thing of the past. Proffers, however, I understand, have already been made to Mr Knapp from more quarters than one, of a *locale* for his benefit performance; and, under the circumstances this, when it comes off, will be a benefit in fact as well as in name.

"Cinderella" is still running at the Gaiety, and the audiences are keeping up capitally. Mr Bernard is one of the luckiest of men, and really he is one of those men who deserve their good fortune.

They had a crowded house at the Prince of Wales on Saturday, and the new version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" met with an enthusiastic reception from the audience. One of the member's of Mr Coleman's company is Mr Bellew, a son of the late J. M. Bellew; another is Percy Compton, a son of the late Mr Compton, the Haymarket comedian.

Mr M'Fadyen is drawing good houses in the South Side with the "Corsican Brothers"—what a splendid melodrama this is to be sure—and with "The Daughter of the Regiment," in the last named of which his clever wife—*nee* Miss Carry Nelson—bears the chief part.

The following letter explains itself:—

"Dear Bailie,—I have just read your excellent number of last week, and was surprised to see, amongst 'Q.'s' interesting notes, that Mr J. L. Toole had taken, or was about to take, the Globe Theatre, London. How such rumours get circulated is a mystery. Mr Toole has so many warm friends and admirers amongst your readers, that it may at once satisfy a very natural curiosity if you will kindly inform them, through the same medium, that it is not at all probable Mr Toole will ever appear in the character of *Atlas* carrying the Globe on his shoulders.—Yours very truly,  
GEORGE LOVEDAY.

"The Green Room Club, London, Jan. 27."

I have been asked by Mr Arthur Swanborough, the acting manager of the Royal Strand Theatre, to say that the rumour to which I gave currency a fortnight ago, to the effect that Mrs Swanborough was about to retire from the management of the house in favour of Mr Fred. Vokes is totally unfounded.

Saturday three weeks will be a big night in the City Hall. No fewer than four readers, I understand, have been secured for that evening by Mr Airlie. These are Mr Vallance, Miss Minnie Bell, Miss Aitken (Mrs Buntin), and Mr Walter Bentley.

I say, BAILIE, Mrs—or should I say Madame Newsome will take her benefit on Friday night in the circus in Ingram Street. Madame Newsome is the directress of the establishment, and all of us who have laughed and enjoyed the performance ought by rights to make their appearance on the occasion.

This week, the great equestrian spectacle of "Turpin's Ride o' York" is being put up by Mr Newsome.

I told your readers two months ago that Mr Hengler's equestrian company would certainly pay us a visit before the present season was over. I have it on the authority of Mr Hengler himself that his full forces will appear in the West Nile Street house on Saturday, 8th March. The London and Liverpool corps are to unite in Glasgow, so the season is bound to be a grand one. I could put you up to some of the big engagements already made, but must not yet divulge.

Maccabe's brief season in Hengler's Cirque comes to an end on Saturday first, the evergreen artiste having arranged to open in Edinburgh on Monday the 10th. Capital houses are the rule at this unique entertainment; people never seem to tire of his "counterfeit presentments" of various types of "Men you Know." Maccabe is still a host in himself, and this week is seen in his old form, sustaining the entire first part of the programme without a minute's breathing space.

I had another look, my Magistrate, at that heathen Chinese operatta "Chang-Hi-Wang," really one of the maddest, merriest absurdities I have seen for many a day. Its tuneful Offenbachian melodies, its wildly-Hibernian vagaries, and its gay oriental colouring show Maccabe and his clever trio at their best.

If you would like, BAILIE, to see how "The Light of the Future" is evolved, Mr Sutton—Maccabe's most courteous manager—will show you round and post you up in all the mysteries of M. Jablochkoff's brilliant invention.

## A D.D. ON THE "CITY."

So little they differ'd, did t'other from which,  
What first look'd a Bank, at the last seem'd a "ditch."

BOUND IN OCTAVO.—Designedly, or accidentally, the eight months' sentence expires within a day of the anniversary of the breaking of the Bank.

## AN ICE DAY ON LOCHLOMOND.

Revolving round an ice-clad lake,  
A charming maze the myriads make,  
In square quadrille, or figure 8,  
On outside edge of acme skate.  
Still on thy ice so vast and keen  
May lads and lasses oft be seen,  
With heart resolved and art that goes in  
To skim the lake so long's it's frozen.

So wrote Asinus, syne he-haw'd,  
And ere the ink was dry—it thaw'd!

RÉCIPE.—For a Bank Director *à la mode*.—Take equal parts of "credulity," "uprightness," recklessness, and impecuniosity; mix; roast; and serve hot before a sympathetic British jury.

"Time was, but time shall be no more," indeed it looks gey like it," quoth Bauldy, "for what wi' reduction o' hours, rent days, an' broken nights, we'll sune be left without a minute we can ca' oor ain."

## ASTRONOMY FOR THE YOUNG.

Wullie, whit gars the mune grow sma'er an' sma'er?

Am no' shure, Aleck, but I think it's the 'Clips it has noo an' again."

Co-operation.

A New Version of an Old Song.

IT fell about the Candlemas time,  
An' a thrang time it was than, O—  
When factors they had hooses tae let  
In ilka street and lan', O.

The tenants firm a paction made  
At meetings on the stair, O ;  
That they had lang aneuch been squeez'd,  
They'd stan' the like nae mair, O.

And whether it was a rich man's hoose,  
Or whether it was a puir, O,  
They a' should hae a big discoont,  
Twice ten per cent., or mair, O.

The haun's ne'er oot the husswyskip,  
'Tween parks and police rates, O ;  
Or helping puir disjaskit folks  
Wrecked in the "Ceety's" straits, O.

Next, by-an'-bye, the flesher's till  
This paction's front shall fear, O :  
For spite o' Yankee meat'supplies,  
Their beef is far ower dear, O.

Thus "unions," "strikes," an' a' such pikes  
That snap oor cash awa, O,  
Shall learn their little game is aye  
That twa can play an' a', O.

ONE COMFORT.—The Animile, whatever his faults may be, must at least be credited with thankfulness for small mercies. Like other mortals, he is subject to a "thousand natural shocks," but he congratulates himself on the circumstance that he need never fear becoming a bank director. According to the Lord-Advocate, no one need be afraid of being asked to fill that office, unless he be "of position and of high repute," and not even his worst enemy, declares the beastie with pardonable pride, can say that of *him*.

FROM THE STRONG-ROOM TO THE "SAFE."

In racing for riches they've run not to win :  
They fail'd to sell out, and so now they're cell in.

A "DANIEL" COME TO JUDGMENT.—Sir James Bain, it has been said, wishes to represent Glasgow; he has, nevertheless, of late been seen upon the canvas(s) in Edinburgh. The BAILIE takes leave to remind Sir James that when Lord Provost he was somewhat fond of coming over it that he was a citizen of Glasgow.

ANOTHER ON THE SHOVEL.—The "unemployed" are, the BAILIE believes, being at Belvidere and the South-Side Park trained to the first principles of "banking," and among these, of course, is how to "drop the barrow." "Over-draughts" may come hereafter.

'Twixt Poetry and Potter-y—The length of a sentence,

Cat and Dog.

SIR JAMES FERGUSSON and Mr George Anderson were at it again, hammer-and-tongs, last week in the columns of the *Herald*. These combative politicians have more than once passed through the Touchstonian gradations, from "retort courteous" to "lie with circumstance." The BAILIE is not sure, indeed, that they have not come to "lie direct," but they have "avoided that, too, with an *If*." Cunning of fence as they may be, however, their exhibitions are neither edifying nor diverting. Why doesn't Granny shut them up, once for all?

A Shambling Speller.

AN alarmed butcher, writing to the *Mail*, warns the public against American meat, declaring it to be treated with substances which he calls "borracks" and "ant-sceptic." One can guess at what the worthy man means; but if his beef and mutton be no better than his spelling, the BAILIE is inclined to chance the borracks, play the sceptic regarding the ant-sceptic, and go in for American.

BADENOCH'S REPLY.

"Let the galled jade wince,  
Our withers are unwrung."

A FELLOW FEELING.—The Animile doesn't wonder in the least that the Bank directors looked fearfully "used up" toward the end of the trial. It is fearful work that "standing" at the bar—the Cuddie has been there often, and a single afternoon has sufficed to reduce him to a condition of seediness more easily imagined than described.

USEFUL MEN.—When speaking last week in behalf of Mr Stewart in the Court of Session, Mr Trayner urged that his client "might have been an ornamental man, but a useful man he certainly was not," a remark that insensibly provokes the inquiry by way of response, Who were the useful men? Were they not the shareholders and depositors?

The Cuddie quite approves of the new mode of settling one's account by "suspending payment;" he would carry the notion further, even to the extent of "hanging creditors."

"Morrisoning a balance sheet" may now fitly rank with "Grahaming a letter." Don't you think so, Mr M.?

A Certificate of Merit—"Badenoch's letter to the BAILIE."

## Theological Little Games.

OF all the subjects that are discussed in this age of discussion, it will be admitted that theological points are the least easily settled by controversy. Instances are not wanting where a Tory has been converted into a Radical by the force of reason, or a Radical turned from the error of his ways by well-directed argument, and made to tread the flowery paths of Toryism. Anti-vaccinators have been induced, unlike the proverbial leopard, to change their spots, and advocates of the Gothenberg system of licensing and the Birmingham Caucus have been constrained to repent while yet there was time. Vegetarians have been argued into admitting the merits of a well-cooked beefsteak, and stern Malthusians have lived to see a happy family rising round their knees to call them blessed. But the proceedings of our church courts, and the history of our endless disruptions and secessions all go to prove the insuperable difficulty of making the average Scotchman admit that his views about the ultimate fate of the heathen, the observation of the Sabbath, or the authenticity of the book of Deuteronomy, are open questions. On such points as these every man is always right, and every other man always wrong. The BAILIE'S gratification can be imagined when he discovered the people of Stonehouse had found a more excellent way. It appears that the intelligent inhabitants of that district played a curling match last week between members of the Established, Free, and U.P. churches. It is true that the match was not to settle any knotty theological problem, but to benefit a local charity; but this is a mere question of detail. The main principle having been discovered, the application of it to a wider sphere cannot be long delayed. The Robertson Smith of the immediate future will not puzzle his reverend hearers by incomprehensible arguments on philological or linguistic details, but will simply challenge any orthodoxically inclined champion of Moses to play him—say a game at billiards. Dr Begg's pastoral visitations to stir up the pure minds of the Highland host by way of remembrance will henceforth be unnecessary. His easiest plan will be to procure a penny with two heads, and offer to lick any ay or clerical Unionist brother at pitch-and-toss. Why should the fire-eating David Macrae, of Gourock, excite himself to such an apoplectic pitch over the Confession of Faith, when the matter could be settled once and for ever, any evening, by a game at whist with him and

Fergus Ferguson on the one side, and Dr Black and Dr Young on the other? If this idea is taken up with the spirit it deserves, the reports of Presbyterial proceedings will soon assume an aspect of unwonted interest. They will, by-and-bye, be relegated to the sporting columns of the newspapers, and "White and Gold" and "Tam o' Shanter" will speedily be as familiar terms with the most celebrated theological controversialists as they already are with sporting lords and fashionable jockeys.

## A PLEA FOR UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.

(Group of idlers in hot discussion at a well-known bar).

*Idler No. 1*—I think we should ta'en a skelp at Rooshia lang sin'.

*No. 2*—Dinna be fear't, Dizzy wid ha'en a daud at Rooshia afore noo if he thocht we wis able tae haud oor ain wi' her.

*No. 1* (emphatically)—I tell ye, chaps, we could lick Rooshia as easy's I could tame a tarry dug.

*No. 2*—Ay, if France wis on oor side.

*No. 1* (grandiloquently flourishing a black cutty pipe)—I'll tell ye whit it is, if France wis jined tae Englin', Great Britain wouldna gie a rap for a' the forces o' the United Kingdom!

KEEPING THEIR OWN POET.—The *Mail* states that Mr John Campbell, Ledaig, has been appointed "BARD to the Mutual Improvement Society connected with Oban Free Church." The Animile has, somehow, of late, been addicted to such expressions as "Gosh," "whatefer," "any more," &c., and on enquiry we find that he has become possessed—of a pawn ticket for a Highland costume. He is going round to Oban next boat, in company with a "big drum" and a "barrel organ," with a view to the procuring of an appointment by the Society, always provided that he gets safely past the "sma' still" at Campbelltown.

A Seasonable Book.—"The City; its Sins and Sorrows."

"Native" worth.—The price of an oyster.

A Bank of Violates.—"The City."

Felloes of the Common-Wheel.—The "unemployed" on the barrow-field.

Two in One—Lord Beaconsfield is not only the Jew's harp; he is also the tongue-o'-the-trump.

A "Bass" Vial.—A pint of "bitter."

Getting up Behind.

"Call you this gamut? Tut! I like it not,  
Old fashions please me best."—*Taming of the Shrew.*

DEAR BAILIE—your servant—I send you a letter,  
And you know very well 'tis not often I write you;  
But I've something to say, so I just thought it better  
To put it in rhyme, and some verses indite you.

Well; I like a good glee—and you can't deny that;  
With your Worship ere now I have set the roof ringing;  
Though to talk of old days is not what I'd be at,  
Nor yet of y-ur Worship's, nor yet of my singing—  
But of some recent part-songs;—ere further I speak,  
I would like to observe—for this article savours,  
Or rather may savour, too much of critique—  
That the BAILIE's opinion's still found under "Quavers."

Then what I would say, is—and who likes may answer—  
That certain "Burns Concerts" our dead walls displayed;  
And that some folks have taken our Scotch songs in hand, sir;  
And that touching them up has become quite a trade.

Now, harmony's all very well in its way,  
But too many cooks—truly, *cook's* a good word—  
You know what they do; and I cannot but say,  
That to me, an outsider, the thing seems absurd.

I remember when I was a youth (that's some time since)—  
Or, to put it more neatly, "in life's happy noon"  
(For you see, like a fool, I have taken to rhyme since:—  
'Twas quite *a la mode* to compose a psalm tune.

But the fashion has changed, sir; and where's the improvement?  
Is it right our old tunes they should thus harmonize?  
I, for one, frankly own I've no heart with the movement,  
And our songs, single-voiced, more than ever now prize.

Besides—just to argue the matter for fun—  
You'll allow old composers, as now, might be skilled?  
Then it follows their songs—and my logic is done—  
Would have all been in *parts*, sir, an' had they so willed.

So this is why all this arranging I slight,  
For I don't like old friends thus got up with new faces;  
And I would that the part-songs they now-a-days write,  
Had new airs of their own just as well as new basses.

Can't get words? that's all fudge; why, our ev'ryday press  
Proves, at present, that trading in rhyme far from scarce is;  
And if, with your Worship, they'd leave their address,  
I've a friend out at elbows would get them some verses.

A Matter of Taste.

ONE of Granny's correspondents "advises those of her readers who wish to attain a green old age to settle down in the little northern town of Stromness." Whereanent a young friend of the BAILIE's pertinently—or impertinently, as the Orcadians may say—inquires, What's the use of a green, or other-tinted, old age, if you've got to spend it in Stromness? For his own part, this town-bred youth avers—and the BAILIE will not say whether he agrees with him or not—that a moderate degree of longevity in the midst of civilisation is better than centenarianism amid northern wilds.

Cause and Effect—Over-drafts and bill-iou-ness.

Quavers.

THE Bellahouston Musical Association are now making themselves acquainted with Cowen's "Rose Maiden," for production at their next concert, two months hence, or thereabout. Mr Cowen's cantata is of somewhat light structure, elegant rather than firm, and strong in accompaniment rather than in choral work. A serenata, "The Dream," written by Sir Michael Costa for one of the royal marriages, is likewise to be brought forward.

The Pollokshields Society are engaged on Cumming's "Fairy Ring," as the *piece de resistance* of their next concert, with a few part-songs, etc. The cantata is tuneful and effective.

It strikes us rather forcibly that societies of similar constitution to the two named would do themselves greater justice if they took up only one work for the season—at least one important work—commenced it at the beginning of the session, and produced it at the close. This seems preferable to attempting things of the kind for mid-session concerts. If a concert is wanted half-way, it might consist of an extract or two from the larger work, and such light music as may give little trouble to get up, but is still pleasant enough to hear.

Two equally important concerts in the season would seem to be hardly within the power of amateur societies. And there must be good singing, as a rule, else the "institution" will assuredly disappear as rapidly as it has arisen.

The next subscription concert by Mr Lambeth's Choir is fixed for the 27th instant. Some pieces of music out of the usual run will be presented. Particulars by and bye.

A rather noticeable set of waltzes has just been arranged by Mr M. S. Dobbie, on German student-songs. It is entitled "The Kneipe," in allusion evidently to the favourite beverage of the university youth of Germany. The melodies are quaint and interesting, and they make excellent dancing music. The Kneipe waltzes are "to be had of" Messrs Adam & Co., Buchanan Street.

A new musical society has been started at Mount Vernon, their first meeting for practice having been held on Friday night last. There is every likelihood, we are glad to hear, of a numerous and effective membership. Mr James Allan has been chosen to be conductor—a guarantee that the new society will be put into superior training.

The City Hall was packed in every corner on Saturday night, and the Burns programme, with a little variety, was gone through by Mr Archer's compact, thoroughly skilful choir most satisfactorily. One or two new touches in respect of expression, or of harmonic effect, are noticeable since the Kibble Concert, and an arrangement by Mr Archer of "My love she's but a lassie yet" took the place of "Mary Morrison" on Saturday night—for programmatic reasons, probably. The suggestion might be ventured that "Bonnie Wee Thing," one of the best of Mr Archer's arrangements, would gain in tenderness if sung the least degree slower.

Talking about Scotch music, and this must wind up for the week, a collection of indigenous melodies is appearing periodically, with the dreadfully national title of "The Thistle," and under the appropriate editorship, as one might say, of Mr Colin Brown.

"WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?"—The Lord Provost acknowledges through the daily press a subscription "for the Poor Children's Dinner-Table which he has handed to the treasurer." And a pretty handful he must have found that table, thinks the BAILIE.

BEHIND THE AGE.—There are, it appears, certain labourers at Maxwelltown who own they "prefer" working, even at pauper wages, "to starving." Maxwelltown is clearly behind the age.

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**T**HERE is no single article of Dress that Gentlemen, as a rule, are so anxious to wear with a sense of comfort, as that of a Shirt, and yet perhaps it would be difficult to name anything that they have actually so little real satisfaction in wearing. The reason of this is obvious. Shirts have generally been made pretty much like loose overcoats, under the delusive idea that proper fitting was of very secondary importance, forgetful of the fact that no garment worn by a Gentleman required more care and skill in its manufacture.

Our "Acme" Shirt maintains its well-earned reputation as the most perfect fitting Shirt in the city. In one way only has this been accomplished. We have made it our careful study to adopt, from time to time, every possible improvement that our experience and judgment could suggest. The result has been that we have never in a single instance failed to give Gentlemen complete satisfaction in this important article of dress. We have therefore the utmost confidence in inviting a trial on the part of those who have not yet proved the merits of the "Acme."

**FORSYTH,**  
**RENFIELD STREET.**

**TODD'S**  
**QUININE WINE**

**F**OR INDIGESTION, FLATULENCY,  
NERVOUSNESS, &c.  
Stands pre-eminent for Purity and Strength,  
and is recommended by the Faculty.  
Sold by Chemists and Wine Merchants.



**GREAT CLEARING SALE.**

**MEN'S, YOUTH'S, AND BOY'S CLOTHING, HOSIERY, SHIRTS, &c.**

**GREAT BARGAINS AND IMMENSE REDUCTIONS IN PRICES.**

**OVERCOATS AND ULSTERS,**

Newest Styles in Beavers, Naps, and Diagonal Tweed, will be given away at  
14s 11d, 17s 11d, 21s 11d, 23s 11d.

**REEFING JACKETS,**

In Naps, Beavers, and Pilots, will be given away at  
8s 11d, 10s 11d, 12s 11d, and 14s 11d.

**BOY'S ULSTERS AND OVERCOATS,**

Very Durable, will be given away at  
3s 11d, 5s 11d, 7s 11d, and 9s 9d.

**TROUSERS,**

In Endless Variety, Newest Styles, will be given away at  
3s 11½d, 4s 11d, 5s 9d, 7s 9d and 9s 9d.

**BOY'S SUITS,**

Most Durable Materials, will be given away at  
2s 11d, 3s 11d, 5s 11d, and 7s 11d.

**BOY'S TROUSERS,**

All Sizes, Very Durable, will be given away during the Sale at  
1s 11d, 2s 11d, 3s 3d, and 3s 11d.

**GREAT BARGAINS.**

Will clear out a Lot of All-Wool Shirts at 3s 5d, Dress Shirts at 2s 11d, Lamb's-Wool Pants at 2s 11d, Lamb's-Wool Semmets at 2s 11d, All-Wool Plaiding Drawers at 1s 11d, Wincey Shirts at 1s 11d, Wool Sox at 5½d.

**BARGAINS. BARGAINS.**

Shirts, Ties, Scarfs, Collars, Braces, Umbrellas, &c., &c. Will be given away during the Sale at Immense Reduction. Less Than Half-Price.

**J. LESLIE,**

**151 ARGYLE STREET,**

(Globe Clothing House),

Near St. Enoch Square.

*The February number (Price 6d) of*

**THE SCOTTISH BANKING AND INSURANCE MAGAZINE, JOURNAL OF FINANCE AND JOINT STOCK COMPANIES.**

CONTAINS:—The Bank Directors Trial; The Highlanders' Bank; An Investment for the Times; Bank Audits; Foreign and Colonial Investment Companies; The Great Britain—Specimen of an English Mutual Life Office; Banking, Insurance, and Financial Notes.

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**CENTRAL HAIR-CUTTING ROOMS.—ESTAB. 1847**  
JOHN BROWN, 8 GLASSFORD STREET.

**DAVISON'S CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE GINGER BEER.**

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND;" WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC. As supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

**THOMAS DAVISON,**  
DISPENSING CHEMIST,  
126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

**THE BAILIE.**

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 5th, 1879.

THE Bank trial has come to an end at last, and has been wrought out to its logical conclusion by the conviction and imprisonment of the accused. In the midst of the general rejoicing at the punishment meted out to seven aged men it can do no harm to suggest that the Crown authorities must not stop short in the crusade against commercial immorality they inaugurated with the prosecution of the City Directors. If it was a heinous crime for the prisoners to concoct and issue false balance-sheets, this species of proceeding on the part of others is not a bit less shameful. Moreover, when passing sentence the LORD JUSTICE-CLERK specially pointed out that it had not been proved the panels were at all influenced in what they did by any desire to make money for themselves. It was an error of judgment of which they had been guilty; none of the spoil from the ruined shareholders went into their own pockets. Can as much be said for some of the other folk who have cajoled their neighbours into fruitless and ruinous speculation? How about the promoters and directors of bogus coal companies and swindling copper mines? What is fish for the goose is surely fish for the gander. The law which has been put in force against Mr STRONACH and his directors should not be allowed to sleep in the case of these other defaulters. Mere magnitude does not constitute a crime. If it be wrong to issue a balance-sheet where the assets and liabilities of a concern are mis-stated to the extent of five millions, it is no less wrong to issue a balance-sheet where they are mis-stated to the extent of a hundred thousand pounds—or fifty thousand—or ten thousand for that matter. Should it turn out that the lesser, although perhaps the more guilty delinquents, are allowed to go unpunished, is it

possible to come to any other conclusion than that, in prosecuting the directors of the City of Glasgow Bank, the authorities were influenced, in some measure at least, by the clamour on the public streets?

### Literary Items.

(Not from the *Athenæum*.)

SOME of the papers say that Mr William Black's next novel "will deal with West-Highland scenery and manners." The BAILIE is happy to be able to add to this startling piece of intelligence the following items:—

Mr Wilkie Collins's next novel will hinge upon a mystery, developed by the aid of several hopelessly impossible characters.

Miss Rhoda Broughton is engaged upon a new story, which will be autobiographical in form, will be told in the present tense, and will contain passages more or less *prononcé*.

Guida is busy with a work of fiction belonging to the florid order of composition, and in passages also *prononcé*—more, without the less.

Mr Anthony Trollope's new tale deals with upper-middle-class life, lay and clerical, and consists chiefly of "lengths" of dull dialogue.

Mr B. L. Farjeon is already at work on his Christmas Annual for 1879, which will consist of Dickens and ditchwater—a half-pennyworth of Dickens to an intolerable deal of ditchwater—with a dash of the author's Australian experience thrown in.

Mr James Payn will, in his new novel, once more outrage probability and common sense, and again illustrate his singular hallucination that he is a humorist.

A young friend of the BAILIE'S, after witnessing a performance of "Romeo and Juliet," delivered himself of the following portentous con.:—"What district in Ireland does the death of *Paris* remind one of? The 'County' Down!" Hee-haw!

"DON'T SMILE SO LOUD."—What an odd idea of humour some folks have, to be sure! An unfortunate witness in the great trial last week having stated that he had deposited the whole of a legacy in the City Bank the day before its stoppage—this being his first transaction with the bank—the court was instantly convulsed with laughter! To be sure, some one has said that there is something pleasing in other people's misfortunes; but it was a Frenchman who said it, and if we *are* pleased it is surely unnecessary to be pleased audibly.

I KNOW A—DITCH!—The Rev. Mr Pulsford enlivened the proceedings in the High Court of Justiciary last week by observing that he had taken shares in the ruined bank at a time "when the bank had become a ditch." Not bad for a "ruined shareholder," eh? But, then, you see, this particular ruined shareholder happens to be a parson.

### What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the Bank trial has come to an end.

That everybody is glad it is finished.

That the verdict and sentence have satisfied most people.

That a revulsion of feeling in favour of the imprisoned directors is sure to set in.

That the ruined shareholders won't find much relief in the "financing revelations."

That Glasgow is never long without a sensation.

That we're all agog over the burning of the Theatre Royal.

That much sympathy is felt for the burned out actors.

That we must do our best to assist them to bear their loss.

That the clerical shareholders of the Tramway Company are opposing the running of Sunday cars.

That their expostulations won't have much effect.

That some people would "hang a cat on Monday for killing a mouse on Sunday."

That the parsons ought to feel proud that their people are so attached to them as travel long distances to wait on their ministrations.

That the riveters strike has come to an end.

That it ought never to have been begun.

That the Bridge Trustees are determined to proceed with the widening of Glasgow Bridge.

That it is an improvement urgently required.

That the Maternity Hospital is gaining more notoriety every day.

That a rigid investigation ought to be made into the management of the institution.

That the charitable associations are feeling the effects of the dull trade.

That trade is growing worse rather than better.

### "DISHONOURED."

First was cook'd the balance sheet,  
Next were shut the premises;  
Then their debt they couldn't meet,  
Now they've met with Nemesis.

A LIBEL.—It was cruel of that Edinburgh paper to make Mr Glen Walker say that Mr James Morton "always took the most sanguinary view of the position." The gentle Morton "sanguinary!" Why, he's the very mildest-mannered man—*pace* my Lord Byron—that ever scuttled bank or signed a bill.

STATUS OF STATUES.—A Bachelor of Arts would like much to know whether "The Model Life" that he sees so largely advertised is draped or nude.

Meqilp.

THE eighteenth Exhibition of the Glasgow Institute opens to the public to-day (Tuesday), and the public ought to be well satisfied with the general quality and character of the pictures exhibited. The average of excellence is higher than on almost any previous occasion; there are a few remarkably fine works, and a large number of exceedingly good ones. The walls of the Galleries look very well, and great praise is due to the Hanging Committee, Messrs Sellars, Powell, and Mossman, for the manner in which they have got through their arduous and thankless labours. The hanging has been done with taste and discretion. I don't think I ever saw the Institute look better.

Glancing round the Central Room, the visitor's eye will be at once attracted by Mr W. Small's noble picture of "The Wreck" (144). Mr Small, as every one knows, is an eminent member of the London-Scottish brigade of artists; he has made himself especially famous as a book and magazine illustrator. "The Wreck" is very powerful and dramatic; excitement and horror are rendered with admirable effect. The colour of the raging sea is perhaps a little too brown; the waves in such a storm, on a flat beach, would certainly be coloured by the sand they would stir up and hold in suspense, but the hue of the water would not be so decidedly that of coffee. The drawing of the figures is strong and masterly, and the lights and shadows very effective.

I shall to-day draw attention, briefly, to some of the principal pictures, reserving detailed remarks for another occasion.

The magnificent picture of "Rob Roy," by Mr J. Pettie; Mr Tom Faed's "Cold Tooties;" and "Scotch Firs," by Mr Millais, will of course attract much attention. "Rob Roy" is a grand bit of painting. The "County Cricket Match," by Mr John R. Reid,—exhibited last year at the Royal Academy—is an admirable picture.

There are three examples of George Paul Chalmers. I think "The Staircase" is, in its own way, one of the finest things he ever did.

The two examples of Mr Albert Moore (125 and 132), both belonging to Mr A. B. Stewart, are very beautiful. On the other hand, the drawing (578) by Mr D. G. Rossetti, may be mentioned for its exceeding badness. It is a distorted representation of an unwholesome-looking subject.

"The Naturalist," by Mr Colin Hunter; Mr Boughton's "Four Seasons;" Mr Cecil Lawson's "Fog, Chelsea Embankment;" "A Peep through the Trees," by Mr Alma Tadema; the works by Sam Bough, Israels and Fièrè; the clever and bright "Borghese Palace Gardens," by Heilbath; Mr Herdman's illustration of Campbell; the sketch of Mr Orchardson for his well-known "Queen of the Swords;" Mr John Smart's "Among the Yellow Corn;" "A Cool Brook," by Mr J. Maris, and "Cows Drinking," by Mr W. Maris, are some of the noteworthy pictures in the Galleries.

Mr Joseph Henderson's contributions are, "The Gladsome Sea," bright and well painted; portrait of a lady, very good; the large "Waterfall in Summer," and "A Cast in the Linn."

Mr J. A. Aitken shows to great advantage with "The Mill, Gosing on Thames," "A Summer Night," "The Sea Birds' Perch," and "Among the Highland Hills."

Mr D. Murray is represented by the large picture of "Tarbert," "Cookham-den Common," "The End of the Journey," and a road in Harris with an old horse straying upon it.

Mr Wm. Glover's contributions are "On the Echaig," "Strone Pier," "On the River Messan," and a water colour "Evening."

Mr R. W. Allan's most important picture is "The Bathers." He exhibits also "Stonehaven Pier," and two water colours "At Bowling" and "On the Kincardineshire Coast."

From Mr A. K. Brown we have "The Clachan," "The Eurn," and "Crowland Fen Bridge, Lincolnshire;" from Mr F. S. Calvert "On the Bruar" and "The Rolling Tide." In "Set a Stout Heart to a Stey Brae," by Mr D. McLaurin, we have a strong and truthful drawing of horses in action. Mr R. C. Crawford's largest picture is "The Mid-day Rest;" he exhibits also portrait of a lady, "Homeless," and "Getting Nets Aboard."

Mr W. Young exhibits "In the Yew Tree Avenue," "Loch Ard," "The Village Grocer," and "Pass of Killiecrankie."

Mr Duncan Mackellar exhibits "Study in Hardwick Hall," "The Village Barber," "Were there Death in the Cup"—a spirited little picture—and "The Village Wright." From Mr Alexander Davidson we have "Drying the Jib," "Granny's Servants," "Here's the Flower that I lo'e best," and "Bleaching on the Rocks." Mr T. M'Ewan contributes "Wait a wee," "Turning the heel," and "In the City." Mr J. D. Taylor's pictures are "In the Kyles," a winter scene, and "On the Leven."

Among the other Glasgow artists well represented are Messrs P. Buchanan, A. M'Glashan, W. Adam, A. Black, A. S. Boyd, E. A. Walton, R. M'Ewan, and C. M'Ewan.

Messrs Lawrie's exhibition of water colours is now open. They have at present on view one of the finest pictures Mr Sam Bough ever painted, the stage coach entering Carlisle on a winter day. It is dated 1855. The work is splendid; feeling, quality, atmosphere, action are all rendered by the hand of a master. The trees to the left, with the snow on them, are in themselves enough to make the picture remarkable. The details are carefully given, but they are never obtruded, the drawing is careful, and the composition most effective. It is a picture that requires and repays long and reverent study. Messrs Lawrie have also an example of Mr Whistler. I shall speak of it again.

Mr M'Whirter's elevation to the associateship has already brought him substantial benefit. I hear that since his promotion he has sold all the work he has in his studio. Two eminent London dealers have bought the three important pictures he destined for the next Academy Exhibition. Sir Fredk. Leighton's work, since he became president, has also been in much request.

AD VITAM AUT CULPAM.

(Member of School Board addressing children.

Noo, ma bairns, oor a' like ships, some in the port, some oot in mid-ocean, an' some near the haven. Ye're just leavin' the port; as for me, I'm *half seas over*.

The Dominie laughs, and the school is dismissed instantly.

UNDER THE NEW PRESIDENCY.

Though France has for once made nor blunder nor crime of it, She'll nevertheless have a Grevy-ous time of it.

ARS EST CELARE ARTEM.—If the height of art be the concealment of art, this is likely to be attained in the three-arched "bridle of iron" that is to conceal the exquisite proportions and details of the Jamaica Street bridge. It is, however, in iron—especially cast-iron—that there is seen the age, its form and pressure.

AN EXHIBITION NOTE.—The nocturne, "A Knight of the Fo(u)rth Estate," is, the BAILIE is led to believe, not by a Whistler, but a Fife-r.

An all to Pottery Game of Chance.—No, not a Lottery, but "Finance."

"City" Gardening.—Bank or "ditch," a large amount of "dock" has cropped up upon it.

Candle-Mass.—The mass of the wick-ed.

Running their Letters—Stereotype-founding,

## Shakspeare's "Prophetic Soul."

THE Weather.—"A frost, a killing frost"  
(Henry viii., act iii., sc. 2).

From the Unemployed.—"For this relief,  
much thanks" (Hamlet, act i., sc. 1).

Our Chief Magistrate.—"This is a gentle  
Provost" (Measure for Measure, act iv., sc. 1).

Sir Wm. Harcourt's Opinion—"Cyprus, black  
as e'er was crow" (Winter's Tale, act. iv., sc. 3).

The Dropped "City" Aid Scheme.—"The  
Lottery of my destiny" (Merchant of Venice,  
act ii., sc. 1).

"Curious Story of a Box."—"Here is a box :  
what's in't is precious" (Cymbeline, act. iii.,  
sc. 4).

Item for Crosshill.—"In the south suburbs,  
is best to lodge" (Twelfth Night, act iii., sc. 3).

To a Friend of the BAILIE.—"Thy face is  
Valanced since I saw thee last" (Hamlet, act ii.,  
sc. 2).

Ghost of Forbes M'Kenze (loquitor).—"Eleven  
o'clock's the hour" (Henry vi.)

Mr Lambeth's Choir.—"Kars were never  
better fed with such delightful pleasing har-  
mony" (Pericles, Prince of Tyre, act. ii., sc. 4).

Charles Peace, burglar, &c.—"We took him  
for a coward, but he's the very devil incarnate"  
(Twelfth Night, act v., sc. 1).

The City Organist.—"Doth speak his power-  
ful sound with an organ weak" (All's well that  
ends well, act ii., sc. 1).

A Juvenile Remonstrance.—"Impute it not a  
crime to me, or my swift passage, that I *slide*"  
(Winter's Tale, act iv., sc. 1).

Rev. David Macrae and Tartarean Eternity.  
—"In religion, what damned error but some  
sober brow will bless it and approve it with a  
text" (Merchant of Venice, act. iii., sc. 2).

The Great Irish Will Case—"I'll to Ireland  
. . . Bagot here . . . observed his court-  
ship to the common people, how he did seem to  
dive into their hearts. . . Wooing with the  
craft of smiles and patient underbearing of his  
fortune. . . Well, he's gone" (Richard ii.,  
sc. 4).

## FROM "BAR" TO BOLT.

An instance again of Miss Fortune so fickle :  
Old Potter is bolted, while "bolted" has Nicol.

THAT'S THE QUESTION.—When the City of  
Glasgow Bank went wool-gathering in Australia,  
ten million of its sheep died, and so their fleeces  
are satisfactorily, or unsatisfactorily, accounted  
for ; but what's become of the wool of the hap-  
less sheep who were sheared at home ?

## Won't There !

NOW that the law has provided for the "City"  
directors and manager, won't there be a  
consternation among other bank directors and  
their managers ?

Won't there be a shuffling out of office of the  
weak-kneed gentry ?

Won't there be a Coriolanus effect of "an  
eagle in a dove-cot fluttering the Volscians ?"  
(which might be read *false ones*, for this once).

Won't there be a fine distrust sown among  
the members of several boards ?

Won't there be many a *ramfeszled heid* among  
the non-professional directors who endeavour  
to analyse the next balance sheet prepared for  
them ?

Won't there be a fine study of ill-at-ease  
physiognomies as the various boards come up  
at their shareholders' meetings ?

Won't there be rare heckling going at the  
same ?

Just won't there !

## A Tempestuous Teacup.

IT having been proposed to build a new pier  
to the east of Helensburgh, the "Brighton  
of Scotland"—save the mark!—is once more  
up in arms against the proposal. The eloquence  
expended on the subject in the course of a recent  
meeting was something truly remarkable. "The  
raw head and bloody bones of war," observed  
Provost Breingan, as eloquently as grammati-  
cally, "shaken before Helensburgh in 1877, is  
(*sic*) alive again in the shape of a bill in St.  
Stephen's to promote a pier at Craigendoran."  
"If the pier at Craigendoran did come to  
be erected," chimed in Commissioner Cramb,  
"the historian of Dumbartonshire in after times  
would point to it and say, 'There stands the  
North British folly of 1879.'" The BAILIE  
commends the whole subject to the attention of  
his esteemed friend, the "Historian of Dum-  
bartonshire."

INTERESTING.—"Oh, if I had some one to  
love me!" is, or used to be, a favourite ditty  
with young ladies, especially those verging on  
a "certain" age ; but who would have thought  
of "a small coasting screw steamer" pining for  
somebody to "take an interest in" her ? Such  
a "want" is, nevertheless, made known through  
the advertisement columns of the *Herald*. Let  
us hope that this specimen of neglected femin-  
inity will speedily meet with a sympathetic soul

**"Convey the Wise it Call."**

**A**MONG the other fruits of the big trial must be counted an enrichment of the English language. Thus we have, for instance, new significance attached to the expressions "dormant" and "in abeyance" when applied to accounts. A "dormant" account, or one "in abeyance" is, according to the Lord Advocate, one which "is not to be paid till it is convenient to pay, if it ever should be convenient to pay." The Ass has made a note of these gentle euphemisms. His accounts are always in abeyance—when they are not dormant.

Speaking last week of certain "unsatisfactory" City Bank accounts, Mr Trayner feelingly observed that "one does not like to reflect on a man who is gone." Especially when he's "gone" to Spain—eh, Mr Trayner?

**R O Y A L E X C H A N G E.**

The SUBSCRIPTION BOOK for ENROLLING MEMBERS for CURRENT YEAR is NOW OPEN.  
BY ORDER.

1st January, 1879.

**PARIS EXHIBITION.**

**GOLD MEDALS! SILVER MEDALS!**

**W**E have been repeatedly twitted about not having received a MEDAL at the Paris Exhibition, and asked why. The reason is that, considering Medals a Humbug, we have never sent Samples of our Manufactures to any Exhibition. "Good Wine needs no bush," and our Aerated Waters require no Medal to publish their excellence; their qualities of Purity, Flavour, Strength, &c., speak for them wherever they become known. The Golden Opinions of a discriminating Public, rather than Gold Medals, it is our ambition to gain and keep. Our Lemonade, Soda, Potash, Seltzer, Sarsaparilla, &c., are all unequalled for general excellence; but for a Winter Beverage we recommend our GINGER ALE, which is an excellent tonic, and a pleasant and harmless stimulant.—If found rather strong, our Ginger Ale may be diluted with Water, without at all spoiling its flavour.

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Every Evening,

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Original, Grand, and Fairy Extravaganza  
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C I N D E R E L L A.

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**PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.**

Sole Lessee and Manager.....Mr JOHN COLEMAN.

Enormous Success of the New Adaptation of  
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

Received on Saturday Night with a tempest of applause from a crowded and delighted audience.

Every principal Artiste was called and recalled before the Curtain over and over again at the end of each act.

The Troupe of Real Negroes and Jubilee Singers, from Jarrett and Palmer's American Company, were greeted with the utmost enthusiasm and every Melody was redemanded and demanded again.

To-Night and Every Evening till Further Notice,

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN,

Supported by a Powerful Double Company of upwards of  
100 European and American Artistes.

Box Office open from 11 till 3 Prices as usual.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE,  
MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE,**

Enormous Success and Enthusiastic Reception of

MR J. F. M'FADYEN,

Who will Appear Every Evening in his Celebrated Impersonation of the

CORSICAN BROTHERS.

To be followed (by Particular Desire) with

THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.

Josephine (with Songs).....Miss CARRY NELSON.

**MACCABE.—LAST NIGHT BUT FOUR.  
HENGLER'S CIRQUE, WEST NILE STREET.**

THIS (TUESDAY) and Four Following Evenings.

6th WEEK, 6th WEEK, 6th WEEK,

of the Notable and Overwhelming Success of

FREDERICK MACCABE,

In his Highly Popular Entertainment,

BEGONE DULL CARE,

AND

CHANG-HI-WANG.

The most Successful of all the Entertainments offered to the public; received by densely-crowded audiences with Screams of Merriment. It is one of the Sights of Glasgow, and its fame has rendered it the Chief Attraction of Visitors for the last Five Weeks.

Doors Open at 7-30; to Commence at 8.

Prices vary from 6d to 3s.

**CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING  
CONCERTS.**

SATURDAY, 8TH FEBRUARY, 1879.

One Night Only, and First Appearance this Season:

The Celebrated Royal

HAND-BELL RINGERS and GLEE SINGERS,

(Poland Street, London.

With their Splendid Peal of

120 SWEETLY-TONED BELLS.

Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats on Side Galleries 2s. Tickets for Reserved Seats to be had at the Office, 53 Renfield Street.

Doors Open at 7; Orchestral Performance at 7.30 o'clock.

JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

## ENTIRE CHANGES.

## N E W S O M E ' S

HIPPDRONE AND CIRCUS,  
TO-NIGHT, Doors Open at 7.  
THE GRAND

## EQUESTRIAN SPECTACLE.

DICK TURPIN'S RIDE TO YORK;  
OR, THE DEATH OF BONNY BLACK BESS.

If blood can give nobility,  
A noble steed is she;  
Her sire was blood, and blood her dam,  
And all her pedigree.

Dick Turpin, ..... Mr J. NEWSOME.  
Landlady, ..... Madam NEWSOME.

MID-DAY PERFORMANCES, WEDNESDAY AND  
SATURDAY.

Doors Open at 2-30.

## INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS,

CORPORATION GALLERIES,  
SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

EXHIBITION OF  
PAINTINGS, SCULPTURE, &c.,  
NOW OPEN.

Day Admission, Nine till Five,.....1s.  
Evening ,, Six till Ten,.....6d.

Musical Promenades every Saturday, from Two till Four.



GLASGOW, BOTHWELL, HAMILTON, AND  
COATBRIDGE RAILWAY COMPANY.

## NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

GLASGOW (COLLEGE STATION) TO UDDINGSTON,  
BOTHWELL, HAMILTON, &c.

The present times of Trains for January will remain in force for February, and until further notice, with the following exceptions:—The 6-20, 10-35, 11-20 a.m., 12-40, 1-35, 2-35, 5-30, 6-35, 7-35, 8-35, 10-15 p.m. Trains from Hamilton will be One Minute later in arriving at College Station.

R. J. BROWNE, General Manager.

General Manager's Office,  
45 Montrose Street,  
Glasgow, 24th January, 1879.

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LIST OF COLOURS ON APPLICATION.

H. & P. M'NEIL,

HATTERS, HOSIERS, GLOVERS, AND SHIRTMAKERS,  
CRICKET AND FOOTBALL OUTFITTERS,  
21 & 23 RENFIELD STREET.

**SHELDON'S**  
**HAIR RESTORER**  
RESTORES Grey Hair to its Youth-  
ful Colour. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER  
Causes a New Growth of Hair. SHELDON'S HAIR  
RESTORER Removes Dandruff and all Impurities  
from the Hair. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER  
Prevents the Hair from falling off or turning Grey.  
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China Tea Set, Crystal, Electro-Plate, Case of Cutlery, Pantry  
Items, &c.; Kitchen and Servants' Apartments; Culinary  
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Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 31st January, 1879.

## FORTNIGHTLY ART SALE.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Friday, 7th February,  
PUBLIC SALE OF

## MISCELLANEOUS PICTURES.

Principally by Modern Artists of the Scotch and English Schools.  
Also, a Few WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS  
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ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above,  
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On View, with Catalogues, on Morning of Sale.  
Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 3rd February, 1879.

On Thursday, 6th February, in the City City Sale-Rooms,  
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BY AUCTION.

J. & R. EDMISTON are instructed to Sell the  
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Catalogues in preparation.

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Including the Stock of Whisky in Bond belonging to a Sequestrated Estate.

DUNCAN KEITH & BUCHANAN will Sell, by Public Auction, as above.

Full particulars in Catalogues, to be had on application. Drury Corner, Renfield Street, Glasgow, 27th Jan., 1879.

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This Old-Established House, adjoining the Waverley Station, and opposite General Post Office, affords first-class accommodation for Commercial Gentlemen and others visiting the City (either on business or pleasure), having recently undergone extensive alterations and additions; entirely re-decorated and furnished in the most approved manner. Parties honouring the "BRIDGE" with their patronage will find every comfort, combined with cleanliness and attention. Cheerful Sitting-rooms. CHARGES:—Breakfasts, from 1/ to 2/3; Dinners, from 1/9; Bed-room, 2/; Attendance, 1/ per day. GOOD STOCK ROOMS. JAMES M'GREGOR, PROPRIETOR.

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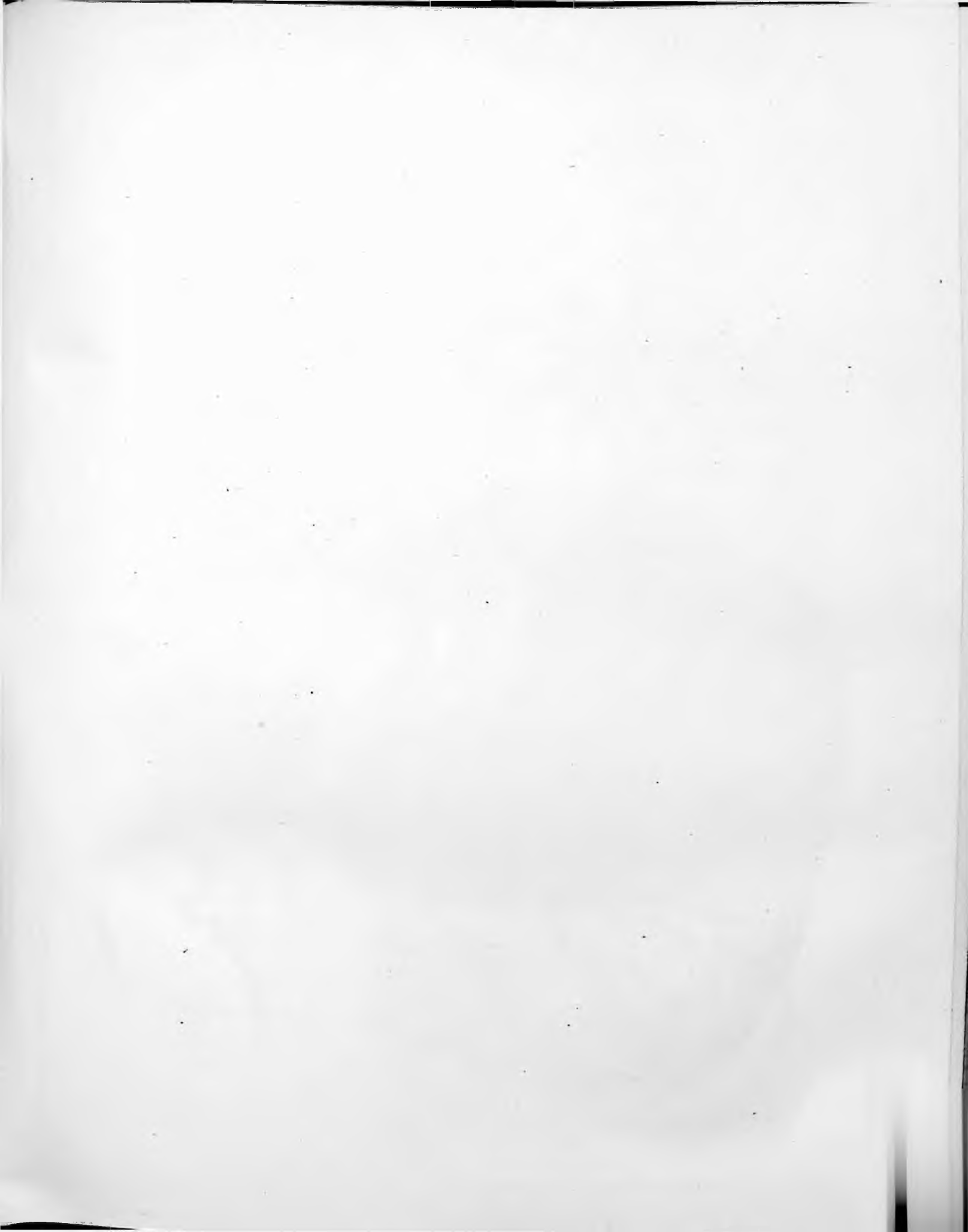
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**T H E S I G H T O F T H E C I T Y .**

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# The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 330. Glasgow, Wednesday, February 12th, 1879. Price 1d

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 330.

THE Scotch Bank scare may now be regarded as mainly at an end. For upwards of four months, the trading community, besides knowing that one great establishment had come to a close amid irretrievable failure, suffered from constantly recurring panics regarding our other banking companies. Whispers went abroad, assailing the stability, now of this and now of that association. At one time, indeed, it seemed as if the entire mercantile system of the country were doomed. "Time the healer," however, has come to the aid of the Banks, as he does to that of all sublunary affairs. The corner has been turned and things are looking up at last. Although months, and probably years must elapse before Scotch Bank Stock regains the value it possessed at the middle of last September, we may safely assume that no such black days will visit the country, within the present generation at least, as those with which we were afflicted during the six weeks that followed the stoppage of the City of Glasgow Bank. The two disasters that have befallen Scotch banking enterprise within the lifetime of the present generation have both been connected with Glasgow. It was only natural, therefore, in the blind terror with which we were afflicted in the beginning of winter, that we should entertain serious apprehensions regarding the safety of the two Glasgow Banks which still remain. We had the spectacles of the "Western" and the "City" before our eyes, and it was with a feeling of sick dismay that people conjured up a vision of the consequences that would ensue were the "Union" and the "Clydesdale" to follow their example. In the moment of panic we forgot that the principle of Scotch banking was in no way involved in the

VOL. XIII

ruin that had encompassed the defaulting establishments. We were all, indeed, too excited to reason. There was a rush to get out of Bank shares, and between the mad haste of holders to sell, and the credulous timidity of the great public who listened agape for every passing rumour, the depreciation in seven weeks, in the value of the stocks of the ten Scottish Banks, amounted to no less than £5,642,457. Confidence, however, as has already been said, is at length coming back to us. The country has been subjected to a severe trial, but we have managed to live through it all. This improved feeling is probably in some measure due to the belief that the City Bank assets will turn out better than had been supposed, and in a still greater degree to the meetings of the Royal and the Clydesdale Banks. The disclosures made at the trial of the City Bank directors must also have had their effect, inasmuch as they showed that the collapse of the concern was in no way connected with legitimate trade, but that it was the result, partly of misplaced confidence and partly of reckless speculation. The BAILIE has already given his readers a portrait of his friend Mr Readman, the General Manager of the Clydesdale Bank, and this week he adds a likeness of Mr CHARLES GAIRDNER, the Manager of the Union Bank, to his picture gallery. The Union Bank is one of the leading institutions of the city, and Mr GAIRDNER is one of our leading city men. A son of the late Mr C. D. Gairdner, banker, Kilmarnock, who subsequently became Commissioner to the Earl of Eglinton, the Man you Know was raised among day books and ledgers. Having received a capital training from his father, Mr GAIRDNER came to Glasgow in 1843, and entered the office of Mr Peter White, the well-known sharebroker, and two years afterwards—in 1845—he was assumed by Mr White as a partner, the firm taking the

appellation, which it still bears, of White and Gairdner. When the Western Bank came to grief in 1857, Mr GAIRDNER was appointed one of the liquidators. He did not, however, on this account, give up his Stock Exchange connection, and in both capacities he became widely known and respected. It was his reputation, indeed, as a man of affairs, that procured his selection, some years afterwards, for the post of Joint-Manager of the Union Bank, in company with the late Mr. Robertson, whose failing health had necessitated the creation of this new office. Mr. GAIRDNER subsequently became full manager, a position, it is needless to repeat, he still maintains. In 1875, Mr. GAIRDNER was examined, together with Mr. Readman, Mr. Fleming and Mr. Davidson, before a select Committee of the House of Commons, on the subject of Banks of Issue, the appointment of the Committee being consequent upon the agitation conducted by the Londoners against the proposal that Scotch Banks should open branches in England, and his evidence is understood to have been regarded by the Committee as of the utmost moment. All his life our friend has possessed a strong predilection for figures. He was described the other day by one who knows him intimately, as "a man of very solid ability and high integrity." Mr GAIRDNER has invariably stuck closely to his business. He thoroughly understands the science of banking. The Bank over which he presides as manager, which began its career in 1830, and which possesses over thirteen hundred partners, owes no small share of its success—as indeed how could it do otherwise—to his festering and unwearied care. Truly there be bankers and bankers. While in our own time, we in Glasgow have had to blush for people like Taylor of the "Western," and the Stronachs of the City, we are also able to point to such instances of high principle and splendid ability as those presented by Mr Readman of the Clydesdale, and Mr GAIRDNER of the Union.

HOW IS IT DONE?—Using a familiar phrase, the chairman of Lord Dalkeith's Edinburgh meeting last Wednesday called upon the electors of Mid-Lothian to "rally as one man round the noble earl." Perhaps the chairman will be good enough to explain how "one man" could "rally round" another. To the BAILIE'S mind the feat seems almost as difficult of accomplishment as the ornithological performance which so puzzled Lord Dundreary.

### St. Valentine's Day.

ST. Valentine's day is all but here,  
 And now I've little rest;  
 But yet of all days in the year  
 'Tis this one likes me best.

Now pretty, tender odes I write  
 For every gentle lass;  
 And burn the midnight oil—a light  
 That poets use for gas.

I've racked my brain for fittest rhyme—  
 To that sweet word of "love;"  
 But hard though I have strived betime  
 Find none can fit like "glove."

So then I sigh as Romeo did,  
 Nor wish a glove to be;  
 But rather far would be the "kid"—  
 Their glove without the G.

And thus, when such conceit I find,  
 I work it out with art;  
 And vow, as Cupid still is blind,  
 Some *dear* has stole my *heart*.

Yet though I've verses by the score,  
 And though whole nights I've spent  
 In rhyming, as I said before,  
 I've never had one sent.

No doubt you'll think it hard my fate  
 Thus writing line on line,  
 That yet no postman comes my gate,  
 Though loaded all with mine.

But ah, 'tis joy enough for me  
 To know, across the street;  
 Each blushing, blooming maid I'll see  
 Take in my verses sweet.

The life I lead is not so blank,  
 Nor need I once repine;  
 But yet have every cause to thank  
 The good Saint Valentine.

You're puzzled; well, I meant it so;  
 'Tis hard to find my stops;  
 Yet here's the secret ere I go—  
 I write them for the shops.

### A MEETING OF CREDITORS.

Agent (to bankrupt horse-dealer)—Now that we have heard your statement, how much per £ do you propose to pay?

Bankrupt (to agent aside)—I dinna ken, man. What's the kin o' usual thing the noo?

### What the Airdrie Folk are Saying

THAT the soup kitchen is now a flourishing institution. That Councillor Harvie has gained his spurs by his energetic conduct at this time. That when Bailie S. has retired full of honours, Councillor Harvie will have his seat. That the dull times are being felt by the clergy and the laity. That both should be put on the sliding scale. That the "times" have caused the shepherds to give a little more of their attention to their flocks. That the said shepherds are loath to be put on the sliding scale.

Hard Times and Hard swearing by a Poet—  
 "Then *pledged* we the wine cup and fondly I *swore*."

Artistic Criticism.

MR WHISTLER'S recent assertion that no one but an artist is qualified to express an opinion about the merits or demerits of a painting, appealed very strongly to the BAILIE'S sense of fairness. He accordingly determined, when the Institute Exhibition opened, to dispense temporarily with the invaluable services of his able but non-professional art critic, and to send to the Galleries instead a committee consisting of a sign-painter, a glazier, and a paper-hanger—the only three artists of his acquaintance. He sincerely trusts this earnest effort to attain the truthful in art criticism will earn Mr Whistler's gratitude.

9. Rob Roy.—The whisky does not seem to be to the gallant freebooter's taste. If he will communicate with the committee, they will be delighted to furnish him with the address of a better "public."

10. Pleased with a Feather.—The committee were also very much pleased with the feather.

16. Spring.—The paper-hanger and the glazier rather thought it was a fashion-plate, but the sign-painter inclined to the belief that it was a superior sort of valentine.

34. A Drunken Satyr carried by Three Fauns.—The committee's ideas on the subject of fauns were a little hazy, but the glazier observed, with some warmth, that three bobbies and the police barrow would be more to the purpose. (N.B.—The glazier is a Good Templar.)

129. Queen of the Swords.—The glazier (who has a mind of his own) maintained that the girl was acting as peace-maker in the quarrel between the young men; but the majority of the committee were of opinion that the young men were preparing to cut the girl's head off, out of jealousy because she was so much taller than any of them.

185. The Controversialist.—Just the sort of man who would burn David Macrae and Fergus Ferguson at the stake.

229. Boulogne Peasant.—The paper-hanger, who is the youngest of the committee, pronounces her a "strapping hizzy;" the other two observe severely that the Boulogne climate must surely be very sultry.

263. Running her up.—The woman is getting more than her fair share of the work to do. (This is the chivalrous paper-hanger's idea again.)

277. Port Gorey, Point Sark.—The title puzzled the committee not a little. The picture was well enough, but why Gorey? wherefore Sark?

300. Joseph revealing himself to his Brethren.—The family likeness among Jacob's offspring is truly remarkable. If it were not for the fact that some of them have cultivated a more ferocious whisker than others, the committee would say there was not a hair's difference among the lot.

323. The Mid-day Rest.—Piece-work has evidently not yet been introduced to this part of the country. (This from the sign-painter, a strong anti-union man.)

419. Nocturne in Snow and Silver.—It may be a nocturne, for anything the committee know to the contrary, but they failed to see any snow or any silver. What they did see was a few feet of greyish canvas, about the colour of a half-dirty white felt hat, and two things near the top like railway danger-signals.

432. The Mother of Moses.—The paper-hanger was preparing to pronounce her also a "strapping hizzy," when the other two pulled him hastily along to the next picture.

579. Jar and Feather.—The glazier, who held the catalogue, read it off, "Tar and Feather," and none of them could see the point of the title.

The BAILIE remunerated the committee at the

rate of eighteenpence per man per hour, which they say is their usual professional fee, and he hopes the criticism is worth the money. Being nothing of an artist himself, he cannot presume to say whether it is or not.

"MY UNCLE!"

(Scene Sandyford).

Tummas—Wha d'ye think the biggest dairy farmer hereabouts?

Ubiquitous and irrepressible Ex-Bailie—Man, Tummas, d'ye ken m' uncle has fifty-six mulk kye, no coontin' the cart horses!

Tummas (sarcastically)—Of coorse no, Bailie. Bit that's a big supply even without them.

NIHILISM AT HOME.—According to Sir James Gardiner Baird, an agitation is on foot "for dissolution of the Church and State." My conscience! it's time we were up and doing. Will Sir James kindly point out the agitators, so that we may nip their nihilistic schemes in the bud?

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.—Councillor Wilson calls our seedy little collection in Ingram Street "a great library." If, as they say, a contented mind is a continual feast, what a perpetual "blow-out" the worthy Councillor must enjoy!

Once upon a time Prince Bismarck feelingly recommended that the Parisians should be allowed to "stew in their own gravy," and Asinus says it has come to something like that at last. (President Grévy, stoopid! Don't you see?)

In the course of a trial in Edinburgh last week it was stated that the "average weekly wage" of an apprentice bottle-maker is £2 2s 4d. As we cannot all be accountants these hard times, the BAILIE recommends youthful readers in search of a profession to go in for bottle-making.

"Conservative Meeting.—Would gentleman who took new topcoat, and left an old black one instead, from Grand Hotel on 17th ult., return it there immediately, and save annoyance." The above advertisement seems to imply that folk's principles do not extend to the "conserving" of "old black top-coats."

The Lord Provost says he never acts "on imperial lines." No, my Lord; you content yourself with being occasionally imperious.

Smokers.—Try Wallach Smoking Mixture, 6d per ounce Only to be had from D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram Street

## Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—A pleasant gathering by the kind favour of Mr Maccabe, took place in the Circus on Saturday night. The poor, burnt-out players, must have benefited to the tune of considerably over £100 by Mr Maccabe's generosity.

Saturday next is fixed as the last night of the Gaiety pantomime. "Cinderella" has been a big success. Its brightness and dash, the cleverness of the acting, the capital singing, the wild fun of Mr Collier and Mr Rogers, the grace of Miss Gourlay, Miss Foole's charming singing, Miss Ryan's nimble dancing—these are what have drawn us all to the Gaiety during the last six weeks. Had it not been that Mr Bernard had made other engagements, "Cinderella" would probably have gone on for two or three weeks further. Fate, however, has been more powerful than even the manager of the Gaiety.

Mr Barry Sullivan opens with Mr Bernard on Monday. We all recollect what a triumphant engagement Mr Sullivan played at the Gaiety in the spring of last year. This time, I may safely prophesy, his audiences will be even more crowded—if that be possible—than were those who flocked to see him twelve months ago. There is no need for me, at this time of day, to say a word regarding Mr Sullivan's merits. He is the John Philip Kemble, the Charles Mayne Young of the age. A scholar, a gentleman—the pleasantest companion, the most gracious mannered of men—Barry Sullivan, either off or on the stage, is one of those people that appeal to you on every side of his nature.

When Mr Barry Sullivan leaves the Gaiety, Miss Eloise Juno will pay us a visit. Of course she will appear in a Scotch piece.

The Soldene company have been engaged by Mr Bernard.

Two benefits are announced this week for the Gaiety. On Thursday night, Miss Gordon Gourlay will make her appeal to her friends, when, in addition to supporting the part of *Dandini* in the pantomime, she will appear in her famous part of *Maggie Macfarlane* in the "Bonnie Fishwife." A musical interlude comes after the comedietta, and "Cinderella" will conclude the evening's entertainment.

Mr Harry Collier announces his benefit for Friday. On this occasion the "Micawber Scenes" from "Em'ly" will be presented with Mr Collier in the role of the immortal *Wilkins*. "Cinderella" will of course follow, with a double set of Pantomimists—think of that Master Brooke!

Mr Harry Collier has been engaged for the Gaiety pantomime of 1879-80.

That drama of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which Mr Coleman is running at the Prince of Wales Theatre, is worth seeing. The writing is good, the construction is—why, the construction is the work of Mr Coleman, and Mr Coleman's knowledge of stage effect is, to my mind, unequalled.

The acting of "Uncle Tom" is capital. Mr Morton, who is the *Legree*, and Miss Lynde, who is the *Eliza* of the cast, are artists of skill and experience. Moreover, the appearance of real negroes on the stage provides something of a sensation for even the experienced playgoer. In one of the scenes, illustrative of a "plantation" festival, a keen contest takes place between true and sham "niggers." Three burnt-out professors make their appearance among a party of curly-pated ebonies, and each of them, as you can easily guess, do their best to "fetch" the house. The rivalry lends abundant "go" and *vim* to the performance.

Arrangements are being made for a short season of Italian opera this spring, notwithstanding the destruction of the Theatre Royal. Mr Mapleson's company will appear at the Prince of Wales Theatre in the beginning of next month.

Mr Knapp's benefit in the New Hall's on Friday night was a great success. There was a capital audience, and the entertainment was peculiarly tasteful and elegant. Among the features of the evening were the singing of Miss Lucy Franklein, Mr M'Neill's fine reading from "As You Like It," and the humorous *scena* by Mr Frederic Maccabe. A quintet from the "Sorcerer" met with great favour, as did likewise the playing of Miss Knapp, and Mr Mudie's "Sorcerer" song. Mr Frederic

Archer, it should be noted, acted as accompanist, and his masterly performance on the organ of the overture to "Zampa," fairly "brought down the house."

Mr E. L. Knapp appears this evening, and during the week, as a manager, having taken "Her Majesty's Theatre," Main Street, Gorbals, and arranged for the production of "Paul Pry" and "Trial by Jury" in this charming and comfortable house. "Her Majesty's" is in all respects a model building, and I haven't the slightest doubt that Mr Knapp will fill it to overflowing every night of the six.

The company engaged by Mr. Knapp, include Miss Franklein, Mr Rousbey, the "Sorcerer" Chorus, and our old friend, Mr F. H. Lloyd.

Mr Newsome's present term is fast drawing to a close, and those of your readers who delight in graceful and daring horsemanship must make a note of this, in order that they may not miss paying him a last visit before his season terminates.

"The Sangs my Mither Sang" capitably describes the character of the concert next Saturday evening at the City Hall. Among the "auld sangs" are such favourites as "O why left I my Hame," "Bessie Bell and Mary Gray," "The Land o' the Leal," "Lucy's Flittin'," "The Laird o' Cockpen," "The Bonnie Breast Knots," and a score of others as choice. Miss Aitken, Mr Charles Stewart, and other skilled exponents of Scotch song are engaged for the concert which ought to be a delightful one.

An important engagement has been made for the New Halls Saturday night concert. The principal artistes of Mr Mapleson's Operatic Company, with Madame Pappenheim, generally regarded as the successor of Mdle. Titiens, are to appear.

Your friend who contributes a column of "Megilp" every week to your pages, alluded some time ago, my Magistrate, to an artistic amateur named Captain Watters. Have you marked, since his notice appeared, the announcement in the daily papers of Captain Watters' death? This sad event, at all events, has taken place, and it involves something like a tragedy. The Captain, a pleasant, manly fellow, full of artistic sympathies, was a shareholder in the City of Glasgow Bank, and when the collapse occurred in October, he was naturally sorely distressed. When Dr Anderson's Bank Aid Scheme was proposed, Captain Watters, like other shareholders, saw a way out of his difficulties, and felt correspondingly happy. This happiness, however, was of short duration. The Rev. G. R. Badenoch appeared on the scene; he compelled the authorities to put a stop to the scheme, and Captain Watters, in his sanguine, easily influenced temperament, sickened at the death-blow that had been given to his hopes, and the next time his name came before his friends was when they read it in the obituary column of the *Herald*. This is only one of innumerable stories of sorrow and death that have resulted, not so much from the collapse of the Bank as from the stopping of the lottery scheme. What does the personage, to whom the stoppage is due, think of his handiwork?

## "THE MEASURE OF HIS GUILT."

*Bailie*—Do you know if the prisoner had any provocation before he committed the assault?

*Witness*—Weel, sir, I canna be certain on that pint exacty, but I daursay he micht hae had hauf-a-mutchkin.

Not-ice To Quit—The thaw.

Exhibition Note—There are few works of heart equal to a valentine.

A "Bank" Deposit—"Ditch"-water.

Literary Acquirements—Books borrowed and never returned.

A Model Fire Engine.

THE Ass was at Renfrew on Saturday, and assisted, together with the Provost and Magistrates of that Royal Burgh, at what was meant to be an imposing ceremonial—this being nothing less than the annual exhibition of the fire engine belonging to the Corporation. Had he not been made aware beforehand of the character of the machine, Asinus would have set it down for a "butcher's hearse," but when he was told it was a fire engine, he remarked "all right, go on with your show." The Provost beamed approval at the remark, and the "show" proceeded. "See how she can do it," exclaimed the "able and intelligent officer" in charge, as "swish, swash" resounded from the pumps when the handles had been worked up and down a sufficient number of times by the burly "brigade." It was an exciting moment! The hearts of the municipality throbbed with wild exultation! Suddenly, however, not to say cruelly, a wet blanket was thrown over the exhibition. A too officious onlooker pointed out that "nae water was comin'!" This was too much! Dismay pervaded the entire municipality. Even the remark from a philosophic bailie, that "it wud be a' richt if the pumps were only 'fanged' on the mornin' afore the fire" did not serve to restore the magisterial spirits. The assemblage dispersed sorrowfully and slow, the last echo heard by Asinus regarding the apparatus being, "She should be ta'en hame out o' the caul, an' on nae account be sent to a fire, for if she wis she ran a chance o' gettin' burnt!"

AND GIVE TO AIRY VISIONARY NOTHING.—Those opposing the proposed Building Regulations expend a deal of breath upon ventilation. The BAILIE believes that with many builders the first regulation has been how to "raise the wind."

The Millport correspondent of the *Mail* has been at it again. In the issue of the Union Street Oracle of Friday, its representative in the Earl of Glasgow's burgh says that the marriage fees agreed upon by the Kirk Session are "For three Sundays in one, 10s; for two Sundays, 7s 6d; and for three successive Sundays, 2s 6d."

SLACK BUSINESS.—The "Enterprise Sales" prosecution, if somewhat slack at first, has been doubly "Slack" at last.

The Pity of It—People with neither work nor play. The company of the Theatre Royal.

A Pillar of the Church—Mr Morton.

THE NINTH MUSETH.

Majority though in the Ward,  
I' the Council only twa;  
When "Shaw's our man," the Ward began,  
The Council echo'd "Pshaw!"  
Another opening's in the Ward,  
And Shaw again may seek it,  
But, as before, not find the door  
Against him slamm'd and steekit.

SIC!—Reviewing Sir Allen Young's "Two Voyages of the Pandora," some *Saturday Reviewer* delivers himself of this remarkable statement:—"Ivigtut cryolite has, doubtless, helped to scare London gas proprietors." The sapient one should not have sought to show off with the name of the uncommon mineral that was new to him, for there is no connection in this world between cryolite and gas proprietors. Seemingly he has been misled by the last syllable—cryolite!

A STUDY AFTER CELL-IN-I.—Not only are many of the public dissatisfied with the sentences following the verdict upon the Bank directors, but even those unhappy gentlemen now languishing, are themselves convicted it's "a cell."

Public sympathy seems to be setting in in favour of the "City" Directors, and especially are they commiserated on account of their being subjected to prison rules in the matter of sleeping accommodation. Is not sympathy, however, somewhat misplaced here, enquires Peter? The Directors have all been on a "Board" before, and accustomed to *lie* on it, too.

The Vale of Leavin'—The Parting tip to "Boots," waiter, &c.

A Man of "Mark"—Mr "Archer."

A Man of "Note"—Mr Lambeth.

TAKING A SIGHT.—If, as Asinus says, he has a spec(k) "in his eye," he ought at once to be "off with it."

An "Art" Study—The railway bridge across the Clyde.

AS WE DO IT NOW-A-DAYS.—We strain at a lottery (for the destitute) and swallow a Church bazaar.

Why, enquires Bauldy, was Stewart not so severely punished as Potter in his encounter with the Judges? Because, he adds, the retired publican had put himself in the hands of a good Frayner before the trial came on.

STATUS OF STATUES.—Stanley ought to be asked to go out upon the hunt for the bronze "Livingstone.

### Quavers.

OUR friends at Crosshill are certainly very kind to the unemployed. With the object of adding to the fund for providing the daily basin of broth and hunch of bread, a concert was given on Thursday last, by the recently formed musical association in that suburb, from which, seriously, it is satisfactory to say there will be a goodly number of pounds sterling available.

Passing from the object of the concert to the performance, it is to be said that considering that this was the first, and an early appearance of the Crosshill Musical Association (Mr Drummond, conductor), a very creditable display was made, while the programme was a model one for variety.

Two extracts were sung from Macfarren's "Outward Bound," the entire cantata being in preparation for the concert of the society in March or April. Of course, in these extracts, and in the other choral music, there was not unnaturally a slight want of grace and finish; but with the intelligent material the society undoubtedly possesses, these desirable qualities are certain to come by and bye.

As a rule, what is often the weakest element in an amateur performance was perhaps the strongest at this concert. The trio for female voices by Smart, Sullivan's "It was a dream," and Pinsuti's "I fear no foe," were instances among others of more than ordinarily successful singing. The piano accompaniments to the choral and other music, by a lady member, were unusually neat. Mr Harrower's contributions in his particular walk afforded genuine pleasure.

Provost Browne presided with his usual enthusiasm and tact.

Some rather noticeable selections were made for the organ recital at Dowanhill U.P. Church on Thursday night last. Thomas Carter, the composer of "O Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me?" was heard in a line not at all associated with his name, namely, in the organ piece "The Carillons of Dunkerque," interest in campanile imitation work now reviving. Little doubt this was the first performance in Glasgow of at least this organ music of Carter. Another noticeable number was the Thunder Storm Fantasia of Chevalier Lemmens. Dr Peace was the performer. Mr Robertson, organist of the church, plays at the next recital, on the 27th instant.

The Eroica Symphony of Beethoven, which we are to hear performed at Mr Halle's concert next week, has not been played here for some years. It would not surprise one to find that this will be the greatest success of the concert, majesty of style being probably the special character of the Manchester orchestra; not to imply for an instant, however, that delicacy and refinement are absent.

The first appearance of the newly formed Partick Musical Association is fixed for the 21st instant. One sensible arrangement we must notice. It is that one need not go in evening dress (with its stiffness and chilliness), unless one likes. The evening dress absurdity (as an imperative requirement, that is) is going out of fashion at London concerts. May it prove to be so in Glasgow also!

The eighth annual concert by Mr Carl Volti and his advanced violin pupils takes place on Tuesday next. The programme sheet—which, by the way, is rather cleverly got up—contains the overture to Balfe's "Bohemian Girl," the charming minuet from Mozart's E flat symphony, a violin and piano sonata by the same composer, violin and violoncello solos, some compositions of Mr Volti, and vocal intermezzi. In a quiet unpretending way much really valuable musical training work is apparently being done by Mr Volti's violin classes.

The Townhead Tonic Sol-Fa Choral Society, instituted last year, submitted an excellent programme on Thursday evening—Mr Sinclair, conductor, and Mr Turnbull, accompanist. Misses Struthers and Hosie, and Messrs Sinclair and Allan, were the principal vocalists. The more we hear singing from the tonic sol-fa notation, however, the firmer remains our conviction that for spontaneity and grace it comes far short, for some reason, of vocalisation from the ordinary notation, and this is said without the slightest intentional disparagement of the society noticed.

The first organ recital of the season in the New Halls was given on Saturday afternoon, to a pretty numerous audience.

We know of no pleasanter way of spending an hour than at those organ performances. Dr Peace's programmes are always judicious, blending the classic and the popular; and he has a very fine instrument on which to reproduce the music, and display his exceptional manipulative skill. By the bye, the recitals now begin at four, an alteration of hour that will be generally approved. They will be given every Saturday afternoon till the end of April. The cost of admission is a very trifle.

The fourth musical festival of the Glasgow Foundry Boys' Religious Society takes place to-night (Tuesday). There is always something peculiarly attractive in these youthful demonstrations of song. In all probability there will be a large attendance.

LOGIC GONE TO THE DOGS.—Mr Martin says that he is not a "party" to undervalue the volunteer force, but that granting money for volunteer purposes is "taking the bit out of the children's mouth and giving it to the dogs." Surely Jeems is a little bit inconsistent here—unless indeed he "overrules" "the dogs."

MORE LIKE IT.—A local daily says, "If a man enters a shop, makes a purchase, and requests that it be 'put down' let him be politely told that in that case 10 per cent. will be added to the price. The chances are that he will hand over the money on the spot." Are they indeed, O innocent local daily? or are they not rather that he will respond cheerfully, "All right! Chalk it up!"

### RECIPROCITY.

(Scene—Dairy in Crown Street).

Three-year-old Girl—Please to lend me a can and give me a pennyworth of milk for mamma, and if Maggie (the milkmaid) carries me up stairs mamma says she will get the can down with her.

'ARRY UNAPPRECIATED.—In the course of the recent action against Mr H. A. Long—who was, by the way, oddly described by his agent as "most desirable"—that 'umble personage stated that he "had not gained one penny" by his "million pamphlets and tracts." The BAILIE is heartily glad to record such testimony to the taste and common-sense of his fellow-citizens.

The latest "breach of promise" dodge is to sue a poor wretch in India, who hears of neither the lady nor the action till he learns from the papers that he is cast in heavy damages! Bless the sweet "blighted" little dears! What will be their next "little game?"

Hamilton Nimmo's "Creep afore ye gang," "Let me ken hoo the Bairns are at Hauce," "Hoo can ye gang, Laddie," and "Crookit Bawbee," are the popular modern Scotch Songs and duets.—H. NIMMO, Ayr, and all Music Sellers, 1s 6d and 2s, net.



What the Folks are Saying.

THAT oor Jeems had a great blow out at last Council meeting.

That Jeems has been rather quiet of late.

That he made up for lost time on Thursday.

That the volunteers had a lick from the wrong side of Jeems's poorfu' tongue.

That in his estimation, any money donated to our Citizen soldiery, is just money, "thrown to the dogs."

That Councillor Morrison was happy in his patronage of Jeems.

That Jeems retaliated by blowing up the Lord Provost.

That on the whole Jeems is an "amoosin cratur."

That the Council proceedings would be dull, indeed tame, if Jeems were "out in the cold."

That oor Rubbart of Ladywell continues to "tool" his "powny" with great dexterity.

That Rubbart is on the look-out for a new manse.

That don't he wish he may get it.

That the quantity of unlet property in the city is something awfu'.

That it will bring down the rents.

That the factors have been strong in denouncing the new building regulations.

That they must be wise regulations when the house proprietors are so unanimous in condemning them.

That ex-Bailie Salmon has spoken strongly in favour of the "hollow square system."

That he says it was to give evidence on this inquiry that he resigned his seat at the Council Board.

That this explanation is somewhat —

That the Rev. Mr. Stark of Duntocher has broken out in a new place.

The he is anxious for Liberal unanimity.

That the liberal manner in which he treated everybody's views but his own at the U.P. Presbytery in the Ferguson case is fresh in everybody's mind.

That the Dairymen have had their annual soiree.

That the chairman complained sadly of the hard times.

That when he said "they had to buy as much in one day as would keep them selling for a year" he surely must have had chalk in his mind.

That the Enterprise sales have been effectually stopped.

That the next gambling matters to be dealt with are the Kirk bazaars.

The Critic of the Future.

IT is with pain the BAILIE says it, but he must really dispense with the services of his art-critic. That personage is a well-meaning young man with a large family, but he will insist upon writing with lucidity and common-sense—two characteristics, as his Worship daily impresses upon him, entirely out of place in his particular department. As an illustration of the sort of thing wanted now-a-days, his Worship may quote a "bit" from a local notice of the Edinburgh Exhibition. Speaking of Chalmers's "Legend," the critic observes, "The woman, with her bent head and eager features, aids the phrases of her tale. . . . Where his cunning is shown is in the delicate hues which move the faces of his children. The features are so tempered with light that they reflect the story-teller's gaze. Over the group hangs the fascination of the moment, interwoven with face and posture by such subtle touches as neither Wilkie nor Faed have (*sic*) excelled. In its unfinished state the picture is perfectly finished, since it still permits some movement of the on-looker towards the purpose of the painter. The BAILIE regrets that he has not space for more, but the above is perhaps sufficient to illustrate his meaning, and it is quite clear that the Magisterial critic could not "come" that sort of thing to save his life. No; he must go. "Cassio, I love thee; but never more be officer of mine."

Simple-minded Granny consoled herself in the recent severe weather by the thought that it enabled her to realise "what has to be faced" by Arctic explorers! How beautiful to think of the old lady coming to grief on a slide or wading ankle-deep through half-melted snow, and yet bearing herself with patient dignity the while, sustained by the thought that she is emulating a Franklin or, at the least, a Nares!

MUNICIPAL LOGIC.—His Worship has always had rather a liking for Bailie Ure, but he cannot compliment that gentleman upon his logic. At last meeting of Town Council Mr Ure declared that because our death-rate is below that of Liverpool, Manchester, or Dublin, therefore "Glasgow is in a good condition in respect of public health." Get thee a copy of Whately, Bailie.

THE DIFFERENCE.—At Ennis, the Bobbies are taking to poisoning one another. In Glasgow, they content themselves with poisoning the fount of justice.

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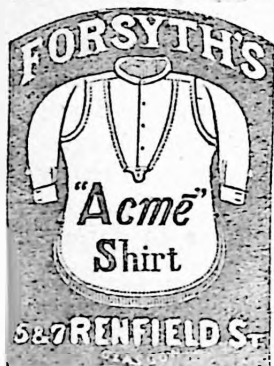
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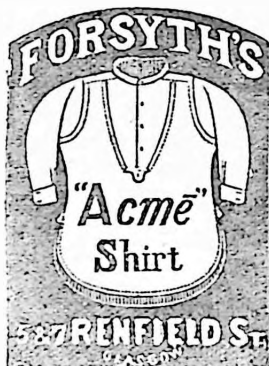
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THE BAILIE.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 12th, 1879.

THE numerous and influential class of citizens who have hitherto been grieved and disappointed by the fact, that prose fiction was unrepresented on the shelves of the Mitchell Library, will be delighted to hear that a generous individual has made a gift of some 170 novels to that institution. One can imagine crowds of people with a taste for gratuitous novel-reading flocking to East Ingram Street to enjoy an hour or two of their favourite pastime. Now, it is a proverbially ungrateful task to look a gift horse in the mouth, but it is to be feared that these worthy folks will be highly disgusted when they glance at the authors' names of this little collection of modern fiction. The devotees of Rhoda Broughton the slangy, the ungrammatical, the frisky—and their name is legion—will ask in vain for "Red as a Rose is She," or "Good-bye, Sweetheart;" and they can hardly be expected to accept Miss Austen as a substitute with a good grace. Miss Austen, indeed! Why there is not a word of slang in her from beginning to end, and Lindley Murray himself could not pick holes in her composition; besides, she is so disgustingly proper! Will it bring any consolation to the wounded spirit of the admirer of the raw-head-and-bloody-bones school of fiction, of which Miss Braddon is the prolific high-priestess, to be offered "Romola" or "Adam Bede" in place of the latest murder and bigamy production? Then the man who can appreciate "Ouida," with her high-salutin, her scraps of Italian, her—well, breadth—and her endless mythological allusions, will very properly consider that insult is being added to injury when he is told that, although he cannot have "Folle Farine" or "Signa," he may have "The Scarlet Letter" or "The House of the Seven Gables" instead. If a person has acquired a taste for pursuing Wilkie

Collins through his usual maze of irregular marriages, lost wills, and lunatic or crippled characters, he may be excused if he scornfully rejects Miss Mulock as tame and uninteresting. Unless some other generous citizen comes forward with another donation of fiction, more in accordance with the advanced tastes of the day, the average novel-reader will be compelled to get his books from a circulating library—and pay for them.

Granny Sympathetic.

TENDER-HEARTED Granny feels "a touch of pity rise" in her venerable bosom on behalf of the imprisoned directors, who must, she says, end their days "in poverty and seclusion," and whose jail life she paints in the gloomiest of colours. Not being an old lady, the BAILIE confesses that he is not affected by this pitiful "touch." The directors have got off marvelously easy; their future "poverty" is all gammon; and as for their present life, it will be interesting to learn how soon the sympathetic authorities, who have all along manifested such tender consideration for their precious charges, will permit them to exchange their scones and porridge for the "medical comforts" of a convenient "sick-list."

Parsons and Bazaars.

THE Free Church Presbytery of Dunfermline considers "raffles and the keeping of licensed refreshment-rooms" at bazaars to be not only "offensive" but "demoralising in their tendency and subversive of the interests of true religion." My conscience! Think of that, young ladies! Offensive—demoralising—subversive of religion! Somebody suggests that the reverend fathers and brethren of Dunfermline have been "offended" by not getting all the prizes they have hankered after, and "demoralised" by bad sherry; but this is, doubtless, a libel.

Here's bad news for the Premier! As for the "ex," he had better give up Mid-Lothian, and retire into private life. Mr Charles Peace "admires neither Lord Beaconsfield nor Mr Gladstone." Will nobody ascertain, before it be too late, whom this eminent public character *does* admire?

It appears that at the recent fire at Southbar House the mob displayed "rapacity and vandalism." "Rapacious vandals" is, the BAILIE is given to understand, "fine English" for "mischievous thieves."

## Language-Reform.

THE enrichment of his mother-tongue is always a subject of deep interest to the BAILIE, who notes three important acquisitions during the last few days. The first of these is the elegant verb "to jink," which has long been in use colloquially, but which now, certified as it is by a sedate local daily, may be expected to become classical and to take its place in the grammar of the future—"I jink, thou jinkest, he jinks," &c. The other two acquisitions are of transatlantic origin. Granny talks of certain pictures being "loaned," where old-fashioned folks would have said "lent," and a U.P. parson "concludes" to decline a call. All this is very interesting, as has been said; but if the reformers go much further the BAILIE must "conclude" to go to school again.

## A Transcendental Joke.

YOUR amateur actor is often a very original fellow in his rendering of the text of a play. But it was hard on poor Codgers, who had gone in for a new set of ivories to make a creditable appearance in the part of Lord Vilyain, that he should, in the bay-window of his own dining-room, be made the laughing-stock of friends who came to feed at his expense; and all because that idiot Addlehead threw in a significant pause after "teeth" in thundering out—"My Lord, *thou art false to thy teeth!*—I tell thee it!"

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?—"It is said that Mr J. L. Toole is the winner of one of the prizes of the French lottery, the prize being a winnowing machine." What will he do with it? John Lawrence is the last man in the world to require the aid of machinery in scattering *his* "chaff!"

COOL.—A "professional gentleman" advertises for a wife "with means, educated, good cook and housekeeper." In other words, the professional gentleman wants a superior servant who shall pay him a premium instead of requiring wages. Doesn't the professional gentleman "wish he may get it?"

"When every village has its fair and its Radical mountebank," observes a Conservative contemporary, "people will not flock to Mid-Lothian even to see the great medicine-man swallow himself and turn his back upon what remains." How does that strike the "general reader" "for high?"

## For-Lorne "Highlanders."

A PARAGRAPH has been "going the rounds" to the effect that a Montreal volunteer regiment, desirous of complimenting the new Governor-General, have resolved to adopt the Highland dress and "the Lorne tartan." "They wrote to Scotland for samples of the Lorne tartan," continues the paragraph, "and got three, all different, and each declared to be genuine." Will it afford any consolation to the perplexed "Highlanders" of Montreal to learn that there is *no* "genuine Lorne tartan," any more than there is a "Louise tartan," except in the imaginations of ingenious manufacturers? Suppose they try the Campbell tartan?

## A Genius.

SOME genius signing himself "A. Maitland Stenhouse"—when a fellow signs his name in that manner, by the way, the odds are always in favour of his being a genius—writes to the *Herald* suggesting that we should be "punished for the iniquity we have suffered to flourish in our midst"—that is, the City of Glasgow Bank—by having our income-tax "redoubled." Possibly A. Maitland Stenhouse, if he ever should have his pocket picked, would cheerfully "punish" himself by paying "redoubled" taxes. As for the BAILIE, he would like to examine A. Maitland Stenhouse's bumps.

## Business-like Benefactors.

OUR countrymen in Nebraska, U.S., have evidently profited by their contact with Jonathan the 'cute. At a meeting the other day they voted the munificent donation of "a carload of flour" to the Glasgow "unemployed," and at the same time managed to advertise the attractions of their territory as a field for emigration. It is proverbially improper to look a gift-horse in the mouth, but the BAILIE, while thanking his Yankeefied brethren in name of his fellow-citizens, cannot refrain from congratulating them on their successful combination of charity and business.

Somebody wants "20 tame monkeys," and the BAILIE'S own cynic suggests that Lang's at luncheon-time would be a happy hunting-ground.

According to Mr Millar, all the clocks at the disposal of his Committee are "exhausted." Poor things! Perhaps that's the reason they keep such villainously bad time.

Mogilp.

AT the annual meeting of the Art Club Mr Alexander Davidson was elected president, Mr David Fulton, vice-president, and Mr A. Black, secretary, and Mr A. S. Boyd was continued as treasurer.

The Society of Scottish Water Colour Painters held a meeting last Monday, and elected three additional Associates. Their names are Miss Macaulay, and Messrs Wm. Leiper and R. W. Allan.

"The Whistler"—as it is always called—is of course one of the great attractions in the Exhibition, simply because of the notoriety given to the artist's name by the recent trial. The interest taken in it is mostly of the unintelligent kind, and the criticisms pronounced upon it are, as a rule, not worthy of record. I have heard it said that any journeyman house-painter in Glasgow could with two hours' work produce as good a picture. To which I would reply, "Then why does the journeyman house-painter not do it?" He has hitherto allowed the public here to remain in complete ignorance of his artistic powers.

It is not necessary to be a great admirer of Mr Whistler's art to be able to recognise the amount and the kind of excellence it embodies. There are feeling and mystery and some good points of colour in the *Nocturne* in the Institute—it gives to the beholder an impression of night and distance. But there is affectation there also; we feel the art to be tricky and insincere; it lacks manly power and earnestness. Ephemeral as the clique that worships it, such art possesses no abiding elements of greatness; clever as it is, in its own way, it is a mere fashion of the day, not "a joy for ever." It is well for us, perhaps, to have one Mr Whistler; it would be a great pity had he any followers.

The four pictures of the Seasons by Mr C. H. Boughton are beautifully graceful and poetical.

Mr Albert Moore's two figures are exquisite specimens of decorative work. Look how skilfully the artist suggests the Venus de Milo in the attitude of No. 125.

"Among the Yellow Corn" is one of the best pictures Mr Smart has ever painted. The light is well managed; there is a brightness about the whole scene which Mr Smart does not always secure. It is altogether an excellent bit of work.

"A Peep through the Trees" by Mr Alma Tadema, although of course it contains fine handling, is hardly a pleasant picture. The figure is surely too straightly "laid out."

In "The Naturalist," a lad gazing into a rock pool, with a splendid background of tumbling sea, Mr Colin Hunter gives us admirably modelled waves with a beautiful play of light upon them.

"The Gladsome Sea," by Mr Joseph Henderson, is another good sea piece. The light and motion are rendered with great skill. The impression conveyed by the picture is one of the gladness that comes of a light sunny day.

Mr James A. Aitken's best pictures are in Edinburgh where his road by Loch Achray is among the really fine landscapes in the Academy. In Glasgow I think the two smaller ones "Mill, Goring on Thames" and "A Summer Night" are the most complete. The colour and easy handling in the former and in the latter the soft play of the moonlight on the water are especially worthy of notice. In "The Sea Bird's Perch" there is a sea cleverly painted, but the side of the hill might with advantage have had more careful work expended on it. "Among the Highland Hills" is a strong effect.

Mr Aitken has at present in his studio a capital picture of Staffa, a commission for a Glasgow art-collector.

In "Autumn Eve," by Mr John Miller, we have careful and effective work in the road and the trees, and above all in the feeling and distance and space behind the trees, but the figure on the road is not good. It lacks force.

Mr R. C. Crawford shows fine drawing and clever composition in "The Mid-day Rest." There is something very nice about the arrangement of the figures, and the landscape accessories are well selected and put in. But Mr Crawford must guard against a cold purplish hue that is too apt to creep into his colour.

Mr Duncan Mackellar's "Were there death in the Cup!" is a spirited little picture, and in his "Study in Hardwick Hall" he gives us a subject which he does exceedingly well. Work on such interiors is a capital discipline in colour and drawing.

Among the water colours I would mention just now "Dulse Gatherers Resting," by Mr R. Anderson; "Evening," by Mr Wm. Clover; "Sunshine," and "Shades of Eve," by Mr Wm. Carlaw; "Newtown," by Mr Sam. Bough. R.

"SENSATIONAL."—Disputes have from time to time arisen as to what is and what is not "sensational," but the term was perhaps never used with so wide a significance as it was last week by Sheriff Birnie, who characterised as "sensational" the statement that Mr H. A. Long was "a bookseller and publisher." What would the Sheriff say of a statement to the effect that Mr Long is a——. But the BAILIE forbears.

A HUMOROUS POACHER.—Greenock owns a poacher with a decided sense of humour. His illegal sport brought him before the Sheriff a few days ago, and he was given time to pay the fine imposed upon him. He is now once more "wanted" on a charge of "trespassing in search of game" with the object of "obtaining something to assist in paying the fine!" The BAILIE would like to know that man.

According to Mr Johnstone, "several dead men" have been nominated for the Abbey Parochial Board of Paisley. A sporting friend of the BAILIE's says he can quite believe it. It's nothing new to find "dead uns" on public boards.

What the Greenock Folk are Saying.

THAT the Council troupe has added a first-class American bones to the company.

That the original W.B. thought the presence of a duplicate was a superfluous luxury.

That he is afraid the respectability of the concern may become affected by de-grease.

That a good many outsiders share his views.

That unfortunately the pliant nine thought otherwise.

That the 'Tize' spoke its mind very freely on their decision.

That the *Telly* has preserved a discreet silence on the subject.

That least said is soonest mended.

That the Fifth Ward representative is deservedly sympathised with in his retirement from office.

That the Ward Committee must take care to choose a man whose opinions are approved of by his Excellency.

That the brass plate job was a genuine display of parochial littleness.

That it showed the silver spade had cut a black clod as well as a green sod.

That the Provost should feel thankful his name has not been brazened forth with such a throng.

That the Smoosher was very indignant at the carping critics of his fine hoose.

That everybody can't look at it through presentation golden specs like him.

That maybe that makes all the difference.

Donald's protest against the widening of Glasgow Bridge.

**W**ORSHIPFUL Sir ant Pailie,—Tougal M'Kinnon, Tuncan Hoolachan, and myself, both with several other chentlemen pesides ourselfes, assempled and met altogether with wan anither at ta Prumila to-morrow night week was a fortnight ako, since then to consider ant consult apoot ta widening of ta Jiminaca Prig. Ass we all of uss anonymously considered we hat a right of way to stand at ta present corners of ta Prig for more ant longer ass ta last twenty years or more pesides, iffery wan of uss concluded that it would pe interfering with ta liberty of ta subject ant our own vested rights mirover, to make uss stand further up or doon ta street either way or poth directions whateffer, for ta future; so it was voted, ant seconted, ant proposed by al present, intivitually ant sinkly, ass well ass wan by wan, that ta undersigned should protest to your Worship akainst al ant iffery ant any encroachment upon our present stanting kround, for ass Macom Macsneeshan teclared, if we pe shufted apoot, we shall lose our *locust standy*, which iss no light matter, as those who ken Latin will confurm. Yiss, ant Ankus M'Tavish, who wass a cliffer lad as iffer wass, proposed, that ta pest plan to widen ta Prig would pe to beeld a storey to it, and so have a subway for passenchers ant people on foot over ta heads of ta horses ant other vehicles chenerally, ant no need to pring ta sides of ta Prig further West or further East wan way or anuther neffer no more again at al. It was a goot sukchestion, ant we tid give Ankus an extra klass of toddy al round for his clifferness ass an Arcy Teck. So hoping, and trusting, ant pelieving, your Worshup will take our protest to a *fizzing dumb* like ta chudges, and lent uss your ait to preserve ta Hielanman's Cross intact to uss for ta fnture, I am effer ant always, your humple sarvant,

TONAL DHU,

As-you-would-be-done-to.

A hapless litigant, who had brought an action against the City Bank liquidators, was informed by the Lord Ordinary last week that his action could not lie, but that he might, if he pleased, sue Mr Stronach. Encouraging for the litigant, eh?

**THIS IS THE ANIMAL'S LATEST.**—Why are the directors of the City Bank like sour milk? Because, he says, they were both *sold* by Morton. He-haw!

Our Juvenile Jehus.

**T**HE BAILIE is glad to notice in a daily contemporary a letter protesting against the custom of permitting vans, &c., to be driven through our streets by reckless imps of tender years. It is a practice attended with the greatest danger to the public and much suffering to horses, and one to which his Worship has more than once called attention already. He now once more asks our rulers, in the words of the letter referred to, "Why have cab and 'bus drivers to be responsible men while vans are driven by boys of ten years old upwards?"

**THE KIRKCALDY PATRIOT.**—That sagacious statesman and admirable patriot, Sir George Campbell, declares that the massacre of Glencoe was "nothing" compared to our deeds in Afghanistan. Sir George's next discovery will probably be that the St. Bartholomew slaughter was a trifle in comparison with British treatment of the gentle Zulus.

## ROYAL EXCHANGE.

The SUBSCRIPTION BOOK for ENROLLING MEMBERS for CURRENT YEAR is NOW OPEN.

BY ORDER.

1st January, 1879.

## THE GAIETY.

Proprietor and Manager..... Mr CHARLES BERNARD

Last Week,

Mr C. BERNARD'S

Original, Grand, and Fairy Extravaganza  
and Pantomime,

CINDERELLA.

Box Office open Daily from 10 till 4.

## PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.

Sole Lessee and Manager..... Mr JOHN COLEMAN.

Enormous Success of the New Adaptation of

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

Received on Saturday Night with a tempest of applause from a crowded and delighted audience.

Every principal Artiste was called and recalled, before the Curtain over and over again at the end of each act.

The Troupe of Real Negroes and Jubilee Singers, from Jarrett and Palmer's American Company, were greeted with the utmost enthusiasm and every Melody was redemanded and demanded again.

To-Night and Every Evening till Further Notice,

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN,

Supported by a Powerful Double Company of upwards of  
100 European and American Artistes.

Box Office open from 11 till 3. Prices as usual.

**SCRAP Photographs and Views of Scottish Scenery.** Thousands to choose from at A. F. SHARP & Co., 14 Royal Exchange Square.

PARIS EXHIBITION.  
GOLD MEDALS! SILVER MEDALS!

WE have been repeatedly twitted about not having received a MEDAL at the Paris Exhibition, and asked why. The reason is that, considering Medals a Humbug, we have never sent Samples of our Manufactures to any Exhibition. "Good Wine needs no bush," and our Aerated Waters require no Medal to publish their excellence; their qualities of Purity, Flavour, Strength, &c., speak for them wherever they become known. The Golden Opinions of a discriminating Public, rather than Gold Medals, it is our ambition to gain and keep. Our Lemonade, Soda, Potash, Seltzer, Sarsaparilla, &c., are all unequalled for general excellence; but for a Winter Beverage we recommend our GINGER ALE, which is an excellent tonic, and a pleasant and harmless stimulant.—If found rather strong, our Ginger Ale may be diluted with Water, without at all spoiling its flavour.

**WHEELER & CO.,**  
CHEMISTS & AERATED WATER MANUFACTURERS.  
CROMAC SPRINGS, BELFAST.

DEPOT FOR SCOTLAND:—  
147 STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW.

NEW HALLS, TUESDAY, 18TH FEB.

MR CHARLES HALLE, TUESDAY, 18th FEBRUARY, AT EIGHT.

MDME. NORMAN NERUDA, TUESDAY, 18TH FEBRUARY, AT EIGHT.

HALLE'S ORCHESTRA, TUESDAY, 18TH FEBRUARY, AT EIGHT.

GRAND ORCHESTRAL CONCERT, TUESDAY, 18TH FEBRUARY, AT EIGHT.  
Tickets—7s, 5s, 3s, and 2s—of J. Muir Wood & Co.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE,

Mr E. L. KNAPP  
Has arranged with Mr J. F. M'FADYEN (who has on liberal terms consented to Let his Theatre) for One Week's Performances, commencing

THIS EVENING,  
by the Artistes Specially Engaged for the Operatic Performances announced to be produced at the late Theatre Royal. The Company comprises:—Miss LUCY FRANKLEIN, Mr A. J. SHAW, Mr ARTHUR ROUSBEY, Mr GEORGE MUDIE, Mr F. H. LLOYD, and a numerous CHORUS.

The Performance will commence at 7-30 with  
PAUL PRY.

Paul Pry.....Mr F. H. LLOYD.  
Phoebe.....Miss LUCY FRANKLEIN.  
After which Messrs ARTHUR SULLIVAN and GILBERT'S  
Dramatic Cantata—

TRIAL BY JURY.

The Defendant.....Mr GEORGE MUDIE.  
Counsel for Plaintiff.....Mr ARTHUR ROUSBEY.  
The Learned Judge.....Mr J. A. SHAW.  
The Plaintiff.....Miss LUCY FRANKLEIN.

The CHORUS late of the celebrated "Sorcerer" and "Pinafore" Company.  
Seats can be secured at Messrs Muir Wood & Co.'s,  
Buchanan Street.

EIGHTH ANNUAL CONCERT

BY  
CARL VOLTI  
AND HIS ADVANCED VIOLIN PUPILS,  
IN THE  
SOUTH-SIDE ASSEMBLY ROOMS, CROWN STREET,  
ON TUESDAY EVENING, 18th FEBRUARY, 1879.  
VOCALIST—MISS JULIE SYDNEY.  
ACCOMPANIST—MR A. FERGUSON,  
STRING ORCHESTRA OF ABOUT 20 PERFORMERS,  
CONDUCTOR—CARL VOLTI.  
TICKETS—One Shilling each, to be had from J. B. Galbraith,  
1 Renfield Street; A. Campbell, 77 Jamaica Street, and other  
Music Sellers.

Doors Open at 7-73. Concert at 8.

CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 15TH FEBRUARY, 1879.  
GREAT POPULAR NIGHT

POPULAR OLD SCOTCH SONGS,  
Seldom now sung.  
THE AULD SCOTCH SANGS,  
THE SANGS OUR MITHERS SANG.

Artistes—

Miss BESSIE AITKEN.	Mr CHARLES STEWART.
Miss AGNES STRUTHERS.	Mr C. J. M'CONNELL.
Miss JESSIE SIMPSON.	Mr JAMES LUMSDEN.
Mr JOHN MUIR.	Mr JAMES HOUSTON.

Mr F. W. BRIDGMAN, Pianist; also

THE GLASGOW ORCHESTRA.  
Mr W. H. COLE, Conductor, in several Scotch Selections, and  
Violin Solo, "Scotch Fantasia," by Mr Cole.  
Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats on Side Galleries,  
2s. Tickets for Reserved Seats to be had at the Office, 58  
Renfield Street.

Doors Open at 7; Orchestral Performance at 7.30 o'clock.  
JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

GRAND SPECIAL CONCERT.

NEW PUBLIC HALLS,  
SATURDAY, 22ND FEBRUARY.  
The Principal Artistes of Mr MAPLESON'S ITALIAN OPERA  
COMPANY, including the Great  
MADAME PAPPENHEIM, &c.

IMPORTANT SALE OF  
HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,  
At Cambridge Buildings, 16 and 18 Cambridge Street (off  
Sauchiehall Street), on Wednesday, 12th February, at 12  
o'clock.

PUBLIC SALE OF THE WHOLE OF THE  
SUPERIOR HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE  
AND PLENISHING,  
Valuable Oil Paintings,  
Water-Colour Drawings, and Engravings,  
2 Superb China Dinner Services,  
And Exquisitely Hand-Painted Dessert Set,  
Table Crystal Napery,  
Out-of-Door Effects, etc., etc.

(Removed from a Villa at Cumbernauld for convenience of Sale.)  
BROWN & LOWDEN have received instructions to Sell the above, by Auction, at 16 and 18  
Cambridge Street (off Sauchiehall Street), on Wednesday, 12th  
February, at 12 o'clock.

On View, with Catalogues, To-Day.  
Note—Parties living in the Country can have Catalogues for-  
warded on application to the Auctioneers, 14 Gordon Street,  
Glasgow.

ENTIRE CHANGES.  
**N E W S O M E ' S**  
 HIPPODROME AND CIRCUS,  
 TO-NIGHT, Doors Open at 7.  
 THE GRAND  
 EQUESTRIAN SPECTACLE.  
 DICK TURPIN'S RIDE TO YORK;  
 OR, THE DEATH OF BONNY BLACK BESS.  
 If blood can give nobility,  
 A noble steed is she;  
 Her sire was blood, and blood her dam,  
 And all her pedigree.  
 Dick Turpin, .....Mr J. NEWSOME.  
 Landlady, .....Madam NEWSOME.  
 MID-DAY PERFORMANCES, WEDNESDAY AND  
 SATURDAY.  
 Doors Open at 2-30.

**H ENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE,**  
 WEST NILE STREET, GLASGOW,  
 WILL OPEN for a Short Season on  
 SATURDAY, MARCH 8TH.

Mr CHARLES HENGLER, ever anxious to produce the Greatest  
 Novelty for his Patrons in Glasgow, has arranged for Farini's  
 Marvellous

## ZAZEL,

From the Royal Aquarium, London, to appear for a limited  
 number of Nights, together with the Unrivalled Troupe of  
 RIDERS, GYMNASTS, and CLOWNS.

COMMENCING SATURDAY, MARCH 8TH.

**I NSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS,**  
 CORPORATION GALLERIES,  
 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.  
 EXHIBITION OF  
 PAINTINGS, SCULPTURE, &c.,  
 NOW OPEN.

SEASON TICKETS—

Family—Admitting all Members of the Household, but limited to Three on Promenades	4	1	0
Single—Admitting at all times to Exhibition and Promenades	0	7	6
Single—Admitting to Exhibition, but not to Prome- nades	0	5	0
Day Admission, Nine till Five,.....	1s.		
Evening ,, Six till Ten,.....	6d.		

Among the Pictures Exhibited are examples of Whistler, Sir  
 Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., Rosa Bonheur, Tom Faed, R.A.,  
 L'Alma Tadema, Israels, E. Frere, E. Millais, etc.

**EXHIBITION of HIGH-CLASS WATER-**  
 COLOUR DRAWINGS,  
 AT THOMAS LAWRIE & SON'S,  
 85 ST. VINCENT STREET.  
 Admission, by Private Card.

## FOOTBALL COSTUMES.

Every Club Colour kept in Stock.

LIST OF COLOURS ON APPLICATION.

## H. & P. M'NEIL,

HATTERS, HOSEIERS, GLOVERS, AND SHIRTMAKERS,  
 CRICKET AND FOOTBALL OUTFITTERS,  
 21 & 23 RENFIELD STREET.

## GLASGOW SCIENCE LECTURES.

JOHN M. THOMSON, F.C.S.,

"On some Phenomena connected with Solution and Crystallisa-  
 tion."

CITY HALL, THURSDAY, 13TH FEBRUARY, 1879.  
 Doors open at 7 p.m.; Lecture at 8.  
 Admission, 6d, 1s, and 2s.

"**MONEY.**"—MAX GREGER'S LECTURE.  
 By Post, 2½d. "Fortunes—How Lost and Won."  
 Bank Directors Phrenologically considered, with 10 Portraits.  
 Booksellers supplied. 12 Dunlop Street, Glasgow.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Wednesday, 19th  
 February,  
**FINAL IMPORTANT UNRESERVED PUBLIC SALE**  
 OF  
**AN EXTENSIVE STOCK OF**  
**VALUABLE FURS,**  
 LADIES SEALSKIN DEEP PALETOT JACKETS and CLOAKS,  
 SABLE MUFFS, LADIES' FURS of every variety,  
 CARRIAGE RUGS, HEARTH RUGS, COACH WRAPPERS,  
 MATS, etc.

**ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell, by**  
 Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North  
 Court, St. Vincent Place, on Wednesday, 19th February, at 12  
 o'clock noon, being the final unreserved clearance sale of the  
 season of the above well-selected and assorted Stock.

The Carriage Rugs are a choice selection of the following va-  
 luable Skins:—Wolf, Bear, White, Red, Grey, and Silver Fox,  
 Raccoon, African Lynx, Badger, Biscucha, Tartary Goat, Kanga-  
 roo, Australian and American Opossum, Wallaby, etc., etc.

Opera Cloak Linings, Sable, Chinchilla, Otter, Beaver, and  
 other Flouncings, Neck Ties, Foot Warmers.

Catalogues may be had, and the Goods viewed, on the morning  
 of Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 8th February, 1879.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, To-Morrow, (Wednesday)  
 and Thursday, 12th and 13th February, at 12.

**UNRESERVED SALE OF AN EXTENSIVE AND SUPERIOR**  
**STOCK OF**

**SHEFFIELD PLATED GOODS,**  
 Finest Ivory-Handled Table Cutlery,  
 Splendid Marble and Ormalu Clocks, Bronzes, Musical Boxes, &c.

**ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. have been in-**  
 structed by Messrs Griffiths, Proprietors of the Albion  
 Plate Works, Sheffield, to Sell by Auction, in the Royal Ex-  
 change Sale-Rooms, North Court, St. Vincent Place, on Wed-  
 nesday and Thursday, 12th and 13th February, the whole of  
 their finished Stock, amounting to upwards of Two Thousand  
 Pounds in value, and forming one of the finest collections of the  
 above Goods ever submitted to Auction in Glasgow.

R. M'TEAR & CO. respectfully invite particular attention  
 to this unusually fine Stock of Goods.

On View on Mornings of Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 8th February, 1878.

"MACNIVEN & CAMERON'S PENS ARE THE BEST."—Public  
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6d and 1s per Box, at all Stationers.

"They are a treasure."—Standard.

6d and 1s per Box, at all Booksellers.

"The best pens extant."—Newcastle Courant.

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men,  
 The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen."

Specimen Boxes containing all the kinds, 1s 1d by Post.

PATENTERS—MACNIVEN & CAMERON, 23 to 33 Blair  
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 Offices. (Established 1770).



**IMMENSE SALE OF GLASS AND CHINA,**

AT M'DOUGALL & SONS', 71 TO 79 BUCHANAN STREET.

**DISCOUNT** of 20 per Cent. for Cash off regular prices, to prevent loss, in consequence of the *Herald* Proprietors being about to take down and rebuild their Property adjoining. The Stock is *one of the Largest and Finest in the Kingdom*, and is *Suitable for all Classes*, comprising an endless Variety of Useful and Ornamental Goods.

Tea Sets, 7s 6d to £25; Table Sets, 28s to £85; Dessert Services, 22s to £50; Toilet Sets, 7s to £15; Vases, 1s to £70 per pair; Glasses and Tumblers, 2s to 100s per dozen; Sugars and Creams, 4½d per pair and up. Also, Decanters, Caraffes, Butters, Jellies, Jugs, Teapots, Cheese Stands, Parian Figures, Flower Pots, Dresden Candelabra, and Mirrors, &c.

Depot for Minton's, Copeland's, Worcester, and Dresden Porcelain.

Inspection Invited. Goods can be Packed and Stored Free till May Term.

Will be prepared with a large NEW STOCK after *Herald* Buildings have been taken down.

**ISLAY WHISKY.**

**W. & J. MUTTER,**  
**BOWMORE DISTILLERY,**  
COUNTING-HOUSE, 41 ANN STREET, CITY, GLASGOW.



**SHELDON'S  
HAIR RESTORER**

**RESTORES** Grey Hair to its Youthful Colour. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Causes a New Growth of Hair. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Removes Dandruff and all Impurities from the Hair. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Prevents the Hair from falling off or turning Grey.

May be had of any Chemist or Perfumer.

Price, 3s 6d.

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AUCTIONEERS and VALUATORS,  
14 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.

SALES of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, &c., conducted at the Owner's Premises, on Moderate Terms.

CASH ADVANCED.

**BOUQUETS, BOUQUETS, BOUQUETS.**

BRIDAL BOUQUETS, PRESENTATION BOUQUETS,  
DINNER TABLE BOUQUETS, COAT BOUQUETS,  
Hair, Breast, and Girdle Bouquets,  
ECCLESIASTICAL BOUQUETS.

FUNERAL BOUQUETS, SICK ROOM BOUQUETS.

Bouquets, Fresh, Fragrant, and Brilliant, suitable for every Purse and every Purpose.

NATURE'S MEMENTOES, ART'S TRIUMPH.

**WALKER'S BOUQUETS,**  
18 GORDON STREET.

**CITY HALL ORGAN RECITALS.**

The usual SATURDAY AFTERNOON RECITALS will be given by the City Organist, Mr LAMBETH, upon SATURDAY FIRST,

at FOUR o'clock prompt. The Doors (Albion Street and Candleriggs) will be Opened at 3.30. Admission and Programmes of Music Free.

Chamberlain's Office, 30th Dec., 1878.

**EXHIBITION of SELECTED PICTURES.**

Oil and Water Colour.

WILLIAM BURNS, 162 Buchanan Street, Glasgow.

Admission Free.

**JOHN M. SIMPSON,** Furniture Warehouse and Show-rooms, 60 GREAT CLYDE STREET, (Corner of Maxwell Street) Glasgow. One of the largest Stocks in the City. New Illustrated House Furnishing Guide to be had Free on application. The Cheapest Establishment in the City for Really Good Substantial Furniture of Artistic Design and Superior Finish. Quality Guaranteed.

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**RALSTON & SONS,**  
141 SAUCHIEHALL STREET

AND

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**RUTHERFORD BROTHERS,**  
ARTISTS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS,  
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**WASTE PAPER,** Ledgers, Letters, Books, Ropes, Bagging, Tailors' Clips—bought at PAPER MILL STORE, 98 MAXWELL STREET.

**OIL PAINTINGS**  
BY CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS.  
EXTENSIVE COLLECTION AT 338 SAUCHIEHALL ST  
WM. GENTLES, Picture Dealer, Wholesale & for Exportation  
*Picture Frame and Room Mouldings.*

**THE BRIDGE HOTEL**  
1 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

This Old-Established House, adjoining the Waverley Station, and opposite General Post Office, affords first-class accommodation for Commercial Gentlemen and others visiting the City (either on business or pleasure), having recently undergone extensive alterations and additions; entirely re-decorated and furnished in the most approved manner. Parties honouring the "BRIDGE" with their patronage will find every comfort, combined with cleanliness and attention. Cheerful Sitting-rooms.

CHARGES:—Breakfasts, from 1/ to 2/3; Dinners, from 1/9; Bed-room, 2/; Attendance, 1/ per day. GOOD STOCK ROOMS.

JAMES M'GREGOR, PROPRIETOR.

**THE ROYAL RESTAURANT,**

79 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET.

C. WILSON & SON, Proprietors.

ADVERTISEMENTS received for all Papers, by A. F. SHARP & CO., 14 Royal Exchange Square.

**THE PROOF O' THE PUDDING IS  
THE PREEING O'T.**

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**L I P T O N ' S**

Finest Selected

**NEW CURED HAMMS,**

Lean and Fresh as Steak,

Cannot be Excelled at any Price,

**7D. PER LB.**

Remember, it is our Best Hams,

**7D. PER LB.,**

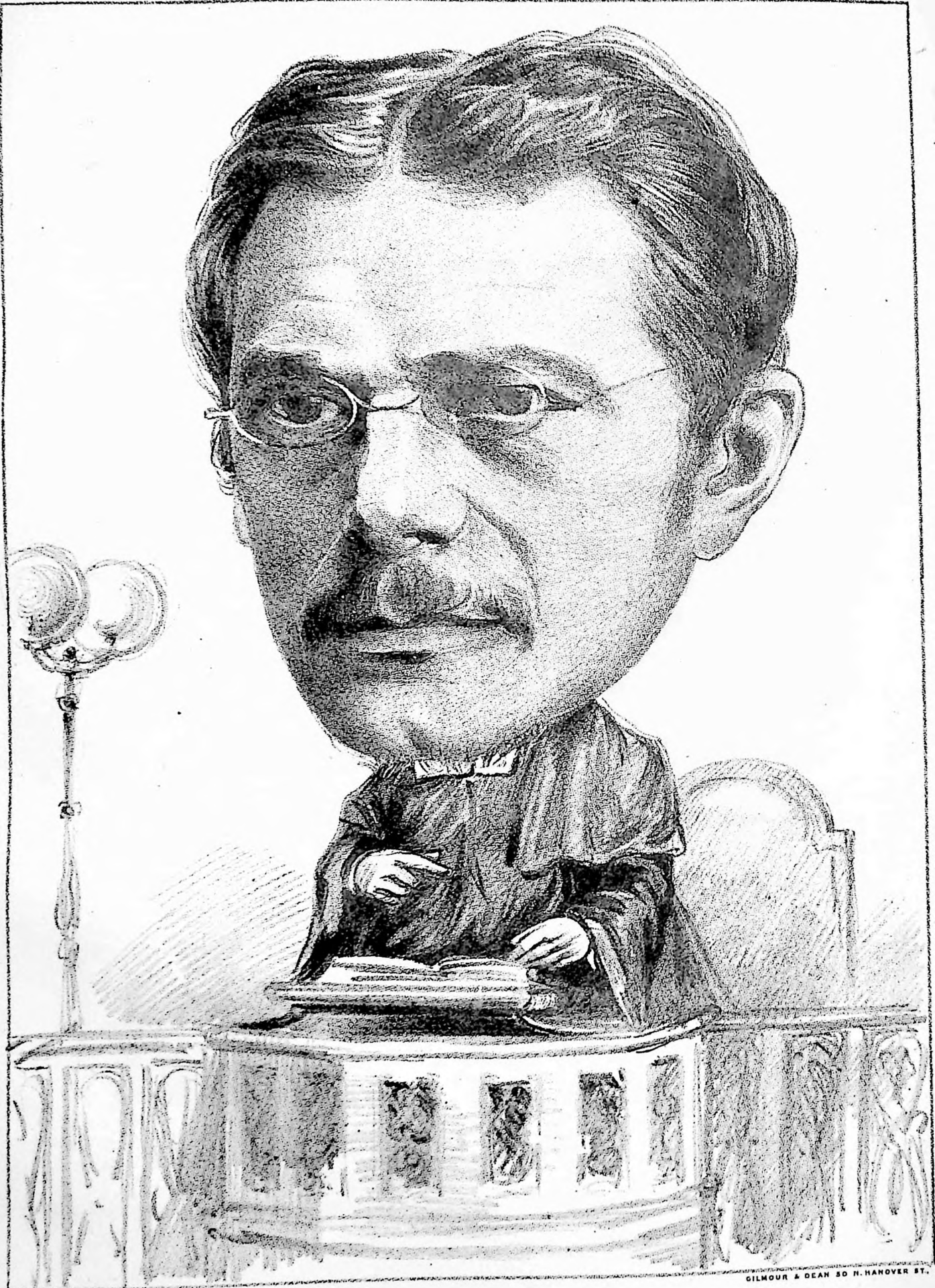
Worth 1s 2d.

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**L I P T O N ' S  
IRISH MARKET,**

**THE LARGEST RETAIL DEALER IN THE WORLD.**





# The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 331. Glasgow, Wednesday, February 19th, 1879. Price 1d

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 331.

THE BAILIE is a churchman with sufficient nous to entertain a large measure of sympathy with dissenters. He has no hard and fast line in church matters. So that a man be earnest in his faith, and that his doings be of good report, the Magistrate is content to let him select for himself the particular shade of Ecclesiastical politics that recommends itself to his mental vision. No good ever came of endeavouring to compress every variety of thought on church matters into one individual shape or pattern. In order, so far as in him lies, to foster a becoming degree of Catholicity among his townsmen, his Worship has, from time to time, introduced them to professors of the clerical persuasion, choosing now a member of the Establishment, and now an adherent of dissent. This week his Man you Know is one of the latter, being no other than the Rev. ALBERT GOODRICH, the respected pastor of Elgin Place Congregational Church. Mr GOODRICH had no ordinary task before him when he succeeded, two years and a half ago, to the pulpit formerly occupied by the Rev. Henry Batchelor. The position filled in Glasgow by Mr Batchelor was described years ago by the BAILIE. Eager and eloquent, restless in his energy, and "viewy" on matters connected with politics and sociology, Mr Batchelor was long one of the foremost figures in what may be described as our public life. His successor had naturally a difficult task before him. How well Mr GOODRICH has performed that task has surprised even his friends. Mr GOODRICH as his name implies is English by birth. He was brought up in London, and received his clerical training in Hackney College, one of the forcing beds of clerical dissent. In 1864 he concluded the course of study necessary to

qualify him for the ministry, and shortly afterwards he was appointed to the pastorate of the Congregational Church of Braintree, in Essex. Here he remained for something like twelve years. All this time his position was gradually growing stronger. He became noted both as a preacher and as a worker. The congregation extended as well in numbers as in influence, and the Man you Know won the regard of many to whom the peculiar tenets of congregationalism have but a sorry savour. In the autumn of 1876 he was transferred to Glasgow to the pulpit of Elgin Place Church—a pulpit which has become historical in connection, as well with the city as with the Congregational body itself. His immediate predecessor, as the BAILIE has said, was the Rev. Mr Batchelor. Batchelor succeeded to Alexander Raleigh, now of Canonbury; and Raleigh had for his predecessor the venerable and pious Ralph Wardlaw. This position Mr GOODRICH has filled with the utmost acceptance. He possesses strong, sound common-sense, and this, together with his shrewd business instincts, renders his services in connection with the numerous school and mission undertakings of the congregation of the utmost value. Familiar with the various "burning questions" of the day, he is yet content to possess his soul in patience regarding them. The comfort of the timid and the strengthening of the doubtful are more to him than any mere empty popularity gained by loud-tongued controversy or hazardous theological speculation. His pulpit ministrations are singularly useful. Though gifted with considerable oratorical power, he aims rather at clearness of statement and directness of application than at poetic grace or sensational effect. The Man you Know is a teacher before everything. Lively in his sympathies with his fellows, he contrives to place himself in direct communication with every

one he meets. The need of a style of preaching, similar to that adopted by Mr GOODRICH, is becoming more apparent every day. At a recent meeting of the Established Presbytery, one of the lay members of the Court proposed—"that, in view of the recent disclosures regarding the state of morality prevailing among most sections of society, the Presbytery strongly enjoin on all ministers and probationers to bring more frequently and prominently under the notice of their congregations, than they have hitherto done, the law and the prophets, as explained and enforced by the doctrines of Christ, trusting this may cause a corresponding return to the old-fashioned doctrines of honesty and righteousness." The motion was withdrawn, but its aim was sufficiently obvious. If the National Church, moreover, is to retain its present supremacy, preaching, such as that referred to in the motion, and practised by the Man you Know, must become more frequent in its pulpits than is at present the case. Though devoting much of his time and energies to the direct duties of his congregation, Mr GOODRICH takes a lively interest in what is going on in the world that surrounds him. He is a capital platform speaker. His style is concise, pithy, and thoroughly logical; and he is always ready to lend his aid to any cause that thoroughly recommends itself to his attention. The annual meetings of Elgin Place congregation were held on Sunday and Monday last, and it is a sufficient evidence of the relations maintained between Mr GOODRICH and Mr Batchelor that it was the latter who occupied his pulpit on the morning and evening of Sunday, while the circumstance that Mr GOODRICH has been himself selected by Principal Caird and the Professors as the University preacher on Sabbath next, shows in what esteem he is held by the most intellectual portion of his fellow-citizens.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.—Chapter I.—Unexampled prosperity; consequent luxury—commercial depression; failure of banks; slaughter of British soldiers by savages—lock-out riots at home, and petty war-fares abroad.

PARADOXICAL.—That Whistler's "nocturne" should be much mist, and, at the same time, the observed of all observers.

A Black Business—The Chelmsford job.

A Zulu-tory Lesson—That taught by savages.

Lloyd.

PAUL PRY—old Lloyd—yes, there's his jolly name  
 Across our city playbills as of yore;  
 "I've just dropped in"—ahal "dropped in," the same  
 Old Lloyd we've seen a thousand times before.  
 Old Lloyd—and wherefore old? 'i' faith you're now  
 As fresh as when we saw you years ago;  
 Ay, twenty, thirty—stay, we'll not allow  
 We're old ourselves, and plainly tell you so.  
 That afterpiece must in your memory dwell,  
 When, in *Der Freyschutz*, David Brown played—no!  
 We'll change the subject—something else let's tell—  
 That was a serious fire two weeks ago?  
 Talking of theatre fires, of course you'll mind  
 The burning of the old Dunlop Street one?  
 You played the *Blue Beard*—with your "Grind, grind, grind;"  
 And then your elephant helped out the fun.  
 That was a sad fire, too; naught but the walls  
 Were left of all the stately pile; there stood  
 The statues—Shakespeare's right above "The Stalls"—  
 And Garrick's, left—and who's else? "Alick's;" good!  
 Sure "Alick" was a wag. That time the gods  
 Threw cabbages about him—how he swore;  
 And yet, it chanced, he seldom was at odds  
 With their Olympic highnesses before.  
 He gazed aloft, and shaking all with rage,  
 In tragic tones cried out, "Your fathers were  
 (And here he kicked the greens about the stage)  
 Contemptible, old, useless gardeners—there!"  
 A truce to old-world stories; let us speak  
 Of something nearer to the present day;  
 Let's talk of him who charms us all, this week,  
 In that snug theatre across the way.  
 Of Lloyd: we've seen good actors in our day;  
 And some, alas, have said their last good-bye;  
 But spite of all—no names—we'll only say  
 There's none can please us like our own "Paul Pry."  
 Well done, old friend; you've served your mission well;  
 What grander mission than to raise a laugh?  
 Perhaps this verse at distant date may tell  
 Our great delight—and so your health we quaff,

TRYING TO TAKE THE "SHINE" OUT OF HIM.

*London Shoeblick* (to Scotch drover issuing from Euston Station)—Here you are, Scotty, brush y'r boots for twopence and make you look like a gen'leman!

*Drover*—Tippence! Sae muckle as that! Man, laddie, if ye'll juist len' me yer brushes for a meenute I'll poalish them mysel' for naething.

A local critic says that a certain author has "struck out a new field." That critic had better "strike out" the mixed metaphors in his next review.

The Publican's Progress (as illustrated last week in the Glasgow Bankruptcy Court)—Speculation; "Sport;" Smash!

Master of Hearts—Saint Valentine.

The Race for Riches—The run upon the Banks.

Ecclesiastes at the Picture Gallery.

WHAT a treadmill round of dull monotony this life of ours is, to be sure! An eternal memory of utter boredom in the past, an ever-present feeling of utter boredom in the present, and a fearful looking-for of utter boredom in the future! At least that is as Miss Amy Millefleur finds it. No doubt her existence is occasionally brightened into transient happiness by an exceptionally pretty new dress, or a dance less humdrum than usual, but these occurrences are but as the oases in the desert, and only serve to throw into darker shadow the Sahara-like expanse of her every-day life. Her clergyman—and really, you know, the music at St Hypatia's is one of the few things worth living for—her clergyman read last Sunday a bit out of Nehemiah, or Ezra, or some of those people, about everything being vanity; and Miss Amy is quite inclined to agree with the prophet, whichever of them it was, upon that point. Why, inquires Miss Amy of the universe, in a tone of plaintive anguish, should she be compelled to do things, and look at things, and go to things, about which she cares not a button, simply because other people do, and look at, and go to the aforesaid things? The particular thing she is expected to look at just now, and which bores her almost to death, is the Picture Gallery. This fresh trial is heaped on her devoted head, just after she had escaped from the bondage of the orchestral concerts, borne for three weary months with angelic patience. To be sure, papa accompanied her to all the concerts uncomplainingly, but he had resources of comfort at his command which were denied to Miss Amy—that is to say, he always fell asleep immediately on entering the hall, and enjoyed his usual after-dinner nap till ten.

It is this endless succession of tiresome things that Miss Amy complains of. The concerts are dead; long live the Picture Gallery! Now, a picture gallery is the most awfully dreadful weariness to the flesh with which Miss Amy is acquainted. How on earth intelligent people can pretend to find amusement in staring at pictures is quite beyond her comprehension. She would just like to put it to any unbiassed individual if there is any fun in looking at a picture of fields and corn and sheep and things, when you can see them out of doors any day? And will anybody maintain that the figure paintings are nearly as pretty, and interesting, and—altogether nice, you know, as the monthly

fashion-plates in *Le Follet*? And as to the portraits in oil, who would not rather have a nice photograph—one of those pretty, enlarged, coloured ones, you know, that you can have framed afterwards, if you like? There can be but one answer to each of these inquiries.

Amid the crowd of people pretending to enjoy themselves at the Gallery last Saturday, Miss Amy saw one who seemed a kindred spirit. He leaned for two mortal hours against the mantle-piece, his whole attitude expressive of his conviction that life was a hollow mockery. The melancholy frown on his brow showed he despised pictures in general, and those around him in particular. Chalmers delighted him not, nor Whistler neither. His catalogue was crumpled up in one hand in a way that indicated a sublime contempt for oil paintings, and the gesture with which he ever and anon pulled at his well-fitting gloves said as plainly as words that water-colours were less than nothingness in his eyes. Statuary he had weighed in the balance and found wanting, and architectural drawings were to him as vanity and vexation of spirit. In short, everything about him, from the languidly tender way he stroked his moustache, to his despondent, semi-Byronic style of lifting his hat to a passing acquaintance, convinced Miss Amy that he was a sympathetic soul, a man after her own heart.

Could he not manage to get an introduction somehow? Miss Amy knows such lots of people about town. It might be done through the Flirtingtons—the sugar people, you know, of Park Square—or through the Flashams—everybody knows the Flashams, the fair-haired girls with the double eye-glasses—or through ever so many other people. Will the gentleman at the mantle-piece oblige by trying?

A CHANCE FOR "GENTEEL" FAMILIES.—That "superior" slavey again! This time she turns up in the guise of a "quite high class" lady's maid who is "open to an engagement" "in a very genteel family *only*!" Mattie says she would like to make the acquaintance of this young person, and the BAILIE owns to a similar desire with regard to the "genteel" family destined to "engage her."

A See of Troubles—The Bishop of Utah's.

A "Singular" Sect—The Shakers.

David Jones' Locker—A Cinque port.

A Mellow Drama—Punch and Judy.

## Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—The pantomime of "Cinderella" has come to an end, and a triumphant end, at last. Saturday was its seventy-fourth and its closing night, and the house was crammed with one of the most enthusiastic audiences I ever saw. Everything was encored; every member of the company was cheered to the echo.

Mr Barry Sullivan begins an engagement with Mr Bernard this evening, appearing in the sublime tragedy of "Hamlet." To-morrow he will play *Richard* and on Wednesday we are promised *Othello*—one of Mr Sullivan's parts that is new to me, and, I fancy, to most of our local theatre-goers, but one, I understand, in which this splendid actor is seen to the very best advantage.

Mr Sullivan is accompanied, of course, by Mr T. S. Amory, his indefatigable manager, by Mr John Amory, and by Miss Bella Murdoch. Miss Louisa Gordon, Mr Blythe, Mr Lester, and Mr Medicott will also appear in company with Mr Sullivan, and Miss Annie Poole—our *Cinderella* that was—has been retained to give strength to the rendering of the Witch music when "Macbeth" is produced.

That drama of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is continuing to prove an immense hit at the Prince of Wales Theatre. The old fame of the story, together with clever and effective manner in which its leading incidents have been worked up into a stirring melodrama by Mr Coleman, has fairly taken our theatre-going public by storm.

The acting is generally very good, and in the cases of *Topsy*, *Uncle Tom*, *Legree*, and the "Muscular Quaker," exceptionally so.

The "real niggers" are another attraction at the Prince of Wales. The members of the troupe have all, I may mention, been Jubilee Singers. I understand that Mr Coleman has seen reason to alter his views regarding what used to be the "peculiar institution" of the Southern States since they began to appear at his theatre. He was at one time an enthusiastic "Abolitionist;" he is now—well, his Abolition fervour has cooled "some."

When "Uncle Tom" is withdrawn from the Prince of Wales, which will be a fortnight hence, we are to have a week of Italian Opera. The novelty will be the new Opera "Carmen;" and among the pieces underlined for production are "Le Nozze di Figaro," "Fidellio," and "Der Freischutz." Pappenheim, Valleria, and Trebelli-Bettini are the *prime donne*.

The success attending the recent production of "Rob Roy" at the South Side Theatre has induced Mr M'Fadyen to announce it for repetition this evening and during the week. He sustains the part of the outlaw himself with much dash and gallantry of bearing; Mrs M'Fadyen is *Diana Vernon*; and the members of the Waverley Dramatic Association support the other more important *rols*.

The Kilmarnock Theatre and Opera House has been opened for a short season by a company under the direction of our old friend Mr Edward Major. In addition to the duties of management Mr Major undertakes the heavy work attaching to the post of leading actor.

On Saturday, the cozy little circus in Ingram Street closes for the season, having been open exactly twenty-three weeks. Mr Newsome begins business in the Curzon Hall, Birmingham, this day week.

Please note, BAILIE, that the famous little horse-breaker takes a complimentary benefit on Wednesday night, when there's sure to be a bumper; and that Middle. Maris, "the premiere equestrienne," follows suit on Friday next. Mr Newsome intends to re-occupy the Ingram Street circus about the middle of September next.

"Zazel," the graceful gymnast, and "human cannon ball," is, I believe a lady—but more on this point anon. "Zazel" is sure to be a big draw when she (?) appears in the West Nile Street house. She has been the talk of London, where she performed in the Royal Aquarium 1,500 consecutive times; and is presently astonishing the Liverpudlians at Mr Hengler's house.

The name of "Hengler" has always proved a potent charm to conjure with among lovers of horsemanship in Glasgow. In the pending visit of Henglers', about which I gave you the correct "tip" long ago, Mr Hengler and Mr Powell—who have sat to your artist as Men you Know—will both be with us; also the courteous Alfred Powell, with many old friends and any number of new faces.

Mr Knapp opens at the Edinburgh Princesses Theatre this Evening with "Paul Pry" and "Trial by Jury." He stays for a fortnight with Mr M'Neill, after which he may possibly pay Aberdeen a visit. I needn't say, my Magistrate, that he has the best wishes of his troops of attached friends in this city.

A meeting of the members of the late Theatre Royal Company and the employees connected with the establishment was held in the Balmoral Hotel, on Thursday, when Mr E. L. Knapp, the manager, submitted a statement showing how he had distributed the funds collected among his private friends for behoof of sufferers by the fire, and also made various suggestions regarding the manner in which the sum realised from the performances given for the same purpose by Mr Maccabe, in the Circus, West Nile Street, on Saturday, the 18th inst., should be dealt with. Those present expressed their entire satisfaction with Mr Knapp's statement and the further suggestion he had made, and awarded him a warm vote of thanks for his services and conduct in connection with the raising and distribution of the money.

Mr J. H. Ryley, who is at present playing *Bluebeard* at the New Grand Theatre in Leeds, has been specially engaged to play "Admiral Sneak" in Collier's Comic Opera, the "Sultan of Mocha," which is to be revived at the Princes Theatre, Manchester, for a couple of weeks, beginning on the 24th inst.

The popular Gilbert and Sullivan Comic Opera "H.M.S. Pinafore," was played the other evening by ladies and gentlemen amateurs, in the Banqueting Hall of Sir William Armstrong, at Jesmond Lane, Newcastle. The "coaching" and stage management of the piece was entrusted to Mr S. H. S. Austin, who will be recollected as the manager of the "Sorcerer" and "Pinafore" Company when it visited Glasgow.

Mr Bernard who has just concluded a "round" of the leading Pantomimes in the country, has returned to Newcastle to resume his part of Billy Taylor in "Robinson Crusoe," which is still crowding the Newcastle Theatre Royal.

At the conclusion of his special engagement at the Princes, Manchester, Mr J. H. Ryley, whose "John Wellington Wells," and "First Lord of the Admiralty" are still fresh in the minds of Glasgow playgoers, will commence a starring tour in a New Comedy, entitled "Pickles," written by Paul Meritt, author of "Stolen Kisses" and other successful pieces. A carefully selected company has been engaged to support Mr Ryley, and the management is in the able hands of Mr S. H. S. Austin.

Mr Frederick Maccabe, who is always to the front in the interests of charity, gave the entire receipts of both his morning and evening performances on Saturday last, to the Fund now being raised for the relief of the sufferers by the fire at the Theatre Royal, in this city, and we hear a goodly sum has been handed to the committee for distribution.

It will not be necessary to remind musical people that Mr Halle's Orchestral Concert takes place to-morrow night (Tuesday) - thanks to the Reid Festival in Edinburgh, we are always sure of the treat at this time.

The great operatic Concert of the Saturday Evening series next Saturday will doubtless fill the Granville Street Hall to its utmost capacity. Pappenheim, Trebelli, Valleria, and Behrens are names to conjure with, while M. Musin is the cleverest of violinists.

All for Jo—When "Her Majesty's" was decorated, Art specially Sharp-ened her pencil.

THE PROGRESS OF ERROR.—The Bank Directors, not satisfied with issuing false reports, now lie fast in prison.



Bauldy on a Proverb at a Pairty.

DEAR BAILIE,—If there wiz ae thing mair than anither warmly impressed upon me whin I wiz a laddie it wiz that proverb o' Solomon's, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Mony an' mony a ticht letherin' did ma mither bestow upon ma youthfu' quarters oot o' devotion tae that dictum o' the son o' Dawvid! The rod o' correction wiz a saugh whand, which frae frequent use got thinner an' thinner wi' haun'-lin', sae that ye nivver saw a rod that wiz mair spared than the ane ma mither threshed me wi' frae day tae day. She took Solomon at his word, I can tell ye, sparing the rod an' spilin' me o' mony moments o' plesure an' play. Weel, the ithernicht at a pairty—nane o' yer weak tea an' washy scandal collections o' backbitin' humanity, but an intellectual gatherin' o' cultivated persons like yoursel' an' masel', whaur the feast o' reason an' the flowin' bowl—hoots, the flow o' soul—formed the staple commodities, as they say in commercial circles—I wiz asked tae join in a gemm o' proverbs; an', whin the ledly o' the hoose "begged" me tae suggest a proverb, I at once said, "Spare the rod an' spile the child," mindfu' o' my early sufferin's. There wiz a smothered lauch in the room, an' somebody near me whispered that a gude long proverb wiz wantit tae draw oot the "interrogatory pooers" o' Mr Broom, wha wiz ootside on the doormat. I then suggested, "Ae man may tak' a horse tae the watter, but twinty won't mak' him drink it." This wiz thocht first-rate, an' Mr Broom wiz ca'ed 'in. Tae fin' oot the proverb this gentleman spiered a question at each member o' the company, an' the answer had tae hae ane o' the words o' the proverb in consecutive order, an' frae the replies Mr Broom wiz tae guess aboot the dourness o' the horse. The questions were a' gey kin' o' clivver, an' I wiz sae taen wi' them that I jotted them doon for the benefit o' yersel' an' your thoosins o' readers, wha may be at a loss for questions at the gemm in their ain hoose:—

Is it your unbiassed opinion that acidulated essence of compressed muligataway soup is an unfailing remedy for chilblains on the eyelashes?

If Donald Dinnie went to the Arctic regions, would he vault with the Pole?

Do you consider it probable that Mr Calcraft, having suspended his public functions, and turned his powers of execution to a novel fashion, has embodied the last dying speeches of his victims into book form and given them to the world under the title of "A Modern Minister"?

Is the electric light likely to be of use in developing the political economy of submarine earthquakes?

Was your maternal great-grandmother's first cousin's sister's son's grandson married to his deceased wife's sister, and if so, who made the bridecake?

Was Euclid a railway contractor when he laid down his lines? Wouldn't you have been surprised if the City Bank directors had kept their feet longer than they did, seeing "their balance wasn't true?"

Is lottery-drawing taught in the School of Art?

Is the difference between a Lowlander's bank shares and a Highlander's bare shanks this—that the former are investments and the latter are not?

Was Darwin's "Descent of Man" caused by a slide or a piece of orange peel?

"Macleod of Dare," we are told, died with imaginary black wine in his hand, and the real Black wine in his mouth; don't you think the novel had a very black wind-up?

Is the telephone likely to do away with the old saying, "It's a far cry to Loch Awe?"

How many ways would a Highland policeman look before drinking a glass of whisky in public?

Self-preservation being the first law of nature, would a maker of jams be justified in throwing himself into his own boiling vat?

If the difference between ice and rain is—that one is hard water and the other soft, what effect will the extension of our Indian frontier have on the widening of Glasgow Bridge?

Scotch whisky being better than English gin, don't you think the BAILIE has a better flavour, and is much better spiced, and more spirited than *Punch*?

It would tak' up ower muckle o' yer invailuable space to print the various answers. Some were gey clivver, an' ithers unco indifferent; an' the reply tae No. 16 wiz verra emphatic—"It is, most decidedly."—Your faithfu' admirer an' ally,

BAULDY.

Bruntonian Grammar.

THE Rev. Mr Brunton apparently finds it impossible to combine Sabbatarian zeal with grammatical accuracy. At last week's meeting of the F.C. Presbytery he carried a motion, in the following terms:—"The Presbytery, having had *its* attention called to the running of tramway cars on Sabbath, *express*," &c. Singular or plural, Mr B., whichever you please; but pray stick next time to your original choice.

In Re Vestiaria.

ONE day last week the writer-bodies of Hamilton took to solemnly discussing the momentous question whether or not they should wear "bar robes," and it was ultimately agreed that the matter should remain in abeyance until it is seen whether their new Court-house is to be big enough! The Cuddy wants to know if the fellows want to wear crinoline, and assures them that it is quite gone out of fashion in the larger centres of civilisation.

"About twenty miles of wire are now in use in Glasgow for *synchronising* clocks." Poor clocks! But they have their remedy, let them strike simultaneously.

A bad stroke of business—He who "strikes" hits himself hardest.

## What the Folks are Saying.

**T**HAT the Crosshill authorities are going to oppose the Glasgow Corporation in Parliament.

That the Commissioners have been pretty successful at this game hitherto.

That the complete history of Glasgow financing has not yet been written.

That Mr Wylie Guild has dealt very tenderly with the senior partner of Matthew, Thielmann & Co.

That the sensation of the season is promised for Friday, when Mr. James Morton is to be examined.

That James has been exceedingly anxious to appear in the witness box and "mak' a spoke."

That "fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

That Mr Morton "may tak a thought" and bolt before the end of the week.

That at any rate there will be a considerable amount of "Morton" in any statements he may make.

That the new City Bank aid scheme is meeting with but scant support.

That the Lottery was the true panacea for the distress.

That the clergy managed to strangle that proposal.

That we have not yet heard the pastors' proposition as to how to meet the difficulty.

That meanwhile the poor shareholders are putting their all into the liquidators' hands and qualifying themselves for the Relief Fund.

That the rules of this Fund are pretty stiff.

That a shareholder must be absolutely ruined before being eligible for relief.

That the City looks like a huge "boarding house."

That the quantity of shops, houses, warehouses, countinghouses, &c., to let is something enormous.

That people who have been in business for 30 years are giving up their premises.

That between big rents and bad trade shopkeepers are having a hard time of it.

That Captain M'Call's lambs have been again distinguishing themselves.

That a couple of them have got twelve months in prison for breaking a man's jaw.

That the number of housebreakings are evidences of distress and desperation.

That house-keepers ought to look to their locks.

That we are promised a lively time at next Parliamentary election.

That contests for the City, the County, and University are on the cards.

That the marriage notices at the registrars' doors are capital reading for the women folk.

## Flooring 'em.

**T**HE trustees of a Dunfermline Church appealed the other day against being assessed for water, on the ground that water for cleaning the church was got from the roof, and that when the liquid was wanted for baptismal purposes it was brought by the church-officer from his own house—whereupon the appellants were informed that the officer incurred a penalty of £10 by taking water from his house to the church! Appellants and appeal, it is scarcely necessary to say, collapsed.

## St. Valentine's Fools.

**T**HE average sender of a valentine is, the BAILIE fancies, not remarkable for strength of intellect, but what is to be said of those idiots who continue to post rats, red herrings, and so on, in valentine week, knowing, as they must know, that their silly jests collapse within the Post-Office? Some of the jesters might, with advantage, be cremated along with their mis-sives.

## What the Airdrie Folk are Saying

**T**HAT the T.T.'s are jubilant that they have caught an ex-Bailie.

That it is the intention of the said T.T.'s to invest the ex-Bailie with the order of the "blue ribbon."

That other members o' oor Toon Council intend taking the pledge.

That oor Jeems is one of them!

That a special blue ribbon will be presented to him.

That some of the shepherds are looking out for a new flock.

**LONDON ASSURANCE.**—The manager of Drury Lane said that Shakspeare spelled ruin and Sheridan bankruptcy, and so Chatter-ton to the end. When the end came bankruptcy was spelled independently of Sheridan's dictionary.

**REDDY, AYE, REDDY.**—In his portrait of Sir James Bain Sir Daniel has spared his blushes, although modesty was always a virtue with his Lordship.

**A Scott-ish Constituency.**—The Mid-Lothian.  
**A Bubble Reputation.**—The City Banks.

**Smokers.**—Try Wallach Smoking Mixture, 6d per ounce Only to be had from D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram Street

Quavers.

AYR has every reason to be proud of its Choral Union. No apology is to be considered necessary for the performance of "Elijah" on Thursday evening last because of its having been on a somewhat smaller scale than we are accustomed to in Glasgow; for taken all over it was a most satisfactory reproduction of the oratorio. Mr M'Nabb must have worked hard to have brought the chorus to the point of accuracy and facility that was attained in what is virtually the second year only of the society. What made the task of instruction more arduous, while adding to the honour of the achievement of course, is the fact that there was but the most limited knowledge of the oratorio throughout the membership, possibly only a very few knowing anything of it previously beyond a solo or two.

If the fugal movements went occasionally, but not often, rather confusedly the unsuitable nature of the building was the evident cause. A low-roofed skating rink is "hardly the thing" for "Elijah," yet till their new hall is ready there was no other place available. The *materiel* of the chorus is excellent, and there are not a few well-cultivated voices among their number. Another year there will no doubt be more of calmness in the singing, wanting somewhat, for instance, in the chorus "He watching over Israel." But the entire absence of vulgarity even where there was a slight excess of vigour was a marked feature.

Mrs Smith, Miss Liddell, and Messrs Finlayson and Osborne took the principal solos. The two ladies acquitted themselves to admiration. Mrs Smith's fine sympathetic voice was heard to great advantage in the music of the widow's part, while in the grand air "Hear ye Israel" the interpretation was one not unworthy of Madame Rudersdorff herself, traditionally associated with the chief soprano part in the oratorio. Miss Liddell was equally successful in the not less important alto solo music, "O rest in the Lord," being sung with due calmness and repose, while the Queen's part was sufficiently bold. Mr Finlayson has an excellent voice but he would do well to study much yet. Mr Osborne was suffering much from cold, and at an early part of the evening it looked as if it were to be "Elijah" without the prophet. Mr Osborne, however, got through very well, and is a decidedly intelligent and useful vocal artist.

The Orchestra performed its part capitably, and Mr M'Nabb kept all well together, proving himself a thoroughly competent conductor for our greater works. The organ's place was well supplied by a large harmonium.

The Foundry Boys' musical festival last week was quite a Choral Union performance in embryo. The bass was of course a feeble part, there being no matured vocal assistance, but the *ensemble* was pleasing and promising. Detailed remark is now hardly worth while, but the gentlemen who each conducted so intelligently must not suppose that only faults are remembered when they are, as now, implored to keep the pronunciation right, perhaps, also, to dispense with the sounding of the chord preliminarily to the commencement of a piece—an altogether in-artistic and, we think, unnecessary practice.

The song book in connection with the Social Reform department of this useful and sensible association and drawn from at the festival is a very good collection of the kind. This demonstration is the only one of the youthful sort that apparently we are likely to have this season, which is a pity; but it is satisfactory to know that the charitable ends of this concert on the part of the Foundry Boys' Society are likely to be attained.

The fact of a concert by members of the choir and congregation of St. John's Episcopal Church in one of the halls of the Granville Street suite on Saturday evening falls to be recorded, the programme having comprised sacred and secular selections of a varied and popular character.

Singularly enough, musical matters in the "suburb," as Paisley is apparently always to be known by, have been rather neglected in this column. Certainly not intentionally, for there is every reason to respect the musical enterprise and intelligence of our neighbour. The information has been kindly conveyed that the Paisley St. Cecilia Society are to have their annual concert on Tuesday, 4th March, and for the benefit of the Ladies' Sanitary Association Sick Fund. Cowen's "Rose

Maiden" is to be produced, and with orchestral accompaniments, which are to be supplied by members of the Paisley Philharmonic Society. There will be an instrumental selection or two, and some shorter vocal pieces, as the Spinning chorus from "The Flying Dutchman," and Glinka's "Life for the Czar." Last year this society produced Sterndale Bennett's "May Queen."

The Paisley Philharmonic Society, an orchestral one, which assists as above, have fixed their own concert for the 27th prox. Their chief *morceaux de concert* (new and original phrase, please note, BAILIE) will be Mozart's No. 9 Symphony in D, which contains some lively bustling work, the overtures to "Martha," "Son and Stranger," and some lighter extracts from Schubert, Gounod, and others. There are thirty-four of an orchestra, embracing all the usual instruments. One would hardly have expected so large a body of amateur instrumentalists in the Suburb.

Mr W. T. Hoeck is conductor of both of the above societies. The programme for the next concert by Mr Lambeth's choir, on the 27th instant, may almost be regarded as a departure from the part-song character which has hitherto dominated at this and kindred entertainments. It is at all events of the nature of a variety which may most likely prove very acceptable. Part-songs are apt to run into the mawkish, and have done so a good deal of late, so an infusion of the glee and madrigal class of writing for one style, with piano-accompanied choral pieces for another, will act as a tonic somewhat on the musical appetite.

Of the latter two classes Mr Lambeth's Choir will sing a first-rate glee by Sir John Goss, prolific in this way, called "Lo where the rosy bound hours," two madrigals, modern, but after the old manner, "As it fell upon a day" (S. Reay), and "Philida and Coridon" (W. Hume), and a clever arrangement of Knyvett's humorous glee, "The Bells of St. Michael's Tower," by Dr Sir R. P. Stewart of Dublin; and then, of those of the piano-accompanied class the Chorus of Shepherds from Schubert's "Rosamunde," the Chorus of Houris from Schumann's remarkable music to "Paradise and the Peri," and the same composer's "Gipsy Life." This altogether should be a fresh and highly attractive concert.

THE WRONG JUDAS.—It seems that a race-horse, by means of which a notorious fraud was attempted, was originally christened Maccabeus. Why not Iscariot?

The other day one of our sheriffs sentenced two policemen, convicted of an outrageous assault, to twelve months' imprisonment each—whereat, says the reporter, they appeared "surprised." Very likely; and the BAILIE would like to surprise a few more of their kind in a similar manner.

It appears that there is in circulation a spurious half sovereign, which bears on one side the inscription, "Victoria, Queen of Great Britain," and on the other a double-headed eagle. "A plot of Gladstone and Gortschakoff!" suggests a young friend of the BAILIE'S, noted for his Russophobic ideas more than for his brilliancy!

Song for a Deerstalker—"My Hart's in the Highlands."

Hamilton Nimmo's "Creep afore ye gang," "Let me ken hoo the Bairns are at Hame," "Hoo can ye gang, Laddie," and "Crookit Bawbee," are the popular modern Scotch Songs and duets.—H. NIMMO, Ayr, and all Music Sellers, 1s 6d and 2s, net.

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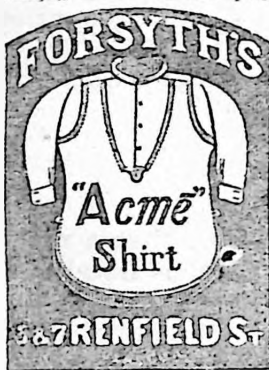
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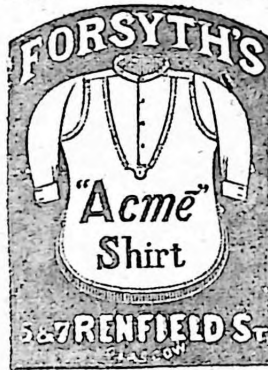
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# THE BAILIE.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 19th, 1879.

IF current report be correct more Glasgow financial speculations are still to come out. It seems that the last has not yet been heard regarding those clever fellows in our midst who, starting with nothing, set their minds upon becoming millionaires with the same celerity with which a mushroom shoots up in a damp autumn night. Anything came handy to these brilliant geniuses. They operated in iron, in copper, or in coal. Now and then you found them having a "try" in grain. The particular weakness of our friends, however, was oftenest property. It was so easy, you see, to buy and sell stone and lime. The buying and selling could be done singly, or two or three clever 'uns might put their heads together, and they straightway became a "syndicate." Of the two the syndicate was distinctly the easier way of going about the business. One member backed up another, and the two became responsible for a third, and there—why the thing was done. Most things, however, come to an end, syndicates as well as others. Not a few of the unhallowed brotherhood have already resolved themselves into their component atoms. Whether the coming Spring will see the dissolution of any further combinations is a matter that may safely be left to the arbitrament of the coming few weeks. Should they do so public sympathy will hardly be very largely extended to their members. It is speculation in property by penniless rogues eager to fill their pockets at the expense of honest folk that has raised the rents in Glasgow to a king's ransom within the past five or six years.

## A Liberal Presbytery.

THE Free Church Presbytery of Caithness has "warmly condemned" the practice of clearing snow from the railways on Sunday. No doubt if the object of such operations were the freeing of a trainful of cold and hungry passengers the condemnation would be quite as "warm." The BAILIE would like to hear the Presbytery's definition of "works of necessity and mercy."

The Day of Rest.—The day wrested to Sunday labour.

An Ice Income.—That from a skating pond.

## Ru'glen Charity.

NOW that the Soup Kitchen and the Unemployed Fund have become recognised modern institutions, it was but to be expected that the ancient Burgh of Ru'glen should possess itself of these signs of civilization, by appointing the necessary influential committee, and soliciting subscriptions to establish a "fund." Already the contributions have appeared in the stereotyped advertised list, and among the "donations of food and clothing" thankfully acknowledged by the treasurer, are "two carts of turnips," and, twice, "a lot of old ropes." There can be little objection to a few tons of turnips as esculent stock in the "kitchen," but how the starving burghers will relish soup made from a greasy old rope as a substitute for a joint of mutton or a good marrow bone, remains to be seen. Perhaps, however, the generous donors of the ropes, with the laudable object of speedily reducing the number on the unemployed list, intended their gifts to be used for a different purpose; and, if the end justifies the means, does not this kind of charity deserve to cover a multitude of sins?

EUPHUES IN COURT.—That was a euphuistic witness at Paisley last week, who, when questioned regarding his career, observed that "he had been four times convicted—1st, of pawning his father's fiddle; 2nd, of going into a Lochwinnoch public-house about mid-day, and coming out at the window with a pair of blankets; 3rd, of taking a watch off a nail; and, 4th, in the present case." "Convey the wise it call!"

NOTES AND BEAMS.—Some of us Scots have been holding up our hands in righteous horror over the doings of Southron Ritualists and their opponents. Considering, however, that within the last few days the police have been called in to preserve order at a Neilston clerical election, and that a Paisley minister has been mobbed in church on a Sunday forenoon by his congregation—perhaps it might be judicious on our part to "keep a calm sough."

THE FONETIK NEWSANS.—Mr "Eisak" Pitman tells the readers of the *Times* that since he became a vegetarian he has not "noan" that he has a "stumak." Would Eisak be surprised to hear that since he became a phonomaniac no one has noan that he has any "branes?"

The Animile thinks bank-robbed a more appropriate word than bankrupt to use in these times.

## Questions of the Day.

THE BAILIE has a hearty liking for his stalwart friend the Solicitor-General for Scotland, and hopes that when the Haddington election comes off he, being far-and-away the best man, may win; but is Mr Macdonald acting up to the principle of the ballot in "endeavouring to pay a visit to every elector?" Again, is he not placing before him a somewhat humble educational ideal when he hopes that "in the course of a few years," and "if we put our energies properly to work," "every man will be able to make his own cross?" Eh, my gallant lawyer?

## Blessed in Expecting Little.

THE chairman of Woodside Church "Social Meeting"—this is considered a more "genteel" term than "Soiree" nowadays—last week observed that the audience were "not attracted by the prospect of fine speeches or high-class music." Wasn't this rather hard, Mr Chairman, on the musicians, as well as on the half-fledged parsons, &c., who inflicted their oratory upon the patient audience? It was true, no doubt, but—!

## Going too Far.

A LOCAL paper says of a football player that he is "not nearly so selfish as formerly." This is, no doubt, a gratifying circumstance; but is it generous to parade before the public moral faults which the poor fellow has now got over? We may next expect to be told that A does not get "tight" more than once a week now, that B has given up the use of bad language, and that C has surrendered his latch-key to the wife of his bosom. The "sporting reporter" should have it impressed upon him that the province of the Press has *some* limit.

Lucid!—A Coatbridge employer issues the following:—"Notice is hereby given that on fourteen days from date, all puddlers and all furnacemen who are connected with the union will not be required, in order to give place to more sensible men." We sometimes hear of a man being better than his word. It is to be hoped that this gentleman is "better" than his style of composition.

Some folks have queer ways of looking at things. In the Trongate may be seen lots of windows billed up—"Good news, dull times" (!)

False Profits.—Dividends out of capital.

## Information Wanted.

ON certain anniversaries, such as St. Andrew's Day and Burns' birthday, the Animile has done his utmost to impart "a Scottish flavour" to his life and conversation. He has eaten haggis, he has drunk whisky, he has even worn the kilt, and, on one occasion (after haggis and whisky), he tried to play the bagpipes. But he now knows a more excellent way than any of these by which to get up the requisite amount of nationality and "Scottish flavour." He has determined to employ "the triad on the sub-mediant," and begs to thank the *Herald's* "special reporter" at the Brighton Musical Festival for the suggestion, and would feel still further grateful if "the special" would just let him know what the triad is, and how to use it? The Ass humbly confesses his ignorance. Is it a wind instrument? Has it anything to do with spiritualism or Welsh bards? Is it a phrase out of a stump speech or a witch's incantation? The bewildered Animile respectfully pauses for a reply. He is anxious to be Scottish all over, and does not wish to miss the mark through ignorance.

Describing a recent visit to Paris, Ferniegair the other day made use of the odious word "loaned." Surely he might have contented himself with lecturing on the French Exhibition—which seems never to have done *him* any harm—without outraging his mother-tongue as well!

A GREAT TRUTH.—A contributor to the *Argyllshire Standard*—a powerful organ to which the BAILIE takes this opportunity of raising his hat—says that certain M.P.'s "wield great influence," and that "it is this characteristic that makes a member have influence." This is doubtless a great truth, but mustn't a fellow have the influence before he can wield it—eh?

The *Times* says that the London creditors of the City Bank cannot "listen to" a proposal for composition, but suggests that the Scotch depositors should accept 15s. in the pound! Perhaps the *Times* and its friends the London creditors see some green in the white of the Scotch depositor's eye.

A local personage, accused of "stealing or embezzling" £48,000 was recently "let out" on bail of £1000. Query:—If little Jack Prig "steals or embezzles" a shilling, is it understood that he may "get out" on bail of a farthing? and if not, why not?

"Finance," the Wise it Call.—A bill in the hand's worth two "kites" on the fly.

Megilp.

MR JAMES CASSIE and Mr R. Gavin are the new Scottish Academicians.

Messrs Kay & Reid, St. Vincent Street, have opened a most admirable little exhibition. In truth, I never saw a better one in Glasgow. There are over one hundred and twenty pictures shown, mostly by good men, and nearly all well worth looking at.

"The Woodcutters" is an exceedingly pleasing example of J. Linnel, sen. It is a strong picture, but very free from Linnel's mannerism in colour. Two beautiful drawings by Mr M'Taggart—"Sunbeams on the Sea," and "An East Coast Fishing Village," will be much admired. The atmosphere and light in them are charming. The works by A. Pasini, H. Breling, and Mayr Gratz should be studied. "The Exterior of a Mosque," by Pasini, "The Spy," by Breling, and "The Artist," by Mayr Gratz, show painters to have a thorough knowledge of art. Clever handling, happy arrangement, correct and suggestive drawing, and good colour make the little pictures I have named, in their own way, simply delightful.

Mr Duncan M'Laurin appears to great advantage in "Gathering Seaweed." There is first-rate quality in the painting of the shore and sand. "At Anchor," by Mr Joseph Henderson, gives us as good a sea as Mr Henderson has ever painted.

"In the Lewes" is a fresh, clever drawing, by Mr Sam Bough. There are some excellent shipping scenes by Mr J. C. Noble, and a few examples of Mr J. R. Reid, one of which—"Tally Ho"—is especially good.

Mr Fraser has put rich colour into the "Old Court at Newhaven."

The Exhibition contains works by Messrs Murray, Aitken, Boughton, M'Whirter, Mauve, M'Callum, Brown, De Nittis, M'Kay, and many others. I shall return to it on a future occasion.

"Waiting for the Ebb," by Mr Hamilton Macallum, is one of the best pictures in the Institute Exhibition. The play of light on the sea is beautifully rendered, and the shore is painted with a conscientious regard to its varieties of colour and form. The figures are gracefully grouped, but surely, however, the legs of the girl leaning against the rock are much too long.

Mr G. W. Johnstone's "Solitude" is a noteworthy picture by a young Edinburgh artist, who promises well. The work on it is both clever and honest, especially that expended on the pool and its banks. The bird is not altogether a satisfactory feature in the scene.

"Those lazy Men," by Mr Fred. Morgan, and "All among the Barley," by Mr E. H. Fahey, are two excellent pictures by London painters. Mr Morgan's figures are cleverly put in and the feeling in Mr Fahey's work is very true.

Mr R. W. Allan's picture of "The Bathers" is, I confess, disappointing. There are several fine points about it, especially in the distance: the cleverness of the work is undeniable, but the breadth of handling is carried to the verge of audacity. The grouping of the figures is good, but the shadow on the boy on the bank appears forced. The water is somewhat deficient in liquidity. "Stonehaven Pier" by the same artist shows power and facility, but here also, and even in a greater degree than in "The Bathers," breadth has been allowed to degenerate into absolute indefiniteness, and that, too, in parts where indefiniteness is altogether out of place.

In all Mr Robert M'Gregor's work there is true, simple feeling. His pictures are natural and homely. He paints children with sympathy and insight; his treatment is refined; and his colour if not strong is sweet and wholesome. He has a tendency, however to sameness and repetition; a little variety in both subject and style would be an improvement. "Homeward" is a good example of Mr M'Gregor.

A clever little snow piece by Mr J. D. Taylor, No. 418, "An Autumn Wood," by Mr Sam. Reid, solidly and well painted, and Mr P. D. Hedderwick's "View in Glenfalloch," which has good arrangement and promising handling in it, will attract attention.

R.

Neil in a New Light.

WHAT a day Cooncillor Neil had at last Thursday's meeting of the Improvement Trust! He was decidedly the feature of the meeting, and "broke out in a fresh place" entirely, as an orator and epigrammist. Hear this—"Real philanthropy means sacrifice, not accumulation." Why it's quite Disraelian in its brilliant obscurity. No wonder Bailie Scott patted him on the back for "one of the best speeches he had ever made in the Council." But what shall we say of Mr Morrison's broad insinuation that the orator "had not the intelligence to understand figures?" Bother figures! Mr Neil is no longer a tradesman, but a Cooncillor—and an epigrammist—with a soul above all figures, save figures of speech. The BAILIE encourages him to proceed in his new and glorious career, and has no doubt whatever that he could, as he averred, have "made short work of" his opponent on Thursday had he possessed power of reply.

Lunacy and the Hat Trade.

THE BAILIE commends to the attention of the editor of *Notes and Queries* certain revelations made last week in the Edinburgh Bankruptcy Court, where an insolvent hatter stated that his position was due to losses on horse-racing, and that he had "always been in the habit of betting and associating with betting-men." After this there need be no further speculation as to the origin of the curious law which associates lunacy and the hat trade.

POLICE INTELLIGENCE.—Messrs. Ogg and Cameron, late of the "force," now of Duke Street, will be unable for the next twelve months to resume their favourite amusement of brutally maltreating the public, owing to circumstances totally beyond their control.

"The Government," says the correspondent of a local paper, "have issued a four-line whip." Asinus wants to know if a four-line whip is any relation of that other "persuader" known as the cat-o'-nine-tails.

The BAILIE is glad to note that Parliament resumes its sittings under the most favourable auspices. Major O'Gorman "feels the utmost hatred and contempt for the Government." This is encouraging.

A QUOTE OF MAIL.—Asinus wishes to know if "P.-O." is short for *Post Obit*, and directs to the "Dead Letter Office."

## A Suggestion.

THE F.C. Presbytery of Dunfermline, which recently denounced that popular institution, the church bazaar, as "offensive," "demoralising," and otherwise dreadful, may now claim the support of no less an authority than the London Presbytery, who declares the bazaar to be an "unclean thing." Now that they have got so very scrupulous all of a sudden, suppose our pastors take to tracing out the origin of every coin which finds its way into the church-plate? The research would at once be interesting, and give them a comparatively harmless employment for their time—a thing of which many of them seem greatly in need at the present moment.

## A REGULAR FIX.

(Scene — Trongate, Saturday night; Private Peter Haggis, while endeavouring to pilot his way through the crowd is observed and followed by the Rev. Gideon Halftext, a zealous city missionary, bent on "doing good.")  
*Rev. G. H.* (touching Peter gently on the shoulder)—My dear friend are you a soldier?

*Priv. P. H.* (who can "jist speak")—Am shure ye—ye—nicht easy (hic) see that!

*Rev. G. H.* (feelingly)—I, too, am a soldier, friend.

*Priv. P. H.* (with bitter sarcasm)—Ye're a queer-looking sodger!

*Rev. G. H.* (solemnly)—I am a soldier of the Lord.

*Priv. P. H.* (attempting "a salute")—Aye man (hic).

*Rev. G. H.* — At what barracks are you quartered?

*Priv. P. H.* (slowly)—May—Maryhill.

*Rev. G. H.* (touchingly)—Indeed! You are a long way from your barracks.

*Priv. P. H.* (triumphantly)—Maybe, (hic) but am shure *you're* a mighty lang way frae (hic) *your* barracks, ony way. (So saying Peter slips on a piece of orange-peel and falls "like a soldier.")

Deeds, not Words.—Mrs Besant a Malthusian.

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The Programme will contain Selections from the Works of  
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OSMAN PASHA'S DEFENCE OF PLEVNA,  
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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 19th, 1879,  
MONSTRE NIGHT, being the ANNUAL BENEFIT  
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MR JAMES NEWSOME,  
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LAST NIGHT BUT ONE OF THE SEASON,  
GREAT CONUNDRUM NIGHT,  
Being the BENEFIT of the Principal Equestrienne,  
MDLLE. MARIE.

Under Distinguished Lady Patrons. On this Night, among a Host of Novelties, a MAGNIFICENT GOBLET will be Given for the BEST CONUNDRUM.

Conditions.—The Subject must be Local and Original, and sent under Cover before Twelve o'clock of the above Day. The Audience to be the Judges, who will decide by a Show of Hands. The Winning Conundrum will be published in the Daily Papers. The Cup on View at Messrs Adams', Buchanan Street.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22nd,

LAST NIGHT OF THE SEASON,

On which occasion Mr J. NEWSOME will have the pleasure of returning thanks to his numerous Friends and Patrons for contributing to one of the most Successful Equestrian Seasons on record, and much regrets it cannot be prolonged, in consequence of Previous Arrangements to Open in Birmingham on 24th February.

**SCRAP Photographs and Views of Scottish Scenery.** Thousands to choose from at A. F. SHARP & Co., 14 Royal Exchange Square.

**NEW PUBLIC HALLS.**

MR CHARLES HALLE'S  
GRAND ORCHESTRAL CONCERT,  
ON  
TO-NIGHT TUESDAY, 18TH FEBRUARY,  
At Eight o'clock.

PROGRAMME.

Overture .. "A Midsummer Night's Dream".... *Mendelssohn.*  
Concerto Violin in A Minor..... *Viotti.*  
Mdme. NORMAN NERUDA.  
Symphony..... "Eroica," in E Flat (Op. 55)..... *Beethoven.*  
Concerted Pianoforte, in G Minor ..... *Saint-Saens.*  
Mr CHARLES HALLE.  
Introduction to the Third Act, "Dance of the Apprentices," Procession of the "Meister-singer," and "Homage to Hans Sachs," from "Die Meistersinger" ..... *Wagner.*  
(Arranged for Concert purposes by the Composer).  
Solo Violin { (a) Elégie..... *Ernst.*  
(b) Le Mouvement Perpetuel ..... *Paganini.*  
Mdme. NORMAN NERUDA.  
Swedish Peasant's Wedding March ..... *Sodermann.*  
Overture ..... "Le Siege de Corinthe"..... *Rossini.*  
Tickets—7s, 5s, 3s, and 2s—of J. Muir Wood & Co.  
Admission—One Shilling.

**GRAND EVENING CONCERT**  
NEW PUBLIC HALLS.

SATURDAY, 22nd FEBRUARY, 1879.

MR MAPLESON'S ITALIAN OPERA COMPANY,

Including the Celebrated New Prima Donna,  
MADME EUGENIE PAPPENHEIM,  
MDLE. ALWINA VALLERIA, Soprano;  
MADAME TREBELLI, Contralto;  
SIGNOR RUNCIO, Tenor;  
SIGNOR MONARI-ROCCA, Bass;  
HERR BEHRENS, Bass;  
M. MUSIN, Solo Violinist;  
MR F. H. COWEN, Solo Pianist.

Reserved Seats, 5s; Other Seats, 3s, 2s, 1s.

Tickets and Places secured at Pentland & Co.'s Music Warehouse, Charing Cross, and at Office, 58 Renfield Street.

Doors Open at 7 o'clock; Concert to Commence at 8.  
JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

**CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.**

GREAT NIGHT WITH THE READERS.

SATURDAY, 22ND FEBRUARY, 1879.

The Celebrated Miss AITKEN, (Mrs Bunten).

Miss MINNIE BELL.

Mr W. S. VALLANCE.

Mr WALTER BENTLEY.

Mr T. HARROWER.

THE GLASGOW ORCHESTRA,  
Conductor,..... Mr W. H. COLE.  
Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats on Side Galleries,  
2s. Tickets for Reserved Seats to be had at the Office, 58  
Renfield Street.

Doors Open at 7; Orchestral Performance at 7.30 o'clock.  
JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

**ROYAL EXCHANGE.**

The SUBSCRIPTION BOOK for ENROLLING MEMBERS for CURRENT YEAR is NOW OPEN.

1st January, 1879.

BY ORDER.

**FORTNIGHTLY ART SALE.**

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Friday, 21st February,  
PUBLIC SALE OF

**MISCELLANEOUS PICTURES.**

Principally by Modern Artists of the Scotch and English Schools.  
Including Specimens of

H. M'Culloch, R.S.A.  
Jos. Henderson.  
J. Docharty, A.R.S.A.  
John Chalmers,

Jas. Cassie, A.R.S.A.  
A. Fraser, A.R.S.A.  
Jas. Greenlees.  
Milne Donald.

And other Eminent Artists;

Also, a Few WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS  
(The Property of various Collectors).

**ROBERT M'TEAR & CO.** will Sell the above,  
by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North  
Court, St. Vincent Place, on Friday, 21st February, at One  
o'clock.

On View, with Catalogues, on Morning of Sale.  
Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 17th February, 1879.

**GLASGOW POLICE.****ANNUAL PUBLIC SALE OF  
FORFEITED PLEDGES, WAIF AND POINDED  
ARTICLES.**

A Large Quantity of  
GOLD and SILVER WATCHES, JEWELLERY, etc.  
(From the different Police Offices.)

**ROBERT M'TEAR & CO.** will Sell by  
Auction, (in virtue of a Warrant from the Magistrates of  
Glasgow), within the Central Police Office, 9 South Albion St.,  
on Thursday 20th February, at 12 o'clock, Watches, Jewellery,  
Books, Tools, Metals, Ropes, Barrows, Wearing Apparel, and  
other Miscellaneous Articles—all as particularly specified and  
enumerated in a Catalogue, which may now be seen on appli-  
cation to Mr Dickson, Custodier, at his Office, Police Buildings.  
The Articles can be inspected by Claimants prior to the day  
of Sale, when, if not claimed, they will positively be Sold.  
Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 15th February, 1879.

**FOOTBALL COSTUMES.**

Every Club Colour kept in Stock.

LIST OF COLOURS ON APPLICATION.

**H. & P. M'NEIL,**

HATTERS, HOSIERS, GLOVERS, AND SHIRTMAKERS,  
CRICKET AND FOOTBALL OUTFITTERS,

21 & 23 RENFIELD STREET.

**TRADES' HALL, GLASSFORD STREET,**

MONDAY, 17th, and Every Night this Week.

MESMERISM PROFESSOR COATES MESMERISM  
BIOLOGY IN HIS BIOLOGY  
PHRENOLOGY ENTERTAINMENT OF PHRENOLOGY  
MIRTH, NOVELTY, AND MYSTERY,

In Aid of the Shareholders' Relief Fund, City Bank.  
Admission—6d to 3s. Doors Open at 7-30, to Commence at 8.

**INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS,**

CORPORATION GALLERIES,

SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

EXHIBITION OF  
PAINTINGS, SCULPTURE, & C.,  
NOW OPEN.

Day Admission, Nine till Five,.....1s.  
Evening ,, Six till Ten,.....6d.

*Musical Promenades every Saturday from Two till Four.*

To-day and To-morrow (Wednesday), 18th and 19th February,  
in the City Sale-Rooms, 41 West Nile Street.

**IMPORTANT TWO DAYS' SALE OF  
HIGH-CLASS PAINTINGS AND WATER COLOUR  
DRAWINGS,  
OLD LINE ENGRAVINGS, &c.  
BY AUCTION.**

The Property of Mr E. Banner, Birmingham, whose former  
Collections have invariably given the utmost satisfaction,  
both as regards quaity and value,

**J. & R. EDMISTON** will Sell the above in  
the Saloons of the City Sale-Rooms, 41 West Nile  
Street, To-day and To-morrow (Wednesday), 18th and 19th  
February, at 12 noon each day.

Catalogues on application.

**J. & R. EDMISTON, Auctioneers.**

**NEW SPRING COATINGS  
AND TROUSERINGS.**

I have just to hand, and Exhibiting in my spacious Windows,  
First Deliveries of SPRING TWEEDS for the Celebrated  
£3 3s Suit, and 17s 6d High-class Trousers. The Variety of  
Choice Goods in Checks, Stripes, and Chaste Mixtures surpasses  
that of any former Season; and my facilities of Manufacture are  
so perfect that Suits are Made-up in the Best Style in Five  
Hours, and Trousers in Four Hours. Gentlemen are respect-  
fully invited to visit and examine the New Goods.

**HUGH MORRISON.**

51 and 53 JAMAICA STREET,  
1, 3, 5, 7, 9 HOWARD STREET.

**GLASGOW AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY  
STALLION SHOW,**

CATTLE MARKET, TUESDAY, 25TH FEBRUARY.

Admission up to 1 o'clock, 2s; thereafter, 1s.

**MARK MARSHALL, Secy.**

145 St. Vincent Street,  
Glasgow, 15th February, 1879.

The PLOUGHING MATCH is POSTPONED till 6TH  
MARCH.

**SPECIAL NOTICE**

TO THE  
INHABITANTS OF GLASGOW AND SUBURBS.

**FINLAY M'DIARMID**

Is now supplying J. & R. TENNENT'S NEW SEASON'S  
EXPORT BEER AND STOUT, in fine condition, in his  
Patent Stoneware Casks. One trial solicited to prove their ex-  
cellence. The Casks contain 4½ Gallons each, are fitted with  
Lock Taps, and are unsurpassed for cleanliness, convenience,  
and economy.

OBSERVE.—No charge is made for their use, they are de-  
livered several miles free of extra charge, and the empties col-  
lected without trouble to purchasers.

F. M'D.'s STANDARD AERATED WATERS are so care-  
fully prepared that they are becoming a household word.

**LIST OF PRICES.**

Beer and Stout, 7s per Cask or 2s 3d per Dozen Pints.  
Lemonade, Soda Water, Potash Water, Sarsaparilla, and  
Ginger Ale, 2s per Dozen.

TERMS CASH. Empties to be returned within Two Months.

CITY OF GLASGOW BOTTLING STORES—  
44 RENFREW STREET, GLASGOW,  
AND 4 GREY PLACE, GREENOCK.

**EXHIBITION of HIGH-CLASS WATER-  
COLOUR DRAWINGS,**

AT THOMAS LAWRIE & SON'S,  
85 ST. VINCENT STREET.

Admission, by Private Card

IMMENSE SALE OF GLASS AND CHINA,

AT M'DOUGALL & SONS', 71 TO 79 BUCHANAN STREET.

DISCOUNT of 20 per Cent. for Cash off regular prices, to prevent loss, in consequence of the Herald Proprietors being about to take down and rebuild their Property adjoining. The Stock is one of the Largest and Finest in the Kingdom, and is Suitable for all Classes, comprising an endless Variety of Useful and Ornamental Goods.

Tea Sets, 7s 6d to £25; Table Sets, 28s to £85; Dessert Services, 22s to £50; Toilet Sets, 7s to £15; Vases, 1s to £70 per pair; Glasses and Tumblers, 2s to 100s per dozen; Sugars and Creams, 4s 1 per pair and up. Also, Decanters, Caraffes, Butters, Jellies, Jugs, Teapots, Cheese Stands, Parian Figures, Flower Pots, Dresden Candelabra, and Mirrors, &c.

Depot for Minton's, Copeland's, Worcester, and Dresden Porcelain.

Inspection Invited. Goods can be Packed and Stored Free till May Term.

Will be prepared with a large NEW STOCK after Herald Buildings have been taken down.

ISLAY WHISKY.

W. & J. MUTTER,  
BOWMORE DISTILLERY,  
COUNTING-HOUSE, 41 ANN STREET, CITY, GLASGOW.



SHELDON'S  
HAIR RESTORER  
RESTORES Grey Hair to its Youthful Colour. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Causes a New Growth of Hair. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Removes Dandruff and all Impurities from the Hair. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Prevents the Hair from falling off or turning Grey.

May be had of any Chemist or Perfumer.

Price, 3s 6d.

DEPOT, 121 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

BROWN & LOWDEN,  
AUCTIONEERS and VALUATORS,  
14 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.

SALES of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, &c., conducted at the Owner's Premises, on Moderate Terms.

CASH ADVANCED.

BOUQUETS, BOUQUETS, BOUQUETS.

BRIDAL BOUQUETS, PRESENTATION BOUQUETS, DINNER TABLE BOUQUETS, COAT BOUQUETS, Hair, Preast, and Girdle Bouquets, ECCLESIASTICAL BOUQUETS.

FUNERAL BOUQUETS, SICK ROOM BOUQUETS.

Bouquets, Fresh, Fragrant, and Brilliant, suitable for every Purse and every Purpose.

NATURE'S MEMENTOES, ART'S TRIUMPH.

WALKER'S BOUQUETS,  
18 GORDON STREET.

CITY HALL ORGAN RECITALS.

The usual SATURDAY AFTERNOON RECITALS will be given by the City Organist, Mr LAMBETH, upon

SATURDAY FIRST,

at FOUR o'clock prompt. The Doors (Albion Street and Candleriggs) will be Opened at 3-30. Admission and Programmes of Music Free.

Chamberlain's Office, 30th Dec., 1878.

EXHIBITION of SELECTED PICTURES.

Oil and Water Colour.

WILLIAM BURNS, 162 Buchanan Street, Glasgow.  
Admission Free.

JOHN M. SIMPSON, Furniture Warehouse and Show-rooms, 60 GREAT CLYDE STREET, (Corner of Maxwell Street) Glasgow. One of the largest Stocks in the City. New Illustrated House Furnishing Guide to be had Free on application. The Cheapest Establishment in the City for Really Good Substantial Furniture of Artistic Design and Superior Finish. Quality Guaranteed.

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WASTE PAPER, Ledgers, Letters, Books, Ropes, Bagging, Tailors' Clips—bought at PAPER MILL STORE, 98 MAXWELL STREET.

OIL PAINTINGS  
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EXTENSIVE COLLECTION AT 338 SAUCHIEHALL ST  
WM. GENTLE, Picture Dealer, Wholesale & for Exportation  
Picture Frame and Room Mouldings.

THE BRIDGE HOTEL  
1 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

This Old-Established House, adjoining the Waverley Station, and opposite General Post Office, affords first-class accommodation for Commercial Gentlemen and others visiting the City (either on business or pleasure), having recently undergone extensive alterations and additions; entirely re-decorated and furnished in the most approved manner. Parties honouring the "BRIDGE" with their patronage will find every comfort, combined with cleanliness and attention. Cheerful Sitting-rooms.

CHARGES:—Breakfasts, from 1/ to 2/3; Dinners, from 1/9; Bed-room, 2/; Attendance, 1/ per day. GOOD STOCK ROOMS.  
JAMES M'GREGOR, PROPRIETOR.

THE ROYAL RESTAURANT,

79 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET.

C. WILSON & SON, Proprietors.

ADVERTISEMENTS received for all Papers, by A. F. SHARP & CO., 14 Royal Exchange Square,



# LIPTON'S

**Finest Selected NEW CURED SMOKED HAMs,**

Lean and Fresh as Steak, Cannot be Excelled at any Price, 7d PER LB.

Remember it is our Best Ham, 7d PER LB.; worth 1s 2d.

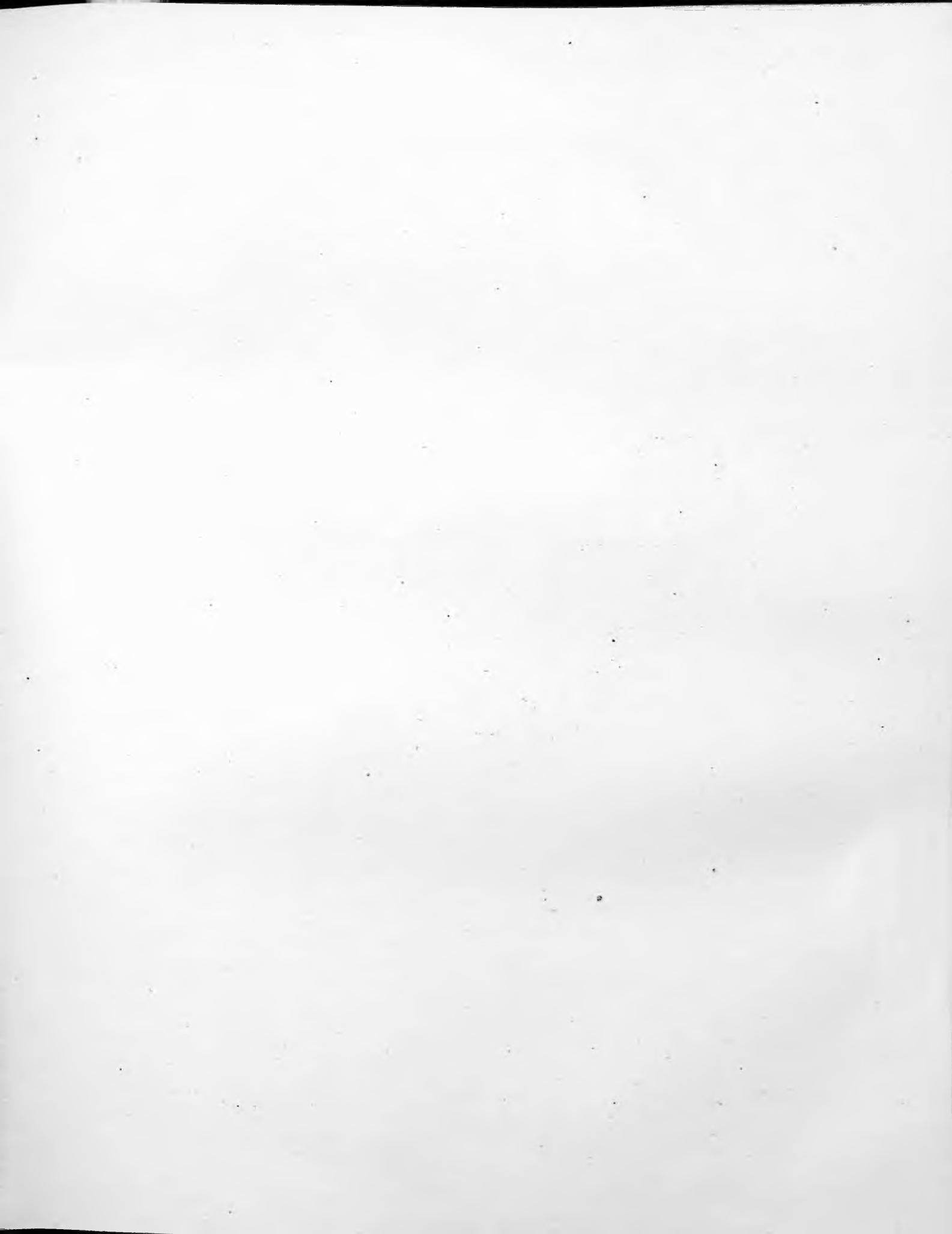
**BACON! BACON!**

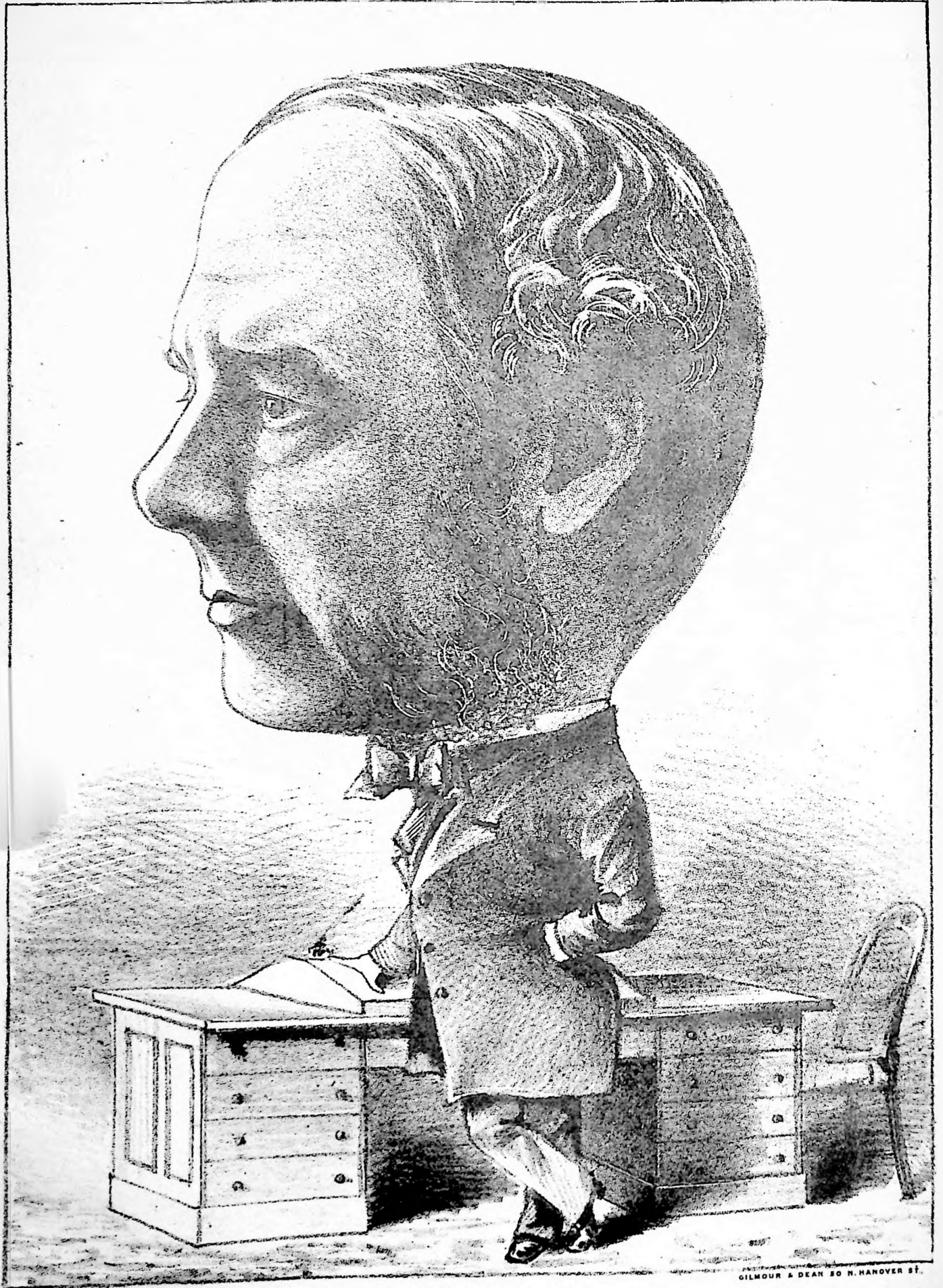
New Cured, Lean, and Well Dried, to be Sold at 3d and 3½d per lb.

# LIPTON'S

**IRISH MARKETS.**

**THE LARGEST RETAIL DEALER IN THE WORLD.**





# The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 332. Glasgow, Wednesday, February 26th, 1879. Price 1d

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 332.

THE City Bank has supplied material for the leading sensation of the last eight days in Glasgow. We had the examination in bankruptcy on Wednesday of Mr LERESCHE, Mr Morton appeared to give his evidence in the Matthew and Thielmann case on Friday, and the second half of the £500 call on the shareholders fell due on Monday. It is too early to speculate what will be the result of this last-named affair. It may ruin half of the contributors—two-thirds of them may be sent into the Bankruptcy Court—nay, even a larger number than two-thirds may find it impossible to meet the demands of the liquidators. With Mr Morton the BAILIE has already dealt. Those who crowded Sheriff Campion's Court on Friday had no difficulty in identifying the bold, assertive personage, who was questioned by Mr Guild, with the gigantic speculator, the Baron Grant of Scottish finance, with whose doings we have all become so familiar since the beginning of last October. The Magistrate would rather step aside any day than kick even a yelping cur, but yet he cannot help remarking, with regard to Morton and his doings, that little more than impudence has been at the bottom of both. Why, the man was the Baron Munchausen of business. He succeeded in gaining an ascendancy over a parcel of bigger fools than himself, and induced them to support his hair-brained speculations with money that was not their own; but this was all he could do. Every penny he got—and he admits that millions of pounds passed through his fingers—was simply pottered away, now in this and now in that silly, profitless scheme. James Morton is deficient in the prescience and promptitude which belongs to the true business charac-

ter. Impudent, brazen, full of the self-conceit which usually accompanies an eager, adroit brain, the story of his life has been told in the history of the ill-fated City Bank. And what Mr Morton was on a gigantic, that was Mr CHARLES LERESCHE on a comparatively moderate, but still sufficiently ruinous scale. The confessions of this precious Bank Secretary are instructive, if they are not very entertaining. Mr LERESCHE has all his life been an unsuccessful man. His non-success, however, never left him totally penniless. He is first known to Glasgow history as a *protege* of Mr James Nicol Fleming, on whose recommendation the Directors of the City Bank selected him to negotiate the purchase of various railway lines in the Western States of America; a purchase which was completed, and which now burdens the creditors of the Bank with the very worst of the many indifferent assets with which they have been gifted by Messrs Potter, Stronach, Taylor, & Co. Mr LERESCHE succeeded so well in his mission—so much good money was thrown absolutely away in connection with the affair—that the Directors found he could not be done without, and he was accordingly appointed, on his return to Glasgow, to the vacant Secretaryship of the concern. His career as Secretary is a matter of public notoriety. If he was innocent of doing that which he ought not to have done, that which ought to have been done by the Secretary of a banking company was at least left undone in his case. The one-half of his duties, indeed, as was explained at the trial of Potter and his confederates, were never transacted by Mr LERESCHE at all. They fell, now to Director Taylor, and now to Director Inglis, and on some occasions even poor little Innes Wright seems to have had his turn at making up the famous "Agenda Book," and otherwise acting as Secretary to the "Council of Seven." But if his

official duties sat lightly on Mr LERESCHE'S shoulders, if he made scant progress with the books of the Company, he was at least an adept at drawing money from the City coffers. He possessed one art in perfection—the art of borrowing. In the seven or eight years he was connected with the City Bank he became its debtor for no less than, in round numbers, £26,000. This clever commercial gentleman had the salary of an Under-Secretary of State; but not content with his proper income, he must needs, forsooth, go on 'Change, and become, like others of his kidney, a dabbler in mines and in railways. It is needless to ask what mines and what railways were favoured by his patronage. He did not, we may be sure, buy to hold. Gentlemen like Mr LERESCHE usually look to the turn of the market. They are interested in stocks that they hope will take a jump before next settling day. Going on 'Change, indeed, with them is another name for gambling. When you are too much given to dice or cards, when you frequent billiard-rooms, or bet on horses, respectability begins to look askance at you. Plunge as much as you like, however, in "Caleys," go in for a "rig" in North British, or try your luck in such capital stocks as "Marbella," or "Copper Consolidated," and you will continue to be thought much of, and regarded as an enterprising merchant—that is, of course, till you "burst." Even then, sometimes, your respectable friends won't quite desert you. What is your fate to-day may be theirs to-morrow. It would be dangerous for them to describe you as otherwise than "unfortunate." Too many of our modern men of business are sailing together in the same craft, and the vessel is neither very sea-worthy, nor is it of good report. All the money Mr LERESCHE drew from the Bank, together with various other sums of which he seems to have become possessed, were simply thrown away in gambling. He "plunged" heavily on the Stock Exchange, and, as he says himself, none of the stocks with which he meddled did any good. The upshot of the whole matter is, that Mr LERESCHE appeared in the Bankruptcy Court on Wednesday, and the state of his affairs having shown that he could pay his creditors next to nothing a-pound, he had the "statutory oath" administered to him by the presiding Sheriff, and he is now able to begin the world again with "a clean slate." The BAILIE has said nothing of Mr LERESCHE'S connection with the Bank in its latter days, but he may remark,

that subsequent to the stoppage, the Man you Know was subjected to a cruel and unmerited term of imprisonment. At the trial of the Directors Mr LERESCHE was specially complimented by the Lord Justice-Clerk, both for the manner in which he gave his evidence and for his evidence itself. Most of us have some redeeming point. Mr LERESCHE is evidently at his best when appearing in a Court of Justice.

### A Feeler.

"At the close of the examination, Mr Wylie Guild, speaking over the table, asked Mr Morton how he felt."—*Evening Paper.*

THIS Friday's exam. you've got over at last,  
And proved to the lawyers as slippery's an eel;  
So after you've blown such a terrible blast,  
The question must follow of, "How do you feel?"

You seemed pretty sharp, and you kept a cool head,  
In that bankruptcy business of Matthew & Thiel-  
Mann; yet, when the papers took down all you said,  
And all eyes were on you, pray "How did you feel?"

Some queer kind of work you have seen in your day,  
And doings of doubt you could no doubt reveal;  
But when the big Bank, in October, gave way  
With such a fierce crash—eh, "How did you feel?"

And when the Directors were caught one by one,  
And put within walls that they never could spiel;  
Did you ne'er cast a thought on these souls in their dun-  
Geons locked up in Duke Street?—well, "How did you feel?"

And then when that box of yours got noised abroad,  
(T'would prove goodly ballast when near the ship's keel,)  
That for some foreign climate was well on its road—  
In earnest now tell us, sir, "How did you feel?"

Furthermore, when on Sunday, within the church gate,  
Your right from your left hand you tried to conceal,  
And slipped, say, a hundred pound note in the plate—  
Oh kindly inform us, sir, "How did you feel?"

But when these same kirk folks (and kirk folk have cranks)  
Did that money of yours in an envelope seal,  
And sent it all back wth "Not any, sir, thanks!"  
Ods, banknotes and bankrupts! then, "How did you feel?"

Ah, what a sad season we've had, to be sure,  
And how many have neither had clothing nor meal;  
'Tis those with their thousands should look to the poor—  
How much are you worth, sir?—and "How do you feel?"

There's something far wrong—whose the fault we'll not say;  
But Time is the surgeon who all things will heal;  
Why, we'd rather sell milk in a very small way,  
Than be mixed with these bankruptcies—"How do you feel?"

CHANGE OF AYR.—"The directors" are being trotted about a deal. Asinus would trot them out much more—into every town in Scotland, and have them exhibited at so much a head, the proceeds to go to the fund for relief of the shareholders. Perhaps some of the latter would like to have a look at the convicts, by whose liability they have been almost, if not wholly, ruined.

The "Heart" of Mid-Lothian—Where always was—with a Scott-ish constituency.



The Grand Passion.

MISS AMY MILLEFLEUR was voted by everybody (except by the other young ladies present) to be out of sight the most distinguished girl at the Flashers' carpet dance last Thursday. Her dress was a quite too awfully lovely arrangement in amber and black, her little black slippers had amber rosettes, and her little black gloves had amber what's-his-names up the back. Her hair was frizzled as artfully as a Zulu Caffre's, and the general effect was almost sufficient to make the average male intellect reel upon its throne.

And still she was not happy. Indeed, how could she be? Had she not been at five hundred such things before? And had she not the prospect, if the end of the world and consummation of all sublunary affairs did not arrive with unexpected rapidity, of being at five hundred other such things? The people she met were just as dreadful bores as ever; the things they said to her were, if anything, rather sillier.

There were the people who asked her if she had had lots of skating this winter; the people who asked if she admired the new polka; the people who asked if she had been to the picture gallery; the people who asked if she had heard Halle's band; the people who asked if she was not awfully fond of dancing; the people who asked if she hadn't found this season very dull; and the people who asked what she thought about Whistler.

Gracious powers! Did she not know the whole catechism of small-talk till she was heart-sick of it! Why *will* people insist on boring her by saying things?

But a merciful Providence had arranged that Miss Amy's misery was not to be unchequered that evening.

On the principle that the darkest hour is just before the dawn, relief arrived while Miss Amy was waltzing with George Rackstraw. Everybody who knows George will be able to sympathize with Miss Amy. He was in splendid form that night, cannoning off every couple in the room, and bumping against the corner of the piano each time he came round; and during the pauses giving Miss Amy his opinion about Beethoven's symphonies or sonatas, or whatever they are called.

In the midst of this gymnastic performance Miss Amy caught sight of the very fellow she had seen at the Gallery the previous Saturday,

leaning against the doorway now as he had leaned against the mantelpiece then, and pulling at his gloves and stroking his moustache with all the old air of ineffable superiority to everything around him.

Extricating herself from Rackstraw's clutches as soon as she decently could, she sat down, and in a few minutes Lottie Flasher brought over the fellow from the doorway and introduced Mr Coldstream. They stood up for a "square" that was just then forming, and Miss Amy says she hasn't enjoyed anything so much for years. The way Coldstream has of sticking the tips of his fingers into his waistcoat pocket, the weary, pre-occupied look in his eyes, and his graceful habit of doing everything in the quadrille half a minute too late, were all admirably calculated to excite Miss Amy's admiration. One remark, and one only, did he vouchsafe to make—"Don't you think this sort of thing an awful bore?"—evidently referring to the quadrille. Miss Amy said she did, and then silence reigned again. What a splendid fellow he was, to be sure!

Her cup of happiness was almost brimful when Coldstream took her in to supper. How different he was from the sort of man who perpetually wants you to take some more potatoes, or to pull crackers with him! He never paid her the least attention, and never spoke but once. Said he, "Don't you think this sort of thing an awful bore?"—meaning apparently the cold chicken then on his plate. Again Miss Amy's answer was affirmative.

Then they had a waltz. Coldstream's method is stately and almost elephantine—indeed profane friends call it the "mammoth walk-round"—and the result of half-a-dozen turns was that Miss Amy's voluminous train was tightly banded round his legs. But Coldstream is always equal to himself. "Don't you think this sort of thing is an awful bore?" said he, without moving a muscle, while Lottie Flasher unrolled him as tenderly as antiquarians do an Egyptian mummy.

In a word, Miss Amy feels she has met her fate. A thousand timid flutterings beset her erst-while self-possessed soul. The once calm, icy heart is now the battlefield of contending emotions. Can this indeed be love? she asks herself. Meanwhile, Coldstream is prosecuting a few inquiries about old Millefleur's financial position, and the issue of these will doubtless exercise an important influence on Miss Amy's destiny.

## Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—The engagement of Mr Barry Sullivan at the Gaiety is proving, as I anticipated, a brilliant success. It would have been strange, however, if the event had turned out otherwise. Our art-loving public has long been *en rapport* with Mr Sullivan. They can appreciate the value of an adequate rendering of the great tragic characters of Shakespeare.

Upon the whole, perhaps *Hamlet* is Mr Sullivan's most satisfactory part. Its initial conception is good, and the manner in which this conception is embodied into fitting speech and gesture is wonderfully fine. There are many points, mind you, in which I differ from Mr Sullivan. His reading, for instance, of the scene in the second act between *Hamlet* and *Polonius*, especially his delivery of the phrase, "Except my life, except my life, except my life," seems lacking, in some measure, in subtlety, and I am far from satisfied with his excision, at the close, of the splendid line

. . . . . this fell sergeant death,  
Is strict in his arrest . . . . .

Taken altogether, however, the performance is an exceedingly noble one. To watch Mr Sullivan's *Hamlet* carefully, is to gain a fresh insight into the masterpiece of our imaginative literature.

Mr Sullivan appears to-night as *Macbeth*, to-morrow he will play *Mr Beverley* in "The Gamester," and on Wednesday "The Stranger," that most lugubrious of plays, is announced for performance.

Mr Coleman is still drawing capital houses at the Prince of Wales Theatre with "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The public don't seem to get tired of the slave drama. It has the double charm, you see, of novelty and old association.

We all cried a quarter of a century ago—those of us, at least, whose "beards are grey"—over the sufferings of the good old nigger who gives a title to Mrs Stowe's novel, and we laughed consumedly at *Topsy*, and all her works.

Well, I can't exactly ensure your readers a cry, my Magistrate, if they go up to the Prince of Wales this week, but I engage they'll have a proper laugh at the fun made by that little black girl who "specs she grow'd."

The performance of "Carmen" by Mr Mapleson's company at the Prince of Wales is sure to attract crowds to the house.

I expect, indeed, that all the coming week Mr Coleman's theatre will be filled nightly by our local lovers of music.

Mr Coleman and the other members of the committee are sparing no effort to make the arrangements for the Glover benefit at the Prince of Wales as complete as possible. A list of the performances on the occasion has already been published in the daily papers, and they are such as cannot fail to prove vastly popular.

The two representations of "Caste," by some of Mr Glover's private friends, must be "made a note of" by all admirers of Tom Robertson's famous Comedy. The *Eccles* is in no way a copy of George Honey, and, while less exaggerated, is almost as effective in its way as his famous embodiment of an ancient toper.

I have said that the ladies and gentlemen by whom "Caste" is to be played are Mr Glover's personal friends. In point of fact, one of them is his sister, and another his brother-in-law.

Mr Hubert O'Grady, the celebrated Irish comedian—our original *Shaughraun*—together with Mrs O'Grady and their well-organised company, appear to-night and during the week in Her Majesty's Theatre, South Side, in "The Gommoch."

The visit of Mr E. L. Knapp and his friends to the Edinburgh Princess's Theatre, has been received with great favour by the theatre-goers in "Auld Reekie."

The announcement has been already made that the Shakespeare Anniversary Entertainments at Stratford-on-Avon—which this year are to be on a scale of unprecedented completeness—are to take place under the direction of Mr B. Chatterton, and that Mr Sullivan and Miss Helen Faucit are to appear in the comedy of "Much Abo about Nothing." It is not so well-known, however, that Mr Sullivan's desire to do this homage to the mighty master is being carried out at no

small pecuniary cost. In order that he may have his hands clear for the occasion he has given up a pair of engagements—one week's engagement at Hull and one week's engagement at Leeds—and this, in round numbers, means something over £600 out of his own pocket. "They say" that you can best estimate how much a man values anything by what he will pay for it, and the saying, if somewhat coarse, is on the whole not very far from correct. Putting Mr Sullivan's feeling for Shakespeare to this test, it will be found that few men, either of our own or of any other generation have been more earnest in their love and veneration for our national dramatist.

I wonder whether a story I heard the other day about the Shakespeare Anniversary be correct. It was to the effect that Mr Irving had offered to give a performance of *Hamlet* at Stratford, but on learning that it had been arranged that Mr Sullivan should also appear as *Hamlet*, and that two days previous to the date fixed for Mr Irving's performance, the latter incontinently withdrew his offer. He will, I understand, however, devote the proceeds of one night's performance in London to the Shakespeare fund.

We all recollect Miss Adeline Stanhope in parts like *Ophelia* and *Lady Anne*. Her *Juliet*, three or four years ago at the Theatre Royal, was one of the finest representations of the "love-sick girl of old Verona" that I ever saw.

Miss Stanhope, I may tell your readers, now occupies an important position on the stage. She has just concluded a starring engagement in Aberdeen during which she supported such opposite parts as *Julia* and *Galatea*. Mr Gomersal's theatre was crowded to the ceiling every night of her stay, and the local papers were enthusiastic in her praise.

We shall have an opportunity, by the bye, of renewing our acquaintance with this accomplished lady in a couple of weeks. She has agreed, in the kindest manner, to visit Glasgow for the purpose of appearing at the Prince of Wales Theatre for the benefit of Mr William Glover. On Friday, the 14th prox., she will play the part of *Lady Teazle* to the *Sir Peter* of Mr Warden of Belfast, and on the following (Saturday) night she will be *Lady Macbeth*, the "Thane" of the cast being Mr Howard of Edinburgh.

Mr Airlie has arranged for another great Scotch night at the City Hall, on Saturday next.

Our country friends may be expected in great force at the Cattle Market to-morrow (Tuesday), on the occasion of the Annual Stallion Show of the Glasgow Agricultural Society.

You will be glad to hear that your valued friend—and one of Scotland's sweetest poets—Mr David Wingate, will soon publish a new volume of verse. It will issue from the press of Messrs. Blackwood. Mr Wingate's book will be as welcome as the spring flowers. He has been silent too long.

One of our own Glasgow business men is about to show us that poetry and business are not necessarily foes to one another. Messrs. Trubner will shortly publish translations from Heine, by Mr R. Snodgrass, of the firm of J. & R. Snodgrass, of this city. The author is a man of fine literary tastes and sympathies; and these translations, of which report speaks highly, are not likely to be the only specimens we shall have of his skill and culture.

An obituary notice in the *Herald* of Monday conveyed the intimation of the sudden death, on Sunday evening, of Alexander Murdoch, jun. Mr Murdoch was well known and well liked in Glasgow. Keenly interested in politics, familiar with every topic of local importance, and possessing a wide range of general information, he was a prominent personality in the large business circle of which he was a member. Mr Murdoch was gifted with one of the shrewdest brains going. He had the happy knack of doing the right thing or making the right remark at the moment when the action or the phrase seemed most *apropos*. His nature was essentially free and generous; the pleasure of helping others was one which he thoroughly understood, and in which he largely indulged. *Sit illi terra levis*.

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Question-able Books—Catechisms.

Something like a Catalogue.

ANYBODY could compile a catalogue of the pictures in any given exhibition. It requires no genius to do that. But to give a catalogue of pictures which will *not* be found in any given exhibition is indeed an enterprise of great pith and moment, and to that the BAILIE has manfully set himself, with the following result:—

- "The Lady and the Milliner," by the painter of "Pleased with a Feather."
- "Skilly and Oakum-picking," a companion work to "After the Bath."
- "The Ear-wig on the Tablecloth," by the painter of "The Pic-nic."
- "Early Morning—Hauling off Blankets," a companion work to "Early Morning—Hauling in Nets."
- "Portrait of James Nicol Fleming," after "The Wanderer."
- "With a Cinder in it," by the painter of "A Drink of Water."
- "A Group of the Unemployed," after "Those Lazy Men."
- "The New Pair of Shoes," a companion work to "Torture."
- "Buchanan Street at three in the Afternoon," by the painter of "Time and Place."
- "Bonnet Monday," a companion work to "The Gala Day."
- "The Duffer," by the painter of "The Amateur."
- "Looking for the next City Bank Call," after "The Pleasures of Hope."
- "Portrait of Harry Alfred Long," by the painter of "The Controversialist."
- "The Cut Direct," a companion work to "The Recognition."
- "Binding the BAILIE for 1878," after "Collecting Last Year's Leaves."
- "Policeman X 21," by the painter of "Ready for the Cook."
- "A City Church on a Sunday," a companion work to "Solitude."
- "A Friend of Mr Gladstone's," a companion work to "A Pasha."
- "Mr Martin and the Lord Provost," after "Modesty and Impudence."
- "A Five-act Opera in Thunder and Three-penny bits," by the painter of "A Nocturne in Snow and Silver."
- "The Evening Times and the Evening News," a companion work to "War to the Knife."
- "In the Perambulator," by the painter of "On the Cart."
- "Learning to Skate—Lochburnie," after "Four Falls—Killarney."
- "Up at every Dance," a companion work to "Wallflowers."
- "A Bashi-bazouk," by the painter of "Mangling done here."

AN IRISH "QUARTETTE."—The following interesting sentence occurs in the report of a grand concert held in Coleraine, which is published in the *Chronicle* of that town:—"Come where my Love lies dreaming" was sung as a "quartette magnificently, by Miss M. Doherty, Miss Shiel, Miss K. M. Colgan, Mr Joseph Doherty, and Mr John Mains!"

A Subterranean "Vault"—A jump into a coal pit.

Half in "Jest" and Half in "Earnest"—Jeer. With whom does Time Stand Still withal?—With the un-wound-up clock.

An Art "Title"—The Greek chiton.

The Lay of the Impecunious.

A SONG FOR THE TIMES.

(Air—"The Chough and Crow.")

WITH cough and cold to roost I've gone,  
And that without my tea;  
Coal fetches such a price per ton,  
We're cold as charity.  
No bright fire glows within the fen-  
Der, gas bills we can't pay;  
So don't get up, my merry, merry men,  
But stop in bed all day.

Chorus (*fortissimo*.)

'Twill save the coals, my merry, merry men,  
Let's lie in bed all day.

No nurse can we afford to keep,  
No, not for half-an-hour;  
The children to their cots must creep  
To dream of bread and flour—  
(To dream is all that's left us, when  
We cannot pay our way);  
So don't get up, my merry, merry men,  
We'll stay in bed to-day.

Chorus (*sotto voce*.)

Economise, my merry, merry men,  
Stop where you are all day.

No board so light as ours is now,  
No Brussels on the floor;  
No cold meat left—though I'll allow  
Cold *shoulder's* yet in store:  
For no one cares to know us when  
Our cash has flown away;  
Stay where you are, my merry, merry men—  
There's nothing more to pay;

Chorus (*con st epito*.)

No extra charge, my merry, merry men,  
Let's lie in bed all day!

"YOUR HEAD IS STUFFED WITH THE LAW."  
—We are having the law, according to Guthrie, published in one of our daily prints. The Animile has tried over the following conundrum, sixteen and a half lines, but has had to give it up. It is as follows:—"Thus, suppose that A, the proprietor of a farm or houses, marries C in 1863 by whom he has three sons. C dies in 1873, and A, in 1676, marries B." How the deuce one fellow can get married a second time two hundred years before the death of his first wife is one of those things no other fellow understands. Rip's sleep isn't in the hunt.

THE MAIL ON AN EVENING CONTEMPORARY.

The *Times* is out of joint, oh cursed spite,  
That ever we were born to set it right.

A Building Regulation—In architecture there's too much of "high" art. What is wanted is *breadth*.

The Dress Circle—A round of fashion.

A Due Drop—A drop by Marwood,

## Quavers.

THE burgh of Partick cannot be said to have given much attention hitherto to music, and it is in that respect behind other townships on the outskirts of Glasgow. The magistracy of the place can, however, boast of the possession of a very fine hall, though, unless we have been very unobservant, not much use has been made of it for recreative purposes of a worthily fitting character.

But Partick has now wakened up to its musical responsibilities, and its hall was on Friday night occupied by an audience brought together for the concert of the new Partick Musical Association. This society consists apparently of some seventy-five members, and is conducted by Mr Duncan Smyth. This concert was their first public appearance.

Sullivan's "On Shore and Sea" occupied the first part—that is, as far as the society was concerned, for the concert was introduced by an organ solo, not, we must say, of the most cheerful character. As before remarked of this cantata, it is sketchy and uninteresting; and, unfortunately, no book of words was placed in possession of the audience, making it a very likely thing indeed that not ten per cent. of their number could tell what on earth it was all about.

It was not, however, till the second part of the programme that the point of attainment reached by the society could be fairly determined, but it is pleasant to say that the choral singing is highly promising. The bass and alto are the best parts, the latter few in number, but effective—the alto solo from Hummel was, by the way, most artistically sung, as was also the duet from "Le Nozze." The tenor inclines to flatten, evidently, but a little care will correct this. The soprano is weakish in volume, but fresh and agreeable.

On the whole, without entering into details, the Partick society, it is to be said, made a very good first appearance, combining the charitable too to some purpose on the occasion, in having charged for their tickets, and given the proceeds to the Unemployed Fund. Mr Smyth is to be complimented on the state of efficiency to which he has already brought the society. Mr Berry (aided by an amateur) was, as usual, a valuable accompanist.

A clever part-song, "A Franklyne's Dogge," by Mr A. C. Mackenzie, sung at this concert, is worth a paragraph. It is of the catch class of writing, and apparently tells best with four single voices, as so sung. It seemed to please immensely.

One would have thought that few or none were ignorant that a vocal quartette meant a piece to be sung by four voices. But as if it were yet necessary, the explanation was to be noticed on a concert programme last week. That odious phrase, "mixed voices," was used too in connection. One wonders if it was a confectioner who invented it, it reminds so of sweets-shop mixtures.

Mr Frederick Archer's lectures on the organ should be attractive and instructive. The second, it will be noticed, takes place on Thursday evening, in the New Halls. By the way, Mr Archer's book on the organ is one of the most complete works of the kind that has appeared of late years—a sort of modern Rinck's "Organ School," as it may be regarded.

The Ayr Choral Union will take up Mozart's first Mass in C for the second concert of the season, and probably also Handel's Coronation Anthem, "Zadock the Priest." Both selections are of a broad type, full-chorussed, so to speak, but yet light.

A "recital of sacred music" takes place this evening (26th), in Henderson Memorial Church, Overnewton Square, "by a select choir." The definition "sacred" has been stretched a little, so as to take in such as "The Angel's Whisper" and the readings, "The Bells," and "King Robert of Sicily" (Mr Harrower). The selection seems altogether a good one. A collection is to be made for the benefit of the unemployed.

That was a delightful concert in the New Halls on Saturday evening. The singing was so uniformly artistic, and the selections (with one exception—"Bonnie sweet Bessie," a very poor imitation of the Scotch style, that had best be sung out of Scotland) so piquant, apropos, and attractive, that the enjoyment of

the evening was perfect in its way. M. Musin's violin playing lent an agreeable variety. There was a first-rate attendance.

The company, which includes the incomparable Trebelli, augurs well for the success of the opera series to be commenced next week, and which opens with the now famous "Carmen," considered to be the best lyrical work since "Faust."

Madame Pappenheim is certainly the most powerful vocalist since Titjens. Probably, however, Madame Pappenheim occupies the same relation as yet to Madlle. Titjens that the latter did to Grisi when succeeding that great singer—in respect of experience and quality of voice—there being yet wanting that mellow fulness which we associate with Titjens. But it is a true remark that we cannot judge fairly of operatic artists from platform singing.

The concert by Mr Lambeth's Choir—the second of the subscription series (is it necessary to remind anybody?)—comes off on Thursday evening first, in the Queen's Rooms.

The Glasgow Select Choir announce a concert for Saturday evening next (1st March) in the New Halls. They have made some first-rate selections, in which are embraced a variety of styles of composition. Of the selections may be noted Pearsall's spirited part-song, "When Allen-a-Dale went a-hunting;" in the same class, Mr Archer's characteristic part-song, "The Chase," and a humorous piece of writing by Silas, "The Owl," also, Festa's evergreen "Down in a Flow'ry Vale." There is also Schumann's picturesque "Gipsy Life;" and, among the softer music, "Daylight is fading," by Henry Leslie, considered the very finest of modern part-songs, and "Wake thou, O darling," by Celier, an agreeable composition. One of Mendelssohn's twenty-four open-air part-songs is to be sung, "Early Spring;" also, Gounod's "Trumpet Blow," with organ accompaniment, which will give somewhat of an orchestral effect to it. Mr Archer's "The Deil cam' fiddlin' through the town," a decided hit, is another important item; then "Afton Water," old setting, and a Christmas carol or two, will, with some other organ music, &c., make a most attractive concert.

## A "RUN" ON THE BANK.

(Apropos of the late Bank-scare.)

(Scene—Country town, branch bank; enter farmer who has just heard that the Bank is in "difficulties.")

*Farmer* (in breathless excitement, placing his deposit receipt for £5 on the counter)—Ma siller! ma siller! Come on wi' ma siller, sir!

*Banker* (smiling)—Will you have it in gold or notes?

*Farmer* (stoutly)—I want nane o' them sir; I'll tak' naething but siller, for it was siller that I gied you, and I'll no' go oot at the door without it.

[The farmer having received his money in as small change as possible, counts it twice and departs "smiling."]

A "FIGURE" SUBJECT.—His Worship has to find fault with the number-tickets on the pictures in the Exhibition by the Institute. If this form of 3 were used it would be more easy to distinguish between 3 and 5.

Hamilton Nimmo's "Creep afore ye gang," "Let me ken hoo the Bairns are at Hame," "Hoo can ye gang, Laddie," and "Crookit Bawbee," are the popular modern Scotch Songs and duets.—H NIMMO, Ayr, and all Music Sellers, 1s 6d and 2s, net.

Reflections at an Orchestral Concert.

ARE the Smiths and the Robinsons here from an insatiable thirst for music, or because the Browns and the Joneses said they were going? And are the Browns and the Joneses here because they like it, or because they think it the proper thing?

The line, "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," must surely be an extravagant exercise of poetic licence. At all events, three hours of orchestral music are sufficient to make the gentlest breast savage.

Instrumentation's my vexation,  
Concertos are twice as bad,  
An overture I can't endure,  
And a symphony drives me mad!

Would the same audience sit through as long a service in church of a Sunday, without falling asleep? And if not, why not?

Why should a man, who can enjoy such a surfeit of music, invariably give himself superior airs? A man who could eat a whole leg of mutton at a sitting would not be likely to boast of the feat. Why should an inordinate appetite for music be considered a more praiseworthy thing than an inordinate appetite for mutton?

Life is too short for fifty-minute symphonies.

An overture by Mendelssohn is, for whistling purposes, decidedly inferior to "My Grandfather's Clock."

The situation of those of the audience who are next the brasses, while a selection of Wagner's is being performed is, to put it mildly, unenviable. They cannot possibly get a wink of sleep.

Where the dooce is my hat?

"TA FORCE."—At last week's meeting of the Glasgow Philosophical Society a paper was read on "the use of the term 'Force' by modern writers on physics," whereanent the BAILIE'S own "med." observes that however modern writers on physics may use the term, it is applied by modern students of physic to an antagonistic and objectionable body destined for maltreatment, if not for annihilation!

The first meeting of Mr Ruskin's "Guild of St. George" took place last week at Birmingham—a fit birthplace, says the BAILIE, for a Brummagem Utopia.

Mr James Morton professed last week to tell "a plain, unvarnished tale." Naturally. To varnish his great deeds would be to paint the lily!

Flat, Stale, and Unprofitable—Business.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the examination of Mr Morton was expected to be the great affair of the week. That it turned out a very little affair after all. That his plain and explicit explanations were perfectly marvellous.

That Mr Matthew seems to have been the big man in the firm—according to Mr Morton.

That the teetotallers are determined to run a Permissive Bill candidate at next election.

That the sewage question was fully discussed at last meeting of Council.

That it's an unsavoury subject.

That after a day's talkee-talkee our sewage is with us still.

That Glasgow is about to purchase another "white elephant."

That "Houston Moss" will swallow up a good many of the ratepayers' pound notes.

That 'Arry Halfred has had to pay more for his "Little Sisters'" pamphlet than he expected.

That in future 'Arry will publish only what he writes himself.

That a little thing in Glasgow serves to keep your name before the public.

That the Unemployed Relief Fund has been exhausted.

That the Trustees are in debt upwards of £1,000.

That they expect the charitable citizens will wipe this out.

That the second half of the first call of the City Bank has now become payable.

That another effort is being made to get the depositors to accept a composition.

That the depositors don't see it,

That they never participated in the big dividends.

That the School Board teachers are anxious to have their salaries increased.

That the Education Act has been a good friend to the dominies.

The BAILIE ever loves to cull "elegant extracts" from the columns of his daily contemporaries. The latest specimen is the conclusion of a leader, which observes of a political opponent that, "lacking the courage to offend even an imbecile, he exhibited by turns a melancholy spectacle of timidity and truculence." Talk of Eatanswill after that!

A REGULAR CELL.—In Bauldie's philosophy it just comes to this that when the honeymoon has run dry it ends in whacks.

# COLOSSEUM.

SPRING, 1879.

## Gentlemen's and Boys' Hat Department.

OUR MR BINNIE is at present in the Markets Buying SPRING GOODS, which he says NEVER WERE CHEAPER, and that we will be enabled to SURPASS IN VALUE even our former LOW LIST for HIGH-CLASS GOODS.

We will also be able to Show the LARGEST SELECTION of the NEWEST SHAPES ever seen in one Warehouse in Scotland.

Fifty per Cent. more than our prices is charged by the ordinary Retailer, and nowhere are better Goods obtainable. Please Call and Inspect.

## MILLINERY & LADIES' HAT DEPARTMENT.

We are now showing the NEW SPRING SHAPES, Immense Variety. SPECIAL NOTICE TO LADIES.—The Great Event of 1879 will be our SHOW OF NOVELTIES IN MILLINERY at the End of March. Particulars Shortly. Do not Buy till you see what we are Showing.

# Walter Wilson & Co.,

WHOLESALE HAT MANUFACTURERS,

MILLINERS, &c.,

70 JAMAICA ST.

# GREAT SALE OF SHIPWRECKED GOODS,

CONSISTING OF

WHITE AND UNBLEACHED CALICOES, HORROCK'S LONGCLOTH'S, TOWELLINGS,  
TOILET COVERS, TABLECLOTHS, TABLE NAPKINS, COTTON SHEETINGS BLANKETS, &c., &c.,

ALSO

GREAT SALE OF COSTUMES, EVENING DRESSES, JACKETS, DRESS GOODS, CRETONNES, &c.  
GRAND DISPLAY OF EXHIBITION CURTAINS AND EXHIBITION TABLE NAPERY.

**MESSRS COPLAND & LYE**, now announce another Lot of Extraordinary Bargains as named above. The Shipwrecked Goods are merely wet, being, in fact, none the worse, yet subject to the reductions quoted in Shipwreck Paragraph. Messrs C. & L. call special attention to their Sale of London and Paris Costumes, Evening Dresses, &c., all specially reduced for This Week's Sale. They would also call attention to their Grand Display of Exhibition Curtains as exhibited by Messrs Copestake, Hughes, & Co., in the late Paris Exhibition. Also to their High-Class Stock of Paris Napery from the late Exhibition. Lovers of really Fine Linen Goods will consider a sight of these Rare Goods quite a treat.

**C O P L A N D & L Y E,**  
CALEDONIAN HOUSE, 165 AND 167 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

**GENTLEMEN'S  
HIGH-CLASS CLOTHING**  
AT EXTREMELY MODERATE PRICES  
TERMS CASH  
**W. C. THOMSON 65 & 67 UNION ST.**

**6<sup>D</sup>** HAIR CUT AND SHAMPOOED. **6<sup>D</sup>**  
M'LEAN, 96 MITCHELL STREET

**NEW PUBLIC HALLS.**  
**GLASGOW SELECT CHOIR,**  
SATURDAY, MARCH 1ST, 1879.

The Programme will include Several Pieces not previously  
Performed in Glasgow.

MR ARCHER WILL PERFORM ON THE GRAND ORGAN.

Tickets—Balcony, 2s; Area, 1s. At principal Music Sellers'.  
Concert at 8.

**SOLD EVERYWHERE,**  
**HENRY THOMSON & CO'S**  
OLD  
**IRISH WHISKY.**

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—  
**ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.**

**DAVISON'S  
CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE  
GINGER BEER.**

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE  
YEAR ROUND;" WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC.  
As supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

**THOMAS DAVISON,**  
DISPENSING CHEMIST,  
126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

# THE BAILIE.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 26th, 1879.

**L**AST Tuesday the BAILIE hinted that we were threatened with some fresh commercial complications in Glasgow. He intimated that at least one large property syndicate was in trouble, and that the members of two or three other similar combinations were beginning to find themselves in deep water. The coming Spring, he further said, was more than likely to prove a difficult season for property speculators generally. The warning has grown into fact much more speedily than the Magistrate anticipated. Following up the clue he had given, the *Herald* appears to have made a series of investigations into the matter, the result of which was a sufficiently ominous article on Wednesday last.

Neither the warning of the BAILIE nor the article in the *Herald* came a moment too soon. One syndicate has already received its death-warrant, and the fortunes of two or three others are trembling in the balance. Let us hope that the ruin of these pernicious combinations will not have taken place in vain. Every honest trader in the city has been rack-rented for years. House, office, and especially shop rents, have gone up since 1870 by leaps and bounds, till they are now out of all proportion to the incomes of our middle and shop-keeping classes. So long as house property was merely held as a speculation, rents were bound to be extravagant, but now that the speculators are coming, one by one, before the Sheriff, and their various estates are being sent into the market to fetch what they can bring, house rents will naturally return, if not to their former rate, at least to one that has a much closer relation to the income of the tenant than any that has ruled for years. The present crisis in the fortunes of these men of straw has little, if any, connection with the difficulties rising out of the stoppage of the City Bank. It is nothing more than the natural result of an undue desire to grow rich by people who were in no way particular as to what means they employed.

#### What the Airdrie Folk are Saying.

THAT trade is not looking up.  
That the destitute will suffer now that the kitchen is closed.  
That the funds on hand should be spent on those who are really destitute.  
That a line from a "shepherd" is not the best way to find out those who are needy.  
That the shepherds are always anxious to give a line.  
That in these days of competition it sometimes adds to their flock.

A HARE-IBLE TALE.—A local reporter says that at a recent coursing-match "the hares were all on foot"—a statement over which the BAILIE opened his eyes "some." "Is it possible," thought his Worship, "that, since the days when I indulged now and then in field-sports, mawkin has set up a carriage, or gone in for horse-exercise? My conscience! I'll no believe 't!"

The French Government is accused of "trembling before a dozen journalists." And well they may tremble. "Small blame to them," as Pat says, when half the Governments of the world tremble before *one* journalist. The BAILIE consults alike the intelligence of his readers and his own modesty by refraining from naming that journalist.

#### Beautiful Snow.

(With a Drift.)

OH! the snow, the beautiful snow!  
(This is a parody, please you to know;  
Over and over again you may meet  
Parodies writ on this poem, so sweet;  
Rhyming, chiming, skipping along  
Comical bards think they do nothing wrong;  
Striving to follow what others have done,  
One to the number may keep up the fun.)  
Beautiful snow, so gently you scud,  
Pure for a minute—then dirty as mud.

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow!  
Here's a fine mess you have left us below;  
Chilling our feet to the tips of our toes;  
Cheekily landing full pert on our nose;  
Jinking, slinking, ever you try  
'Neath our umbrella to flop in our eye;  
Gamins await us at every new street,  
Watching us carefully guiding our feet;  
Joking, mocking, ready to throw  
A hard-compressed ball of this beautiful snow.

O go, go, most beautiful snow;  
Lift and make way for the rake and the hoe;  
'Tis not alone that poor mortals you pelt,  
Crocuses cannot pop up till you melt;  
Needy, seedy, shivering with cold,  
The pen 'tween my fingers I scarcely can hold;  
Think of me all in my garret alone,  
Think now how threadbare my jacket has grown;  
Poets and birds are awaiting to sing—  
The burden of poets is ever the spring.

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow!  
To some other climate may't suit you to go;  
Look at the date—'tis very near March—  
Our yet unploughed meadows are all white as starch;  
Angry, anxious, tearing their hair,  
Our farmers are really beginning to swear;  
Never a thing they've been able to sow;  
Never a thing they can do till you go;  
Beautiful snow, Oh never say No,  
Leave us till Christmas; goodbye; Is that so?

["Praise from Sir—" David Wedderburn!

SIR DAVID WEDDERBURN does not think that his opponent, the Solicitor-General "would ever venture to shake his fist at the Treasury Bench"—a Plimsollian achievement, which Sir David evidently admires vastly. Mr Macdonald ought to congratulate himself upon receiving credit for being neither a savage nor a maniac.

["PUT AN ENEMY INTO HIS MOUTH," ETC.  
Shakespeare—"Oh, that man *should*."  
Spirit-seller—"Oh, that man *would*."  
Unemployed—"Oh, that man *could*."

AN ILLUSTRATION IN BUILDING NEWS.—There is some talk of there being built a Foundling Hospital for the reception of the numerous "babies" that of late have been left in the hands of speculators.



Megilp.

AN artistic friend of mine, who is at present in London, and whose opinion is worth having, writes to me that:—"The Grosvenor Gallery disappointed me very much. English water-colour art, as represented there, has degenerated awfully, but I think it is like the summer Exhibition—the exhibition of a clique principally. Honestly speaking, I would not give the few Sam Boughs that are there for all the rest. His works show to great advantage, though, I daresay, the Londoners do not think so. I was much better pleased with the Exhibition of the Society of Water-Colour Painters, where Lockhart tells very well. There are some first-rate drawings in this Exhibition. In the French Gallery there are, as usual, some excellent things. De Neuville's large picture of "Le Bourget" is a masterpiece. The Albert Gallery is a very poor affair. The Dudley Gallery (water-colour) opens shortly; and sending-in day for the Society of British Artists is about the end of the month."

Mr Hamilton Macallum was in town last week, and I had the pleasure of seeing two large pictures by him, which I have no doubt will appear on the Royal Academy walls at the approaching Exhibition. In one of them—"Bathers"—we have boats at anchor, and boys bathing from them, and revelling with all the abandonment of healthy youth in salt-water, nakedness, and sunshine. There is an expanse of sea, sparkling with light, varied here and there with subtle reflections and cool shadows; and beyond the sea lies a finely graduated background of sand and landscape. This is altogether a satisfactory picture: full of exquisite work, and sound and wholesome thought. Looking at it, we seem to stand in presence of "the life, the light, the joy, that to summer days belong."

Mr Macallum's other picture shows us two girls resting on a bank close to the sea, one of them busy taking the husks from hazel nuts they have just gathered, the other watching intently her companion's occupation. Beside them lies a dog—one of the features of the scene. It is admirably drawn. The figures of the girls, the greens, and the mellowing tints of the copse, and the flow of the water against the rocks—we can almost hear its gurgling lap—are all worthy of high praise. Mr Macallum returned to London last Saturday. He has made good use of his time in Scotland.

When you go to Messrs Kay & Reid's exhibition, look at a strong bit of colour by Mr J. A. Fitzgerald—"Cardinal Wolsey;" at "In the Lewes," by Mr Sam Bough; "In the Grey Dawn," by Ter Meulen; "Sailing the Boat," by Israels; "At Neuilly," by De Nittis; "Among the Barley," by Mr A. Davidson; "The Moon is on the Waters," by Mr J. A. Aitken; and "Old Courtyard at Cardross," by Mr David Murray.

In the Institute Exhibition, "By the Burnside," by Mr A. M'Glashan, shows fine colour. Mr Peter Buchanan has given us effective, faithful work in "When Gloamin' haps the Glen." The feeling here is true, and the lights and shadows are well managed.

In "A Cast on the Linn," we have a well-posed figure and good accessories, from Mr Joseph Henderson. "The Waterfall," which attracts much attention, I have already spoken of at length. One of the best parts in this picture is the painting of the wet rocks to the left, where Mr Henderson has put much clever, careful work. Yet, after all, I prefer Mr Henderson by the seaside. There he seems completely at home.

"An Oakwood, Spring," by Mr W. D. M'Kay, is slight, but suggestive, with its scattered lights and good colour. "Field Work in Spring," also by Mr M'Kay, has really spring feeling.

"Cows Drinking" by M. Maris should be studied by all young artists who aim at breadth before they have learned how to secure correctness. There is breadth here, but it is the breadth that comes from knowledge. The tender suggestiveness, the delicate manipulation, the light and the poetry of this picture, make it a little gem.

In "The March of Montrose down Glen Nevis," by Mr John Houston, we have a band of masqueraders and theatrical supers trying to look like real Highland dare-devils. They can't do it, however; it isn't in them. Mr Houston is capable of much stronger work than this.

"Alphonsus" Redivivus.

A PERSON calling himself "Frater Aloysius" is announced as about to "lecture" in Cranstonhill Free Church, appearing "in his monastic robes." Remembering the last occasion on which Glasgow was favoured with the appearances of a performer of this description, most right-thinking people will wonder, with the BAILIE, how a Christian pastor and congregation can lend themselves to such an exhibition. One would imagine a renegade friar would be rather ashamed than otherwise of his monastic garb; and that he should parade it, whether in mockery or not, is discreditable alike to himself and to those who encourage him to burlesque the forms of a sister church before an audience admitted at sixpence a-head.

"Personal."

ACCORDING to Mr Morrison, "all the personal opinions expressed at the Council are cut out of the papers the morning after they are uttered, and pasted into portfolios." If this be so, and if the portfolios in question be the private portfolios of the members of Council, surely Mr Martin must have the biggest collection. The "personal" opinions uttered by Jeems must outnumber those of all his colleagues together!

A NOCTURNE IN BLACK AND BLUE.

Now is the winter of the discontent  
Of those who long in populous city pent,  
Locked out of labour by hard times or frost,  
Or strikes that strike in work and value lost,  
Their wages won not, and their savings spent,  
Their bills that run not, and their running rent,  
Shut out from adding to the wealth of nations,  
Shut up in prospects—to put up with patience.

Bauldy hails with pleasure the announcement of a new book entitled "Notes from Shady Spots," which he thinks will give some news of J. Nicol Fleming, Alexander Collie, and other birds of passage who migrated when the country became too hot for them, unlike the feathered bipeds, which only quit the land when the cold weather sets in. Bauldy was explaining to his grannie the other evening how Nicol Fleming had betaken himself to Spain, when the kind old lady replied, "It's a wonnerfu' peety the rascal didna spane himsel' afore he helpit tae sook the pair Ceety Bank dry."

A Shooting Star—Zazel.

Smokers,—Try Wallach Smoking Mixture, 6d per ounce  
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Jeems Kaye gets his Hair Cut.

**M**ACHINERY, machinery, a' things are dune noo by machinery, biscuit making, corking bottles, making bobbins, sewing on buttons, even the very mules in the tramway cars are clipped by machinery; in fact they tell me they've noo got a machine that can talk. It's a blessing they havena found oot ony plan for biling kettles or cooking taties by machinery; faith I'm wrang, for noo gas stoves are a' the go, baith in restaurants for cooking and in offices for warming. Hooever, BAILIE, my customers lie principally amang a class that are no' much gien tae new-fangled notions, they boil the broth and mak' their tea in the auld way, and the sale o' the hauf hunerweights goes briskly on, for which I'm thankfu'.

It's no' often I get my hair cut at a barber's. Betty aye does it, and frae lang experience and judicious calculation she can manage pretty weel. Tae be sure I've nae great crop tae get cut, but that jist mak's me the mair carefu' o' what I hae, and when Betty gets her specs on and a tooel round my neck, dod she can pick awa' at it wunerfu'.

Hooever, as I had an invitation tae attend a party at oor minister's the ither nicht, I thocht I wid lay oot tippence for ance and get my hair cut in style and my whiskers rounded; sae I slippit intae a barber's shop, where the razors were flourishing aboot like squibs on a Queen's birthday. They wid hae made short work o' a dizzen o' Zulus yonder, I'm thinking. While waiting for an empty chair I had a look at a decent auld body that was getting shaved. The barber had him gruppit firmly by the nose while he flourished the razor, and a' at ance the body gaed a sneeze, and I declare I thocht the neb o' his nose was sliced aff. It's kittle wark yon; I aye dae it at hame wi' the door locked in case o' disturbance.

I sat doon at last and the barber body cut and cut, and nippit here and nippit there, and twisted my head and screwed my neck, and squeezed my head doon and then jerked it up—and a' the time him dancing aboot like a hen on a het girdle, and I daurna speak for the shop wis fou'. If Betty had used me yon way I wid hae gien her a word or twa, I'm thinking. He then got a haud o' a kin' o' roon whirlimigig that wis hinging frae the roof jist like a roon hair brush, and turning it roon he began on me. At first I thocht my head wis tae be knockit aff, then I thocht it wis intended tae tak' oot the loose hair, but I faund oot it wis jist a new-

fangled notion wi' naething in't but novelty. It did its wark weel, but nae better than I could dae mysel'. Maybe, hooever, the body hadna put on full pressure, my head being pretty bare and tender. He first went up the tae side and then doon the tither, then up the front and doon the back, and then roon and roon the tap'till he put a fine polish on. Then he slippit the tooel aff, and it was a' done.

I'm quite dumfounded yet. There's a singing in my head, and a roaring in my left lug, like the soond o' a waterfa'; but I trust I'll win' ower't, and survive a wee langer in this vale o' tears and new-fangled notions.—Yours,

JEEMS KAYE.

“‘The Prussian Diet,’” read Demagogos, “‘was closed yesterday.’ What atrocious tyranny! Not content with repressing debate and gagging the press, that monster Bismarck actually shuts off the people's grub! *Mort aux tyrans!*”

A certain great lady from abroad, having expressed a desire to preserve a strict incognito during her visit to the Sister Island, our dailies show their courtesy by chronicling her movements with the greatest gusto. *Rien n'est sacré à un—journaliste!*

It seems that the cavalry-horses now being despatched to South Africa are all “of a dark colour.” Let's hope our rulers have another “dark horse” in the shape of a decent general.

A Reciprocity Agitation—Mr Hardup Spoonyman's vigorous attempt to make Miss Angelica Hardcash “reciprocate” his *disinterested* attachment.

COMING EVENTS.—In the decline and fall of banks the issuing of a false balance-sheet might almost be taken as a prey-monetary symptom.

Any Made Version—'Twas after Asinus was in “Duke Street” that he published his poem “Owed to Solitude.”

Warehouse Architecture — The glass of fashion, and the “mould” of form.

Played Out—O'Moneyowe's bankruptcy was a perfect farce—“Books and *Cooks.*”

A Nocturne—Portrait of a (k)night.

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(Pupil of Mr Vallance.)

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And Mr WM. GOURLAY in his great character of "BAULDY."

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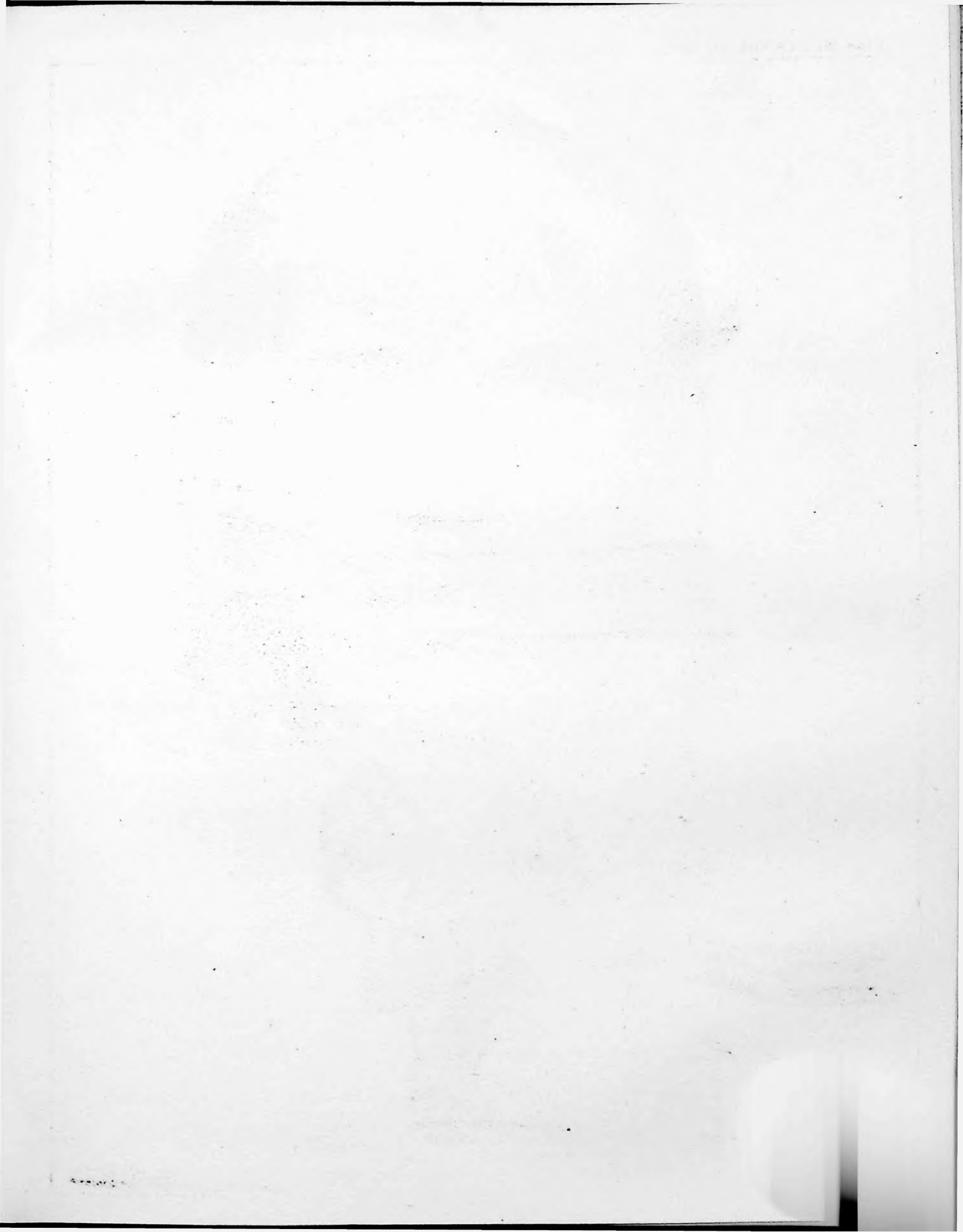
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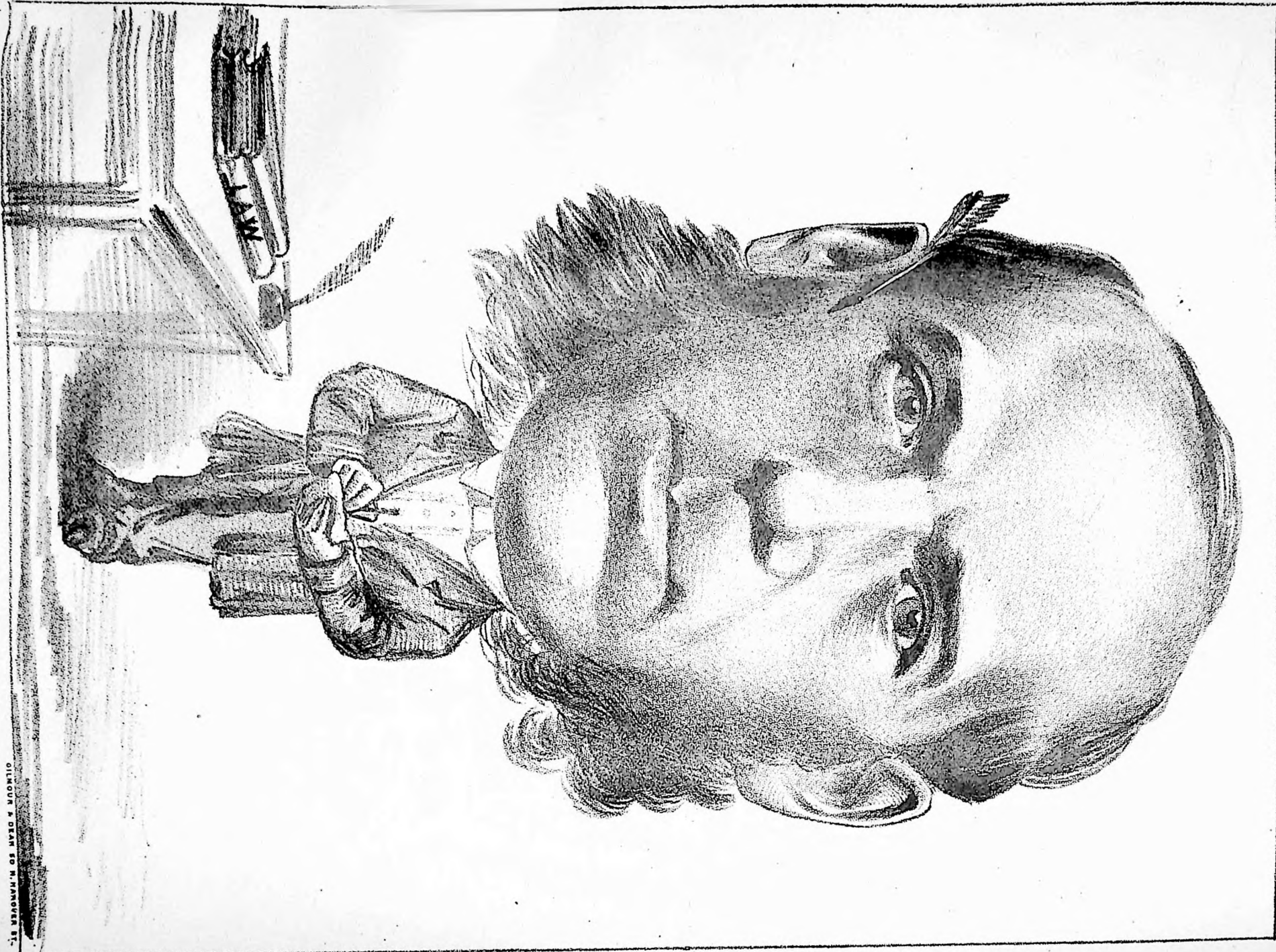
# LIPTON'S

**IRISH MARKETS.**

**THE LARGEST RETAIL DEALER IN THE WORLD.**

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# The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 333.

Glasgow, Wednesday, March 5th, 1879.

Price 1d

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 333.

THE records of a successful business career seldom contain any point of picturesque, or even general interest. One day in the existence of your fortunate merchant or lawyer is only the *replica* of the day that has gone before it. By and bye the art of making money, of what is termed "getting on," is reduced to a science. It becomes as natural for the manufacturer, or merchant, or drawer of deeds to add to his store of bullion, as it is for the artist to paint fresh pictures, or the poet to sing new songs. It has become the fashion, even with men of money themselves, to decry in print the successful business career. While we all strive after it, and practically go down on our knees to it, we enjoy, at the same time, any and every endeavour to prove that it is the most unsatisfactory of callings. Adjectives have been specially coined in its despite. The text of Holy Writ, referring to money as the root of all evil, has supplied material for any number of sermons. That satire which seeks to transfix the owner of innumerable money-bags never fails from want of keenness. To the BAILIE all this seems poor enough. For his own part he has a sincere respect for the man who is fortunate in business. The qualities that ensure success in life may not be very high ones, but still they are qualities. Even the success is a distinct fact, as it seems to the Magistrate, worthy of recognition. This week, therefore, he has selected, as his Man you Know, Mr HENRY LAMOND, a gentleman who may be accepted as a capital type of your successful man of affairs. Mr LAMOND has not yet completed his fourth decade, but he has been at the head of an important business for something like twenty years. Born in Glasgow in 1839, and a younger son of the late Mr Robert

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Lamond, Writer, who was long principal Conservative agent for the West Country, and who was identified in the "forties" with the development of the railway system in Scotland, our friend was educated in England and at Glasgow University. While yet young he was apprenticed to the law, and he succeeded to his father's business, on the death of the latter, in 1859. He obtained, at the same time, although not yet major, several important appointments which his father had held, chief among which was the Secretaryship of the Royal Infirmary, in the affairs of which he still continues to take a keen and hereditary interest. Since 1864 Mr LAMOND has carried on a large general business as a solicitor, in partnership with a younger brother. Like his father his tastes have always inclined towards House of Commons business, and he has been engaged in many successful Parliamentary contests, among which may be named the famous three years' fight for the possession of the Bothwell and Hamilton coalfield, when, after great expenditure and infinite labour, Parliament broke up, in 1874, the mineral monopoly of the Caledonian Railway Company, and sanctioned the formation of an independent Company, whose new line to Hamilton was inaugurated in April last. Although the new line has not yet been nine months in operation, the shares already command from 55 to 60 per cent. prem. in the market, and the "knowing ones" assert that they have not reached their top price even yet. Our friend has also been successful in carrying through Parliament a scheme for a line of railway to supply the ever-increasing wants of the ship-builders at Clydebank and Dalmuir, whose requirements, hitherto very imperfectly attended to, will now be provided for by the means of communication with Glasgow and the Bothwell and Hamilton Coalfields which the new line opens up. The Kelvin Valley Railway, open-

ing up the mineral traffic of the Kelvin Valley, and affording direct communication with the town of Kilsyth, was also successfully piloted through Parliament by Mr LAMOND, as was likewise the Glasgow and Ibrox Tramway scheme, which will provide a means of conveyance for residents beyond the Paisley Road toll, and which is to be worked by Mr Scott Moncrieff's pneumatic cars. Mr LAMOND is, however, best known in connection with our old charity, the Royal Infirmary, where his judgment, tact, and business accuracy have been of invaluable aid to the managers in the conduct of many delicate and important negotiations, and to the general affairs of which he devotes a large part of his time for a merely nominal remuneration. His minutes are said to be models of brevity and lucidity, and the officers of more than one meddling association know that while abounding in the *suaviter in modo*, the Infirmary Secretary has no lack of the necessary *fortiter in re*. Mr HENRY LAMOND and his partner have maintained, moreover, their hereditary connection with another of St Mungo's institutions, this being the venerable Trades House, in which the one is clerk to the Incorporation of Skinners and the other clerk to the Incorporation of Cordiners, two offices which were at one time held by their father the Bailie—"rest and bless'um." The connection of Mr LAMOND with our city life is thus seen to be no inconsiderable one. He certainly, as befits his habits, and the claims of his large and multifarious business, bulks much less in the eyes of his townsmen than do many other smaller and more commonplace personalities. Our friend is content, however, with his position. The fact of power is more to him than its empty semblance. Although, as the BAILIE has said, Mr LAMOND has been some score of years in business, he is still comparatively young, and as things go he has a long life before him. May his coming days be as prosperous as those which he has already lived through.

Since the dismissal of the master of a certain English workhouse "the butcher's bill has been 300lb. a-week less." My conscience! That must have been a fellow of more amazing "stomach" than even Cardinal Wolsey himself!

"Winter's Tail"—February.

The Source of the Cold—The frozen "Spring."  
Summer-y Eviction—The thaw.

"Where—Tell me Where."

WHERE are they now, those "hunky boys,"  
(To use Mark Twain's neat phrase,)

That formed our great "Improvement Class"

In youth's sweet halcyon days?

Our "preses" was the minister—

We thought him too pedantic—

Ah me! one lies in Duke Street jail,

And one in the Atlantic.

Another I remember well,

His looks severe and sad

Bespoke the inward strife he fought

'Gainst all things false or bad.

He had a solemn tone of voice,

Bewailed this life as brief—

He turns the scale at fifteen stone,

And deals in Yankee beef.

And one—a dandy dapper chap

(A de'il among the lasses),

Who wore his hair split down the front

And thought he needed glasses—

He's married to a widow stout,

Who says "she works;" while Bob

Employs his time when sober

In looking for a job.

Another quiet genteelish youth,

With mild gazelle-like mien,

That seemed as if soliciting

Some friend on whom to lean—

I scarcely could believe my eyes,

To read in last night's *News*,

He fell while bravely fighting 'mongst

The dusky, fierce Zulus.

And one—a red-hot Radical

Who railed 'gainst "Kirk and State,"

Denouncing, with a fiery heat,

Taxations small or great—

He swore he ne'er could freely breathe

Till kings were swept away—

I met him only yesterday,

A p'liceman on full pay.

I'd most forgot one perky chap

Who took an active part

In every scheme our Kirk was "in,"

His *fortè* was high art.

Entranced I've heard him oft declaim

On themes beyond me far;

He's now the chief cashier on board

A Parkhead tramway car.

Well, "such is life"—now up, now down—

"Our lines" Dame Fortune traces;

And some are cast 'mong causey stanes,

And some in pleasant places.

"What of myself?" perchance you ask;

Whence, how, and where sail ye?

I'm happy when I know my "lines"

Are cast for next week's BAILIE.

A "gentleman urgently requiring money," advertises in the *Herald* his desire to "transfer part of his interest in mining concern." Asinus is anxious to know if the "mining concern" answers to the sweet name of Emma.

New Scot's Proverb—A poun' in a hugger's worth twa in a Bank.

An Embarrassing Civility—A call—from the Liquidators.

Evangelical Effort.

THE good old city of Glasgow is now almost in a fit and proper state for the arrival of the millennium. A most flagrant and wicked scandal has been removed from our midst, and the reverend fathers of the Free and U.P. Presbyteries have obtained a notable victory over the Prince of Darkness and all his works. It is not that any successful evangelizing raid has been made on the tens of thousands of our fellow-citizens who are living as practically heathen lives as any Hottentot or South Sea Islander of them all; it is not that drunkenness and wife-beating have been Christianized off the face of the earth; it is not that any great effort has been made to deal with the misery that swarms in our streets after nightfall; it is not even a gigantic charitable lottery that has been arrested in its wild career of mercy by the apostolic men. But—let it be spoken with respectful admiration—the Tramway Company has been induced to withdraw the solitary car which was wont to convey some twenty or thirty miserable sinners from Crosshill to Queen Street on Sabbath morning, and the equal solitary car which did the same wicked service for the Partick reprobates! There must be something in the ordinary theological training which warps the judgment and injures the logical faculties of the mind, unless indeed we are to suppose that only the naturally irrational and unreasonable portion of the population become clergymen. The ancient method of convincing a heretic of the error of his ways by means of the fires of Smithfield and the headsman's block at Grass Market was not more illogical and tyrannical than the Protestant ministers' arguments against Sunday cars. The average lay intellect is quite unable to perceive the difference between using a car on Sunday and using a cab or carriage on the same day. And yet what living clergyman with a carriage congregation ever preached a sermon against the latter form of Sabbath breaking? Or what clergyman ever refused the assistance of a cab to convey him to an evening service, if the distance was more than could be conveniently walked. It is only another instance of the misplaced ingenuity which enables some people to see

"What wondrous diff'rence there may be  
'Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee!"

But the debatable region thus opened up is much wider than the mere question of conveyance can cover. Is it a greater sin to pay a tramway conductor twopence for carrying you

a couple of miles on Sunday than to pay a housemaid sixteen pounds a year for, *inter alia*, bringing you shaving water on Sunday morning? Which performs more unnecessary Sunday labour, the Sunday car driver, or the cook who prepares your Sunday meals? Is there half as much work required to run the Sunday car, including the labour of ostlers, strappers, stableboys, and all the rest, as there is to produce your Monday morning newspaper?

RING, WRANG.

Though round the "ring" that hath no end,  
The end comes round when rung are all  
The changes; when no change can mend  
Nor bill, nor kite, nor further call;  
When "means" no more the end can vindicate—  
Those meanest means that mean a syndicate.

RECKONING WITHOUT HIS HOST.—A speaker at last week's "fifty-one-hours" meeting is reported to have declared his intention to "beg from door to door" rather than work on other terms than those which meet with his approval. This is doubtless a very heroic resolution, but it does not seem to have occurred to the hero that the law might possibly have something to say on the subject.

Mr Cross found it necessary to inform Dr Kenealy the other evening that the result of the inquiry into the confession of the late Mr Peace "would not affect the case of Thomas Castro, otherwise Orton." It must have been one of the Doctor's ancestors who discovered that Tenterden Steeple was the cause of the Goodwin sands.

In the columns of the *Herald* last Thursday morning Mr H. A. Long posed in the sublime attitude of "waiting, pen in hand, to answer more inquiries into his intentions." Now is the time for 'Arry's admirers to have him "taken." A brazen statue, colossal size, would be about the correct thing.

Lumming in the Distance—Beginnings in a grate may often end in smoke.

What the Airdrie Folk are Saying.

THAT big guns were fired on Thursday last.  
That "Bob" has got a "Bell" about his neck.  
That he will be sadly missed by the "jolly dogs are we."  
That the said jolly dogs should follow Bob's good example, and no longer roam.  
That the professional who went to Port-Glasgow to catch fish has been very unsuccessful.  
That he will catch something if he continues industrious, and uses proper bait.

Smokers,—Try Wallach Smoking Mixture, 6d per ounce  
Only to be had from D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram Street

## Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Mr Bernard is treating us this week to that hardy evergreen "The Heart of Mid-Lothian." The piece is one that appeals at once to our national and our emotional feelings. We delight in *Fannie Deans*, because she is a Scotchwoman, and we admire her on account of her devotion to her sister.

Miss Eloise Juno, a lady who is popular in Glasgow, undertakes the part of the heroine of the play; Miss Louisa Gordon repeats her fine performance of *Madge Wildfire*; Mr Benson, a capital Scotch humourist, is *Dumbiedykes*; and Mr Blythe appears as *Georgie Robertson*.

"The Crisis"—Albery's adaptation of "Les Fourchambault" of Emile Augier—will be produced this day fortnight at the Gaiety. This Comedy was the theatrical event of last year in Paris, while, in the English dress provided for it by Mr Albery, it has drawn all London to the Haymarket. Mr Bernard has secured that its first performance in the Provinces shall take place at the Gaiety.

Of course, BAILIE, you saw and admired those neat cream-coloured ponies that formed one of the features of Mr Bernard's "Cinderella." Charming little creatures, weren't they? Do you know that the pretty pair once belonged to—whom do you think? Indeed it was to no other than one of the famous "Rentons." When the Edinburgh notoriety of that name saw fit to leave his country, not exactly on behalf of his creditors, his goods and chattels were disposed of to anybody who was willing to be a purchaser, and the manager of the Gaiety became the owner of two pretty cream-coloured ponies that had been one of the "vanities" of the unfortunate runaway. Mr Bernard saw "at a glance" that a pair of clever, docile little animals would look well in pantomime, so in pantomime he put them, and they had their own share in the success that attended the production of "Cinderella."

By the bye, one moment, my Magistrate. Did I term them docile? If I did, I recal the word. Among the people who delight to "witch the world with noble horsemanship," probably my friend, Mr Sam H. Austin, the popular manager of the "Sorcerer" and "Pinafore" companies, is one of the cleverest. Austin has had a large experience of equine life, and when he was staying with Mr Bernard the other week at Cathcart, and a mount was offered him into Glasgow one afternoon, he very naturally—so charming did they look—selected one of the "Cinderellas." Alas! alas! like everybody since *Macbeth* who has been troubled with "vaulting ambition," Sam, if he did not exactly "o'erleap himself," at least "fell on the other side." So, at least, the story goes. For his own part, Mr Austin, like the dear, good fellow he is, admits that his progress into Glasgow on that eventful afternoon would supply sufficient material for an entire three-volume novel. It was, he says, "Aspiration," "Failure," "Success!" Had any other person than Austin suggested the last-named word, I should probably have looked rather askance at it, but friend Austin, you see, has the knack of succeeding in most things he tries, so I am fain to even believe that his trot from Cathcart into Glasgow on that "docile" cream-coloured pony was one of "the happiest events of his life."

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" has now been withdrawn from the stage of the Prince of Wales. Its withdrawal was necessitated by the engagement of the Mapleson Opera Company, and not by any falling off in the attendance of the public. All last week, indeed, the "houses" were excellent. People who had gone once to "assist" at the representation of the piece apparently made it their business to go back again.

Mr Coleman is proceeding rapidly with the re-decoration of his theatre. The Prince of Wales is one of the most commodious and comfortable houses either in or out of London. When his scheme of re-decoration has been carried out it will be one of the brightest and handsomest.

The fire which occurred on the stage of the Prince of Wales a week ago has entailed serious loss on Mr Coleman. All his scenery for "Henry V" has been destroyed. The various "sets" were piled up against the back wall of the theatre, and

it was amongst them that the fire broke out. As is usual, in theatrical affairs, the sums for which the scenes were insured were far below their actual value to the manager.

Mr Coleman has already been a heavy sufferer by fire. His Leeds theatre was burned down two or three years ago, and he has not recovered from the losses he sustained by the conflagration even yet.

Mr Coleman announces "The Two Orphans," with the company of the Edinburgh Theatre Royal, for Monday the 17th inst.

Mr Hubert O'Grady will appear this evening and during the week at Her Majesty's Theatre as *Conn*, the hero of Boucicault's famous "Shaughran." Mr O'Grady was our first, and by far our best *Conn*. Indeed the "Shaughran" without him was—well it didn't seem the same piece. He will take his benefit on Friday evening.

The arrangements for the "Glover benefit," at the Prince of Wales Theatre next week, are now all but completed, and, what is better, the support of the general public may be regarded as quite secure. Mr Glover remarked the other day that till this misfortune befell him he had no notion what a host of friends he possessed. I think, however, he will find that even yet he under-estimates the number of his well-wishers. All next week the Prince of Wales Theatre will be crowded with them.

The scenery for the various pieces to be produced is now being painted. Of course, the major part of it will be done by Mr Glover himself, but a number of his artistic friends are also busy with brushes and canvases, seeking to further, so far as in them lies, the efforts that are being made in his behalf.

Next week's performances for Mr Glover, as I suppose your readers are aware, are—Monday and Tuesday, "Rob Roy;" Wednesday and Thursday, "Caste;" Friday, "The School for Scandal;" and Saturday, "Macbeth."

Mr E. L. Knapp and his company concluded their fortnight's engagement at the Edinburgh Princess's Theatre on Saturday evening. Last week the *piece de resistance* was "Rob Roy" with Mr M'Neill, the manager of the Theatre, in the *title-role*, Mr Shaw as *The Bailie*, and Miss Marguerite Thorne as *Helen Macgregor*.

This day fortnight, Monday, March 17th, Mr Knapp returns to Her Majesty's Theatre, Main Street, Gorbals, where he will introduce us once more to that very peculiar young person "The Princess of Trebizonde," to *Regina*—the "double" of Her Royal Highness, to *Prince Raphael*, to *Zanetta*, to the "strong woman of the wilderness," to *Tremolino*, and, most important of all, to our old friend *Cabriolo*, the Prince of Thespian humourists. The "Princess" company organised by Mr Knapp includes Mr H. D. Burton, who is the *Cabriolo* of the cast; Mr Mudie, who is *Tremolino*; Miss Lucy Frankelin, who, of course, is *Princess Raphael*; Miss Grace Huntly, who is *Regina*; and Misses Douglas Gordon—who is *Zanetta*, and Carrie Braham, who resumes her old part of the lady who is addicted to feats of muscular strength.

A very fair little company, under the direction of Mr Edward Major, has occupied the stage of the Kilmarnock theatre for the past four weeks, and met with an encouraging measure of success. Mr Major takes his benefit on Friday, when he announces "Rob Roy" for performance. He will be the "gallant outlaw" himself—while the *Bailie*, weel, the *Bailie*, yer honour, 'ill be a freen o' yer ain.

I understand that Mr Major will shortly join the "Pickles" company organised by Mr S. H. Austin.

Mr Ramsay Danvers, a clever young gentleman, who is a general favourite in Glasgow, made quite a hit the other night at Kilmarnock as *Gaiters*, in the comediotta of "The Bonnie Fish-wife."

Mr Bernard's Newcastle pantomime of "Robinson Crusoe" is still running, and will run a fortnight longer. He produced a "second edition" of "Robinson" the other week, and this second edition is quite as popular as was edition number one. Do you know, my Magistrate, that they indulge in "pantomime trains" on the lines converging on Newcastle. These have given sojourners as far north as Hawick and as far south as Darlington a repeated opportunity of enjoying "Robinson Crusoe," and

these opportunities have been taken advantage of to the outside edge.

One of the hits of the Newcastle season has been made by Miss Lottie Harcourt. Before Miss Harcourt left Glasgow competent judges had found out she was a young lady who had almost any position she liked to aspire to within her reach. A malignant fate had caused her, early in life, to take to low comedy, but the delicate pathos that distinguished her performance of the love-sick girl in "All for Her," who goes about disguised as a boy, and her rendering of *François* in "Richelieu," showed that she was capable of other work than low comedy.

Miss Harcourt's style is certainly marked at times by a species of *riant* glee, but this is rather the result of her sensitive, impressionable nature, than of any special aptitude for farcical burlesque.

Mr Barry Sullivan opens in the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, this evening, the piece in which he appears being the tragedy of "Hamlet." Quite a host of the friends and admirers of this distinguished artist entertained him at dinner in Wilson's Restaurant, West Nile Street, on Thursday last. Mr Stoddart of the *Herald* occupied the chair, and Mr Bernard was croupier.

Although somewhat late in the day, Mr Hengler and his equestrian company will be with us once again at the well-known house in West Nile Street, on Saturday night. As on former nights, it goes for saying that the Cirque is sure to be crammed. Without a visit from this prince of equestrian entertainers, the season's amusements would have presented a marked and regrettable blank. "Hengler's" is ever synonymous with all that is brightest and best in the sawdust arena.

What an array of artistes there is in Mr Hengler's programme, to be sure! Four real live clowns, two ring masters, one, the friend of our youth, Felix Revolti, with riders, gymnasts, leapers, and "strong men" galore; and to crown all, that bran new sensation, Zazel, "the human cannon ball." If this don't draw the public, I don't know what will.

Mr Airlie promises us a "Great Jacobite Night" at the City Hall on Saturday. Nothing else but songs with the savour of the "White Rose" about them will be sung all evening. Mr W. M. Miller's choir will render several of the pieces, while the soloists will be Miss M. Vallance, Mrs Hamilton Nimmo, Mr Thom, and other well-known national vocalists.

I am glad to find that Councillor Wm. Wilson's scheme for a Scottish Poet's Corner in the Mitchell Library is not only taking shape, but is proceeding apace towards completion. The corner already contains upwards of 1100 volumes, all of which are the works of Scottish poets or prose writers.

THE CROSSHILL TRIUMPH-IRATE.—Here's Browne, and here's Robertson—but where's Jones? Browne has snubbed the tramways, and "J. M." has licked the annexationists; if the little burgh had now only Jones, where possibly might be the great "second city?"

PERHAPS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.—"Carmen" was written by Horace. Originally re(a)d, it appeared as "Carmine." An early association of the stage carmen was with Thespis. There is more of the chemic, if not comic, in a carboy.

The Cattle Plague—The ever-varying Regulations.

A Nocturne in Black and Red—The knock turned upon us by the Zululand savages.

What the Paisley Folks are Saying

THAT Provost Murray is a great patron of high art. That ten days ago he received a gilded ticket which sent his art longings a musing.

That on Tuesday, full of expectancy, he put on his best clothes and jauntily marched up Causeyside about 8 p.m.

That as he neared the spot known to a past generation of Charleston weavers as Mount Misery, visions of an Art Gallery floated before him.

That £10,000 written on illuminated parchment met his eyes, floating ahead of him in a sea of ether.

That ere he had got to his journey's end, the £10,000 became £20,000.

That thus he mused, "most excellent, most creditable, £10,000 in pictures, and £10,000 in cash, what a grand Art Hall to be sure."

That at 10 p.m. he walked down the hill a sadder but a wiser man.

That at his ain fireside he made up a brew, the first that day.

Fearful Sabbath Desecration at Campbeltown.

"A LARGE shoal of porpoises," says the *Argyllshire Herald*, "entered Campbeltown harbour on Sunday morning, where they disported themselves for the most of the day, sometimes leaping ten or twelve feet high out of the water." This is dreadful, and calls for the immediate attention of Mr Gault and his friends. Flushed by his victory over the Tramway Company, that gentleman should have no difficulty in dealing with a shoal of impious porpoises, who, left to themselves, are capable of working any amount of oceanic mischief by their wicked example. A porpoise which "disports itself" "upon the Sabbath-day" is, if possible, worse than the historic "Cameronian cat."

Accent and Insight.

GRANNY has discovered that a picture by Alma Tadema "gives a clearer historical insight than is obtained by the many years wasted by boys trying to read Latin with 'an Edinburgh accent.'" Before proceeding to weigh this rather startling proposition, it would be well to know the precise influence supposed to be exerted by the Edinburgh accent. Is a Glasgow accent more favourable to "a clear historical insight," and if so, why so?

FAIR FLORA DECKS.—Dr. Johnson spoke of the primrose as "the eldest daughter of the Spring." He didn't live to see "snow-drops" last Wednesday morning.

Carrick-on-Suir Sewer—The Master-of-Works on the Sewage Question.

A Religious Connection—Auntie-burgher.

## Quavers.

A BRIGHT and cheerful programme, a comfortably filled house, and a satisfactory performance, taken all round, made Mr Lambeth's concert on Thursday evening last a very enjoyable one.

The most acceptable pieces were apparently those with "go" in them, as Gounod's "Trumpet Blow," and Schumann's "Gipsy Life," and certainly one does not often hear livelier piano accompaniment than that to these pieces by Mr Chaunou Cornwall, who now fills the position of pianist to the choir.

But the quieter music seemed also to be highly appreciated; and the choir, not forgetful of its responsibility as an exponent of the refinements of choralisation, gave a beautiful rendering of "O Bothwell Bank," and Mr Lambeth's "John Anderson my jo." The glee by Sir John Goss (after the manner of Cooke or Spofforth, it might be said) was well received—a proof that some of the older glee-writers might safely be brought forward.

Reay's madrigal might have been better placed than as the first in the programme. It was sadly interrupted by people arriving. Of the music itself, the remark may be made that it is on the model of Lord Mornington's setting of the same words, but takes in more of the poetry. It is pleasing to see that in such men as Reay, Macfarren, and Goss, we have sufficiently able musicians to keep the special art of glee-writing alive. We strongly believe that glees and madrigals will again become popular—but, of course, chorally as a rule, not with single voices chiefly as in the old days.

By the way, Mr Reay in his madrigal, "As it fell upon a day," makes his beasts leap higher and his trees strike deeper root than the musical parent of Wellington contented himself with.

It is a wise thing on the part of our young local organists to give attention to choir instruction, as well as to perfect themselves on their instruments. If this point is remembered, then one's natural fears as to the future of church music in Scotland may be considerably allayed.

The observation, BAILIE, is immediately suggested by a rather pleasant, though unpretentious concert last week in the Henderson Memorial Church, by a select number of voices, and conducted by Mr J. Graham, choir leader of the church, and whilome organist in St. Jude's. There were not more than 14 voices, and yet the singing was highly satisfactory for tonal strength, as well also as regards finish and grace. Henry Smart's "Sabbath Bells," Gounod's well-known "Ave Verum," and Reynold's fine anthem "My God look upon me," were among the best rendered in the programme. Mr Graham, it is evident, will make something of the vocal material he has lately taken in hand to deal with, and while enthusiastic, has a nice quiet style of conducting. The piano, and not a harmonium, was employed in accompaniment (Mr Watt)—it is probably the better of the two instruments for the purpose, for some obvious reasons.

Two readings, which might be described as of a semi-musical character, were contributed by Mr T. Harrower to this concert—"The Bells" and "King Robert of Sicily." Not to remark on the elocution, for which you have your own special column, BAILIE, it may be said that the imitative intonation in the one case, and the melodic incidental treatment in the other, were decidedly agreeable and noticeable features.

The Hillhead Society are now at work on Henry Leslie's "Holyrood," in which it is curious to think John Knox is a character represented. The idea is enough to stir the dust of the stern reformer. One of the Leslies of old helped to assassinate Cardinal Beaton. Our modern Leslie, some consider, has done the like kindly office, musically, for John Knox.

We have all been getting ourselves up in the "argument" (or story) of "Carmen" preparatory to the operatic performances this week. Is there anybody here, however, who knows nothing of an argument "with" Car-men? It is doubtful.

Mr David Williams has composed a galop, "The Bailie," in compliment to your Worship. The music is good, as might be expected, not commonplace at all, the "trio" of the galop especially being ably written. It is published by Messrs Paterson & Son,

The fifth of the series of six organ recitals in Downhill Church was given on Thursday evening last. Mr Robertson was organist on the occasion, and among the selections performed were the overture to "Samson," a Fantasia by Hesse, and a Polonaise by Hummel, the playing in these and the other numbers being marked by the taste, ability, and judgment of this industrious and painstaking musician.

A service of sacred music is to be given in Kelvinside Free Church on Tuesday the 11th instant, by the musical association connected with that congregation. They are to sing, principally, Farmer's melodious Mass in B flat. Mr James Allan (of the Glasgow Select Choir) is conductor. Remarks on the performance in due time.

Mr Archer is not discouraged, it is to be hoped, by the rather small attendance at his able organ lectures last week. He will understand that as yet there is but little interest in Scotland in organ music, simply from there being but little acquaintance with it. It is by such means, however, as these lectures and illustrations that interest will be created in the "king of instruments," though it is but a thankless task meantime for those engaged in the work of enlightenment.

The Glasgow Select Choir had a highly attractive programme on Saturday night in the New Halls, not a few of the part-songs being new here, and the singing was without exception perfection itself. The choir is "select" in very truth, the balance of the voices—a point of the utmost importance in part-singing—being faultless. "When Evening's Twilight" (Hatton), "The Chase" (Archer), "Wake then, O darling" (Cellier)—the latter a remarkably able and effective piece of musicianship, and a Christmas Carol by Silas, were among the specially successful efforts. The large attendance showed the esteem in which this choir is held by the musical public. Mr Archer is certainly a most able choir trainer, in addition to his other special musical qualifications. A humoristique concert is to be given in a week or two hence.

## Depreciation of Silver.

"COPPER in exchange for silver may be had in the *Evening Times* office in the forenoon." Don't the "bilious little sheet" wish it may get it? Copper for silver—why, Aladdin's conjuring relative, with his "old lamps for new ones," was recklessly generous, compared with the *Evening Times*. When the Cuddie read the notice, his forefoot slid involuntarily to his nozzle, and he remarked in the mild tone of voice peculiar to him, that it would be necessary to rise earlier than "in the forenoon" to whistle the hard-won siller out of Glasgow folks' pockets with a tune like that.

Going to Pot—Asinus has been again upon the beer. This time he blames not its adulteration, but its pewtressence.

A Yearly Return—In the West-End Park there are fewer feus than "ground *annuals*."

Robbing Peter to Pay Paul—Taking from the Depositor to give to the Shareholder.

Hamilton Nimmo's "Creep afore ye gang," "Let me ken hoo the Bairns are at Hame," "Hoo can ye gang, Laddie," and "Crookit Bawbee," are the popular modern Scotch Song and duets.—HJ NIMMO, Ayr, and all Music Sellers, 1s 6d and 2s, net.

A Game of Speculation.

HOW full this life of ours is of strange coincidences! How unaccountable and—and all that, you know, are things in general! Miss Amy Millefleur recollects reading somewhere—she thinks it must have been in Milton or somebody—something to the effect that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy. Really there are some most striking passages in Milton. And to think that he was dumb, poor man! Or was it deaf? But no matter. Miss Amy is herself a living example of some of those curious incidents. One afternoon last week she made a call at the Flashers after their party of the previous Thursday, and Lottie Flasher induced her to stay and spend the evening. Strictly speaking, it was not extraordinary that George Rackstraw and Coldstream should happen to call that evening, seeing that of course they must call sometime, but still Miss Amy cannot help wondering if spiritual affinity or the communion of kindred souls had anything to do with it.

Coldstream hardly appears at his best in a room on an ordinary occasion. If he has no gloves to pull at and no doorway to lean against, he is deprived of a good deal of his stock-in-trade. But his innate sense of superiority to everybody and disgust at everything never deserts him under any circumstances, so when a game at whist was proposed, he sat down at the card-table with an air of yawning indifference that would have done credit to a prince of the blood replying to the toast of the Royal family at a public banquet.

If there is one thing that bores Miss Amy more than another, it is to play whist with a partner who expects to get his lead returned, and all that kind of thing. People of that sort shouldn't be allowed to play at all, she thinks. Her good old rule, her simple plan is to play out all her biggest cards first, and leave the result to Providence. If other people happen to have bigger ones, and take her tricks, can she be reasonably blamed? And yet Rackstraw was so foolish as to be quite annoyed when she twice in succession played out a king, and lost both tricks, because the ace happened to be on the other side. Is she to blame because the ace is higher than the king?

Miss Amy's admiration for Coldstream was increased when she saw how indifferent he was to these little petty details. His plan of operation seemed to be to begin at one end of his hand, and play straight through to the other

end. He treated with sovereign contempt Miss Lottie's efforts to make him lead a certain suite. He was detected revoking times and ways without number. He trumped that which he ought not to have trumped, and left untrumped that which he ought to have trumped. At length, when Miss Amy, as third in hand, played the two, and then in the next round put her ace on her partner's king, Rackstraw said with bitter emphasis, that perhaps they had better try heads or tails now, or some of those other simple games.

The heads-or-tails suggestion was not taken up, but Miss Lottie offered to give them some music instead. She sang "My Grandfather's Clock," and Coldstream turned the leaves—that is to say, he leaned against the piano with the apparent intention of turning the leaves; but, as a matter of fact, he was always gazing at the ceiling at the critical moment, and Miss Flasher invariably was compelled to pause in her warbling and turn them herself.

Altogether, the result of the evening was to impress Coldstream's image still more vividly on Miss Amy's susceptible heart. He was so calm, so undemonstrative, so indifferent to everything, so unlike other men! As for Coldstream himself, he has not yet quite decided his course of action. His inquiries as to old Millefleur have been so far satisfactorily answered, but in an affair of this kind one can hardly be too cautious. Those East India houses are a notoriously risky lot, and, on the whole, it will perhaps be advisable to await the receipt of further information

OR IN THE "NATAL," OR THE MORTAL HOUR.—

*Pope.*

Great Britain beat with such facility,  
Looked like a lack of Cape-ability;  
And British pulses beat and throb,  
Ashamed of such a Chelmsford job.  
If job so black must needs ablution,  
For stain so foul fast dye Zulu-tion.

"Being Ash Wednesday," says Granny, "the House did not meet till two o'clock;" but how a house could "be Ash Wednesday" the ancient female condescendeth not to explain.

A Kinning Park gentleman rejoicing in the sobriquet of "the Busy Bee," having been convicted as a rogue and vagabond, will for the next sixty days improve each shining hour by picking oakum all the day within a prison bower.

The Other Knight—The Honourable W.C. is not the only Lord-Provost that has shown an interest in Spirit-world.

**SALE EXTRAORDINARY**  
AT THE  
**CALEDONIAN HOUSE,**

CONSISTING OF

RARE BARGAINS IN LINEN TABLECLOTHS, HORROCK'S LONGCLOTHS, REAL DACCA COTTONS,  
BEAUTIFUL CRETONNES, LINEN AND COTTON SHEETINGS &c.,

ALSO

A MANUFACTURER'S STOCK OF DRESS MATERIALS, at Less than Half the Cost of Production.

**MESSRS COPLAND & LYE**, in announcing another List of Extraordinary Bargains, take this opportunity of thanking all their Numerous Patrons who so freely responded to their invitation to their Great Sale, which has proved **A GREAT SUCCESS**, and exceeded by far their most sanguine expectations, which from the peculiar circumstances of the times, and the almost universal stagnation in trade, has induced them to go with spirit into the Markets with Cash in hand, by which they have been enabled to secure the most wonderful Bargains, which must be seen to be credited.

The **HANDSOMEST SALOON** in the World for the Display and Exhibition of Costumes, Jackets, Millinery, etc.

Ladies are invited to walk through the Caledonian House, as Novelties and Special Bargains are being continually laid out.

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**GENTLEMEN'S  
HIGH-CLASS CLOTHING**  
AT EXTREMELY MODERATE PRICES  
*TERMS CASH*  
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**COLOSSEUM.—SPRING, 1879**  
GENTLEMEN'S and BOYS' HAT DEPARTMENT.—Our M-Binnie is at present in the Markets buying Spring Goods, which he says never were cheaper, and that we will be enabled to surpass in Value even our former Low List for High-Class Goods. We will also be able to Show the Largest Selection of the Newest Shapes ever seen in one Warehouse in Scotland. Fifty per cent. more than our prices is charged by the ordinary Retailer, and nowhere are better Goods obtainable. Please Call and Inspect.  
MILLINERY and LADIES' HAT DEPARTMENT.—We are now showing the New Spring Shapes, Immense Variety. Special Notice to Ladies.—The Great Event of 1879 will be our Show of Novelties in Millinery at the End of March. Particulars Shortly. Do not Buy till you see what we are Showing.

**WALTER WILSON & CO.,**

Wholesale Hat Manufacturers, Milliners, etc.,  
70 JAMAICA STREET.

SOLD EVERYWHERE,  
**HENRY THOMSON & CO.'S**  
OLD  
**IRISH WHISKY.**

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—  
**ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.**

**DAVISON'S  
CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE  
GINGER BEER.**

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE  
YEAR ROUND;" WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC.  
As supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

**THOMAS DAVISON,**  
DISPENSING CHEMIST,  
126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

**THE BAILIE.**

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5th, 1879.

THE "ides of March" are on us with a vengeance. To-day (Tuesday), the 4th of the month, sees everybody in a state of terror and perturbation. Who will meet, and who will fail to meet the bills which are now falling due? Each man suspects his neighbour, and he has, at the same time, the uneasy feeling that he is being suspected himself. Not only do the February bills mature to-day, but the six months' October bills, those granted immediately subsequent to the stoppage of the City Bank, are also due, and it is these six months' fellows who are expected to work the mischief. The day, indeed, is a "black Tuesday" for Glasgow. All winter things have gradually been getting



worse. What with the want of money, the slackness of trade, and the long-continued tuck of hard weather, our business folk are fairly at their wits' ends. The time is peculiarly one for everybody assisting to bear the burden of his neighbour. No possible good can result from a creditor coming down too heavily on the people who owe him money. "To bear and to forbear" is the motto which ought to be in vogue to-day. The best wish that the BAILIE can wish for his friends who have either bills to meet or to collect this afternoon is a safe deliverance out of all their troubles.

A Song for the Times.

Tune—"Bonnie Dundee."

TO the Glasgow Lord Provost J. B. sent a note—  
'Twas the sound of alarm, and 'twas well that he wrote—

"If you can, will you tell me the reason," asked he,  
"That our workmen can't cope with those over the sea?  
Ye men of the hammer, ye men of the file,  
The bright home of freedom is Britain's fair isle;  
Then why should not labour, like all else, be free;  
Can you tell me the reason," asks sturdy J. B.

"The doctor works early, the doctor works late;  
The student—the merchant—for such is their fate;  
The man who intends to succeed in life, he  
Must toil late and early," exclaims our J. B.

"Ye men of the hammer, ye men of the file,  
The bright home of freedom is Britain's fair isle;  
For an honest day's wages oh pray let me see  
An honest day's labour," says sturdy J. B.

"Now iron from Belgium enters the city,  
And Japanese wares are sent here, more's the pity;  
While tradesmen from Brussels and Paris so free  
Take the place of our tradesmen at home," says J. B.

Ye men of the hammer, ye men of the file,  
Let Trades Unions alone, list to reason a while;  
Surely man still is man in this land of the free,  
Though the Unions say nought but a cypher is he.

"Ye tradesmen of Britain, why idly stand by,  
While ruin and grim destitution are nigh?  
Do the work that you have—with your labour be free—  
And more work will follow," says plucky J. B.

"And say to the Frenchman and German, 'Adieu!  
We have had quite enough of such gentry as you;  
We will work as long hours—aye, and better, ye'll see;  
We've decided to try it'" "Amen," says J. B.

REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM.—If there's one thing more than another on which young Glasgow plumes himself, it is the culture he displays in dressing. Gliding along Sauchiehall Street the other day in his complimentary coloured trousers and gaiters, his finer feelings were outraged by the finger-pointed remark of a butcher's boy—"Hey, Tammie: here's a man wi' twa pair o' troosers on!" At the simple thought of anything so monstrous the esthetic nether limbs of Y. G. veritably shuddered!

The Time that is out of Joint.—The 54 hours' movement.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the unemployed subscriptions are becoming "beautifully less."

That the authorities expect the Parochial Boards will make a substantial contribution to the fund.

That the John Burns letter has caused a flutter in the dovecots of Trades Unionism.

That not even a non-unionist likes to be compared—and disadvantageously too—to a Belgian or a Jap.

That the returns of shipbuilding show that wherever boats are being constructed it is not on the Clyde.

That even the Lord Provost has sent a lot of his work to be done out of the city.

That meanwhile his men are on short time.

That the Maternity Hospital question cannot be considered to be settled yet.

That the decision of the Barony Board not to send any paupers thither is rather ominous.

That it's a pity a much needed charity should have lost the public confidence.

That the River Pollution Inquiry farce has come to an end.

That the authorities promise a *definite* Scheme of purification within a twelvemonth.

That at the end of that time we will be as far from the solution of the difficulty as ever.

That the City Bank creditors have got their first dividend.

That it is hard to say when they will get their last.

That the liquidation threatens to be a protracted affair.

That the liquidators promise to be the best abused men in the country.

That the Lord Provost is going to meet with opposition to his City Churches scheme.

That his Lordship would do well to let the Auld Kirk alone.

That he has quite enough of irons in the fire to serve his term of office.

That March came in like a lion.

That we will see if it goes out like a lamb.

NE SUTOR ULTRA CREPIDAM.—Mr Whistler would have none but artists to criticise art; and after reading the *Glasgow Herald* on the new Union Bank, the BAILIE believes that Mr Whistler after all is possibly in the right.

OF "COURSE."—In his examination young Tatters-all admitted that he had kept "books." He always made entries on the "Leger."

## Through the Mill.

THE mind of the solvent barbarian is apt to fill with mild amazement, as, glancing along the bankruptcy examination reports, he sees how broad and pleasant is the path by which the unfortunate squanderer of other people's money passes unscathed through the palace of whitewash, and out at the beautiful gate of the Statutory Oath.

Cheered by the sympathetic enquiries of his gently inquisitive friend on the bench, and guided warily over the slippery bits by his obliged servant, the Trustee, whose sensitive heart, lying at the bottom of his capacious pockets, has been touched by the poor fellow's *deed*, the bankrupt depones something after this wise :—

“I began business a short time ago as Thingumbob & Co. I had no capital, and I had no Co. I borrowed £10,000 and invested it in ships. At the time I believed them to be honestly worth at least half that sum; they have since depreciated greatly. They always paid *me*. I am afraid, however, that they will not pay my creditors. I next bought several properties; turned the tenants out, and doubled the rents. None of them are let. I don't know why. If fully let, the rental would nearly cover interest on the bonds. I consider that there is a reversion of £50,000 from these properties. The bondholder, I believe, doesn't. I have an interest in a treacle manufactory, an electro-plate mine, a Bank in liquidation, a soap work in Timbuctoo, and a railway in course of projection. These investments have never paid, and are not likely to begin now. My other assets consist of office furniture and bad debts. I have given no creditor a preference. I have never paid anybody anything.”

The Trustee, good, contented soul, then expresses himself as perfectly satisfied, and desirous of nothing more than his fees.

That financial purgative, the oath, is administered, and the whilome bankrupt can “look the whole world in the face, for he owes not any man!”

A local daily propounds the extraordinary theory that it is better that an innocent man should suffer penal servitude than that we should hear any more of a notorious criminal! Whether this be silly cynicism or fatuous stupidity, it is scarcely necessary to inquire.

A “Ring”—The purposed circumvallation of Crosshill.

## “Humiliation.”

DR CANDLISH thought it reverent and becoming to say in the Free Presbytery last week that “any day of humiliation appointed by the present Ministry or Parliament would not be acceptable to—” well, the BAILIE scarcely cares to finish the sentence. “Before there could be any acceptable day of humiliation,” went on the reverend gentleman, “there must be repentance and a change of mind and policy.” These remarks Dr Candlish's brethren were pleased to receive with “laughter and applause.” Now, it may be an open question how far political demonstrations of any kind in church courts are desirable, but there can surely be no question as to the indecency, to say the least, of claiming divine approval, or the reverse, for a given policy. It seems to the BAILIE that last Wednesday was something very like a day of humiliation for the Free Presbytery of Glasgow.

## The Two J. B.'s.

THE great John Battersby, of the Trades' Council, was tremendously down the other day upon the equally great John Burns. After calling the latter J. B. a “canting hypocrite,” and a variety of other pretty names, the former J. B. “asked him not to live at Wemyss Castle.” He did not exactly explain his objection to the other J. B.'s place of abode, but doubtless that personage will forthwith look out for a new residence. Perhaps the Trades' J. B. will favour him with a suggestion on the subject. How would Govan Poorhouse do?

## Happy Mediums!

MR WASHINGTON IRVING BISHOP, B.A., is no doubt a very clever young gentleman, but he made rather a dangerous offer last week. “If,” said he, “there is any medium in any city within a two week's journey of Glasgow, I will pay that medium's fare from and to his home, pay his board at the best hotel in the city for a week, and if the medium will go through any trick before me three times, I will duplicate it and explain it immediately afterwards, or pay the medium £100.” Unless the average medium be a less wideawake fellow than the BAILIE takes him for, Mr Bishop is likely to rue his generous offer. The prospect of an agreeable outing to be had gratis should be sufficiently attractive even without the chance of earning £100.

Megilp.

I UNDERSTAND that a meeting—with Sir Daniel Macnee in the chair—was held last Friday in Edinburgh, to take into consideration the progress made with the Bough Memorial Fund. Over £200 have been subscribed, and Mr Brodie has been asked to submit designs for the memorial, which it is proposed should take the form of a granite monument, with a profile portrait upon it in bronze. The figure of a dog will, if possible, be introduced into the design, in remembrance of Mr Bough's strong affection for animals. He dearly loved a dog—as nearly all men of his big, hearty nature do. Visitors to his house will remember what a chorus of answering barks the ringing of the door bell generally called forth. More funds are still required in order to make the memorial complete.

In Mr Craibe Angus's gallery, I saw last week a collection of very fine etchings by Mr Whistler of London—mostly Thames-side subjects—sixteen in number. These have been executed from time to time—some so far back as 1859—and are now published in a set. They are very beautiful, and show a wonderful mastery over texture, and a true appreciation of the poetry of shipping, and of all the picturesque confusion of river-side life. They are full of atmosphere and distance, and of the rich suggestiveness that only a skilled hand and a sympathetic intellect could impart. There is no affectation in these etchings; they show us what Mr Whistler's power really is. Such work is sure to rise in value: in "Etching and Etchers" Mr Hamerton says that some of Mr Whistler's earlier etchings sell for as much as would buy a good horse.

Another fine etching Mr Angus has is Mr Seymour Haden's "Windsor," broadly treated and most effective, especially in the landscape part.

Of Mr Murray's large picture of "Tarbert," in the Institute, I must speak on another occasion. It is one of the pictures of the Exhibition. There are strong originality and bold handling in Mr Murray's "Road in Harris," with the old horse upon it (107). The sky is very fine. "Cookham Den Common" is a charming little picture in colour and feeling. I do not like so well the main "motive" and chief object in the "End of the Journey." A broken-down cab is not an attractive sight in itself; it would have been more picturesque had Mr Murray made it more of a ruin, and covered some of its angularities with the vegetation that springs from decay. But the manipulation in the picture is excellent. The foreground, especially to the right, is strong and effective. It is like all Mr Murray's work—thoroughly original.

"In the Yew Tree Avenue, Roseneath," by Mr W. Young, is marked by careful execution and nice lights and shadows, suggestive of much sunshine beyond. Mr Tom Donald's "Barfad Bay" gives us a half rainy effect, delicately rendered. Mr Donald's work is refined and poetical; he must also aim at being as "robust" as is consistent with his style and sympathies.

Mr A. K. Brown has gone to London, where he intends to remain for some months, in order to prosecute his art studies.

In Mr Brown's picture, in the Institute, of "The Burn," we have careful painting, and of course poetical feeling. The bank to the right is especially good. In the whole picture, however, there is, I think, a want of richness and variety of colour. A little more rude healthy strength would have improved it. Mr Brown is one of the younger artists on whose shoulders rests the rising reputation of West of Scotland art.

There are capital contrasts in the "Good Samaritan" by Mr J. R. Reid. "By Cooling Stream," by Mr John White, is a solid effective piece of work, and pleasant to look at as a true rendering of a scene in English rural life.

"Sunny Morning, near Arran," is a bright picture; by Mr M'Whirter. Since his elevation, this artist's work has been in great demand. Mr Craibe Angus has at present a moonlight scene by him, delicate in feeling, and sweet in colour.

The illustrated "Notes" to both the Scottish Academy and the Institute Exhibitions are now published. The Glasgow one is the more successful of the two, so far as the illustrations are concerned. The editing of both has been well done by Mr G. R. Halkett,

Two Warnings.

THURSDAY'S "privilege" discussion in the House of Commons was foreshadowed on Tuesday by a similar difficulty between that august body the Inverkeithing Police Commission and the Press, as represented by "a reporter for a local newspaper." A Mr M'Donald declared that "five months previously" he had been "misrepresented" by the reporter, and that, unless the misrepresentation were corrected, he was, like Mr Mitchell Henry, "prepared to move a resolution." A solemn debate ensued, with the result that, while the reporter was "asked to retire" for the present, he was to be readmitted, "provided that the meeting were satisfied with the manner in which that discussion was reported." It will thus be seen that, though the reporter, like Mr Walter, has been permitted to escape on this occasion without undergoing condign punishment, he has, again like the proprietor of the *Times*, received a warning. The Press is a mighty engine, but it must learn to respect the dignity alike of Parliaments and Police Commissions.

SOLD AGAIN.—Some idiot told young Simpleton that his "Study of Fruit," in the Institute, was ticketed "sold." Dishevelled, and without his greatcoat and umbrella, the poor fellow rushed through the rain to find that it was a sell, but a "beastly shabby one."

Seeking the Bubble Reputation even in the Cannon's Mouth.—As You Like It.—Farini's Zazel.

THE GAIE TY.

Proprietor and Manager.....Mr CHARLES BERNARD.

Engagement, for a limited period of

Miss ELOISE JUNO,

The Celebrated Scotch Comedienne, who will appear as

J E A N N I E D E A N S,

In a Grand Production of

T H E H E A R T O F M I D L O T H I A N.

Box Office open Daily from 10 till 4.

Now Ready. Price 1s. By Post, 1s 2d.

NOTES TO THE GLASGOW INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS.

Edited by GEORGE R. HALKETT.

With 100 Sketches by the Artists.

Illustrating all the most important Pictures in the Exhibition.

Just Issued,

ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY NOTES, 1879.

Published by

MESSRS THOS. GRAY & CO.,

{ 316 Buchanan St., Glasgow; and 13 George St., Edinburgh,

[And Sold by a Booksellers,

**PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.**

Mr JOHN COLEMAN has much pleasure in announcing that he has arranged with Mr MAPLESON for SEVEN Representations of **ITALIAN OPERA.**

TO-NIGHT (TUESDAY), 4th MARCH,  
And FOUR following Nights; and

ONE GRAND MORNING PERFORMANCE

On SATURDAY next, 8th MARCH, at TWO o'clock.

Musical Director and Conductor..... Signor LI CALSI.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE,**

MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE,

Increasing and Enormous Success of

MR AND MRS HUBERT O'GRADY,

With their real Irish Comedy Company, in the Evergreen Hibernian Drama, by DION BOUCICAULT, of

THE SHAUGHRAUN.

FRIDAY, MARCH 7,

BENEFIT AND LAST APPEARANCE BUT ONE

of the above World-famed Artistes.

**HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE,**

WEST NILE STREET, GLASGOW,

WILL RE-OPEN, for a Short Season only, on SATURDAY NEXT, MARCH 8TH, with MR CHARLES HENGLER'S Unrivalled and Popular TROUPE of World-Renowned RIDERS, GYMNASTS, LEAPERS, and CLOWNS, the majority of whom have just quitted the scenes of their triumphs at London and Liverpool, and will combine to present the most Brilliant Array of Talent that has ever appeared in this city.

Mr CHARLES HENGLER, ever anxious to produce the Greatest Novelty for his Patrons in Glasgow, has arranged for Farini's Marvellous

**ZAZEL**

From the Royal Aquarium, London, to appear for a limited number of Nights.

ZAZEL!

THRILLING SENSATION.

ZAZEL Fired from a Cannon!

ZAZEL Walks upon a Thread the Entire Length of the Building!

ZAZEL the Gymnast!

ZAZEL the Graceful!

ZAZEL the Beautiful and Daring!

ZAZEL the Human Cannon Ball!

ZAZEL will Appear Every Evening!

Together with the following Eminent Artistes, mostly first Appearances in Glasgow:—

Miss JENNY O'BRIEN,  
Mdme. MARIE ASHBY,  
Miss LILY DEACON,  
Miss AGNES SPRAKE,  
Miss EMILY DELEVANTI,  
Mdme. ELEANOR,  
Signor LUIGI,  
Mr S. WATSON,  
Mr JAMES LLOYD,  
Mr ALBERT GRIFFITHS,  
Mr FELIX REVOLTI,

Mr J. ASHBY,  
Mr F. AMESON,  
Mr F. C. HENGLER,  
Mr WILLIAM POWELL,  
The BROTHERS HOUREY,  
Messrs LOYAL and ROLLINS,  
Masters H. and A. LLOYD,  
Master WALTER DELEVANTI,  
Young ARCHIBALD,  
Miss S. O'BRIEN,  
Mdme. SARONI,

Mr LOUIS EGERTON.

The Comic Element will be sustained by the Inimitable CLOWNS and GROTESQUES, J. BIBB, Whimsical WALKER, LE QUIPS, and W. HOUKEY.

The Magnificent and Highly-Tutored Stud of HORSES and DIMINUTIVE PONIES has lately been augmented by several valuable additions.

SEASON COMMENCING SATURDAY EVENING NEXT, MARCH 8TH.

ACTING MANAGER,.....Mr WILLIAM POWELL.

PROPRIETOR, .....Mr CHARLES HENGLER.

**GLOVER TESTIMONIAL.**

At a MEETING of GENTLEMEN, held in the Rooms of the Scottish Society of Water-Colour Painters, on Wednesday the 19th February, it was resolved to form a Committee for the purpose of organizing a GLOVER TESTIMONIAL. The recent distressing occurrence of the total destruction of the Theatre-Royal by fire has precipitated, though it does not constitute, the sole motive for such a step.

The eminent services rendered to Dramatic and Scenic Art by the Glover Family for a long series of years—services tending invariably to the elevating and refining of those important factors of every-day life—constitute a claim to which, the Gentlemen present believed, the Public would not be slow to respond. In furtherance of this object, the Committee resolved, in addition to the issuing of Subscription-Sheets, to arrange a SERIES of DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES in THE PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE, which the Committee are enabled to do by the kindness of Mr JOHN COLEMAN, who, besides giving his services, has generously offered to place the Theatre at the disposal of the Committee.

The Performances will begin on MONDAY, 10TH MARCH, by a Representation of the National Drama of

ROB ROY,

By MEMBERS of the VOLUNTEER OFFICERS' DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

The CONCERTED VOCAL MUSIC by a SELECT CHOIR.

TUESDAY, 11TH,

The Drama of ROB ROY will be REPEATED.

WEDNESDAY, 12TH,

The Modern Play of

CASTE,

By Special Permission of T. W. Robertson, Esq., By LADIES and GENTLEMEN (AMATEURS).

THURSDAY, 13TH.

A SECOND PERFORMANCE OF CASTE,

FRIDAY, 14TH,

SHERIDAN'S Comedy of

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL,

By DISTINGUISHED PROFESSIONAL LADIES and GENTLEMEN, SATURDAY, 15TH (the Last Performance),

SHAKESPEARE'S Tragedy of

MACBETH,

The Principal Characters also by DISTINGUISHED PROFESSIONAL LADIES and GENTLEMEN.

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Glasgow, 3rd March, 1879.

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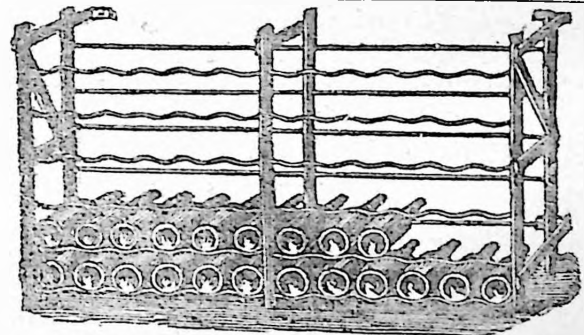
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Depot for Minton's, Copeland's, Worcester, and Dresden Porcelain.

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HUGH MORRISON.

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CHARGES:—Breakfasts, from 1/ to 2/3; Dinners, from 1/9; Bed-room, 2/; Attendance, 1/ per day. GOOD STOCK ROOMS.  
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SALES of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, &c., conducted at the Owner's Premises, on Moderate Terms.

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The usual SATURDAY AFTERNOON RECITALS will be given by the City Organist, Mr LAMBETH, upon

SATURDAY FIRST,

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Chamberlain's Office, 30th Dec., 1878.

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Lean and Fresh as Steak, Cannot be Excelled at any Price, 7d PER LB.

Remember it is our Best Ham, 7d PER LB.; worth 1s 2d.

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New Cured, Lean, and Well Dried, to be Sold at 3d and 3½d per lb.

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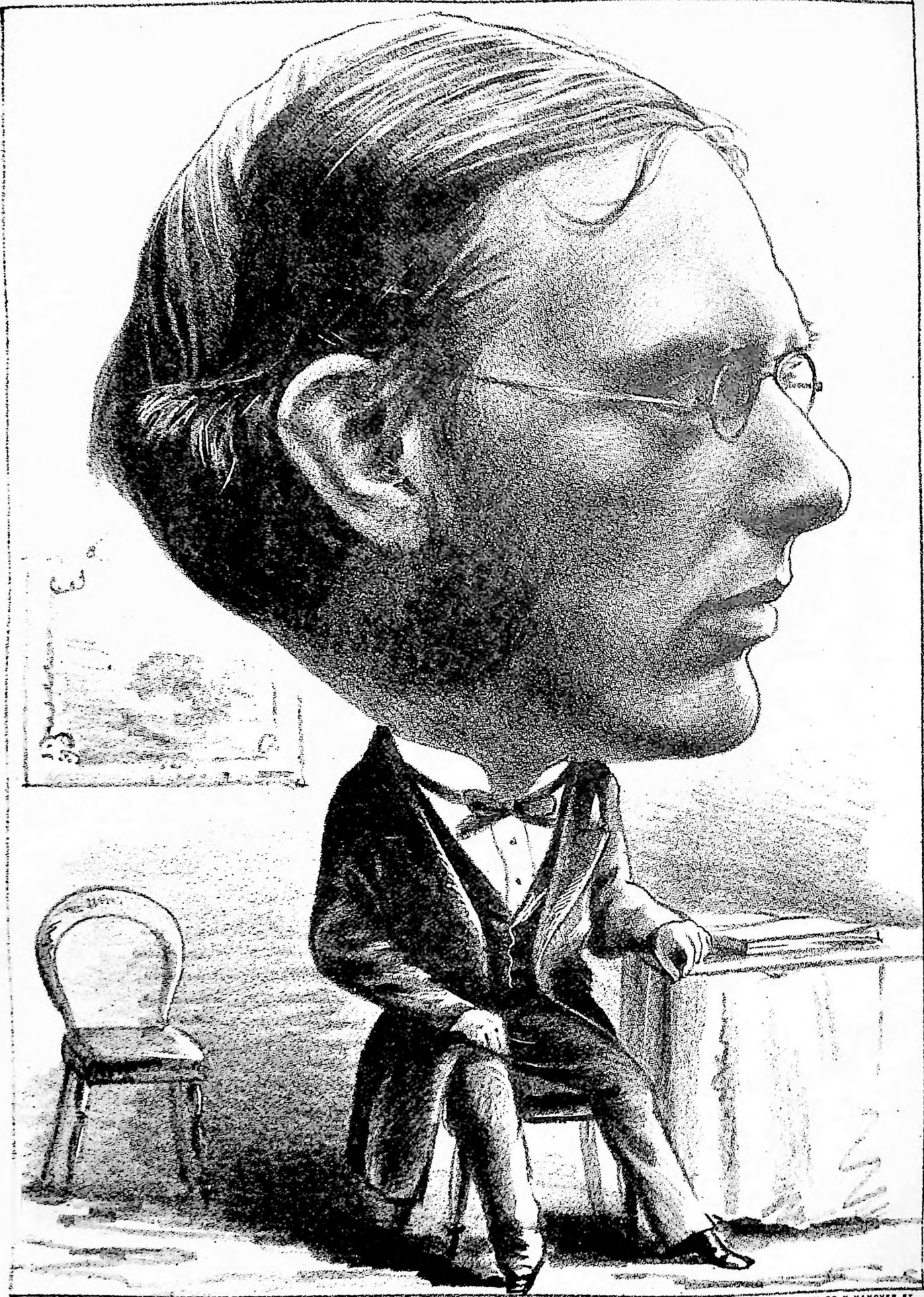
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# The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 334. Glasgow, Wednesday, March 12th, 1879. Price 1d

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 334.

THE public of Glasgow have not had such a laugh for many-a-day as that given them by those "potent grave and reverend seignors" of the University who "helped (as Page Hopps puts it) Mr Bishop to play the fool." To people familiar with conjuring, people who had attended the seances of Robert Heller and been astounded by his tricks, or who remembered the wonders performed by the Davenport Brothers, Mr Irving's exhibition seemed both clumsy and vulgar. He was certainly something of a contortionist, and he possessed in abundance that peculiar American quality denominated "cheek," but his sleight-of-hand would have been sneered at by any zany who "palms" in front of a booth at a fair, while the physical exertion he had to put forth when performing the "rope trick" showed that he was a very tyro at that exceedingly common-place bit of jugglery. To our Gilmorehill friends, however, Mr Bishop was a "mystery man" of the first water. They accepted him at his own valuation and asked no questions. Like all other people who are wrapped up in themselves, your University professor, outside of his particular "fad," is one of the most helpless of mortals. He walks through life with his nose in the air, regarding the folk round about him as so many "outer barbarians." They may admire him as much as they like, and he seldom omits any opportunity of striking an attitude before them, but that he should endeavour to place himself on their level, to meet them on any common ground, is a matter that must not be thought of for a moment. For Mr Bishop, therefore, to enlist the professors on his side at the outset of his visit to Glasgow, was by far the cleverest trick in his programme. It flattered their vanity that they should be

asked to take part in the "reproduction of various physical phenomena ascribed by some to the spirits of the dead." The entertainment was "strictly scientific, of course," while at the same time it possessed a dash of *diablerie* that was perfectly delightful. No more amusing spectacle could well be conceived than that presented by those gentlemen who undertook what, in vulgar parlance is termed the *rôle* of "bonnet" to Mr Bishop, on his two appearances in the New Halls. Sir William Thomson danced round the distinguished stranger, peering into his coat sleeves and looking carefully at the toes of his boots; Mr Edward Caird held up his hands at each new trick in terror-stricken awe; and Drs Buchanan and M'Kendrick showed by their admiring patronage that the "manifestations" included certain phenomena that had not yet found a place in their philosophy. The individual professor, however, whose appearance gave the greatest measure of sport to the Philistines, was Dr W. T. GAIRDNER. Professor GAIRDNER was so impressed with the Tuesday night's performance that he prepared a long, and careful, and dreary address for the Wednesday, which he fired off under cover of proposing a vote of thanks to Mr Bishop. What the collective wisdom of Gilmorehill thinks of itself in the light of the latest revelations anent the Yankee and his doings it would be cruel to ask. Not even the stupendous conceit of the average Scotch Professor can be proof against the absurdity attaching to the position in which our friends have placed themselves by their own credulity. Dr. GAIRDNER, whose admiration of Mr Bishop has excited the risibility of his townfolk in such a marked manner, is no youngster in long-clothes. He took his M.D. degree in Edinburgh so long ago as 1845, and five years later he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Edinburgh College of

Physicians. On his translation to this city in 1862, when he succeeded to the Professorship of the Practice of Physic in the University, he was appointed a Physician in Ordinary to Her Majesty the Queen. His occupation of the post of Medical Officer for Glasgow is a matter of recent history in our local annals, and at present, in addition to his seat in the University, he holds the position of Physician to the Western Infirmary. Professor GAIRDNER has pleasant, engaging manners. His appearance can hardly be termed imposing, but he possesses a large measure of that suavity which is such an important part of the stock-in-trade of the fashionable doctor. Since the severing of his official connection with the city, the Professor has been seldom, if ever, heard of outside of professional circles. His enthusiastic support of Mr Bishop, however, has once more made him a "personage," and knowing the interest the public are taking in all that pertains to the 'cute American, and the friends who assisted him to conjure some £455 out of our pockets, the BAILIE has this week presented them with Dr GAIRDNER'S "vera effigies."

### The Glover Testimonial.

"Write me a prologue."—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—we're here to-night  
To do an old friend honour—Is that right?  
One who hath catered for us heretofore,  
And e'en to-night will fight his battles o'er.

This evening, then, we play "Rob Roy" (see bills);  
Of this same piece we've had a good few drills—  
That is, rehearsals (how a word will drop  
At times, that smells too strongly of the "shop";  
And yet, this week, there's no one here appears  
But claims to be what we are—volunteers).

"Rob Roy" we play two nights—when that is past,  
A play comes next with quite a different "Cast(e)."  
(Excuse the pun; it might be left alone;  
The cream of this one is—'tis not our own).

Then we've the "School for Scandal"—there's a treat!  
At least 'twill be so should you come to see't.  
Need we say more? we'll spare you our comments—  
You know *Sir Peter's* speech on "sentiments."

On Saturday, "Macbeth;" Locke's music, too;  
That "Come away" was surely meant for you;  
So, take the hint; or, scan our programme o'er,  
And, like Macbeth, you're like to "sleep no more."

What think you of our list? will't do?—just so;  
Then will you promise all now (wet, or no),  
To come each night and give us your support?—  
The cause is good for which we favour court.

Thank you; we thought that line would fetch you.—Well,  
We're ready now, and wait the prompter's bell  
To lift the curtain—and the chorus stays;  
So, with a humble bow, as Shakespeare says,

"Here stooping to your clemency,  
We beg your hearing patiently."

A Black Business—A coalman's "Uncle Tom."

### Quavers.

THE chief, almost the solely important event in connection with the recent visit of the Mapleson opera troupe was the production of "Carmen." This much-belauded opera is more attractively spectacular than importantly musical, and it is, in our opinion, an insult to the composer of "Faust" to name the two in connection, as is occasionally done. If "Carmen" is the greatest work since Gounod's masterpiece, then it must be said that lyrical composition is fast retrograding—certainly "Carmen" is a long way from "Faust." A happy adaptation of Spanish and gipsy music is the chief distinguishing feature of the new opera, along with, it must be said, an infusion of freshness, piquancy, and colour, in the instrumentation. Of memorable melody there is, unfortunately for its future, little or none. And were it not for the really masterly writing in the second act, "Carmen" might justly be regarded as musically dull and uninteresting.

By the way, the chorus singing in the "Carmen" performances was worse a great deal than usual, even in Italian opera, owing to the unusual character of the music imitated.

The Paisley St. Cecilia Society's concert, in aid of the Ladies' Sanitary Association, was a success, both financially and musically. Cowen's "Rose Maiden" occupied the larger part of the programme. The orchestral introduction was played exceedingly well; and, as a rule, the accompaniments (by members of the Paisley Philharmonic Society), were creditably performed. With the exception of a false start in one place, the chorus did its part excellently. They have evidently made progress since last year. With the manner, too, in which the solos were rendered, there was every reason to be satisfied, artistic taste and ability being present. Mr W. T. Hoeck, who conducted, has much credit by the concert.

The music to be sung at the humoristique concert by the Glasgow Select Choir on Saturday next, in the New Halls, includes a number of pieces composed or arranged by Mr Archer specially for the occasion, of which "Kate Dalrymple," "Tibbie Fowler," "Poor Miss Bailey," "Jack and his Mother," "Old King Cole," and "Come Lasses and Lads," may be named. Mr Mackenzie's oddity, "A Franklyn's Dogge," Mr Archer's dramatic setting of "The Deil cam fiddlin'," and (judiciously as a variety) such refined part-music as "You stole my love," and "Come, Dorothy, come," are among the other items of what will, without doubt, be a very pleasant and amusing concert. There will be also some favourite vocal solo music; and Mr Archer, who does not certainly spare himself, will also contribute two organ solos—Gounod's "Funeral March of a Marionette"—and an overture.

By the bye, "Tibbie Fowler" and "Kate Dalrymple" are treated by Mr Archer (his own composition) in quite an amusing and original manner. "Willie Wastle," Mr Moodie's amusing model comic part-song is likewise fittingly in the programme, as also is "Duncan Gray," which the clever vocalisation of the choir does so much for.

The concert given by the Bath Street U.P. Church Musical Association last week was ambitious somewhat, but was on the whole a credit to the society and their conductor, Mr J. Turnbull.

At the concert in connection with the distribution of prizes to the 1st Lanarkshire Rifle Volunteers to-night (Wednesday), there will be sung, *inter alia*, choral arrangements of "Scots wha hae," and "Duncan Gray," with orchestral accompaniment. They are by Sir Herbert S. Oakley, the Reid music professor in the University of Edinburgh. What will your poetical friend say now, BAILIE, one wonders? He will probably look upon it as "arrangement" gone mad. But, perhaps fortunately, not every one can score for a band.

Another musical society has just sprung into existence—the Overnewton Musical Association. The conductor is Mr James Graham. At this late stage in the season the new society will confine themselves to some short musical pieces.

A Hit, a very Palpable Hit.—The Pen and Pencil's stab-blow. Go and see it.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the affair Bishop was the event of last week.

That the smart Yankee fairly got round the learned Professors on Gilmorehill.

That the Hon. the Lord-Provost and the rest of the signatories to the requisition are feeling immensely small.

That more people have been exposed by Mr Bishop than the Spiritualists.

That Professor Gairdner's "diseased faculty of wonder" is greater than ever.

That he wondered how an impatient audience would not wait to hear his lengthy harangue.

That he now wonders if ever he will hear the last of Bishop's *exposé* of Spiritualism.

That the students are laughing consumedly at how their pastors and masters were trotted out by "an independent American gentleman."

That a few lively spirits will be among the audience at Mr Bishop's next exhibition.

That Dr Marwick's "dainty bit plan" for the extension of the City boundaries has set the Suburban Authorities agog.

That the suburbans have scored a win this season already.

That they have coerced the city into withdrawing the Bridges Bill.

That the Town-Clerk's elaborate Extension Scheme, should it be formulated into a Parliamentary Bill, will meet with a like fate.

That the Corporation intend to "present an address to the Duke of Connaught on the occasion of his wedding."

That Bailie Scott wants to drink the Duke's "health in a dram."

That all Connaught-men are fond of a drop of the "rale potheen."

That the Provost and Bailies are anxious to give the Japanese a lesson in art.

That they are about to gift the city of Yeddo with the refuse of the M'Lellan Galleries.

That Sewage Smith is of opinion the rubbish is "quite good enough for the Japanese."

That W. R. W. may know something of sewage, but as for his opinions on art—

That the proposal to turn the Ram's-horn Kirk into the Mitchell Library is good.

That Professor Macleod did not advance the cause of the Total Abstinence Society by his lecture on "Alcohol in the Sick Room."

That the local press is growing every day more Americanised.

That the "chronicling of small beer" has become quite an institution.

That the Provost's City Churches Scheme will take a deal of thrashing.

That if it serves no other purpose, it will enable a good many Councillors to talk an infinite deal of nothing.

That Bailie Thomson has a rare idea of the people who go to the theatre gallery on an opera night.

That the worthy magistrate knows more of the killing house than the opera house.

That our local bench can still boast of a few Dogberrys.

"A THING OF BEAUTY."

If George's Church to clear away  
The Council should require,  
Unto its say we'd give no nay,  
If 'twould but leave the spire,  
This spire should be the city's boast,  
And point the trite remark,  
That beauty unadorn'd's the most—  
A beauty due to Stark.

Granny has been sending an "own correspondent" "to the East," and this is how he puts it:—"I may mention that, unlike all other companies, none except the Messageries Maritimes seem to include wine in the passage money." The gratis fluid has evidently got into the voyager's head, and made "pie" of his composition.

That was an enterprising young Glasgow labourer who collared a horse and trap in Liverpool the other day with the intention of driving home to the Briggate. It might be as well, however, if he would take care, before entering himself for a similar "event," that the turn-out is "hisn."

It appears that one of Mr Beecher's elders recently distinguished himself by flirting violently with a distinguished burlesque actress during a voyage across the Atlantic. Plymouth Church must be, take it altogether, a rather lively kind of synagogue.

From the evidence in the "Glasgow trademark case," it appears that the device of an elephant is a favourite one in India and elsewhere; and thus it appears that our countrymen are not the only persons who delight upon occasion to "see" that interesting animal!

A Burning Question—Burns's and (h)ours.

Hamilton Nimmo's "Creep afore ye gang," "Let me ken hoo the Bairns are at Hame," "Hoo can ye gang, Laddie," and "Crookit Bawbee," are the popular modern Scotch Song and duets.—H. NIMMO, Ayr, and all Music Sellers, 1s 6d and 2s, net.

## Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—A series of performances will begin this week at the Prince of Wales Theatre, the proceeds of which will go towards a testimonial to Mr William Glover. For many years Mr Glover has laboured to provide the public with a species of entertainment which, while it was sufficiently amusing, should also possess an artistic side. He brought the most famous actors of the day to Glasgow, he exerted himself to provide us with a sight of every novelty that had gained a successful footing on the London stage. Mr Glover, as we all know, has of late suffered a serious loss. He has sufficient native power to overcome the misfortune attendant on the burning of the Theatre-Royal, but it seemed to some of those who had benefited by the art teaching conveyed in his noble transcripts of Scottish landscape, or who had been thrilled by the words spoken by a great actor from his stage, that its destruction offered a suitable occasion for his townfolk to acknowledge, in some way or other, the debt under which he had laid them by what may very rightly be termed his eminent public services.

When the notion was once mooted it found ample support at once. A committee was formed, which comprised a very fair representation of the artistic and intellectual portion of Glasgow society, together with the names of many distinguished authors, actors, and painters—resident for the most part in London, and the outcome of the whole is that a series of six performances will be given at the Prince of Wales Theatre this week, the use of which has been kindly given for the purpose by the lessee, Mr John Colemar.

These consist of representations, to-night and to-morrow night, of "Rob Roy," with Mrs J. B. Howard of Edinburgh as *Helen Macgregor*, while the other parts—*Rob*, the *Bailie*, the *Major*, the *Dougal*, and the rest of them, will be filled by members of the Volunteer Officers' Dramatic Society. On Wednesday and Thursday "Caste" will be performed by a party of ladies and gentlemen, who have already appeared privately with great success in poor Tom Robertson's celebrated comedy; and it will be followed by the "Duel Scene" from the "Corsican Brothers," the duel being fought by Mr Glover and Mr Staunton. A variety of entertainments is promised for Friday. The most important of these is a rendering of "The School for Scandal," by a company which is quite unique in its way. It includes some half-dozen of the leading provincial managers, our old Mr Lloyd—who will appear as *Moses*, and Miss Adeline Stanhope—who supports the part of *Lady Teazle*. Following Sheridan's famous comedy will come a series of Tableaux, illustrative of "Mary Queen of Scots," the figures in which are to be represented by several of the members of the Pen and Pencil Club, while the background scenes have been specially painted by various well-known artists—Messrs M'Kellar, Davidson, M'Ewan, Taylor, Miller, Murray, and Aitken being of the number. On Saturday, when the entertainments will end, the tragedy of "Macbeth" will be presented, with Mr Howard of Edinburgh as the *Thane*, and Miss Stanhope as *Lady Macbeth*.

"Jessie Brown or the Relief of Lucknow," a drama which is practically unknown in this city, will be represented to-night at the Gaiety Theatre. Years and years ago "Jessie Brown"—which is the work, by the bye, of Mr Boucicault—was placed on the stage of the Theatre Royal, Dunlop Street, by Mr Edmund Glover. Miss Aitken appeared as the heroine and the piece attained a great success. So far as I recollect it has not been played since in Glasgow, and now, therefore, when it comes practically to us as a new play it ought to draw capital audiences. The leading part, that of the girl whose name gives a title to the piece, will be taken by Miss Juno, a lady whose artistic merits have secured for her a large measure of popularity among Glasgow playgoers.

The "cast" of "The Crisis," as it will be represented on Monday next at the Gaiety Theatre, is an unusually strong one. It includes our old friend David Fisher, R. S. Boleyn, so long the *Charles Middlewick* of "Our Boys," Joseph Carne, formerly of the Haymarket Theatre, H. H. Astley, a younger brother of Mr

Kendal, Miss Edith Stuart, formerly of Drury Lane, Miss Fanny Brough, of "Our Boys," and Mrs Howard Paul.

The run of the pantomime of "Robinson Crusoe" at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, has come to an end at last. This is the result, however, not of the public growing tired of its performance, but because of the engagements formed six months ago by Mr Bernard, when he had no notion that the North of England folk would continue to flock as they have done to a Christmas entertainment that ran into the month of March.

The re-opening of Hengler's Cirque by its rightful owners is always an enterprise of pitch and moment. But I don't think, BAILIE, that I ever assisted at so grand a "first night" as that of Saturday last. Why, the crowds turned away would, I am certain, have half filled the Cirque over again. The fortunate ones, however, who managed to squeeze in were rewarded with a brilliant entertainment. No performance could have gone more merrily; no company could have been welcomed more heartily. Your travelled lover of equitation—a good word, my Magistrate—prates of the Cirques of Salamonski, Rienz, Rancey, Herzog, Carrie, Ciotti, but "Hengler's" has always appeared to me the very ideal of an equestrian show.

What an array of artistes Mr Hengler brings with him! Of the newcomers Walker is an original and most "amusing cuss;" and Miss Jenny O'Brien is out of sight the most graceful exponent of the poetry of motion on horseback ever seen here. There is but one drawback to perfection—the leaping through hoops, which detracts from the dignity and charm of her movements. The other performers are quite too numerous even to mention. Mr Powell is of course whip-hand in the ring, and Mr Alfred Powell attends to "the front."

"Zazel," as I predicted, proved a hit, a very palpable hit. Rest assured BAILIE, "Zazel" is a lady. On this point I have no doubt whatever. Her breath-suspending feat of walking across the interior on a wire thread near the ceiling, her dancing trapeze business at such a giddy height, and above all, her mysterious expulsion as "the human cannon ball" must each be seen to be believed. Here, as elsewhere, "Zazel" is bound to be the talk of the city.

Alas, poor Revolti! At the same moment to reach the terminus of one little journey and to arrive at the end of all earthly journeys. "Felix" in name, happy in life, and even happy at death. The tragedy, however, must have been inexpressibly sad and solemn to his wife. Take him for all in all—the peerless ring-mat and merriest of friends—we shall not look upon his like again.

The part of *Pierre* in the "Two Orphans," when this celebrated drama is produced at the Prince of Wales Theatre on Monday next, will be played by Mr Charles Dornton, who will be supported by the members of the Edinburgh Theatre-Royal Company. Mr Dornton is brother-in-law to Mrs Kendal (Miss Madge Robertson).

Mr Frank Musgrave's Opera Bouffe Company is underlined for the Prince of Wales Theatre.

In what may be termed "latter days" of the Old Theatre Royal in Dunlop Street, when Rose Leclercq was the leading lady, and Edwin Brooke and T. N. Wenman were leading and "heavy" man respectively, the *soubrette* of the company was Miss Lisa Weber. Miss Weber was a universal favourite, so bright was she, and so lively and brilliant was her style. Since then Miss Weber has played all over the country and has even tried her luck, aye and been fortunate, too, in America. Till to-night, however, she has never been back in Glasgow. This evening she begins a six nights' engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre, Main Street, Gorbals, when she will appear as *Mazepa*, *a la*, I suppose, the performance and the famous Miss Menken. Miss Weber ought to draw good audiences. The "older sort" should go for the sake of reviving the impressions they cherished a decade since, and the younger in order that they may "assist" at an entertainment which may fairly be regarded as unique in its way.

We are promised a new institution in Glasgow, this being nothing less than a company that is to provide us with capital swimming, Turkish, vapour, spray, and other baths. The baths

will be situated at the Sauchiehall Street end of Cambridge Street, and are to be presided over by Mr William Wilson.

Mr Airlie promises a treat on Saturday, in the City Hall, this being a grand competition concert, at which seventeen solo vocalists will appear. The merits of the various competitors will be adjudicated on by a committee, two members of which are the celebrated musical critics of the *Herald* and *Mail*.

Mr E. L. Knapp opens with his "Princess of Trebizonde" company at Kilmarnock this evening. Next Monday, as I mentioned a week ago, he will bring his friends to Her Majesty's Theatre, Main Street, Gorbals. May good luck attend him in both houses.

Miss Bessie Sanson has just concluded a three year's engagement with the Vokes Family.

Various well-known Glasgow amateurs appeared at the Opera House, Kilmarnock, on Friday evening, in the drama of "Rob Roy," for behoof of Mr Edward Major, who took his benefit on the occasion.

### The Monstrous Regiment of—Campbells.

THE Buteshire Liberals have, it is said, resolved to contest the county at next election, with Lord Walter Campbell as their candidate. This becomes alarming. The Argyle family is a large one. Already its head is in the House of Lords; its eldest son married to a princess, and governing our most important colony; another of its members in the Commons; and now we are threatened with the public advent of a fourth. If the Campbells continue to "come" at this rate, where shall we be in a few years' time? Surely the prospect in view might appal even a Buteshire Liberal.

### WHAT'S A' YOUR JARGON O' YOUR SCHOOLS?

—Burns.

At Gilmorehill let laws and learning die,  
But leave it still its snob mob-ility.

A University "Exhibition"—Of the professors before Bishop, and the students before Trebelli.

To Whistlers—After the harmony of "Nancy Lee," there's now a "knok"-turn in "Grandfather's Clock."

A Name to Conjure with—The Western Infirmary's.

More than a Match for our D.D.'s—A Bishop.

A busy (*Biset*) night at the Prince of Wales last Thursday.

One who knows the ROPES.—Mr Bishop.

"They say" the good folks at Gilmorehill are saying that the author of the recent "Yankee Drollery" should in future bear the *nom de plume* of *Arch-Bishop*.

Good Going Time—The composition of the most popular song of the day is said to be a piece of "Clock"-*Work*.

### The Pudzeoch Again.

THE BAILIE was mightily amused the t'other day by coming upon a document printed on blue paper, headed "Renfrew Burgh and Harbour," beginning with the orthodox "Whereas," and going back, in what was termed the "Preamble," to the days of "King Robert the Third" and "King James the Sixth of Scotland." As all his friends are aware, the Magistrate takes an eager interest in everything that pertains to the Royal Burgh, and he accordingly examined the precious paper with some measure of attention. At first, as it seemed to him, the aim of the "Bill" was the construction of a magnificent harbour, for the purpose, of course, of intercepting the trade of the port of Glasgow, and he was downcast accordingly. As he read on, however, his spirits gradually brightened. What at the earliest blush seemed a scheme that threatened the second city of the Empire with total annihilation, turned out on a closer acquaintance to be nothing more than a proposal to acquire a morsel of vacant swampy ground, at present vested in the Glasgow and South-Western Railway, and situated between the railway and the London Engineering Works. Between the Messrs Simons, moreover, and the railway people, all access to this ground is completely barred to the burghers, and the BAILIE, parodying the late Lord Lytton, wonders "what they will do with it" once they get it? They seek to take it from the railway, and as they cannot use it themselves, do they propose to hand it over as a gift to Mr Simons? A minor matter connected with the measure is the "improvement of the Harbour of the Burgh"—the classic Pudzeoch, to wit—hitherto notorious as a deadly water trap, and certainly a rail fence along the Pudzeoch bank, to prevent the immersion of a wandering inebriate on a dark evening could do no harm to anybody. But as regards the other point, the BAILIE would like to ask the burghers, as they have to pay for the Bill, if they clearly understand what their intentions are regarding it.

### A SLEEPY HOLLOH!

"In war the Zulus never sleep." I read it in a serial,  
They keep awake to guard themselves from sudden dire mis-  
hap,  
But should they circle in the fight the youthful Prince Imperial,  
They certainly will have the chance to take a little "nap."

A Strong Amateur "Caste"—At the Prince of Wales's.

Loaf-ers and Soup-ers—The "unemployed."

Carmen.

ACTS I. AND II.

SCENE.—A square in Seville ; soldiers with hard felt hats that won't stick on, and lances which each man has a different way of managing. The usual male peasants drinking out of the usual cups with nothing in them, and the usual female peasants with the usual short petticoats and the usual inattractive faces. There are only two classes of female peasants ever seen on the stage ; the ugly and bony, and the ugly and stout. Both are admirably represented here. Enter Carmen friskily, as if playing at skipping rope.

*Carmen*—I say, you know, I'm an awful larky girl, and no mistake ! Up to all sorts of little games ! (Surveys the chorus disdainfully). Ah, the same old lot ! I've seen *you* all often enough, goodness knows ! (Observes *Josè*, the brigadier, sitting in a corner, tenderly brushing his hat—evidently his Sunday one). Hullo ! here's a new one. I'll have a lark with him. (Shies a flower straight at the inoffensive *Josè's* left eye, and runs off).

*Josè* (dropping his hat and applying his handkerchief to his eye)—Look here now, this is a trifle too bad ! What's the use of putting a fellow's eye out ? And there's my good hat ruined, too ! Where are the police ? (Tries to rub the dust off the hat with his sleeve).

A tremendous row in the crowd. . Carmen has been fighting with another girl, and is brought in by an officer.

*Officer* (with the air of a Bailie MacBean and a Stipendiary Gemmel rolled into one)—*Josè*, my boy, tie this girls hands behind her back, and take her off to quod. Let her have sixty days ! (*Josè* fastens her carefully with a bit of string, and everybody else goes away).

*Carmen* (making eyes at *Josè*)—I say old man, couldn't you let me escape ? Try, there's a good fellow. You know I love you like anything ! (*Josè* meantime is in great trouble about his hat. He puts it on his head, and it tumbles off ; he hangs it on his sword-hilt, and it tumbles off ; he lays it on a stool, and it tumbles off. At last he resigns himself to the situation, and lays it on a door-step).

*Josè*—Get away, you naughty girl ! I can't love you, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself ! Don't you know I've got a young woman of my own, who answers to the name of Michaela, and never hits me in the eye with flowers and things ?

*Carmen*—Pooh ! Who cares for Michaela ? A

poor helpless little thing ! Can she dance like me ? Can she play the bones like me ? Can she smoke cigarettes like me ?

*Josè*—Now you mention it, she can't do any of these things, and after all, she's no great catch. I believe I will let you off, and then in a little I'll follow you. (The crowd and the soldiers come back. Carmen pushes *Josè* suddenly from behind. He tumbles over his hat, and she escapes).

ACT III.

Scene.—The smuggler's haunt ; some extraordinary bales of merchandise lying about, which are sometimes so light that a girl can pull them about, and at other times so heavy that two men can hardly carry them. All the people who were formerly peasants are now smugglers, and those of them who aren't sleeping on the hard rocks are playing Napoleon, or some such game.

*Josè* (soliloquizes) — I've deserted from my regiment for the sake of that little brat Carmen, and yet I am not happy. Indeed how can I be, when I forgot to bring my Sunday hat with me ! Ah, my dear old hat, now I know how much I loved you, hard, and uncomfortable, and badly-fitting though you were ! (Takes a red handkerchief off his head, and surveys it ruefully). And this is what I have in your place ! Alas !

*Carmen* (overhearing *Josè*)—Now then, don't get maudlin about your blessed old hat ! If you're sorry you came, you can go away again. In fact, I would rather you did, for I've seen another fellow, Escamillo, the bull-fighter, whom I rather prefer to you on the whole. There's a good deal more of him.

(Escamillo happens to drop in, like Paul Pry, just at this moment, and *Josè* flies at him with his pen-knife. Escamillo, however, is equal to the occasion, and produces *his* pen-knife. The smugglers interfere before any danger is done, and tear them asunder. They close their pen-knives, and scowl savagely).

*Carmen* (to poor *Josè*)—Look here, my little friend, we've had about enough of your tomfoolery. You get away back to your Michaela, and your mother, and your hat, and all the rest of them. We don't want you here any longer.

*Escamillo* (nudging Carmen)—Well now, you know, you couldn't have him much shorter, could you ? (Everybody laughs, for *Josè* is not gigantic).

*Josè*—Very well, I go, but r-r-remember-r-r, a day—ah will—ah come—ah!!! (Exit backwards, scowling worse than ever).



ACT IV.

Scene.—The Circus in Seville. The day of the bull-fight. Great crowd. The smugglers are honest peasants once more, and are all there. Escamillo and Carmen come in, wearing their best clothes, and looking very happy. By-and-bye Escamillo goes away, presumably to kill a bull or two, and Carmen is left alone. José enters on tip-toe, with his little pen-knife.

Josè (savagely, through his teeth)—Now, my young woman, your time's about up. If you won't have me, I'll take jolly good care you don't have anybody else; so while your tall friend is killing bulls, I'll take the liberty of killing you. (Chases her all over the stage; ultimately captures her, and plunges the little pen-knife into her bosom as far as it will go. The wound cannot possibly be as deep as a well, or as wide as a church door, but it is apparently enough. She dies at once. Escamillo re-enters with the crowd at his heels, having presumably polished off his bulls. Everybody stares at everybody else. Nobody does anything).

[Curtain.]

Longevity at Campbeltown.

VERILY the days of the patriarchs seem to have returned! It was but the other day that a Free Church minister died at the age of 103, but that venerable man was a mere babe in comparison with the Rev. Mr Russell, of Campbeltown, who, last Thursday, according to a local paper, celebrated his "25th semi-jubilee as pastor of the Established Highland Church." Mr Russell must have been of age before being ordained, and it therefore follows that he is now 646 years old. The Ass is inclined to attribute this extraordinary longevity to a residence in an atmosphere impregnated with the fumes of what he terms "the real Mackay," and meditates taking up his quarters permanently in the capital of Whiskydom.

The proprietor of a "Royal Servants' Institution" was sent to prison last week for meanly swindling a servant-girl out of half-a-crown. It might be worth Captain M'Call's while to inquire whether Glasgow does not contain other "Royal" dens of thieving of a similar kind.

A War Vote—In the *brush* with the Zulus at Rorke's Drift it was a Bro(o)mhead that swept back the enemy.

Smokers.—Try Wallach Smoking Mixture, 6d per ounce Only to be had from D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram Street

Good Times for Governors.

THE BAILIE can never sufficiently admire the generous, nay, lavish manner in which our rulers, Municipal and Parochial, dispose of the funds of that long-suffering animal, the public—that animal who has been pronounced on high authority to be "a hass." For instance, how refreshing it was, these hard times, to read in last Wednesday's paper that the City Parochial Board have resolved to raise the salary of their House-Governor from £300 to £400, for the good and sufficient reason that that official has threatened to apply for a situation in Liverpool! It seems, it is true, to have occurred to one or two members of the Board that it might be just possible to secure the services of a competent successor to Mr Laing, even for the paltry salary of £300—that, in fact, there are quite as good fish in the sea as have ever come out of it; but it is scarcely necessary to say that this unworthy suggestion was effectually scouted, and that it was decided by a large majority to give the Governor his additional £100. Neither this gentleman nor his brother officials will require to have the moral of the little transaction pointed out.

CROSS-, AND ALL THE OTHER (H)ILLS THAT GLASGOW'S HEIR TO.

'Tis not our little friends to vex,  
Their wills coerce by measures strait,  
'Tis not to parasites "annex,"  
'Tis merely to co-oper-eight.  
'Tis not to put them in a fix,  
Their "powers" exhaust, their coffers wing,  
'Tis merely to have safe the chicks  
Beneath *their mother*, Glasgow's, wing.

"A SHORT WAY."—The Abbey Parochial Board of Paisley have a "short way" of dealing with troublesome members. A gentleman of this description was styled a "perfect nuisance" by one of his colleagues last week, while another termed him "an idle man," for whom "Satan found work to do." The diabolically-aided nuisance does not seem to have been present, or we might possibly have heard *his* version of the matter.

The latest dodge in the advertising line is to announce your performance as being "in aid of" some charitable institution, and to "collar the swag" yourself, handing over a mere fraction to the institution in question. *Verbum sapienti satis.*

A Son of a Gun—Zazel.

# SPRING TWEEDS

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On THURSDAY, 13th March,

THE

TRONGATE CLOTHING COMPANY

OF

**54 TRONGATE,**

Will make their FIRST DISPLAY of SPRING TWEEDS  
FOR

**13/ Trousers and 50/ Suits.**

---

EVERY yard of the present Stock has been thoroughly Shrunk. The Immense Variety of this Season's productions is unquestionably above the reach of any rival.



**SEE WINDOWS.**

---

**54 TRONGATE.**

SALE EXTRAORDINARY  
AT THE  
CALEDONIAN HOUSE,

CONSISTING OF  
RARE BARGAINS IN LINEN TABLECLOTHS, HORROCK'S LONGCLOTHS, REAL DACCA COTTONS  
BEAUTIFUL CRETONNES, LINEN AND COTTON SHEETINGS &c.,

ALSO  
A MANUFACTURER'S STOCK OF DRESS MATERIALS, at Less than Half the Cost of Production.

MESSRS COPLAND & LYE, in announcing another List of Extraordinary

Bargains, take this opportunity of thanking all their Numerous Patrons who so freely responded to their invitation to their Great Sale, which has proved A GREAT SUCCESS,

and exceeded by far their most sanguine expectations, which from the peculiar circumstances of the times, and the almost universal stagnation in trade, has induced them to go with spirit into the Markets with Cash in hand, by which they have been enabled to secure the most wonderful Bargains, which must be seen to be credited.

The HANDSOMEST SALOON in the World for the Display and Exhibition of Costumes, Jackets, Millinery, etc.

Ladies are invited to walk through the Caledonian House, as Novelties and Special Bargains are being continually laid out.

C O P L A N D & L Y E,  
CALEDONIAN HOUSE, 165 AND 167 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S  
**HIGH-CLASS CLOTHING**  
AT EXTREMELY MODERATE PRICES  
TERMS CASH  
W.C. THOMSON 65 & 67 UNION ST.

6<sup>D</sup> HAIR CUT AND SHAMPOED. 6<sup>D</sup>  
M'LEAN, 96 MITCHELL STREET

COLOSSEUM.—SPRING, 1879.

GENTLEMEN'S and BOYS' HAT DEPARTMENT.—Our Mr Binnie is at present in the Markets buying Spring Goods, which he says never were cheaper, and that we will be enabled to Surpass in Value even our former Low List for High-Class Goods. We will also be able to Show the Largest Selection of the Newest Shaps ever seen in one Warehouse in Scotland. Fifty per cent. more than our prices is charged by the ordinary Retailer, and nowhere are better Goods obtainable. Please Call and Inspect.

MILLINERY and LADIES' HAT DEPARTMENT.—We are now showing the New Spring Shapes, Immense Variety. Special Notice to Ladies.—The Great Event of 1879 will be our Show of Novelties in Millinery at the End of March. Particulars Shortly. Do not Buy till you see what we are Showing.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,

Wholesale Hat Manufacturers, Milliners, etc.,  
70 JAMAICA STREET.

SOLD EVERYWHERE,

HENRY THOMSON & CO.'S

OLD

IRISH WHISKY.

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—

ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

DAVISON'S  
CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE  
GINGER BEER.

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND;" WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC. As supplied to the Western, Junior New, and other Clubs.

THOMAS DAVISON,  
DISPENSING CHEMIST,  
126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

THE BAILIE.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 12th, 1879.

WHAT a belief in themselves some folk have, to be sure. That little coterie of busy-bodies, who manage, or is mismanage the word, the educational affairs of the City of Glasgow, have made up their minds that their existing tenure of office is to be continued for another three years, and they have intimated this fact to the ratepayers without even hinting at such a phrase as "by your leave." Of course, if the ratepayers are satisfied with the manner in which the School Board has done its work, there isn't another word to be said. The system of a maximum of expenditure and a minimum of result that has prevailed since the election in the April of 1876 will continue,

A heavy school rate will be exacted from the taxpayers in the future as in the past, while parents who are anxious that their children shall receive a sensible education will continue to patronise private or sessional schools as heretofore. What was termed the "religious difficulty" was made far too much of at last election. To hear the speeches and read the manifestoes on the subject one would have thought that the teaching or non-teaching of the Bible and the Catechism was the only subject worthy of attention by either electors or candidates. The good people forgot that the teaching of the Bible and the Catechism only formed an incident, and a very subordinate incident too, in the daily life of the school. The right species of School Board member is either a practical educationalist, or a shrewd, keen man of affairs, and not an ignorant fanatic pledged on the one hand to secure that the children shall be made familiar with every obscure point of doctrinal theology, or vowed on the other to banish every allusion to religion from beneath the roof-tree of the school-house. That the members of the present board, or even a majority of the present board, fulfil the conditions the BAILIE has spoken of, is more, he thinks, than would be claimed for them by their warmest admirers. On this ground, accordingly, and not because he values the pros. and cons. of ecclesiastical controversy one bit, the BAILIE submits that the ratepayers ought to take the revision of the Board into their own careful consideration. He would not turn out each separate member, but he would take care that some fresh vigour was imparted to the Board as a body, so that a radical improvement might be secured in the administration of things educational over the length and breadth of the city.

Some accommodating person, advertising in the *Herald* his desire to hire a horse for ploughing, adds, "No objection though a little lame or beat in feet." Very generous, no doubt, from the hirer's point of view; but how about the horse? Likewise, how about the Society for the Prevention?

The Paisley Highlanders have come to the highly Christian resolution to prosecute their wretched ecclesiastical squabble "to the bitter end." The BAILIE can but congratulate them on so edifying a determination, and express a hope that the "end" may be as bitter as they can desire.

### To a Popular Tune.

(Fresh words for the "gods.")

MY grandfather's locks were as white as himself,  
For he looked ninety years, if not more;  
And says he, "My boy Tommy, I've saved up some pelf,  
So the opera's a treat we've in store."

But when we got there,  
Such a row was at the stair,  
Such a vulgar crowd he ne'er before espied,  
That he stopped short never to go again;  
And the old man sighed.  
On the door they kept thundering,  
Stick, stick, stick, stick;  
The old man stood wondering,  
Sick, sick, sick, sick;  
He stopped short never to go again,  
And the old man cried.

In watching the rabble thus swing to and fro,  
The tears filled my grandfather's eyes;  
So I says, "'Twill be quieter the door down below,  
For that's where the pit entrance lies."  
But when we got in  
Still the "gods" kept up the din,  
And on the pitites' pates the peas they shied;  
Nor stopped short but roared with might and main,  
And the old man sighed.  
Down the peas they came thundering  
Thick, thick, thick, thick;  
The old man kept wondering,  
Sick, sick, sick, sick;  
Nor they stopped short, though the band struck up again;  
And the old man cried.

Now all through the opera they stamped and they roared,  
And the music was lost 'mid the noise;  
What was singing to them? 'Twas the dance they encored;  
'Tis such trifles that still please the boys.  
But yet all their fun  
Was not for nothing done,  
For the sharp police their occupation plied,  
And they dropped short, and stopped their little game,  
And the caught lot cried.  
To the station-house they took them off,  
Quick, quick, quick, quick;  
For bail their watches took them off,  
Tick, tick, tick, tick;  
"A month for't, never to do't again;"  
The Bailie replied.

### The Constitution.

AT the grocers' dinner last Thursday, we are told, "the Constitutional toasts having been duly honoured, the chairman proposed the toast of 'Her Majesty's Ministers.'" What are we to understand from this? Can it be that our friends, the grocers, are such terrible Radicals as to consider the latter toast an unconstitutional one? Why, they're as bad as Professor Candlish!

TO H.R.H., THE CONNAUGHT BAWN.  
His Worship drinks your Highness' health,  
And drinking drains out dry the drappie,  
To wish that 'yont birth, power, and wealth,  
May you and he live long and happy.

A Good Judge—when he hasn't to pass sentence on architecture as a fine art—Sheriff Lees,

'It's all Your Own You Can Make.'

WHEN anything, which, on first appearance, seems very "dreadful," takes place in the city, the BAILIE, and, he believes, every other body, has noticed the supreme efforts put forth by our local dailies in piling up the agony, and in trying by every conceivable dodge which the coining penny-a-liner can bring into action to intensify the new-born horror, and array the "mystery" in colours that would do credit to a special correspondent of the *Police News*. Last week the dead body of a poor woman was found in the early morning on a heap of rubbish in the west-end of the city, and the following morning an exciting rush was made for newspapers to learn the particulars of what the bills called "An Atrocious Murder in Glasgow." The *Mail* quills it thusly:—"At first it was made to appear that a respectable lady had been set upon by a gang of midnight ruffians, who purposely waylaid her, and who, after having securely silenced the gentleman who escorted her, had subjected her to the foulest indignities, and then battered out her brains." Beautiful this; isn't it? *Granny* again takes the "bated breath" attitude, as if speaking about something almost too horrible to name, but yet spins half a column out of the business. The *News* assumes the pathetic view, *a la* Tom Hood, and gives us a prose version of "one more unfortunate." And yet we talk of the "Press" as a public educator!

### What the Airdrie Folk are Saying.

THAT the Skuil Brod is bringing up the taxation a bit these dull times.

That the burden is heavy enough without making it heavier.

That the maisters have the best of it.

That seeing all classes are suffering, the "Victoria," "Albert," and other schools should do with a reduction.

### KILT ENTIRELY.

*Highland Navy*—Ton't you think, Patty, that it wass a shame o' ta Government to send to ta Cape a Hielant regiment with only trews? They should hev sent ta kilt.

*Irish Navy*—Och shure now, Donald, go on wid ye. Isn't there enough kilt there already out ov the brave 24th?

According to the chairman of last week's water-works *soiree*, the amount of water brought into the city on the 28th of last June was "sufficient to drown the entire population of Glasgow." Bauldy says "he disna ken aboot that, but nae doot it droonit a wheen millers!"

### Megilp.

THE general public of Glasgow do not appreciate pictures—if they did, the attendance at the Institute Galleries would be larger than it is. It requires the blaring strains of a brass band to bring visitors to the Galleries on a Saturday; only a few sensible people, who love art and hate noise, keep out of the rooms on that day. Some one has suggested that to make the Exhibition more popular, there should be more music. Your ordinary common-place Philistines, who abound in Glasgow, don't see much to admire and study in the best picture that ever was painted, but a German band appeals to all that there is of soul in them. If the pictures have to be supplemented by other and less refined attractions, why not choose such as are of a nature not so offensive as trumpets and flageolets? Why not set a room apart for Chinese jugglers and performing dogs and monkeys—visitors to the pictures admitted gratis—or, better still, engage Mr Bishop to give a series of his "reproductions"—of course taking care to make an explicit bargain with him at the outset?

The truth is, the Institute and the artists do their best to please the public, and the public are not yet sufficiently educated to be able to value the good things set before them. In London and Edinburgh they don't require to use trombones and flutes in order to charm people into exhibitions not so good as the one we have now in Glasgow.

Unfortunate Japanese, what have you done to deserve the attention which the municipality of Glasgow are about to bestow upon you? They are going to send you some of the rubbish out of our Corporation Galleries, as examples of British art! Be warned in time: a gift horse, according to our proverb, must not be looked in the mouth, and if you wish to retain the smallest vestige of respect for Western art, look not on these gift pictures at all. Throw the packages, when they arrive, into the sea; or, if you insist upon turning them to some account, take out the pictures, and at once Japan them over and make decent tea-trays of them. They are good for nothing else. Even a Glasgow Fair Saturday mob could never be persuaded into thinking them examples of art. Some of our Town Councillors and Bailies, it is true, believed in them; but then, you must know, they would believe in anything. They believe even in themselves!

The exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy is a very fair one. It contains several fine pictures, and many very bad ones. Among the good ones I may mention, just now, are Mr Lockhart's "Alnaschar," a grand piece of colour, "Bait Gatherers," by Mr M'Taggart, which more than holds its own with Mr Hook's "Slait Bay," Mr Orchardson's "Social Eddy" and "The Sword-dance," "Bark-peeling" by Mr Alex. Fraser, "By the Lake Side," perhaps the best landscape Mr J. A. Aitken has yet painted, Mr Joseph Henderson's admirable sea-piece "Among the rocks, near shore," "By the Wayside," by Mr George Reid, Mr David Murray's "The Lily Harvest," and "Mangold Wurzel," and "The Sair Fit," by Mr R. M'Gregor, and water colours by Messrs M'Donald, Lockhart, Glover, Cassie, Anderson, M'Taggart, Allan, and Carlaw.

"Wait a Wee," in the Glasgow Institute, by Mr Thomas M'Ewen, gives us a rustic interior rendered, if not with subtle at least with harmonious colour. The child and the expression of the old woman's face are good, but there is a decided want of freedom in the lines of the woman's dress.

Mr Andrew Black is making steady progress. His "Ashore" deserves great praise. Both the sea and the beach are well painted, and there are clever, careful bits in the handling. Mr Black should study figure painting attentively. We have a good shore, also, in the "Kyles of Bute," by Mr J. D. Taylor.

From London I hear that the Dudley Water Colour Exhibition was opened on the 3rd inst. I understand that the collection may be described as a fair average one. It includes nothing very fine, and several rather so-so works. The Scotch exhibitors are (Glasgow first), Messrs A. Davidson, C. Blatherwick, R. W. Allan, W. H. Paton, W. G. Stevenson, J. Farquharson, J. Maculloch, J. J. Bannatyne, and D. Law.

**T H E G A I E T Y.**

Proprietor and Manager.....Mr CHARLES BERNARD.

LAST SIX NIGHTS OF  
MISS ELOISE JUNO,  
Who will appear in her Great Impersonation of  
JESSIE BROWN.

Box Office open Daily from 10 till 4.

Country Patrons can Book Seats by Note or Wire, and Pay at the Doors.

**H E R M A J E S T Y ' S T H E A T R E,**

MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE,  
TO-NIGHT (TUESDAY), MARCH 11,  
and during the Week,  
Miss LISA WEBBER,

In her Classical and Refined Impersonation of  
M A Z E P P A.

Supported by a Carefully Selected Company, and Introducing  
her Highly-Trained Arab Steed,  
"SALADIN."

Prices, 6d to 5s. Doors open at 7. Commencing 7.30.

**H E N G L E R ' S G R A N D C I R Q U E,**

WEST NILE STREET, GLASGOW,  
NOW OPEN for a Short Season only with MR CHARLES  
HENGLER'S Unrivalled and Popular TROUPE of World-  
Renowned RIDERS, GYMNASTS, LEAPERS, & CLOWNS,  
presenting the most Brilliant Array of Talent that has ever ap-  
peared in this city, including Farini's Marvellous

**Z A Z E L**

From the Royal Aquarium, London, who will appear for a  
limited number of Nights only.

Z A Z E L !

THRILLING SENSATION.

ZAZEL Fired from a Cannon!

ZAZEL Walks upon a Thread the Entire Length of the  
Building!

ZAZEL the Gymnast!

ZAZEL the Graceful!

ZAZEL the Beautiful and Daring!

ZAZEL the Human Cannon Ball!

ZAZEL will Appear Every Evening!

Together with a great Company of eminent Artistes, mostly  
first appearances in Glasgow, whose reception on the  
Opening Night was of the most enthusiastic and flattering  
character.

TO-NIGHT, First Appearance in Scotland of Messrs  
LOYALE and ROLLINGS,

The Celebrated Athletes of Continental Fame.

The Graceful and Accomplished Equestriennes,  
Miss JENNY O'BRIEN, and Madame MARIE ASHLEY,  
The Great Horsemen,

S. WATSON, Signor LUIGI, and JAMES LLOYD,  
Mr CHARLES HENGLER'S Magnificent and Highly-Tutored  
HORSES and DIMINUTIVE PONIES;

And the Inimitable CLOWNS J. BIBB, LE QUIPS,  
W. HONREY, and Whimsical WALKER.

A Programme Replete with Brilliant Specialities.

Doors Open at 7, Commencing at 7-30.

MORNING PERFORMANCES, at which ZAZEL will  
appear, will take place every Saturday; open at 2, commencing  
at 2-30.

Admission—3s, 2s, 1s, and 6d; Children under 10 Half-price.

NOTICE.—No second price during the engagement of

Z A Z E L.

Box Office Open at the Cirque Daily, from 10 till 3, where  
Plan may be seen and Places secured—Stalls and Private Boxes  
only.

ACTING MANAGER,.....Mr WILLIAM POWELL.

PROPRIETOR, .....Mr CHARLES HENGLER.

**CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING  
CONCERTS.**

SATURDAY, 15TH MARCH, 1879.

GREAT COMPETITION CONCERT.

To encourage Musical Talent and Proficiency in Solo Singing by  
Amateur Vocalists, the Directors have arranged for a  
COMPETITION OF SOLO VOCALISTS,  
Soprano, Contralto, Tenor, Baritone, and Bass.

Seventeen Competitors.

Selected from a large number of Candidates from all parts of  
the Country.

The following have kindly consented to act as Judges:—H. A.  
LAMBETH, Esq.; J. SELIGMANN, Esq.; W. M. MILLER,  
Esq.; T. L. STILLIE, Esq.; and Mrs YOUNG.

Each Competitor required to Sing a Sacred Solo and a Song.  
C O M P E T I T O R S.

Sopranos.

Miss HELEN BLAIR, Edinburgh.

Miss B. MACPHERSON, Glasgow.

Miss W. L. BRAMAH, Edinburgh.

Contraltos.

Miss MARY KING, Glasgow.

Miss E BURTON, Glasgow.

Miss J. HINSHELWOOD, Glas-

Tenors.

Mr JAMES L. GARDNER, Edinburgh.

Mr COLIN DOUGLAS, Glasgow.

Mr LEWIS BRASH, Helensburgh.

Mr A. C. BECKETT, Glasgow.

Mr PETER C. M'BRIDE, Paisley.

Baritones.

Mr JAS. TENNANT, Glasgow.

Mr T. SWEENEY, Jr., Falkirk.

Mr THOS. MACLEOD, Glasgow.

Bass.

Mr J. MACLAREN, Edinburgh.

Mr WALTER BRUCE, Glasgow.

Mr J. M'CUCCLOCH, Glasgow.

Mr F. W. BRIDGMAN .....Pianist.

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Mr W. H. COLE ..... Conductor.

Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats on Side Galleries,  
2s. Tickets for Reserved Seats to be had at the Office, 58  
Renfield Street.

Doors Open at 7; Orchestral Performance at 7.15 o'clock.  
JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

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CAPITAL—£15,000, IN £3,000 SHARES OF £5 EACH.

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This Company has been formed for the purchase and  
occupying of the above Valuable and Central Property as  
PUBLIC BATHS, embracing Turkish Bath with Swimming  
Pond, Spray, Douche, Vapour, Medicated, and other Baths,  
to be fitted up with all the Modern Appliances, and in a  
style of comfort and elegance hitherto unknown in the City;  
with Gymnasium and Recreation Rooms.

The Directors have appointed as Superintendent and Manager  
Mr WM. WILSON, formerly of the Arlington and the Victoria  
Baths.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares may be  
had from—

The Bankers—THE BANK OF SCOTLAND;

The Solicitor—Mr JAMES W. KNOX, 132 West Regent  
Street;

The Auditors—Messrs J. L. & T. L. SELKIRK, 107 St.  
Vincent Street;

Or the Secretary—Mr THOS. DOVE, 141 Buchanan Street,

PARIS EXHIBITION.  
GOLD MEDALS! SILVER MEDALS!

WE have been repeatedly twitted about not having received a MEDAL at the Paris Exhibition, and asked why. The reason is that, considering Medals a Humbug, we have never sent Samples of our Manufactures to any Exhibition. "Good Wine needs no bush," and our Aerated Waters require no Medal to publish their excellence; their qualities of Purity, Flavour, Strength, &c., speak for them wherever they become known. The Golden Opinions of a discriminating Public, rather than Gold Medals, it is our ambition to gain and keep. Our Lemonade, Soda, Potash, Seltzer, Sarsaparilla, &c., are all unequalled for general excellence; but for a Winter Beverage we recommend our GINGER ALE, which is an excellent tonic, and a pleasant and harmless stimulant.—If found rather strong, our Ginger Ale may be diluted with Water, without at all spoiling its flavour.

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CHEMISTS & AERATED WATER MANUFACTURERS.  
CROMAC SPRINGS, BELFAST.

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147 STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW.

NEW PUBLIC HALLS,  
SATURDAY FIRST,  
15th MARCH, 1879.

GLASGOW SELECT  
CHOIR.

MR FRED. ARCHER,.....CONDUCTOR.

GREAT HUMORISTIQUE CONCERT.

The Programme will include several Humorous Part Songs specially Composed and Arranged by Mr Archer for this Concert. MR ARCHER will also Perform on the GRAND ORGAN. Tickets—Balcony, 2s; Area, 1s. At principal Music Sellers. Doors open at 7. Concert at 8.

WITHIN 14 GORDON STREET, ON FRIDAY, 14TH MARCH,  
AT 12 O'CLOCK.

PUBLIC SALE OF BOOKS,  
IN MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE, HISTORY,  
THEOLOGY, BIOGRAPHY, ART, SCIENCE, AND  
FICTION.

Gibbon's Rome, 8 vols. calf, London, 1848; Hume and Smollett's History of England, 13 vols. half-calf; Tytler's History of Scotland, 9 vols. half-calf, Edin., 1841; Billing's Antiquities of Scotland, 4 vols.; Imperial Dictionary, 2 vols. calf; Barnes on the O'd and New Testament, 18 vols. calf; Robertson's Charles V., 4 vols. 1812; Theatre de Voltaire, 6 vols.; The Blue Blanket, Edin., 1722, &c., &c., and including a Library removed from a house in Partick for convenience of Sale.

BROWN & LOWDEN will Sell the above,  
by Auction, within their Rooms, 14 Gordon Street, on  
Friday, 14th March, at 12 o'clock.  
14 Gordon Street, Glasgow, 8th March, 1879.

GLOVER TESTIMONIAL  
PERFORMANCES,  
EVERY NIGHT DURING  
THIS WEEK.

IN  
PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.

For Particulars see Bills and Programmes.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.

ON MONDAY, MARCH 17, and following Nights.

The Great Olympic Drama,

THE TWO ORPHANS,

By the THEATRE-ROYAL, EDINBURGH, COMPANY

New and Elaborate Scenery and Appointments.

The Piece produced under the immediate and personal

Superintendance of

MR J. B. HOWARD.

In the Royal Exchange Sale Rooms, on Wednesday, Thursday,  
and Friday, 12th, 13th, and 14th March.

EXTENSIVE PUBLIC SALE OF

HIGH-CLASS FANCY AND DECORATIVE ART

PROPERTY,

CONSISTING OF

Fine Ormolu, Marble, and other Clocks,

Artistic Bronze Figures and Groups,

Dresden, Sevres, Faience, Capo di Monti, Limoges, and  
other Rare China,

Dresden and Parian Statuary, Alabaster Ornaments,

Flower Pots, Jardiniers, Opera-Glasses, Fine Albums, Valuable

Dressing Cases, Dressing Bags, Writing Desks,

Gold and Silver Jewellery,

Together with a Great Variety of Nic-Nacs, and High-Class  
Fancy Articles,

adapted for Marriage and Birthday Presents.

(Belonging to Mr Wathew, 78 Buchanan Street, to be Sold by  
Auction without Reserve, in consequence of the Termination  
of his Lease.)

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell, by

Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Wednes-  
day, Thursday, and Friday, 12th, 13th, and 14th March, com-  
mencing each Day at Twelve o'clock prompt.

On View To-Day (Tuesday), 11th March, from Ten A.M. till  
Six P.M., and on Mornings of Sale.

On Tuesday, 18th March, in the City Sale-Rooms, 41 West Nile  
Street.

EXTENSIVE SALE OF

WINE S AND SPIRITS,

Duty Paid and in Bond,

(Belonging to the Sequestrated Estate of A. G. Macdonald,

Wine and Spirit Merchant, Whiteinch and Govan.)

Islay, Campbeltown, and Irish Whiskies,

Brandy in Wood and Bottle,

Rum and Gin,

Port and Sherry Wines, Champagne, &c.

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Street.)

J. & R. EDMISTON will Sell the above in  
the City Sale-Rooms, 41 West Nile Street, on Tuesday,  
11th March, at 12 noon.

Catalogues in preparation.

Messrs BIRD & AFFLECK, C.A.

J. & R. EDMISTON, Auctioneers.

## NEW PUBLIC HALLS.

DR PEACE'S ORGAN RECITAL, on SATURDAY, at FOUR o'clock, as usual.

Tickets of Messrs J. Muir Wood & Co.

TRIENNIAL ELECTION OF A SCHOOL BOARD.

## SCHOOL BOARD OF GLASGOW.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That

1. The TRIENNIAL ELECTION of a SCHOOL BOARD for this BURGH will take place on the 28TH DAY OF MARCH, 1879.

2. The Number of Persons to be Elected as Members of the School Board is Fifteen.

3. Every Person of lawful age, and not subject to any legal incapacity, whose name is entered on the Valuation Roll dated the 16th day of September, 1878, as owner or occupier of lands or heritages within the Burgh of the annual value of not less than four pounds, is entitled to Vote in the Election.

4. Any two Electors may nominate any Person of full age as a Candidate, by sending to, or delivering at, the Glasgow School Board Election Offices, 10 Bothwell Street, a Nomination Paper.

The Nomination Paper must be dated and subscribed by the two Electors, and must contain the Christian Names, Surnames, Places of Abode, and Designations of the Subscribers and of the Candidate Nominated.

No Nomination Paper will be received after 4 P.M. of the 13th day of March.

5. Public Notice will be given of the List of Candidates on or before the 15th day of March.

6. Any Candidate may be withdrawn by the delivery at the Glasgow School Board Election Offices, 10 Bothwell Street, not later than 4 P.M. of the 19th day of March, of a Notice of Withdrawal, signed by the Candidate, and addressed to the Returning Officer.

7. The Voting will take place in each Polling Division, and notice of the number and situation of the Polling Stations will be published on or before the 24th day of March.

Each Voter must Vote in the Division in which the property in respect of which he is rated is situate, and if it is situate in more than one Division, in any one, but only in one, of the Divisions in which it is situate.

8. The Poll will be Open from 8 A.M. till 4 P.M.

9. The Voting shall be by Ballot.

10. Each Voter has Fifteen Votes, all or some of which he may distribute among the Candidates as he sees fit.

Dated this 7th day of March, 1879.

W. KENNEDY, Returning Officer.

Glasgow School Board Election Offices,  
10 Bothwell Street, Glasgow.

P.S.—Nomination Forms may be had on application.



GLASGOW, BOTHWELL, HAMILTON, AND  
COATBRIDGE RAILWAY COMPANY.

THE "GLOVER TESTIMONIAL FUND"  
SPECIAL PERFORMANCES AT THE  
"PRINCE OF WALES" THEATRE, GLASGOW.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

In order to suit the convenience of parties desiring to see the finish of these Entertainments, each night, the Train now leaving COLLEGE STATION (Glasgow) for HAMILTON and all Intermediate Stations at 11 P.M. Will be Altered to 11-30 P.M. from MONDAY, the 10th inst., till SATURDAY, the 15th inst., only.

R. J. BROWNE, General Manager.

Offices, 45 Montrose Street,  
Glasgow, 3rd March, 1879.

INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS,  
CORPORATION GALLERIES,  
SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.  
EXHIBITION OF  
PAINTINGS, SCULPTURE, &c.,  
NOW OPEN.

Day Admission, Nine till Five,.....1s.  
Evening ,, Six till Ten,.....6d.  
*Musical Promenades every Saturday from Two till Four.*

Now Ready. Price 1s. By Post, 1s 2d.

NOTES TO THE GLASGOW INSTITUTE  
OF THE FINE ARTS.

Edited by GEORGE R. HALKETT.

With 100 Sketches by the Artists.

Illustrating all the most important Pictures in the Exhibition.  
Just Issued,

ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY NOTES, 1879.

Published by

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316 Buchanan St., Glasgow; and 13 George St., Edinburgh.  
And Sold by all Booksellers.

FINE ARTS.

NOW ON VIEW,

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HIGH-CLASS SCOTTISH CABINET  
OIL PAINTINGS.

At J. JOHNSTONE YUILE'S GALLERY,  
89 UNION STREET.

Admission Free.

EXHIBITION of HIGH-CLASS WATER-  
COLOUR DRAWINGS,

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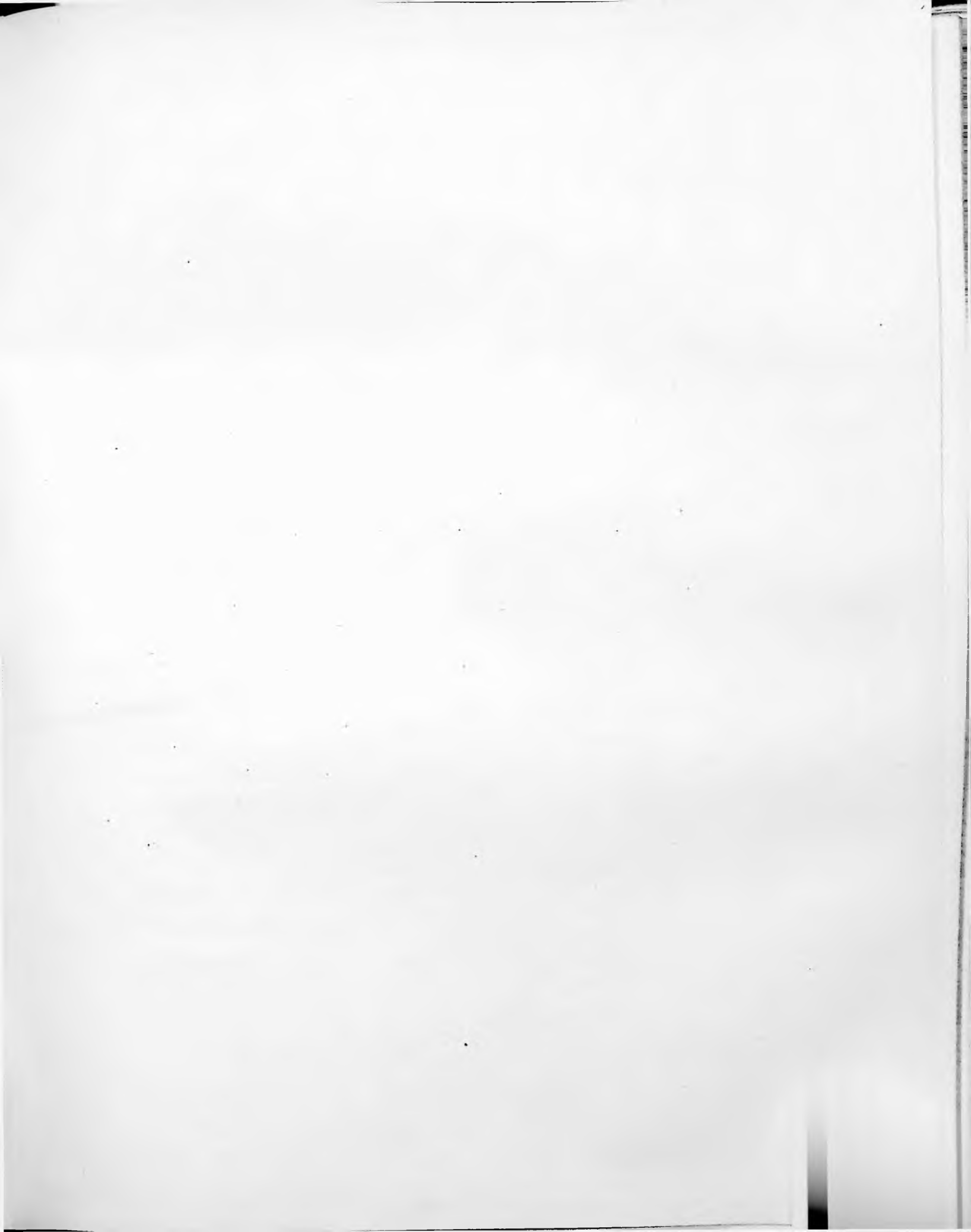
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# The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 335. Glasgow, Wednesday, March 19th, 1879. Price 1d

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 335.

A FAMOUS actress, the lady, of all others, of this generation, who has raised the dramatic art to something of the level which poetry takes in the hands of Mr Tennyson, and painting in those of Sir Frederick Leighton, will this week make what, in all probability, is her last public appearance in Glasgow. She has already taken a formal farewell of our local stage. Some eight years ago HELEN FAUCIT appeared in a round of her great characters on the boards of the Theatre Royal. For twelve nights she revealed to us a whole world of poetry by her impersonations of *Rosalind*, of *Lady Macbeth*, and of *Beatrice*. Then the curtain fell, and for Glasgow, at all events, her acting became no more than a memory. Moved, however, in the solitude of her mountain home in North Wales, by the wreck and ruin wrought by the downfall of the City Bank, Miss FAUCIT bethought herself of sharing, like Mr Toole and Mr Irving, in the efforts made to assist the sufferers by the disaster. She accordingly communicated her wish, through her husband, Mr Theodore Martin, to the Lord Provost, with the result that she will give a series of Shakesperian readings on Friday next, in the Queen's Rooms, in aid of what is known as the "Shareholders' Relief Fund." Five and thirty years have elapsed since Miss FAUCIT made her *debut* in Glasgow. Appearing as *Pauline* on the 11th of December, 1843, in the old Theatre Royal, Dunclop Street, before a good, but not a crowded audience, she became popular on the instant. Her engagement extended over seventeen nights, the parts she sustained, besides *Pauline*, being *Julia*, *Juliet*, *Rosalind*, *Mrs Haller*, *Lady Mabel*, *Mariana*, and *Lady Macbeth*—surely a sufficiently wide, and a sufficiently varied range of

character. Previous to this, however, HELEN FAUCIT had become famous in a wider arena than that of Glasgow. Born in 1817, she was educated from childhood for the stage. Her first public essay was made in the little Richmond theatre at the close of 1833, on the same "boards" where, eight months before, Edmund Kean had bade "farewell" to the "pride, pomp, and circumstance" of his restless and distinguished life. What may be termed the beginning of Miss FAUCIT'S professional career, began on the 5th of January, 1836, when she sustained the part of *Julia*, in "The Hunchback," at Covent Garden. Notwithstanding that she had the recollections of the original *Julia* to contend against—the piece had been first produced four years previously at the "Garden" with Fanny Kemble as the heroine—the success of the new actress was pronounced and immediate. She played the character for twenty nights during the season, alternating it with *Juliet*, *Belvidera*, and *Cleopatra*, and when, twelve months afterwards, Mr Macready assumed the direction of what was then regarded as the National Theatre, he associated her with himself as the leading representative of the poetic drama. From this time onwards there has been no "retiring ebb" in Miss FAUCIT'S fortunes. For over a generation, while she still remained on the stage, she stood alone as the representative of "Shakespeare's Women." Whatever is finest, whatever is most effective in our later theatrical records, is permanently connected with her name. She was the original *Pauline*, *Julie*, *Duchess de la Vallière*, and *Clara*, of Lord Lytton; when Robert Browning's splendid poem of "The Blot on the Scutcheon" was placed on the stage, she breathed thrilling, passionate life into the figure of *Mildred Thresam*; her *Iolanthe* had the supreme fascination of a Greek statue. And it

was not in the English drama alone that Miss FAUCIT triumphed. Her *Antigone* gave an audience of scholars a fresh insight into the beauty and grandeur of classic art. She even succeeded in reviving, if only for a time, the intensely archaic, if also intensely statuesque "Iphigenia in Aulis," of Euripides. To her, equally with Mrs Siddons, may be applied the tribute paid to the latter by Charles Young—"Whatever she touched she ennobled. She never sought by unworthy means to entrap her audience. She disdained to apply to any of the petty resources of trickish minds, in order to startle and surprise her hearers. There was no habitual abruptness, no harshness about her. You never caught her slumbering through some scenes in order to produce, by contrast, an exaggerated effect in others. She neglected nothing. From the first moment to the last she was, according to theatric parlance, 'in character.'" In 1851 Miss FAUCIT became the wife of Mr Theodore Martin, the poet and *litterateur*, and her subsequent appearances on the stage grew ever seldomer and more seldom, till she may be said to have taken leave of it altogether about 1871 or 1872. Three years ago she played for one night at the London Lyceum Theatre, taking part, along with her friend, Mr Henry Irving, in her husband's translation of "King Rene's Daughter;" and next month she will sustain the character of *Beatrice*, in "Much Ado about Nothing," in the Shakespeare performances at Stratford, the *Benedick* of the comedy being Mr Barry Sullivan. These, however, can hardly be called "stage appearances," in the proper sense of the term. To all intents and purposes her public life is at an end. Her personality has merged into that of her husband; she is HELEN FAUCIT no longer. But whether Miss FAUCIT or Mrs MARTIN, the rare, womanly nature which shone through her impersonations of *Rosalind*, of *Portia*, of *Imogen*, is as quick and glowing as ever. "I give this book to thee," says her husband, in the lines he has prefixed to his translation of the "Vita Nuova," of Dante,

"whose daily life  
With that full pulse of noblest feeling glows,  
Which lent its spell to thy so potent art;  
To thee whose every act, my own true wife,  
The grace serene and heavenward spirit shows  
That rooted Beatrice in Dante's heart."

It is this pulse of sensitive, sympathetic feeling, which has procured for us the honour on the present occasion of a visit from this distinguished lady, a visit, let us hope, that will be at-

tended with substantial results to the sufferers by the stoppage of the City of Glasgow Bank.

### The Wedding—How Lord Provost C. Behaved on the Occasion.

SCOTS wha hae your taxes paid,  
Scots wha hae brocht hame a bride,  
Scots wha hae your country's pride,  
Bide a wee tae me.

Heard you what the Provost cried  
When the noble pair were tied—  
"Cake an' wine will be supplied  
Tae them that's no T.T.

"Wha wad fill an early grave,  
Wha wad rather waste than save,  
Or like Jamie Martin rave,  
Let them hae a spree.

"Wha wad rather hae a snap,  
Or a nicely butter'd bap,  
Or a bun wi' sugar'd tap,  
Let him on wi' me.

"See Loch Katrine's noble dew  
Waits alike for me an' you,  
We'll be straucht when they'll be fou,  
That you sune shall see.

"Every wish that's true and leal,  
Rowth o' cheese an' heaps o' meal,  
An' heaven aye keep them brow an' weel,  
Prays Lord Provost C.'

Here a jug he held aloft,  
Then his bonnet swiftly doft,  
Next the water "nate" he scoft,  
"That's the style," quo he.

### A Sensitive Bobby.

A GREENOCK policeman professes to have had his feelings and reputation terribly injured—injured, indeed, to the extent of £50—by the insinuation that his evidence on a recent occasion was not in strict accordance with the truth. Your Sugaropolitan bobby seems to be made of more sensitive stuff than his Glasgow brother. Our guardians bear such insinuations with the utmost equanimity—possibly because they are so accustomed to them.

NOTHING SURPRISING.—It seems that Lord Glasgow "caused some amusement," on the recent occasion of his taking the oath as Lord Clerk-Register, "by the rapidity of his exit" from the Court of Session. Anything will pass for a joke in a court of law, but it seems to the BAILIE that it would have been much funnier if his Lordship had *not* been in a hurry to escape from those gruesome precincts.

The Man we Know—Professor Gairdner.  
The Man he Didn't—Professor Bishop.

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The Two Dromios.

THE features of last week's meeting of Town Council were the appearances of Messrs Martin and Burt. Jeems—who is evidently jealous of the running lately made by his rival, Mr Neil—distinguished himself by declaring that raffles at bazaars were “something worse than begging,” and terming the Established Church an “old sink of iniquity;” but the genuine comic business was supplied by Mr Burt. This distinguished droll at once made a hit by confusing Iago with Shylock, and adding proudly, by way of explanation, that “he was not a theatre-going man.” Then he generously offered to defer his speech till the Lord Provost had concluded his private conversations, advised an opponent to “go outside,” and made several abortive attempts to inflict upon his audience some of the maunderings of that ecclesiastical mountebank, Archdeacon Denison. Finally, he awed the Council into attention by threatening to “follow” it if it “went away.” *Apropos*: Mr Marwick says that a clause in an Act of Parliament ordering the Lord Provost and Magistrates to be taken to the Cross and hanged would be sufficient warrant for the execution. His Worship is anxious to know if it would hold good with ex-Bailies and Councillors as well.

Jones, in a philanthropic mood, wants to know, you know, how to make “gum-putty.” He is anxious to export a quantity for the use of the Hindoos, among whom it is so rare as, it seems, to be made a goddess of. They spell it “gum-putti;” but that, no doubt, is their ignorance.

Mr Burt thinks it “a terrible thing that a corporation appointed for the management of the affairs of the city should be cavilling and fighting always about the affairs of the City Churches.” Why, then, cavil and fight, Mr B.?

In the Glasgow Bankruptcy Court last week a man owned to having given a dinner that cost £60, at a time when “he knew that he was in difficulties, but thought that with a fight he would be able to come through.” When he begins his next “fight” perhaps it may occur to him that sixty-pound dinners are not exactly the best weapons to use.

There are in the Tron Parish, according to Councillor Wilson, “two parishioners living in the church.” Are they the original church-mice, Mr W.?

A Cabinet Minister—Councillor Dickson.

An Ardent Disciple.

IT may be remembered that some time ago Dr. Begg publicly advocated the smashing of “painted windows.” The reverend Doctor will be pleased to learn that his preaching has been reduced to practice by a Hogganfield zealot, who, besides destroying a memorial window in a local church, has broken a number of panes of ordinary glass in the church, and six panes in the manse. It is true that the police and the press call the act “malicious mischief,” and other hard names, but Dr. Begg and his disciple know better.

THE MORE USEFUL “BRANCHES.”

“Tis education forms the common mind;  
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined,”  
At Gilmorehill if trees must needs be planted  
For education, “birch” is what is wanted.

WHICH?—The Prestwick St. Nicholas Golf Club have just been robbed for a fourth time of their liquor. Prestwick evidently possesses either some very ardent teetotallers who believe in missionary enterprise of a practical sort, or else some very drouthy chiefs who believe in the Club's cellar. In either case the Club might find it advantageous to look to their locks.

The new Lord Chamberlain is to take office on the 1st of April—“A highly appropriate date, considering some of his functions,” observes the BAILIE'S own cynic.

There has turned up in South Africa a green diamond—which, however, may possibly turn out to be not so green as its purchaser.

ALL IN HIS “E.”—Colonel Forrester, of the 19th L. R. V., informed the Committee on the Volunteer Force, that “on week-days they had weak companies”—surely a trifling remark. What could he expect on week-days *but* weak companies?

An honourable gentleman declared the other night that he always supported the Permissive Bill, though he didn't believe in it, “because he had nothing better to support.” Suppose he were to try supporting himself?

One of Dr. Kenealy's constituents has been sent to prison for swindling another by “fortune telling.” Quite right and proper; but would it not be an advantage if in such cases, while the victimiser goes to jail, the victim could be consigned to a lunatic asylum?

Particular to a T—Councillor Moir.

## Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—They are acting "The Crisis" this week at the Gaiety. "The Crisis" is one of those pieces that will "draw the town." It is in some measure a drama of intrigue, but it is also a comedy of character, and the writing is wonderfully brilliant. As for the acting, why the company has been specially organised by Charles Wyndham, and the leading parts are played by David Fisher and Mrs Howard Paul—and no more need be said, I suppose, on that point.

The treat of a drama by Emile Augier, done into English by James Albery, is one that doesn't come often into one's way in these high latitudes.

Last week's performances at the Prince of Wales Theatre have given satisfaction to everybody. The great success of the week was, of course, the representation of "Caste;" but "Rob Roy," "The School for Scandal"—in which the playing of Mr Warden and Miss Stanhope was exceedingly effective—and "Macbeth," were all sustained with marked, if varying, degrees of ability.

Miss Stanhope left Glasgow this morning for Belfast, to play a week's starring engagement at the Theatre Royal there. She appears to-night as *Galatea*, in the "Pygmalion and Galatea" of Mr Gilbert.

Mr Coleman puts up the Olympic Drama of "The Two Orphans" at the Prince of Wales this evening. Henry Neville's character of *Pierre* will be sustained during its run by Mr Charles Dornton, while the members of Edinburgh Theatre Royal Company have been specially engaged for the other parts in the piece.

Mr Edward L. Knapp opens at the South Side Theatre, to-night, with Offenbach's sparkling "Princess of Trebizonde." His company, which includes Miss Lucy Franklein, Miss Grace Huntley, and Miss Carrie Braham, together with Messrs. H. D. Barton, G. C. Murray, Newton Ramsden, and George Mudie, is an unusually good one. Its members, moreover, are familiar with one another, always an important matter in regard to the smoothness and *ensemble* of a performance. Last week Mr Knapp and his friends appeared with much success in the "Princess" at the Opera-House, Kilmarnock. He took his benefit on Friday, when the performances were under the patronage of Sheriff Anderson and Provost Sturrock.

From Edinburgh, where he was playing all last fortnight—what a storm, to be sure, he has occasioned by interdicting the performance of the Operatic Amateurs on Saturday afternoon at the Theatre Royal there—Mr Barry Sullivan has now migrated to Newcastle. He appears to-night at the Theatre Royal in the Tyneside borough.

Hengler's worthily maintains its traditions, equally in respect of the excellence of the general performances; of the supreme sensation, *Zazel*; and, *argal*, of the overflowing "business."

Those of your readers who are "up" in things acrobatic, are aware that "Zazel" is a pupil of Dr. Farini, the clever Canadian who "brought out" "Lu-lu," who introduced the "live Laplanders" to London, and who was the *entrepreneur* of the "whales" exhibited at the London Aquarium. At present he has one or two new "sensations" on hand. One of these is a group of "missing links"—hairy men from Papua, and another a company of Zulus from the seat of war, duly attested by Lord Chelmsford.

Equestrianism proper is finely illustrated by Misses Sprake and Deacon, and Messrs Lloyd, Watson, and Luigi; Joe Bibb and his brother motleys keep the fun fast and furious while in possession of "the house;" the Honreys set all laws of gravitation at defiance; Messrs Royal and Rollins must be fearfully and wonderfully made; and Messrs F. C. Hengler and F. Ameson show the acme of horse-breaking with their *manège* and trick animals. It may fairly be open to question, however, whether Mr Ameson is more in love with his horses or—with himself. Thanks to the lyx-eyed watchfulness of "the people's William"—the elder Powell—there is never a hitch or pause in getting through the programme.

What a young creature *Zazel* is to go through such a daring

and exacting performance! I am assured by the lady herself, as well as by her mamma—competent authorities, BAILIE—that she is but nineteen on the 14th of next month. This is only her third engagement, the others having been at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, for two years, and quite recently at Mr Hengler's house, Liverpool, for a short season.

Mr Hengler is bound by contract to open at Belfast on Easter Monday, 14th April, so his stay in Glasgow is limited.

People who care for the "Wizard of the North" and the "Ettrick Shepherd" will flock to the City Hall on Saturday night, when we will be treated, by Mr Airlie, to a night with both. He has engaged a capital company to render various of the more characteristic pieces of this illustrious pair.

Fired by the glowing accounts of the Pen and Pencil Club and its doings—carried back to Edinburgh by pilgrims returning from the west—the wise men of the east are about to establish a club, I understand, somewhat similar to that of the P. and P. A preliminary meeting, at which the President of the Royal Scottish Academy will occupy the chair, has been called in Edinburgh for the 20th inst.

In connection with our latest murderous sensation, the policeman on whose beat the affair took place declares that he refused "a dram" from a hospitable reveller. That bobby had better "make tracks." He is clearly quite out of his element in ta Glesga force.

"BLACK SPIRITS AND WHITE."—There can be no doubt of Mr Bishop's influence upon spirits. He put everybody into good spirits before his entertainment, and everybody into bad after.

Our jolly old friend Sir William Edmonstone mustered courage the other day to tell his brother-M.P.'s, amid general hilarity, that he was determined to keep 'the parsons' out of the House of Commons. When he is at it he might try his hand at keeping the *Bishops* out of the newspapers.

## AN OXEYEDENTAL TRAIT.

A very good plan to play off our rot—  
To send to Japan, instead of to pot.

TOWN AND GOWN.—Asinus wishes to know why it is that students are so permitted to process, and what beyond those of law-abiding citizens are their peculiar and particular privileges.

"GOOD NAME IN MAN AND WOMAN."—It may be safely said, that wherever the name of Mr Good-rich is heard, there will always be found something like virtue before wealth.

Queer, Eh?—Having failed with Crosshill, are we now about to annex Houston? In the first place, "teaching young idea how to suit."

Vaulting ambition which o'erleapt itself—The vaulting of an addition to the Jamaica Street Bridge.



A Spirited Parish.

THE BAILIE had occasion the other week to comment on certain uproarious ecclesiastical proceedings at Neilston, and he now desires to commend that parish to the attention of Mr Washington Irving Bishop. It seems that the communion roll "includes a number of people who are dead . . . and that these persons vote." Pending his American friend's report on the subject, his Worship would fain hope that the riotous doings in question were attributable to the "spirits"—as, indeed, seems not improbable.

So we are to be saddled with Dr. Marwick's scheme for the annexation of the surrounding burghs. This determination has not been announced in so many words by the powers that be, but there is no need, after Monday's statement in the Town Council, to pretend to any extra degree of insight into matters municipal, when foretelling that we are in for the scheme. That it will be defeated is already a foregone conclusion. Why should the rate-payers be burdened with the expense of a scheme, regarding which they know little and care less?

A LOCAL HABITATION AND A NAME.—Those Professors who are always on the look-out for money to send to an English architect and an English contractor might surely have made an "arrangement" for a benefit by Bishop. By the aid of a "percentage" they might have had their tower crowned with a Bishop's mitre, or have seen an arch-Bishop spanning a new door or gateway.

FEARFUL INSTANCE OF BACKSLIDING.—The Sunday car to Crosshill, while on its unhallowed career on the 9th inst., came to a stand in the middle of the incline in Victoria Road, and slid back to the foot, dragging the horses after it. The result was that the cargo of Sabbath-breakers had to get out and shove. Assuredly the way of transgressors is hard!

The Londoners, remarks Bauldy, with an anticipatory grin, have not been favourably impressed with the Rev. Mr Witts' intelligence. They must not be hard on the poor man. Having left his wife and family behind him in Zululand, he cannot possibly have all his "witts" about him in London.

A Harmony in Grey.—The 1st L.R.V. meeting.

A Spring Summer-sault.—Back to Winter.

Toujours Sandy.

WHAT is our friend Sandy MacDonald up to? In the House of Commons last week he "objected to" an item of £1,700 for the cost of inquiries into mine explosions. If there is one thing which Sandy has persistently demanded—and very properly demanded—for years, it is that proper inquiries should be made into the causes of such explosions, and it unfortunately happens that inquiries cannot be made without cost. Once more, what is Sandy up to? Can it be that he is hard up for an excuse to keep himself before his grimy subjects? Impossible!

SEASONABLE HORTICULTURE.—Some confirmed grumblers have been growling savagely because we had some snow last week. But what of that? Is not spring the time when we naturally look for snowdrops? Some of those discontented folks will object to our having roses in June next.

AS CHASTE AS ICE, AS PURE AS SNOW.—On the occasion of the royal marriage this at least may be said of "the second city," that it was arrayed in white. Otherwise also its loyalty was un-flagging.

OIL ON THE TROUBLED WATERS.—In one of the Glover Testimonial tableaux it would be difficult to say which was chiefly represented—the aching heart of the Queen, or the Aitken-art of the scenist.

A MEMORY OF THE DIVINE HELEN.

Like Greek, alike in grandeur and in grace,  
The highest culture, purity of style;  
Like but herself—expressive form and face,  
Rich silvery voice, sweet witchery-charm of smile.

SOMETHING LOOMING IN THE DISTANCE.—"The second city" has been invariably loyal; and if Her Majesty has heard of its "banquetings and junketings" on the occasion of the royal marriage, doubtless it will be favourably remembered, as it has always been hitherto.

A voice from the Pit.—The first Pen and Pencil tableaux were in the Coal Exchange; the second were in the Coleman's house.

The Spring, the angry Winter, change their wonted liveries.—*Midsummer-night's Dream*.—The BAILIE has heard of "the borrowed days;" some of these Lent days must have been lent by December or January.

"The scene is changed."—From Spring in verdure clad to Hiems' snowy mantle.

## Quavers.

IT cannot be said that the Free Church has made much progress in sacred music. It is, in fact, pretty far behind yet in that matter. One or two congregations in Glasgow, and probably in other chief towns, are, however, making commendable efforts to improve their music, and Kelvinside Free Church is a conspicuous example. This congregation has had the courage, for instance, to refuse to employ the miserable musical collection issued two or three years ago under the auspices of the Assembly, having adopted the Scottish Hymnal instead, the tune book of the Established Church.

The Musical Association of Kelvinside Free Church gave a very good concert on Tuesday evening of last week. The principal item in their programme was Henry Farmer's Service in B flat, melodious music of its school, if occasionally slightly vulgar. The choir, which consists of forty to fifty voices, have evidently been unusually well-trained in regard to grace and ease of expression, as might well have been expected indeed from the experience of their conductor, Mr James Allan, of the Glasgow Select Choir. A little more energy on the part of the gentlemen of the chorus would not be amiss, however, the ladies evidently out-doing them in enthusiasm, as well as in quality of tone. The Mass was sung in English.

These services or masses should always be sung to the Latin words, even where the music, as in this case, has been written to suit the translation. The music undoubtedly loses breadth comparatively.

The proceedings at the distribution of prizes to the 1st Lanarkshire Rifle Volunteer Corps last Thursday evening were somewhat interesting musically. One now seldom hears male-voice singing—a matter, it is to be said, of surprise as well as of regret, for there must be ample opportunity for cultivation, one would think, of this delightful branch of choral exercise. The singing at this concert by musical members of the corps was at least highly promising. The under parts were good but the higher tenor was somewhat weak. Mr M'Nabb, honorary conductor to the corps, kept the numerous body, orchestra and all, well together, producing too, a pleasing variety of expression.

A selection from the male-voice arrangements of national melodies with the orchestral accompaniments by Sir H. S. Oakeley, were specially interesting items in the programme.

These arrangements have been executed apparently with a thorough knowledge of effect. That highly-favoured ballad, "Duncan Gray" (which was chorally sung), has been treated rather boldly, the Reid professor having thrown the melody for the second last verse into the relative minor—ticklish somewhat to vocalise, one may suppose, but very effective. Agreeably as the orchestra played the accompaniments and masterly as are the full harmonies, the co-operation of a band could not be said to be altogether in place here, and is best for such warlike lyrics as "Scots wha hae" or "The Pibroch of Donald Dhu" produced in this way at the concert.

The concert of secular music, by the choir of Camphill U.P. Church, on Thursday evening, was remarkably successful. The music brought forward was simple, rather; but what is of consequence, the execution was good. Mr Schofield, the recently-appointed choirmaster and organist to the Church, conducts with taste and neatness, and the choir contains some experienced voices. The accomplished pastor of the congregation, by the way, took a part in the chorus, an uncommon circumstance in Scotland, if familiar enough in England, where often the clergyman leads on such occasions.

Musical fun with refinement is not always to be had, but where the two are combined, as at the Humourist Concert by the Glasgow Select Choir, a treat is provided that all can appreciate and enjoy. There was a first-rate attendance in spite of the disagreeable weather. The singing was, as usual, careful, and the enunciation of the choir—a marked feature now—perfect. Mr Archer's settings of "Tibbie Fowler" and "Kate Dalrymple" proved hits. Encores were frequent, as may be imagined; the part-song, descriptive of the peculiar charms of the interesting female last-named, and the contralto song,

"Why are you wandering here, I pray" (artistically rendered), being honoured with double encores, which, of course, could not be responded to. Sometimes with the fun the choir had enough to do to maintain its equilibrium, the infection of laughter was so powerful.

The same programme is to be repeated next Saturday, many being prevented from attending. Only one other remark may now be made, which is, that Mr Archer has discovered a wonderful appreciation of our national humour, and illustrate it musically with masterly ability.

A large and efficient body of local amateurs took part in the incidental music to "Macbeth" on Saturday evening. They had been carefully drilled by Mr Lambeth, whose place, however, was filled by Mr Channon Cornwall at the performance; and all things considered, the singing was excellent, we understand. With the experience of a night or two more, the time-honoured music of Locke would have been something specially attractive. Miss Margaretta Smyth and Mr Osborn took part in the solos.

## SUGAROPOLIS AGAIN.

(Scene—A street in Greenock; time—the forenoon of Thursday week.)

Enter R.—The oldest inhabitant (female); L.—A business man of her acquaintance, in a great hurry.

B. M.—Ah! how d'ye do granny. Ta, ta: Fearful hurry this mornin'.

O. H.—What's the flags fleein' for the day. An' a' the poliss hise on white gloves?

B. M.—Did you no hear? Bailie Paul's gettin' merit.

O. H.—Losh! d'ye say sae. Wha on?

B. M. (hurrying away)—A——(reflecting), a——Mann (disappearing R.), a Miss Mann.

(Exit R.)

O. H. (holding up her hands)—A man!!—Bailie Paul gettin' merit on a man! Losh me!! (Exit L.)

VACUOUS.—At a recent Presbytery meeting not a hundred miles from Paisley, one of the members expressed his desire to "discuss a question *in vacuo*—that was to say, with nobody present." How he proposed to accomplish this remarkable feat in the way of discussion he did not condescend to explain.

CONSOLATORY.—A fireman on strike was convicted last week of having told a man who chose to work that, if he did not leave off, "his friends would have his brains to carry home in a short time." The doughty fireman may console himself under the hand of the law by the reflection that *his* friends will never have a chance of carrying home his brains.

Hamilton Nimmo's "Creep afore ye gang," "Let me ken hoo the Bairs are at Hame," "Hoo can ye gang, Laddie," and "Crookit Bawbee," are the popular modern Scotch Song and duets.—HJ NIMMO, Ayr, and all Music Sellers, 1s 6d and 2s, net.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the new candidates for the School Board are a motley crew.

That they are all anxious to save the money of the ratepayers.

That there is not an iota of self-glorification in the composition of any one of them.

That "oor Rubbart" and "oor Jeems" are among the lot.

That the "powny" is not the least anxious that its master should get in.

That "oor Jeems" has not half scope enough for his expansive mind in the "Coouncil."

That he'll make things lively should he be returned.

That the Lord Provost has carried his churches scheme.

That only 15 members voted in its favour out of a Council of 50 members.

That the Auld Kirk has little to fear from such puny opposition.

That Bailie Moir thinks there are half-a-dozen Chairmen at the Town Council Board.

That he is not far wrong.

That Yankee Bishop has had the better of the "party by the name of Johnston," in the Western Infirmary argument.

That the conclusion is that all our grey-beards were "circumvented" by the 'cuteness of the American.

That the Council are going in for Dr. Marwick's municipal area scheme.

That the Council proposes, but the suburbs dispose.

That the Town Clerk's "fad" has about as much chance of passing the House of Commons as the Permissive Bill.

"ON COMMISSION."—It seems that "the British Commission for the Paris Exhibition" have spent considerably over £50,000, and "ask for more." It must have been about as good a thing to be a Commissioner as it is to be a member of a Glasgow "deputation."

The *News* says that the school-fees collected in the city, "from 1st August, 1878, to 28th February, 1879, amounted to £11,041 8s 2½d," and yet some people say we might have a more efficient and economical School Board!

The brother of the ingenious inventor of the plural "omnibi" has been discovered in the shape of a local reporter who is terribly down upon persons whom he styles "ignorami!"

Board Wages—The Board School's,

Songs for the Times.

NO. 2.—THE BENEVOLENT AMERICAN.  
Tunc—"The Bonnie Blue Flag."

COME all ye Glasgow citizens and listen to my song,  
'Tis not particularly short nor is it very long,  
It's all about a Yankee gent., I will not give his name,  
Who in humanity's behalf to our good city came.

Hurrah, hurrah, we may well sing hurrah

For the tender-hearted gentleman who came from America

To beauteous modern Athens, our wisemen of the West  
Sent a letter full of compliments to our Yankee friend addressed;  
It asked him soon to visit us and plainly to us show  
The tricks of spirit mediums (nought but sleight of hand you know).

Hurrah, hurrah, we may well sing hurrah

For the shrewd and kindly gentleman who came from America.

"To come I will be happy and I'll give a night or two  
In aid of a local charity," replied this Yankee true,  
And our Western Hall was packed each night with folk, all sorts and sizes,

As the charges for admission were arrayed at various prices.

Hurrah, hurrah, we can but cry hurrah

For this open-handed gentleman who came from America.

A scientific baronet the first night took the chair,  
Next night a leading councilor (to halve the work was fair),  
And on the spacious platform church and college did combine  
With professors, doctors, clergymen to make a goodly shine.

Hurrah, hurrah, they all did sing hurrah,

For the open-handed gentleman who came from America.

The wondrous things this good man did made all the people stare,

He even from his ca' inet brought forth a spectre fair,  
And when all was concluded the applause did sound like thunder,  
"Due," said a wise professor, "to a disordered sense of wonder."

Hurrah, hurrah, the audience cried hurrah,

Such talent and such kindness were just like America.

But now, alas, good people that I should have to tell  
A slight misunderstanding 'twixt our Yankee friend befell,  
And the selfsame local charity for whose behalf and aid,  
Both evenings grand performances, the papers said, were made,  
Alas, alas, we cannot sing hurrah

'Till we settle with the gentleman who came from America.

POLICE INTELLIGENCE.—The laureate of "ta force" is engaged on a triumphal composition entitled, "The Charge of the Heavy Brigade at Charing Cross." It will be issued by the publisher to the University.

Mr W. R. W. Smith has been accused, according to his own statement, of "having a subway under his bonnet." This, the BAILIE considers, is going too far. His Worship never thought the Smithian bonnet covered anything more formidable than a good-sized bee.

The great Stark, of Duntocher, thinks "it is not a pleasant thing to be kept out in the cold." That depends. The BAILIE knows a good many people who would infinitely prefer "cold without" Stark, to "hot" with him.

A Deliberate Falsehood—One told with lees-  
sure.

*Paris, March, 1879.***WALTER WILSON**

*Has the honour to announce that he is at present in Paris with his assistants making final purchases of*

**Summer Millinery Materials, Flowers, Feathers, Ornaments, &c.**

*Also, that he has selected an immense number of Pattern Hats and Bonnets by the most famous modistes in Paris. The prices range from fifty to five hundred francs (the very cream of French Millinery). THESE we will show with our London Patterns (also original designs and copies from patterns by our own staff) in GLASGOW, on Tuesday, 25th instant, and during the week.*

*Our PARIS PATTERNS (with Makers' names and addresses attached) will be sold at a trifling per centage over cost price, and we will offer an immense variety of LADIES' & MISSES' TRIMMED HATS & BONNETS, from Five Shillings to Twenty Pounds.*

**CHIP HATS & BONNETS, in Black, White, Beige, Grey, &c.**

*TWIST and FANCY STRAWS, in all the New Shapes and Colours.*

**Feathers, Flowers, Ribbons, Ornaments, Beads, and Cords.**

**SATINS, SILKS, & VELVETS (Plain & Fancy) IN ALL NEW SHADES.**

**INFANTS MILLINERY. MOURNING MILLINERY.**

**At Wholesale Prices.**

*We hope our endeavours to place before you an immense selection of all that is Fashionable and Artistic in High-Class Goods at extremely Moderate Prices, will meet with your approval and patronage.*

**PRIVATE VIEW on Monday, 24th March, on which day admission will be by Ticket only, to be had from**

*Your obedient Servants,*

*Walter Wilson & Co.*

**COLOSSEUM,**

**70 Jamaica Street, Glasgow.**

SALE EXTRAORDINARY  
AT THE  
CALEDONIAN HOUSE,

CONSISTING OF

RARE BARGAINS IN LINEN TABLECLOTHS, HORROCK'S LONGCLOTHS, REAL DACCA COTTONS  
BEAUTIFUL CRETONNES, LINEN AND COTTON SHEETINGS &c.,

ALSO

A MANUFACTURER'S STOCK OF DRESS MATERIALS, at Less than Half the Cost of Production.

**M**ESSRS COPLAND & LYE, in announcing another List of Extraordinary Bargains, take this opportunity of thanking all their Numerous Patrons who so freely responded to their invitation to their Great Sale, which has proved A GREAT SUCCESS, and exceeded by far their most sanguine expectations, which from the peculiar circumstances of the times, and the almost universal stagnation in trade, has induced them to go with spirit into the Markets with Cash in hand, by which they have been enabled to secure the most wonderful Bargains, which must be seen to be credited.

The HANDSOMEST SALOON in the World for the Display and Exhibition of Costumes, Jackets, Millinery, etc.

Ladies are invited to walk through the Caledonian House, as Novelties and Special Bargains are being continually laid out.

C O P L A N D & L Y E,  
CALEDONIAN HOUSE, 165 AND 167 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S  
**HIGH-CLASS CLOTHING**  
AT EXTREMELY MODERATE PRICES  
TERMS CASH  
W.C. THOMSON 65 & 67 UNION ST.

6<sup>D</sup> HAIR CUT AND SHAMPOED. 6<sup>D</sup>  
M'LEAN, 96 MITCHELL STREET

SOLD EVERYWHERE,  
**HENRY THOMSON & CO'S**  
OLD  
**IRISH WHISKY.**

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—  
ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

DAVISON'S  
**CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE**  
**GINGER BEER.**

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND;" WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC.  
As supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

**THOMAS DAVISON,**  
DISPENSING CHEMIST,  
126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

THE BAILIE.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 19th, 1879.

**T**HE funniest thing we have seen in Glasgow, since Mr IRVING BISHOP'S entertainment, was the nomination last week of the entire School Board, with one or two trifling alterations, for re-election "in order to avoid the trouble and expense of a contest!" If this nice little arrangement could be carried out, not only would there be no contest now, but there would never be another. It would make the Board as practically self-elective as the City Bank directorate, and instead of troublesome appeals to the constituency every three years, it would only be necessary, as the approach of old age extinguished the feeble intellect of any member, that his colleagues should appoint some other old woman in his place. Indeed, the office might by and bye be made hereditary in the families of the present members, which would still farther save trouble. This plan undoubtedly has many merits, but the result it would attain would decidedly not be that contemplated by the Act. However, the "happy family" arrangement has been overturned by the perverse determination of some citizens to exercise their rights. The next Board may be better, or—as

there is no limit to human folly—it may be even worse, than the present, but at all events it will be the choice of the constituency. But perhaps, after all, the astonishing re-election proposal is not so very astonishing. We must bear in mind that it emanated from a Board which numbers eight clergymen and a missionary among its fifteen members.

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Confiding.

WHAT guileless beings our prison officials are, to be sure! In order to obtain any property left in the hands of the said officials, your swindler has but to assume the character of the discharged prisoner to whom the property belongs, and it is handed over with “no questions asked”—no bother about identity, or other troublesome formalities. It is refreshing to find that not even long contact with the predatory classes can eradicate a child-like trust in his species from a Duke Street Deputy-governor.

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“Animated.”

THE proceedings were of a somewhat animated character,” is the mild way in which a local reporter describes a meeting at which forcible ejections and accusations of falsehood and intoxication were the rule, and where one gentleman was kicked off the platform. The BAILIE would like to hear that reporter’s idea of what constitutes—*Fenkins*, we thank thee for the phrase!—“a shine in the tents of Shem.”

SEESTU DISSATISFIED.—The business of the Paisley post-office is, it seems, transacted in those moments which the postmaster can manage to spare from the tea-trade in which he is engaged—an arrangement with which some unreasonable Suburbans profess to be dissatisfied. Some people are never content. Do they want a Lord John Manners all “to their own cheek?”

Cetywayo’s warriors are armed with British-made weapons, and our mortar-shells in Afghanistan are found to be filled with brickdust instead of powder. Fair play is, no doubt, a jewel; but isn’t this giving the enemy just a little *too* much “law?”

Among his other accomplishments, it appears, Tonalt, of “ta force,” is able to distinguish an artificial sneeze from a natural one. It might be more to the purpose if he were able, on occasion, to distinguish apoplexy from intoxication.

Truths for Teetotallers.

THE story of Balaam and Balak was repeated the other evening in the Moral Philosophy Class-room of Glasgow University. The University Total Abstinence Society having called upon Professor Macleod to curse them the “moderate drinker,” thus did the Professor bless that much-maligned individual altogether:—After describing the fiend alcohol as a useful digestive, stimulant, sedative, and so on, he observed that its moderate use “did not merely make men agreeable and happy—and he held that that was something in this humid and changeable clime of ours—but it made a man warm and more comfortable in the exercise of his functions, made him take more food and make better use of it, made him more brilliant intellectually, and more pleasant in his intercourse with his fellows.” If the teetotal prigs of Gilmorehill were not sadder as they wended their way homeward after this snubbing from the genial professor, let us hope that they were at least a little wiser.

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Startling.

THE BAILIE intends to give up reading the “Sporting Intelligence” of his daily contemporaries. It is really too much for his nerves. Fancy the magisterial feelings on meeting the following among the lively notes of “White and Gold:”—“I was most curious about his Lordship, of whose trial last year I had heard such great things. I did not see him galiop, but I had him stripped in his box.” The scandalised Magistrate found himself guessing at the identity of this tried, galloping, and boxed-up nobleman, upon whom Granny’s commissioner had inflicted such an indignity, for full five minutes, before it flashed upon him that the creature was a horse! Such ambiguous phraseology ought really to be prohibited by law.

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A-LOAN WITH THE RITUALISTS.

Now is the season of our discontent:  
A royal marriage solemnised in Lent.

Bailie Thomson “does not blame the students so much as the professors, who should learn (*sic*) them better.” What do you think, Bailie, of getting a “professor” to “learn” you your own language?

MARTIAL LAW.—The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught having both been married in Lent, the month thereof looks likely to be known as “the wedding March.”

Megilp.

MESSRS THOMAS AGNEW & SONS have opened their tenth annual exhibition of "selected high-class pictures" in the Exchange Street Galleries, Manchester. The collection appears to be a very fine one, and includes specimens of nearly all our best painters. Two Glasgow men are represented—Mr James A. Aitken, by "The Thames at Hammer-smith," and "Iona;" and Mr John Grey, by "Stirling Castle." The catalogue is got up with great taste.

Messrs Agnew in their "second gallery" show examples of the early English School. They have pictures by Reynolds, Gainsborough, Raeburn, Wilson, Morland, Constable, Crome, Nasmyth, &c. The educational value of such an exhibition is very great. When our new Institute Building is finished, its walls should always be occupied by pictures; after the Institute Exhibition itself is over for the season there should be a constant succession of special exhibitions. In Art matters, we in Glasgow have a deal of lost time to make up.

Mr James A. Aitken's work in black and white is always excellent. He has on hand just now a large cartoon, destined for Mr Henry Irving's Lyceum Theatre, representing Macbeth's meeting with the witches on the heath. The design is bold, and the execution marked by great power and weird suggestiveness. Mr Aitken's landscape in Edinburgh, of "By the Lake-side, Loch Achray," is very fine. It is full of careful work; the arrangement is good, and the light admirably managed. It is a picture that attracts the eye, and remains impressed on the memory.

For several days lately a pleasant sight might have been seen in Mr George Ewing's studio in Bath Street. The scenery for the Pen and Pencil Club Tableaux, at the Glover testimonial performance, was painted in Mr Ewing's place; and to look on the thoroughly hearty and cordial way in which the various artists wrought together for the benefit of a brother artist, would have done infinite good to all narrow-minded paragons of respectability, who regard "A Collection at the Door" as the noblest form in which benevolent feelings can find expression. The boys worked with a will, and lightened their labour with many a merry and good-humoured jest.

The first of April is sending-in day for the Royal Academy. A friend writes to me from London:—"I hear every day about great pictures forthcoming, but it is too soon to speak of such. It is sufficient to say that the London Scottish brigade are putting their best foot foremost this year. The election of MacWhirter seems to have had an inspiring effect on them, and they are all busy on important works."

Your old friend, Mr J. E. Christie, is working at his large Academy picture, "The Pied Piper," which promises very well.

"Preparing for Dinner" and "Reverie," by Israels, in the Institute, are charming from their earnestness and fine feeling. The manipulation is, of course, tender and suggestive. There is no straining after effect in these pictures; they are strong, because they are natural and true.

"Loch Ard, Autumn," is a good piece of work in colour and composition, by Mr W. Young. The lights and shadows on the landscape are effective, but the sky is not altogether satisfactory. "No Thoroughfare," by Mr A. S. Boyd, is careful and unpretending; the low-toned colour is rather pleasant.

Mr Wellwood Rattray's "Whaur the Burnie Rins Wimpling," shows that this artist has of late made marked progress. There are ease and harmony in this picture in touch and colour. The line of landscape across the sky might, with advantage, have been more broken up.

Before finishing for this week, I must call attention to "Granny's Servants," by Mr A. Davidson; "Langbank, on the Clyde," by Mr J. E. Hanbidge; and an "Interior," a capital bit of colour, by Mr Colin Mackenzie.

By the fire which took place in his studio last week, Mr A. Davidson's large figure picture, intended for the Academy, was unfortunately destroyed.

A pretty, fair shot—Zazel.

THE GAIETY.

Proprietor and Manager.....Mr CHARLES BERNARD.  
Every Evening during the Week,  
"LES FOUR CHAMBAULTS,"  
Adapted to the English Stage by Mr JAMES ALBERY,  
Author of "The Two Roses," and entitled  
THE CRISIS.  
Doors Open at 6.30. Curtain Rising at 7.30.  
Box Office open Daily from 10 till 4.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.  
MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE.

Sole Lessee and Manager—J. F. M'FADYEN.  
Mr M'FADYEN begs to Announce the Appearance  
FOR TWELVE NIGHTS ONLY,  
COMMENCING MONDAY, MARCH 17,  
OF  
Mr E. L. KNAPP'S  
COMIC OPERA COMPANY  
IN OFFENEACH'S  
PRINCESS OF TREBIZONDE.  
Miss LUCY FRANKLEIN,  
Miss CARRY BRAHAM, Miss GRACE HUNTLY  
Miss AGNES LYNDHURST,  
Mr GEORGE MUDIE,  
Mr G. CECIL MURRAY, Mr N. RAMSDEN,  
Mr H. D. BURTON,  
AND  
AN EFFICIENT CHORUS.  
Mr M'FADYEN has considerably Augmented the Band in  
order to add to the Success of the Opera.  
Conductor,.....Mr J. T. HAINES

THE GREAT FLOWER SHOW

Will be held within the  
PUBLIC HALLS,  
ON  
WEDNESDAY, 26TH MARCH.  
FRANC. GIBB DOUGALL, Secretary,  
167 Canning Street.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

GLASGOW SELECT  
CHOIR.

MR FRED. ARCHER,.....CONDUCTOR.

As many Purchasers of Tickets for the HUMORISTIQUE  
CONCERT on Saturday night last, and others who intended  
being present, were prevented being so by the inclement state of  
the weather, it has been determined to Repeat the Programme  
in the

NEW HALLS

ON  
SATURDAY FIRST, THE 22ND MARCH, 1879,  
When Tickets Purchased for the 15th and not made use of will  
be available.  
Balcony, 2s; Area, 1s. At principal Music Sellers.  
Doors open at 7. Concert at 8.

**PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.**

Sole Lessee and Manager..... Mr JOHN COLEMAN.

TO-NIGHT, and Every Evening,  
The Greatest and most Realistic Drama of the day,  
**THE TWO ORPHANS.**

New and Elaborate Scenery, Costumes, and Accessories.  
The Piece produced under the immediate and personal  
Superintendance of  
**MR J. B. HOWARD.**

Box Office open Daily, from 11 to 4.

MONDAY, APRIL 7,  
BENEFIT OF MR COWLEY-POLHILL.

**CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.**

SATURDAY, 22ND MARCH, 1879.

GREAT NIGHT WITH  
SIR WALTER SCOTT

AND

HOGG, THE ETRICK SHEPHERD.

Artistes:—

Miss E. HUNTER,  
Soprano Vocalist.

Miss A. STRUTHERS,  
Soprano Vocalist.

Mrs W. GOURLAY,  
In her Character of "Jeanie Deans."

Miss M. GOURLAY,  
In her Characters of "Blanche of Devan," & "Madge Wildfire."

Mr W. H. DARLING,  
As Henry Bertram in "Guy Mannering."

Mr J. LUMSDEN,  
Scotch Comedian, as Dandie Dinmont in "Guy Mannering."

Mr WILLIAM GOURLAY,  
The Celebrated Scotch Comedian, in his Great Character of

'THE LAIRD O' DUMBIEDYKES,' in Scene from "The Heart of  
Midlothian." Also,

Mr W. M. MILLER'S CHOIR.

Mr F. W. BRIDGMAN .....Pianist.

THE GLASGOW ORCHESTRA,

Mr W. H. COLE .....Conductor.

Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats on Side Galleries,  
2s. Tickets for Reserved Seats to be had at the Office, 58  
Renfield Street.

Doors Open at 7; Orchestral Performance at 7.30 o'clock.

JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

**THE CITY BATHS COMPANY (Limited),**

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862,  
1867.

No. 8 TO 14 CAMBRIDGE STREET, GLASGOW,  
Adjoining Sauchiehall Street.

CAPITAL—£15,000, IN £3,000 SHARES OF £5 EACH.  
Payable 10s per Share on Application, 20s per Share on  
Allotment, and the Balance as may be required.

Reduced Charges and Special Advantages to Shareholders.

The Directors have appointed as Superintendent and Manager  
Mr Wm. WILSON, formerly of the Arlington and the Victoria  
Baths.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares may be  
had from—

The Bankers—THE BANK OF SCOTLAND;

The Solicitor—Mr JAMES W. KNOX, 132 West Regent  
Street;

The Auditors—Messrs J. L. & T. L. SELKIRK, 107 St.  
Vincent Street;

Or the Secretary—Mr THOS. DOVE, 141 Buchanan Street.

**HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE**

WEST NILE STREET, GLASGOW,

Open Every Evening at 7. Commencing at 7.30.

UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS.

The vast Building Nightly Crowded from Floor to Ceiling to  
witness what is universally acknowledged by the whole Press  
and Public to be the most perfect Equestrian Entertainment  
ever presented in the City.

Farini's Marvellous

**ZAZEL,**

From the Royal Aquarium, London,

ZAZEL!

THRILLING SENSATION.

ZAZEL Fired from a Cannon!

HENGLER'S UNRIVALLED TROUPE,  
THE BEST RIDERS, CLOWNS, AND GYMNASTS IN  
THE WORLD.

MORNING PERFORMANCES,

At which ZAZEL will appear, EVERY SATURDAY.

Doors Open at 2, Commencing at 2-30.

PROGRAMME VARIED NIGHTLY.

Admission—3s, 2s, 1s, and 6d; Children under 10 Half-price.

NOTICE.—No second price during the engagement of  
ZAZEL.

Box Office Open at the Cirque Daily, from 10 till 3.

ACTING MANAGER,.....Mr WILLIAM POWELL.  
PROPRIETOR,.....Mr CHARLES HENGLER.

At Drury Corner, Renfield Street, on Monday, 24th March,  
at One o'clock.

IMPORTANT SALE OF  
VALUABLE OIL PAINTINGS AND WATER-COLOUR  
DRAWINGS,

(Including the Collection belonging to the Sequestrated Estate  
of Wm. Smyth, and sold by order of William Brown, Esq.,  
C.A.)

DUNCAN KEITH & BUCHANAN will  
Sell the above, by Public Auction, in their Fine-Art  
Galleries, Drury Corner, on Monday, 24th March, at One o'clock,  
including

AN IMPORTANT GALLERY PICTURE BY RUBENS,  
FINE PORTRAIT OF SIR DAVID WILKIE,

AND WORKS BY

Sam Bough, R.S.A.

John Chalmers.

George Aikman.

John Morrison.

C. H. Lidderdale.

Pyne.

Williams

H. M'Culloch, R.S.A.

Dr Charles Blatherwick.

Fred. Carville.

W. L. Leitch.

Alfred Hulk.

Van Asche.

G. P. Chalmers, R.A.

Morris.

Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Charles Deschamps.

J. W. Horler.

Henry Pether.

R. Bagshaw.

Coeng.

Beattie.

Docharty, A.R.S.A.

Uwins, R.A.

&amp;c., &amp;c.

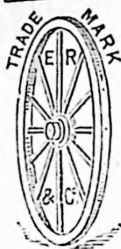
On View, with Catalogues, on Saturday previous, from  
10 till 4.

Drury Corner, Renfield Street,  
Glasgow, 17th March, 1879.



PARIS EXHIBITION.

GOLD MEDALS! SILVER MEDALS!



WE have been repeatedly twitted about not having received a MEDAL at the Paris Exhibition, and asked why. The reason is that, considering Medals a Humbug, we have never sent Samples of our Manufactures to any Exhibition. "Good Wine needs no bush," and our Aerated Waters require no Medal to publish their excellence; their qualities of Purity, Flavour, Strength, &c. speak for them wherever they become known. The Golden Opinions of a discriminating Public, rather than Gold Medals, it is our ambition to gain and keep. Our Lemonade, Soda, Potash, Seltzer, Sarsaparilla, &c., are all unequalled for general excellence; but for a Winter Beverage we recommend our GINGER ALE, which is an excellent tonic, and a pleasant and harmless stimulant.—If found rather strong, our Ginger Ale may be diluted with Water, without at all spoiling its flavour.

**WHEELER & CO.,**  
CHEMISTS & AERATED WATER MANUFACTURERS.  
CROMAC SPRINGS, BELFAST.

DEPOT FOR SCOTLAND:—

147 STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW.

**TRIENNIAL ELECTION OF A SCHOOL BOARD, 1879.**  
**SCHOOL BOARD OF THE BURGH OF GLASGOW.**

In accordance with the General Order issued by the Lords of the Committee of the Privy Council on Education in Scotland, regulating the Triennial Election of School Boards, Notice is Hereby Given, that the persons after-named and designated have been duly Nominated for Election as Members of the School Board of the Burgh of Glasgow, at the ensuing Election on the 28th day of March current.

Christian Name and Surname of Candidate.	Designation.	Place of Abode.
1 Reverend JOHN LOGAN AIKMAN, D.D.	Minister of Anderston U.P. Church	8 Sandyford Place
2 Reverend JAMES SMITH CANDLISH, D.D.	Professor of Theology, Free Ch. College	5 Ashton Terrace, Hillhead
3 Reverend VALENTINE CHISHOLM	Roman Catholic Clergyman	90 Portugal Street
4 ALEXANDER GLEN COLLINS	Publisher	9 Windsor Terrace, West
5 JAMES COLQUHOUN	Writer	8 Derby Terrace
6 MICHAEL CONNAL	Produce Broker and Commission Agent	158 St. Vincent Street
7 JOHN NEILSON CUTHBERTSON	Chemical and Produce Broker	16 Lynedoch Crescent
8 JAMES HUNTER DICKSON	Wholesale Cabinet Manufacturer	25 Blythswood Square
9 Reverend JAMES DODDS	Minister of St. George's Parish	7 Granby Terrace, Hillhead
10 WILLIAM FIFE	Commission Merchant	15 Sandyford Place
11 JAMES FLEMING	Earthenware Manufacturer	198 Pitt Street
12 Reverend GEORGE GLADSTONE	Clergyman	7 Fitzroy Place
13 Reverend ROBERT HOOD	Minister of the Gospel	5 Kersland Terrace, Hillhead
14 Reverend ROBERT JAMIESON, D.D.	Minister of St. Paul's Parish	101 King's Park Place, Greenhead
15 WILLIAM KIDSTON (of Ferniegair)	Merchant	156 Randolph Terrace, Garnethill
16 HARRY ALFRED LONG	Director of Missions	19 Queen Street
17 JAMES M'CLOSKEY	Metal Broker	59 Charlotte Street
18 JAMES MARTIN, Senior	Draper	93 Hill Street, Garnethill
19 ROBERT TWEEDIE MIDDLETON	Drysalter	729 Gallowgate Cairn Craig House, Foxley of Hillfoot, New Kilpatrick
20 MONCRIEFF MITCHELL	Chartered Accountant	179 West George Street
21 WILLIAM MITCHELL	Merchant	4 Windsor Terrace, West
22 Reverend ALEXANDER MUNRO, D.D.	Roman Catholic Clergyman	18 Kew Terrace, Kelvinside
23 Reverend HENRY MURPHY	Roman Catholic Clergyman	52 Great Clyde Street
24 Reverend FREDERICK LOCKHART ROBERTSON	Minister of St. Andrew's Parish	Muirkirk, Ayrshire
25 Reverend ROBERT THOMSON	Minister of the Parish and Church of Wellpark, Ladywell	204 Bath Street
26 Reverend PETER HATELY WADDELL, LL.D.	Clergyman of City Hall	Millburn House, 81 Millburn Street
27 Reverend FRANCIS WILLIAM WALTERS	Clergyman	75 Hill Street, Garnethill
28 HERBERT WILLIAMS	Fruit Merchant	10 Corunna Street
29 Reverend CUTHBERT WOOD	Roman Catholic Clergyman	119 George Street; 18 & 20 South Albion Street
		405 Cumberland Street, S.S.

W. KENNEDY, Returning Officer.

School Board Election Offices, 10 Bothwell Street, Glasgow, 13th March, 1879.

**NEW PUBLIC HALLS.**

DR PEACE'S ORGAN RECITAL, on SATURDAY, at 3-30 P.M., as usual.

Tickets of Messrs J. Muir Wood & Co.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Friday, 21st March, PUBLIC SALE OF A SMALL BUT SELECT CABINET

**HIGH-CLASS PICTURES.**

(Including the Collection of a Private Gentleman),

COMPRISING

A FINE CABINET SPECIMEN BY SAM BOUGH,

R.S.A.,

AND WORKS BY

P. F. Poole, R.A.

Jas. A. Aitken, A.R.S.A.

A. K. Brown.

J. E. Meadows.

G. W. Graham.

D. M. Duncan,

A. Fraser, R.S.A.

J. Cassie, R.S.A.

W. Currie.

C. F. Williams.

Niemann.

E. Isebart, &c., &c.

**ROBERT M'TEAR & CO.** will Sell the above, by Auction, in their Art Galleries, Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North Court, St. Vincent Place, on Friday, 21st March, at One o'clock.

On View with Catalogues on Morning of Sale.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Friday, 21st March, at Two o'clock.

INTERESTING AND IMPORTANT SALE OF RARE ORIENTAL CHINA AND BRONZES, (Consigned direct from China by a British Resident for positive Unreserved Sale as an experiment to test the Scotch Market),

INCLUDING

Handsome China Vases, from 10 to 24 inches high; China

Umbrella Stands, China Arrow Stands,

China Beakers, Bowls, and Cups,

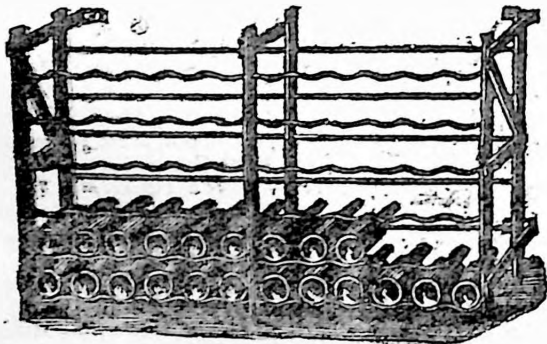
Bronze Vases, Figures, and Grotesques,

**ROBERT M'TEAR & CO.** will Sell the above, by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North Court, St. Vincent Place, on Friday, 21st March, at Two o'clock.

On View Two Days prior to Sale.

*Note.*—As the above were specially selected by a Gentleman of great taste, they are much superior to the general run of Oriental Ware, and well worth the attention of Connoisseurs and the Trade.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 17th March, 1879.



**WROUGHT IRON WINE BINS,**  
Made any required sizes, or to fit recesses, &c.

**WILLIAM HUME,**  
195. BUCHANAN STREET,  
1st Shop above Waverley Hotel.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Tuesday, 25th March at One.

**PUBLIC SALE OF**

**HIGH-CLASS WINES (Duty Paid),**

Including 8 Dozen ST. ELIE and 11 Dozen CYPRUS WINE, 15 Years in Bottle.

(From a Private Cellar),

10 Quarter Casks BRANDY (in Bond); and

200 BOXES GENUINE HAVANA CIGARS,

Also Small Stock of PRESERVED FRUITS.

**ROBERT M'TEAR & CO.** are instructed to Sell the above, by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Tuesday, 25th March, at One prompt. Catalogues and Samples on Morning of Sale. Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 15th March, 1879.

**INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS,**  
CORPORATION GALLERIES,

SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

EXHIBITION OF

PAINTINGS, SCULPTURE, &c.,  
NOW OPEN.

Day Admission, Nine till Five,.....1s.

Evening ,, Six till Ten,.....6d.

*Musical Promenades every Saturday from Two till Four.*

**FINE ARTS.**

NOW ON VIEW,

**HIGH-CLASS SCOTTISH CABINET**  
OIL PAINTINGS.

AT J. JOHNSTONE YUILE'S GALLERY,  
89 UNION STREET.

Admission Free.

**EXHIBITION of HIGH-CLASS WATER-**  
COLOUR DRAWINGS,

AT THOMAS LAWRIE & SON'S,

85 ST. VINCENT STREET.

Admission, by Private Card

**EXHIBITION of SELECTED PICTURES.**  
Oil and Water Colour.

WILLIAM BURNS, 162 Buchanan Street, Glasgow.

Admission Free.

**SPECIAL NOTICE**

TO THE

INHABITANTS OF GLASGOW AND SUBURBS.

**FINLAY M'DIARMID**

Is now supplying J. & R. TENNENT'S NEW SEASON'S EXPORT BEER AND STOUT, in fine condition, in his Patent Stoneware Casks. One trial solicited to prove their excellence. The Casks contain 4½ Gallons each, are fitted with Lock Taps, and are unsurpassed for cleanliness, convenience, and economy.

OBSERVE.—No charge is made for their use, they are delivered several miles free of extra charge, and the empties collected without trouble to purchasers.

F. M'D.'s STANDARD AERATED WATERS are so carefully prepared that they are becoming a household word.

**LIST OF PRICES.**

Beer and Stout, 7s per Cask or 2s 3d per Dozen Pints.

Lemonade, Soda Water, Potash Water, Sarsaparilla, and Ginger Ale, 2s per Dozen.

TERMS CASH. Empties to be returned within Two Months.

CITY OF GLASGOW BOTTLING STORES—

44 RENFREW STREET, GLASGOW,  
AND 4 GREY PLACE, GREENOCK

**IMMENSE SALE OF GLASS AND CHINA,**

AT M'DOUGALL & SONS', 71 TO 79 BUCHANAN STREET.

**DISCOUNT** of 20 per Cent. for Cash off regular prices, to prevent loss, in consequence of the *Herald* Proprietors being about to take down and rebuild their Property adjoining. The Stock is *one of the Largest and Finest in the Kingdom*, and is *Suitable for all Classes*, comprising an endless Variety of Useful and Ornamental Goods.

Tea Sets, 7s 6d to £25; Table Sets, 28s to £85; Dessert Services, 22s to £50; Toilet Sets, 7s to £15; Vases, 1s to £70 per pair; Glasses and Tumblers, 2s to 100s per dozen; Sugars and Creams, 4½d per pair and up. Also, Decanters, Caraffes, Butters, Jellies, Jugs, Teapots, Cheese Stands, Parian Figures, Flower Pots, Dresden Candelabra, and Mirrors, &c.

Depot for Minton's, Copeland's, Worcester, and Dresden Porcelain.

Inspection Invited. Goods can be Packed and Stored Free till May Term.

Will be prepared with a large NEW STOCK after *Herald* Buildings have been taken down.

**ISLAY WHISKY.**

W. & J. MUTTER,  
BOWMORE DISTILLERY,  
COUNTING-HOUSE, 41 ANN STREET, CITY, GLASGOW.



**NEW SPRING COATINGS AND TROUSERINGS.**

I have just to hand, and Exhibiting in my spacious Windows, First Deliveries of SPRING TWEEDS for the Celebrated £3 3s Suit, and 17s 6d High-class Trousers. The Variety of Choice Goods in Checks, Stripes, and Chaste Mixtures surpasses that of any former Season; and my facilities of Manufacture are so perfect that Suits are Made-up in the Best Style in Five Hours, and Trousers in Four Hours. Gentlemen are respectfully invited to visit and examine the New Goods.

HUGH MORRISON.

51 and 53 JAMAICA STREET,  
1, 3, 5, 7, 9 HOWARD STREET.

**JOHN M. SIMPSON, Furniture Warehouse**

and Show-rooms, 60 GREAT CLYDE STREET, (Corner of Maxwell Street) Glasgow. One of the largest Stocks in the City. New Illustrated House Furnishing Guide to be had Free on application. The Cheapest Establishment in the City for Really Good Substantial Furniture of Artistic Design and Superior Finish. Quality Guaranteed.

**PHOTOGRAPHERS TO THE QUEEN**

RALSTON & SONS,  
141 SAUCHIEHALL STREET

AND  
165 SANDRINGHAM TERRACE, HILLHEAD.

**RUTHERFORD BROTHERS,**

ARTISTS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS,  
127 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

**WASTE PAPER, Ledgers, Letters, Books,**  
Ropes, Bagging, Tailors' Clips—bought at PAPER  
MILL STORE. 98 MAXWELL STREET.

**OIL PAINTINGS**  
BY CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS.

EXTENSIVE COLLECTION AT 338 SAUCHIEHALL ST  
WM. GENTLES, Picture Dealer, Wholesale & for Exportation  
*Picture Frame and Room Mouldings.*

**THE BRIDGE HOTEL**  
1 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

This Old-Established House, adjoining the Waverley Station, and opposite General Post Office, affords first-class accommodation for Commercial Gentlemen and others visiting the City (either on business or pleasure), having recently undergone extensive alterations and additions; entirely re-decorated and furnished in the most approved manner. Parties honouring the "BRIDGE" with their patronage will find every comfort, combined with clean iness and attention. Cheerful Sitting-rooms.

CHARGES:—Breakfasts, from 1/ to 2/3; Dinners, from 1/9; Bed-room, 2/; Attendance, 1/ per day. GOOD STOCK ROOMS.  
JAMES M'GREGOR, PROPRIETOR.

**THE ROYAL RESTAURANT,**

10 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET.

C. WILSON & SON, Proprietors.

**BROWN & LOWDEN,**  
AUCTIONEERS and VALUATORS,  
14 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.

SALES of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, &c., conducted at the Owner's Premises, on Moderate Terms.  
CASH ADVANCED.

**FOOTBALL COSTUMES.**

Every Club Colour kept in Stock.

LIST OF COLOURS ON APPLICATION.

**H. & P. M'NEIL,**

HATTERS, HOSEIERS, GLOVERS, AND SHIRTMAKERS,  
CRICKET AND FOOTBALL OUTFITTERS,  
21 & 23 RENFIELD STREET.

**SCRAP Photographs and Views of Scottish Scenery.** Thousands to choose from at A. F. SHARP & Co., 14 Royal Exchange Square.

ADVERTISEMENT received for all Papers, by A. F. SHARP & CO., 14 Royal Exchange Square.

Come back, my Honey! It's the Re-  
tailing Market you must go to now,  
not the Wholesale.



## LIPTON'S

**Finest Selected NEW CURED SMOKED HAMs,**

Lean and Fresh as Steak, Cannot be Excelled at any Price, 7d PER LB.

Remember it is our Best Ham, 7d PER LB.; worth 1s 2d.

**BACON! BACON!**

New Cured, Lean, and Well Dried, to be Sold at 3d and 3½d per lb.

## LIPTON'S IRISH MARKETS.

21, 23, 25, & 27 HIGH STREET,

BRANCH ESTABLISHMENTS,

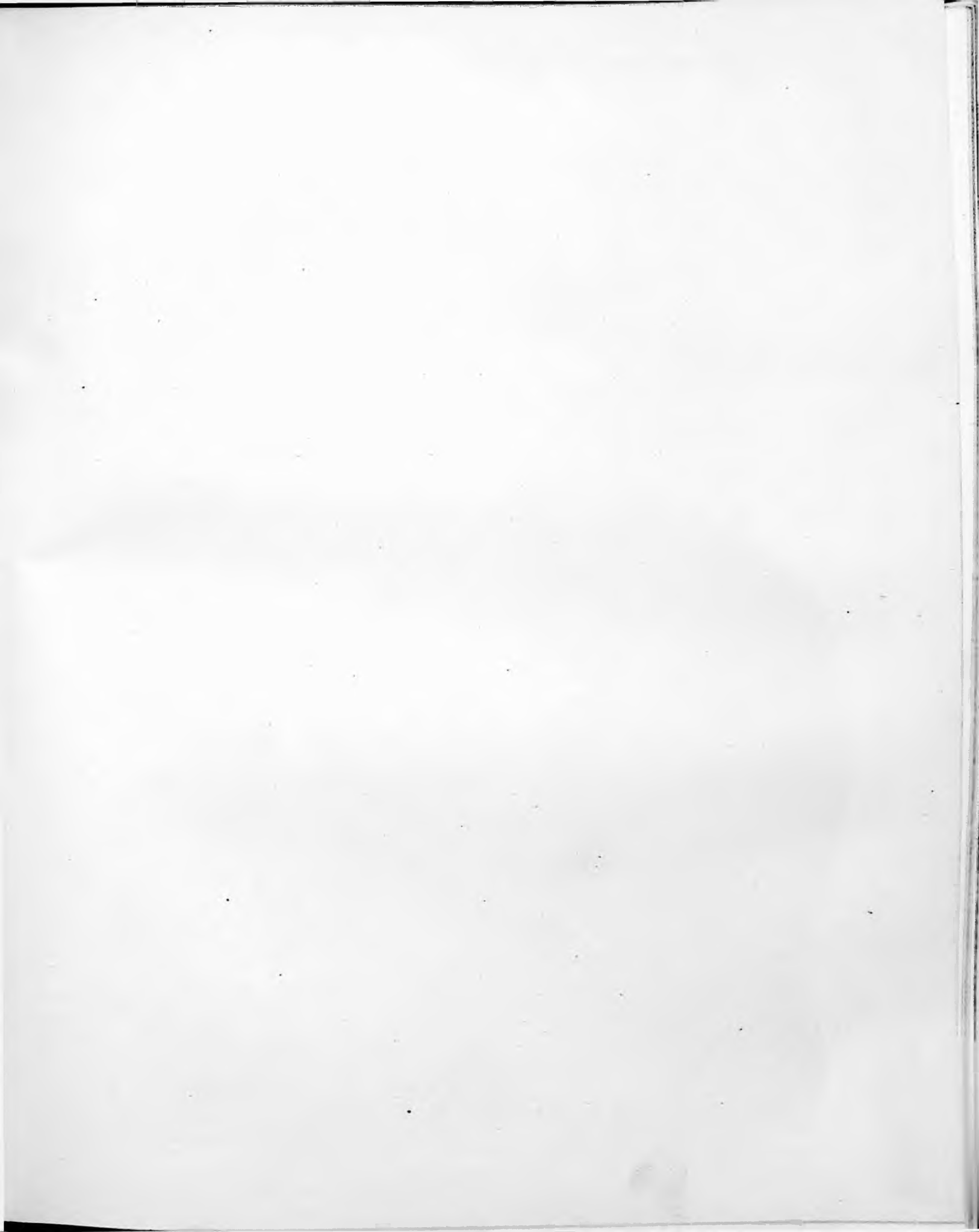
NORTHERN, 186 COWCADDENS,  
SOUTH SIDE, 199 & 201 PAISLEY ROAD,

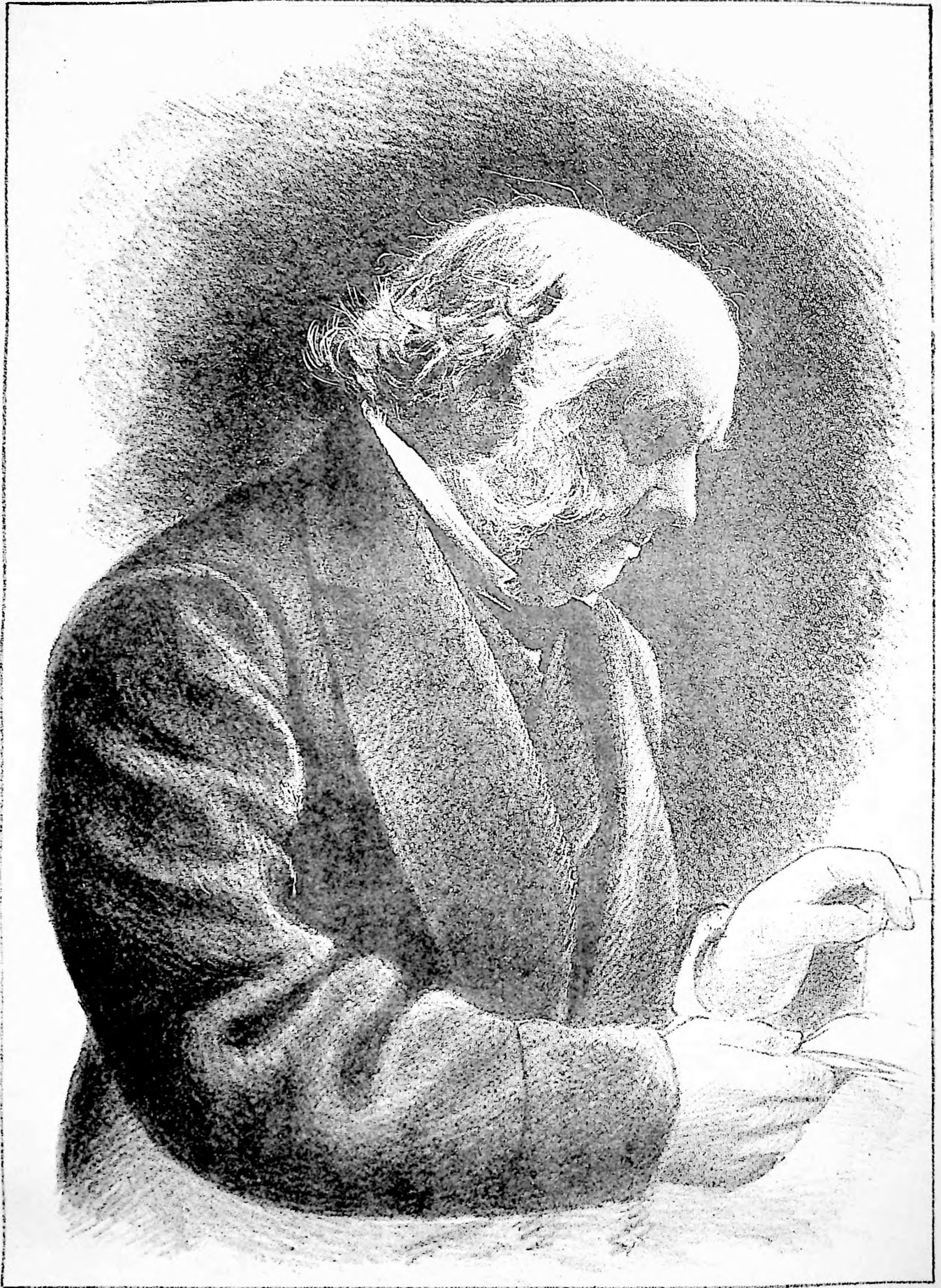
WEST END, 137 MAIN STREET, ANDERSTON  
DUNDEE BRANCH, 8 & 10 MURRAYGATE,

STORES—12 ROBERTSON LANE, OFF ROBERTSON STREET.

**THE LARGEST RETAIL DEALER IN THE WORLD.**

GLASGOW: Printed by WILLIAM MUNRO at his General Printing Office, 81 Virginia Street; and Published for the Proprietors by A. F. SHARP & Co. (who will Receive Advertisements for the BAILIE), 14 Royal Exchange Square.





# The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 336. Glasgow, Wednesday, March 26th, 1879. Price 1d

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 336.

THE Education (Scotland) Act, of 1872, has produced a mighty revolution in matters scholastic. The object of this Act, as stated in the preamble, was "to amend and extend the provisions of the law of Scotland, on the subject of education, in such manner that the means of procuring efficient education for their children may be furnished and made available to the whole people of Scotland." In carrying out this object liberal aid has been given from the Imperial Exchequer, as a complement to local efforts, in respect of the provision of a sufficient number of suitable schools, the attendance at these schools of the children for whose benefit they are provided, and of the efficient instruction of the scholars by a body of competent teachers. There can be no doubt that in each of these directions great strides have been made within the last six years. Handsome, and in many cases palatial, schools have been erected in almost every parish or burgh in the country. The compulsory clause leaves no loop-hole for escaping instruction. The pupils receive a wider and presumably more thorough training. And, it must be conceded, that the teachers, by the system of combining attendance at University classes with the professional training of the Normal Institutions, are, or at least ought to be, more competent than formerly. As with a magic wand a thousand school boards have sprung into existence, providing nice little pickings for innumerable "officers," and greatly improving the financial position of the hitherto poor dominie. But that the Act of '72 has proved an altogether unmixed blessing will not generally be affirmed. In the commercial aspect of the question the public are mulcted unmercifully, and have to fork out annually an

almost fabulous sum for their educational whistle. Last year £482,017 came out of the national funds for school purposes in this country; a rate on the rental, of varying degrees of oppressiveness, is levied on every householder; and, as if these two burdens were not sufficiently hard to bear, fees have to be forthcoming, unless one chooses to throw himself on the parochial authorities. Before the Act our burdens were but as whips; now we are the victims of veritable fiscal scorpions. Hence the outcry all over the country, and more especially in our own good city, against the enormous expenditure of our School Board pastors and masters; and hence the consuming desire for economy and retrenchment. In view of the damaging facts that have leaked out anent the Glasgow Board's expenses, and on the face of their own official statements, the BAILIE is impelled, as a being of ordinary intelligence, to throw in his lot with the noble army of malcontent martyrs, to bring in a true bill against the expiring Board for waste and extravagance, to smoke out the clerical and other drones from the educational hive, and heartily to support an infusion of fresh blood. It is tolerable, and not to be endured, that the Board should degenerate to a mere coterie, that once a member should be held to mean always a member, and that sectarian shibboleths and theological conundrums should regulate the complexion of the Board. Toll out the old; ring in the new. Let Ferniegair and Brother 'Arry look after the Pope, let certain D.D.'s seek fresh fields and pastures new for their overflowing energies, and let the wise men of the east-end get a chance of coming to the front. It must not be supposed, however, that the Magistrate is disinclined to grant a new lease of school board life to any of the members of the dying board. Far from it; and to none does he more readily wish to forget and

forgive the past, than to his friend, the Man you Know—Mr MICHAEL CONNAL, in the hope that he 'ill tak' tent and mend his ways in the matter of outlay. Mr CONNAL, some sixty years ago, appeared as a very diminutive "Son of the Rock," which, being interpreted, means that he was born at Stirling. On reaching man's estate, and finding it was not good for man to be alone in the world, he made one of the happiest hits in his life by marrying the daughter of the late Mr Leckie Ewing, of Arngomery, near Kippen. Many years ago he had the good fortune to step into the shoes of his uncle, the late Mr William Connal, and so entered on great enterprises of pith and moment in the tea and sugar line specially, and as a produce broker and commission agent generally. It is interesting to recall the following fact in the history of the old firm. On the break-up of the East India Company's monopoly, about 70 years ago, the first cargo of tea imported direct to Glasgow came by the "Jane Brown," of Irvine, and was disposed of by Mr William Connal's house. The arrival of the vessel of about 300 tons (a small one now-a-days), excited great interest, and crowds went to the Broomielaw to see her and her cargo. In the trade MICHAEL is a general favourite. Eager, active, and restless, he is a man of enormous capacity for work. He frequently appears as if his mind were working inwardly on itself, and so pre-possessed with some notion, that external objects were nearly ignored. An enthusiast in anything he takes up, he is eminently practical and painstaking in administration. Conscientiousness and thoroughness are the poles of his moral and mental constitution. At the first School Board election in March, 1873, Mr CONNAL was advised by many friends to enter the lists; and, of the thirty-nine gentlemen who went to the poll, he stood thirteenth, having secured 18,308 votes, just one-sixth of 'Arry, however, who headed the party. At the second poll, on 28th March, 1876, he was again returned, and stood eleventh in point of numbers, the voting in his favour this time being 32,907. At the first meeting of this Board, on Tuesday, 4th April—Dr Logan Aikman presiding, through his having headed the poll—Mr CONNAL was unanimously appointed Chairman and Convener of the Finance Committee, a position which he has ever since retained. Whether the ratepayers are now as much in favour of Mr CONNAL as they were at the two former contests a few days will declare. Certainly his colleagues on the

board are greatly impressed with his kindness and courtesy, and with the manner in which he has discharged the duties of his important posts. Ferniegair holds Mr CONNAL to be a model man of business, and asserts that the very name is a guarantee for avoiding extravagance on the one hand, and parsimony on the other. But Ferniegair and the public don't always see eye to eye, and it is more than possible that economic ratepayers may think that this doughty backer paints with too complimentary a brush, and that Mr CONNAL'S failings do not lean to virtue's side as a custodian of their money. It would be vain to attempt to enumerate the benevolent societies with which Mr CONNAL'S name is associated. The latest is perhaps the Colquhoun Bequest for Incurables. In August last he was appointed a director, under the new Juvenile Delinquency Act, of the Reformatory and Industrial Schools of the City, and is a member of the House Committee of Duke Street Institution. Mr CONNAL'S is not a name for mere ornament. Possibly he has too many irons in the fire, but it is, nevertheless, the fact that he attends most regularly the meetings of the numerous corporations in which he holds office. Mr CONNAL finds relaxation from sugar bounty questions, and his voluntary martyrdom in school board work, in studies that to most folks would in themselves prove a vexation of spirit and weariness of the flesh. He has a penchant for archæological researches, and has a great fund of information on antiquarian subjects. Thanks to his persevering efforts, the classic Molendinar and Camlachie burns have been explored to their respective sources, and every point in their mazy meanderings is duly detailed. It is not given to every one to "fix" the equatorial fountains of Herodotus; but the Pudzeoch, Cart, and Kelvin are handy, and wait on some local Stanley, like the Man you Know. The BAILIE is not a sporting prophet, but he will lay odds that Mr CONNAL'S name appears well up in the list of successful candidates for the next Board.

To School Board Electors.—*Walk* the "plank." Hel(1)enic Art.—Miss Faucit's.

A "Board" Nomination.—The Marriage Registrar's.

One of a Chopter of Axedents—The Pen and Pencil's execution of Queen Mary.

Smokers.—Try Wallach Smoking Mixture, 6d per ounce Only to be had from D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram Street



The Schule Brod.

Tune,—“National.”

WHEN oor ancient forefaithers agreed wi' the laird  
For a bit o' guid grun' to mak' schule and schule-yard,  
For schules sic as noo they could scarce be prepared.  
O the Schule Brod o' auld Scotland,  
And O for the Scottish Schule Brod.

Then schules were like sheds, wi' the roofs unco low,  
And but folks wi' the siller were able to go;  
But noo they maun gang, whether able or no.

To the schule far awa' the bit bairns took the road,  
Wi' their hands blue wi' cauld, or their wee feet wat-shod;  
But the schules are near hand noo—mair thanks to the Brod.

Then the weans ha'd to cringe 'neath the schulemaister's nod,  
As he, lordly, wad flourish his big birchen rod;  
But noo he's a sma' thing compared to the Brod.

Ilk schulemaister, then, o' his ain had a mode,  
And whilk books pleased him best, them the bairns he wad load;  
But noo e'en their pencils are bought by the Brod.

So, while we in our learning old fashions explode,  
And on thro' the three R's the bairnies we goad,  
Let's see we get richt men to fill our Schule Brod.

Oor city this week a new Schule Brod elects;  
An' we've ministers names doun frae a' kinds o' sects,  
An' merchants wham Glasco' in honour respects.

The parsons, guid men, stan' their chance like the rest,  
For the ballot on Friday's the true sort o' test;  
But be sure gie your votes to—just wha ye like best.

Then, here's all guid luck to the new-made Schule Brod;  
And the wranglers, we trust, are the men will be odd;  
Their rows aboot questions and proofs—O be blowed!

AN UNFORTUNATE DISCOVERY.—Mrs Cassney is a married lady residing on the Surrey side of the river. One afternoon last week she became suspicious of an escape of gas in her dwelling, and accordingly set about with a lighted candle to discover it. On taking the light into a concealed bed, Mrs Cassney's suspicions were speedily verified, and when she recovers from her injuries it will no doubt be with the belief that there are safer, if not so sure, methods of discovering an escape of gas than a lighted candle.

LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS.—If Love be not altogether blind, one of his greatest Squint-in' Matches was in the heart-sick blacksmith marrying the daughter of the Antwerp artist. But all “Misers” make not of love a matter-o'-money.

TONGUES IN TREES.—The BAILIE's not so sure about the School Board having been cut out of the tree of knowledge—and which he believes to be *birch*.

For the School “Board”—The “wright” men in the right place.

“Business is Business.”

THERE has been a good deal of talk of late about the unfitness of clergymen for seats at public boards, and Mr Colquhoun's axiom, that “business men should be sent to do business,” finds many supporters, of whom, to some extent, the BAILIE is one. It is quite right and proper to “send business men to do business;” but what if the business men fail to do business? What if, instead of carrying on their proper work, they make use of their public position to air their particular crotchets—social, political ecclesiastical, or what not? Eh, Mr Colquhoun? Have we not known such business men? And is not a business-like parson preferable to an unbusiness-like merchant or lawyer? The last question is one for the ratepayers to answer.

“HOIST DRUM!”—That unique edifice, the Gorbals Cross, represents not only the Improvement Trust, the Gas, the Water, the hours of the day, and the points of the compass, but has had hoisted upon it a weather tambourine. And, moreover, there is still room for a pillar-letter-box, a fire-escape, a thermometer, a lighting-conductor, a vane, a curfew-bell, a fire-telegraph, and a table of cab fares and regulations. Here would be really a combination of the *utile cum dulce*.

MID-LOTHIAN POPULAR RHYME.

Woodman Will cam' here to woo,  
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't,  
Nane owre blate was he, I troo,  
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.

Maggie glowr'd—“Hoot-toot,” quo' she,  
“Auld chiel, ye're makin' unco free;  
But, trowth! ye're aff your eggs awee,”  
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.

The Three Rs.—Seeking another “spell” of office, the School Boarders doubtless “account” themselves the “write” men in the right place.

HOW TO COME-IT AND PLAN-IT.—Glasgow as a central sun, with Mr Marwick's little burghs as its circling stars. “J. M.,” however, may so work the orrery that a transit of Crosshill may be almost equal to an eclipse.

A (N)arrow Escape in Archery.—The disfigurement of Jamaica Street Bridge.

On Dit.—That Lord Chelmsford has suffered from the in-Zulu-brutey of the climate.

This Winter of our Discontent.—With the earth, as with man that's made of it, it doesn't seem to be so easy to get quit of a bad cold.

## Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—There is nothing very new this week in the matter of local theatricals.

Mr Bernard is still running "The Crisis" at the Gaiety. I would like some of your artistic friends, by-the-bye, to look in at this piece, not for either the piece or the acting—though both are doubtless—but for the capital colour in the various scenes. I don't think I ever saw such fine "interiors" as those provided for "The Crisis" at the Sauchiehall Street house.

It ought to be added, in common fairness, that the acting is wonderfully fine. The *Mrs Denham* of Mrs Howard Paul, ought to be sufficient of itself to draw crowds to the house.

We are promised a treat shortly, by Mr Bernard, in the appearance of Mr Charles Calvert, in his new piece entitled, "Æsop," a romantic drama, the scene of which is laid in the times of the first French Revolution. The "motive" of "Æsop" resembles, in some measure, that of "The Dead Heart," but it possesses more fire and "go."

The "Two Orphans," with Mr Dornton as *Pierre*, supported by the company of the Edinburgh Theatre Royal, is continuing to draw excellent audiences at the Prince of Wales Theatre. It will be played all this week.

Mr Coleman's own company is at present occupying the stage of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, with "Uncle Tom," which is taking as well in "Auld Reeky" as it did in Glasgow.

Next week, I understand, the company of Messrs Musgrave and Dolby will appear at the Prince of Wales in "A Widow Hunt," and "Little Jack Sheppard."

"The Princess of Trebizonde," with Miss Lucy Franklein, Miss Carry Braham, Miss Grace Huntly, and Miss Agnes Lyndhurst, and Messrs Burton, Murray, Ramsden, and Mudie, is a piece, one would think, that should crowd any theatre in Glasgow. Well, this sparkling opera-bouffe, presented by this excellent company—and under the direction of Mr E. L. Knapp—is at present being represented at "Her Majesty's Theatre." Advise all your friends, BAILIE, to go and hear it.

Crowded houses are the order of the evening at Hengler's Cirque Variété. I looked in once again on Saturday night and found as big and as brilliant a house as on the opening night. Why, the sight of such a vast and delighted gathering is in itself interesting and worth paying to witness.

Miss Jenny O'Brien rides with unequalled grace; Miss Agnes Sprake does the *haute école* equitation with a charm and naiveté all her own; Mr James Lloyd overcomes difficulties in bareback "acts" as if they were non-existent; Mr Egerton proves a worthy successor to poor Revolti; while Monsieur Ameson, a Frenchman who drops his h's, is, as of yore, lost in admiration of himself and his performances. The orchestra, under the capable Clemments, is quite in keeping with the rest of the host.

Zazel is still, however, the bright particular star in the West Nile Street firmament, before whose presence the lesser luminaries pale their ineffectual fires. I have been asked to assure you, BAILIE, that this pretty projectile is the veritable original Zazel from the London Aquarium. The smart and far-seeing Farini owns another Zazel, who is presently at St George's Hall, Bradford, doing the same acrobatic and artillery business. As I told you before this is but the third engagement of the Zazel, who shortly appears in Blackpool and Tynemouth.

Novelty trips the heel of novelty. To-night (Monday) the Selbini and Villion quartet of velocipedists show for the first time. The season ends on Thursday, April 10th.

The Edinburgh Pen and Pencil Club is now an accomplished fact. The Club has been duly established on the lines of the Glasgow one, with Sir Daniel Macnee at its head. The first dinner will take place about the middle of next month.

Next Saturday evening, at the City Hall, is to be "a great popular night with Mr Lambeth's Choir." Mr Airlie is usually most successful in hitting the public taste, and he will certainly not have made a mistake in this instance, for the Choir sing charmingly, and have made a brilliant selection from their repertory. Some of Mr Lambeth's best arrangements of Scotch songs are included in the programme, as for instance, "Wae's

me for Prince Charlie," and "Aye wauken O," both gems in their way.

Our friend Mr Laird, the well-known auctioneer, has removed his Sale-Rooms from Bath Street to 63 St Vincent Street, where he will be found to-morrow, Wednesday, and Thursday, busily disposing of a collection of electro-silver plate.

Messrs Robert Mear & Co. have secured a sensation in the shape of a real Turner, a "Sunset on the Grand Canal, Venice," which they will dispose of by auction on Friday next in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North Court, St. Vincent Place. The work will be on view on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday.

There was quite a crowd at the Colosseum this (Monday) forenoon, when Mr Walter Wilson, who has just returned from Paris, began his spring season with a bran new stock. Mr Wilson understands the secret of success. He has hit out a line of his own, and he is following it up with unwearied energy.

A ROGUE IN GRAIN.—Agricola, when casting in his seed wheat, said that he was sowing flours. So also did Cleopatra when at her embroidery-frame.

Cold Come-for't—After so many adventures in vain in search of the North Pole, it seems, according to Mr Fahrenheit, not unlikely that the North Pole may be on his way towards us.

A Lock-out—The look-out from Govan and Crosshill as a surrounded centre. *Look-us standi*, forsooth! What prouder would they have?

"I congratulate myself that I do not belong to the clergy," said the irrepressible "Arry," addressing a meeting of Bridgetonians the other evening. Exactly, Mr Long; but then it is just possible that the clergy may be congratulating themselves on the very same fact.

## THE-ADORE-ABLE HELEN.

Conception clear, idealised creation,  
Expression true in feature, form, oration,  
Voice sweet yet passion'd, pure pronunciation—  
Her art to heart the one soul aspiration.

A Question to be Asked—Who made "Hay" while the sun shone?

Something Striking.—Wagner's may, or may not, be of the future, but "My Grandfather's Clock" is the music of the time.

ON THE CARPET.—Some of our public officials are, it appears, grumbling at the substitution of kamptulicon for Brussels and Kidderminster in their rooms. Why so? Surely they ought rather to rejoice at the diminished chances of "carpeting."

Wire In!—You with the knitting-needles.

The New Time-on—The synchronised clocks.

A Grate Pit—Coleman's.

Art "Needle"-work—The Kleopatrian obelisk.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the contest for seats at the School "Brod" goes briskly on.

That the rev. candidates are saying some sharp things of one another.

That each individual candidate is going to the poll to save expense to the ratepayers.

That all the candidates would like to be "marked" men.

That the *Mail* has been at the bottom of the present excitement over the School Board.

That the agitation has been wrought up very cleverly in the columns of the Union Street broad-sheet.

That we haven't had such a clever bit of press work in Glasgow for ever so long.

That John Ferguson and his brother "patriots" have had their annual "blow."

That John trotted out his 30,000 votes for Home Rule as before.

That this is an "evergreen" joke.

That all the Irish in Glasgow are not so "green" as to pay their poor rates.

That when they do so they will be a political power.

That the promoters of the Municipal Extension Bill have scored a small "one on the shovel."

That they won't score many more.

That one Suburban Provost has been done Browne.

That various Toon Cooncillors are supplementing their prosy speeches at the Council by lengthy letters in the papers.

That statements that require so much explanation must be very much involved.

That Involution George is determined to set the Council right on everything.

That we want the explanation of the present outcry anent the prospects of the City Bank liquidation.

That the members of the Trades' Council didn't visit the "Gallia" to criticise the foreign workmanship.

That the Premier Football Club have been once more defeated in the Cup tie.

That the builders of Glasgow have scored a win in the Sheriff's "hollow-square" report.

That the rowdy musicians who disturbed the peace of the city, on Friday and Saturday, have been taught a lesson by Stipendiary Gemmel.

That their punishment wasn't half hard enough.

That the next batch of rowdies who kick up a disturbance by playing party-tunes in the streets should be whipped with a birch rod.

Que Vont-ils Faire dans Cette Galere?

THE BAILIE is fast losing all patience with those smug-faced gentlemen who are perpetually asserting the exceptional depravity of his native city, and he has more than once given a smart touch of his red-hot poker to the ill birds in our midst—teetotal and otherwise—who so delight in befouling their own nest. We are very far from perfection, goodness knows; but we are quite as good as most of our neighbours, and better than a good many of them. What "call," have the members of "the London Evangelical Association" and "the French Canadian Mission" to denounce "the spiritual condition of the City of Glasgow" as about the worst of any city in the United Kingdom," and to swoop down to our rescue? Has French Canada reached a level of moral and spiritual perfection? and is London so completely regenerated as to leave no further room for mission work in either its slums or its squares—its Bethnal Green or its St John's Wood? If not, his Worship, while thanking our friends for their gratuitous attentions, politely recommends them to attend to their own motes and beams, leaving us to do the same as regards ours.

A SCOTCH PROCLIVITY.

*Visitor*—Hoo are ye the day, Mrs M'Farlane?  
*Mrs M'F.* (who is unwell)—Jist midlin', woman.

*Visitor*—Is John no at hame the day?

*Mrs M'F.*—No, no. He's awa' at the curlin' again. A' think if a' wis tae dee a' wad hae tae lie here tae the thow cam'.

ONE OF HIS LATER ATROCITIES.—A "youthful friend" of the Retainer was amongst a select party assembled the other evening to witness a demonstration by "the painting medium," but was much desirous, for some reason or other, to keep the fact quiet. It came out, however, to his confusion; nor was it much solace to him when Asinus, to whom he confided the matter, told him that he was like the modest philanthropist of the poet, who went to "Duguid (do good) by stealth and blush'd to find it fame."

The Public Voice—After a work in painting, sculpture, or architecture has been criticised, what ought next to be done is to value the critic.

Jeems Kaye gets his "Sugar an' Tea for Naething."

LAST Saturday, BAILIE, Betty an' me were loot getting oor provisions, an', in ga'ing along a street in the Sooth-side, Betty gripit me by the arm, an' pointing tae a shop window, says:—"Guid keep us, Jeems! d'ye see that?" Sugar for naething! "Eh! what's that?" I says, getting oot my specs. "That's extraornar; trade must be dull atweel when they're tae gae awa the goods for naething. My certy, it's a new gemm this. Puir bodies; hoo can they afford a' that gas an' a big rent?" "Betty," I says, "ye ken I've never grudged tae pay a fair price for onything I buy; but when folk offer ye a thing for naething, I would be staunin' in my ain licht if I didna tak' it. Gie me the basket an' I'll go in an' get eight pun, an' after I come oot ye can slip in an' get anither eight pun; it'll no look sae greedy-like. Jist wait a wee." An' in I goes. "I'll tak eight pun o' that sugar!" I says. "Certainly, sir." An' in a jiffey I got the sugar in a paper poke, an', putting it in the basket, I shut doon the lid, an' says, "I'm sure I'm vera much obleeged tae ye tae be sae kind tae me—me a perfect stranger. I really canna fin words tae express my thanks. Sugar's no vera dear, but it's aye something; it maun be a sair loss tae you. Hooever, I must jist thank ye," an' wi' that I made tae come oot.

"Hey," cries the lad at the back o' the coonter, "ye've forgot the tea! there's two pun o' tea goes along wi' that!"

"Lod save us, tea!—tae, did ye say? Betty," I cries, "It's no only sugar they're gaeing awa', but tea. Great criffens, this bates all! Tea! Certainly I'll tak' the tea, an' I held up the lid o' the basket, an' he popped in a package o' tea, a' ready made up. I thocht it wis vera fortunate I had seen the shop before the unemployed got word o' it, or they wid hae haen it a' rookit oot afore I got near't.

"Is there nathin' else—coffee or onythin'?" I says.

"No!" he says, "It's jist the tea an' sugar go thegither." "Weel I'm share we ocht tae be thankfu' for that same; altho' if there wis a bit pun o' coffee I widna object. Weel, guid day tae ye! guid day!" an' I cam oot. Lod he jumpit over the coonter, and grippit me at the door, an' shook me, an' says, "The money, Sir!"

"Money," says I, perfectly dumfoun'ered, "ye ne'er said there wis ony money, but its no ower late yet! Hoo much dae ye gae? Ye're a

perfect angel in thae bad times! I hope the money's no spurious."

"Ye've tae gae me the money," he says. "Me!" I says, "Money for what?" "For the tea," he says. "Did ye no say it went along wi' the sugar?" "Certainly." "An' didna ye say ye gied the sugar for naethin'?" "Yes." "An' what's the money for then?" "For the tea," he says, getting angry. "Noo look here," I says, pulling him intae a close oot the crood, "Let us understaun each other! Noo jist listen! Betty, haud the basket a wee. Tae begin at the beginning; Did ye no say ye gied sugar for naething?" "We do." "Weel, so faur, so good—ye gied me my sugar for naething, an' when I wis coming oot, ye cried after me that ye gied tea along wi' the sugar."

"But ye're tae pay for the tea."

"Tut! tut! will I hae tae begin again? Noo look here an' pay attention! We'll tak' it backwards this time! Are ye listening? Didna ye ca' me back when I wis gaun oot weel enough pleased wi' the sugar, an' no askin' for tea, didna ye cry me back an' said ye gied tea along wi' the sugar?" "I did."

"Weel, an' hadna ye gien me the sugar for naethin'?" "I had."

"Weel an' what hae ye tae say for yersel', eh? It's no the worth o't min' ye, but I'm no a man tae be made a fule o': hooever, there's my card, ye can summon me, but I'm thinking ye'll get the warst o't. No, no! I wisna born yesterday. I thocht there wis some juckry-pockry about it. Come awa', Betty, here's oor caur," an' the crood "hoorahed," an' the policeman threatened tae tak' him up for obstructing the pavement, an' we cam' awa'.

He thocht he wis 'cute, but he found oot there wis some gey lang-headed folk in the coal trade as weel as in the tea trade.—Yours,

JAMES KAYE.

"BE IT KNOWN."—Asinus should be careful how he lets his loose papers lie about. Last Thursday forenoon this was picked up in his crib:—

Your nose is red, your eyelid's blue,  
The wather's weet—an' so are you!

The enrichment of our tongue goes bravely on. The expressive word "cheeky" having been gravely employed by a royal duke in addressing the Upper House, may henceforward be reckoned classical. So be it.

A Nocturne in Black and Gold—The Zulu land war.

Quavers.

THE "North British Railway Glasgow Musical Association" give a concert (their fourth) on Thursday evening first, with a programme of sacred and secular music. Macfarren's "The Lord is my shepherd," one of unusual melodiousness for this composer, and the lovely quartette from Weber's Mass, in G, are among the sacred pieces; while the secular selections pleasantly and judiciously mingle glees and madrigals, with German and English part-songs; the almost neglected Horsley being represented in his glee, "See the chariot at hand." By the bye, is this glee (so complete in its title) to be associated with the railway cab-stand? Duets and songs are freely interspersed in the programme, that whilom especial favourite, "I've wandered in dreams," being among the number. The selection altogether is a healthy and vigorous one, and there is little doubt the performance will be in keeping with that character.

The Caledonian Railway Musical Association announce their concert for the 17th proximo, where also we should expect progress in art, if, as generally, commerce and traffic have somewhat fallen behind.

To-night, Tuesday, the Pupil Teachers' Music Class in connection with the Govan School Board, will give a demonstration of progress in the Burgh Hall, Partick. The class which is pretty numerous, and is under the experienced care of Mr Hugh M'Nabb, will sing, among other choral pieces, Webbe's "Swiftly from the mountain's brow," not by any means easy work; the chorus, "We fly by night," from the Macbeth incidental music; and a sight-singing test is to be applied to the class, the name of which, of course, shall be scrupulously secret, as human nature is weak; only it may be said that if the class gets through the music fairly at first-sight, it will be a proof both of reading ability and vocalising.

Mr Lambeth's Choir will give their usual concert in the Kibble Palace, on the Fast-night. Some selections will be brought forward which are new here. More about it anon.

A service of sacred music by the Choir of Regent Place U.P. Church, Dennistoun, was given last night. Mr John T. Murray, conductor, and Mr Montague Smith, at the Piano; Mr James O. Robinson, at the Harmonium. Music is increasing in favour in the eastern suburbs, and generally the associations there are doing well.

There was quite a crowded audience at the repetition of the humorous concert by Mr Archer's choir on Saturday night last. The choir itself was short of its proper complement of voices, and there were not a few of their number "colded," as the word is. In spite of both drawbacks, however, the concert was very successful vocally. "Poor Miss Bailey," one of the happiest of Mr Archer's humorous arrangements, to our mind, and "Old King Cole" funnily treated, also "Kate Dalrymple" and "Tibbie Fowler," companion musical delineations, were among the most appreciated of the numerous comic selections. "The Owl" of Mr Silas, and the Swabian Volkslied, "Come, Dorothy, come," were likewise markedly successful, both being encored.

Could some of Hood's punning verses—as "Ben Battle," for instance—suit for musical treatment? Mr Archer should consider them.

The activity of the Glasgow Select Choir is quite a noticeable trait in its character. The choir have engagements yet in Kilmarnock, Edinburgh, and Rothesay, besides their Fast-night concert in the City Hall, and their announced plebiscite programme for the 21st April, the last concert of the season.

For their Fast-night concert, Mr Archer has specially written an anthem—"Comfort, O Lord, the soul of thy servant,"—and an eight-part chorale.

Passing again to the domain of the secular, how often have people enjoying a good play had reason to be disgusted with the sort of music performed till the rising of the curtain, or between the acts. If a tragedy, one was sure to be annoyed with noisy gallops and quadrilles, in which the "noisy snapping" cornets-a-pistons and the "ear-piercing" piccolo reigned supreme; and if a comedy, the musical selection was hardly more in keeping.

One therefore observes with satisfaction the high-class charac-

ter of the orchestral selection by the Glasgow Gaiety band, especially since the directorship fell into the able hands of Mr A. Haines. The music performed during the past week, for instance, embraced the overture to "William Tell," a selection from the "I promessi sposi" of Ponchinelli, and a Scotch fantasia by the late James Dewar of Edinburgh, who did much in his time at the Theatre Royal there to raise the character of the orchestral music. The selections by Mr Haines included also, one notices, such appropriately elegant extracts as the minuet of Mr A. W. Nicholson, and the duet (for flute and clarinet), "O dolce concerto," from Mozart. The band is a model one of its calibre for the balance of tone, and for effective and careful playing.

"Le Lac d'Amour" is the title of a waltz published recently by Mr R. Donaldson, St. Vincent Street, the composition of Mr Charles le Blond. The music may be said to partake chiefly of the character of a "piece," but it is usefully *dansante*, and is rhythmical and elegant. For performance solely, or in connection with dancing, Mr Le Blond's valse is well worthy attention!

The Lanarkshire police have laid hands on a fellow suspected of having engaged in the Puritan crusade at Hogganfield Church, to which the BAILIE has already referred. This is good; but may it not be a question for the Crown lawyers whether the Rev. Dr Begg is not liable to prosecution as an accessory before the fact?

THE ALTERNATIVES.—Our friend Mr A. W. Finlayson, of Johnstone, who has been "doing" America, tells us that the New York publican is obliged to protect himself from prosecution at the hands of toppers' wives by getting the ladies' written permission to supply their lords with liquor! Bauldy—who is sadly henpecked, poor fellow!—observes that either the New York publican must have precious few married customers, or else the New York wife must be of a very different breed from the British one.

A PAIR OF SCISSORS.

*Crusty old gentleman* (to Parish Church Minister)—Ye'll need to draw up your breeks noo, they've gotten a graund preacher to the U.P. Kirk.

*P.C. Minister*—Not at all, William. You know the old proverb, "New shears aye clip weel."

*Old Gentleman*—Ou, ay, an' auld yins are aye the better for a bit shairp up.

A great load has been lifted from the Lord Provost's mind, the Trades' Council having "exculpated" him from participation in Mr John Burns's sentiments. It is to be hoped his Lordship will now breathe freely, and attend to his official duties with a light heart.

Hamilton Nimmo's "Creep afore ye gang," "Let me ken hoo the Bairns are at Hame," "Hoo can ye gang, Laddie," and "Crookit Bawbec," are the popular modern Scotch Songs and duets.—HJ NIMMO, Ayr, and all Music Sellers, 1s 6d and 2s, net.

1879.

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THE BAILIE.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26th, 1879.

THE event which this week absorbs the attention of the lieges is, of course, the struggle that is taking place for a seat on the School Board. The BAILIE has long observed with

regret that many of our representative bodies have been gradually undergoing a deteriorating process, and that their composition now is not at all what it used to be. Once upon a time, it was believed that men of experience, wisdom, tact, and sagacity—in fact, the very best men in the city—should be sent to represent us in the Council and other situations of honour and importance. Now, however, *nous avons change tout cela*, and any nobody possessed of a glib tongue and a certain amount of "cheek" finds little difficulty in "birsing" himself into a position which, had he lived thirty years ago, would have been as unattainable to him as the top of Chimborazo. Of this the BAILIE was most painfully reminded when he scanned the list of new candidates for a place on the School Board. Who and what are those individuals who put themselves forward as worthy of a position on one of our most important trusts? Jeems, we know, and Robert—yea, the powny is familiar to us, but who are those self-styled "Rate-payers' Candidates," and what are their qualifications? Judging from the public appearances they have made, the main one seems to be a plentiful lack of knowledge concerning educational matters generally. Of course, we have all heard of Mr GLEN COLLINS. He is a clever young man, and last summer he distinguished himself by the smartness he displayed in conducting the Fine Art Loan Exhibition. But the BAILIE

believes that the principle which made that exhibition such a splendid financial success—that of getting everything done for nothing—is one which is not adapted for general application, and fears it would be impossible to reduce it to practice in conducting the work of the School Board. The other four “Ratepayers’ Candidates” are so poorly adapted for the position to which they aspire, that there really seems some ground for the suspicion that the whole affair is a bit of spleen on the part of the teetotallers, who have got riled at the members of the old Board for not humouring them in their hobby. We know that a teetotal deputation did wait on the Board; we likewise know what deputations are capable of when they don’t get all their own way; and it has been hinted that “for ways that are dark” the teetotal party in Glasgow is “peculiar.”

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RIVAL GREATNESS.

*Mrs M’Luckie*—Ay, an’ she’s fired oot o’ a cannon in the circus, an’ they ca’ her Zazel, an’ fowk says she’s the biggest gun o’ the day by a long shot.

*Mrs M’Allister*—Hoots, wumman, a ken o’ a bigger gun than her, an’ nane o’ yer foreigners aither, but a rale native Scotchwumman.

*Mrs M’Luckie*—Wha?

*Mrs M’Allister*—Mons Meg at Edinburra Castle!

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A Good Work.

THE BAILIE is glad to learn that one of his hints has been taken up by the directors of the Glasgow City Mission, who report that during last year “the night police force have been regularly visited in their homes, and meetings for their benefit have been held at an early hour in the morning.” It is, doubtless, too early as yet to expect any marked results of these most laudable missionary efforts among our city Zulus, whose hands are against every man—except the criminal classes—and against whom is every man’s hand; but at the close of another year we may reasonably look for tokens of civilisation and reform. The mission might then be extended to the members of the day force.

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A meeting is announced to consider “the present financial position of the Western Infirmary.” Why, bless us all! hasn’t the institution been episcopally endowed for ever and a day?

A Flash of Genius—The electric light.

The Battle o’ the Brod.

A MOTLEY group in gran’ array,  
A’ ready for the coming fray,  
Hae gallantly oot-strode,  
To fecht by means, or foul or fair,  
For “use and wont,” an’ “opening prayer,”  
In battle o’ the Brod.

There’s presbyters o’ every hue  
An’ scrapit priests, baith auld an’ new,  
But, though it may look odd,  
Guid business men are unco scant;  
Yet what ken they ’boot “use and wont,”  
That’s fought for at the Brod?

Oh, Rubbart, ’Array, Ferniegair!  
To you we luik to guard oor lair,  
Frae Rome’s oppressive rod,  
An’ surely ’mang the twenty-twa,  
Oor Jeems’s rhetoric will shaw,  
An’ win him to the Brod.

Then hauf a score o’ “reverends,”  
Whase orthodoxy never bends,  
May help to bear the load.  
An’, though oor siller’s spent fu’ rash,  
Wha dare compare wi’ sordid cash  
A faith-preservin’ Brod?

Wi’ men like thae, St Mungo’s fears,  
May yet, for ither twa-three years,  
Be laid aneath the sod,  
Her bairns,—weel-crammed wi’ doctrine-din,  
Will learn to bless ye, should ye win  
The battle o’ the Brod.

---

Malvolio in Greenock.

SOME virtuous Sugaropolitans, to whom cakes and ale are an abomination, and who have resolved that ginger shall on no account be any longer hot in the mouth, have sworn to “abolish” the summer “shows,” and have managed to gain the support of a majority of the Police Board. These gentlemen have comfortable sea-side residences for their relaxation during the summer months, and they cannot see why their poorer townfolk should not follow their example, instead of yielding to the attractions of the immoral menagerie, the iniquitous circus, and the unhallowed Fat Lady. His Worship, the BAILIE, however, is thankful to say that he has some sympathy with the cheap and innocent amusements of the poor, and he confesses that, in spite of advancing years and corpulence, he does not disdain an occasional visit to the “shows” himself. He trusts that the kindlier view which was not unrepresented at the Police Board of Greenock will prevail, and that, in spite of official Malvolios, Mr Merryman may not be banished, nor the hobby-horses “forgot,” for many a year to come.

---

Shot Silk—Zazel’s tunic.

Difficult Music—A war note from Dr. Peace.



Megilp.

MR STEPHEN ADAM (of Messrs Adam & Small) has now opened his new Art Salon in Sauchiehall Street, and filled it with a multiplicity of things to charm the eyes of those who love really good colour and graceful form. About the place there is a delightful air of refinement and cultivated taste; and I advise all who wish their artistic knowledge increased to pay it a visit. Stained-glass, art furniture, well selected pictures, draperies and stuffs glowing with colour, and varied knick-knacks that virtuosos prize make the room beautiful, in the best sense of the word. In all this there is an educational influence, which we in Glasgow are only beginning to understand.

Mr J. Johnstone Yuile has opened an excellent exhibition in the Scottish Fine Art Gallery, 89 Union Street. None of the pictures is large in size: nearly all are interesting. Mr J. C. Noble shows some capital bits from the Clyde—shipping scenes painted with feeling and good colour. Mr E. A. Walton's pictures prove he is on the right road; and there is a delightful little landscape by Mr William Young, "In the Narrows, Loch Ard." For the present, I may add that among the contributors are Messrs Murray, Aitken, T. M'Ewan, J. R. Reid, Calvert, Crawford, Miller, Davidson, Bell, Grey, C. M'Ewen, and A. Finlay.

In connection with art education in Glasgow, I have much pleasure in drawing attention to the exhibition at present being held in Messrs Alexander & Howell's, St Vincent Street, of the work done by the pupils of the Royal School of Art Needlework, South Kensington.

Regarding the importance of this exhibition, and the benefit likely to result from it, there cannot be two opinions. The most useful lessons that art teaches are those that affect our daily life, in its ordinary circumstances and surroundings, and enable us when we have rightly learned them to understand how good and pleasant it is to have about us, in even the commonest things, grace of form and charm of colour. Such lesson, this display of art needlework most strongly enforces. All women of all ranks who can use a needle should visit it. They will see what admirable results can be obtained, when elegance and simplicity of design are combined with harmonious arrangement in colour. I am not sure whether in its practical bearing such an exhibition is not of more value than even an exhibition of high-class pictures.

I hope to return to the subject but, in the meantime, I may mention that it is proposed to establish a Fine Art Needlework School in Glasgow. The days are numbered of tidies and slippers, splendid in untempered blues and reds and greens.

The Livingstone statue is worthy of Mr Mossman's powers: it is one of the best statues we have in Glasgow. The attitude is easy and graceful, and the whole design simple and natural. The likeness appears to be excellent, although compared with some of the best portraits of Livingstone, the head and face look as if they lacked just a little massiveness.

Buchanan Street will soon receive an important addition to its architectural beauty. The alterations—amounting, I understand, to rebuilding the *Herald* Office—will be begun immediately, and the new structure when completed will be a most effective feature of the street view. A sketch of the proposed building is among the architectural drawings in the present Institute Exhibition.

Just now, there are several admirable pictures on view in Glasgow. Messrs Laurie have in their gallery Mr Orchardson's famous representation of the scene from "Henry VI." between Talbot and the Countess Auvergne. The finely harmonised colour, the skilful handling, and the clever action in this work, make it really notable. A few weeks ago I spoke of the fine Bough Messrs Laurie had on exhibition. They have now got another example of this lamented artist—second in excellence only to the Carlisle picture. In it we have a sunset at Tarbert. The canvas glows with colour; the execution is firm and clear, and the composition most effective. The date of "Tarbert" is 1863.

What the Greenock Folk are Saying.

THAT the butcher bids fair to become a public nuisance.  
That the Provost may well pray to be delivered from such a friend.

That the *Conversazione* is to be a *la Collins*.  
That consequently there will be a few dives to the White Hart.

That all the world and his wife are going.  
That everybody is wondering what the upshot of it will be.  
That the Mandate squabble was a case of pot and kettle.  
That it has led to unpleasant recriminations on the part of indignant Mandatories.

That the whole system of parochial election should be modernised.

That the Cateran was rather cleverly ousted by the Bailie's manipulation of his list.

That there is an ominous calm regarding the School Board election.

That the storm will likely burst forth on nomination day.

The Ass says Mr M'William, of the Wine, Spirit, and Beer Trade Association, must be "a bully boy." When that gentleman was in Portland, State of Maine, he, one morning, according to his own public statement, "visited ten liquor-shops within an hour, and had drink in each of them." This is quite up to the Cuddy's best performance.

Ferniegair is really getting quite "too frivolous." While discoursing last week on the grave subject of education, he waxed as slangy as a medical student or a lady novelist. Somebody was not "tremendously" old, and the School Board "bagged" a sum of money. William, the BAILIE has his eye on you!

The BAILIE begs to recommend to Captain M'Call and his myrmidons the method of dealing with refractory medical students adopted in Berlin, where the lively "meds" are not batoned, but shot—a system admirably adapted to prevent future recrimination.

A Man of "the Time"—Councillor Jackson.

GLASGOW CATHOLIC CHORAL SOCIETY.

SECOND GRAND ANNUAL CHARITY CONCERT.

IN AID OF THE ROYAL INFIRMARY,  
AND THE MAGDALENE INSTITUTION, DALBETH,

Will be given in the CITY HALL on  
EASTER TUESDAY, APRIL 15, 1879.

HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP EYRE will Preside.

Beethoven's Mass in C,  
Hummel's Alma Virgo,

And Selections.

Full Orchestral Effects by Members of the  
GLASGOW AMATEUR ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY,  
Assisted by Eminent Professionals.

Doors Open at 7-15; Concert at 8.

Tickets (2s and 1s), may be had from J. H. De Monti, Buchanan Street; H. Margey, Gt. Clyde Street; and Members of Society.

**T H E G A I E T Y.**  
 Proprietor and Manager.....Mr CHARLES BERNARD.  
 LAST WEEK OF  
 T H E C R I S I S,  
 Under the Direction of  
 MR CHARLES WYNDHAM.

Doors Open at 6.30. Curtain Rising at 7.30.  
 Box Office open Daily from 10 till 4.

**PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.**  
 Sole Lessee and Manager.....Mr JOHN COLEMAN.

ENORMOUS SUCCESS AND LAST NIGHTS  
 Of the Great Realistic Drama,  
 T H E T W O O R P H A N S,  
 Supported by MR CHARLES DORNTON, and the Powerful  
 Company from the  
 THEATRE ROYAL, EDINBURGH.  
 The whole produced under the immediate Superintendence of  
 MR J. B. HOWARD.

**H E R M A J E S T Y ' S T H E A T R E.**  
 MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE.

To-night (Monday). Mr M'Fadyen begs to announce the  
 appearance of Mr E. L. Knapp's Comic Opera Company in  
 Offenbach's "Princess of Trebizonde," Miss Lucy Franklin,  
 Carry Braham, Grace Huntly, Agnes Lyndhurst; Messrs George  
 Mudle, G. Cecil Murray, N. Ramsden, H. D. Burton.

**CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING  
 CONCERTS.**

SATURDAY, 29TH MARCH, 1879.  
 GREAT POPULAR NIGHT WITH  
 MR H. A. LAMBETH'S CHOIR,  
 Its First Appearance at these Concerts; also the  
 GLASGOW ORCHESTRA,  
 Mr W. H. COLE,.....Conductor.

Last Appearance.  
 NO INCREASE IN PRICES.

Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats on Side Galleries,  
 2s.

Doors Open at 7; Orchestral Performance at 7.30 o'clock.  
 JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

**GREAT DEPRESSION IN THE SHEFFIELD TRADE.**

In Laird's Auction Rooms, 63 St Vincent Street, To-Day  
 (Tuesday), Wednesday, and Thursday, 25th, 26th, and 27th  
 March.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT AND ATTRACTIVE  
 SALE OF

**ELECTRO-SILVER PLATE,**

Ivory-Handled Table and Dessert Cutlery,  
 Real Florentine and French Bronzes,  
 Splendid Black Marble, Bronze, and Ormolu Clocks,  
 Musical Boxes, Gold and Silver Watches,  
 Elegant Sevres and French China Vases,

The Whole forming one of the Finest Collections ever submitted  
 to Auction in Glasgow.

**MR LAIRD** has pleasure in announcing that  
 he is favoured with instructions from a celebrated Manu-  
 facturer, whose former consignments have given entire satisfac-  
 tion, to Sell, by Auction, in his Sale-Rooms, on Tuesday,  
 Wednesday, and Thursday, 25th, 26th, and 27th March,  
 commencing at Twelve o'clock each day.

The Auctioneer has great confidence in recommending the  
 above splendid Stock as being well worthy the attention of the  
 public.

Sale to commence each day at 12 o'clock.  
 Now on View.

**N E W P U B L I C H A L L S.**

DR PEACE'S ORGAN RECITAL, on SATURDAY, at  
 3.30 P.M., as usual.

Tickets of Messrs J. Muir Wood & Co.

**H E N G L E R ' S G R A N D C I R Q U E,**  
 WEST NILE STREET, GLASGOW,

Open Every Evening at 7. Commencing at 7.30.

LAST WEEK BUT ONE.  
 Grand Change of Programme.

First Appearance at Hengler's of the Celebrated  
 "SELBINI and VILLION TROUPE."  
 In their Unique Performance.

First time this Season,  
 LES CHASSEURS D'AFRIQUE,  
 A Military Manceuvre, introducing Thirteen Trained Horses.

Farini's Marvellous

**Z A Z E L,**

From the Royal Aquarium, London,

EVERY EVENING,  
 HENGLER'S UNRIVALLED TROUPE,  
 THE BEST RIDERS, CLOWNS, AND GYMNASTS IN  
 THE WORLD.

MORNING PERFORMANCE,  
 SATURDAY NEXT,  
 At which ZAZEL will appear,  
 Doors Open at 2, Commencing at 2.30.

Admission—3s, 2s, 1s, and 6d; Children under 10 Half-price.

Box Office Open at the Cirque Daily, from 10 till 3.

ACTING MANAGER,.....Mr WILLIAM POWELL.  
 PROPRIETOR,.....Mr CHARLES HENGLER.

Within 14 Gordon Street, Glasgow, To-Morrow, (Tuesday),  
 Wednesday, and Thursday, 25th, 26th, and 27th March, at  
 12 o'clock each day.

GREAT SALE OF  
**SILVER ELECTRO-PLATED GOODS,**

Cabinet and Cases of Cutlery,  
 Fish Carvers and Fish Eaters,  
 Dessert Knives and Forks, etc., etc.

Of English and American Manufacture, and the Property of a  
 large and well known Firm of Manufacturing Silver-smiths  
 and Cutlers.

**BROWN & LOWDEN** will Sell the above  
 by Auction, at No. 14 Gordon Street, Glasgow, To-  
 Morrow, (Tuesday), Wednesday, and Thursday, 25th, 26th, and  
 27th March, at 12 o'clock each day.

The Stock is Immense! Elegant! Costly! Almost every de-  
 scription of Goods included in the Stocks of our principal Silver-  
 smiths will be found here, from the Spoon and Fork in every  
 design of pattern to the Venison Dish and every requisite for the  
 Breakfast, Dinner, Tea, and Occasional Table. The whole will  
 be on View early on Tuesday and each Morning of Sale.

*Note.*—The Auctioneers, in calling special attention to this  
 Sale, would esteem it a favour if their Patrons and the general  
 Public will honour them with an Inspection of this really Superb  
 Stock.

14 Gordon Street, Glasgow, 24th March, 1879.



WHEELER & CO'S

BELFAST AERATED WATERS,  
UNEQUALLED IN PURITY, STRENGTH, FLAVOUR, &c.  
ONCE USED, ALWAYS USED.

May be had from FAMILY GROCERS, WINE MERCHANTS, RESTAURATEURS, CHEMISTS, &c.

DEPOT FOR SCOTLAND:—

147 STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW.

On Label & Cork.

TRIENNIAL ELECTION OF A SCHOOL BOARD, 1879.  
SCHOOL BOARD OF THE BURGH OF GLASGOW.

In accordance with the General Order issued by the Lords of the Committee of the Privy Council on Education in Scotland, regulating the Triennial Election of School Boards, Notice is Hereby Given, that the Polling Divisions for the purposes of this Election shall be the Municipal Wards of the Burgh, and that the following Polling Stations have been appointed for the respective Wards or Polling Divisions:—

Ward.	Electors whose Surnames begin with the following Letters (both Inclusive).	Will Vote Within	Situation of Polling Stations.	Number of Polling Stations.
I.	A to E F to M'K	Bridgeton Public School, Rumford Street Public School,	96 Main Street, Bridgeton. 30 Rumford Street (off Main Street), Bridgeton.	5 8
	M'L to Y	Hozier Street, Public School,	Hozier Street (off Dalmarnock Road), Bridgeton,	7
II.	A to J K to O	Barrowfield Public School, Glenpark Public School,	126 Barrowfield Street (off London Road), Bridgeton. 34 Wilkie Street (off East John Street),	9 7
	P to Z	Thomson Street Public School, St. Rollox Public School,	100 Thomson Street (off Duke Street). 88 Garngad Road.	6 9
III.	Mi to Me	Dovehill Public School,	Græme Street (off Gallowgate).	8
IV.	A to Y M'I to Y	Tureen Street Public School, Greendyke Street Public School,	35 Tureen Street (off Gallowgate), 65 Greendyke Street.	8 4
	A to M'K.	Kennedy Street Public School,	120 Kennedy Street (off Parliamentary Road),	12
V.	M'L to Y.	Freeland Public School,	6 Taylor Street, Townhead.	6
	A to Y.	City Public School (Boys), formerly High School,	Entrance by Montrose Street off George Street,	10
VII.	A to Z.	City Hall Saloon,	Candleriggs Street.	4
VIII.	A to Y	Shop,	19 Gordon Street.	4
IX.	A to Y	School Board Election Offices,	10 Bothwell Street.	8
	A to M'I	Milton Public School,	Corner of Stirling Street and Milton St., Cowcaddens.	10
X.	M'K to Y	Dobbie's Loan Public School,	533 Dobbie's Loan.	5
	A to Go	Garnethill Public School,	Corner of Buccleuch and Thistle Streets, Garnethill.	6
XI.	Gr to Q	Henderson Street Public School,	Henderson Street (off New City Road).	8
	R to Z	Oakbank Public School,	Camperdown Street, (off Garscube Road).	5
XII.	A to Z	Bishop Street Public School,	50 Bishop Street, Anderston.	10
	A to M	Anderston Public School,	24 Catherine Street, near Cranston Hill.	6
XIII.	M'K to Y	Overnewton Public School,	Lumsden Street, Overnewton.	5
	A to Ed	Rose Street Public School,	35 Rose Street, South Side.	5
XIV.	Ei to M'H	Oatlands Public School,	Caledonia Road (Eastern End).	8
	M'I to Y	Camden Street Public School,	Florence Street, South Side.	7
XV.	A to Ke	Lorne Hall Public School,	3 South Coburg Street.	6
	Ki to Y	Greenside Street Public School,	Greenside Street (off Main Street), Gorbals.	8
XVI.	A to L	Centre Street Public School,	98 Centre Street.	6
	M to Y	Crookston Street Public School,	Crookston Street (off Paisley Road).	7

W. KENNEDY, Returning Officer.

School Board Election Offices, 10 Bothwell Street, Glasgow, 22nd March, 1879.

THE GREAT FLOWER SHOW

Will be held within the  
PUBLIC HALLS,

ON  
WEDNESDAY, 26TH MARCH.  
FRANC. GIBB DOUGALL, Secretary,  
167 Canning Street.

JAMES LAIRD,

AUCTIONEER AND VALUATOR,  
Has REMOVED to more  
CENTRAL and COMMODIOUS PREMISES,

63 ST VINCENT STREET,  
AND  
26 WEST NILE STREET.

## SCHOOL BOARD ELECTION, TO THE RATEPAYERS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

Having been nominated as Candidates by a large and representative conference of Ratepayers from all districts of the city, we willingly place our services at your disposal.

We are of opinion that the affairs of the Board during the past six years have not been conducted with that regard to economy and efficiency which you were fairly entitled to expect, and we think greater economy would have resulted had there been a larger number of business men on the Board.

With respect to religious teaching in the Schools, we are decidedly of opinion that no change is desirable, and we shall, therefore, give our cordial support to the maintenance of the policy of "use and wont."

It is to be regretted that a contest cannot be avoided, but for this we repudiate any responsibility, the contest being provoked by the action of the present Board in ignoring the Ratepayers.

On these grounds we confidently ask your support, and believe, if the Ratepayers do their duty at this important crisis, our return will be certain.

We are, yours respectfully,

A. GLEN COLLINS.  
JAS. COLQUHOUN.  
WILLIAM FIFE.  
JAMES FLEMING.  
MONCRIEFF MITCHELL.

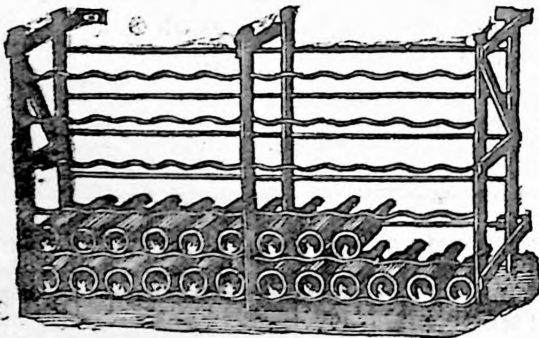
Glasgow, 18th March, 1879.

**INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS,  
CORPORATION GALLERIES,  
SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.  
EXHIBITION OF  
PAINTINGS, SCULPTURE, & C.,  
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Day Admission, Nine till Five,.....1s.  
Evening ,, Six till Ten,.....6d.

*Musical Promenades every Saturday from Two till Four.*

**EXHIBITION of SELECTED PICTURES.**  
Oil and Water Colour.  
WILLIAM BURNS, 162 Buchanan Street, Glasgow.  
Admission Free.



**WROUGHT IRON WINE BINS,**  
Made any required sizes, or to fit recesses, &c.

**WILLIAM HUME,**  
95 BUCHANAN STREET,  
1st Shop above Waverley Hotel.

### IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Friday, 28th March.

**PUBLIC SALE OF A  
GRAND GALLERY PICTURE,**  
By J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.,  
"Sunset on the Grand Canal, Venice,"

Sight-size, 55 in. by 45 in.

A Genuine and Characteristic Example of this great Master, in his finest style (which belonged to the late H. F. Mylius, Esq., by whom it was procured direct from the Artist).

**ROBERT M'TEAR & CO.** have received instructions to Sell the above, by Auction, in their Art Galleries, Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North Court, St. Vincent Place, on Friday, 28th March, at One o'clock prompt. The Picture will be on View Three Days prior to Sale, admission Sixpence.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 22nd March, 1879.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Tuesday and Wednesday, 1st and 2nd April.

**PUBLIC SALE OF A COLLECTION OF  
MODERN PICTURES,**  
By Eminent British Artists,

INCLUDING

**TWO IMPORTANT GALLERY WORKS** by JAS. PEEL,  
**FOUR CHARMING EXAMPLES** of J. B. SMITH,

AND FINE WORKS BY

J. E. Meadows.  
David Cox.  
John Syer, Jr.  
John Jack.

Robert Chalmers.  
E. J. Niemann.  
A. J. Woolmer.  
David Payne.

And other Well-known Artists.

**ROBERT M'TEAR & CO.** will Sell the above, by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North Court, St. Vincent Place, on Tuesday and Wednesday, 1st and 2nd April, at One o'clock each day.

Catalogues may be had Three Days prior, and the whole Viewed on Day prior to Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 22nd March, 1879.

**FINE ARTS.**

NOW ON VIEW,

**SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF  
HIGH-CLASS SCOTTISH CABINET  
OIL PAINTINGS.**

At J. JOHNSTONE YUILE'S GALLERY,  
89 UNION STREET.

Admission Free.

### SPECIAL NOTICE

TO THE  
INHABITANTS OF GLASGOW AND SUBURBS.

### FINLAY M'DIARMID

Is now supplying J. & R. TENNENT'S NEW SEASON'S EXPORT BEER AND STOUT, in fine condition, in his Patent Stoneware Casks. One trial solicited to prove their excellence. The Casks contain 4½ Gallons each, are fitted with Lock Taps, and are unsurpassed for cleanliness, convenience, and economy.

OBSERVE.—No charge is made for their use, they are delivered several miles free of extra charge, and the empties collected without trouble to purchasers.

F. M'D.'s STANDARD AERATED WATERS are so carefully prepared that they are becoming a household word.

LIST OF PRICES.

Beer and Stout, 7s per Cask or 2s 3d per Dozen Pints.  
Lemonade, Soda Water, Potash Water, Sarsaparilla, and Ginger Ale, 2s per Dozen.

TERMS CASH. Empties to be returned within Two Months.  
CITY OF GLASGOW BOTTLING STORES—  
44 RENFREW STREET, GLASGOW,  
AND 4 GREY PLACE, GREENOCK

**IMMENSE SALE OF GLASS AND CHINA,**

AT M'DOUGALL & SONS', 71 TO 79 BUCHANAN STREET.

**DISCOUNT of 20 per Cent. for Cash off regular prices, to prevent loss, in consequence of the Herald Proprietors being about to take down and rebuild their Property adjoining. The Stock is one of the Largest and Finest in the Kingdom, and is Suitable for all Classes, comprising an endless Variety of Useful and Ornamental Goods.**

Tea Sets, 7s 6d to £25; Table Sets, 28s to £85; Dessert Services, 22s to £50; Toilet Sets, 7s to £15; Vases, 1s to £70 per pair; Glasses and Tumblers, 2s to 100s per dozen; Sugars and Creams, 4½d per pair and up. Also, Decanters, Caraffes, Butters, Jellies, Jugs, Teapots, Cheese Stands, Parian Figures, Flower Pots, Dresden Candelabra, and Mirrors, &c.

Depot for Minton's, Copeland's, Worcester, and Dresden Porcelain.

Inspection Invited. Goods can be Packed and Stored Free till May Term.

Will be prepared with a large NEW STOCK after Herald Buildings have been taken down.

**ISLAY WHISKY.**

**W. & J. MUTTER,  
BOWMORE DISTILLERY,  
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**NEW SPRING COATINGS AND TROUSERINGS.**

I have just to hand, and Exhibiting in my spacious Windows, First Deliveries of SPRING TWEEDS for the Celebrated £3 3s Suit, and 17s 6d High-class Trousers. The Variety of Choice Goods in Checks, Stripes, and Chaste Mixtures surpasses that of any former Season; and my facilities of Manufacture are so perfect that Suits are Made-up in the Best Style in Five Hours, and Trousers in Four Hours. Gentlemen are respectfully invited to visit and examine the New Goods.

**HUGH MORRISON.**

51 and 53 JAMAICA STREET,  
1, 3, 5, 7, 9 HOWARD STREET.

**JOHN M. SIMPSON, Furniture Warehouse**  
and Show-rooms, 60 GREAT CLYDE STREET, (Corner of Maxwell Street) Glasgow. One of the largest Stocks in the City. New Illustrated House Furnishing Guide to be had Free on application. The Cheapest Establishment in the City for Really Good Substantial Furniture of Artistic Design and Superior Finish. Quality Guaranteed.

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141 SAUCHIEHALL STREET**

AND  
165 SANDRINGHAM TERRACE, HILLHEAD.

**RUTHERFORD BROTHERS,  
ARTISTS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS,  
127 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.**

**WASTE PAPER, Ledgers, Letters, Books,  
Ropes, Bagging, Tailors' Clips—bought at PAPER  
MILL STORE, 98 MAXWELL STREET.**

**OIL PAINTINGS  
BY CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS.  
EXTENSIVE COLLECTION AT 338 SAUCHIEHALL ST  
WM. GENTLES, Picture Dealer, Wholesale & for Exportation  
Picture Frame and Room Mouldings.**

**THE BRIDGE HOTEL  
1 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.**

This Old-Established House, adjoining the Waverley Station, and opposite General Post Office, affords first-class accommodation for Commercial Gentlemen and others visiting the City (either on business or pleasure), having recently undergone extensive alterations and additions; entirely re-decorated and furnished in the most approved manner. Parties honouring the "BRIDGE" with their patronage will find every comfort, combined with cleanliness and attention. Cheerful Sitting-rooms.  
CHARGES:—Breakfasts, from 1/ to 2/3; Dinners, from 1/9; Bed-room, 2/; Attendance, 1/ per day. GOOD STOCK ROOMS.  
**JAMES M'GREGOR, PROPRIETOR.**

**THE ROYAL RESTAURANT,  
10 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET.  
C. WILSON & SON, Proprietors.**

**ADVERTISEMENTS received for all Papers, by A. F. SHARP & CO., 14 Royal Exchange Square.**

**BROWN & LOWDEN,  
AUCTIONEERS and VALUATORS,  
14 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.**

SALES of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, &c., conducted at the Owner's Premises, on Moderate Terms.  
**CASH ADVANCED.**

**FOOTBALL COSTUMES.**

Every Club Colour kept in Stock.

LIST OF COLOURS ON APPLICATION.

**H. & P. M'NEIL,**

HATTERS, HOSIERS, GLOVERS, AND SHIRTMAKERS,  
CRICKET AND FOOTBALL OUTFITTERS,  
21 & 23 RENFIELD STREET.

**SCRAP Photographs and Views of Scottish Scenery. Thousands to choose from at A. F. SHARP & Co., 14 Royal Exchange Square.**

Shure she thought all the while I was taking her to CORK. She is right now for LIPTON'S.



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**Finest Selected NEW CURED SMOKED HAMs,**

Lean and Fresh as Steak, Cannot be Excelled at any Price, 7d PER LB.

Remember it is our Best Ham, 7d PER LB.; worth 1s 2d.

**BACON! BACON!**

New Cured, Lean, and Well Dried, to be Sold at 3d and 3½d per lb.

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## IRISH MARKETS.

21, 23, 25, & 27 HIGH STREET,

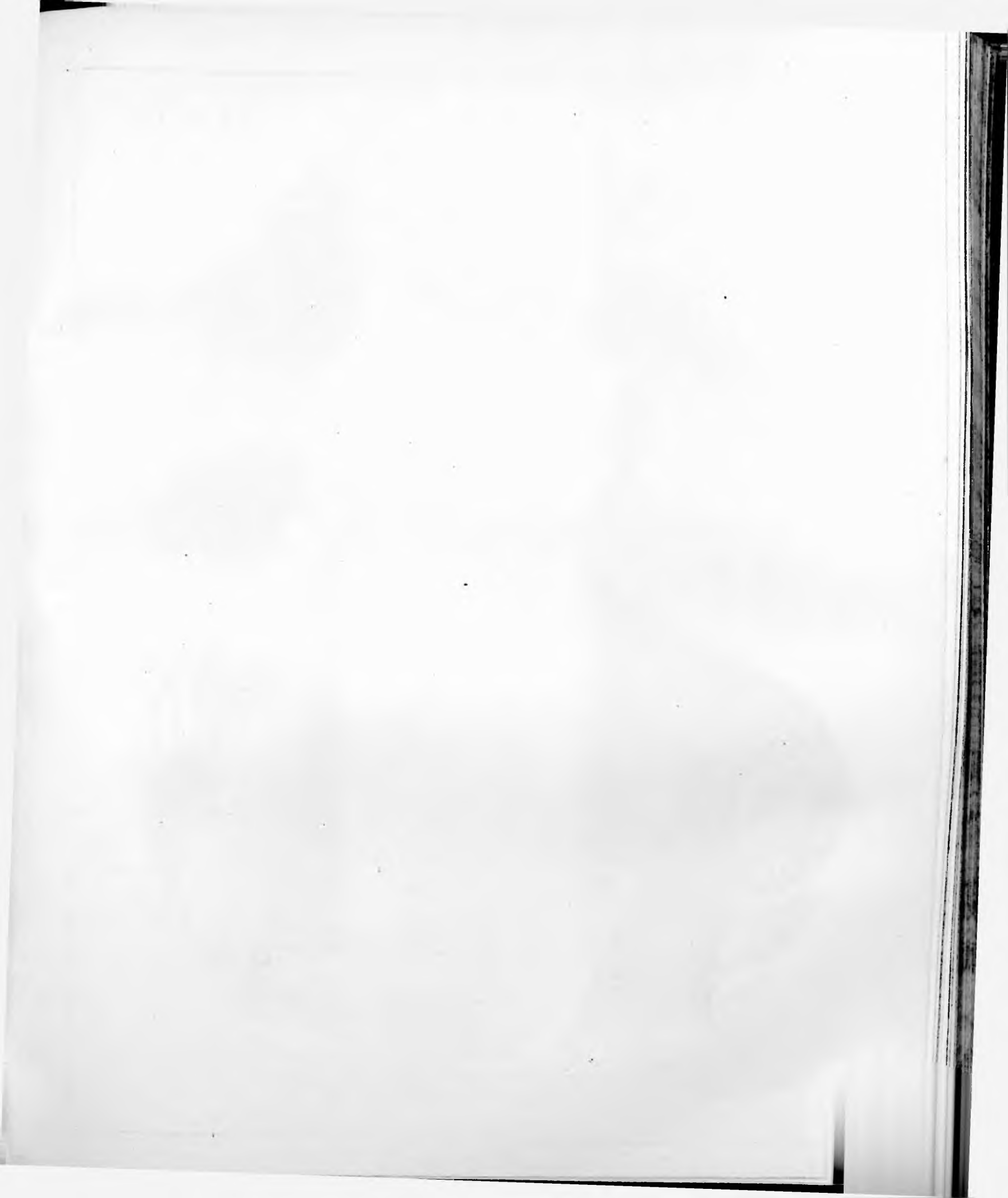
BRANCH ESTABLISHMENTS,

NORTHERN, 186 COWCADDENS,  
SOUTH SIDE, 199 & 201 PAISLEY ROAD,

WEST END, 137 MAIN STREET, ANDERSTON  
DUNDEE BRANCH, 8 & 10 MURRAYGATE,

STORES—12 ROBERTSON LANE, OFF ROBERTSON STREET.

**THE LARGEST RETAIL DEALER IN THE WORLD.**







# The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 337. Glasgow, Wednesday, April 2nd, 1879. Price 1d

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 337.

THE BAILIE hopes his townfolk are satisfied with the result of Friday's voting for the School Board. Certainly the interest that the better classes took in the election was "maist extraordinar." Considerably less than one-third of the entire constituency went to the poll, and from the fact that three Roman Catholic candidates were at the head of the list, and that they were followed by Mr Harry Alfred Long and Councillor James Martin, the presumption may be very fairly allowed that the voting was left in a great measure to our "illiterate residuum." "Things maun aye be some way" is an old and common-place saw, but that they should be this particular "way" in regard to such an important matter as the selection of the overseers of the education of our children, seems to the BAILIE, at least, a matter for intense chagrin. He makes bold to say that in no other constituency in the country, either urban or landward, has a School Board been appointed which does so little credit to the electors. It is nothing less than a public scandal that the venerable and distinguished Dr Jamieson, perhaps the most closely connected among the men of his time with the cause of education in Scotland, should have been rejected, and of all others by the people who ought to hold him most in honour. The failure of Mr Middleton to win his seat, if a less flagrant source of discredit, is still sufficiently mortifying, in the view, especially, of the newcomers who have been returned to the Board. It would almost seem, indeed, looking at Friday's proceedings, as if a former member, to have a chance of re-election, must either be a fanatic like Mr Kidston, or a jog-trot, cut-and-dried representative of "use and wont" like Mr DODDS or Mr Cuthbertson. People allege, it is

true, that Mr DODDS owes a large portion of his success to the zeal of his friend Mr Storry, of Carmunnock, who left "the beasties" to take care of themselves on the polling day, and journeyed into the city to assist the pastor of St. George's. However this may be, and the BAILIE does confess to have been struck with the energy which Mr Storry manifested on the floor of the Exchange on Friday forenoon, there can be no question that the main reason why Mr DODDS was returned was that he was content to be a "use and wont" candidate and nothing more. He certainly made one or two rather effective speeches during the contest—his description of an important portion of female attire at the meeting in the City Hall will not soon be forgotten—but it was "use and wont" that carried him in. Although the incumbent of St. George's Parish, Mr DODDS can hardly be termed a very prominent figure in the economy of our city life. As a clergyman he is an intense Conservative. He adheres to what may be termed the antiquated modes both of thinking and preaching. His sermons seldom occupy less than 40 or 50 minutes in delivery—and to this falls to be added a previous commentary upon some portion of Scripture of say a quarter of an hour in length—while his theology is of the kind inculcated in such venerable tomes as Matthew Henry, or Boston's "Four-fold state." Personally, however, Mr DODDS is one of the best liked of men. His nature is kindly and generous, and he spares no exertion to forward any object in which he takes an interest. Previous to his settlement in St. George's our friend was minister of the Second Charge in the Abbey Church of Paisley, a post he occupied for something like a dozen years. He was also a member of the Paisley School Board, and was a keen partisan of the Orange and Tory party in the Suburb. At the School Boards, both of Paisley

and of Glasgow, he has shown himself an ardent supporter of secondary education. If he occupies a subsidiary position at the Glasgow Board to Mr Connal or Mr Mitchell, he has at least a rôle of his own, which he follows with considerable advantage to the public. As a minister of the gospel, moreover, Mr DODDS, in the coming months, may prove of peculiar service, inasmuch as he will be enabled to interpose his influence—nay, it may even be his person, between such discordant elements as Councillor Martin and Mr Kidston or Mr Long.

#### A Man worth Knowing.

A CORRESPONDENT sends the following to the BAILIE. He avers that he read it in the *Evening Times* one day last week, and he wants to know what it means:—

“A meeting of the creditors of Alexander Ross, property estate agent, Buchanan Street, was held this forenoon in the Faculty Halls. The affairs showed the trade liabilities to amount to about £500, irrespective heritable bonds. An offer of £20 in the £1, with interest, was made and accepted, and the estate will accordingly be arranged.”

The Magistrate is not good at conundrums, and he accordingly gives this one up. On the matter being submitted to the Animile, that worthy was observed to look carefully at the address of Mr Ross. He had long, he remarked as he left shortly afterwards, been in search of some one who would exchange a pound note for a shilling, and as the eagerly looked for personage had turned up at last, and he had some loose silver in his pocket he would wait on him at once. Asinus has evidently prospered in his quest. He has not been heard of at “81” since.

#### OFF THE LINE.

*Highlander* (who has been directed to the railway station in order to get to Gartnavel to see his sister, house-maid in the institution)—Are you ta bookin’ offisher of ta railwa’ train?

*Ticket Clerk*—Yes, where do you want to go to?

*Highlander*—How much you’ll sharge to give me a luft to Gartnavel to see my sester Barbara?

*Ticket Clerk* (shutting window)—We don’t issue tickets to Gartnavel, only Gartcosh and Gartsherrie. You must go to the audit office.

*Highlander*—Iss it a fool you’ll take me for, young shentleman, that you’ll send me to ta idiot offis to go to Gartnavel?

Missing his Way—The young man who wouldn’t fall in love ought to beware of being miss-guided.

#### “The Statue of Livingstone.

Unveiled in St. George’s Square, Glasgow.

Will the dead marble make him wider known;  
Or can it longer live than Livingstone?”

—*Punch*, 29th March, 1879

WILL you kindly, dear BAILIE, score one on the shovel—  
A big one—for I, who can joke when he tries it;  
Still, about the above there is something so novel,  
So really refreshing—come, let’s analyse it!

“The Statue of Livingstone”—go on, then; take care—  
“Unv iled in”—no, begging your pardon, it *aint*;  
We have, in our city, a decent-sized Square,  
But its name is plain George, sir, without any “Saint.”

And now for your couplet; “dead marble” is good;  
And ’tis really a passable pun as you mean it  
(Although jokes, in Scotland, are not understood);  
But the Statue is bronze—bless your heart, we have seen it!

Now we’re sorry for this; and had you but said  
You intended an epigram trite thus to plan it,  
The pedestal might have been bronze-built, instead,  
And the Statue cut out of a huge block of granite.

But we thought when you aired this same pun once before,  
You would just let it go—though ’tis rather a good thing;  
E’en a poor circus clown, when he gets an encore,  
Knows to come his joke twice is considered a rude thing.

If you’d like now to know in what *Punch* it appears, back,  
We can give you the date—and that’s not bad for us;  
You will find, to a month, ’tis exactly five years back,  
And the verse now in question is printed there, thus:—

“He needs no epitaph to guard a name  
Which men shall prize while worthy work is known;  
He lived and died for good—be that his fame—  
Let marble crumble, this is Livingstone!”

You see—there’s the “marble” and “Living-stone,” too;  
How they crept up again may appear rather odd;  
And while we’d as soon have a pun that is new—  
Old Homer, himself, in his day took a nod.

You’ve a trifle, this week, you call “Wut for Scotch Wags,”  
And we humbly confess we can’t quite see the jest of it;  
So if Scotland hits back—don’t get riled though she brags  
That, for once, Mr Punch, she has clean got the best of it.

Mr Long says that if he did certain things, they must have been done “in his medium-stage.” The BAILIE is anxious to know what was, or is, ’Arry’s “medium-stage.” Has it anything to do with spiritualism, and if not—?

TASTES DIFFER.—A true Welshman likes the harp, but *Falstaff*, he loved a sack-butt—(doubtless false Taffy is meant).

BAULDY’S VERY LATEST PERPETRATION.—Why is a sculptor’s studio not the quietest place in the world? Because go when you may you will always find a *bust up* there.

Why are absconding tenants like bats?—Because they flit here and there in the dark, of course.

Colourable—Every “piece” of “blue china” has a green worshipper.

A “Helping” Hand—A pickpocket’s.

What we are Coming to.

AS the congregation of St. Hypatia's approached that sacred edifice one Sunday in March, 1889, they discovered a string of Sandwich men marching up and down before the door, bearing large coloured placards on their shoulders. The placards stated in the boldest type and the most emphatic terms that it was the duty of all good citizens to vote against the Government at the coming election, as their conduct in regard to the lowering of the county franchise and the increase of the tobacco duty was diametrically opposed to the best interests of religion and morality. The regular worshippers at St. Hypatia's had seen this dodge pretty often before, and consequently paid very little attention to the placards, but they were a great centre of attraction to the street Arabs of the neighbourhood. By the unwearied efforts of the two junior deacons, however, the dirtiest of the children were kept at a respectful distance. One of the elders at the plate, who holds very decided opinions about the superiority of decimal coinage, presented a little pamphlet on coinage reform to each person who put anything above a threepenny bit into the plate over which he kept guard. One unscrupulous individual obtained a pamphlet under false pretences by depositing a large-sized pearl button in the plate, but the watchful elder on observing the fraud followed the impostor to his pew, wrested the pamphlet from his grasp, and politely returned him his pearl button.

Some surprise was expressed by influential members of the church at the fact that circulars had been placed in the pews stating that Mr and Mrs Israels, of 59 Jacob Street, were prepared to give the highest price for ladies' and gentlemen's left off clothing. It seemed to be the general opinion that the thing was being carried too far. On enquiry it was discovered that the beadle had arranged the matter for a consideration, and on his own authority; so there was a dickens of a row about it at the next session meeting, with the result that the beadle got the sack.

Before beginning the first psalm, the organist rose and said he had been much annoyed lately by observing the alarming progress that the sol-fa notation was making throughout the country. At this point he noticed a worshipper in a front pew with a sol-fa tune book in his hand. Advancing suddenly on him, he snatched the obnoxious volume from his fingers, and

shied it into the back of the gallery. When the bald old gentleman upon whose head the corner of the book inflicted a severe scalp wound had been removed to the vestry by his relatives and the door-keeper, the service proceeded.

The Rev. Amos Newlight delivered an eloquent and stirring discourse, detailing the rise and progress of the demand for manhood suffrage; and after a magnificent peroration about the inherent nobility of man as such, and the frightful injustice of any arbitrary limitation of the voting power, intimated that a petition to Parliament on this all-important subject had been prepared by the session, and was now lying in the vestry for signature.

As the congregation retired, a couple of agents of the Temperance League had a busy quarter-of-an-hour distributing hand-bills to everybody who would accept them, setting forth in glowing terms the beatific results that would follow the universal adoption of the Permissive Bill.

BROSS.

(Scene—Sheriff Court in the North; Case of woman servant suing Highland farmer for insufficient diet).

*Sheriff* (to farmer)—What food did the pursuer get in your house; describe the meals.

*Farmer* (indignantly) — Petter foods, my Loard, than she'll teserve. She cot bross on ta pig stool wi' myself when she went to ta hull, an' bross on ta pig stool wi' myself when she cam back frae ta hull, an' if she'll was no please wi' that, why she'll must haf somesing wrang wi' her insite, my coot Loard.

*Sheriff*—I'll continue this case *sine die*.

*Farmer*—No, my Loard, she cot no *seenic tea* at my house, she took no pheidsicks a' the time!

"I CAN CALL SPIRITS FROM THE VASTY DEEP."  
—Somebody advertises the loss of a parrot who "can say 'shut up!' and call on the police." A terrible loss, no doubt, though his Worship is dubious as to the value of the latter accomplishment—unless, indeed, this ingenious bird be more successful than most of us, and can make the police "come when she does call 'on' them."

The man who chronicles small beer—A brewer's clerk.

Now all Men by these "Presents"—That this is not a toy, but a tea-shop.

Univers-al Music—The music of the spheres

## Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE, Mr Charles Sullivan and his Irish Comedy Company appear this Evening at the Gaiety in "The Shaughraun." This isn't the first time Mr Sullivan has been in Glasgow, but it is the first time, I think, he has played at the Gaiety.

Curiously enough, Mr Sullivan's name cropped up last week in the Belfast Record Court. The occasion was the hearing of the action brought by Mr Hugh, or is it Hubert (?) O'Grady against Mr J. W. Warden, of the Belfast Theatre-Royal, for an alleged breach of contract that occurred in the May of last year. O'Grady, who regards himself as *the* Irish comedian of the age, had been engaged for a fortnight by Mr Warden, and had succeeded in making himself very disagreeable to that gentleman, although he did not, at the same time, succeed in filling the house. In the course of the action, a conversation that had taken place between them was referred to, which began by O'Grady complaining that he had been compared in some paper or other to Mr Charles Sullivan, whereat, Mr Warden assured that he ought to regard this as a very great compliment. "I reminded him," said Mr Warden, "that he had very little experience as an actor, while Mr Sullivan had been on the stage for many years, and was one of the best living Irish comedians."

Mr O'Grady, it was further stated in court, only drew a total of £93 18s 6d, during the first six nights of his engagement in Belfast, whereas the receipts of the first 6 nights of Mr Sullivan, who came at a worse season of the year, were £296 10s.

Mr O'Grady's action had a strange ending. He sought to recover money from Mr Warden, and the jury on the other hand awarded Mr Warden £40 of damages from him.

Among the members of Mr Sullivan's company is Tom Nerney, the best *Harvey Duff* who has appeared in the Provinces.

Following Mr Sullivan at the Gaiety come Miss Emily 'oldene, who, I understand, will appear in an English version of "Carmen."

A comparatively young gentleman, but an actor of skill and of much promise, appears this evening at Her Majesty's Theatre on the South Side. This is Mr Osmond Tearle. Mr Tearle will be recollected as our first *Malcolm Graine* in "the Lady of the Lake," at the Theatre Royal, eight or nine years ago. Since then he has applied himself vigorously to the study of his profession, and has made a considerable name in the poetic drama. He opens at Her Majesty's in the part of *Hamlet*.

Miss Katie Ryan who was the *Princess* in "Cinderella" at the Gaiety, is the *Princess* in "The Sleeping Beauty," Mr Warden's Easter Pantomime at Belfast.

"Les Cloche de Corneville" is being taken round the provinces by a capital company, under the direction of Mr James Scanlan, with Mr Michael Connelly as conductor.

An endless winter, a general gloom, and an all-round hardness, seem to have no effect whatever on the attendance at Mr Hengler's brilliant entertainment. Pop in at any time, BAILIE, and you will find that sitting room is at a premium. The "last nights," however, are announced. The season really closes on Thursday week, the horse and his rider being transhipped on the evening of Good Friday. The afternoon of Easter Monday, and the Ulster Hall, Belfast, are the time and place of their next merry meeting. Dublin follows. Here, I understand, Mr Hengler is building a superb new circus near the top of the famous Sackville Street.

I heard not a bad story the other night. A certain very well known Established Church minister had gone to preach for a brother clergyman whose church is somewhere on the North side of Glasgow. There was to be a special collection for one of the Church schemes, and while the beadle was helping our friend on with his gown in the vestry, the latter ventured to remark, "Well, John, I hope there will be a good collection today; what do you generally get?" "Weel, sir, you see, if we get ten pounds, we may think we have dunc rale weel." "Ten pounds, John, that will never do. We must have twenty at least. What are you made of at all?" "Made o' sir! We're

maistly a when wrocht-oot Frees and U.P.'s that cam' here to get a bit rest!"

The soup kitchens are doing an excellent work in Glasgow, but, my dear BAILIE, benevolence is apt to run a little wild, and requires to be tempered with common sense and experience. I hear of instances of very funny mismanagement at some of these kitchens. Too many cooks spoil the broth, and a few of the ladies who are taking charge are not endowed with the knack of directing and administering. Another thing—charity of the rose water and finical order is not to be commended. I am told of one soup kitchen in a "suburb" where the pennies received for the soup are dropt into disinfecting fluid before "the lady-helps" dare to handle them!

"The Turner," which attracted so much attention, was knocked down on Friday at £1500. Mr John Laird wielded the hammer.

Speaking of Mr John Laird, I have to put your readers right on a matter on which there is some confusion. Mr James Laird, auctioneer, St. Vincent Street, is quite another person. Mr John Laird, of Robert M'Tear & Co., still remains connected with the old-established firm with which his name has so long been associated.

Lovers of the artistic in jewellery, and those who delight in articles of "bigotry and virtue," as dear old Mrs Malaprop dubs them, will no doubt turn out in force to the big sale of Muirhead & Sons' stock, which takes place next week in Messrs Edmestons' Sale-Rooms, West Nile Street.

THE "PAY'S" THE THING TO TOUCH THE  
CONSCIENCE.

Jock—Ye'll noo hae a wage?

Tam—Aye, the thin end o't.

"THE RAIN IT RAINETH EVERY DAY."—His Grace of Argyll has told us all about the "reign of law;" what we would like him to give us just now is a little about the law of rain.

A Horse Cowper—The author of John Gilpin's ride.

When are Londoners behind the *Times*?—At breakfast as a rule.

ONE OR T'OTHER.

(Scene — First-class compartment in railway carriage).

*Affable Traveller* (to bank messenger with heavy bag indicative of L. S. D.)—Now what would happen to you were you to lose your bag?

*Bank Messenger*—If I lost the bag—well, I suppose I would get the sack.

ALL GREEK TO HIM.—The gender in nouns is often puzzling. Asinus thought so, when in his attic studies he found Aggie Memnon to be a man and Here a woman.

What musician "comes out of his shell" to give the public a taste of his qualities as an entertainer? The whistling oyster.

A Man of Extreme Measures—A shoemaker.

A "Frank" Denial—Refusing a pass.

Proverbial Philosophy.

For the Benefit of the New School Board.

THE Schule Brod fecht is focht an' won,  
And some, I trow, their fate dae mourn,  
Some crumbs o' comfort here we'll fling,  
"Leeve auld horse an' ye'se get corn."

Yon mighty speeches, lang an' dreich,  
Wi' arguments quite threadbare worn,  
In simple language jist meant this—  
"Leeve auld horse an' ye'se get corn."

While this ane cried "Economise  
I'll mak' them, feth, as sure's their born"—  
'Twas just the way he tried tae spell  
"Leeve auld horse an' ye'se get corn."

Another cried oot "Use and Wont  
Must never frae oor schules be torn ;  
I'll see tae that—'mang ither things"—  
"Leeve auld horse an' ye'se get corn."

Bauld Dodds his orange coat has turn'd  
Tae sit wi' priests a' shay'd and shorn,  
Ca's facts but "fiction"—fiction "facts,"  
"Leeve auld horse and ye'se get corn."

Learned, accomplished Jamie Martin  
Vows he'll be a jaggy thorn  
An' keep the brod ticht by the head,  
"Leeve auld horse and ye'se get corn."

When young Collins saw the figures  
(Maybe saft ye think his horn),  
He shut ae ee an' tellt his father,  
"Leeve auld horse an' ye'se get corn."

'TIS EDUCATION FORMS "THE COMMON"  
MIND.—His Worship has often cogitated why  
it is that a man who can neither read nor write  
is privileged—like the trampling courser of  
Adonis, "controlling what he is controlled with"  
—to vote at a School Board election. The  
only argument he has hitherto found is in the  
lines of Burns :—

"Come, join your counsel and your skills  
And get the brutes the powers themsel's  
To choose their herds."

"What's in a name?" and he who cannot write  
his own is supposed to be capable of comparing  
and contrasting the respective qualifications of  
say, Mr Walters and Mr Kidston.

A Rival to "Grandfather's Clock—Little Bibb  
as a "wag" at the wa'.

ROYAL EXCHANGE.—Town and Country Members who have  
not yet Paid their Subscriptions for Current Year should lose  
no time in doing so, as the List of Members, now in the  
Printer's hands, will not include the name of any Member  
whose Subscription remains unpaid after 20th curt. The  
Subscription for Town Members is £3, Country Members £1 10s.  
No Ballot is necessary; and the Rooms being now replete  
with every requisite and comfort, including a Lavatory,  
Writing-room, Telegraph Office, Post Office, Post Restante,  
as well as the latest Home and Foreign Telegrams, News-  
papers, Magazines, Directories, and Books of Reference,  
afford a greater inducement to Commercial as well as Non-  
Commercial Gentlemen. The File-room contains all the  
leading Newspapers and Share-Lists, which are bound in  
quarterly volumes, and many date back as far as 1821.

What the Greenock Folk are Saying.

THAT the Provost's half-hour was mutually appreciated by  
the hard-stuffers and the dancers.

That everybody was pleased except the Bailie who did not  
get firing off his speech.

That the nominations came with a rush at the end.

That, strange to say, no fresh parsons were put up.

That the selectors are evidently becoming wiser in their  
generation.

That the first withdrawal was a Smart one.

That the list will be pretty well cut down by Tuesday.

That nevertheless a contest is sure to follow.

That the nominators of Saint Augustine have not much to  
boast of in their candidate.

That with them Church is superior to all other considerations

That the M.D. apparently wants to learn how to train up  
"our boys."

That Doctors, like Parsons, should let such offices alone.

"SEE HOW WE APPLES SWIM."—Those mortal  
snips of Tooley Street have found many  
imitators. Among the latest are the members  
of the Glasgow Parliamentary Debating Society.  
Speaking the other night at the dinner of this  
body, one of the budding Disraelis delivered  
himself thusly :—"The association is taking a  
distinguished place in the city, and our debates  
have been watched by the public with great in-  
terest." He-haw!

A LATER HEL(L)ENIC MEMORY.

'Tis years long since we first did Faucit hail  
Supreme in Venice and Verona's tale ;

Yet now in spontaneity  
To play all parts, each character unveil,  
"Age doth not wither, nor doth custom stale  
Where's infinite variety."

The Ace of "Spades."—The School Board  
Counsellor.

A-Bridgers of Beauty.—International Rail-  
ways.

The "Deal" among the Dominies.—The Brod.

WRITE AS THE MAIL.—Asinus in the School  
Board election endeavoured to please both par-  
ties by voting for what he calls the "Fiction  
Faction."

A COSTUME MORE HONOURED.—The Magis-  
have their robes ; and why shouldn't the winning  
men of Friday teach the young idea how to suit  
—in Brod-cloth?

"That Fools should be so Deep Contempla-  
tive"—When should clowns take their "bene-  
fit?" On "All Fool's Day."

The Greatest *Unknown* in Italy—The Coun-  
tess of *Kent*.

A Post for Lord Chelmsford—"Wanted Good  
'General.' Easy Work. Elderly Woman Pre-  
ferred."

## Quavers.

YOUR reporter, BAILIE, had the pleasure of being present at a concert given by the Paisley Philharmonic (Instrumental) Society, on Thursday evening last, in the spirited abbey town. The entertainment took place in the Abercorn Rooms, a remnant of the Georgian era evidently, when dancing "assemblies" were in vogue, and somewhat of a mustier place than we are accustomed to in Glasgow. There were some thirty executants, and all were amateurs with one exception—the double bass, which instrument not many not professional ever essay to master, from its physical as well as technical demands upon the player. The room was but small enough for so many players, but it is only just to say that the music throughout the evening was very pleasant to listen to. The execution was as a rule skilful and tuneful, and every attention seemed to be paid to phrasing and expression. Among the most successful efforts of the evening were the overture to "Martha," and the entr'acte music from "Rosamunde," the ballet from the same source not being so well played; Mozart's Symphony in D (No. 9), the quick movements being taken rather under the proper speed, in the circumstances an act of good sense and control, is also to be noted as having been steadily gone through, and with not a little grace of expression; also the overture to "Son and Stranger," brilliantly performed, and "up to time," as the phrase is. The inglorious uncertainty of the horns, as one might express it, was on the whole but little exemplified during the evening, the management of this troublesome instrument being on the whole most creditable to the amateur executant, remembering how much professional playing is so unsatisfactory. The leading violins and the flute and clarionet were most respectably handled, and the society is evidently doing well under the fostering care of their youthful and talented conductor, Mr W. T. Hoek.

The tone and finish shown in the violoncello solo merit a distinct word of commendation.

On Friday night the Bothwell Association, now in their sixth year, gave a private concert of secular music in the hall of the Clyde Hotel there. There were two short works of the cantata class in the programme—"The Wreck of the Hesperus," by Anderton, and "Marathon," by Brion—the rest of the evening being occupied with part-songs, solos, &c. The society does not seem so strong this year, but if it lacks in brilliancy somewhat, there is a decided advance in point of expression, the graces of singing being more particularly noticeable in Seligmann's beautiful arrangement of "Thou bonnie wood o' Craigielea," and in the two part-songs by Henry Smart. The "Gipsy Life" of Schumann was also, by the way, tastefully and effectively rendered.

Of the two cantatas, "Marathon" was the most successful in point of execution, and is good healthy music. The choir made a good appearance in it; and had it been the first in the programme in place of the last, it might have had the effect of softening the frigidty of the audience, who ought really to remember what is due in the way of encouragement.

Mr M'Nabb conducted with his usual conscientiousness and care, and he showed especial good judgment in the entire selection adopted.

For the Fast-night concert by Mr Lambeth's choir in the Kibble Palace, a choice if unambitious selection has been made. Among the pieces may be mentioned the anthem "If we believe," by Sir John Goss—a splendid example of cathedral writing for the full choir—the "Ave Maria" for ladies' voices from Loreley, "Blessed are the departed" from Spohr, two extracts from Mr Lambeth's psalm, "Bow down thine ear," including the lovely soprano solo, which is a chief attraction of that scholarly work—then the soprano and tenor duet from Henry Smart's "Jacob." An anthem, "The Lord is my strength" (W. Hume) for soprano solo and chorus, may also be mentioned.

The City Hall was crowded in every part on Saturday night, and Mr Lambeth's select choristers acquitted themselves splendidly. The quality of the ladies' voices is certainly very brilliant, and an undoubted feature of the choir.

The Glasgow Select Choir submit, for their Fast-night concert in the City Hall, what is a specially attractive programme. An

anthem by Dr Croft, "Cry aloud and shout," and the motett, "Hear my prayer" (Mendelssohn), are among the chief selections to be sung. The lovely "Ave rerum" of Mozart is also included. In this more than in any music almost the delicate grace of Mr Archer's choir will be seen to the utmost advantage. The anthem Mr Archer has written for this concert is in the form of a soprano solo and chorus, and is a melodious example of the modern free style of writing, with important organ harmonies.

An effective composition by Mr Archer, which was first heard here last October Fast, "The glorious majesty of the Lord," also finds a place in the programme; and a third emanation from the same fertile pen, an eight-part chorale, will be sung, having been expressly written for this concert. Mr Archer contributes two organ solos—one of Freyer's graceful arrangements, and the march from "Joshua."

Mr Miller's choir will occupy the New Halls as before on the Fast-night, and with a similar style of concert.

Mr Seligmann has arranged for the St. George's Choral Union the usual "set" of the "Flowers of the Forest," and in recognition of the artistic standing of the society, of what indeed he is no mean judge, has also dedicated his work to them. The harmonies are natural and graceful, the melodic work in them being confined mainly, and with rare discretion, to the alto and tenor. An effective point is in the little coda to the words "wede away," which is prepared for somewhat in the tenor.

A miscellaneous concert is intended to be given by the St. George's Choral Union on the 12th April. We shall all be glad to hear this society again. They have been, one observes, unpardonably quiescent of late. One seldom hears such thoroughly fresh and tuneful singing as that by the St. George's Choral Union at their more recent appearances. At their forthcoming concert they will produce Calcott's "Erl King," with treble, alto, and bass solos and chorus, probably the first time here for a very long time.

Schumann's "Blondel's Song," arranged from the composer, for four voices, is to be produced; also Henry Smart's "Curfew," the tenor solo and four-part song "Teviotdale," and the bustling Hiring Chorus from "Martha."

The choir of St. James's Parish gave a concert on Wednesday evening of last week, with Mozart's Twelfth Mass and selections. The Mass, of undoubted attraction if of slightly doubtful authorship, was very creditably rendered, as was also the rest of the music performed. Mr R. Alexander (of the Glasgow Select Choir) leader of the music of the church, conducted; and Mr J. D. Robson accompanied. The excellent training which the gentlemen of our select choirs are themselves obtaining, cannot but have a reflex artistic influence on the societies they may themselves have in charge, and on our musical progress generally.

## HEART NEEDLE-WORK.

True as the needle to the pole.

My love's in heart, and mind, and soul.

Mr Kidston is under the impression that brick buildings last only ten years. This is perhaps but natural; for, after all, what can you expect Ferniegair to know about bricks? Why, he wouldn't know a "brick" if he met one!

"Board" Education—Among the electors there are yet "illiterates," and all record their vote by their mark ("X").

More blessed to give than to receive—A bill.

Hamilton Nimmo's "Creep afore ye gang," "Let me ken hoo the Bains are at Hame," "Hoo can ye gang, Laddie," and "Crookit Bawbee," are the popular modern Scotch Songs and duets.—HJ NIMMO, Ayr, and all Music Sellers, 1s 6d and 2s, net.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT certain of our local poor's-houses have become quite notorious of late.

That they have achieved notoriety in quite different ways.

That the junkettings at one of them enable certain of the powers that be to treat their friends at a cheap rate.

That when the said friends learned their entertainment had only cost 8d a piece they were more astonished than pleased.

That the fun at Merryflats has of late become fast and furious.

That the Govan guardians are understood to govern the Governor of Merryflats.

That in reality the Governor governs the guardians.

That if the *Mail* had not had itself fully engaged with the School Board, a Special Commission on the quality of the Woodilee tea and buns, and Merryflats governor and doctor would have been issued before this.

That one of the members of the School Board visited a district police station the other day.

That he "inspected the hole forse and found the men civil and obleegin'."

That another member of the Board has suggested that member number one should take a course of lessons in spelling at an evening school.

That the second City Bank call has been announced.

That "'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve" to ruin nineteen out of every twenty of the solvent shareholders.

That the Flower Show was affected by the frost in more ways than one.

That the Glasgow Liberals have dropped their "programme."

That there was nothing in't but discord.

That the "apple-seller" gave Ferniegair one for "his nob."

That the School "Brod" contest has come to a close.

That "oor Jeems" headed the list of the non-sectarian candidates.

That this showed the wisdom of the "wise men of the east."

That Jeems' return is a distinct testimony to the necessity for education.

That Jeems "focht for his ain han'."

That the teaching of the three "Rs" will now be insisted on.

That at any rate the meetings of the Board will be worth reading.

That some of the ratepayers candidates only got in by the "skin of their teeth."

That better men have been left out than some who got in.

That we will see the wonderful economy the quartett of ratepayers candidates will accomplish.

That the salaries of teachers will be reduced.

That the handsome school buildings will be let out for quadrille assemblies.

That the rate will now be reduced to a penny in the pound.

"The Clyde."

THE BAILIE is nothing if not patriotic, but he fears that he has not hitherto been sufficiently alive to his advantages as a Clydesdaleman. He has long been aware that he is within easy hail of "Brighton," but now it seems that he is within still easier reach of "Madeira." In saying this he is not alluding to the proximity of his publishing office to the Bodega, but to Provost Stewart's declaration before a Parliamentary Committee that the west-end of Helensburgh—the west-end, mark you—"is called the Madeira of the Clyde." This will, no doubt, be welcome intelligence to invalids with short purses; and the BAILIE looks forward to the day when sight-seers may be saved the trouble and expense of foreign travel by the establishment of a Paris, a Venice, and a Niagara of the Clyde. Here's a chance for enterprising watering-places.

A TASTE.

(Scene—Mining village in Ayrshire; Time—8 A.M.)

*Miner's Wife*—Cauld mornin', Mrs M'Farlan.

*Deaf do.* (with a red herring in her hand)—Aye it's a braw herrin'.

*M. W.* (a little louder)—I say it's a cauld mornin'.

*D. do.*—It just cost a bawbee fardin'.

*M. W.* (irate)—Awa' hame wi' you, ye auld blether.

*D. do.*—Aye, woman, it'll taste ma mouth.

Mr Long entreated his opponents last week to "look him in the white of the eye." Did anybody comply with this request? And if so, will he inform an anxious public whether he saw any green in the 'umble optic?

# SPECIAL NOTICE.

---

**WALTER WILSON & CO.,**  
**THE COLOSSEUM,**  
**70 JAMAICA STREET.**

WE have now received full deliveries of all New Shapes for Summer, in Gentlemen's and Youths' Satin Hats, Felt Hats, Tweed Caps, &c., &c. In making this announcement we would specially call the attention of those Gentlemen, who for some reason or other have never yet visited the Colosseum and beg of them to favour us with a call of inspection only, as we feel satisfied that sooner or later every Gentleman who cares for **STYLE** and **QUALITY** will find out (in spite of all underhand endeavours to injure us), that nowhere in this city can such a variety of novelties in Gentlemen's head gear be found. In point of fact, we are in daily communication with the leading Manufacturers of the Kingdom, who supply us immediately with any New Shapes as they come out, and the prices charged (for some goods) by the ordinary retailer are fifty per cent, more than our prices. Our Felt Hats at **5s 9d** and **7s** are all that can be desired by Gentlemen who wear nothing but the best Hats. Very large and very small sizes always in Stock.

## LADIES' HAT DEPARTMENT.

WE are making a special show of all Novelties in Ladies and Misses Hats this week. Our Department for Boys and Misses Sailor Hats is on our second floor.

**INFANTS' MILLINERY. MOURNING MILLINERY.**

**MOB CAPS, &c.**

WE buy from the Manufacturers only, and sell every article at really Wholesale Prices.

---

**WALTER WILSON & CO.**



MR COPLAND'S RETURN FROM PARIS AND LONDON.

GRAND DISPLAY OF COSTUMES.

MAGNIFICENT DRESSING GOWNS, TEA GOWNS, BREAKFAST TOILETS, GALATEA ROBES, SKIRTS, STRAW AND CHIP HATS AND BONNETS, MILLINERY BONNETS, FLOWERS, FEATHERS, &c.

AT THE

CALEDONIAN HOUSE.

MR COPLAND, with a Staff of Buyers, visited the Principal Saloons and Magazines of Fashion in Paris, and the foremost Costumiers and Jacket Makers of London, culling from each the choicest novelties. This, combined with several Clearing Lots of High Class Costumes, &c., cannot fail to be very attractive to the Ladies of Glasgow. We are confident in saying that such a collection of high class and superb Costumes and Toilettes, generally, was never before displayed in this city. It is simply impossible, within the limits of an advertisement, to convey the smallest idea of the immensity of the variety or the beauty of the goods we have to show. We therefore invite ladies to walk through the Grand Saloon and inspect the many novelties there displayed.

The FIRST GREAT SHOW of the Season of all the French and London Novelties will take place on MONDAY and following Days, when Ladies are Cordially invited to inspect.

COPLAND & LYE,  
CALEDONIAN HOUSE, 165 AND 167 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

OVERCOATS.

A "SPECIALITY."

ONE GUINEA AND UPWARDS.

IN THESE TIMES OF STRICTEST ECONOMY we may be permitted to remind Gentlemen that our Stock of OVERCOATS (for immediate wear) is beyond question the Largest in the City, while it has never been surpassed in any former season for the beauty and variety of the Colourings and Cloth.

We again invite special attention to the fact that all our Overcoats are Cut, Made, and Trimmed by ourselves in all respects as if Made to Order, and are consequently infinitely superior to the English slop-made Goods usually sold in the Trade.

For the benefit of Gentlemen who prefer having their Overcoats Made to Order, we may state that our Stock embraces a Choice Variety of Cloths, in every Shade and Colour suitable for this Season.

FORSYTH,  
MERCHANT TAILOR,  
5 AND 7 RENFIELD STREET.

SOLD EVERYWHERE,  
HENRY THOMSON & CO'S  
OLD

IRISH WHISKY.

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—  
ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

DAVISON'S

CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE  
GINGER BEER.

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND;" WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC. As supplied to the Western, Junior New, and other Clubs.

THOMAS DAVISON,  
DISPENSING CHEMIST,  
126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

THE BAILIE.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2nd, 1879.

THIS is such an age of very decided progress that staid, elderly citizens like the BAILIE are apt to get rather bewildered by the rush of events. In every sphere of life, political, social, and intellectual, advancement is the order of the day; and the fact that any given scheme was considered impracticable the week before last is no reason why it should not be carried out the day after to-morrow. A striking case in point was unfolded before the Magistrate's wondering eyes only last week. His information on the subject of clubs was more theoretical than practical—indeed it was principally derived from the diligent perusal of the works of Ouida, Rhoda Broughton, and other such brilliant and faithful delineators of modern fashionable life—

but his opinion was that they were essentially masculine institutions. The very word conveyed to his mind the idea of cigar smoke, expensive wines, late hours, high play, latch-keys, and generally speaking a mode of life for which the fair sex was by nature and training unfitted. Imagine his surprise then on reading in the public prints that a Ladies' Club had been formed in connection with the Western Baths Company. A Ladies' Club! My conscience! How will the fragile, innocent creatures spend their time at the club? Will they, too, become learned in the matter of cut cavendish, Lurgan twist, golden cloud, and honeydew, and discourse authoritatively on the comparative merits of meerschaum, wooden, and clay pipes? Will a smoking mistress be retained on the premises to instruct neophytes in the mystic art of bringing the smoke through the nostrils, and to apply the necessary restoratives in the event of the aforesaid neophytes feeling rather poorly? Will there be prudes for hall-porters, dowagers for butlers, and sweet girl billiard-markers with golden hair (forgive us, O Laureate)? Will there be a French cook in the kitchen, a cabstand at the corner of the street, and a many-buttoned page leaning against the doorway? Will artfully made betting books be in every pocket, and will the walls re-echo with slang and racy stories? But after all, it is possible that the institution may only be an emasculated version of a club. The members may bring fancy embroidery into what ought to be the smoking room. "Myra's Journal of Fashion" and "The Queen" may usurp the places on the library table that ought to be sacred to "Bell's Life" and "The Era." Afternoon tea may become a recognised meal, and the gas may be turned off at half-past ten. Feminine small-talk and criticism of absent dear friends may occupy the precious moments that should be devoted to the discussion of the next Derby or the latest burlesque. Time alone can tell what turn the affair may take, but meantime, in order to be prepared for the worst, the BAILIE thinks seriously of starting an association for the protection of men's rights.

Good for Hew—The life of that good feller, Mr Gladstone is, the BAILIE believes, illustrated by his own wood-cuts.

Newspaper Cuttings—Slashing critiques.

Smokers.—Try Wallach Smoking Mixture, 6d per ounce  
Only to be had from D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram Street

Ichabod.

"BLESS thee, Bottom! Thou art translated." And bless us! we are *all* translated—or in process of translation—into sour teetotallers; will we or "nill" we. Of old, the titles "Bailie"—*cela va sans dire!*—"Provost," and the like, were synonyms for all manner of goodfellowship—sometimes, too, as in a celebrated instance, for "ancient name, and knightly fame, and chivalrous degree." But alack the day! our modern civic rulers are cold-blooded creatures, who have not a laugh in their composition, and who regale their friends on—lemonade! Greenock, like Glasgow, has fallen under the baneful spell of the cold-water demon; but the BAILIE must say this for Provost Lyle, that he considerably arranged his "conversazione" last week so as to terminate, as he said himself, "thirty minutes before eleven o'clock." His Worship should add that Mr Lyle makes some claim to the "chivalrous degree" before mentioned; for was not the Town Hall decorated with the worthy cooper's "coat of arms?"—doubtless a cask, proper.

#### SUNDAY SCHOOL FINANCE.

*Teacher* (to juvenile)—Well, Tom, where's your collecting card? How much have you gathered for the poor little negro boys?

*Tom*—Twopence, sir, and there's a penny off that for travelling expenses. You see, sir, I had to spend the first penny I got in paying for my car when I went to collect the second one.

DIVERSIONS OF PURLEY.—There were four candidates at the meeting, and a heckler asked if *either* of them could say which was the correct expression, "the five ratepayers' candidates," or "the ratepayers' five candidates." And upon this the chairman remarked, that "the schoolmaster was abroad;" otherwise, the BAILIE thinks he might have possibly told the heckler something about "either."

Ferniegair says that "if the country is to be kept above water," the Press must leave certain matters "to us"—*i.e.*, to Ferniegair and his kind. Ferniegair, protecting us against things watery, appears in quite a new rôle.

PUNCH'S PILOT.—The BAILIE'S old acquaintance, *Punch*, says of our Livingstone statue—

Will the dead marble make him wider known;  
Or can it longer live than Livingstone?

Had the statue been of "marble," Asinus opines that he could have done something of this sort himself.

Megilp.

THE Exhibition of the Society of British Artists opened to the public yesterday, the 31st ult. I understand that the collection is on the whole rather a poor one. Among the Scotch exhibitors are Messrs A. K. Brown and George Aikman.

An artist friend writes to me "I would like very much if you could draw attention to the inconvenient systems adopted by those in charge of the exhibitions at Dundee and York. From Dundee I received a circular in which I am asked to state the titles, prices, &c., of the pictures I intend to send. This is about two months before sending-in day. Now the picture that I propose to send to Dundee is in an exhibition at present, and may be sold before the time arrives for it to go to Dundee. York is still worse. There, the circular had to be filled up and returned five months before the pictures were required. What artist, unless he paint specially for an exhibition, can tell whether or not he will have any pictures at his disposal five months hence. Why not adopt the usual method—send in the pictures with their titles, &c., and let them be selected there and then." These observations appear very sensible and I commend them to the notice of all who have to do with the getting up of exhibitions.

Mr Burns is showing some fine pictures in his gallery in Buchanan Street. Chief among them are a beautiful example of Mr M'Taggart, "A long Summer Day," full of light and atmosphere, and two or three drawings by Bough. Mr Burns has also on view works by Ter Menten, J. Maris, Fraser, Israels, Blommer, and Du Challet. Among the water colours is a clever little drawing by Mr Carlaw, and several drawings by Mr R. Little, one of the most promising young artists of the day. "The Old Clock" by him in the Scottish Academy is a capital bit of colour and very well drawn.

The artistic event of the week here has been the sale at Messrs M'Tear's of the Turner landscape.

Several Glasgow artists have sent pictures to the Royal Academy. I must reserve all remarks upon these works until we learn whether they have been accepted. Acceptance at Burlington House is, as we all know, a matter of great uncertainty; although, of course, on the whole, the best pictures fare the best.

THAT SHE WOULDN'T.

(Scene — Highland ferry; Wild sea; Farmer going to market, and ferryman).

*Farmer*—She's fery, fery stormy whatever, Baldy. Do you sink she'll get over ta boat?

*Ferryman*—Ay, goot storm, fery goot storm, too, Maister M'Tavish. Hech but she'll try, she'll try.

*Farmer*—Ah but she wouldna like ava to pe trowned an' lost all her monish.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS.—If the reports in the papers are to be believed, a piano has been procured to soothe the perturbed spirits of the inmates of the Greenock Lunatic Asylum. What influence a piano may have on the insane we cannot positively say, but we can assert, from bitter experience, that a piano next door, in the possession of a young lady who only stops playing "Nancy Lee" in order to begin playing "My Grandfather's Clock," is almost sufficient to overthrow an ordinary intellect.

A "Round" of Excitement—A syndicate.

Ferniegair on the High Horse.

BLESS us all! what an aristocrat we've got among us in the shape of William Kidston, Esquire, of Ferniegair! Parv-nus he will have none of, and he looks with an eye of scorn upon those base mechanical persons who happen to be engaged in the retail branches of trade. He sneered loftily last week at Mr Glen Collins as "a mere *novus homo*"—a *novus homo* in Glasgow, save the mark!—and was amazed at the presumption of "a decent man, who sold apples in the Candleriggs," in seeking a place at the School Board. Oh, William, this is very rich! Has it not occurred to you that we are all *novi homines* hereabouts; that we are all, more or less, engaged in trade; and that it is quite as respectable to sell on a small scale as on a large? We may be "merchant princes," William, but for goodness' sake don't let us play at being "swells."

A Fallen Idol.

THE BAILIE would fain preserve his faith in that great being, the "London Correspondent," but it is going—it is going! His Worship is ready to swallow the conversations with Cabinet Ministers; he accepts with childlike belief the private communications with Prince Bismarck, the Emperor of Liliput, and the Great Panjandrum; he will even smile at the correspondent's jokes: but when a royal personage is said by one correspondent to have been at one place at a moment when she is positively declared by another correspondent to have been at another place, as happened in two Glasgow papers last week, then is his faith shaken—his idol shattered. "London Correspondent, the BAILIE loves thee; but never more be oracle of his!"

TWO LINES FROM "GRUB" STREET.

So flowery an author I ne'er before read;  
I fear if not floury he'd ne'er make his bread.

Bauldy, who takes deep interest in the population question, derives much satisfaction from the fact that the 94th Regiment goes out to the Cape under the command of Lieutenant Col. Malthus. "Man," he says "if Malthus is only true tae his philosophy we may expect a complete extirpation o' thae Zulus yonder, ance he can bring himsel' tae bear on them."

Poetry of a Scientific Age—A reversed engine.

The Church Question.—Seats and receipts,

## ONE FOR HIS KNOB.

(Scene — Aitkenhead Road 'Bus ; Saturday morning ; the vehicle after starting, has come to a stand several times waiting for persons seen running long way in the rear.)

*Irate Passenger* (to guard)—Look here, my man. You'd better drive on, or you'll have the Free Kirk folk down on you.

*Guard*—Whit way ?

*I. P.*—For running your 'bus on Sunday !

Fearing lest the atmosphere of the House of Commons should grow too stately and dignified, the Chancellor of the Exchequer enlivened it the other evening by pleasantly referring to Egypt as "the land of Goschen." The example thus set by the leader of the House is pretty certain to be extensively followed. Even the dullest dog—yea, though he be a drearier buffoon than Sir Wilfrid the Witless himself—need have no difficulty in punning on his friend's name.

Motto for Cookers of Accounts—"The dividend justifies the means."

A Nocturne in Flake-white and Blew—The snowstorm of last Tuesday night.

The "Poor Inhabitant Below"—Pluto, surely.

## PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.

Sole Lessee and Manager.....Mr JOHN COLEMAN.

CLOSED DURING SACRAMENTAL FAST WEEK.

RE-OPENED ON MONDAY FIRST, APRIL 7.

BENEFIT OF MR COWLEY-POLHILL,

And First Appearance of

MESSRS FRANK MUSGRAVE and DOLBY'S  
COMEDY AND BURLESQUE COMPANY.

THE WIDOW HUNT, & LITTLE JACK SHEPPARD BURLESQUE,  
THE ESTHER AUSTIN BALLET TROUPE.

## GLASGOW CATHOLIC CHORAL SOCIETY.

SECOND GRAND ANNUAL CHARITY CONCERT.

IN AID OF THE ROYAL INFIRMARY,  
AND THE MAGDALENE INSTITUTION, DALBETH,

Will be given in the CITY HALL on  
EASTER TUESDAY, APRIL 15, 1879.

HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP EYRE will Preside.

Beethoven's Mass in C,  
Hummel's Alma Virgo,

And Selections.

Full Orchestral Effects by Members of the  
GLASGOW AMATEUR ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY,  
Assisted by Eminent Professionals.

Doors Open at 7-15 ; Concert at 8.

Tickets (2s and 1s), may be had from J. H. De Monti,  
Buchanan Street ; H. Margey, Gt. Clyde Street ; and Members  
of Society.

## CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 5TH APRIL, 1879.

GREAT SCOTCH NIGHT

For the Benefit of the

KILMUN SEA-SIDE HOME,

And other Agencies of the Union.

For this occasion all the best and most popular of the Scotch  
Artistes have kindly given their services gratuitously, viz.:-

Mrs H. Nimmo

Miss E. Hunter

Mrs Gourlay

Miss M. Gourlay

Mr A. Finlayson

Mr Peter C. M'Bride

Mr J. C. Macdonald

Mr Wm. Gourlay

Miss J. Simpson

Miss A. Struthers

Miss M. Vallance

Miss Annie Lind

Mr W. H. Darling

Mr W. S. Vallance

Mr Richie Thom

Mr F. W. Bridgman

Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s ; Reserved Seats on Side Galleries,  
2s. Tickets for Reserved Seats to be had at the Office, 58 Ren-  
field Street.

Doors Open at 7 ; Concert to commence at 7.45 o'clock.

JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

## GRAND SACRED CONCERT.

MR H. A. LAMBETH'S  
CHOIR.

KIBBLE PALACE, FAST-DAY

Doors open at 6 p.m. ; Concert at 7 p.m.

ADMISSION - - - ONE SHILLING.

Tickets from the principal Musicsellers.

Special Cars from and to Palace from St. Vincent Place.  
Seats will be reserved for Ticket Holders till 6-30 p.m.

CITY HALL, FAST-NIGHT  
GLASGOW SELECT  
CHOIR.

CONDUCTOR,.....Mr FRED. ARCHER.

## GRAND SERVICE OF SACRED MUSIC.

Tickets—Gallery, 2s ; Area, 1s. At principal Music Sellers.

Doors open at 7. Concert at 8.

ST. VINCENT ST. U.P. CHURCH CHOIR.  
ANNUAL CONCERT

IN THE CHURCH,

ON FRIDAY, 11TH APRIL.

MENDELSSOHN'S "ATHALIA,"

AND SELECTIONS.

FULL BAND AND CHORUS.

SOPRANO SOLOIST, ... MRS SMITH.

READER, ... ... MR THOS. HARROWER.

CONDUCTOR, ... ... MR HUGH M'NABB.

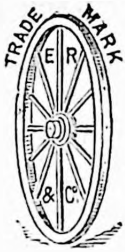
Tickets, 1s ; may be had from Mr David Pentland, Charing  
Cross ; Messrs R. & J. R. Adams, 83 Buchanan Street ;  
and Stewart Cranston, 76 Argyle Street.

Doors Open at 7-30 ; Concert, 8.

## NEW PUBLIC HALLS.

DR PEACE'S ORGAN RECITAL, on SATURDAY, at  
3-30 P.M., as usual.

Tickets of Messrs J. Muir Wood & Co.



WHEELER & CO'S

BELFAST AERATED WATERS,  
UNEQUALLED IN PURITY, STRENGTH, FLAVOUR, &c.  
ONCE USED, ALWAYS USED.

May be had from FAMILY GROCERS, WINE MERCHANTS, RESTAURATEURS, CHEMISTS, &c.

DEPOT FOR SCOTLAND:—

147 STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW.

On Label & Cork.

TRIENNIAL ELECTION OF A SCHOOL BOARD, 1879  
BURGH OF GLASGOW.

In accordance with the General Order issued by the Lords of the Committee of the Privy Council on Education in Scotland, regulating the Triennial Election of School Boards, Notice is Hereby Given,—That the Persons after-named did, at the Election of a School Board for the said Burgh, on Friday, the 28th day of March current, receive the number of Votes placed opposite their respective Names in the subjoined List:—

No.	Christian Name and Surname of Candidate.	No. of Votes received by each.	No.	Christian Name and Surname of Candidate.	No. of Votes received by each.
1.	Reverend Alexander Munro, D.D.....	45,698	12.	James Colquhoun .....	20,292
2.	James M'Closkey.....	42,738	13.	Reverend James Dodds .....	19,925
3.	Reverend Cuthbert Wood.....	42,561	14.	William Fife .....	18,846
4.	Harry Alfred Long .....	39,782	15.	James Fleming .....	18,359
5.	James Martin, Senior .....	33,221	16.	Robert Tweedie Middleton .....	18,345
6.	Michael Connal.....	28,975	17.	Reverend Robert Jamieson, D.D. ....	17,225
7.	William Kidston ..	26,118	18.	Moncrieff Mitchell.....	16,635
8.	William Mitchell .....	25,310	19.	Reverend Francis William Walters .....	14,664
9.	Alexander Glen Collins .....	23,818	20.	Reverend Frederick Lockhart Robertson .....	11,689
10.	Reverend John Logan Aikman, D.D. ....	23,134	21.	Reverend James Smith Candlish, D.D.....	11,632
11.	John Neilson Cuthbertson .....	20,938	22.	Reverend Robert Thomson .....	1,838

And Notice is further Given, that the several Persons afternamed and designated have been duly elected Members of the School Board, in and for the Burgh of Glasgow, by a majority of votes at the said Election:—

No.	Christian Name and Surname of Candidate.	Designation.	Place of Abode.
1.	Reverend ALEXANDER MUNRO, D.D. ...	Roman Catholic Clergyman .....	52 Great Clyde Street
2.	JAMES M'CLOSKEY.....	Metal Broker .....	93 Hill Street, Garnethill
3.	Reverend CUTHBERT WOOD.....	Roman Catholic Clergyman .....	405 Cumberland Street, S.S.
4.	HARRY ALFRED LONG.....	Director of Missions.....	59 Charlotte Street
5.	JAMES MARTIN, Senior .....	Drapers .....	729 Gallowgate Cairn Craig House, Foxley
6.	MICHAEL CONNAL .....	Produce Broker and Commission Agent..	16 Lynedoch Crescent
7.	WILLIAM KIDSTON (of Ferniegair) .....	Merchant .....	19 Queen Street
8.	WILLIAM MITCHELL.....	Merchant .....	18 Kew Terrace, Kelvinside
9.	ALEXANDER GLEN COLLINS .....	Publisher .....	9 Windsor Terrace, West
10.	Reverend JOHN LOGAN AIKMAN, D.D.	Minister of Anderston U.P. Church .....	8 Sandyford Place
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School Board Election Offices, 10 Bothwell Street, Glasgow, 29th March, 1879.

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NOTICE.—THURSDAY, APRIL 10,  
FAREWELL NIGHT OF THE SEASON.  
PROPRIETOR, .....Mr CHARLES HENGLER.

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Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 29th March, 1879.

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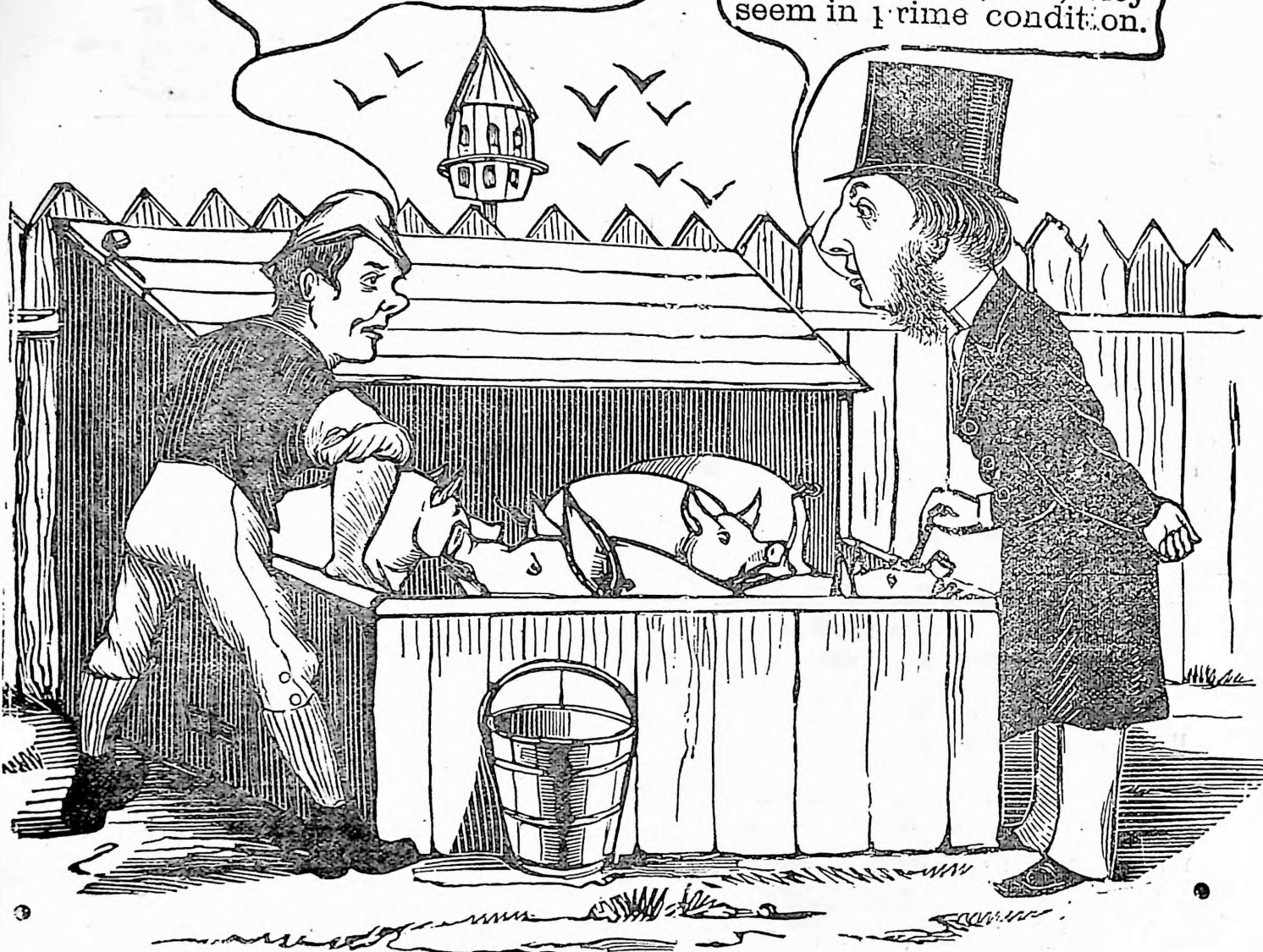
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you have there, Pat, they  
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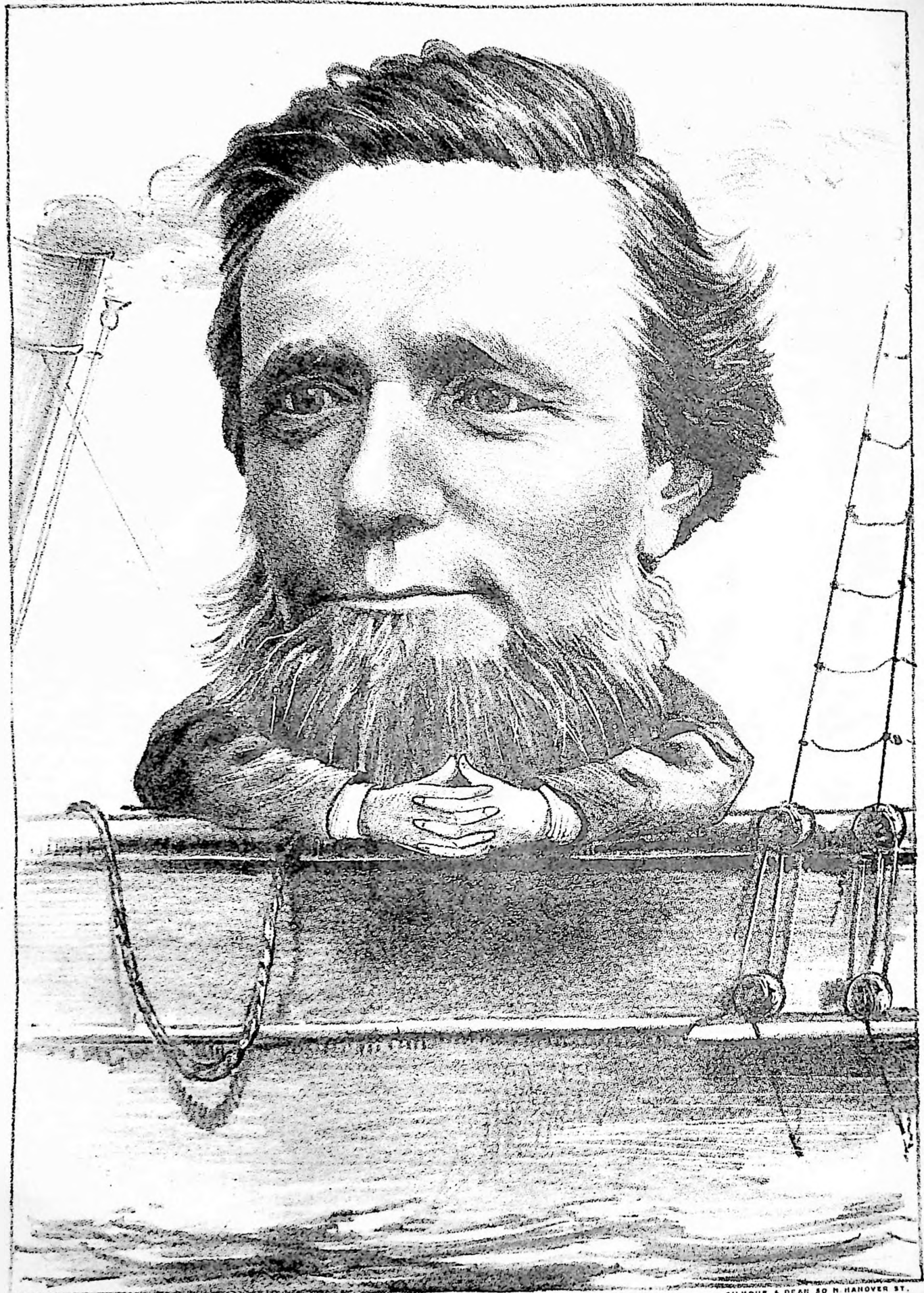
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# The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 338. Glasgow, Wednesday, April 9th, 1879. Price 1d

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 338.

IF the best of prophets of the future is the past, it would not be rash to doubt whether the long-promised removal of the Weir will become an accomplished fact within the next two years, should the Corporation get their Bill safely through Parliament this session. What an expensive joke this disputed improvement has been during the last fifteen years! A permissive act was got in 1866, and a compulsory one in 1873, and now another has to be applied for, to enable works to be completed which, with ordinary management, need not have taken three years altogether. Then what fights there have been over the proposed removal of the Weir—the fierce struggles at the Town Council and Clyde Trust meetings being undress rehearsals of the keenly contested and extremely expensive inquiries before Committees at St. Stephen's, where the millowners joined the divided ranks of the civic authorities in the din and clang of the fray. Influential and numerous deputations have spent weeks in London vainly endeavouring to convince Lords and Commons that the future of Glasgow and Rutherglen depended chiefly on whether the Weir was removed or not. The structure itself is neither important, picturesque, nor imposing, and for a very long time has not even been in a half decent state of preservation. Nevertheless, the most eminent engineering authorities and local dignitaries have given the most conflicting opinions as to the great blessings or disasters which are certain to result from removing the structure. As in other matters, the truth probably lies between the two sides—the removal of the Weir is as unlikely to afford a solution of the sewage difficulty as the opening of the upper navigation is likely to raise Rutherglen to the position of a

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first-class port. Great schemes always involve a great outlay of money and energy, and if the partly needless expenditure of a vast amount of lung power and money—a score or two of thousands of pounds at least—could make this a work of magnitude, it would be entitled to that name when carried into execution. When that time arrives, and the Corporation have removed their temporary staging across the river, which is declared by competent authorities to be another piece of useless expense, the people who live at the Coast may expect to get their fuel shipped direct from Dixon's Collieries, the citizens of Glasgow may have an opportunity of enjoying a sail up the Clyde, and the Man you Know be able to offer to build ironclads for Her Majesty's Government. The ancient but decidedly inland Burgh of Rutherglen owes its industrial position as a shipbuilding port to the skill and enterprise of Mr THOMAS B. SEATH, who has for a quarter of a century been probably the most active advocate of the removal of obstructions in the upper Clyde, as well as one of those most materially interested in the improvement of the stream. He was born at Prestonpans, in the county of Haddington (where the pan-tile order of domestic architecture may still be seen in its purity), which owes its modern fame to its beer and cabbage gardens. He came to Glasgow at the mature age of eight, and shipped as a cabin-boy in one of the old red-funnelled steamers which plied to Liverpool in the days when there was not even a railway to Greenock. Young SEATH served some four or five years in Messrs Thomson and M'Connell's steamers, in the Liverpool, Belfast, and North Highland trades, and then became connected with the Largs Steamboat Co., having joined the afterwards well-known "Lady Brisbane" on her first run on 9th June, 1842. He was then an active, cheery, and very knowing little fellow, with a

merry twinkle in his eye; a great favourite with his captain and the passengers, with whom he shared in the fun and frolic, which was common in the days when going "doun the water" was a much more tedious matter than nowadays. SEATH ultimately became clerk to the Largs Co. and employed much of his spare time in experimenting with various forms of the screw propeller, &c. His general handiness, ingenious turn of mind, and strong interest in everything relating to boats led him to start iron shipbuilding at the mouth of the Kelvin, in 1853, on what is now the site of Messrs Hendersons' Graving Docks and workshop. In 1856 he removed to Rutherglen, and during that and the two following years he ran a small steamer from the Weir up the river. This venture was a success, but Mr SEATH latterly abandoned it as the increasing business at the shipbuilding yard required his whole attention. It will surprise many to learn that Mr SEATH'S firm have launched over 180 craft from their yard. The steam yachts built by him are held in great repute for their graceful modelling, speed, and neat and substantial construction. His success in designing and building river steamers is amply borne out by such well-known names as the "Benmore," "Windsor Castle," "Bonnie Doon," &c. In addition to the yard at Rutherglen Mr SEATH'S firm are also connected with the Troon Shipbuilding Co., who carry on a thriving building and repairing business. The smack of age and relish of the saltness of time noted in Mr SEATH'S youth—he has now turned 50—have been developed by great perseverance and assiduous self-education. His versatile ability is displayed in every department of his business, and aided by shrewd common sense and painstaking care, has enabled him to wrest an honourable success in a profession in which highly trained specialists have been sad failures. Personally Mr SEATH is an unusually well-informed and likeable man, who stands well with his fellows and the world, and takes an intelligent but not too prominent interest in local affairs and the several scientific and educational societies of which he is a member.

On Wednesday last the new School Board met for the first time, and all the members were present. On the same day there was a meeting of Town Council, and some difficulty was experienced in forming a quorum. Jeems, Jeems! is it thus you throw over your old friends for your new?

### A Disappointment.

A SCHOOL Board meeting and no row!  
It makes a fellow feel quite sad;  
There's not one "scene" we pictured, now  
Has taken place—it's quite too bad.  
Was Martin silent? Kidston dumb?  
Sure there's for fun a fruitful source?  
We thought, at least, that one wou'd come  
To the full front with his "hole forse."  
Or has he been a lesson taught  
That put him slightly out of trim?  
Has some one's speech—we'll name him not—  
So cleanly put the "specs" on him?  
Martin "awake! shake off this dow—  
-Ny sleep"—that's Shakespeare, need we tell?  
Though some words puzzle you—pray now,  
Do not of silence take a "spell."  
Come "bully Bottom" Ferniegair,  
Give us more speeches plump and plain;  
Nor priest, pope, public press nor spare—  
Stand back! and let him "roar again."  
With such a crew, and in one boat,  
We look for storms instead of bulls;  
No doubt you'll row, when once afloat,  
(As Jerrold said) with diff'rent "skulls."  
And furthermore—and this is straight—  
We know our tip you'll not reject it—  
The public now upon you wait  
For some rich fun—'faith, they expect it!

### Park or Cemetery?

AT last meeting of Town Council it was agreed to accept from a private citizen "a bronze statue of a female figure," the work being a monument to a relative of the donor, and offered on condition of its being placed in Kelvingrove Park. Now, the BAILIE, not having seen the statue, is unable to speak of its merits as a work of art; but he ventures to suggest that considerable discrimination, to put it mildly, should be exercised in accepting such gifts on such conditions. *Timet Philistinos et dona ferentes.* If surviving relatives are to be permitted to plant our public places with monuments, we shall soon make, if not "Parnassus," at least the city "a churchyard."

"NO POPERY."—The "No Popery" crusade goes bravely on. This time the stronghold assaulted is the Parish Church of the Bridge-of-Weir, where the reformers smashed windows, and disabled certain carillons—devices distinctly Papistical and unrighteous. "Aesthetic" church managers would do well to abandon their evil adornments—or to have their churches well watched. On the whole, the BAILIE would be inclined to adopt the latter plan.

The Remorse of Raw Tobacco—"Oh! my offence is rank!"

### The Higher Education of Men.

THE annual meeting of the Association for the Higher Education of Men was held last Wednesday in the Religious Institution Rooms, under the presidency of Miss Hypatia Bloomer. There was a large attendance of ladies interested in the movement. Miss Virginia Newlight, hon. sec., read the annual report. In the course of the session lectures had been delivered by Miss Florence Sampler ("Fancy Needlework"), Miss Amy Honiton ("The Theory of Lacemaking"), Miss Alicia Goddard ("The Use and Abuse of the Piano"), Miss Rachael Haresfoot ("The Relations of Art to Nature"), Miss Rhoda Mather ("Fictional Literature"), and Miss Maria Blarnystone ("The Art of Conversation"). The attendance at the various lectures had been most encouraging, although of course there was still room for improvement in this matter. The very admirable and instructive course on Needlework had, properly speaking, rather been a course of soliloquies than of lectures, since no students had as yet made their appearance. The hearty thanks of the association were due to the janitor for the encouragement he had given the needlework professor by dropping into the lecture room for a few minutes every now and then, and shouting "Hear, hear," and "Go it, Miss," on appropriate occasions. On the occasion of the second Lacemaking lecture, one solitary male sauntered into the deserted auditorium. After looking round in a bewildered manner, he explained that he thought an organ recital was going on, and made for the door. But Miss Honiton was equal to the emergency. Springing forward with a self-possession and promptitude which cannot be too warmly praised, she locked the door, pocketed the key, and proceeded to deliver, not only the lecture of the day, but also the previous one, which her auditor had presumably not heard. At the end of the performance the Professor roused the audience with a large needle, from the sound sleep into which he had fallen, and allowed him to go after extorting his address and a promise to attend the rest of the course. He has not since returned, and the address has been ascertained to be fictitious. The audiences at the Piano lectures had been most gratifying in point of numbers, although perhaps a little too enthusiastic in their behaviour. They have frequently asked Miss Goddard to favour them with "My Grandfather's Clock" and other popular melodies, and when she has complied, with her customary graceful good-nature, have sup-

plied a vocal, jew's harp, and penny whistle accompaniment. While this musical zeal is of course in a sense commendable, it has also its embarrassing side.

The audiences at the Art and Nature lectures have been overflowing, but here, too, the enthusiasm has been almost oppressive. When, for instance, a group of able-bodied students laid hold of an abnormally red-nosed listener, dragged him to the platform, and asked the professor to indicate the relative proportion in which the forces of nature and art had combined to produce the highly-coloured nasal organ before them, Miss Haresfoot could not but feel that the discipline of the lecture-room was being unduly relaxed. Incidents like this, however, are but as spots on the sun. The main point is that the male mind is being compelled to confess its utter ignorance and need of enlightenment.

The Conversation lectures have been a great success, a result which is not surprising when the natural qualifications of the professor are taken into account. At the conclusion of one of them a student rose at the back of the hall and said that, *apropos* of conversation, he would like to ask the professor why a pair of goloshes resembled unripe fruit? Miss Blarnystone said she didn't know, and the student modestly and with down-cast eyes explained that it was because they were "pu'ed o'er shin!" This little incident might hardly be worth mentioning, but it serves to show that a spirit of inquiry is abroad among our young men, which may ultimately revolutionize the dances and dinner parties of the age.

The report concluded with an appeal to young men to take still fuller advantage of the opportunities now offered for their educational advancement. It begged them not to be deterred by the preliminary difficulty of threading a needle, or the subsequent discomfort of sticking the aforesaid needle into the finger when threaded, and assured them that their efforts would ultimately be rewarded by the approving smiles of a too-frequently shirt-buttonless community. The report was unanimously adopted, and the meeting went for a little stroll down Buchanan Street and through the Arcade.

Moving Spectacles—Dioramas and a pince-nez.

Latest for a Nip.—A "dew" drop. [Asinus prefixes "mountain."]

Strange yet True—Brains in the scull-ery.

## Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Miss Emily Soldene, the finest of all our Opera Bouffe artists begins an engagement at the Gaiety this evening. She appears in her favourite part of *Drogan* in "Genevieve de Brabant." Many well-known hands are in her company—those of Miss Vesey, Mr Rae, and Mr Marshall among others.

By the way, will not Miss Soldene appear as *Carmen* during her visit? 'Tis a part she could both sing and act to perfection.

Of course during her entire stay the Gaiety will be filled to overflowing, and I should therefore advise all who wish to get seats to "be in time."

Frank Musgrave's London Comedy Company, with "The Widow Hunt," and "Little Jack Sheppard," open to-night at the Prince of Wales Theatre. The famous ballet corps of Mdlle. Esther Austin for a portion, and not the least engaging portion of the *corps*. Now that playgeers have found their way to the "Prince of Wales," the house will no longer suffer from the reputation of being unfortunate it has borne so long.

Mr Coleman has found out the secret of bringing people about him.

The Glover family, that is Mr Fred. Glover and those wonderful children of his who appeared in the Royal pantomime of "Gulliver" twelve months since have been secured by Mr M'Fadyen for the South Side Theatre. They begin their visit to Her Majesty's this evening. Everybody who laughed with Mr Glover himself or applauded his boy and girl are bound to pay them a call in their new home in Main Street.

"They are talking" in Greenock about that very capital prologue read by Mr Vallance at the Wright benefit concert the other night. The author, I may tell you, BAILIE—well the author is one of the cleverest fellows in all Sugaropolis.

We will shortly have a visit—the first one for years—from Miss Bateman. This popular lady begins a short engagement at the Prince of Wales Theatre on the 5th of May. During her stay she will appear as *Leah*, *Mary Warner*, *Elizabeth*, *Julia*, and *Pauline*. She will be accompanied by our old friend Mr Walter Bentley.

At the close of Miss Bateman's visit, the Prince of Wales will be closed for a week or two, in order that the interior may receive an entire overhaul.

Miss Ethel Castleton, who will be favourably remembered at the "Royal," has made a decided hit in Dublin as *Lady Teazle*, *Lydia Languish*, and other high class comedy parts. She appeared a week ago with Viscount Newry and other amateurs as *Fanny Smith*, in H. J. Byrons' "Pastners for Life." Miss Castleton, I may add, has been engaged as leading lady at the Liverpool "Amphi," where she opens on Easter Monday in a production of F. C. Burnard's drama "The Turn of the Tide."

The equestrian season at the West Nile Street house has been very brief but very brilliant. Mr Hengler is the embodiment of rectitude as a circus owner, and so, having arranged months ago to open in the Ulster Hall on Monday next, he must perforce forego a present and exceptional success in Glasgow for a future and uncertain venture in Belfast.

The success though unexpected is in every way deserved. Three features of the show ought of themselves, I think, to command big houses—Zazel, the velocipede quartette, and that most charming and graceful of all equestriennes, Miss Jenny O'Brien. Zazel, of course, has been the draw of the season, and that no hitch or slip has taken place in her daring performance is greatly due to Dr Farini's watchful henchmen, Zack and "George." When to these "stars" you add Whimsical Walker and Joe Bibb; the brothers Honrey; Watson, Lloyd, and John O'Brien; Loyale and Robins; Misses Sprake, Ashby, Deacon, Saroni, and Eleanor; Messrs F. C. Hengler, Gill, Egerton, and friend Amesou—you have a constellation of talent that has seldom if ever been seen in any sawdust arena in this country.

Mr Powell and his numerous retinue cross the briny on Friday, leaving the Broomielaw per special steamer at 6 p.m. What a wonderfully popular fellow Powell is here. He may well wish

to be saved from his Glasgow friends, whose name is simply legion.

"Wit, Wisdom, and Pathos, from the Prose of Heinrich Heine, selected and arranged by J. Snodgrass,"—the book of translations by a Glasgow gentleman of whom I spoke some time ago—has just been published. Those who knew something of the plan of the work, and the manner in which that plan had been carried out, had formed high anticipations regarding the value of the translations, and these anticipations have now been more than realised. The translator has caught and embodied in his sentences the very spirit of his great original. From Mr Snodgrass's pages, the English reader gets, for the first time, an adequate idea of Heine's wit; of his irony—now playful, now scathing; of his fine sense of the mingled sadness and fun of life; and of his wide knowledge of men and manners. This is not a book to be read over hurriedly and then thrown aside; the judicious arrangement of its contents, and the ease and grace of the literary style will make it, for thoughtful men and women, a pleasant companion through many an odd halfhour. It is full of good things presented in a happy form, and I trust its success will be sufficiently great to induce Mr Snodgrass to give us further work of a similar kind. Why should we not have from him complete translations of the more important of Heine's books?

Here is a hint for the management of clerks in a large office. A certain well-known Glasgow gentleman will not allow his employes to speak to one another during business hours. If a clerk has anything to say to a brother clerk, even although the two sit at the same desk, he must write his communication on a little slip of paper and place the slip in a rack reserved for the purpose. At certain intervals another hand gathers up these slips and delivers them to those for whom they are intended. The answer must be given in a similar manner. Verily, men with commanding dispositions are not pleasant to dwell with!

On Thursday, the 10th inst., there will be a sale in M'Tear & Co.'s of an interesting collection of high-class modern pictures—brought here by the well known art dealers, Messrs Hollender & Cremetti. These pictures include works by Scheffer, Thirion, Tenkate, and other good foreign artists.

For three days this week—Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday—Messrs J. & R. Edmiston will be busy disposing of the valuable stock that made Messrs James Muirhead & Sons' shop in Buchanan Street a veritable thing of beauty. Diamonds, emeralds, and turquoises will be there "thick as leaves in Vallombrosa."

## ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.

*Girl of six years of age* (rushing in from school breathless)—O mamma! I can spell broth!

*Mamma*—Well, child, spell broth.

*Girl*—P—o—t. Mamma! now give me a penny!

## A "DEEP" MEANING.

*J.owland Tourist* (on board the Stornoway steamer)—A'm sayin', Donal', ye'll maybe can tell us whit wey they ca' this pairt o' the sea the "Minch."

*Deck Hand*—O yiss, yiss. Isn't it pecause it will alwiss be chopping?

## SEEMS IT SO?

*Teacher*—Now that we have read this parable, can any of you tell me what is meant by sowing tares?

*Scholar*—Yes, ma'am, it's stitching up the holes in father's coat after he's been on the spree!

The Force of Example.

DAILY have we evidence of the inestimable privileges conferred on society by the Press in furnishing the public with full details of criminal trials. The case of one of the latest of our sensational malefactors is one in point. We have had instances of the juvenile population being thinned through indulgence in the pleasant pastime known as "playing at Peace;" older members of society have lost their scanty wits through meditation upon the deeds of that hero; and now a Greenock joiner has been "greatly impressed with the cleverness of the burglar Peace," and has "read his confessions with great care and with evident interest"—also, it may be added, with successful designs upon his neighbour's goods and chattels. (N.B.—Old ladies with means, and an objection to being chopped up and boiled, might find it well in future to keep an eye on those about them).

HOPE DEFERRED, &C.

*Sympathizing Enquirer*—"Weel, Peter, hoo's the guidwife keepin' this mornin'?"

*Peter*—"Deed, a hardly ken what tae sae about her; *she's* fear't *she's* gaun tae dee an' *am* fear't *she's* no."

"Light" Literature?—With no scruples to a pun'.

'Arry the 'Umbles.

VERILY the 'umble one is surpassing himself, and soaring to heights whither one scarcely likes to follow him. It will hardly be credited by those who do not know him that Mr Long gave instructions for the singing of the *Te Deum* by the City Hall congregation in the event of his being returned for the School Board; yet such is the fact, and the instructions were duly carried out! A general who should save his country by some great victory would think it unbecoming, to say the least, to desire of his own accord that the achievement should be celebrated by the singing of this anthem. Not so, however, our 'umble missionary. The BAILIE wishes him and his disciples joy of one another.

A BALD DESCRIPTION.

(Scene—Near Ballachulish).

Sandy, wull ye hae seen the new factor?

Oo ay?

And wull he be a decent-lookin' man?

Ay, he is a stoot laj, and bare-footed on the croon of his heid!

Babies in Church.

MR MOODY, of Chicago, fails to see "why people don't bring their babies to church;" and he "hopes the time is coming when it will be the fashion to bring babies to church." (*Vide* daily papers.)

Peter, always willing to oblige, begs to suggest that the following rules be adopted, should the Rev. Mr Moody's wish be gratified:—

Babylon to form the subject of pulpit discourses.

A liberal supply of cotton be kept in readiness to stuff the ears of such of the congregation who may not happen to be mothers.

"Ride a Cock-horse," "Humpty-dumpty," and such like sweet airs be introduced as organ voluntaries.

Considering the certain and speedy demolition of hymn-books by infantile fingers, any of the congregation who forget the words of the hymn may whistle the same.

Vergers be stationed in prominent positions with toy monkeys on sticks, rattles, &c., to keep the blessed babes from wearying.

Lollipops and soothing syrup be handed round at intervals.

It being a moral impossibility to hear a word of the sermon, the same to be condensed, and delivered during the week at the respective homes of the congregation after baby-bedtime.

Bagpipes to be played out of tune occasionally to soothe the ruffled feelings of any bachelors present.

What the Paisley Folks are Saying.

THAT the defunct School Board died 'mid thunder, lightning, and rain.

That not one of the happy family were known to ask, When shall we nine meet again?

That Mr Coats retires with the golden opinions of the rate-payers.

That Dr Fox retires having done some prosaic work tolerably well, but having failed to evoke much, if any, enthusiasm from his electorate, many of the faithful calling him Father Cuckoo.

That Dr Brown retires, according to Bailie Cochrane, unwept, unhonoured, and unsung, but according to others with Shakespearian honours, knowing how to bend the stubborn angles of the knees where thrift may follow fawning.

That Dr Fraser retires leaving his mark, and taking with him to his sick chamber the best wishes of all good men.

That Mr Lang retires leaving no footprints, in fact a colourless career either for good or evil.

That Dr Lees retires on account of geographical difficulties, his funny speeches remembered, his one ungracious one forgiven.

That Bailie Cochrane retires having fulfilled the expectations of his former friends and made many new ones.

That Bailie Clark retires having taught a few that a teetotaller is not necessarily deficient in pluck and strong common sense.

That Mrs Arthur retires with prayers for her happiness from the widow and the orphan and many who were ready to perish, and that if hearts had audible voices from theirs would be heard the refrain, "Will ye no come back again?"

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THE Fast-day concerts were all as well attended as could be expected at this the brighter season of the year. Their place seems to be quite accepted now, and is an important and useful one so long as the day continues to be regarded at all sacredly.

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## GRAND DISPLAY OF COSTUMES.

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AT THE

## CALEDONIAN HOUSE.

MR COPLAND, with a Staff of Buyers, visited the Principal Saloons and Magazines of Fashion in Paris, and the foremost Costumiers and Jacket Makers of London, culling from each the choicest novelties. This, combined with several Clearing Lots of High Class Costumes, &c., cannot fail to be very attractive to the Ladies of Glasgow. We are confident in saying that such a collection of high class and superb Costumes and Toilettes, generally, was never before displayed in this city. It is simply impossible, within the limits of an advertisement, to convey the smallest idea of the immensity of the variety or the beauty of the goods we have to show. We therefore invite ladies to walk through the Grand Saloon and inspect the many novelties there displayed.

The FIRST GREAT SHOW of the Season of all the French and London Novelties will take place on MONDAY and following Days, when Ladies are Cordially invited to inspect.

C O P L A N D & L Y E,  
CALEDONIAN HOUSE, 165 AND 167 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

THE COLOSSEUM,  
70 JAMAICA STREET.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,  
WHOLESALE HAT MANUFACTURERS, MILLINERS, &c.

"There is nothing succeeds like success."

It is with great pleasure we thank our numerous Customers for the liberal support accorded to us during our Show Week, and the gratifying results we take as another proof that our endeavours to be "The Hattists" of Glasgow are meeting with unparalleled success. The principal Newspapers in the West of Scotland are unanimous in describing our Establishment as something extraordinary, and which should be seen by all. We have just received fresh parcels from London and Paris, and so that none of our friends may miss our Display we will continue our Exhibition to Saturday First.

## TO-DAY AND DURING THE WEEK

We will show all the LATEST NOVELTIES in both LADIES' and GENTLEMEN'S HATS for Spring and Summer, 1879.

In commenting on the fashionable crowd of visitors at our private view on Monday last, the BAILIE remarks that "Mr Wilson understands the secret of success. He has hit on a line of his own, and he is following it up with unwearied energy."

Mr Wilson, with his Assistants, was again in Paris, and secured Patterns from every Parisian Modiste of note. We append a few of the names well known in the fashionable world from whom we have made selections:— Mesdames Virot, Leonie Lechevalier, Eugene Pariset, Lafitte, Henriette, A. Magnier, Josse, S. Gillot & Cie., Annie & Georgette, L. Legendre, Michniewicz-Tuvee, Camille Felix, &c., &c. We have also made profuse selections in London. These, Combined with our own designs, form the finest collection of Millinery ever seen. Ladies should not omit to walk through our Millinery Rooms this week, as we show what is *really* the fashion for the coming season.

Our Novelties in BOYS' HATS are exceedingly beautiful, and are well worthy the attention of purchasers. *This department is on our Second Floor.*

GENT.'S HAT DEPARTMENT crowded with New Spring Goods. The best goods in the market at lowest prices ever quoted in Glasgow.

INFANTS' MILLINERY, MOURNING MILLINERY, MOB CAPS, &c.

We buy from the Leading Manufacturers only, and sell our Goods at really Wholesale Prices.

WALTER WILSON & CO.  
THE COLOSSEUM.

## OVERCOATS.

A "SPECIALITY"

ONE GUINEA AND UPWARDS.

IN THESE TIMES OF STRICTEST ECONOMY we may be permitted to remind Gentlemen that our Stock of OVERCOATS (for immediate wear) is beyond question the Largest in the City, while it has never been surpassed in any former season for the beauty and variety of the Colourings and Cloth.

We again invite special attention to the fact that all our Overcoats are Cut, Made, and Trimmed by ourselves in all respects as if Made to Order, and are consequently infinitely superior to the English slop-made Goods usually sold in the Trade.

For the benefit of Gentlemen who prefer having their Overcoats Made to Order, we may state that our Stock embraces a Choice Variety of Cloths, in every Shade and Colour suitable for this Season.

**FORSYTH,**  
MERCHANT TAILOR,  
5 AND 7 RENFIELD STREET.

SOLD EVERYWHERE,  
**HENRY THOMSON & CO'S**  
OLD  
IRISH WHISKY.

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—  
ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

DAVISON'S  
CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE  
GINGER BEER.

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND;" WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC.  
As supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

THOMAS DAVISON,  
DISPENSING CHEMIST,  
126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

\*\* The present issue—No. 338—concludes Volume Thirteen, a Title-page for which may be had from the Publisher.

**THE BAILIE.**  
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9th, 1879.

IT was with a somewhat anxious mind that the BAILIE opened the newspaper which he knew contained a report of the first meeting of the new School Board. In view of certain

speeches made during the contest, and the exuberance of epithet indulged in by certain orators concerning the abilities and talents of their rivals, a little unpleasantness, nay, even an explosion might naturally have been looked for on their first meeting face to face. Remembering what took place at Kirkintilloch on Monday, the Magistrate dreaded lest their coming together might import *niching mallecho*, that before the meeting terminated there might be a few vacant seats at the table. This tragedy has, however, been averted. Contrary to expectation, the utmost cordiality prevailed, both at the public meeting and in the closer commune of committee. It is true that some people believe this cordiality to be of the same kind as that displayed by the Tutberry Pet and the Game Chicken when they indulge in a friendly hand shake previous to doing their utmost towards mashing each other into a jelly. Other turbulent spirits declare that, as the new men were sent in to make a row, they should forthwith set about "raising Cain," and not degenerate into a happy family in the manner of their predecessors. With neither of these parties has the BAILIE any sympathy. He hopes that all will forgive and forget any little personality which may have been used during the contest, and set themselves heartily and harmoniously to the work for which they have been returned—that of seeing the best possible education provided for our children. The Magistrate is a believer in economy, but he has no faith in that economy which is obtained at the sacrifice of efficiency. Let the members of the Board bear that in mind, and let them also remember that the BAILIE has his eye on them.

A Fast-Day—The 21st of December.

Seestu had its day of fasting last week, and a contemporary tells us that there was an unexpected exodus from Paisley, large numbers taking their departure by road, rail, and river. Those excursionists who went by road and rail may have enjoyed themselves; but as to those who selected the Cart, oh, what an afternoon!

Now here's a puzzler from Granny's sedate columns:—"Engineering and Foundry—Moneyed partner (£2000) wanted to meet demands. Business in 'Brouillamini.' Lessee rederable to seigneurs. Explanations." Explanations! Yes, the BAILIE would decidedly like explanations before offering himself as the desired "moneyed partner."

## The Clergy and the Drama.

THE Rev. Dr Donald Macleod says that "At present he cannot recommend" our theatres, but that should they be made "similar to those abroad" he would be "very much in their favour." That is to say, the worthy parson desires to behold such edifying pieces as "Les Dominos Roses," "Niniche," and "La Marjolaine" placed upon the British boards in all their primitive and "unadorned" beauty. He is not satisfied with the adulterated article at present in vogue. Local managers desirous of obtaining the patronage of Park Church will doubtless take the hint.

## Another "Long" Story.

MR LONG—who professes, by the way, to occupy the rather inconvenient position of being a "pocketless man"—is highly indignant that his "august gatherings" should be compared to the meetings of "rowdy Lancashire Revivalists." Having become habituated to the society of landed proprietors and rich merchants, he cannot endure that his name should be associated with the doings of such "ungenteel" persons as "Hallelujah Bill" and "Amen Jimmie." 'Arry lays great stress upon his own impecuniosity; but let not his disciples be troubled or rush too impetuously to their cash-boxes. If the 'umble one, by his own showing, suffers from a lack of gold, he has plenty of a commoner metal which frequently does duty for the other.

It seems that we Scots contributed some £200,000 less in spirit duty during the past financial year than we did during the previous one. This alarming circumstance is doubtless due to the new invention of teetotal Provosts.

Going into "The Milky Way"—Starting a dairy.

"Fox's Martyrs"—Poultry.

ROYAL EXCHANGE.—Town and Country Members who have not yet Paid their Subscriptions for Current Year should lose no time in doing so, as the List of Members, now in the Printer's hands, will not include the name of any Member whose Subscription remains unpaid after 20th curt. The Subscription for Town Members is £3, Country Members £1 10s. No Ballot is necessary; and the Rooms being now replete with every requisite and comfort, including a Lavatory, Writing-room, Telegraph Office, Post Office, Post Restante, as well as the latest Home and Foreign Telegrams, Newspapers, Magazines, Directories, and Books of Reference, afford a greater inducement to Commercial as well as Non-Commercial Gentlemen. The File-room contains all the leading Newspapers and Share-Lists, which are bound in quarterly volumes, and many date back as far as 1821.

## The Fast Day—How we Keep it Now.

THIS day in fasting, prayer, and praise,  
And holy preparation,  
We throw aside our business cares  
For sad humiliation,  
In sackcloth (made of fancy tweeds)  
And ashes (from cheroots),  
We scourge (our horses, not ourselves),  
And wear our tightest boots.

The streets are filled with gay machines,  
The trains with hundreds jammed,  
The Broomielaw is thick with folk  
And every steamer's crammed;  
The tramways carry extra loads,  
The pave is overflowing,  
But where, I ask, in wonder's name,  
Are those we term "Church-going?"

St. Enoch's shabby square is filled  
With crowds all animation  
Bound for the kirk of course, you say,  
Oh no! they're for the station;  
For them the only bell whose sound  
Receives their full assent,  
Is that which tells the course is clear  
For the very next "event."

Some decent, steady-going folks  
Are here and there in pairs,  
While dairymen in dozens drive  
Their ramping, trotting mares,  
Where sporting butchers wildly wave  
Big whips in people's faces;  
I see for one that seeks the kirk  
A thousand seeks the races.

Fast-day—I see—excuse me pray,  
I must be most obtuse,  
It is a day most suitable  
For going on the "loose."  
Our Cockney friends declare with joy  
The "Darby" is their pride,  
And we, like them, must have our fling  
At Irvine's auld Bogside.

## Commercial Intelligence.

"CORN Trade Dull"—Boots being easier.  
"Pigs Advancing Rapidly"—Pat in ecstasies!

"No Demand for Money"—End of the world hourly expected.

"Money for Short Periods Plentiful"—A polite fiction.

"Fall in Bank Stocks"—No getting your feet out of these stocks now, without leaving your boots behind you.

"Egyptian Bonds as Before"—Galling—very.

"Rails Flat all Round"—Except at the gradients, of course.

"Dead Meat very Brisk"—Sultan of Mocha!  
How strange!! How trooly awful!!!

A terrier is advertised as having strayed into a saw-mill. The pair wee beastie was evidently tired of existence, and took the place for a sausage-manufactory!

Our Surprise Party.

WE are very hospitable folks down our way —Plantagenet Terrace, Crosshill — and when the Smith's came to live among us in the middle of the term, we debated how we could most speedily make them feel at home. Our wives had called upon them, and pronounced them reserved and shy, so young Brown's proposal that we should give them a "surprise party" was hailed with enthusiasm. I myself didn't know what a surprise party was. I know now. But to resume. Young Brown being the great authority of the Terrace on all social and fashionable questions, we left details to him. Some dozen of us travel to town by the same morning car, and when young Brown got in on the morning of the appointed day—old Smith was sitting in his usual corner—he sent round a stage whisper, "Everything's settled!" Then he grinned very hard at Smith, and we all followed his example, till that worthy man, waxing uneasy, got out and walked. This set us all laughing, and he heard us as he retired.

It was settled that in the evening we were to drop in upon the innocent couple, two at a time, at fixed intervals, and that each pair were to manifest the utmost astonishment at the presence of their predecessors, till the arrival of a big hamper of good things gave the signal for the cat being let out of the bag. My wife and I were second on the list, and when we arrived we found Jones and *his* wife sitting on one side of the fire, looking very uncomfortable, while Mr and Mrs Smith sat stiffly opposite. Upon our appearance the latter couple exchanged glances, and Mrs Smith's grim visage grew grimmer than before. I'm afraid my carefully rehearsed "Why, Jones, old boy, this *is* a pleasant surprise!" was a failure, and our subsequent attempts at conversation fell equally flat.

The advent of the Robinsons found us all seated in stony silence, and each fresh arrival came in like a jocular and astonished lion, and gradually subsided into the meekest of lambs. Smith seemed bursting with indignation. He did not see exactly what was in the wind, but he perceived we intended some joke at his expense, and naturally resented it. As for Mrs S., I would have warranted her countenance to sour a whole dairy at fifty paces.

At length young Brown was announced. He should have been immediately followed by the hamper, and there was a general sigh of relief. Should have been, I say; but—*no hamper came*; and after we had all sat on thorns for an hour,

my wife rose, remarking that it was getting late. "It *is* late," returned Mrs S., with acerbity, and presently we cleared out, and had the satisfaction of hearing the door viciously locked and chained behind us.

Next morning another Smith—a rollicking bachelor, who lives in *New* Plantagenet Terrace—entered the car, and, after the usual greeting, observed, "I suppose I look rather seedy this morning. Fact is, some unknown benefactor sent me a hamper of wine, and other good things, and, as two or three fellows happened to have dropped in, we made a night of it. I wish you had been there, Brown." *Tableau!*

There have been no more "surprise" parties in Plantagenet Terrace. The Smiths consider us outer barbarians, and young Brown has lost much of his social prestige.

What the Greenock Folk are Saying.

THAT John passed a bad half hour at the Congregational meeting.

That the dose of Wood vinegar was too much for him to swallow with equanimity.

That considering the circumstances, the proposal to sell the manse was a cruel joke,

That the Catholic rebellion is the feature of the School Board fight.

That to drive the spiritual blends from the field was something for the rebel to boast of.

That unless the Protestants help him at the poll, he has little chance of winning.

That Donald did not implore the Magistrates to reduce the licences this year.

That the proprietorship of a certain East end shop may have had something to do with his absence from the annual bully.

That many of Tuesday's inspectors were greatly surprised at the extent of their watery kingdom.

That they should complete their work by a May-day trip round the Cut.

"ONE FOR HIS NOB."

(Scene—Barber's shop in fashionable watering-place).

*Swellish Customer* (who has just been shaved)  
—Aw, how much?

*Barber* (obsequiously)—Well, I generally take a penny from *working men*, but—

*S. C.* (languidly interrupting)—Aw, indeed! Here's a penny for you. Good morning.

"Hand-closer (good) wanted," advertises somebody. This should be an opening for one of our local pugilists these hard times.

Mr Neil wants the corporation to "compete with the banks." Which of them, Cooncillor,—the living or the dead?

Smokers,—Try Wallach Smoking Mixture, 6d per ounce  
Only to be had from D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram Street

**Megilp.**

MR PETTIE'S picture of a young king signing a death warrant—regarding which I gave some particulars a short time ago—will be, I understand, one of the principal figure pictures in the forthcoming Academy Exhibition. It is said to be the finest work Mr Pettie has yet produced. I hear that it is now the property of Mr Marsden of London, who secured it at a heavy price, and that he has been offered three thousand guineas for it.

Since his election to the Presidentship, Sir Frederick Lefgh-ton's work has naturally been much in demand. He has been of late painting mostly small canvasses. In Mr White's North British Galleries, I saw last week a female head fresh from his easel. It was a good example of his careful, earnest style, and of his thorough mastery of manipulation. A well-known local art collector has secured the picture.

Mr White has re-arranged the contents of his gallery, and added some fresh pictures. Among these are a Tissot—which will please those who like Tissot—a M'Whirter—bright and pleasant, if not very strong—and a fine example, luminous and well-toned, of Mr J. W. Cakes.

I understand there is still space available for pictures in the galleries of the Yorkshire Fine Art and Industrial Exhibition. Intending exhibitors should apply at once to the secretaries, Guildhall, York.

The second annual Fine Art Exhibition in Dundee will open on 31st May.

One of the best of Sir George Harvey's works, and one well known from having been engraved—"Shakespeare before the Justices"—is this week to be sold in Edinburgh. It is at present on view in Mr Dowell's Rooms, George Street, there. In this picture, as in nearly all Sir George Harvey's figure pieces, there is, combined with grace of sentiment and grouping, a provoking weakness in the general effect.

In the North British Galleries, there is at present on view a series of water colour drawings, for the most part of scenes in Brittany, executed by Miss Eliza Turk.

The other day I saw in Mr Smart's studio one of the best landscapes that artist has painted. It represents a view in Glenlyon, and is bright and effective.

I hope the ladies of Glasgow are laying to heart the lessons taught by the Exhibition of Fine Art Needlework in Messrs Alexander & Howell's. Some of the most charming specimens of work—a baby's hood, for example, with daisies embroidered on it—are among the simplest. The collection of old Bulgarian and Turkish needlework is exceedingly interesting.

Messrs Davidson and Mackellar have gone to London to prosecute their art studies.

The Glasgow Institute, in order to enable it to hold property, and for other purposes connected with the proper furtherance of the objects for which it was established, is about to be registered as an association under the "Companies Acts." It will be registered in terms of Section 23 of the Act of 1867, and the Memorandum of Association accordingly declares that no dividend shall be paid to the members. The income of the association is to be devoted solely to the promotion and encouragement of art. The Articles of Association are very fully and clearly drawn up, and the details of the scheme appear to have been carefully considered.

All Mr David Murray's work in the Scottish Academy Exhibition is good. It is original and varied, and strong with the strength that results from the expenditure of thought and labour directed by the instincts of a true artist. His "Mangold Wurzel" shows admirable colour. His "Tarbert" in Glasgow is a daring picture, utterly unconventional, and deserving of very high praise, not only for the difficulties overcome, but for the difficulties attempted. The background, the pier, the boats, and the figures are painted with a strong and easy touch: the colour is good, and the lights and shadows most effective. The rendering of the reflections on the water is the result of earnest study and close observation. The effect is one difficult to catch: few have attempted it, still fewer have succeeded better with it than Mr Murray has done.

SOLD AGAIN!

(Scene—A toy-shop; Enter a young Briton, aged 5, after survey of shop window.)

*Y. B. (loq)*—If 'u please, 'ow much is that little pupiceman in the window?

*Shopwoman*—How much is that little policeman in the window? Sixpence, my little man.

*Y. B.*—Fery well, mum. Fen I get a sixpence I'll buy him.

[Exit young boy to disgust of shopkeeper.]

Sweet William--Billet-doux.

**T H E G A I E T Y.**

Proprietor and Manager.....Mr CHARLES BERNARD.

First appearance, since her tour round the world, of  
Miss EMILY SOLDENE.

TO-NIGHT AND FOLLOWING EVENINGS,  
GENEVIEVE DE BRABANT.

To conclude with THE MARRIED BACHELOR.

Doors Open at 6.30. Curtain Rising at 7.30.

**P R I N C E O F W A L E S T H E A T R E.**

Sole Lessee and Manager.....Mr JOHN COLEMAN.

EXTRAORDINARY ATTRACTIONS!

Engagement for a limited number of Nights of  
MESSRS MUSGRAVE & DOLBY'S  
COMEDY AND BURLESQUE COMPANY.

To-Night, and Every Evening, at 7-30.

ST. JOHN'S PARISH CHURCH.

**O R G A N R E C I T A L A N D C O N C E R T O F  
S A C R E D M U S I C , O N W E D N E S D A Y E V E N I N G ,  
9 T H A P R I L , 1 8 7 9 .**

J. N. FLEMING, Organist.

Doors Open at 7-30; Recital at 8.

Admission, 6d.

**H E N G L E R ' S G R A N D C I R Q U E ,**

LAST THREE NIGHTS OF THE SEASON.

LAST THREE NIGHTS OF ZAZEL.

NOTICE—By Special Desire an extra

MORNING PERFORMANCE,

TO-MORROW (WEDNESDAY), APRIL 9, AT 2-30,

ZAZEL Will Appear.

LAST THREE NIGHTS OF HENGLER'S UNRIVALLED  
TROUPE.

Doors Open at 7, Commencing at 7-30.

THURSDAY NEXT, APRIL 10th,

T H E F A R E W E L L N I G H T .

PROPRIETOR, .....Mr CHARLES HENGLER.

**I N S T I T U T E O F T H E F I N E A R T S ,  
C O R P O R A T I O N G A L L E R I E S ,**

SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

EXHIBITION OF

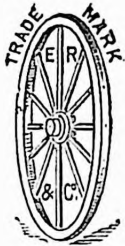
P A I N T I N G S , S C U L P T U R E , & c . ,  
NOW OPEN.

Day Admission, Nine till Five,.....1s.

Evening ,, Six till Ten,.....6d.

*Musical Promenades every Saturday from Two till Four.*





WHEELER & CO'S

BELFAST AERATED WATERS,  
UNEQUALLED IN PURITY, STRENGTH, FLAVOUR, &c.  
ONCE USED, ALWAYS USED.

May be had from FAMILY GROCERS, WINE MERCHANTS, RESTAURATEURS, CHEMISTS, &c.

DEPOT FOR SCOTLAND:—

147 STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW.

On Label & Cork.

GLASGOW CATHOLIC CHORAL SOCIETY.

SECOND GRAND ANNUAL CHARITY CONCERT.  
IN AID OF THE ROYAL INFIRMARY,  
AND THE MAGDALENE INSTITUTION, DALBETH,  
Will be given in the CITY HALL on  
EASTER TUESDAY, APRIL 15, 1879.

HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP EYRE will Preside.

Beethoven's Mass in C,  
Hummel's Alma Virgo,  
And Selections.

Full Orchestral Effects by Members of the  
GLASGOW AMATEUR ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY,  
Assisted by Eminent Professionals.

Doors Open at 7-15; Concert at 8.

Tickets (2s and 1s), may be had from J. H. De Monti,  
Buchanan Street; H. Margey, Gt. Clyde Street; and Members  
of Society.

LAIRD'S ROOMS, 63 ST. VINCENT ST.  
FOR SALES BY AUCTION,  
OF FINE-ART, LITERARY, HOUSEHOLD, HERITABLE  
And other PROPERTY,  
TERM SALES.

Mr LAIRD respectfully requests early intimation of Sales of  
Household Furniture in the Premises of Owners intending to  
Dispenish at the approaching Term, and which will receive  
Mr L.'s personal attention.

CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 12TH APRIL, 1879.  
GRAND HUMOROUS CONCERT!  
THE CELEBRATED

GLASGOW SELECT CHOIR,  
Mr FRED. ARCHER, Eminent Conductor.

Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats on Side Galleries,  
2s. Tickets for Reserved Seats to be had at the Office, 58 Ren-  
field Street.

Doors Open at 7; Concert to commence at 8 o'clock.  
JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

ST. VINCENT ST. U.P. CHURCH CHOIR.

ANNUAL CONCERT  
IN THE CHURCH,

ON FRIDAY, 11TH APRIL.

MENDELSSOHN'S "ATHALIE,"

AND SELECTIONS.

FULL BAND AND CHORUS.

SOPRANO SOLOIST, ... MRS SMITH.  
READER, ... ... MR THOS. HARROWER.  
CONDUCTOR, ... ... MR HUGH M'NABB.

Tickets, 1s; may be had from Messrs David Pentland & Co.,  
Charing Cross; Messrs R. J. & R. Adams, 83 Buchanan  
Street; and Mr Stuart Cranston, 76 Argyle Street.  
Doors Open at 7-30; Concert, 8.

ST. GEORGE'S CHORAL UNION.

GRAND CONCERT.

NEW HALLS, SATURDAY FIRST, 12TH APRIL.

GLEES,

PART SONGS,

MADRIGALS, &c.

SOLOS, DUETS by  
MEMBERS OF THE UNION AND SIGNOR GEORGIO  
VALCHERI.

Conductor, Mr WM. MOODIE.  
Accompanist, Mr JOHN TURNBULL.

Tickets, 3s, 2s, and 1s, may be had from Messrs J. MUIR  
Wood & Co., Buchanan Street.

Doors Open at 7. Coconcert at 8.

NEW PUBLIC HALLS.

DR PEACE'S ORGAN RECITAL, on SATURDAY, at  
3-30 P.M., as usual.

Tickets of Messrs J. Muir Wood & Co.

TO PARTIES FURNISHING, THE TRADE, AND  
OTHERS.

Within Sale-Rooms, 14 Gordon Street, on Thursday and Friday,  
10th and 11th April, at 12 o'clock each Day.

PUBLIC SALE OF  
400 PAIRS LENO, MUSLIN, AND LACE CURTAINS,  
Of various New and Elegant Patterns,  
Consigned for Positive and Unreserved Sale.

BROWN & LOWDEN will Sell the above  
*without the Slightest Reserve*, by Auction, within their  
Rooms, 14 Gordon Street, on Thursday and Friday, 10th and  
11th April, at 12 o'clock each Day.

Note.—Catalogues can be had on application to the Auction-  
eers Two Days prior to Sale.  
14 Gordon Street, 31st March, 1879.

OIL PAINTINGS, OLEOGRAPHS, CHROMOS, &c.

Within Sale-Rooms, 14 Gordon Street, Glasgow, on Monday,  
14th April, at 12 o'clock.

PUBLIC SALE OF  
CHEAP OIL PAINTINGS, OLEOGRAPHS,  
CHROMOS, &c.,

(Being Travellers' Samples, &c., consigned for Positive and  
Unreserved Sale.)

BROWN & LOWDEN have received instruc-  
tions to Sell the above, by Public Auction, within their  
Rooms, 14 Gordon Street, on Monday, 14th April, at Twelve  
o'clock.

On View, with Catalogues, on the Saturday prior, and  
on Morning of Sale.

Note.—This Sale is well worthy of the notice of the Trade.  
14 Gordon Street, Glasgow, 7th April, 1879.

**SPECIAL REALISING SALE OF ALL KINDS OF HOUSE AND OFFICE FURNITURE, MIRRORS, CARPETS, CURTAINS, BEDDING, UPHOLSTERY, &c.—PRICES UNPRECEDENTED FOR CHEAPNESS—AT A. GARDNER & SONS, CABINETMAKERS AND UPHOLSTERERS, 36 JAMAICA STREET.**

Sale To-Day (Tuesday), Wednesday, and Thursday, 8th, 9th, and 10th April, in the City Sale-rooms, 41 West Nile Street.

**ABSOLUTE SALE OF A PORTION OF THE VALUABLE STOCK OF MESSRS JAMES MUIRHEAD & SONS, BUCHANAN STREET, Comprising**  
**DIAMOND BRACELETS, STARS, HALF-HOOP AND SINGLE STONE RINGS, Magnificent DIAMOND and EMERALD SUITE, And a Large Assortment of High-Class Jewellery, Large Collection of Ladies' and Gents.' GOLD and SILVER WATCHES, CHRONOGRAPHS, and REPEATERS, Hunting and Open, in Plain, Engine-Turned, Engraved, and Enamelled Cases;**  
 Fine Gold Albert and Guard Chains, Locketts, and Seals;  
 Magnificent SEVRES VASES (One Pair 38-inches high).  
**DRESDEN CLOCKS.**  
 Costly FRENCH and Real BRONZE GILT DRAWING-ROOM CLOCKS, with Vases *en Suite*, in Rose de Barrie, Royal Blue, and Torquoise, beautifully Hand-Painted;  
 High-Class Artistic BRONZES,  
 ANTIQUE CARVED EBONY HALL CLOCK,  
 1000 Oz. SOLID SILVER, in Soup Tureens, Tea Sets, Coffee Pots, and Jugs, Claret Jugs, Cake Baskets, Inkstands, Cruet Stands, Flower Stands, &c.;

First Quality ELECTRO-PLATED GOODS, in Elegant Epergnes, Centre Pieces, Dessert Stands, Flower Stands, Coffee Trays, Salvers, Tea Urns, Kettles, Cake Baskets, Soup Tureens, and other Dinner and Breakfast Requisites, of a style and quality rarely to be met with,  
 Amounting to over £6000,  
**BY AUCTION.**

Sold in order to discharge the obligation due to J. Wyllie Guild, Esq., C.A., Factor on the Trust Estate of the late James Muirhead, Esq., consequent on the death of Mrs Muirhead, Sen.)

**J. & R. EDMISTON** will Sell the above in the Saloon of the City Sale-Rooms, 41 West Nile Street, To-Day (Tuesday), Wednesday, and Thursday, 8th, 9th and 10th April, at 12 noon each day.  
 On View Mornings of Sale.

Nothing will be offered at this Sale but the Genuine Stock of Messrs J. Muirhead & Sons, and Admission to View and Sale will be only by Catalogue, Price 1s each, which will be returned to purchasers.  
**J. & R. EDMISTON, Auctioneers.**

Messrs J. Muirhead & Sons desire the Auctioneers to intimate that, in order to further the carrying out of the above arrangement for a large reduction in Stock, they are prepared to give an Extra Discount on all Cash Sales during the next Fourteen Days, after which the business will be carried on as usual.

**ADVERTISEMENTS** received for all Papers, by **A. F. SHARP & CO., 14 Royal Exchange Square.**

ON VIEW TO-DAY,

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Thursday, 10th April.

**PUBLIC SALE OF AN IMPORTANT COLLECTION OF SELECTED HIGH-CLASS MODERN PICTURES,**

From the Studios of the most Eminent British and Continental Academicians,

AMONG WHICH ARE

"THE LAST FAREWELL,".....By STEFFEL.  
 "LEAVING CHURCH,".....By ARTZ.  
 "INTERIOR OF THE XVI. CENTURY,"  
 By ARY SCHEFFER.  
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**ROBERT M'TEAR & CO.** have received instructions to sell the above, by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North Court, St. Vincent Place, on Thursday, 10th April, at One o'clock.

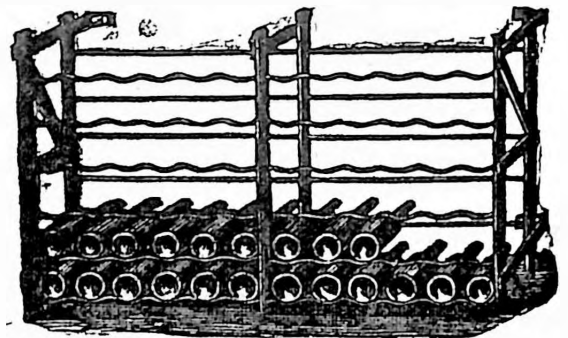
On Private View (by Invitation) on Tuesday (To-Day), 8th April; and on Public View on Wednesday, 9th April. Admission by Catalogue (price 6d), to be given to the Royal Infirmary.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 7th April, 1879.

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**RESTORES** Grey Hair to its Youthful Colour. **SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER** Causes a New Growth of Hair. **SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER** Removes Dandruff and all Impurities from the Hair. **SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER** Prevents the Hair from falling off or turning Grey.  
 May be had of any Chemist or Perfumer.

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 Made any required sizes, or to fit recesses, &c.

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HUGH MORRISON.

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TO THE  
 INHABITANTS OF GLASGOW AND SUBURBS.

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Is now supplying J. & R. TENNENT'S NEW SEASON'S EXPORT BEER AND STOUT, in fine condition, in his Patent Stoneware Casks. One trial solicited to prove their excellence. The Casks contain 4½ Gallons each, are fitted with Lock Taps, and are unsurpassed for cleanliness, convenience, and economy.

OBSERVE.—No charge is made for their use, they are delivered several miles free of extra charge, and the empties collected without trouble to purchasers.

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LIST OF PRICES.

Beer and Stout, 7s per Cask or 2s 3d per Dozen Pints.  
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 1 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

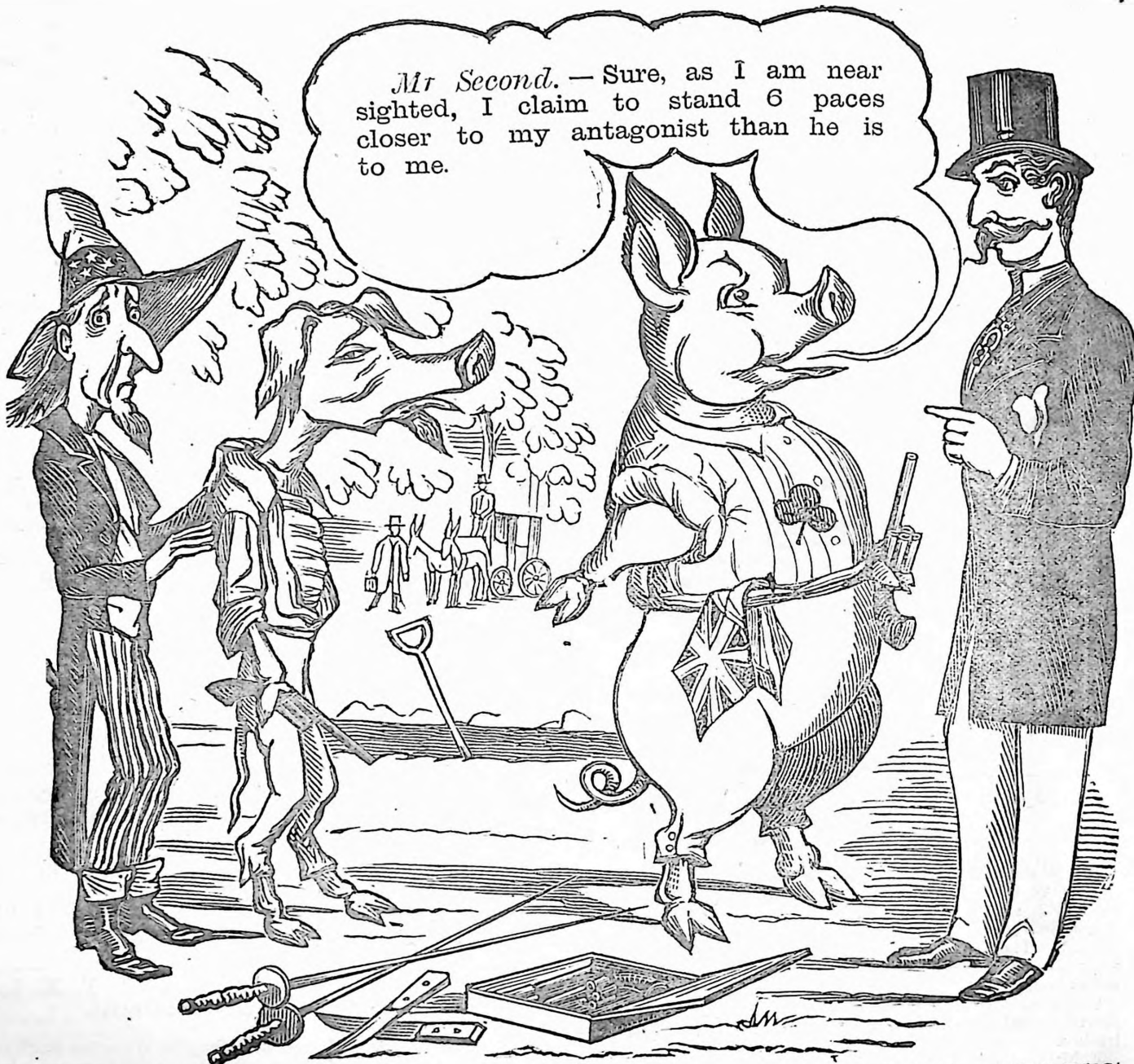
This Old-Established House, adjoining the Waverley Station, and opposite General Post Office, affords first-class accommodation for Commercial Gentlemen and others visiting the City (either on business or pleasure), having recently undergone extensive alterations and additions; entirely re-decorated and furnished in the most approved manner. Parties honouring the "BRIDGE" with their patronage will find every comfort, combined with cleanliness and attention. Cheerful Sitting-rooms.

CHARGES:—Breakfasts, from 1/ to 2/3; Dinners, from 1/9; Bed-room, 2/; Attendance, 1/ per day. GOOD STOCK ROOMS.  
 JAMES M'GREGOR, PROPRIETOR.

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10 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET.  
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BETWEEN LIPTON'S "ORPHAN" AND A YANKEE PORKER.



**Finest Selected NEW CURED SMOKED HAMs,**  
Lean and Fresh as Steak, Cannot be Excelled at any Price, 7d PER LB.  
Remember it is our Best Ham, 7d PER LB.; worth 1s 2d.

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**IRISH MARKETS.**  
21, 23, 25, & 27 HIGH STREET,  
THE LARGEST RETAIL DEALER IN THE WORLD.

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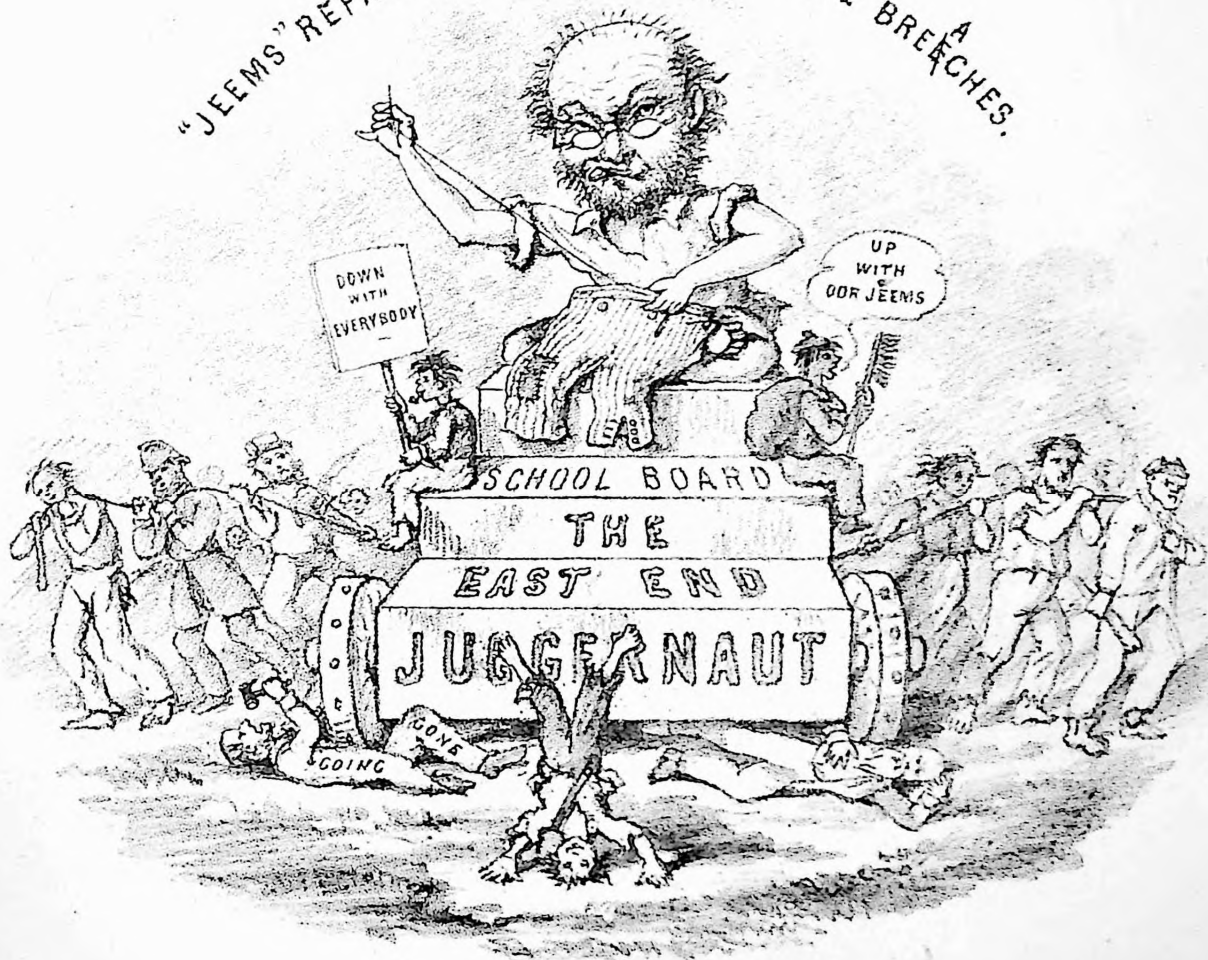
# The Bailie.

**"MY CONSCIENCE!"**

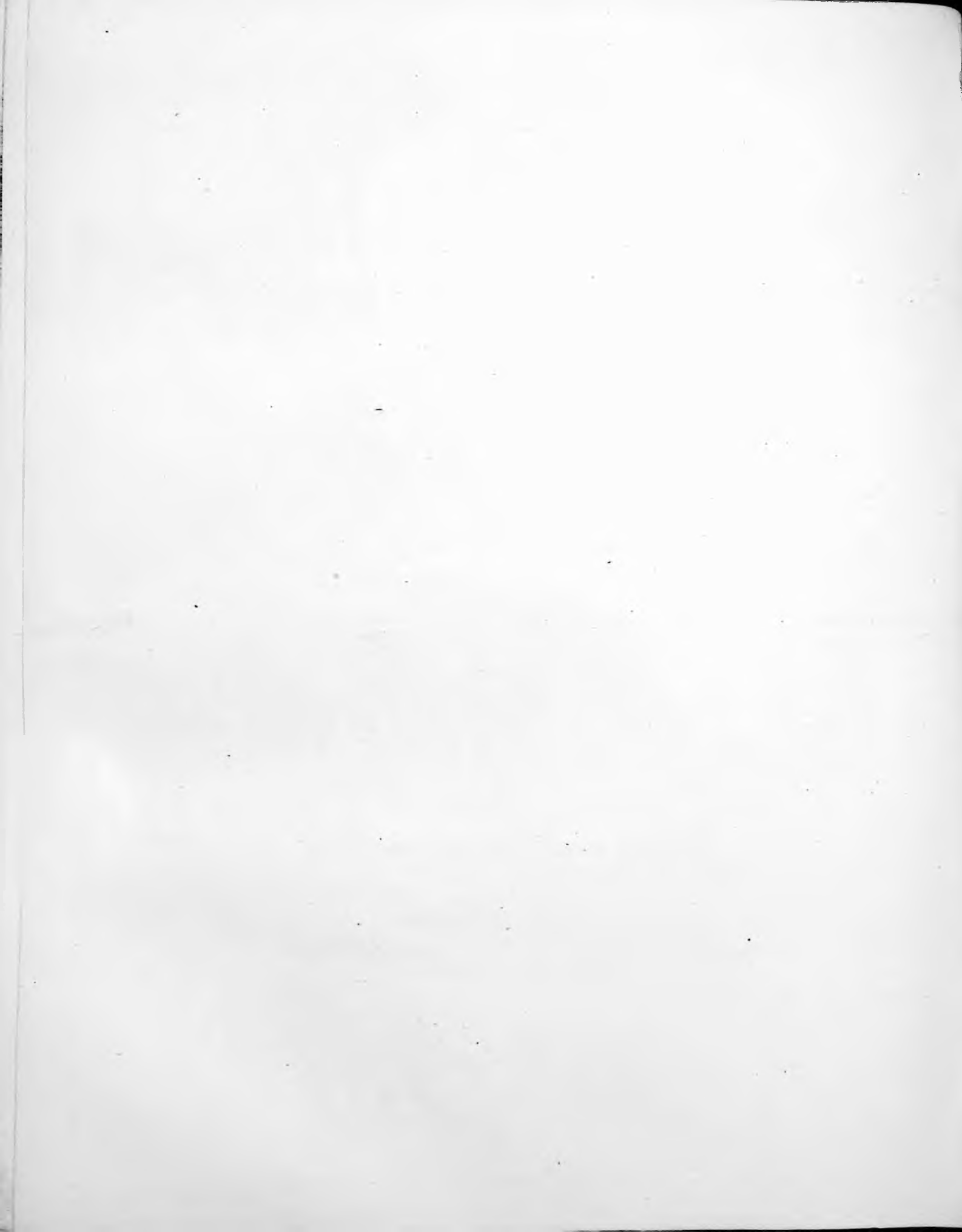


# The Daily VOL. XIV.

"JEEMS" REPAIRING THE TOWN COUNCIL BRECHES.



1879.





# The Bailie.

“MY CONSCIENCE!”

No. 339. Glasgow, Wednesday, April 16th, 1879. Price 1d

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 339.

THE present is the first number of the fourteenth volume of the BAILIE, and the Magistrate was perturbed in spirit last week when the task was set before him of selecting a suitable figure with which to grace its opening pages. The Man you Know, he argued, must be Glasgow born and bred; he must be conversant with affairs, and yet be more than a man of business pure and simple; and, above all, he must be well-known and popular. To be well-known, don't you see, doesn't always include the being popular as well—a good many of us are much better known than we are liked. When in the midst of this quandary a happy thought struck his Worship. Why not give ROBERT DONALDSON of St. Vincent Street? Mr DONALDSON fulfilled every one of the conditions the BAILIE had enumerated. He was a son of St. Mungo. The acquisition of money was by no means the be-all and end-all of his daily life. As for the being well-known, why, not to know DONALDSON, was to argue oneself unknown. Mr DONALDSON, by profession, is a publisher and seller of music. Keen and energetic in his habits, he has succeeded, by dint of sheer hard work, in building up what is a very prosperous business. Had he only, however, been a man of business, he could by no possibility have formed the wide circle of friends he possesses, nor either would he have enjoyed the distinction of finding a place in the famous portrait gallery of the BAILIE. When referring to our friend the other day, the *Herald* described him as “a humourist known in certain literary and artistic circles,” and in saying this the *Herald* succeeded in conveying a distinctly mistaken impression regarding him. Mr DONALDSON is certainly a humourist. He has been

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termed a “Scotch Mark Lemon,” and the phrase suits, since he is not only witty himself but he is also an abundant cause of wit in others. But to say that he was only known in “certain literary and artistic circles” was to blunder, and, as it seems to the BAILIE, to blunder knowingly. Why, he is welcome in every studio in Edinburgh as well as in Glasgow. His connection with bookish folk has long been patent, and a love of books is one of the leading traits of his character. Indeed, to those who have only known him in his business relations, or as a genial, and sometimes, perhaps, a rollicking companion, the fact that Mr DONALDSON is an Anglo-saxon scholar of considerable acquirements, and that he has given much time to the study of “folk-lore,” may seem somewhat odd. Added to his researches in this pair of cognate subjects, the Man you Know possesses fair lingual ability. His business of music-seller, as has already been said, is conducted with commendable intelligence. He has published works of every kind and of every degree of merit. The musical public are largely indebted to him for the only collection of the admirable songs and music of the late Rev. John Park of St. Andrews, and the city at large owes him a debt—whether of gratitude is another matter—for the introduction of “Grandfather's Clock” to Glasgow. It may be added, while on the subject of music, that for several years the Man you Know occupied the honorary post of organist to Queen's Park Established Church, and that he has the further distinction of having been the earliest Parish Church Organist in Scotland. Not one word has been said all this time of Mr DONALDSON'S goodness of disposition. While he by no means wears his heart upon his sleeve, he is at the same time one of the kindest of men. He is constantly doing a good turn to some one, and what is done is done with so much tact as never

to lay the person who has been obliged under any feeling of obligation. Still within the boundary of middle age, and the owner of what seems an inexhaustible fund of animal spirits, the Man you Know has ample power and opportunity to make some more lasting contribution either to literature or to music than anything he has yet attempted. As he is at present, however, he amply satisfies the requirements of the BAILIE, who only asked that his fourteenth volume should make its entry into the world under the countenance of a well-known and popular citizen of Glasgow.

### Sandy and the Schoolmasters.

AT a meeting of Cambusnethan School Board, held last week, Mr Macdonald, M.P., characteristically proposed that "all teachers in the employment of the Board receiving more than 20s weekly should have their salaries reduced." A pound a week, then, is in Sandy's opinion ample remuneration for teaching the young idea how to shoot, though he considers it ridiculously inadequate pay for a collier. The representative of Stafford is, the BAILIE believes, in favour of the payment of members of Parliament. How would a pound a week suit *that* case?

#### "THE RANK WEED."

(Scene—Crosshill Car Terminus; 9 a.m.) -

*Old Gent* enters car, gets into a terrific passion, takes snuff profusely, and gasps out—Abominable! most horrible this! Guard, you have been smoking or allowing some one to smoke here; now this must be put down. I will not allow it, I will report you, sir; give me your number; this practice is most abominable! (finishes up by taking another pinch).

*Guard* (one of the Irish brigade)—Be aisy now, sur, shure whaths the diffirance whether the 'baccy is consumed in a powder or in smoke, so long as the Quane gets the duty?

[Passengers smile at the old 'un as if he had had the worst of it.]

A Brighton youth who was pulled up the other day for having disturbed a congregation while he was under the influence of strong waters, pleaded that he thought at the time he was witnessing a performance by a troop of Japanese then in town. Judging by certain clerical exhibitions nearer home than Brighton, there may have been some ground for such a belief.

Good Friday—"The big pay."

### Vol. XIV.

THE BAILIE he sat in his old arm chair—  
On the fender he toasted his toes;  
His spectacles nestled above his gray hair,  
And he gently fell into a doze.

When all of a sudden the door opened wide,  
And a figure in bishop's long gown,  
With his mitre on head, and a crook by his side,  
By the side of the fire sat him down.

He sat by the fire and he stroked his long beard,  
And, at length, in a voice soft and low,  
Says, "Guid e'en to ye, BAILIE; of me you'll hae heard—  
I'm Saint Mungo—a man you should know."

*Bailie.*

I'm richt glad to see ye—but hoo gat you in?  
Ye cam doon on my tap like a clap;  
Sic a fricht maks a body fair creep in his skin—  
Did you ring at the door bell—or chap?

*St. Mungo.*

An' what does it signify hoo I cam here—  
Man, you're surely a droll sort o' bein';  
I've aye ta'en *you* in for near-haun seven year,  
An' ye mak' sic a fuss to tak' me in.

*Bailie.*

Na, na, you're mista'en; I but made the remark  
That ye slipt in the door ere I kent on't;  
As for takin' me in, ye need mak' little wark—  
The BAILIE'S worth a' ye hae spent on't.

*St. Mungo.*

Tuts, BAILIE, you're serious; the door let us steek,  
And the bottle fetch oot frae its neuk;  
Ye ken that ye finished a volume last week—  
Let's drink to your new ane guid luck.

*Bailie.*

Ah, there's some sense in that; an' noo when I see ye,  
You're the same jolly chiel I've heard sung o';  
The BAILIE'S richt prood, sir, to clink glasses wi' ye—  
Fill it up, man—here's to ye, Saint Mungo!

*St. Mungo.*

Here's the BAILIE'S new volume! your fourteenth, I think—  
D'ye hear hoo my voice is quite husky?  
When ane, sir, is forced o' that auld burn to drink,  
It's sair on his throat—that's guid whisky!

*Bailie.*

Then, try it again, man; and gie's a bit sang;  
That's the stuff soon your voice roun' to bring, man;  
"Sanct Mungo was ane halie saint"—am I wrang?  
Let's hear't frae yoursel's then—come sing, man!

*St. Mungo.*

Excuse me, dear BAILIE, I man tak' the gate—  
That's strong whisky—I'm sorry I took it;  
It's no' richt for saints to keep sinners sae late—  
(Hic!) haun o'er my crook, an' I'll hook it.

*Bailie.*

I'm vexed, man, to see ye sae much put about  
When your conduct is a' that's beseemin';  
Here, Mattie, my woman, let this stranger oot,  
He's a—bless me, I doubt I've been dreamin'!

Dr Marshall Lang says that Anderson's College Dispensary is "a missing link in the education of medical men." The BAILIE always thought that some of the students were the "missing links."

Showing Mettle—Steeling Cleveland "pigs."

A Happy "Innovation."

WHAT is described as "a social innovation" has been started in Glasgow—and in the Second City no doubt it is an innovation, though in the First it is none. The manner of it is this. A lady—or, it may be, a gentleman—secures the use of a private drawing-room in a fashionable quarter, and gives readings or the like. The audience "pay for admission in the usual way, and are not necessarily known to the host and hostess." Now, this strikes the BAILIE as being a particularly ingenious arrangement—it beats Bishop hollow. There being among us hundreds of well-to-do nobodies who would pay almost any sum for admission to a "fashionable" drawing-room, good "houses" are a certainty, and the amount of "swag" to be divided between the entertainer and "the host and hostess" is sure to be proportionately large. Thus everybody is pleased. The only wonder is that a thought so remarkably happy did not occur to anybody long before this. Now that the idea has taken root, dwellers in "aristocratic" neighbourhoods may expect to be overwhelmed with applications for terms, &c., from entertainers of every description, professional and amateur.

A RAILWAY COMEDY.

(Scene—Bridge Street Station, Saturday night last; Greenock train is about to start, when it is found that more carriages are needed to accommodate all the passengers on the platform).

*Excited Passenger* (to porter, somewhat rudely)

—I want a seat.

*Porter* (who has been asked innumerable needless questions all day but who must be civil to everybody)—Well, sir, I've nae doot but ye'll get a sate in the watin'-room if ye gae along that length.

*E. P.* (in a dignified manner)—But I want a seat in a railway carriage.

*P.*—There's a wheen empty carriages in the siding, ye might get a sate in some o' them if ye like.

*E. P.* (fairly exasperated)—But I want a seat in the train going to Greenock.

[The extra carriages have now been attached.]

*P.* (pretending to have newly come to understand what is wanted)—O yes! this way, sir (puts him in a carriage), for Greenock.

Grandfather's "Watch"—For his O with her jo.

"Criticisms."

THE BAILIE has often owned to an overwhelming admiration for the art-criticism of the daily Press, and invited his readers to share his emotion. He now does so once more. Listen to this:—"A picture full of interest is that of an interior of the 16th century, by the celebrated artist, Ary Scheffer, in which a priest and lady are engaged in devotional exercises. The face of the woman is marked by pious simplicity, while that of the son of the Church is also deeply imbued with a sense of the sacred duty in which he is engaged." There! For grace, depth, and subtlety combined, match us that if you can! Messrs Ruskin, Hamerton, Quilter, and other dabblers in criticism are hereby invited to sit at the feet of our Glasgow Gamaliel.

"ON THE CHEAP."—Whatever may be said for or against Mormonism, it seems at least to have the advantage of being a "cheap" religion. At the "Conference of Scottish Mormons" held here the other day it was stated that the "faithful" among us number 525, who have contributed during the past year £87 7s 7d in "tithes" and £1 8s 4d in "temple offerings." A very simple arithmetical operation will show how much it costs your Mormon to uphold his particular "doxy."

"LEX TALIONIS."—Paisley complains bitterly of being inundated by flute bands from Glasgow and Seestu has no doubt a grievance; but what about the fou "bodies" who make our day and night hideous at "the Paisley Fast?"

"NON MI RICORDO."—On being requested to stimulate the memory of a singularly forgetful bankrupt the other day, Sheriff Guthrie naively remarked that "it was beyond his power to ordain the bankrupt to remember." At the same time, his Lordship applied the judicial spur with the desired result. The moral is that though you can't *force* your horse to drink after you have got him to the water, the intelligent animal may be led to see that he will find it advantageous to fall in with your wishes.

Easily Re-vealed—Calf-love.

WEATHER OR KNOW.

Hail, gentle Spring! but no more ice or snow,  
In pour thy rain should have been months ago,  
So in dew time bright sun and air May show,  
And other June-iors come out all aglow.

Havana Cigars, La Flor De Aroma, First-Class Brand, 4d each. D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram St., and 121 Buchanan St.

## Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—They play "Poulet et Poulette" this evening at the Gaiety Theatre, for the first time in the provinces. The music is Herve's, but various interpolations have been made in the original score, one of the most important of these being a duet by Delibes, "It is love the spirit of beauty," and another is a song, "The Legend of the King's Dragoons." The part of the heroine—a village beauty named *Poulette*, who turns out to be the daughter of a great lady—is taken by Miss Emily Soldene, while her rustic lover is played by Mr Nordblom, the well-known tenor, who was formerly of the Carl Rosa Company.

Why, however, does not Miss Soldene appear as *Carmen*? "Poulet and Poulette" may be all very good, but the public want "Carmen."

When "Genevieve" was running last week at the Gaiety, some rather smart local hits were supplied by that pair of clever rogues, the "Two Gendarmes." Wasn't it, however, rather cruel for them to celebrate with so much gusto the manner in which Mr Bishop, of spiritualistic fame, "ran in" Mr Johnston of the Western Infirmary? Certainly Mr Johnston, anxious as he naturally is for distinction, never contemplated the possibility of his name being associated, and successfully too, with the heroes of an Offenbachian burlesque.

Mr J. L. Toole, who has taken a much needed rest for a few weeks, resumes his provincial tour this evening, when he appears at the Birmingham Prince of Wales Theatre. He is accompanied, of course, by that prince of managers, Mr George Loveday.

We—and by "we" I mean Glasgow generally—will shortly be the poorer, my Magistrate, by the loss of Mr George Edwin Ewing, who is about to undertake a voyage across the Atlantic and to spend several months in America. Mr Ewing is altogether identified with Glasgow. He has helped, in no small measure, to aid the growth of artistic taste among our great city population. The quality of his art—and there is no living sculptor whose treatment of children possesses the same tender delicacy—is essentially classical. His inspiration is all his own, but his style, and even the turn of his thought, was moulded and coloured by the years he spent in Rome—by the influence of the "eternal city," and of the works of art it contains.

Next week Mr Ewing will be entertained at dinner by a circle of his friends, the Sheriff of the County having agreed to preside on the occasion, while Sir Daniel Macnee, P.R.S.A., will be the croupier.

Mr Ewing proposes to limit his stay in the States to a few months. Our cousins—or at least the more intellectual portion of our cousins—have a greater sympathy with art and artists than prevails among us; and a sculptor of Mr Ewing's distinguished ability will find abundance, both of friends and commissions, during his sojourn on the "other side." His personal traits—he fascination of manner—the air of *artiste* which gives a distinct character to his bearing—and his large and unthinking generosity—together with his intimate acquaintance with what may be termed the literature of art—will all add to his popularity there. Indeed, unless I am very far wrong, they will have more weight in America than at home.

While Mr George Ewing is in America, his younger brother, Mr James Alex. Ewing—whose clever portrait bust of your friend Mr Berger is one of the features of the collection of Sculpture in the Institute—will continue to occupy the fine Studio in Bath Street, which Mr Ewing has had for the last eight or nine years. [Besides being a skillful modeller, Mr James Ewing is an exceedingly able carver; indeed, I question if a more accomplished artist with his chisel is to be found anywhere, either on this or the other side of the Tweed.

Among other "feasts of the Church," the celebration of Easter is gradually making its way into Presbyterian Glasgow. We have all taken to eating hot cross buns on Good Friday, and I have no doubt whatever that the consumption of Easter eggs is something considerable. I think, BAILIE, we must hold your friend Lipton partly responsible. He must get rid of more eggs at his various establishments in the course of a week than were

consumed in Glasgow in the course of months when your father the Deacon was alive. But eggs are not Lipton's only strong point. He revels in ham, and everything else porcine. Such is he in his business capacity. Apart from business he is a thoroughly good fellow, and one, I may hint, whom your Worship ought to "know."

What promises to be a very pleasing entertainment is to be given in the Albert Hall, Bath Street, on Friday evening, in aid of the Kilmun Sea-side Home. It is to consist of readings and music, provided by capable amateurs, and the selection of pieces seems to be as happy as the object of the entertainment is good.

Mr W. S. Vallance and several of his pupils will appear under Mr Airlie's auspices in the City Hall on Saturday first. The attendance ought, and it will, I am sure, be a large one.

Messrs Robert M'Tear & Co., advertise what they term the "most important Fine Art sale of the present season." It will take place in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms on Friday next, and among the works to be disposed of are specimens of Lockhart, Perigal, Bough, Fraser, M'Taggart, Archer, and one or two other Scottish Academicians, and of Henderson, Carlaw, and A. K. Brown. Isn't that a list of painters to make your mouth water, BAILIE? The pictures will be on view on Thursday, and both Thursday's view and Friday's sale ought to attract crowds of the people who delight in pictures—and the name of these is legion.

## TRUSTEESHIP.

With your "Yes" too ready you may come to woe;  
But if you are knowing you're sure to say "No."

CONFIDING.—A local leader-writer confides to his readers that he is "familiar" with the Highlander "as the tutelary deity of a public-house." Such candour is quite engaging. Will not this open-minded scribe confer a further benefit upon the community by informing them of the identity of his familiar—also whether his liquor is of good quality, and if he gives credit? (This last query is anxiously put by Asinus.)

Going the Whole Hog — Lipton—an egg-selling master in the philosophy of Bacon.

One of the "Head" Men of the City—Walter Wilson.

THE RIGHT MEN IN THE RIGHT PLACE—At a School Board, paid for by the ratepayers, all classes ought to be represented—electors who cannot read by elected who cannot spell.

"PU' AWA', CHAPS!"—Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary is undergoing a new edition. This is likely owing to what is sometimes heard in the Town Council, and may be shortly expected at the School Board.

"The Calf and the Kaffir" wouldn't be a bad heading for an article on Lord Chelmsford and Cetewayo. South African papers, please act on this hint.

"A Widdow Hunt"—The chase after Father Aloysius in Dundee.

THE EASTER DIFFICULTY—The intervention of the holidays.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the second call of the City Bank Liquidators is a crusher.

That Trustees as well as Shareholders are now ruined.

That a good many cruel and unjust remarks have been made about the Liquidators.

That they are only doing their duty, and doing it well too.

That the latest Bank Aid Scheme is a blunder.

That we expected something better from three such clever men as Wylie Guild, Anderson, and Menzies.

That the folks who strangled the Lottery killed the only feasible Aid Scheme.

That the Free Kirk fathers undertook to provide another scheme which would be as successful as the lottery would have been.

That they are quite satisfied with what they did to the lottery.

That this is another instance of what kind of stuff our parsons are made.

That Councillor Neil wants the Council to realise their freehold property in these dull times.

That the Convener of the Improvement Trust doesn't regard Mr Neil as a great financier.

That he has even thrown "asperities" on the Councillor "parts of speech."

That the Council, like other property speculators at present, are getting "the baby to hold."

That the Bankruptcy examinations have revealed a new fraud.

That certain of our sequestered traders have swindled customers as well as creditors.

That one account was overcharged to the tune of £900.

That when the members of bankrupt firms fall out, it seldom occurs that honest men get their own.

That an attempt is being made to get the Magistrates to reduce the number of licences.

That dull trade will do more to close the pubs than any number of influential memorials.

That Good Friday is growing quite an institution in Glasgow.

That the ways of the Board of Trade are peculiar.

That they appoint one head surveyor to inspect another head surveyor's surveyings.

That the safety of the steamboats on the Clyde has become a proverb.

That the old boats are well and substantially built.

That the Balmoral owner may as well make

the Board a present of his steamer as make all the alterations wanted by the surveyors.

That the flute band nuisance was again rampant on Saturday.

That there used to be a law which prevented any but volunteer and military bands from playing on the streets after 8 a.m.

That the authorities might do worse than resuscitate this ordinance.

That the School Board Donnybrook has begun.

That General Collins has taken his place as the leader of the opposition.

That "Oor Jeems" is Mr Collins's lieutenant.

That 'Arry has "sharpened his shillelagh" and is determined to use it.

That 'Arry is on the side of "use and wont"—and the majority.

That when 'Arry meets Jeems then will be the tug of war.

What the Paisley Folks are Saying.

THAT any wish to avoid a School Board contest, if such previously existed, has been frustrated.

That when Provost Murray hesitated to attempt the task small men might have had sense to stand to one side.

That Bailie M'Gown can't be aware he is a small man, seeing he proposed, seconded, and carried himself to the position of general pacificator.

That it is not the first time he has had the cheek to attempt to fill Provost Murray's shoes.

That his feet, unlike his presumption, are too small for any such business.

That if anything was necessary to render an uncontested election an impossibility, Bailie M'Gown's attempt to square matters was sufficient.

That the candidates simply "larfed" at him.

That everybody regrets the position Mr Coats has got into in connection with his munificent school gifts.

That it does seem ungracious to look a gift horse in the mouth.

That however, a gift horse though costly to the giver, may not be worth his corn.

That Mr Coats may bitterly rue the day he listened to the sophistry of Dr Hutton as to the 700 figure on the marble tablets.

That Dr Hutton is the man who has led Mr Coats astray and got him into this sea of trouble.

That the clear duty of the electors is, while returning Mr Coats high up on the poll, to show him how they appreciate his *art* by leaving him out in the cold.

That Mr Coats should emancipate himself from the spell which at present enthral him and give no ear to sycophantish flatterers.

That while nearly everybody will vote for him it is with the hope that the scales will soon fall from his eyes.

MORE POUR T'YE.—The Prince of Wales is being addressed on "the national water supply." Is this the coming *reign* about which Lord Beaconsfield has of late been supposed to have been busying about.

Winter's Tail.—In Great Britain as the Isle of *White*.

The Man we Don't Know—The dark horse.

## Quavers.

A PRIVATE concert was given on Thursday evening last by the Pollok Choral Society, in Maxwell Hall, Pollok Street. The membership is not large, but what is better, the vocal ability is considerable, and the result therefore was a pleasant and effective choral entertainment. The style of the choir is remarkable for quiet taste, and natural, unforced expression. Among the most noticeable numbers in the programme were an anthem by Gounod—"Sing praises unto the Lord," an imitation of the old English manner with modern French colouring; Henry Smart's "God is a Spirit," so like, and yet so unlike, Sterndale Bennett's music to these words in his "Woman of Samaria;" and Hummel's "Quod in orbe," the bustling accompaniment to which was capitally played on its appropriate instrument, the piano, by Mr Lindsay, honorary accompanist to the society. In these sacred selections the choir were very successful, but more particularly in Henry Smart's anthem, which was rendered with excellent taste. The alto solo, "He was despised," may be singled out as a highly successful individual effort.

The secular half of the programme—the concert being by no means of stinted length—included some choice, if familiar parts—songs, and the interpretation of all was worthy of high praise. Mr Hart, who has acted as honorary conductor to the society since its formation a few years ago, is to be congratulated on the state of efficiency it now presents. There was a large attendance. The hall is not very well adapted for choral purposes.

The fifth annual concert by the choir of Cathcart Road Wesleyan Church took place on Tuesday evening of last week. Sir John Goss's effective anthem, "The Wilderness," a "Te Deum" by the late Dr Dykes, Macfarren's 23rd Psalm, and a Magnificat by Dr A. L. Peace, may be instanced as the prominent numbers in a carefully prepared programme; and considering the vocal resources of the congregation, the display was a most creditable one. Efficient aid was afforded on the church organ, a first-rate instrument of its powers.

An organ recital, when varied with vocal music, is one of the most agreeable of entertainments, for it has the important element of variety. A concert of this character was given in St. John's Parish Church last Wednesday, with selections from Wely, Bach and Wagner, Macfarren, Weber, and Handel. Mr J. N. Fleming was the organist. The music, instrumental and vocal, was very good.

The production of Mendelssohn's "Athalie" on Friday evening by the choir of St. Vincent Street U.P. Church, stands out as quite a remarkable musical event in the season now nearly concluded. It will recall to many the revivals here, in years gone past, of the same composer's musical illustrations of the Sophocles Tragedies, in respect at least of the conjunction of dramatic reading. Taken altogether, the musical part of "Athalie" was executed in a manner eminently respectable, and with an amount of intelligence that says much both for the conductor (Mr Hugh MacNabb), who must have had no small amount of labour from first to last ere his task was completed, and for the choralists and orchestra, who were each and all evidently inspired with enthusiastic love of the work. The massive choruses, equally with the graceful choral duets, were as a rule well sung, and the orchestral accompaniments, barring one or two uncertainties in the brass, were excellently played.

Mrs Smith took the chief soprano part, and with her usual success, though at some disadvantage from her position on the platform. She was ably seconded in the alto duets. Mr Harrower read the Bartholomew text with great good judgment, being neither overdramatic on the one hand, nor heavily level on the other.

The concert by the Glasgow Catholic Choral Society to-night (Tuesday) is for the joint benefit of the Royal Infirmary and another charitable institution. It is therefore right to call attention to the entertainment again on this ground, as well as because of the superlative musical treat that is offered in the Beethoven Mass in C, and the other selections, sacred and secular. The Mass will be accompanied by an efficient orchestra, led by Mr W. H. Cole—without which aid, indeed, much of the grandeur and impressiveness of the music would be missed. About £80

was collected by the Society's effort last year, so that their work is not in vain, apart from an art point of view.

Practisings, one notices, have been begun for the Tannahill anniversary in June next. They are under the charge of Mr W. H. Murray. The choralists number some five hundred voices. Several pieces have been either arranged or composed specially for the celebration, among which are an elaborate setting of "Rab Roryson's Bonnet," by Mr W. Moodie; an arrangement of "My love is like a red red rose," by Mr Frederic Archer; and one of "O are ye sleepin', Maggie," by Mr John Fulcher; not to name other musician-like work contributed for the occasion.

The Bellahouston Musical Society's concert, on Friday evening, was well attended as usual, and the singing was quite equal to that of former seasons, if it was not indeed better. Cowen's "Rose Maiden," the chief work performed, is of the sweetly-pretty order, rather wanting in depth, and instrumental rather than vocal, the voices often accompanying rather than being accompanied. But though one may not care much for the music, the warmest praise is due to the Bellahouston society for the painstaking manner in which, under Mr Moodie's care, the cantata, solos and chorus, was produced.

The *Musical Times* of London has notices of concerts not unfrequently which have taken place a month or six weeks before. You won't be asked to "hark back" as far as that, BAILIE, but the simple record of the fact of a concert by the choir of Trinity Congregational Church, on the 27th ultimo, with Spohr's Christian's Prayer, and Sullivan's Festival Te Deum, may be made, the event having escaped remembrance at the time.

The programme of the Townhead Tonic Sol-fa Choral Society's concert, last Thursday evening, was a noticeably lively one, the jolliest of ditties, as songs or chorally, both Scotch and English, being plentifully present—all, with other sedate pieces, well rendered.

The annual concert by the members of the music classes in connection with Anderson's College, takes place on Friday, 18th instant, in the City Hall, Mr D. S. Allan being the conductor. Some of Callcott's male voice glees are in the programme, and a new part-song by Mr Allan, "The Gloaming," for male and female voices, is an item one notices.

The Crosshill Musical Association give their first principal concert on Tuesday evening next, in the Hall of Camphill U.P. Church. The society has been most industrious during the season, and an excellent appearance may quite be expected. Macfarren's "Outward Bound" is the *pièce de résistance*, while the other selections, secular and sacred, show discrimination and taste.

The concert by the St. George's Choral Union, on Saturday night, came off remarkably well, the singing being characterised by refinement, which is not what we always get from large bodies of choralists. Signor Valcheri obtained a hearty welcome back, his superb rendering of *Au lever* being rapturously applauded.

Next Saturday the St. George's Select Choir will give a concert in the same place. Mr Seligmann's new arrangement of "The Flowers of the Forest" is in the programme, also an arrangement of Kate Dalrymple, the original air, by Mr Moodie, which is altogether a capital one. Signor Valcheri appears at this concert likewise and is to sing "Il balen," Wallace's "Bellringer," and "To Anthea."

A lecture on music is to be given in Pollok Street U.P. Church to-night (Tuesday) by the Rev. H. F. Kelvey, with illustrations by the choir, which is an excellent one.

Mr Archer's choir had a very large audience on Saturday night in the New Halls. The plebiscite concert takes place on Monday next, the voting in which, by the bye, does the citizens much credit. Mr Archer takes farewell at this concert, for the season,

Hamilton Nimmo's "Creep afore ye gang," "Let me ken hoo the Bairns are at Hame," "Hoo can ye gang Laddie," and "Crookit Bawbee," are the popular modern Scotch Songs and duets.—H. NIMMO, Ayr, and all Music Sellers, 1s 6d and 2s, nett.

“Common Sense and Reason.”

CONSCIENCE! yon was a won'erfu' motion o' Cooncillor Neil's last Thursday! In order that it may be immortal, the BAILIE reproduces it:—“That it be remitted to the Improvement Committee to consider what should be done in the altered state of the property market, in reference to the principle of a fixed price, independent of the real market value of the property, with a view to reduce the price of ground not likely to be required for business purposes until after it has consumed itself in its own interest, since houses of two and three apartments are in demand in the centre of the city, and many workmen are compelled to walk about a mile, morning and evening, to their employment, and to pay much larger rents.” After this, Mr Neil's ingenious compound, “laudatory praises,” sinks into insignificance; and we cannot wonder that Mr Martin should have called upon the Council to “act according to the dictates of common sense and reason”—these two principles being represented for the nonce by James Martin and John Neil. As to which is Reason and which Common Sense, it is the old story, “You pays your money,” &c.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.

(Scene—A School Board class-room).

Teacher—Now, boys, quadruped and biped you know, two kinds of animals. Quadruped, animal with four legs, such as cow, elephant, horse, &c. Biped, animal with two legs, such as, well ah—— Yes! there is a biped (pointing to picture of an ostrich on the wall), and I am a biped, and you are all bipeds—now what am I? [Pause.]

One of the Bipedes—An ostrich, sir!

WISE MEN AT DENNY. — The heritors of Denny have prohibited a performance of sacred music in the Parish Church. Truly we Scots seem to delight in giving the Southron occasion to scoff. We hold tea-parties and political meetings in church, and put our *veto* on a service of praise—which seems to the BAILIE something more preposterous than straining at gnats and swallowing camels. One of our “local phrenologists” might find it an interesting study to examine the Denny heritors' “bumps.”

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS. — *Gray.* — Where the unhappy convicts are now languishing, unknowing of alike the trusteeships and the “call.”

A Cry

from the overwrought and “decidedly-driven-to-distraction-with-sufficient-provocation” Bankruptcy Law.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old law  
Kept in too constant requisition:  
So stressed, that the proverbial last straw  
Will soon fulfil its fabled mission.

No sooner here than I am wired for there;  
No sooner there than—flash! (how nagging!)  
Hot telegraphics whisk me off elsewhere,  
And keep me on the trot, zigzagging.

I can't on moment's notice fly afar,  
And scud about *terrarum orbis*,  
Like some greased comet or mad shooting star—  
*I'm* not the *Daily News* Forbes!

Such inconsiderateness I bewail;  
The more, that by co-operation  
I'm sure the firms could well arrange to fail—  
Not all at once, but in rotation.

This crack! crack! cracking! over all the land  
Will drive me to some act avengin'.  
My time is no more under my command  
Than if I were a mere fire-engine!

Look now, take warning all of you when told,  
Such bursting-up quite cuts the breath o' me—  
Should this o'erwhelming run of smashes hold,  
'Twill surely prove the very death o' me.

A word to those who, clutching at the chance,  
Are shirking debts with compositions;  
You'll over-reach and lead yourselves a dance,  
If you regard not my monitions.

Think not to pile collapses on my back,  
Unless you want to see a stop o' me;  
And *then*, look out—more telegrams! Crack! crack!  
Two more big houses down atop o' me!

An aggrieved bicyclist writes to the papers warning a certain section of the community against bringing down upon themselves “the wrath” of him and his brethren. It would be interesting to know how often said bicyclist and brethren have brought down the wrath of the community upon *themselves*.

The good folks of “Aeberdeen awa'” have once more vindicated their reputation. It seems that a fellow who is at present in the hands of the Glasgow police charged with swindling various local traders “tried it on” with the said good folks, but was met with a characteristic request for “siller first.” Glasgow is clearly not sufficiently far North.

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF!—“Nobody,” says a contemporary, “goes to a theatre except in the hope of being gratified.” Contemporary is clearly of a sanguine temperament.

Great Black-“guards”—Cetywayo's.

ZERO-US.—The BAILIE'S weatherglass has so long indicated “Freezing,” it must have been formed by a glacier,

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SIXTY SHILLINGS

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HAS BEEN A PROMINENT FEATURE in our Business since we commenced the Clothing Trade, and has not, as some might suppose, been introduced to suit the present depressed times. The scheme has been an undoubted success from the first and, in order that that may be fully maintained, we mean more than ever to give the best possible value. Gentlemen who have not yet favoured us with a trial, and who understand the advantage of *Cash Payments* for their Clothing will, we can assure them, be more than satisfied should they favour us with their Orders.

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**TOWN and COUNTRY MEMBERS** who have not yet Paid their *SUBSCRIPTIONS* for Current Year should lose no time in doing so, as the List of Members, now in the Printer's hands, will not include the Name of any Member whose Subscription remains unpaid after 20th instant. The Subscription for Town Members is £3, and for Country Members £1 10s.

No Ballot is necessary; and the Rooms being now replete with every requisite and comfort, including a Lavatory, Writing-room, Telegraph Office, Post Office, and Post Restante, as well as the latest Home and Foreign Telegrams, Newspapers, Magazines, Directories, and Books of Reference, afford a great inducement to Commercial as well as Non-Commercial Gentlemen. The File-room contains all the leading Newspapers and Share-Lists, which are bound in quarterly volumes, and many date back as far as 1821. Business Drawers at £2 per annum.

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**The Bailie.**

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16th, 1879.

OUR list of bankrupt builders is pretty well exhausted at last, and the turn of the property speculators is in full tide. We had one of these decent men, a Mr ROBERT MACDOUGALL, up before the Sheriff a week ago, and his story would have been simply laughable were it not for the circumstance that he had played at ducks and drakes with several thousands of pounds of his own, and a very much larger sum belonging to other folk. The fraternity of which this worthy gentleman is a member have as little compunction about juggling with the money of their neighbours as had the Blackheath

footpads of last century. They are eager to grow rich, and are utterly unscrupulous as regards the means they employ. A dozen years ago they "rigged" the railway market. Where this proved of no avail they played little games with pig-iron. Copper came next—but the "plunging" in copper was confined to a comparatively limited set, and then a rush was made at property. The great property years were '73 and '74. It was so easy, you see, to speculate in stone and lime. Two or three clever fellows—if they were out at elbows so much the better; they had then nothing to lose—laying their heads together joined an investment society, hunted up a lawyer with money to lend, and then, going over to the Faculty Hall of a Wednesday, bought houses and lands right and left. They never erred on the side of timidity. The higher the game the more daring became their play. At first things went fairly well with our friends. Some of them even made large fortunes, and had the prudence to retire on their ill-gotten gains. By and bye, however, the tide began to turn. The bladders on which they had trusted to float safely into port gradually burst, and now the poor wretches are striving desperately to keep their heads above water. Nobody would probably care whether they sink or swim—what is termed property speculation has injured every man who pays twenty shillings in the pound in the city—were it not that their sinking will bring suffering upon hundreds of honest people who have had nothing whatever to do with their nefarious dealings. Bond-holders who advanced their money on the strength of "bogus" rentals, and quarrymen and timber-merchants who dealt with these men of straw, believing them to be men of flesh and blood, will be the main losers when they finally disappear. That there will be a general disappearance before long of the unwholesome bodies no one doubts. The May term is at hand, and the May term will do for the speculative syndicates what the autumn of last year did for the speculative builders. At first a good deal of hardship will be entailed upon people who have no right to endure this hardship, but we will get over this in the end, the general feeling will ultimately be that Glasgow is well rid of the vermin.

THE NEW VOLUME.—His Worship having successfully got over what with many is believed to be the unlucky number, he may be said for another six months to have good-forteen before him. *Fourteen-natus Juvenis!*

## A Public Scandal.

SOME weeks ago the BAILIE called attention to the proceedings of a mountebank who was permitted to insult the Roman Catholic faith and burlesque its forms from a Free Church pulpit in this city. His Worship's remonstrance seems to have had some effect; but last week this person appeared in Dundee, where his performance was apparently even more objectionable than it was in Glasgow—though, to the credit of the Dundonians be it said, it took place in a public hall and not in a church. As might have been expected, the exhibition provoked a riot. Have we no means of preventing these disgraceful performances, or of punishing the performers? In this case the fellow was prevented from giving a second performance by the refusal of the managers of the hall to let it to him again; but there ought to be some power in the hands of the public authorities.

## DIFFERENT LINES.

*Dugal*—Yiss, Tchon Burns is ta large ship-owner, and he has many vesshels pesites. Hevn't you seen them al at ta Proomiela?

*Tonal*—Oh yiss, I hev seen Burns's poats, ta steamers and parques, ay ant yachts; but I hev never yet seen Burns's twa brigs o' Ayr in Cles-cow. I suppose they sail from Greenock only.

There has been started in New York a temperance society, one of whose conditions is a pledge not to "treat" or be "treated." This is hardly original. The BAILIE has heard of some fellows in Glasgow who appear to have taken the former part of the pledge.

Mr Martin has hit another blot in matters municipal. Certain blankets having to be purchased, the committee failed to consult Jeems on the subject, though they had that noted "expert" at hand. This is clearly wrong; and the next time blankets are to be bought, the BAILIE trusts that his friend will be called in, and will recommend that the articles be tested by having "the Provost's clique" tossed in them.

Breaches of Contract—Tweed trousers which shrink.

A Canter-bury Tale—Rattle his bones over the stones, he's only a pauper whom nobody owns.

Appropriate Advertisements—Lipton's hams illustrated with *cuts*.

The Man we Know—The BAILIE'S Cuddie.

## Megilp.

SOME time ago I announced in this column that one or two of the friends of the late George Manson had in view the preparation of a memorial volume of photographs from the works of that lamented young artist. The prospectus of the forthcoming book has now been issued. The volume will contain a portrait of Manson, between twenty and thirty permanent photographs direct from his more important water colours and drawings, by Messrs Doig, M'Kechnie, and Davies, and a biographical and critical notice by Mr J. M. Gray. The superintendence of the entire work has been undertaken by Messrs W. D. M'Kay and P. W. Adam, and could not have been entrusted to more competent hands. The price of the volume, which will be ready in the course of the present year, will be £1 1s to subscribers. Mr David Murray, 4 West Regent Street, has on view specimens of the photographs, and intending subscribers in Glasgow should hand their names to him.

The autumn exhibition of modern pictures in oil and water colours will open in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, on Monday, 1st September. The days for receiving pictures are from August 1st to 13th, both inclusive. Cards of particulars, &c., may be obtained on application to Mr Charles Dyall, curator, Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.

The sale of the paintings, library, and miscellaneous works of art that belonged to Mr Sam Bough, begins in Mr Dowell's Rooms, Edinburgh, to-day (Tuesday) and will continue all week. Friday and Saturday will be devoted to the sale of the water-colour drawings, sketches, and oil paintings done by Mr Bough himself. The sale is sure to be a very attractive one to art and picture fanciers.

Messrs Kay & Reid have re-arranged their exhibition, and added to it several new pictures. The collection is a capital one, and deserves more particular notice than I can give it to-day.

Mr Peter Buchanan is this year, so far as I know, the first Glasgow artist to betake himself to the country on the outlook for subjects. He has gone to Callander, and will remain there for some weeks. We shall probably have, as the result of his spring studies, a snow piece from him in next Exhibition. Winter is in no hurry to depart.

Last week Mr Craibe Angus had on view, in his galleries, the contributions intended by Mr W. E. Lockhart for the summer exhibition of the Old Water Colour Society, London. These are four in number: "Gil Blas," "Alnaschar," the chapel of King's College, Aberdeen, and an interior from Cairndhu House, Helensburgh. Strength is the marked characteristic of all these water-colour drawings—strength in colour and effect. They glow with colour, and the harmony and toning are very fine. The tendency to blackness in shadows, which is often seen in Mr Lockhart's work, is not so noticeable in these the latest specimens of his skill. The drawing is clever and most suggestive: this is perhaps as evident in the little architectural details of the College Chapel as in any other of the more striking figure outlines. Altogether, these are drawings that must take a place in London with which Scottish art will have every reason to be satisfied.

Mr J. L. Wingate has a true sympathy with nature. He works carefully, but with sometimes a tendency to fuzziness, especially in his clouds. This is noticeable in "Autumn Sunshine," in our Institute Exhibition. The sky looks too much like balls of white wool caught among the trees; the other parts of the picture are fine in feeling. His best contribution to the Institute is decidedly "Near Muthill." It is a delightful little picture.

Mr W. D. M'Kay seems this year to have taken a new departure in art—I must confess I like his old style much better. In "The Village Cross" (in the Scottish Academy)—careful almost to hardness—we miss the true feeling, the delicate gradations, the tender atmospheric effects, that as a rule have hitherto distinguished his landscapes. Mr M'Kay may be trying an experiment; he knows art too well to turn permanently aside from the direction in which his capabilities find their freest play and development.

R.

Temporary insanity—Time "out of mind."

A Happy Land.

GOVANHILL must be a rather desirable place of abode, to judge from the correspondents of a contemporary who mention the following as "some things still wanted in the burgh:"—"A public weighing machine; a lamp lighter, or some one to cause the inhabitants to light the stair gas jets and lamps; an inspector (under the Adulteration of Food and Drugs Act) to stop second-class butterine at 1s 5d per pound being given as butter; an inspector or policeman to stop coal-dealers giving three quarters for a cwt.; notices posted through the burgh where a policeman may be found from 11 p.m. to 8 a.m." This is a nice little list; and though doubtless "places" still more "populous" than Govanhill share some of its grievances, the BAILIE does not think he will migrate thither just yet.

ASINUS MORALISETH.

Out upon the Fast means out upon the loose,  
And out upon the loose is out and getting tight,  
Out and getting tight a slack'ning of the sluice,  
And the pleasure of the Fast's on the whole a slow delight.

A REG'LAR BLOW OUT.

*Elector to Representative*—Well, what win' blew you here?  
*R. to E.*—Oh, I suppose the Easter.

"OH, DOTN NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS MAKE AMENDS?"—Mr Neil M'Nish, who is a candidate for the Dunoon School Board, had a rather pleasant meeting last Wednesday night. No one would take the chair, and the candidate spoke for an hour and a half "amidst yelling, whistling, and stamping." He failed to give satisfaction by any of his answers to questions, and finally a vote of censure upon him "was carried amidst great applause." Happy M'Nish!

A Great Overtaking—The railway above Argyle Street.

A Sign *Fisces*—A writer upon *seath* need not be necessarily a *ling-uis*t.

"Pons Asinorum"—Beauty a-bridged.

Another Egyptian Difficulty—Suez-side contemplated by a Quay-dive.

Organ-ic Remains—From the Roman Catholic cathedral to the "Protestant."

A Can(n)on of Art—That which discharges Zazel.

"Spring" Fashions—Elastic sides,

Latest Athletics.

THE BAILIE solicits his readers' deepest sympathy on behalf of Professor Blackie. On the occasion of the breaking-up of his class last Thursday, that eminent personage succeeded in "maintaining a dignified silence"—a *dignified* silence, mark you. By what superhuman efforts, and at what cost, this was achieved, the Professor alone knows, but we may guess; and certain it is that the physical contortions of a Washington Irving Bishop, added to the mental agonies of a Town Council reporter, sink into insignificance when judged by the standard of such a feat. His Worship trusts that he will soon hear of his friend's convalescence.

Howling Parsons at Paisley.

IT appears that the Presbytery of Paisley is chiefly composed of youthful divines with a decided talent for "howling," which they take every opportunity of exercising. Some people are illnatured enough to object to this—unfairly, it seems to the BAILIE. If the sucking parsons of Paisley find that their strength lies in their lungs, they are but fulfilling scriptural injunctions in thus letting their light shine before men.

How is it that a Tram-car Conductor can "convey" an unusual amount of liquor? Because he's a car-boy, of course.

Somebody complained at last week's meeting of the Glasgow Synod that the rowdy congregation of St. Columba, Paisley, was being "burked." "And a very good way out of the difficulty!" commented the BAILIE'S Own Cynic.

Asinus is at a loss to understand why such a fuss is being made about "the Leith grogging case." "Why," says he, "thousands of grogging cases take place in Glasgow every day, and nobody pays any attention to them!"

OLD TIMES.

"Here's a mornin', Kirstie: it's as cauld as ivver."

"Deed is't, wumman, we're juist haein' the auld winter wather *het* again."

A Black Squad Strike—The Zululand attack.

Foot-ball—A Volunteer assembly.

The Really Write School Board—The black-board.

A Rival "Exhibition"—Of paintings with music in the Cathedral.

Bauldy as a "Spacial Commissioner." DEAR BAILIE,—It's an auld an' a true sayin' that ae hauf the worl' disna ken hoo the ither hauf leeves, an' this mutual ignorance still prevails in spite o' Schule Boards an' cheap literature. Tae dispel this ignorance is the wark o' the true philanthropist, an' therefore, kennin' me as ye dae, it'll no' surprise ye tae hear that I'm aboot tae open the shutters o' inquiry an' let in some licht on "the homes o' the opulent" for the eddification an' instruction o' the worl' as a whole an' those wha sit in darkness, like a hen hatchin' i' a coalhoose. Ye ken a' aboot "the homes o' the unemployed" frae the commissioner o' a morain' contemporary, an' noo yese get some information aboot the ither hauf. Weel, anticipatin' yer Worship's benevolent intention tae institute inquiries, I unanimously appinted masel' yer spacial commissioner, an' wi' that self-abnegation which will be associated wi' the name o' Bauldy while the earth is a revolver, I sallied oot ae nicht lately on ma self-imposed mission.

Naitrally ma steps turned westward ho, for in that direction I jaloused lay the best field for prosecutin' inquiry. Although I'm unco gude at hoosehuntin' aboot the term time, no' tae mention an occasional munelicht flittin', I got kinna shaky i' ma purpose as "the homes o' the opulent" loomed i' the distance. But a stiff gless o' whusky at a freenly pub. put me a' richt. The first hoose I ca'd at wiz atween Buchanan Street an' the West En' Park, nearer the ae place than the tither, an' looked a gran' mansion frae the ootside. On ringin' at the door an' spierin' for the gudeman I wiz shown intae a big room by a bonnie servant lassie, an' telt tae wait while she took ma name tae her maister. Eh, my! BAILIE, the splendour o' the furnitur' an' plenishin' fairly took ma braith awa, although I hae been in gorgeous apartments in ma time! But I had juist time tae notis that the effec' wiz spiled by a black an' gilt dresser cover'd ower wi' auld crackit plates an' dishes o' different paitterns, whin' the gudeman cam' but the hoose.

Thinks I tae masel' this canna be an opulent man or he wadna hae his dresser in his drawin'-room an' wad certainly hae a decent set o' cheeny an' denner service, an' no' that ugly collection o' cups an' plates an' jugs that an Eerish bowlman wad turn up his nose at.

"Good evening, Mr Bauldy," quo' he, comin' forrit an' shakin' hauns, "I have seen your name often in the BAILIE, and had many a laugh over your jokes."

"Thank ye," said I, as prood as poossible, "ye're very kind."

I telt 'im the objec' o' ma veesit, an' he thocht it a noble undertakin', an' wad be gled tae gie me ony information in his po'er; but first, he rang for wine an' bakes, an' made himsel' unco' freenly.

Efter ha'ein' a gless or twa a-piece o' A-maun-tell-a-do wine, Mr M'Blank telt me a' aboot himsel' wi' affable willin'ness. It wad appear his faither had been a shepherd at Auchnaskattan, i' the Hielans, an' wiz an honest but puir man. He cam' tae Glesca, an' wiz a badge porter aboot the Broomielaw, an' his son selt spunks an' vesuvians.

Frae sellin' matches young M'Blank got licht employment as a message boy in Soople & Sherp's offis, an' by degrees rose step by step, until he wiz in a poseetion to speculate a little on his ain accoot.

Fortune smiled on 'im, an' he made mony freens, wha were o' great service in helpin' on his speculations. Twice had he rigged the market wi' the help o' his freens an' the unsparin' assistance o' the Rapacity Bank, an' made a lot o' siller. He becam' an offis-bearer, an' built a Mission Hall in connection wi' the kirk he attended. On his wife he settled £40,000, an' amply provided for the puir but honest badge porter, his faither. Sometimes he wiz unfortunate; an', when the Bank smashed, he compounded wi' his creditors, an' paid 3s 4d in the £.

He telt a' this wi' an air o' candour that wiz maist delichtfu', an' sippit his wine wi' the enjoyment o' a man wha had done his duty by his neebour, an' owed no man a penny. As he ran his fingers throo his weel-iled hair, an' showed aff the dimont glintin' on his pinkie, an' his e'e lingered lovin'ly on the dresser wi' the dishes, he said that he micht hae got aff wi' half-a-croon in the poun' instead o' three and fower-pence, but he wiz brocht up ower honestly for that.

He showed me wi' muckle pride a when ile pentins, o' the best modern maisters, that adort the wa's, an' I couldna help noticin' that his watch must hae cost 'im twa or three hunner poun' at the least.

When I spiert if the dull times didna affect his pocket an' domestic comforts, he said his wife's income made 'im indifferent tae the state o' trade, an' that he didna need tae work ony mair, only enjoy himsel' quately.

He wiz greatly amus't whin I asked 'im whit wey he keepit his dresser, wi' useless lookin' auld

dishes on't, i' the drawin'-room, an' whether he couldna afford a mair complete an' presentable set o' crockery ware. "Why, Mr Bauldy," quo' he, "that's a very expensive cabinet in ebony and gold, and the plates and vases are antique china, worth their weight in gold."

I thocht this wiz eneuch information frae ae man, sae efter a gless or twa mair o' sherry I took ma leave, warmly thenkin' Mr M'Blank for his hospitable courtesy. It wiz late whin I got hame that nicht, an' no very steady aither; but I min' sayin' tae masel', "If aul' M'Blank wiz honest an' puir, his son is rich, an' the ither thing." An' noo, if yer Worship wad be kind eneuch tae invite public subscriptions tae help yer spacial commissioner in his gratuitous mission, ye're perfec'ly welcome, for I'm no prood, an' sair wantin' a pair o' new butes tae gang frae hoose tae hoose in. Mair anon if you like.—Your faithfu' admirer an' ally, BAULDY.

ABOUT A BOUT.

*Highland Wrestler*—Hands off, Tchon Smith, it is not fairplay you'll do to crip my throat so tight!

*Lowland Wrestler*—It's just a joke, Donal.

*Highland do.*—Shust a choke? Well a choke's a choke, but yours is a choke that will take my preath away.

A "Joint Note"—The butcher's bill.

ST GEORGE'S SELECT CHOIR.  
GRAND CONCERT.

NEW HALLS, SATURDAY FIRST, 19TH.  
Glees Part Songs, &c.  
Humorous, Grave and Gay.

SIG VALCHERI will Sing  
To Anthea, Il Balen, and the Bellringer.  
NEW PART SONG BY MR W. MOODIE.  
"Kate Dalrymple."

Accompanist—Mr JOHN TURNBULL.  
Balconies, 2s; Area, 1s and 6d.

Tickets may be had from J. Muir Wood & Co., Buchanan Street.

Doors Open at 7. Concert at 8.

THE GAIETY.  
Proprietor and Manager,.....Mr C. BERNARD.

Last Week of  
MISS SOLDENE'S  
FAMOUS OPERA-BOUFFE COMPANY.  
First Time in Glasgow of  
HERVE'S OPERA-BOUFFE,  
POULET ET POULETTE.

NEW PUBLIC HALLS

DR PEACE'S ORGAN RECITAL, on SATURDAY, at 3-30 P.M., as usual.

Tickets of Messrs J. Muir Wood & Co.

CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 19TH APRIL, 1879.

GRAND DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT,

SCENES and RECITALS from popular authors, by Mr W. S. VALLANCE and the Principal Members of his DRAMATIC CLASS

Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats on Side Galleries, 2s. Tickets for Reserved Seats to be had at the Office, 58 Renfield Street.

Doors Open at 7; Concert to commence at 8 o'clock.

JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

PLEBISCITE CONCERT.

NEW HALLS, MONDAY, APRIL 21, 1879.

GLASGOW SELECT CHOIR.

Mr FRED. ARCHER,.....CONDUCTOR.

FINAL CONCERT OF THE SEASON.

Result of the Voting:—

"The Deil cam Fiddlin'" .....	1248	Votes.
"Kate Dalrymple" .....	1092	"
"Come, Dorothy, Come" .....	928	"
"Hail, Smiling Morn" .....	908	"
"When Winds Breathe Soft" .....	901	"
"Oh, Who will o'er the Downs" .....	860	"
"Willie Wastle" .....	745	"
"In this Hour of Softened Splendour" ...	724	"
"The Village Choristers" .....	692	"
"The Chase" .....	668	"
"Afton Water" (arranged) .....	668	"
"The Fairies" .....	527	"
"When Evening's Twilight" .....	513	"
"Drops of Rain" .....	510	"

ORGAN SOLOS.

Overture—"Guillaume Tell" .....	1267	"
Do. "Zampa" .....	951	"

Tickets—Balconies, 2s; Area, 1s—at principal Musicsellers.  
Doors Open at 7. Concert at 8.



WHEELER & CO'S

BELFAST AERATED WATERS,  
UNEQUALLED IN PURITY, STRENGTH, FLAVOUR, &c.  
ONCE USED, ALWAYS USED.

May be had from FAMILY GROCERS, WINE MERCHANTS, RESTAURATEURS, CHEMISTS, &c.

DEPOT FOR SCOTLAND:—

147 STOCKWELLS STREET GLASGOW.

On Label & Cork

**L**LAIRD'S ROOMS, 63 ST. VINCENT ST.  
FOR SALES BY AUCTION,  
OF FINE-ART, LITERARY, HOUSEHOLD, HERITABLE,  
And other PROPERTY,  
TERM SALES.

Mr LAIRD respectfully requests early intimation of Sales of Household Furniture, in the Premises of Owners intending to Dispenish at the approaching Term, and which will receive Mr L.'s personal attention.

TO PARTIES FURNISHING AND OTHERS.

Within Sale-Rooms, 14 Gordon Street, Glasgow, on Wednesday, 23rd April, at 12 o'clock.

PUBLIC SALE OF AN EXTENSIVE STOCK OF  
M I R R O R S,

In Elegant Gold Frames, and suitable for Dining-Room, Drawing-Room, Parlour, and Bed-Room, and ranging in sizes from 24 by 18 to 70 by 50

ALSO ABOUT

20 MAHOGANY DRESSING-GLASSES.

Removed to our Rooms for positive Sale.

**B**BROWN & LOWDEN will Sell the above, by Auction, within their Rooms, 14 Gordon Street, Glasgow, on Wednesday, 23rd April, at 12 o'clock.

On View with Catalogues Day prior to Sale.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Friday, 18th April.

PUBLIC SALE OF A CHOICE COLLECTION OF  
S C O T C H P I C T U R E S

(The Cabinet of a Gentleman).

All the Pictures are of great merit, and were mostly Purchased direct from the Artists or at Exhibitions, among which are Four Charming Cabinet Works by W. Beatie Brown, A.R.S.A.; Three Cabinet Examples of Arthur Perigal, R.S.A.; an Important Gallery Work by T. K. Pelham; "The Trongate, Glasgow," by G. W. Graham, exhibited at £210; and Fine Works by Alex. Fraser, R.S.A.; Sam Bough, R.S.A.; Horatio M'Culloch, R.S.A.; W. E. Lockhart, R.S.A.; Erskine Nicol, A.R.A.; W. Mactaggart, R.S.A.; Jas. Cassie, R.S.A.; W. D. Mackay, A.R.S.A.; E. T. Crawford, R.S.A.; Clark Stanton, A.R.S.A.; J. C. Wintour, A.R.S.A.; David Farquarson, Jos. Henderson, John Jack. Wm. Carlaw, A. K. Brown, R. M'G. Coventry, and other well-known Scotch Artists.

ALSO, TWO OTHER

PRIVATE COLLECTIONS

(Belonging to a Gentleman in Ayrshire compelled to break up his Establishment, and a Gentleman leaving Helensburgh). Including "Water Mill and Cattle," by Jacob Ruysdale; "A Bit on the Thames," by P. Nasmyth; "Burns and his Highland Mary," by Archer, R.S.A.; Landscapes in Wales and Cumberland, by Westall; "Sheep," by Morris; Landscapes, by Stone (pupil of C. Stanfield); "The Hard Bargain" and "Cromwell and the Scotch Commissioners," by F. Flanders (pupil of J. Philip); "Teaching of the Cross," by John Stevenson; and Examples of Hepper, Knell, J. F. Herring, C. Barker, Mearns, Vicars, sen., Dobbin, &c., &c.

**R**ROBERT M'TEAR & CO., will Sell the above, by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North Court, St. Vincent Place, on Friday, 18th April, at One o'clock. Catalogues may be had Three Days prior, or will be forwarded on application.

On View on Day prior to Sale.

*Note.*—As the above will rank as the most important Fine-Art Sale in Glasgow this season, the Auctioneers would commend it to the attention of Amateurs and Collectors.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 10th April, 1879.

**A**ADVERTISEMENTS received for all Papers, by A. F. SHARP & Co., 14 Royal Exchange Square.

*SPECIAL REALISING SALE OF ALL KINDS OF HOUSE AND OFFICE FURNITURE, MIRRORS, CARPETS, CURTAINS, BEDDING, UPHOLSTERY, &c.—PRICES UNPRECEDENTED FOR CHEAPNESS—AT A. GARDNER & SONS, CABINETMAKERS AND UPHOLSTERERS, 36 JAMAICA STREET.*

**C**CRICKET EMPORIUM.  
Every Article required in the game of Cricket always kept in Stock. Bats, Balls, Stumps, Legguards, Gauntlets, &c.

H. & P. M'NEIL,  
21 AND 23 RENFIELD STREET, GLASGOW.

**M**MESSRS W. B. SMITH AND H. D. GOODING have arranged to give their

"STAVES AND SCRAPS,"

IN AID OF THE

KILMUN SEA-SIDE HOME,

ALBERT HALL, FRIDAY, 18th April, at Eight o'clock.  
Collection in Silver.

**I**INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS,  
CORPORATION GALLERIES,  
SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

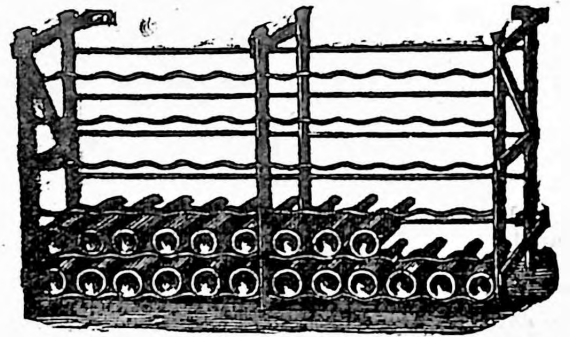
EXHIBITION OF  
PAINTINGS, SCULPTURE, & C.

NOW OPEN.

Day Admission, Nine till Five, ..... 1s.

Evening ,, Six till Ten, ..... 6d.

*Musical Promenades every Saturday from Two til Four.*



**WROUGHT IRON WINE BINS,**

Made any required sizes, or to fit recesses, &c.

**WILLIAM HUME,**  
195 BUCHANAN STREET,  
1st Shop above Waverley Hotel.

# ISLAY WHISKY.

W. & J. MUTTER,  
BOWMORE DISTILLERY,  
COUNTING-HOUSE, 41 ANN STREET, CITY, GLASGOW.



## SHELDON'S

### HAIR RESTORER

RESTORES Grey Hair to its Youthful Colour. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Causes a New Growth of Hair. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Removes Dandruff and all Impurities from the Hair. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Prevents the Hair from falling off or turning Grey. May be had of any Chemist or Perfumer.

Price, 3s 6d.

DEPOT, 121 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

BROWN & LOWDEN,  
AUCTIONEERS and VALUATORS,  
14 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.

SALES of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, &c., conducted at the Owner's Premises, on Moderate Terms. CASH ADVANCED.

### FOOTBALL COSTUMES.

Every Club Colour kept in Stock.

LIST OF COLOURS ON APPLICATION.

### H. & P. M'NEIL,

HATTERS, HOSIERS, GLOVERS, AND SHIRTMAKERS,  
CRICKET AND FOOTBALL OUTFITTERS,  
21 & 23 RENFIELD STREET.

### SPECIAL NOTICE

TO THE

INHABITANTS OF GLASGOW AND SUBURBS.

### FINLAY M'DIARMID

Is now supplying J. & R. TENNENT'S NEW SEASON'S EXPORT BEER AND STOUT, in fine condition, in his Patent Stoneware Casks. One trial solicited to prove their excellence. The Casks contain 4½ Gallons each, are fitted with Lock Taps, and are unsurpassed for cleanliness, convenience, and economy.

OBSERVE.—No charge is made for their use, they are delivered several miles free of extra charge, and the empties collected without trouble to purchasers.

F. M'D.'s STANDARD AERATED WATERS are so carefully prepared that they are becoming a household word.

#### LIST OF PRICES.

Beer and Stout, 7s per Cask, or 2s 3d per Dozen Pints.  
Lemonade, Soda Water, Potash Water, Sarsaparilla, and Ginger Ale, 2s per Dozen.

TERMS CASH. Empties to be returned within two months.

CITY OF GLASGOW BOTTLING STORES—  
44 RENFREW STREET, GLASGOW,  
AND 4 GREY PLACE, GREENOCK.

SCRAP Photographs and views of Scottish Scenery. Thousands to choose from at A. F. SHARP & Co., 14 Royal Exchange Square.

FINE ARTS.  
NOW ON VIEW,  
SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF  
HIGH-CLASS SCOTTISH CABINET  
OIL PAINTINGS  
At J. JOHNSTONE YUILE'S GALLERY,  
89 UNION STREET.  
Admission Free.

EXHIBITION of SELECTED PICTURES  
Oil and Water Colour.  
WILLIAM BURNS, 162 Buchanan Street, Glasgow.  
Admission Free.

JOHN M. SIMPSON, Furniture Warehouse.  
and Show-rooms, 60 GREAT CLYDE STREET (Corner of Maxwell Street), Glasgow. One of the largest Stocks in the City. New Illustrated House Furnishing Guide to be had Free on application. The Cheapest Establishment in the City for Really Good Substantial Furniture of Artistic Design and Superior Finish. Quality Guaranteed.

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RUTHERFORD BROTHERS,  
ARTISTS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS,  
127 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

WASTE PAPER, Ledgers, Letters, Books,  
Ropes, Bagging, Tailors' Clips—bought at PAPER  
MILL STORE, 98 MAXWELL STREET.

OIL PAINTINGS  
BY CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS.  
EXTENSIVE COLLECTION AT 338 SAUCHIEHALL ST.  
WM, GENTLES, Picture Dealer, Wholesale & for Exportation.  
*Picture Frame and Room Mouldings.*

### THE BRIDGE HOTEL,

1 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

This Old-Established House, adjoining the Waverley Station, and opposite General Post Office, affords first-class accommodation for Commercial Gentlemen and others visiting the City (either on business or pleasure), having recently undergone extensive alterations and additions; entirely re-decorated and furnished in the most approved manner. Parties honouring the "BRIDGE" with their patronage will find every comfort, combined with cleanliness and attention. Cheerful Sitting-rooms.

CHARGES:—Breakfasts, from 1/ to 2/3; Dinners, from 1/9; Bed-room, 2/; Attendance, 1/ per day. GOOD STOCK ROOMS.  
JAMES M'GREGOR, Proprietor.

### THE ROYAL RESTAURANT,

10 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET,

C. WILSON & SON, Proprietors.

# WALTER WILSON & CO.,

## THE COLOSSEUM, 70 Jamaica Street.

SPRING AND SUMMER, 1879.  
THE FINEST STOCK OF  
LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S HATS  
IN SCOTLAND.

See Extracts from a few of the Glasgow Newspapers commenting on our Opening Show for the Season.

"There was quite a crowd at the Colosseum this (Monday) forenoon when Mr Walter Wilson, who has just returned from Paris, began his spring season with a bran new stock. Mr Wilson understands the secret of success. He has hit out a line of his own, and he is following it up with unwearied energy."  
—*Bailie*.

### THE COLOSSEUM SPRING SHOW.

"Yesterday (Monday) Messrs Walter Wilson & Co. of the Colosseum, Jamaica Street, opened their Spring Show, or what may be called the big event of their year, which is to the ladies what the "Aladdin's Cavern" and "Caves of Delight" are to our younger friends at Christmas. In preparation for the show Mr Wilson, with his assistants, have lately spent some time in Paris selecting in the way of hats and bonnets the most captivating fashions. Yesterday the view was a private one, for which cards of invitation were issued, but to-day and during the week the show will be thrown open to the public, and will no doubt be largely taken advantage of. The large warehouse, which has been specially decorated for the occasion, presents, on entering, a most pleasing and attractive appearance, and—as was aptly remarked of the first floor, which is entirely devoted to ladies' goods—is a "perfect ladies' paradise." From the ceiling hang a number of graceful pendants made up of flowers; and as a centre piece there is a pyramid of costly and beautiful artificial wreaths and flowers, while ranged along the walls in large and roomy cases there is a profusion of hats, bonnets, and millinery from the hands of the best Parisian *modistes*, which called forth many expressions of delight from the stream of fair visitors who moved through the rooms. In the upper floors, under the care of Mr Binnie, the wants of gentlemen have not been overlooked, and from a cursory glance it would seem as if that gentleman was prepared to "crown" the whole male population of the city. As an additional attraction, and one which is quite a novelty, Mr Wilson has provided an excellent band of music, the members of which are concealed from view, but whose strains are heard through the whole warehouse."  
—*Times*.

### THE COLOSSEUM SHOW.

"If its general head-gear be any indication of the progress of the human race—as some wiseacres say it is—one has only to pay a visit to the Colosseum in Jamaica Street just now in order to understand the high standard of civilisation which humanity has attained. This is the "spring show" at the establishment, and almost the entire accommodation of the place is crowded with hats and bonnets of every description. A flowery painted staircase leads to the first flat of the premises—into the ladies' department—where a perfect paradise of head garniture, illustrating every freak of fashion, fills the glass cases, crowding shelves and counters. From the extensive stores displayed the fair sex are afforded ample opportunities of consulting their taste whatever its bias—from severe simplicity to high coloured, flowery, feathery ornamentality—while the mirrors on every hand reflect favourably the face and figure of the purchasers. Upstairs is the gentlemen's department, where hats innumerable meet the eye in shape, size, and colour, confusing in their variety, and representing, one is inclined to think, all countries and all ages. A particular feature of the establishment at present is an excellent instrumental band, which Wilson & Company provide to discourse

music daily from noon till night; and doubtless the orphean strains, in conjunction with the dazzling displays, will draw many customers to the Colosseum. In fact, as a place of entertainment, it will well repay a visit during the show season."  
—*Citizen*.

Mr Wilson, when in Paris, secured patterns from every Parisian *Modiste* of note. We append a few of the names well known in the fashionable world from whom we show selections:—*Mesdames Virot, Leone Lechevalier, Eugenie Pariset, Lafitte, Henriette, A. Magnier, Josse, S. Gillot & Cie, Anne & Georgette, L. Legandre, Michniewicz-Tuvee, Camille Feliz, &c., &c.* We have also made profuse selections in London. These, combined with our own designs, form the finest collection of Millinery ever seen. Ladies should not omit to walk through our Millinery Rooms, as we show what is *really* the fashion for the season, fresh novelties arriving daily.

### FLOWERS.

Splendid Variety of Novelties in French and English Makes. There is not a finer range in Scotland.

### FEATHERS.

Immense Stock of Ostrich Tips and Flats, in Black, White, and Coloured.

### HAT AND BONNET ORNAMENTS.

Charming and Novel Designs. Jet Beads, &c.

### INFANTS' HOODS AND HATS,

From 2s 6d to 40s.

### CHIP HATS! STRAW HATS!!

### CHIP BONNETS!!!

Unlimited Variety in White, Black, Coloured, and Fancy. This whole Establishment is entirely devoted to the Hat Trade.

## GENTLEMEN'S AND BOYS' HAT DEPARTMENT.

THIS DEPARTMENT is under the Management of Mr R. BINNIE, who has just returned from the principal Hat Manufacturing Districts throughout the Kingdom, and has secured all the Newest Shapes in

### GENTLEMEN'S AND YOUTHS' FELT HATS

IN BLACK, BROWNS, DRABS, FAWNS, &c.

*Both in Stiff and Soft Felts.*

The Selection of Shapes is the Largest ever Shown in Glasgow

### GENTLEMEN'S SATIN HATS,

By the Best London and Parisian Makers.

### TWEED HATS, SHOOTING CAPS, FISHING CAPS

### TRAVELLING CAPS, AND POLO CAPS,

IN ALL THE NEWEST DESIGNS.

Special attention has been given to this Department.

### GENTLEMEN'S AND YOUTHS' TAM-O'-SHANTERS

In all the Newest Materials.

### BOYS' FANCY HATS, SAILOR HATS, &c.,

In Wonderful Profusion.

### LIVERY HATS. YACHTING CAPS

(AS WORN BY COVES CLUBS).

### DRAB SHELLS. OFFICER CAPS. NAVY CAPS

EVERY SINGLE HAT SOLD AT  
WHOLESALE PRICES.

## WALTER WILSON & CO.,

COLOSSEUM,

70 JAMAICA STREET.







# The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 340. Glasgow, Wednesday, April 23rd, 1879. Price 1d.

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 340.

GLASGOW is this week honouring herself by honouring the leading Scotchman of the time. WALTER FRANCIS MONTAGU-DOUGLAS-SCOTT, fifth Duke of Buccleuch, takes the foremost place among his countrymen, as much by reason of his pre-eminent abilities, as on account of his famous ancestry and great social position. Duke WALTER, indeed, is one of the "leaders of men, the great ones—the modellers, patterns, and in a wide sense creators, of whatever the general mass of men contrive to do or to attain." A politician, but meddling but seldom with politics; a president of the British Association, but ignorant of, and even indifferent to the aims and ends of science; a D.C.L. of Oxford, whose grammar is often atrocious; he is yet possessed of more influence, north of the Tweed, than any other living man who first drew breath in Caledonia. Our largest landowner is probably the Duke of Sutherland, our premier duke is he of Hamilton, our most famous thinker is Mr Carlyle, but neither the Duke of Sutherland, nor the Duke of Hamilton, nor even the sage of Chelsea, can compare as a "cann-ing," an "able-man," one to whose will our wills are to be subordinated, with the Duke of Buccleuch. His Grace, who is now in his seventy-third year, has all his life been a hard and earnest worker. He succeeded his father, Duke Charles, when he was only sixteen years of age, and this early accession to what, over many square miles of territory, and several thousands of population, may be described as a regal position, fairly steadied his character. He leapt from boyhood into manhood at one bound. He had no period of adolescence, no "sallad days when he was green in judgment, cold in blood." A year ago, when the Duke was entertained at dinner in the

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Edinburgh Music Hall on the occasion of his jubilee as a landlord, he expressed, in a very graceful manner, that feeling of frailty, of, in fact, being human, which assails most people now and again, and from which, not even the BAILIE himself, is entirely exempt. "I cannot but look back," said the Duke, "to many opportunities that have been lost, to many points which I have missed, to things that have been said by me and things that have been done by me which I now bitterly regret, and to many occasions that I have not seized and that I look back to with still greater regret, because those occasions having passed, they can never occur again." His Grace, indeed, would not possess a tithe of the influence he wields, were he not made up of the same flesh and blood as the rest of mankind. He is as prone to err as his neighbours. His acceptancy, for instance, of the presidency of the Dundee meeting of the British Association was a blunder that would have fairly extinguished a lesser man. Even in the matter of politics he can change his mind when he sees reason for this change. Although, for instance, he entered public life as an enthusiastic Tory, and although as a landlord his policy has always been eagerly Conservative, he yet saw the necessity for breaking with the Tories and joining Sir Robert Peel when the latter decreed the abolition of those protectionist duties that had hitherto filled the pockets of our richer at the expense of our poorer brethren. His Grace continued a Peelite till the overthrow of the Aberdeen Cabinet at the outbreak of the Crimean War, and subsequent to this event he gradually gravitated back to Toryism, although he long continued to fight shy of its leaders. Indeed, his remark, at no very remote date, that he "thanked Providence he had never known either Hudson the railway king or Mr Disraeli," has in some sense become historical. This estimate of the Premier has now, how-

ever, undergone very extensive modifications. Duke WALTER appeared at the Edinburgh dinner in 1867, at which Mr Disraeli informed the world that he had "educated his party" up to household suffrage; and he was chairman over the illustrious company who assembled in the autumn of last year, to welcome home Lord Beaconsfield from his arduous labours in connection with the Berlin Congress. The special occasion of the Duke's present appearance in Glasgow is his installation as Lord Chancellor of the University. He was appointed to this distinguished position in March twelvemonths ago, in succession to Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, who had died in Venice a short time previously. The post can either be made an honorary or an active one, and from the untiring business habits of the Duke, and his large experience of men and affairs—he has the political consciences of two-thirds of the peerage of Scotland in his keeping—he is anything but likely to play the part of King Log at Gilmorehill. Farseeing and prudent, cautious in making up his mind and always open to receive a new impression, but at the same time resolute in action when he has settled his line of policy, the Duke of BUCCLEUCH is the typical as well as the representative Scotchman of this generation. He is, beyond everything, a successful man. A just landlord, faithful in his dealings, a practical agriculturist of wonderful skill, and a politician who has the knack of always getting his own way—are not these the distinguishing traits of our national character? Had his Grace been a Glasgow merchant, he would have been Lord Provost of the city; he is a great noble, but we have still contrived to acknowledge his eminent qualities by electing him Lord Chancellor of the University.

#### THE LATEST WONDER.

(Scene—Tramway Car, Paisley Road; two old women conversing in a high key, one of whom has her hand in a sling).

*1st Old Woman*—I was up at the Western Infirmary getting my finger cut open for the whuttle.

*2nd Do.*—Was't sair?

*1st Do.*—Never felt it.

*2nd Do.*—Hoo that?

*1st Do.*—Oh, the doctor put californy in a clot an' held it tae ma nose, an' it was a' bye an' rowed up afore I kent ocht about it.

*2nd Do.* (in astonishment)—D'ye say sae? (looks round) I say, what's the folk a' lauchin' at?

#### Widdow Machree I

(BY ONE OF THE FAITHFUL.)

WHAT a row you've been makin' in "Bonnie Dundee  
Ochone! Widdow Machree;  
Is't you'relf that's ashamed of the ould Counthree?  
Ochone! Widdow Machree.

Shure your just like a clown,  
Wid your ould monkish gown  
To your heels hangin' down—

You're a picture to see!

But you better beware, or your friends in despair,  
May sing, Ochone! Widdow Machree.

Shure the magistrates seem to be greatly alarmed:  
Ochone! Widdow Machree;  
Bringin' sodgers to guard ye, in case ye be harmed:  
Ochone! Widdow Machree.

Wid a party so strong,  
Even tho' in the wrong—  
And a chairman like *Long*;

Tare-an-ouns, don't you see?

Neither "Casey" nor "Dan," nor the Pope, if at han',  
Could face you, Widdow Machree.

So come on wid your show, an' we'll take it as fun:  
Ochone! Widdow Machree;  
Tho' we think the shillelagh's as good as the gun:  
Ochone! Widdow Machree.

You'll be shure to succeed  
In condemning my creed,  
Every relic and bead

You may toss in the sea—

An' when you're done,—you'll be where you begun,  
Ochone! Widdow Machree.

#### TIME IS MONEY.

*Music Seller*—"Here boy, come back, you don't expect me to give you "Grandfather's clock" for nothing!"

*Street Boy*—Whit for no? It gangs on tick, ye ken."

**SENSIBLE SEESTU.**—The wise men of Paisley having decided that in a certain district of the town the water-supply shall be limited to one hour in the evening, the other day a destructive fire was allowed to rage in the said district for want of what the reporters call "the liquid element" to put it out. If the BAILIE were the owner of the property destroyed, he would try to impress upon the powers that be the fact that it is possible to be penny-wise and pound-foolish.

Bauldy says "one swallow doesn't mak' a summer, but at Wheeler's Lemonade Manufactory, Belfast, one finds a Cromac's spring."

Granny's mastery of "high English" is proverbial, but the old lady has seldom soared higher than when last week she evolved out of her inner consciousness the elegant synonym "sable suzerain" for "nigger king."

A Thunder-bolt.—A runaway horse in a thunderstorm.

A Drawing-Room Entertainment. EVERYBODY who knows Miss Amy Millefleur—and who does not?—is aware of the gloomy views she entertains of things in general. Man delights her not, nor woman neither. Operas? The more of them she hears, the less she wants to hear them. Concerts, amateur and otherwise? They are almost more than flesh and blood can stand—her flesh and blood at all events. Dancing? Dancing men are invariably idiots. Dinners? There are only two classes of male diners-out—the men who bore her by talking incessantly, and the men who insult her by not talking at all. Afternoon tea? Women are always spiteful and unpleasant if there are no men in the room.

But occasional gleams of sunshine fall across the path of even this lovely pessimist, and ten days ago she had such a brilliant idea. Why not give a drawing-room entertainment in aid of the funds of the Bundelcund Orphanage, an excellent institution in which Miss Amy takes a gently platonic interest? Splendid! Charity and amusement combined; benevolence with a judicious admixture of excitement; Helen Faucit and Florence Nightingale rolled into one. Miss Amy went at it with a will, procured the assistance of some of her friends, and the affair came off last Thursday at 3 Park Square.

At eight o'clock on the evening in question everything was in readiness. A small platform was put up at one end of the drawing-room, the piano was wheeled into a corner, and forms were arranged across the room (by kind permission of the beadle of St. Hypatia's). Old Millefleur had been deprived of his customary after dinner nap by the necessary tumult, and looked twenty times sulkier than usual in consequence. Mary, the pretty housemaid, stood at the door with a card basket in her hand, in which each visitor deposited his card and half-a-crown on entering. (Such is the shocking depravity of the human heart that several of the suppositious half-crowns were afterwards discovered to be only florins).

The entertainment began by Grigson, the comic man of the company, reading the trial scene from "Pickwick." It would perhaps have been better had the comic element not been introduced so early, as, although Grigson excelled himself in the grimaces for which he is so justly celebrated, the audience remained disgustingly frigid. The titter which went round when old Blunderstone, who is short-sighted and as deaf as a post, asked his next neighbour in a painfully audible whisper, who that confounded

idiot was who was making such a fool of himself could not be grateful to Grigson's feelings. On the whole, everybody, including Grigson, seemed relieved when Grigson sat down. Lottie Flasher was the next performer, and she favoured them with a little ballad of Swinburne's. To be sure the sentiments were a little warm, but Swinburne, and not Miss Lottie, is responsible for that. At any rate, it was most unbecoming of that red-nosed Miss M'Prudder (who is five-and-thirty if she's a day), to get up and leave the room in the middle of the reading, and it was very kind of Cashmore and M'Tavish and those other fellows to try to raise an encore.

Next came the ghost scene from "Hamlet," with Tom Elder as the *Ghost*, and Charlie Cashmore as *Hamlet*. Tom didn't know his part very well, and Charlie didn't know his at all, so ultimately things got rather mixed. Whenever the *Ghost* was at a loss for a word, *Hamlet* struck an attitude and said "O my prophetic soul, my uncle!" After this had occurred some half-dozen times, the *Ghost* lost his temper, and refused to go on. The result is that Elder and Cashmore are not now on speaking terms.

The hit of the evening was Miss Millefleur's recitation of Byron's "Isles of Greece," in fancy costume. Why that costume should have consisted of, among other things, a red handkerchief round her head and a coin necklace and earrings it is impossible to say, but it did. The lines were delivered with immense spirit, and the fact that she stuck in the middle, and had to wait till Cashmore fetched the book from downstairs, was after all only a trifling drawback. Then Clara Flirtington sang "The Clang of the Wooden Shoon," and after that, as may be supposed, the people were thankful to get away.

Miss Amy retired to rest that night with the proud consciousness of having done a good deed, and dreamed that the Bundelcund orphans were all dressed in red handkerchiefs and coin necklaces and earrings.

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MY STARS.

George—Would you like to travel, Tom?

Tom—I would, by Jupiter!

George—Then, you'd go at a jolly rate.

Tom—How?

George—Well, if you went by Jupiter, her guaranteed speed is twenty-nine thousand miles an hour.

Tom—By Jove, what an ass you are!

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Havanna Cigars, La Flor De Aroma, First-Class Brand, 4d each. D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram St., and 121 Buchanan St.

## Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Mr Charles Calvert re-appears this evening at the Gaiety, when he will appear in two of his best parts—those of *Wolsey* and *Captain Cuttle*. I hope however, before his visit comes to a termination Mr Bernard will see his way to produce Mr Calvert's new romantic play of "Æsop," a piece which, as I mentioned two or three weeks ago, recalls, in some measure, "The Dead Heart." Its scene, like that of Watts Phillips' drama, is laid in the stormy times of the French Revolution. The hero, who is the son of a peasant, dares to love the daughter of his territorial master, and it is the mingled trials and triumphs of his career that form the subject of the play.

Among the company that Mr Calvert brings with him is Miss Fanny Enson, a very charming actress, who, however, is next to unknown in this city. Miss Enson has only appeared once before in Glasgow—she sustained the *role of Galatea* in a revival of Gilbert's "Pygmalion and Galatea," two or three years ago, at the Theatre Royal.

Miss Soldene had an experience of the critical taste of our Glasgow playgoers last week at the Gaiety. She put up the worthless "Poulet and Poulette" of Herve on the first three nights of the week, and performed it to empty benches. On Thursday, however, "Poulet and Poulette" was withdrawn in favour of "La Fille de Madame Angot," and the theatre was crammed; and on Friday and Saturday the audiences which flocked to see "La Fille" were equally large.

The hit in "La Fille" was the *Clairette* of Madlle. Stella. Why, this young lady is one of the best *buffo* actresses and vocalists we have had in Glasgow for years.

I had hoped for "Carmen" during Miss Soldene's visit, but the fates were not propitious. She will return, however, to the Gaiety next September, when Bizet's popular opera will be produced.

Mr Toole, who completed a six nights' engagement at Birmingham on Saturday, appears to-night at Plymouth, to-morrow and Wednesday at Weymouth, Thursday and Friday at Exeter, and Saturday at Bath. What a stomach for work the little man has, to be sure.

Our old friend Charlie Groves has made "a hit—a very palpable hit," as *Alderman Jones*, in the new comedy of "Crutch and Tooth-pick," at the London St. James's Theatre.

That thin, rubbishy piece, "The Queen's Shilling," played by Mr and Mrs Kendal during their last visit to the Gaiety, was produced at a *matinee* at the London Court Theatre on Saturday. It is the property of the Kendals, and Mr Kendal is said to like it—that is, he likes his part. Mrs Kendal, on the other hand, has no special *poucheant* for "The Queen's Shilling." The character she plays in it does not specially suit her. I can hardly be far wrong, under these circumstances, in supposing that "The Queen's Shilling" will not be very frequently played by the Kendals.

Mr William Canton, of the *Glasgow Herald*, is the author of a powerful poem entitled: "Through the Ages—a Legend of a Stone Axe," which appears in the April number of the *New Quarterly Magazine*.

Even in these northern latitudes, grey as life usually is with us, art is not always dissociated from business. A friend of your own, BAILIE, who is about to remove from his present domicile to a more suitable situation in Buchanan Street, has fitted up his new premises in a manner that would do your heart good to see. Bits of stained glass—pure in colour and graceful in design, beautiful statuary, and drapery which hangs in soft and flowing lines, make up, together, a suitable home for an art silver-smith of the Second City of the Empire.

The first dinner of the Edinburgh Pen and Pencil Club took place last Tuesday, and a capital start they made. Over seventy members sat down to dinner. Dr Pryde was in the chair, and Mr M'Taggart croupier. The Edinburgh Club follows closely the lines of its Glasgow original, and we here ought to feel flattered. Imitation of course is the sincerest form of flattery. Mr T. A. Croall delivered a clever rhyming address of his own com-

position, and the music—both vocal and instrumental—given during the evening was excellent. The club has got an energetic secretary in Mr Rooney, and ought to prosper.

## USEFUL INFORMATION ? COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

(Scene—Camlachie; Time, noon; small boy is accosted by School Board officer.)

S. B. O. (officially)—Where are you going?

Small Boy—I'm gaun' messages.

S. B. O. (sceptically)—Where's your basket?

S. B.—I dinna need ane.

S. B. O. (persistently)—Where's your money?

S. B.—I havena ony, the grocer wis tae mark it in the tammy-book.

S. B. O. (innocently)—What's a tammy-book?

S. B. (derisively)—O crickey! "School Board" doesna ken what a tammy-book is.

[Exit S. B. O. a sadder and a wiser man.]

AT LAST!—Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Lord Provost Collins have found a county where supreme happiness must prevail. According to the papers it appears that as the result of the decisions at the Nairn Licensing Court, there is now no place in the county licensed for the sale of spirits. How happy Michael Connal and W. R. W. Smith would be if Provost Collins and his entire household would take up their residence in Nairn!

## MATTER-O'-MONEY (LIMITED).

Harry th' Eight  
Sinn'd-to-Kate.

THE "BABY"-HOUSES.—The "babies" that are being held are now cutting their teeth preparatory to "eating their heads off." Had the holders only cut in time their teeth of "wisdom!"

For this "Relief" much thanks—The Livingstone pedestal completed.

Skilled in Crow-knowledgy—"The cock's shrill clarion."

The Top Fashion—The latest thing in bonnets.

The Schoolmaster's Abroad—Ay, the Schule Brod.

The Civil Service—The Tramway Co.'s (spoke ironic!)

Art—All sorts of impossible flowers sprawling out of all sorts of abominable vases.

New Music—"Three Fishers," accompanied by a cast-a-net.

TOO BAD.

(Scene—Corner of Union St. and Argyle St.)  
*Short-sighted Old Lady* (to young swell in long Ulster)—Beg paurdin, Miss, could ye let me see the way to Sauchicha' Street?

*Young Swell*—Miss! Miss! W'at th' dooce d'ye mean by calling me Miss?

*S.S. Old Lady*—Hoots, man, that's an awfu' mistak' I've made, I thocht by the length o' yer overskirt ye was a lassock—'deed, I'm no' very sure o' ye yet.

[The Ulster disappears rapidly round the corner.]

In the examination of the jaunty Port Glasgow Potato Merchant at Greenock the other day, the creditor's trustee said—"Now, he (the bankrupt) confessed to having £10 when he arrived in Liverpool, and in the circumstances must have been living at a pretty high rate if he squandered £10 in four weeks, and had to send home to his father for money to buy him out of the army." Squander £10 in four weeks! Mercy upon us! Where has this Sugaropolitan limb of the law been brought up? Some of these bankrupts have been known to spend £10 in as many hours, and not live at a pretty high rate either.

According to one of the special correspondents, the city of Peshawur is a fearful place for murder. In some years there has been an average of four murders a week. "What an afternoon" certain of our evening papers might enjoy were they to remove to Peshawur!

"Clerk Wanted. Good penman, educated. Salary, £20." That's a situation which when found might very easily be made a note of; and so small a one, too, that it would hardly be worth while taking the number.

Non-union Men—Bachelors.

"ONE O'CLOCK'S YOUR HOUR."

(Scene—Sauchiehall Street, 1 a.m.; moonlight; young gentleman returning from a dinner party brings himself up in front of optician's shop with match in hand and gazes intently at the dial of a large barometer above the door).

Hic—Twenty minutes past—past—hic—well I'll be blowed—hic—if ever I saw—past—twenty minutes past—past—where the deuce is the other hand—past—past— Confound the magistrates—hic—and their new eletr—hic—clocks.

A Savoury Bird.

THE old saw about the bird that dirtied its own nest has received a fresh illustration in Kilmarnock. Speaking there at a Gough meeting on Friday night, the Rev. Mr M'Queen, of St. Andrew's Free Church, declared that Kilmarnock was "one of the worst-cursed"—ye little fishes what a phrase—"towns in Scotland with public houses," and that "the magistrates in spite of a petition signed by every minister in the town"—save you St. Andrew!—"had been multiplying licensed houses, and that at the expense of a breach of faith on their part." This is the same reverend gentleman who recently refused to appear at a soiree because—Shah of Persia!—bills announcing the entertainment had been placed in a couple of public-house windows! To what a pass must "Auld Killie" have arrived when even its teetotalism can only find such a champion as this. There is, happily, however, some hope yet for Bailie M'Kie and his townsmen. On the night preceding this performance of Mr M'Queen, the Rev. John Patrick was ordained to the pastorate of Kilmarnock High church, on which occasion the statutory dinner was eaten, and testimony was borne by the Croupier to the fact that "never in Kilmarnock were the magisterial duties more dispassionately performed, or with a more sincere desire to promote the welfare of the community than now."

Presbyterian True Blew—As the organ blew in the Cathedral.

His Worship at Stratford-upon-Avon—"Then came each actor on his *ass*."

East Pollok-shields—Does it? Is it in the Provisional Regulation?

The "Bill" of the Play—The Divine Williams at Stratford.

A Case of "Take-in"—To the petty parasites.

The Light of Other Days—The Houses of Parliament's "lamps."

The Annexation Hills—Crosshill, Govanhill, and the "Hills" of Hutcheson's Hospital.

Just In—M'Carthy for Longford.

POT POOR, EH?—In these bad times the only folks who are still making "pots" are the hat manufacturers.

Corn in Egypt.—The Khedive's cross-grain.  
 An' Auld Frien' wi' a New Face—His Worship in new types.

A Court Martial.—A soldier's addresses.

## Quavers.

THE Catholic Choral Society had hardly as good an audience as their excellent music deserved, at their concert on Tuesday last. It was one encouragement, however, that the parts of the hall which were best filled were those where probably the most discriminative opinion would be found. Beethoven's great Mass in C, a work of the deepest religious feeling, calm and impassioned by turns, occasionally, too, bright and melodious beyond what we commonly associate with the master, as the "Hosanna in excelsis," for instance, was presented on the whole in a manner that left but very little to be desired. The soprano and alto voices were of excellent quality, and these important parts were most intelligently and effectively sustained. As much, however, cannot be said for the tenor and bass, which were somewhat disappointingly weak—if weak in numbers, rather more so, we thought, in respect of vigour. Another year, the balance of strength will be better no doubt, for this was the one defect on the occasion.

The solo in Hummel's "Alma Virgo," was really beautifully sung by a lady possessing a voice of very fine quality, and altogether the brilliant composition, not much heard apart from its place in the Latin Church services was done the fullest justice to. The orchestra led by Mr Cole performed its part well, and Mr M'Arde, evidently a very competent conductor, kept his forces well under command in what was far from easy music.

Henry Leslie's "Holyrood," produced at the Hillhead Society's concert on Thursday evening last, is not a great work by any means, but it is very pleasant music to listen to. One attraction is to be found in the variety of styles (of a period) introduced, the imitations though faithful, being by no means too archaic. The cantata consists of one scene, so to speak, and is rather effectively dramatic, Rizzio, John Knox, and Mary being well drawn. These characters, as well also as that of Mary Beatoun were well represented, and the chorus did its comparatively simple part carefully and pleasingly—excepting, however, in the Puritan Psalm, sung off the stage, as it were, and which is surely not intended to be burlesqued, as one would have judged it was meant to be, from the untruthful character of some of the singing in it. But taken altogether, this was one of the most pleasant concerts that the Hillhead Society—one of our most flourishing musical associations—has given for some time.

Ungracious though the remark may appear, it is pertinent here to say that where a work of the dramatic class noticed, be it large or small, is being performed, the presence of a visible conductor is somewhat of an artistic mistake. The illusion is certainly greatly interfered with; and, consistently with all needed guidance, the conductor should be as little observed as possible, or say, as little demonstrative in manner as possible.

The third concert of the Caledonian Railway Musical Society came off on Thursday evening last, with a very fair amount of artistic success. The tone of the society is a fortunate combination of maturity and freshness, and the essential element of ability, though as yet not exercised on very important music, is clearly present. Another season it would be well if something were studied of the cantata class, that there may be, for one thing, more of sustained interest; and perhaps, consequently, more of sympathy between the conductor and the choir than it appeared to one there is as yet. Mr Schob is a painstaking instructor, and deserves every encouragement at the hands of the society.

An organ recital with sacred vocal music interspersed was given in Queen's Park Established Church on Friday evening last, by Mr Fraser and members of the choir. As remarked recently this arrangement makes a very agreeable entertainment, and Mr Fraser's tasteful and effective manipulation of the organ was seen to advantage in choice selections from Wely, Hesse, Best, and Batiste, and in skilful adaptations from Haydn and Meyerbeer. The andante from the Surprise Symphony, and the Pastorale by "the Liverpool organist," with thunder storm effects, were evidently among the most highly appreciated of Mr Fraser's solos, but the "Concert Fantasia" by Hesse, though not much cared for, apparently, was equally worthy of praise. The choir,

at present on a very satisfactory basis, made an excellent appearance, and were well kept together by the organ merely—something of a risk for the most part at a concert. Among the vocal selections may be noted a Magnificat by Dr Peace, "I will lift up mine eyes," (one of Dr Clark Whitfield's ever welcome compositions,) and the graceful anthem "O Taste and See," by Sir John Goss.

The St. George's Select Choir is evidently a great favourite at Maryhill. A largely attended concert was again given by the society in the Burgh Hall there on Tuesday evening, the 15th inst. Two new choral arrangements were presented for the first time—Mr Seligmann's "Flowers of the Forest" (modern set), and Mr Moodie's "Kate Dalrymple,"—and both proved highly successful.

The St. George's Select Choir sing very sweetly indeed, but they are especially successful in arrangements of Scotch melodies. The tone is fresh and tuneful in all the parts, the expression is easy, natural, and piquant, and, what is of importance, the enunciation is clear. The fact that so experienced a judge of choral singing as Mr Seligmann should have thought the choir worthy his writing for it, is a proof of the position it is entitled to take. Mr Seligmann's "O wha's at the window," "The Flowers of the Forest," and "Braw, braw lads," were as chastely rendered (at the concert of this society on Saturday night) as they are chaste in arrangement.

At this concert Signor Valcheri made a hit with Wallace's "Bell-ringer." It fits perfectly to his style, and, despite a cold, could not have been better sung. Mr Turnbull accompanied throughout the evening.

The formal grand inauguration of the Cathedral Organ is now fixed to take place on Saturday week. The Choral Union are to take part, and will aid in the production of Dr Peace's music to Psalm 138th (English Prayer-book version), which was written for his degree of Bachelor of Music, and is fittingly in the programme. Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer," and the late Dr S. S. Wesley's "Wilderness" anthem, are the other principal works to be performed—the latter with the organ part, which is a special feature of the anthem, though usually absent.

Mr Lambeth's next subscription concert is fixed for Thursday, 1st May. The programme will chiefly consist of old English madrigals. Mr Lambeth's attainments as a pianist are comparatively unknown. He is nevertheless a most accomplished player, and if we mistake not it was in the capacity of solo pianist that he made his first bow to a Glasgow audience, now many years ago. He will play a solo at this concert, and a duet with Mr Cornwall.

A concert is to be given to-night by the Trinity U.P. Church Musical Association, Greenock. Mendelssohn's 43rd Psalm, some other selections from that composer, an infusion of Handel (somewhat considerable), with extracts from Spohr, Costa, and others, are submitted, and will constitute a by no means hackneyed programme.

A concert is to take place in Cathcart Free Church on Monday night next. Dr Clarke Whitfield's Service in E is to be sung, along with some lighter sacred music. This Service is but little heard, chiefly perhaps because the "verse" portions are for alto, tenor, and bass, like numerous other Services of the kind; but much grand music is thus lost sight of, and needlessly, surely.

A correspondent writes:—"If Edinburgh has of late been deprived of the opportunity of listening to the lyric drama as rendered by professional exponents, the local amateurs seem to have determined to fill the gap. Following close upon the recent performance of Flotow's "Stradella," we had a "Comic Amateur Opera Company" presenting on Saturday last (12th inst.), to a crowded house, a performance of "H. M. S. Pinafore," such as a professional troupe need not blush to own. Among a great deal that merits praise we may particularise the singing of the young lady filling the part of *Little Buttercup*, also of that of the gentleman representing *Ralph Rackstraw*. The chorus was particularly good, and the whole performance reflected great credit upon the conductor, Mr Carl D. Hamilton."

It is rumoured that an amateur operatic company is to be organised for Glasgow next season.



Our Sermons.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE is one of those rare men whose every utterance is worth listening to. It may be impossible always to agree with his remarkably out-spoken opinions about men and things—indeed the genial Professor does not always agree even with himself—but at all events his speeches never fail to be witty and suggestive. At a dinner of the Argyleshire Society one night last week he had to deal with that very knotty subject, the clergy, and in doing so he expressed the warmest sympathy for the unfortunate men who were compelled to prepare two sermons every week. Now it seems to the BAILIE that in this matter he took quite an erroneous view of the question. The Professor evidently looks upon the church-going public as a spiritually insatiable monster demanding its two sermons a week, in the same methodical way that St. George's fabled dragon insisted on a fresh maiden for breakfast every morning. So far as the BAILIE'S observation goes, the very reverse is the case. Rather does the clergyman, like the Ancient Mariner, fix his congregation with his glittering eye, and proceed to force his theological preparation down their yawning and unwilling throats for forty, fifty, or sixty minutes. Indeed the weather-beaten old bore of Coleridge's poem had a better excuse for his conduct, insomuch as he had a most novel and startling communication to make to which at any less pre-occupied moment the wedding guest would have eagerly listened. Can as much be said of ninety-nine out of a hundred of the sermons with which the walls of our churches re-echo Sunday after Sunday. The truth is that, as a means of touching the public conscience or reaching the public heart, the sermon has lost much of its efficacy. Cheap publications, the printing press, and the gradual spread of education have all played a part in undermining its once legitimate influence. The pulpit is no longer the only channel through which the common people can obtain counsel, reproof, or instruction; and if our pastors find the labour of preaching too oppressive, they have the remedy in their own hands. Let them deliver shorter—or if need be, fewer—sermons, and nine-tenths of their hearers will heave a heartfelt sigh of relief.

Hamilton Nimmo's "Creep afore ye gang," "Let me ken hoo the Bairns are at Hame," "Hoo can ye gang Laddie," and "Crocket Bawbee," are the popular modern Scotch Songs and duets.—H. NIMMO, Ayr, and all Music Sellers, 1s 6d and 2s, nett.

A Celtic Chair.

DEAR BAILIE,—What she'll spoke now will pe a gran' secret, as some of the lads would know if it was not ferry quiet to her two selves. Pressor Blackie, you know, will pe want a gran' old chair for ta Museum, a Celtic chair, and the one I have wis my guid brither's cousin's aunty in Lochaber, is the fery sing for the place. My latey frien' wha'll hae ta chair—praw, praw chair wisout nails—will tell the Pressor fery much about the rely rature wisout any imposture forby. She will tell all the honourable shentlemens that will have rested forby on its seat, whateffer, from Seizer the Roman down to last week's "Man you Know."

Be so kind, BAILIE, to your auld frien' Achray, as make a spoke to Pressor Blackie, and when she'll get the soosans of pounds, she'll arrange wis you whateffer. I am always in ta polis forse, and can get my character for peing the civil and obliging in the hole forse, any of the stupe lads you'll write about not peing at all me whateffer.

My chair is just as coot for the money as all the other ole chairs in the heelants twice more and more, pecause it has got all the flavour of all the gran' poet mans that sang since Ossian was a boy. Pressor just will stick ta phonograph on it like a limpet, and be ferry attention wis his own lug, when ta frozen—ta latent—music of Fingal will pring out his twelve sousan, wisout any humbug as well.

Your honourable Worship's spoke will pe a grand philosopher's stone, and maybe you'll be as kind for any bluid relashun whateffer, and I will pe always as well, your fery much—no more at presen'—always I will be yours whateffer more and more fery much.

ACHRAY M'TAVISH, X. 71.

CROSSHILL AND GOVANHILL.

Unhappy twain, with cares of state new-fangled,  
With civic honours all of late bespangled,  
Now round and round in cord of fate entangled,  
Two helpless babes who but await being strangled.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

Man Jock, whan 'ye gaun tae pay me the hauf-croon I lent ye last fair Setterday?  
Weel, the fac' is, Lauchie, it's me lang syne that I thoct fair shane tae pay ye.

Bric-a-Brac—Its value seems sometimes to be in rather its antiquity, or its unquity than its beauty.

A Wife a Salt.—Lot's direlect.

THE  
SIXTY SHILLINGS

SCOTCH TWEED SUIT

HAS BEEN A PROMINENT FEATURE in our Business since we commenced the Clothing Trade, and has not, as some might suppose, been introduced to suit the present depressed times. The scheme has been an undoubted success from the first and, in order that that may be fully maintained, we mean more than ever to give the best possible value. Gentlemen who have not yet favoured us with a trial, and who understand the advantage of *Cash Payments* for their Clothing will, we can assure them, be more than satisfied should they favour us with their Orders.

FORSYTH,  
CLOTHIER, HOSIER, & SHIRTMAKER,  
5 AND 7 RENFIELD STREET.

LE JOURNAL AMUSANT.

A SPECIAL NUMBER of this Popular Illustrated Paper of Paris Now Ready, Price 6d. The Illustrations are devoted entirely to humorous sketches in Glasgow and Edinburgh viewed from a French light by the well-known French Artist, Mars.

To be had only at A. F. SHARP & CO., News and Advertising Agents, 14 Royal Exchange Square, Glasgow. Orders must be sent early.

OVERCOATS.

A "SPECIALITY."

ONE GUINEA AND UPWARDS.

IN THESE TIMES OF STRICTEST ECONOMY we may be permitted to remind Gentlemen that our Stock of *OVERCOATS* (for immediate wear) is beyond question the Largest in the City, while it has never been surpassed in any former season for the beauty and variety of the Colourings and Cloth.

We again invite special attention to the fact that all our Overcoats are Cut, Made, and Trimmed by ourselves in all respects as if Made to Order, and are consequently infinitely superior to the English slop-made Goods usually sold in the Trade.

For the benefit of Gentlemen who prefer having their Overcoats Made to Order, we may state that our Stock embraces a Choice Variety of Cloths, in every Shade and Colour suitable for this Season.

FORSYTH,  
MERCHANT TAILOR,  
5 AND 7 RENFIELD STREET.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

HENRY THOMSON & CO'S

OLD

IRISH WHISKY.

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CONSISTING OF

COSTUMES, JACKETS, DRESSING, GOWNS, MORNING WRAPPERS,  
SKIRTS, MILLINERY, JUVENILE COSTUMES,  
LADIES' UNDERCLOTHING,  
LACE CURTAINS, JAPANESE CURTAINS,  
CRETONNES, TABLE LINEN, SHEETINGS, &c., &c.;

ALSO,

Sale of several Tons Weight of WAX FLOOR CLOTH, at nearly Half-price.

MESSRS COPLAND & LYE announce the Sale of their Splendid Stock of London and Paris Costumes, Jackets, and Dressing Gowns, which for Style, Quality, and extremely Moderate Prices, are unequalled either in or out of London. Free invitation to Ladies who are desirous of inspecting the most Fashionable and Recherche Goods of the day. Special attention is directed to the extraordinary Stock of Dress Goods now Showing in the Caledonian House, comprising all the Novelties of the Season, and yet at prices that are really astonishing. The Caledonian House is filled with extraordinary Bargains, so that Ladies can never do wrong by taking a leisurely inspection of the many Rare Lots always on View.

COPLAND & LYE,

CALEDONIAN HOUSE, 165 AND 167 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

**WIT, WISDOM, AND PATHOS**, from the Prose of HEINRICH HEINE, with a few pieces from the "Book of Songs" Selected and Translated by J. Snodgrass.

"The Translator appears to have quite caught Heine's mode of thought and his turns of expression—quaint, droll, swift, and scathing by turns."—*Glasgow Herald*.

"A welcome, distinct, and valuable addition to British literature."—*Inverness Courier*.

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DAVISON'S  
**CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE  
GINGER BEER.**

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND; WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC.  
As Supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

THOMAS DAVISON,  
DISPENSING CHEMIST,  
126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

# The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23rd, 1879.

THE hour for the payment of the second call by the City of Glasgow shareholders and trustees has now struck, and with it has come the crisis in their fortunes. What is to be the upshot of it all? Will the ruin be universal? Is there no hope even for the more wealthy of the sufferers? The position of both shareholders and trustees has certainly not been improved one bit by the conduct of those friends who have rushed into print and expended the worst words in their vocabulary upon the liquidators and the creditors at large. Were we to listen to the excited letters and leaders in the papers we would necessarily set down the City Bank depositors as a set of out and out harpies. To judge from the writings of these sentimental twaddlers one would think that the losses incurred by the Bank ought to fall upon the depositors, and that the shareholders—the people who put Lewis Potter & Co. into a position of trust, and accepted the large dividends these worthies chose to pay—were the folk who ought to go scot-free. The injury this has done to the shareholders ought to be patent to the meanest understanding. It has hardened the hearts of creditors who had it in their power to make some deduction in their claims. But it has

done worse than this. The great Banking Corporations of Scotland, the Companies who have divided among them the £70,000 per annum which was formerly earned by the City Bank, and whose very life, moreover, depends, in a great measure, upon the "City" depositors being paid in full, have been allowed to escape, without assisting the shareholders with a single penny. What was necessary in the circumstances of the case before any "Aid scheme" was started, and assuredly before Mr WYLIE GUILD and his brother bunglers had proposed to pay the holders of the acceptances of the Bank, and the other Scotch Banks, in full, was to find out what these Scotch Banks were willing to give for the business that had fallen to them, business which, long before the real position of the City Bank was made known, they had manifested such a discreditable eagerness to pick up. The paid-up capital of the nine Scotch Banks amounts to over eight and a-half millions sterling, and if, out of this, they were to give a million towards assisting the City Bank shareholders, the money would certainly, looking even to their own interests, be well spent. Is it too late to move in this matter? Must the proprietors of the City Bank drown without their brethren who own the shares of the other Banks north of the Tweed extending even a finger to help them? Let there be an end once and for all of the vituperation of the liquidators and depositors, let us hear no more of Aid schemes that will aid nobody, let the poorer creditors be no longer insulted by proposals that they should give up a sixth of their claims while wealthy bill-brokers and successful Banks are to be paid to the last penny; but let public opinion be brought to bear, first of all upon the Banks who are enormous gainers by the fall of the "City," and afterwards upon Corporations like the Free Church who have money in the "City" coffers on deposit, and it will be hard if, between these two sources, the weight of the burden which is crushing the contributories to the City Bank Liquidation to the ground, is not very materially lightened.

Three hundred employers petitioned the magistrates last week to reduce the number of public-houses. It was coolly said of these gentlemen that they "represented sixty-six thousand employees." "Misrepresented," rather, his Worship would say, knowing, as he does, the average workman's liquor-loving propensities.

A "Scratch Crew."—Imps of darkness.

## What the Folks are Saying.

THAT Lord Provost Collins is losing strength at every succeeding meeting of the Council.

That there is far too much talk and too little work at the Council meetings.

That the lawyers are going in for robes.

That some of their clients think they always went in for rob(b)ing.

That the bar is to be cleared of would-be law agents by a barrel of whisky being placed at the disposal of these worthies.

That maybe others than the "would-be law agents" might nose the "cratur" "as they went up the lobby."

That the tussle for the Scottish Football Cup resulted in a tie.

That this means another "big gate."

That the funds of the Association must be in a healthy condition.

That a Sunday 'bus has started to run to Crosshill.

That it runs all day.

That this is what has come of the Sabbatarian agitation.

That "Granny" is very heavy on the "Irrepressible."

That the "Irrepressible" has an organ of his own.

That the "Irrepressible," like Mr Owen, is a man of figures.

That Mr Glen Collins is annoyed at being coupled with Mr Long.

That Mr Long is perfectly wild at being classed with the "Irrepressible."

That the letter writers on the City Bank question are growing tired at last.

That they have done serious injury to the poor shareholders.

That we are having March winds when we should be getting April showers.

That the Trades' Council propose to support a "travelling exponent of unionism."

That there will be a keen contest for the job.

That the Building Regulations have gone to the wall.

That they were Mr W. R. W. Smith's pets.

That in his "yarn" on their support before the Sheriff, he declared he was a "merchant."

That in cross examination he modified himself to a "yarn merchant."

That his public "yarns" are costly to the community.

That they are rather fine spun, and are apt to come to grief in the weaving.

That Mr W. R. W. Smith should rest content with his efforts in dry sewage.

## Megilp.

MR DENOVAN ADAM was lately staying at the new Hydropathic establishment, Conishead Priory, near Ulverston, and got some sketching done.

By the way, I hear glowing accounts of this Conishead Priory. It is a place landscape painters ought to visit. It is situated close to magnificent scenery—and scenery with which I don't think our Scotch artists are sufficiently well acquainted. The English Lake district has a distinct character of its own, because it is largely composed of hills and dales and water; those who have not seen it must not for a moment imagine it is only a reduced copy of the Scotch Highlands.

The artists are going off in search of sketching weather, not in battalions, but in single spies. Mr Wellwood Rattray is away this week to Dollar.

Mr J. G. Whyte's water colour "Cineraria," in the Institute, is a very effective bit of flower painting. In Miss Lily Blatherwick's decorative studies of red and white poppies there are graceful design and good drawing. Miss Anderson's "Tar and Feather" is a clever study.

In Miss Greenlees' "Showery Day" there is a good effect of cloud and light.

Among the pictures not to be passed over in the Institute are Mr John Guthrie's "Quaint old Fishing Village," and Mr Walton's "Hill Road" and "Carting from the Shore."

The Institute Exhibition will close on Monday, 28th current, the Art Needlework Exhibition on Saturday next.

There are some excellent examples of Mr Alexander Fraser in Messrs Kay & Reid's Exhibition, and two or three little works by Mr W. D. M'Kay in his best manner. His "Harvest-time" may be particularly mentioned. "Coming Home," by E. V. D. Meer is very tender and impressive from its simple truth.

From a friend who has been in London I hear that Mr Orchardson's principal Academy picture, a gambling scene of the time of last century, is exceedingly fine.

Mr Frank Dicksee, the painter of "Harmony" has sent an admirable picture. The subject is taken from "Evangeline," and the work, it is prophesied, will win for him his Associateship.

Mr R. W. Macbeth will be, it is said, very strong. Mr Seymour Lucas' chief contribution will be a scene during the Gordon Riots, and Mr Basil Bradley's an important picture entitled "Blossoms."

"The Blacksmith's Daughter" and "Oranges and Lemons"—the old-fashioned game children play at—have been sent by Mr J. E. Christie.

Mr Fred Morgan's recent death has caused deep sorrow to all who knew him. As an artist he possessed qualities that would certainly, had he been spared, have gained for him Academical honours. His work was thoroughly healthy and natural, and he had a true appreciation of the colour and quiet home feeling of English landscape. "These lazy men," the only canvas by him in our present Institute Exhibition, I have already spoken of. It is a capital little picture.

To his widow—better known to the public as Miss Alice Havers—has fallen the melancholy duty of completing for the approaching Academy Exhibition, the pictures he left unfinished. Mrs Morgan is herself an artist of no mean power; she possesses a graceful touch and true poetic sympathies. "June" is the only example we have from her easel in our present Institute Exhibition.

Mr George E. Ewing leaves for America on Thursday first. The last days of his stay in this country have been mainly occupied by him in putting into clay—that is, not dead but living—the features of several of his friends. Among the most successful of these busts are one or two of ladies, and, of course, children. The good wishes of all his brethren, literary and artistic, go with him across the Atlantic.

The Scottish *Widdows* Fund—The pockets of the benighted Dundonians.

A Zu-luogical Garden—The Cape at present

What the Greenock Folk are Saying.

THAT the imperious Chairman could not understand why there should be any feeling against him.

That it is only necessary to read his self-sufficient I.I.I. speeches to understand the reason why.

That he had not much to boast of in accepting the seat on sufferance from his henchman.

That the grocer was too pawky to risk offending his Free Kirk customers by snubbing his chief.

That he took care, however, to pay a heavy back-handed compliment to his bumptiousness.

That the parsons displayed their usual narrow-mindedness.

That better things were expected of Peter.

That John's tender regard for the feelings of his absent brother of the cloth was quite affecting.

That the Provost must have a choice collection of "drunk" specimens to be able to cap Gough as he did.

A New Song to an Old Tune.

Tune—"Yankee Doodle."

MOLLY CODDLE is my name,

There's nae use in denying,

That I am ane o' them the game

O' "short time" hae been trying;

But Meg, my wife, for sentiment

She doesna care a boddle,

She says I'm getting to be kent

As a reg'lar Molly Coddle.

The very weans oot on the street,

Although they scarce can toddle,

Dance roun' aboot me when we meet

Crying "Molly Coddle."

The 'ither day, heth, 'twas nae joke,

As I'm a leevin' sinner,

I totted hame at ane o'clock

To get a bit o' dinner.

"You here, preseive us!" quo the wife,

"I'm late, but no my faut 'tis;

Hae, Jenny, gie yer dad the knife,

He'll maybe scrape the taties."

Indeed the weans, &c.

"Hoot toot! gude wife," says I, "ye ken,

I've joined the noble movement

That gie's to a' us working men

Time for oor mind's improvement."

"Gae wa'," quo she, "yer ord'nar way

Micht unco weel content ye,

If ye'd come hame as ye should dae,

Ye've time for that in plenty."

An' sure the weans, &c.

I ate my dinner in the dumps

An' doon the stair went skelping,

I doot the bairns got twa three thumps

That set them a' a yelping.

When passing by, wha did I meet

But auld Matthias Maither,

A body weel kent in oor street,

For losh, he's Maggie's faither.

The weans are mischievous beside,

Although they scarce can toddle,

They bawl to me on every side

"Here comes a Molly Coddle."

"Dauvit," says he, "ye're awfu' wrang,

Ye've surely lost yer senses,

That shabby crew ye've got amang

Will land ye in expenses;

Ye've joined yersells the men to rob,

That gie ye a' yer leevin',

Ye: lauch an' think it a fine job—

To me it looks like theevin'.

Indeed the weans, &c.

"Yer faither worked frae licht to dark,

Nor ony hardship thocht it,

He got his wage for a day's wark,

An' honestly he wrocht it;

Ye're a' wi' pride gaun to the bad,

Ye're surely quite dimentit—

Ye'll need to change yer tune, my lad,

Or sorely ye'll repent it."

The very weans, &c.

Auld Mat was richt, there's been a stop

To a' oor great pretending,

We're daily filling the "big shop"

Wi' nae prospect o't encing—

For Maggie an' the bairns I'll see

Nae langer that they suffer,

I'll shake mysel' frae "short time" free

Nor langer be a duffer.

An' sine the weans 'll quat their pranks

Nor bother their wee noddles,

When ance they ken I've left the ranks

O' lazy Molly Coddles.

Lemon-aid to Sir Stafford.

THE ingenious medical friend of the BAILIE whose tent is erected in Airdrie, and who proposed the other evening that a duty should be levied upon lemonade, has "struck ile," for why should not also teetotallers contribute indirectly towards the revenue of the country? The hint may not only be taken by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but perhaps also followed, and the day may not be remote when the "occupiers" of Coffee Palaces and British Workmen Public-houses may have to appear before their Honours as "applicants." "Drink" is a luxury, and why should one section of the community enjoy its luxury duty-free, and not another?

HIS FIRST TRANSACTION.

(Scene—Bank counter; small boy timidly pushes in a cheque.)

Teller.—What'll you take it in?

Small Boy (humbly).—Please, sir, I'll just take it in my hand, i've nothing else with me!

Teller.—Large or sm—bah, there!

A BONE OF CONTENTION—There are cases, odd as it may seem, in which a man has to choose between breaking one of his ribs, or being broken by it. It is, of course, always his "spare rib" which thus tries a fall with him.

For the Marines—How to "make" the Sound of Mull—Tap your snuff box.

What the Catholics of Dundee seem intent on committing—Frater-icide.

A Foreign Policy—An insurance effected abroad.

A True Sign of Mourning—A Black Eye.

Suspense Accounts—Marwood's bills.

## Oor Jeems's Latest Role.

IT is long since the melancholy Jacques took occasion to remark that one man in his time plays many parts, and Oor Jeems is exemplifying the correctness of the observation in his own case. In his capacity of Councillor he has long done the local state service in the way of making sport for the Philistines, the other day he got hoisted high into the School Board, which makes us hopeful for the next three years or thereby, and this week he poses as a patron of pedestrianism. There is going on, over in the Gorbals, one of those intellectual exhibitions where two or more men keep walking on, for a wager, for a week on end, or till exhausted nature breaks down; and at the top of the posters announcing the affair it is very conspicuously stated that it is "Under the patronage of Councillor James Martin." Some less advanced minds might possibly see some incongruity in a member of the Glasgow School Board driving over from a meeting of the same to lend the light of his countenance to a match of professional "ped" for money. A word of explanation, however, puts the thing in a proper light. The fact is that Jeems proposes commencing forthwith to advocate with all his well-known might the introduction of "athletics" as a branch of education in the Board Schools; and this mixing himself up with the walking match is doubtless with a view to acquire a few useful wrinkles—1 short to get himself into training for intelligently carrying out his project at the Board.

## A TIP-PICAL YOUTH.

(Scene—Board School; teacher exhibiting the intelligence of his pupils in presence of members of the Board.)

*Teacher* (encouragingly)—Now then, can any boy tell me where Coomassie is?

*Intelligent Boy* (whose father reads the *Sportsman*)—Please, sir, in his kennel—sprained his leg in the frost, sir. (Sensation!)

*Teacher* (blushingly)—Who was the conqueror at Waterloo?

*Intelligent Boy* (proudly)—Please, sir, Mister-ton. (Agitation!!)

*Teacher* (deploringly)—And what effect had this upon commerce?

*Intelligent Boy* (triumphantly)—Please, sir, Commerce was the runner-up; 2 to 1 offered on his last course. (Consternation!!!)

[After the deputation leave that intelligent boy is subjected to a warming operation without the aid of a fire.]

## Nautical Questions.

WHEN a heavy sea runs high would you expect a light-house to be brought low?

What sort of time-piece is the dog watch?

Do rats avoid the cat-head?

When a sailor tips his flipper does his money change hands?

Did you ever behold an arm of the sea encircling the waste of waters?

Of what build is the tug of war?

When sailors are right out at sea, can they be wrong in the main?

Would you say a seaman given to marine proverbs and deep sayings was fond of a sea-saw?

Is the ship's waist the proper place for her stays?

In hugging the shore does a vessel lay hold of a neck of land?

Are Mother Carey's chickens kept in the hen-coops under hatches?

OUR OLD "NO-BILL"-ITY—On the Tron steeple there is painted in letters surely large and distinct enough, "Bills Strictly Prohibited." Alongside of this is a bill advertising the letting of the seats of the City churches. After this, the BAILIE will not be surprised to hear the bill poster exclaim, "What you teach me I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction." Example is better than precept.

Parisian burglars and footpads are now known as "Social democrats." Cannot their Glasgow brethren hit upon some equally euphonious title? How would "Ratepayers' candidates" do?

## BANK CURREN(T)CY.

*Bauldie*—I know a bank whereon the wild time flows.

*Peter*—"Time flows," Bauldie?

*Bauldie*—Aye, Pete, if it's a "liquid-date."

A "Killing" Necktie.—Marwood's hempen choker.

A Straight Tip.—The end of a Grecian nose  
A depositor's comment on the last City Bank scheme—Oh, Guiley Wild! oh, Wily Gild!!

The best going Clock in the City—"Grandfather's."

AT ONE FELL SWOOP—*Macduff*.—The liquidators cannot be said to have moderated their "call."

The Right Man in the Right Place—Tawse in the Edinburgh School Board.

A KNOCK TURN BY WHISTLER.—As Asinus said, when he heard the little Arab giving "Grandfather's Clock" a turn upon his whistle.

**MR H. A. LAMBETH'S CHOIR.**

THIRD SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT,  
QUEEN'S ROOMS,  
THURSDAY, 1ST MAY, 1879.

Prices—Reserved Seats, 5s; Balconies and Raised Side Seats, (Reserved) 3s; Second Seats, Area, 2s; Admission, 1s.  
Doors Open at 7. Concert at 8.

Plan of Reserved Seats at Messrs J. Muir Wood & Co., where places may be secured. Tickets may also be had from the principal Musicsellers.

**NEW PUBLIC HALLS.**

DR PEACE'S *LAST ORGAN RECITAL* for the Season, on SATURDAY, 26TH INST.

Tickets of Messrs J. Muir Wood & Co.

**GLASGOW AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.**

The TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL SHOW of AYRSHIRE CATTLE, CLYDESDALE HORSES, and IMPLEMENTS will be held on the GLASGOW GREEN, on WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, 7TH and 8TH MAY, 1879.

Last Day for Receiving Entries for Cattle, &c., 23rd April.  
Entry Schedules may be had on application to the Secretary.  
MARK MARSHALL, Secy.

145 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow, 26th March, 1879.

**IMPORTANT TO PORT CONNOISSEURS.**

Estate of the late Robert Graham, Esq.

On Wednesday, 30th April, at the Mart, 7 West Nile Street.

**SALE OF**

CELLAR OF WINES,  
100 Dozen OLD VINTAGE PORTS.  
65 " OLD SHERRIES, etc., etc.

(That belonged to the late Robert Graham, Esq.)

HUTCHISON & DIXON have received instructions from the representatives of the late Robert Graham, Esq., to Sell as above, commencing at 12 o'clock, including in

PORTS—WG 3, 1860, RG, 1861; RG (within diamond) Crown;  
VE VB RG  
RG, 1858, RG, SA, Velho, &c., &c.

SHERRIES—RG DS Palmer, P & S, 1870.  
EFS, H.C.W., 1869,  
&c., &c.

Particulars in Catalogues to be had from the Auctioneers Six Days prior to Sale, or will be forwarded free upon application.  
Samples may be tasted on Morning of Sale.

**T H E G A I E T Y .**

Proprietor and Manager,.....Mr C. BERNARD.  
MR CHARLES CALVERT  
In Two of his Greatest Impersonations,  
CARDINAL WOLSEY AND CAPTAIN CUTTLE.  
This and Every Evening,  
Doors Open at 6.30. Curtain Rising at 7.30.

**INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS,**

CORPORATION GALLERIES,  
SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

EXHIBITION OF  
PAINTINGS, SCULPTURE, & C.  
LAST WEEK.

Day Admission, Nine till Five, .....1s.  
Evening ,, Six till Ten,.....6d.

Musical Promenades every Saturday from Two till Four.

**CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.**

LAST CONCERT OF THE SEASON.  
ALLAN RAMSAY'S "GENTLE SHEPHERD,"  
IN CHARACTER.

This beautiful Scotch Pastoral, which was received with so much Enthusiasm on 1st March, at the request of many who were then present, and others who were absent, it has been resolved to repeat at this, the Last Concert of the Season.

SATURDAY, 26TH APRIL, 1879.

To Conclude with

HUMOROUS SONGS, AND OTHER SELECTIONS; Also,  
Mr W. S. VALLANCE

Has kindly consented to Read  
BURNS' "TAM O' SHANTER."

Mr F. W. BRIDGMAN, - - - - - Pianist.

Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats on Side Galleries, 2s.

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On Label Cork

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HIGH-CLASS PAINTINGS  
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WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS,

Including  
An Important Work, "SURREY LANE SCENE,"  
By J. E. MEADOWS.  
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A Capital Work, "THE FIRST-BORN,"  
By J. H. HAYNES.  
And Works by Artists of merit.  
BY AUCTION.

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Catalogues in preparation.  
**J. & R. EDMISTON**, Auctioneers.

TO PARTIES FURNISHING AND OTHERS.

Within Sale-Rooms, 14 Gordon Street, Glasgow, on Wednesday, 23rd April, at 12 o'clock.

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MIRRORS,

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On View with Catalogues Day prior to Sale.

IMPORTANT SALE OF JEWELLERY.

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SALE, BY PUBLIC AUCTION, OF  
JEWELLER AND WATCHMAKER'S STOCK,  
Valued at £1750.  
CONSISTING OF

Gentlemen's Gold English Lever Watches (by John Forrest, Flynn, and other Eminent Makers), Ladies' English Lever and Geneva Watches, English Lever Hunters' and Keyless Watches, Gent.'s 15 and 18 Carat Gold Albert Chains, Ladies' Gold Guard Chains, Elegant Suites of Gold Brooches and Earrings, Beautiful Gold and Diamond Lockets and Bracelets, Suites of Gold and Diamond Studs, Solitaires, and Links, Scarf Rings and Pins, Ladies' Half-Hoop Diamond Rings, Gent.'s Single-Stone Diamond Rings, Ladies' Gold Jewel Rings, Set with Rubies, Amethysts, Pearls, Turquoise Emeralds, Garnets, &c., &c.; Magnificent Bronzes in Groups and Single Figures, Opera and Marine Glasses, a Quantity of Electro-Plated Goods of the Finest Quality, comprising Dinner and Dessert Spoons and Forks, Toddy Ladles, Salt and Mustard Spoons, &c., &c.; also, a Gentleman's Gold Lever Watch and Albert Chain, and Three Rings.

(Which belonged to a Gentleman deceased, and Sold by order of the Executors).

**BROWN & LOWDEN** are favoured with instructions to Sell the above, by Auction, within their Rooms, 14 Gordon Street, on Thursday and Friday, 24th and 25th April, at 12 o'clock each Day.  
On View, with Catalogues, on day prior to Sale.

SPECIAL REALISING SALE OF  
ALL KINDS OF HOUSE AND  
OFFICE FURNITURE, MIRRORS,  
CARPETS, CURTAINS, BEDDING,  
UPHOLSTERY, &c.—PRICES UN-  
PRECEDENTED FOR CHEAP-  
NESS—AT A. GARDNER & SONS,  
CABINETMAKERS AND UPHOL-  
STERERS, 36 JAMAICA STREET.

At 184 Sauchiehall Street, on Wednesday, 30th April.

PUBLIC SALE OF  
RARE ORIENTAL CHINA.

Sevres and Dresden China. Bronze Statuettes and Groups, Ivory Carvings, Silk Scarfs, Oil Paintings, Line Engravings, and Bric-a-Brac.  
(Which belonged to the late Mr Peter Monteith, Auctioneer).

**ROBERT M'TEAR & CO.**, have received instructions from the Trustees, to Sell the above, by Auction, at 184 Sauchiehall Street, on Wednesday, 30th April, at Twelve o'clock.

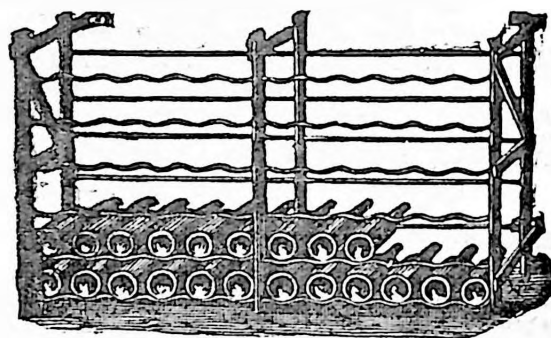
Particulars in Catalogues, which are in preparation.  
Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 21st April, 1879.

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The Choice Variety for this High-class SCOTCH TWEED SUIT excels that of any former Season, and our facilities for making up are as perfect as it is possible to make them.

HUGH MORRISON.

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Every Article required in the game of Cricket always kept in Stock. Bats, Balls, Stumps, Legguards, Gauntlets, &c.

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TO THE  
INHABITANTS OF GLASGOW AND SUBURBS.

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Is now supplying J. & R. TENNENT'S NEW SEASON'S EXPORT BEER AND STOUT, in fine condition, in his Patent Stoneware Casks. One trial solicited to prove their excellence. The Casks contain 4½ Gallons each, are fitted with Lock Taps, and are unsurpassed for cleanliness, convenience, and economy.

OBSERVE.—No charge is made for their use, they are delivered several miles free of extra charge, and the empties collected without trouble to purchasers.

F. M'D.'s STANDARD AERATED WATERS are so carefully prepared that they are becoming a household word.

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Beer and Stout, 7s per Cask, or 2s 3d per Dozen Pints.  
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TERMS CASH. Empties to be returned within two months.

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THE BRIDGE HOTEL,  
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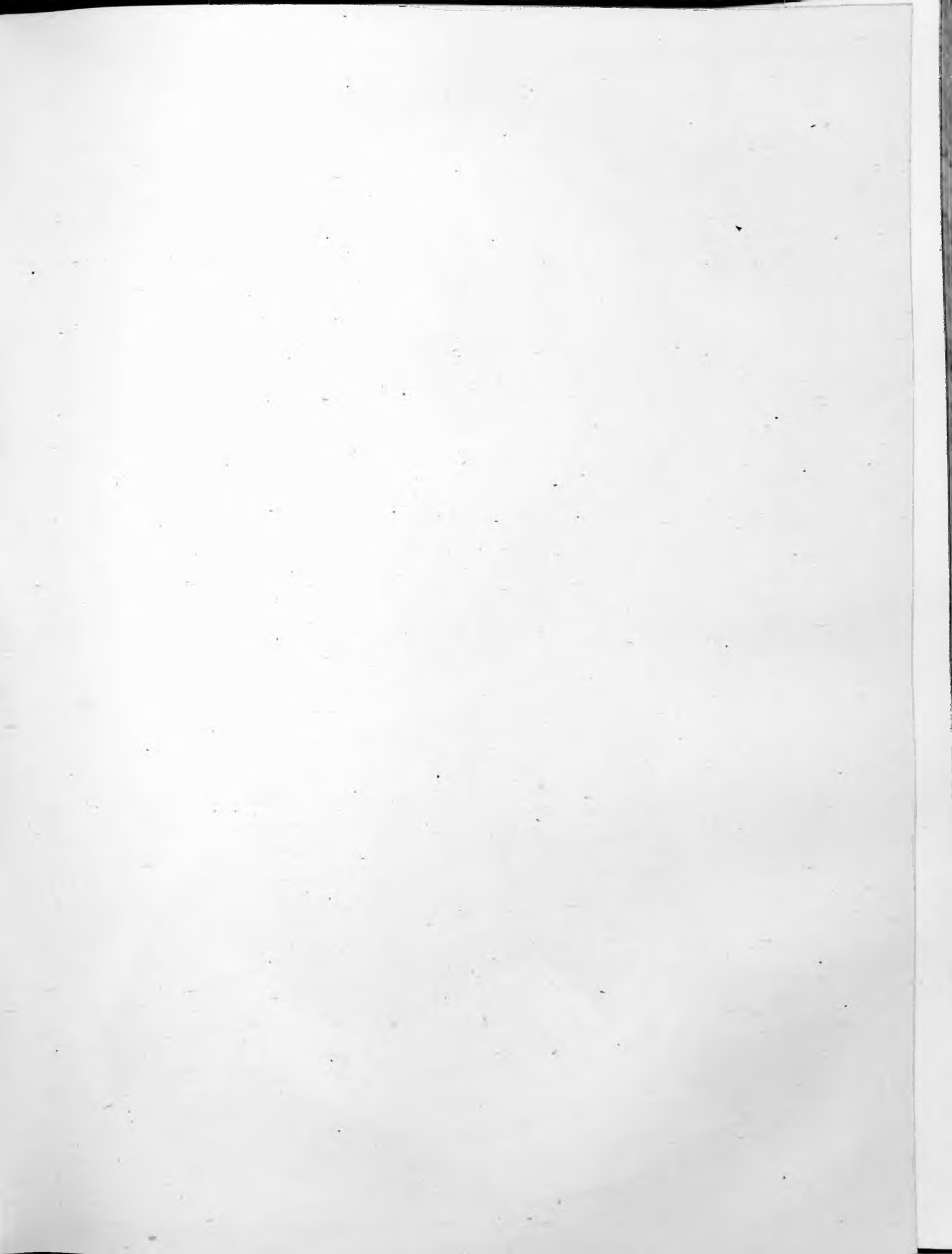
This Old Established House, adjoining the Waverley Station, and opposite General Post Office, affords first-class accommodation for Commercial Gentlemen and others visiting the City (either on business or pleasure), having recently undergone extensive alterations and additions; entirely re-decorated and furnished in the most approved manner. Parties honouring the "BRIDGE" with their patronage will find every comfort, combined with cleanliness and attention. Cheerful Sitting-rooms.

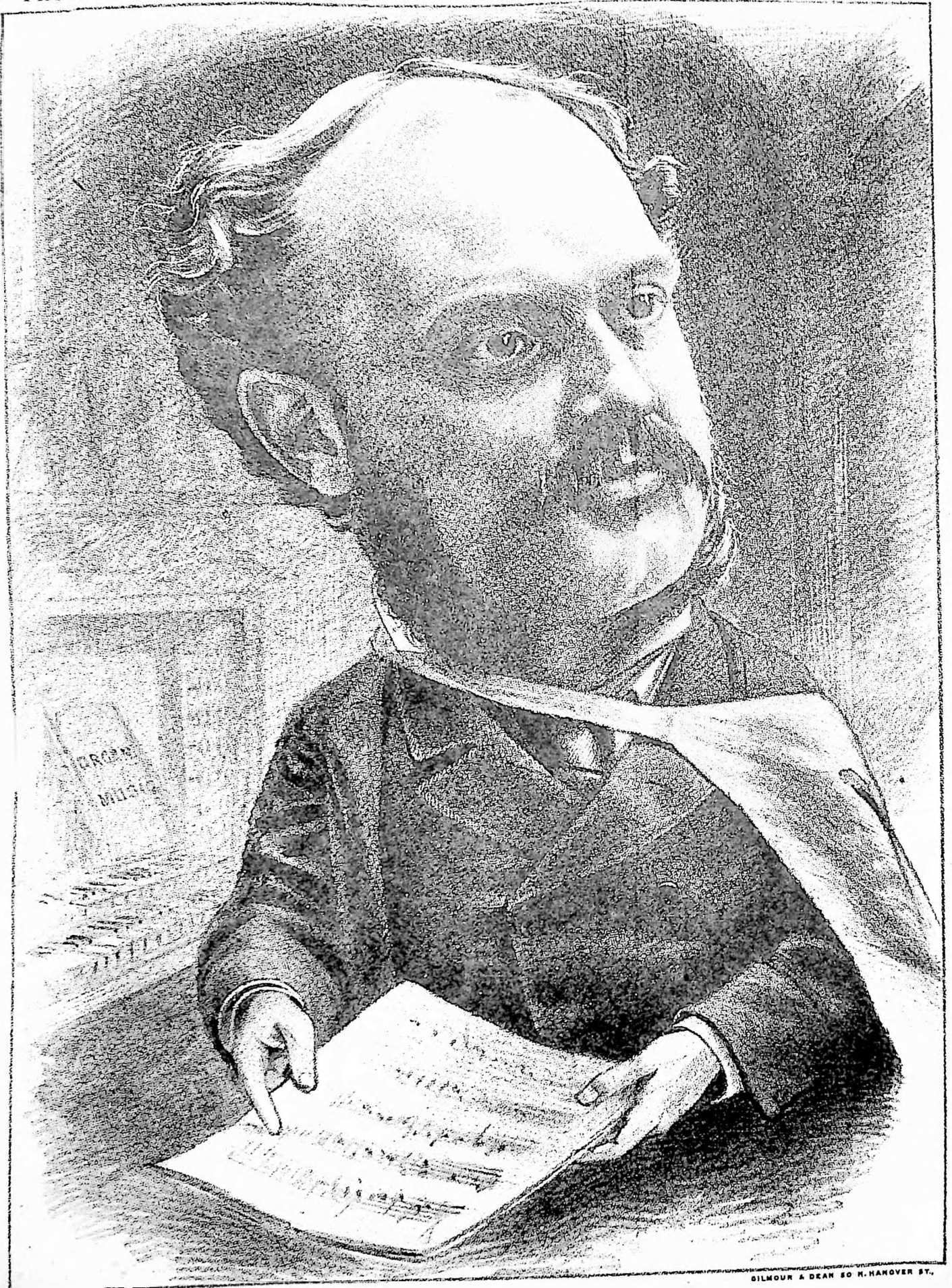
CHARGES:—Breakfasts, from 1/ to 2/3; Dinners, from 1/9; Bed-room, 2/; Attendance, 1/ per day. GOOD STOCK ROOMS.  
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10 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET,  
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*WALTER WILSON & CO.'S Advertising Space.*

**Business so Good.—Not Required this Week.**





# The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 341. Glasgow, Wednesday, April 30th, 1879. Price 1d

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 341.

ACCORDING to Dr Begg and his school, Presbyterian Scotland is rapidly receding towards Prelacy, if not to Papacy. Painted windows, organs, and choirs are abominations in their eyes, and are the forerunners of bishops, deans, and liturgies, if not of priests, monks, and the mass. The BAILIE, like most other folk of moderate views, discerns only in such movements a very laudable desire on the part of his countrymen both to remove the reproach of plainness which has so long been made against Scotch ecclesiastical edifices, and to render divine worship more in accordance with the advance of musical education. The Magistrate views with peculiar gratification—and he doubts not the feeling is shared in by his fellow-citizens generally—the recent introduction of an organ into the venerable Cathedral of St. Mungo, now happily made rich also in gems of art from Continental and British schools of glass-painting, through the munificence of noblemen and gentlemen chiefly of the West of Scotland. The newly erected instrument, as is announced, is to be formally opened on Saturday first, and the BAILIE feels he has selected the right time to include in his gallery the very worthy musician and gentleman who has been appointed to the honourable post of Cathedral organist. He refers, of course, to Dr ALBERT LISTER PEACE. A resident among us, now a matter of 13 years, Dr PEACE came to Glasgow in 1866, and at the early age of 21, to fill the position of organist to Trinity Congregational Church, the instrument and edifice alike having then been newly erected. He is a native of Huddersfield, one of the most musical towns in the superlatively musical county of York, and like another Crotch began to finger the clavier at the age of

four or five. Like that precocious musician, too—and by the way, like Mozart,—our future organist discovered at this early age the very rare gift of discerning absolute pitch in sounds, being able to tell the name of any note struck on the pianoforte—he can, indeed, give with unerring certainty the names of any number of notes sounded together in harmony or in utter discord. It being clear that young PEACE should become a musician, he took lessons on the organ when only seven years old, and received the appointment of organist of the Parish Church, Holmfirth, at the mature age of nine, holding successive appointments in Huddersfield and other Yorkshire towns till his translation northwards. Leaving Dr Pulsford's congregation in 1873 Dr PEACE became organist of St. John's Episcopal Church, subsequently of Maxwell Established Church, and Hillhead Church, holding contemporaneously with these appointments the honourable position of organist to the University. What may justly be regarded as the highest step in the ladder has now been reached by our accomplished friend in his election to the newly created and nationally important office of organist to Glasgow Cathedral. We all feel that in this appointment the right man has been put into the right place, and are comfortably certain that what is expected to prove one of the finest instruments in the kingdom will have in Dr A. L. PEACE an exponent of exceptionally great ability as a player, and what is likewise of no small importance, held also in high respect as a man. The status of Dr PEACE as a musician is sufficiently attested by the well-won prefix to his name. The BAILIE can quite well remember, however, when such distinctions were held of very small account, for until comparatively recently, indeed, it was the fact that at least the Bachelor's degree could be obtained by any one who could write a tolerably good an-

them, or who possessed but a very slight scientific knowledge of music. But all that is now changed, and a musician must now work hard indeed, study deeply, and prove himself profoundly skilled, both scientifically and as an artist, ere the coveted honours can be gained—this desirable condition of matters having come about since the appointments to the Oxford and Cambridge Professorships respectively of Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley and G. A. Macfarren. Dr PEACE, who may be said to be an entirely self-taught musician, obtained his degree of Bachelor of Music from the University of Oxford in 1870, and that of Doctor of Music in 1875, the examiner-in-chief in both cases being Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley (one of the greatest of modern composers of English ecclesiastical music), and the exercises being respectively a setting of the 138th Psalm, to be performed in the Cathedral on Saturday, and a cantata "The Narrative of St. John the Baptist." Of his numerous compositions Dr PEACE has published but a few, these being chiefly settings of portions of the English Church service with some anthems. All are marked by care and thorough musicianship. Our organist is specially skilful as an arranger for the organ of orchestral and other works, readiness at such adaptation being in fact an essential acquirement in these days, if one is to be held in regard as a player. Organ playing, it is to be remarked, has undergone a complete revolution within the last quarter of a century. The organ is no longer employed merely to accompany church music. Its range of effects is very greatly widened, and often it fulfils the function of an entire orchestra. Dr PEACE'S varied and eminent abilities as an executant are indeed very widely recognised, and he has "opened" very many new instruments in Scotland and even "furth the kingdom," enjoying quite a remarkable distinction, indeed, in that way. His recitals on the magnificent instrument in the New Public Halls, of which he is organist, are a feature of the Glasgow musical season, and he has played by invitation at the Saturday night organ recitals of the Bow and Bromley Institute, London, a distinction, the BAILIE believes, as yet accorded to no other organist in Scotland.

The Lower Orders—Free passes to the pit.  
A Title Deed—Conferring a knighthood.  
A Sound C(h)ord—A bell-rope.

Spring, '79.

HAIL, gentle Spring!—or rather no,  
You've hailed already quite enough;  
For what 'tween hail, and wind, and snow,  
We've, up till now, had *quantum suff.*  
Come, genial Spring!—or, let me think;  
We're now upon the verge of May—  
We're now upon the summer's brink—  
No, Spring, you'd better stay away.  
Take that! Miss Spring, for coming late;  
We want the good old-fashioned plan;  
If Winter puts you out of date—  
Just settle it as best you can.  
And snow, indeed! a pretty bar  
You're putting upon everything;  
How think you Phebus, in his car,  
Can drive with such a broken Spring?  
And none but you must bear the fault  
While we our sorrows at you fling;  
This season should be summer's salt—  
You treat us to a backward Spring.  
What though our fields are all well tilled?  
Our hedges bear no bud at best;  
Now little birds their nests should build—  
But birds, poor things, are yet *non est.*  
Where are the "showres sweete" of Spring,  
That Chaucer speaks of in his time?  
Now poets, if they needs must sing,  
Must tune their verse to frosty rime.  
And painters have you scattering flow'rs,  
While in the breeze your garment floats;  
But artists, in an age like ours,  
Should give their paintings double coats.  
That bitter blast that blows from east—  
That biting, blinding breath, unkind,  
We well can spare—we look, at least,  
From Easter, for a gentle wind.  
We're now at April nine-and-twenty  
And Spring, as Spring, is yet to come;  
We'd like you'd fill the horn of plenty—  
And let old Winter "Hoist the drum!"

A TRANSPARENT IMPOSTURE.

*Tomkins* (to *Wilkins*, an impecunious acquaintance who has just taken a house in a fashionable street and is doing it up)—What's your little game in having such an expensive venetian as this for your windows? Tradespeople and the neighbours will think you a rich man if you put up such extravagant articles.

*Wilkins*—Exactly, my boy, it's only a *blind* it's only a *blind*.

It is to be feared that the average undergraduate is not possessed of what is known as "the reverent spirit." Last week the graceless young reprobates of Gilmorehill had the audacity to hail HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH as—"a jolly good fellow!!!"

"Standing" Orders—A volunteer officer's commands to the waiter for beer with which to treat his men.

Our Defences.

THE *Volunteer Service Gazette* has been considering the defences of the West Coast of Scotland with some rather curious results. Full justice is of course done to "the finest brigade in the kingdom," but things do not seem to be quite so satisfactory in the Hebrides as they are in the Second City. The battery at Mull, for instance, according to the latest reports, numbers 35 men, who are all inefficient. Without condescending to an obvious, and consequently unworthy, pun about "making a mull of it," the BAILIE begs to remark that he is quite sufficiently great a gun to defend himself against any Zulus, policemen, Afghans, ratepayers' candidates, Longs, or other enemies of the human species, who may assail him, and that his fellow-citizens need not tremble as long as they have the athletic Jamie Martin and the cannon in the West End Park.

A PASSING JOKE.

*Jones* (suddenly coming upon *Brown* pacing slowly along with hands behind his back and a sealskin cap drawn over his ears)—Hilloh, old fellow, what's the matter? You look like the picture of a soldier's funeral.

*Brown*—I don't understand.

*Jones*—Why you're marching along with measured step, reversed arms, and muffled drums. Ta, ta.

SHUST SO!—The BAILIE'S friends, Lachlan M'Lachlan, Alister M'Alister, Philabeg M'Philabeg, &c., &c., &c., have a crow to pick with the University Commissioners. According to Sir William Thomson, these mighty personages consider "logic, moral philosophy, and mathematics to be equal to Gaelic;" and this moves the Celtic ire. "Equal to ta Caelic!" cry all the Macs—"It iss not your lotchies, nor your foral meelossopes, nor your Matthew Matticks, nor your unifersal commission-agents, nor your Sir Williams, mirofer, that will pe equal to one putton on a Mull Polisman's coat—and twice as more!" (N.B.—The above is certified and passed as correct "Heelan'" by Mr William Black.)

Apropos of the song of the season, *Asinus* says that his "tick" has been "slumbering" such a doose of a time that he's afraid it has "died" like "the old man!"

Havanna Cigars, La Flor De Aroma, First-Class Brand, 4d each. D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram St., and 121 Buchanan St.

A Teetotal New Departure.

THE teetotallers have at last got hold of a practical idea, which comes, oddly enough, from a publican's agent. In the Greenock Licensing Court last week, the lawyer who represented an unsuccessful applicant suggested that if the teetotal party—which, by the way, was strongly represented on the bench—wanted to reduce the number of licenses, they ought to buy them up. This hint was at once eagerly caught at, Provost Lyle remarking that it was a very good idea, and one which he wouldn't lose sight of. It is not to be wondered at that people who have hitherto been obliged to content themselves with such flimsy delusions as the Permissive Bill should grasp with avidity at a plan which seems even to savour of practicability; but there are difficulties to be encountered. Your teetotaler is not usually of a lavish disposition—not to put too fine a point on it, he is almost invariably a stingy hunks—and he would look very blue if he were asked to contribute towards the carrying out of such a scheme as this. Then, there are after-difficulties. Still, as has been said, the scheme savours of practicability; and what Provost Lyle and his friends have to do is to get the money and go ahead.

APRIL—FROM "THE FIRST."

April, the month of smiles and tears,  
From day begun, to now near done,  
With windy clouds its tears has dried,  
With clouds has veil'd the smiling sun.  
April, the month of cold east wind,  
Instead of smiles with tears at play,  
Of all the months that come and go  
Scarce worse *can* come, whatever *May*.

"COMIN' BACK."

(Scene—Off Argyle Street; Time, midnight; thief, with bundle under his arm making off.)

*Policeman* (who has been making observations)

—I say, ma man, whaur-i-ye gaun?

*Thief* (innocently)—Am no *gaun*, am *comin' back*!

TOM, TOM, THE TAYLOR'S SON!—The editor of *Punch* is once more referred to as an authority on the subject of the Glasgow Municipal Extension Bill. After calm and careful consideration the BAILIE has no hesitation whatever in saying that Bill is much funnier than Tom.

A Tuneful Quire — Twenty-four sheets of music.

To be Considered in all its "Bearings"—Ice.

## Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Glasgow seems to entertain a grudge against Mr Calvert. When he produced "Sardanapalus" at the Theatre Royal, the carelessness of one of his actresses—Miss Viola Dacre, I think it was—made him stumble and fall from an elevated platform on to the stage, severely bruising and cutting open his shoulder and arm. When he arrived here a week ago he felt out of sorts, and the feeling continued to increase till he became very ill, his malady being one of intense nervousness and great bodily weakness. He struggled gamely on, however, appearing every night till the end of the week, but it was found yesterday that he could bear the strain no longer, so he will not appear this evening.

The intention of Mr Bernard had been to put up the new romantic drama of "Æsop" for the first three nights of the present week, and to play "Lear" on Thursday and Friday—Mr Calvert's *Lear* is his finest performance, indeed I question whether it is not the finest *Lear* of this generation—but this has been frustrated for to-night at all events. Let us hope, however, that the quiet of yesterday and to-day will enable Mr Calvert to reappear to-morrow, so as to secure, practically, the carrying out of Mr Bernard's scheme for the week.

Mr Calvert is accompanied in his present tour by an exceedingly clever company. His low comedian, Mr J. K. Walton, possesses an exceptional fund of humour, and Miss Bennison, who plays the lighter female parts, is a graceful, sympathetic actress. Of Miss Fanny Enson, Mr Calvert's leading lady, I spoke on a previous occasion.

"Algernon Willoughby's" exceedingly popular version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has been revived by Mr Coleman at the Gaiety. When he originally produced this piece his house was at once filled to overflowing, and he was obliged to withdraw it while it was still in the very height of its success. This week, however, I think I can prophesy with every safety that Mr Coleman will find abundant reason, in packed houses, to rejoice that, if he sustained some loss in withdrawing "Uncle Tom," he has reaped abundant gain by re-producing it.

Miss Kate Bateman—the Miss Bateman, follows "Uncle Tom" at the Prince of Wales. Several years have elapsed since she last appeared in Glasgow, and her present visit ought to prove a big success. Miss Bateman has always been a favourite with what may be termed the non-play-going portion of the community. The semi-Biblical tone that runs through the drama of "Leah," the piece in which she originally became famous, recommended it to even the stricter sort of our church-going population.

Miss Bateman will be accompanied at the "Prince of Wales" by Mr Walter Bentley.

"They say" it is quite within the bounds of possibility that Mdme. Adelina Patti will appear in Glasgow at the close of the present London musical season.

Mr J. H. Ryley, the favourite comedian, who will be recollected by Glasgow playgoers in connection with the "Sorcerer" and "Pinafore Company," appears at the Princesses Theatre, Edinburgh, this evening in Paul Meritt's successful comedy of "Pickles." A very amusing burlesque on the famous drama "Proof," entitled "Under Proof but much Above Pa," is also included in the programme. Report speaks very highly of the company by whom Mr Ryley is accompanied. It includes various old Glasgow favourites, notably Mr Edward Major and Miss Marie Rhodes. The management of the party is in the hands of Mr S. H. S. Austin, and Messrs Ryley, Austin, and their friends will submit "Pickles" and "Under Proof" at the Gaiety this night week, Monday, May 5th.

One would expect, BAILIE, that the committee who were instrumental in erecting a statue to Dr Livingstone in George Square would not spell quite so phonetically as a well-known member of the School Board. How then are we to account for the docking of the final vowel from the name of the illustrious traveller on his monument in George Square? And what will the intelligent foreigner think of the fellow-townsmen of David Livingstone who did not know how to spell his name?

The presentation of an address and the dinner to Mr George Edwin Ewing on Wednesday last were both marked successes. Sir Daniel Macnee took special pains to see that his name was adhibited to the address, and Mr John Mossman was among those present when it was presented. The dinner in the evening, which was under the presidency of Mr David Murray, with Mr P. Comyn Macgregor as croupier, was one of the pleasantest gatherings imaginable.

On Thursday Mr Ewing bade "good-bye" for a time to Scotland, having set sail on that day from the "Tail of the Bank," by the Anchor Liner *Devonia*, en route for New York. There were plenty of braw, big men on board the *Devonia*, but none of them looked so handsome as Ewing, whose portly form, beaming face, and long, yellow hair as he leant over the bulwarks, waving a last adieu to a half-score of his friends who had gone out with him in the tender, gave him the look of an old Norse Viking sailing forth in quest of new lands to conquer.

Messrs Brown & Lowden of Gordon Street, announce an interesting sale, to-morrow (Tuesday) and Wednesday, of artists' proofs and other engravings of well-known and popular pictures. Those in search of pictures ought to look into the rooms of the firm on the days mentioned.

A very important sale of paintings and works of art will be held by Messrs Duncan Keith & Buchanan in their rooms in Drury Street, on the Tuesday and Wednesday of next week. The sale is a *bona-fide* one, the greater portion of the collection having been the property of one of the ruined shareholders of the City Bank.

The May number of *Good Words* contains a copy of clever verses on the fight at "Isandula"—indeed, they are the best verses yet published having that fatal fight for their subject. Their writer is Mr Hendry, a young Glasgow gentleman. Your friend, Mr J. E. Christie, and Mr Boyd—a member of our local Art Club—contribute two fine illustrations to the number. Mr Christie's picture is a full-page drawing of a May-day procession, while Mr Boyd, who has been selected to do the illustrations for Sarah Tytler's story of "The Bride's Pass," supplies an outline sketch of a Highland clachan.

According, by the way, to the law of Scotland, all moneys lodged as bets may be laid hold of by the Parochial Inspector for behoof of the poor of the parish. Should not, therefore, Mr Dempster call at once on the Editor of the *Herald* to disburse that £100 he has received from Mr Long and Dr. Glancey in connection with their Widdows' bet.

## Measure for Measure.

A BAILIE and Member of the Schule Brod in "the Suburb" fails to see any difference between eight square feet and eight feet square. Any little pupil in the Third Standard could enlighten the Magisterial ignorance, and, without the aid of his Worshipful "Gamp," could impart the juvenile and superficial fact that a space eight feet square must of necessity contain sixty-four square feet. Now, as in the days of his youth, the Seestu Worthy can truthfully sing "Mensuration's my vexation," &c. A clear case of the round man getting into the square hole.

## TIME, PLACE, AND ACTION.

Time—Last Tuesday morning. Place—Royal Exchange Square. Action—Publisher and Arab.

*Arab*—Wha 'st th' day, Mist'r Sherp?

*Publisher*—A duke.

*Arab*—Duke o' Well'nt'n? 'Il tak' anither dizz'n.



What the Paisley Folks are Saying.

THAT Paisley was far left to itself last week when it left Mr Coats in any other position than at the top of the Poll.

That the determination of Mr Coats to have the Rev. Dr. Hutton in kept himself down.

That the sacrifice at noon on Tuesday of the Rev. Mr Henderson carried Dr. Hutton in, but only by the skin of his teeth.

That those teeth will worry the Board before long.

That Mr Hugh Smiley, who was at the top of the Poll, is a young man, a stranger, and an Irishman.

That his proper position on the Poll was sixth, that of Mrs Arthur, and that it would have been much better, even for himself, had he occupied that position.

That, all the same, he is a fine jolly young fellow.

That Mrs Arthur would have been higher up but for the unpopularity, especially with the working-classes, of her chairman, the Rev. Dr. James Brown.

That the selection of him for that post was a strategic blunder, as, unseen by the outer world, he could, behind the scenes, have organised and directed the machinery with a popular ornamental chairman.

That when Dr. Brown found his own chances of re-election rather gloomy he made a most masterly retreat.

That the Rev. Dr. Hutton hitherto contented himself with railing at the Press in general.

That, on Friday evening, he so far forgot himself, a thing he seldom does, as to hint at some journals that had "noticed" him, and even condescended to spot the BAILIE.

That the thrusts must have been dexterous to pierce that almost invulnerable hide.

That he is busy at a new work to be entitled "The Impudent Letter Writer."

That it is to be dedicated, without permission, to Mr Smiley.

That Bailie Cochran is fuming at having been only second on the list.

PREVIOUSLY AND PEFORE.

(Scene—Merchants' shop in the West Highlands).

*Commercial Traveller*—Good morning, Mr Mactavish.

*Merchant*—Goot morning, sir.

*Commercial Traveller*—Well, Mr Mactavish, will we have a dram or proceed to business?

*Merchant*—I think we shall go to business first and have a dram previously.

For the "Better" Classes.

ONE of the BAILIE'S most particular friends was sadly sold last Tuesday night. A contemporary issued a "special edition" bill with, in enormous letters, the startling announcement:—"RESULT OF THE CITY AND SUBURBAN;" and the simple one was most innocently led to believe that the city's little game in Parliament with the parasitical suburbs might have collapsed, Glasgow perhaps not having been able to prove its *locus standi*. It is, however, for no such small deer as annexation struggles, but in honour of some sweepstake or handicap that an enlightened and enlightening Press issues "special editions" and monster-type posters. *O tempora! O mores!* Peter and Bauldje shout in chorus.

Granny's Answer.

LAST Wednesday the Old Lady in Buchanan Street wound up those elaborate art-dissertations, which have lately created such a sensation in the community, with an article on "The Sculpture in the Art Institute." In originality and profundity this production fully sustains the reputation of its predecessors, and it concludes with the following remarkable words:—" . . . It has been our purpose to draw attention when it was possible to do so to the humblest of our local students. In time some understanding of art may follow. There was neither scope for nor service to be done by writing critical essays about the foreign and English pictures exhibited." Here is the *envoi*; here our aged relative justifies herself; and here is a sufficient answer to the profane and idle scoffers who have been inquiring "What is she driving at?"

Innovations at Inveraray.

THE Duke of Argyll did a rash deed when he entrusted the repairs and alterations now going on at Inveraray Castle to a London firm. Not because his vassals may resent the sending of work past their doors—no, they are too obedient to think of that. But what do you think this London firm did the other evening? Why, treated their *employés* to a ball, in the course of which refreshments were "liberally served." "Liberally," mark you, at Inveraray Castle! But this was not all. "The following day all hands had a holiday"—in order, doubtless, to get over the effects of the liberal refreshments—"the firm giving full pay." Now, is not such culpable extravagance sufficient to provoke odious comparisons in the mind of the most humble and reverent retainer of the great, but economical, house of Argyll? The BAILIE understands that his Grace hurried down from London immediately upon hearing of these riotous proceedings, and administered a terrible wiggling to his Chamberlain for having countenanced them.

ALL MOONSHINE.—Shakspeare shows that there is not much to choose between the lover and the lunatic. Other observers have shown that it is during the honey-moon the luna-cy is at its height.

"Take me up' tenderly—lift me with care!" as the "drunk" said to the gentleman in blue.

Accompaniment to the Æolian Harp—The Catarrh.

## Quavers.

THE Crosshill Musical Association has clearly the prospect of a long life. In spite of the not altogether judicious selection of a chief work for study during the season—seeing this was the society's first winter of existence—the concert of last Tuesday passed off very well. It was at least shown that the right material had been brought together, and that with management the new society would take a most respectable position among cognate bodies.

Macfarren's "Outward Bound," the principal work produced, was fairly well presented. The opening chorus was excellently sung, the parts of the wife and the mermaid, barring some timidity in the latter instance, were well sustained, and that of the sailor was filled in a most artistic manner by a gentleman known to fame in another and different walk of Art. "Tell me, Flora," was probably the best example of choir work in the course of the concert, and one longed for more of that class of music. The duet from "Don Giovanni" was nicely sung. "The Blue Alsatian Mountains" and "Consider the Lilies" were examples of unassuming refined solo singing, and "Toreador" from Carmen was reproduced, in a slightly lower key from the original, very effectively. Chorus and soloists were alike much indebted to Mr Cornwall for his most excellent piano accompaniments. Mr T. S. Drummond conducted. There was an overflowing attendance.

The Pollokshields Musical Association, which had a concert on the same evening, is not so fortunate as their neighbours as to a place of meeting; with a secular programme at least, they must go far a-field for a spot to warble on. The concert of Tuesday evening last was, taken altogether, quite a success. The tone of the sopranos is really very brilliant at present. The bass come next in respect of their own proper quality. A highly respectable performance was given of Cumming's "Fairy Ring," music of a thoroughly legitimate character if it does not pretend to much. As one finds is so often the case, the best singing, to be very critical, was in the miscellaneous part of the programme. In particular Sterndale Bennett's "Come Live with Me" (a new setting of these famous old lines) was beautifully rendered. Next may be instanced Walter Macfarren's "O Lady, leave thy Silken Thread," which was very tastefully sung indeed. Carulli's "Good Night" was hardly done justice to, however. For one thing, the tempo seemed rather quick. In this cold country we are rather slower of speech than where Signor Zaverla has spent his youth, and rapid utterance is generally attained only at the expense of the music.

The Glasgow Select Choir concluded a remarkably active season on Thursday night at Rothesay.

You would notice, BAILIE, no doubt an account of the pleasant little meeting held after the concert of Monday a week past, and probably scan the vidimus by Professor Young of the choir's doings since its re-construction. Nothing need be said here further except that the Glasgow Select Choir has most certainly acquired a firm hold on the musical sympathies of the town, and that with the real talent they possess in themselves, together with the undoubted exceptional ability of Mr Archer as a vocal trainer, they have a sure future before them of the most encouraging kind.

The choir are to be taken to London shortly. In the Scotch arrangements especially, they should cause quite a sensation among their compatriots in the great metropolis.

A lady member of the choir, with a very fine quality of voice, has gone to London to take lessons from singing masters.

Dr Peace concluded his recitals on the organ, of the New Public Halls on Saturday evening last. The selection that evening included the overture to "L'Etoile du Nord" and the "Tannhauser" March. In both the striking orchestral combinations were skilfully reproduced.

The word "rehearsal" is getting into use as a substitute for "concert." The awkwardness of this is apparent. Something must be invented to take the place of the first, else we shall get into a muddle.

The Parish Church Musical Association is the title of a recently formed society in Uddingston, and their first concert was

given on Wednesday night last. Bridgwater's Service in A—broad, good music of its kind—was the larger work produced. This and the other numbers in a rather varied programme, were most promisingly performed. Mr J. P. Kinghorn has only to insist on attention to his baton, when with his evidently innate feeling for taste and expression, and with the good choir he will likely have, good results are sure to follow.

Two concerts by musical societies were given on Friday evening last—one by the West End Choral, and the other by the Dennistoun Society. At the former, the music was of somewhat slight structure, and excepting Gounod's "O sing to God," not remarkable for novelty. At the latter the most interesting item was Fox's "Jackdaw of Rheims." Mere record of the fact of the respective performances will please suffice.

Taking into consideration the conditions, the concert in the Cathedral next Saturday afternoon is one of the most interesting and attractive the Choral Union has given in its long and honourable career. The Choral Union indeed has been far too little before the public these last two or three years. Prospective arrangements should be framed so as to secure much more frequent appearances in one locale or another.

The last subscription concert of the Catholic Choral Society, for the season, is to be given towards the end of May in commemoration of the centenary of Tom Moore—which should surely draw out the sympathies of our Hibernian friends.

The Plantation U.P. Church Musical Association gave a concert of sacred and secular selections on Friday evening last. The success seems to have been moderately fair. One word of advice: don't have so much of Handel again. The music of the "Grand old Saxon" is for larger societies, not for smaller ones.

## LIFE RHUBARB.

(Scene—Markinch, famous for the longest grass, the biggest eggs, the thickest rhubarb, &c., *vide*, School Board geography.)

*John*—Halloa, Jamie! Whaur ye gan the day?

*Jamie* (armed with a two-handled saw and a huge axe)—Aw, am jist gan alang to Luckie Paterson's tae cut doon a stauk o' her rhubarb!

LIKE DRAWS TO LIKE.—The Yahoo section of the students are reported to have cheered for Cetywayo on the occasion of the Duke of Buccleuch's installation last Wednesday as Chancellor of the University. The feeling of sympathy is not unnatural; but, at the same time, the BAILIE begs to remind these young gentlemen that the Zulu king, though a barbarian, is not a gorilla, and is therefore not *quite* of their "sort."

A "Distinction" without a Difference—Dubbed viscount and styled "my lord."

A Feast of Unreason—A dinner at Gartnavel. Thieving Ways—"Taking a walk" and "stealing a march."

Watches of the Night—Policemen.

Hamilton Nimmo's "Creep afore ye gang," "Let me ken hoo the Bairns are at Flame," "Hoo can ye gang Laddie," and "Crookit Bawbee," are the popular modern Scotch Songs and duets.—H. NIMMO, Ayr, and all Music Sellers, 1s 6d and 2s, nett.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the priests have been too many for 'Umble 'Arry.

That Father Glancey's cheque was a check on 'Arry's propensity for letter-writing.

That it was an emissary of Father Glancey's who wrote to Mr Long advising him "to close at once with the Father's bet of £50."

That the bait took beautifully.

That the missionary will think once or even twice before he again gives such a handsome donation to R. C. Schools.

That the R. C.'s are jubilant over Father Glancy's victory.

That it beats a' to see our pastors and masters betting and gambling even like unto the ignorant members of their flocks.

That the Convener of the City Improvement Trust expressed himself rather freely last week regarding certain of his colleagues at the City Extension Inquiry.

That "oor Jeems" and Councillor Neil may have a word or two to say to Councillor Morrison at the first meeting of Improvement Trustees.

That Jeems can always give as good as he gets.

That between keeping the School Board officials at their posts, the Council in order, and minding his "shoppie," Jeems has his hands pretty full.

That the vacant tenements in High Street, Gallowgate, and Main Street (South Side), show that trade must be either very dull or rents in these districts very high.

That the quantity of stone and lime in Glasgow which is giving no return at the present time is something enormous.

That the new feuing plan for the Queen's Park wont be relished by the frequenters of the Recreation Ground.

That the demolition of the hill has spoiled the beauty of this portion of the park.

That the erection of new streets and tenements will spoil it still farther.

That there are plenty of unoccupied buildings in the vicinity of the Park already.

That the Corporation would stay their hand if the suburbs would only come into the city.

That the Football Cup squabble is a "very pretty one as it stands."

A Prospective Loan—Distance "lending" enchantment to the view.

A French Watch Key—*Qui vive?*

The Silent System.

THE attention of the BAILIE having been drawn to the fact that a certain well-known Glasgow gentleman will not allow his clerks to speak to one another during business hours, his Worship has much pleasure in submitting a few rules and suggestions to facilitate the carrying out of this pen-al reform :—

On entering the office in the morning, the clerks will salute one another by exchanging cards on which the words "Good morning" are written.

No speaking glances will be permitted, and all sound views must be repressed.

Creaking boots are strictly prohibited, and no loud neckties will be permitted.

It is imperatively necessary that only clothes of a quiet and subdued cut and pattern be worn, and if felt hats be in fashion, they must be soft and low.

All coughing, sneezing, and nose-blowing must be done before the clerks enter the office, and the calm, unaffected demeanour of a tailor's dummy must be maintained.

Any communications between the clerks must be done in writing, moderate language being used; and all paper, pens, and ink for this purpose must be supplied by the clerks themselves.

No high-sounding words are permissible in these notes, and any prominence of poetical clinkers will in a measure mar the harmony of the office, and interfere with the delivery of the communications.

Clerks who have sound constitutions must keep themselves in subjection as much as possible; and any one allowing "the still small voice" to speak to him during office hours will be severely reprimanded (in writing).

Should any clerk have a singing in his ears, he will be required to silence it, on pain of being sent home "with a flea in his lug."

In the event of any of the employees having a bee in his bonnet, he must use every precaution to prevent its buzzing during business hours.

Old clerks who have "bell-pows" will lay themselves open to a wiggling if they proclaim the soundness of their personal conclusions during the day, and rings on the fingers cannot be tolerated.

The chief clerk has microphonic communication with all parts of the office, so that no evasion of these rules can escape instant detection.

GENUINE MUSIC.

*Lady Visitor*—But do you, sing from the music, Mr Smith?

*Parish Church Precentor*—Na, na, mum, I sing fy the heart!

THE ODD MAN OUT!—It seems that, out of 158 artillery volunteers at Loch Carron and Stornoway, there is one solitary non-efficient. This information mightily moves the BAILIE'S curiosity. Who is he—this "odd man out?" What is he? Has he a father? Has he a mother? Has he a sister? Has he a brother? Has he a nearer one, &c.? Speak, O statisticians, and let us not disrupt in ignorance!

How to make both ends meet—Dine on ox-tail soup and potted-head.

An Insane Garment—A strait waistcoat.

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By the late Professor HENNEY.

HUGH HOPKINS, 85 RENFIELD STREET.

# The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30th, 1879.

THE BAILIE deeply sympathises with his friend Mr HARRY ALFRED LONG in this his day of great tribulation. Only the other evening Mr LONG celebrated his election to the School Board by singing a "Te Deum" in the City Hall, and now he has had publicly to apologise to the citizens of Glasgow for bringing among them a person who—not to speak of his criminal antecedents—he describes himself as "an absolute liar." There is a little matter of fifty one-pound notes as well, in which the "humble missionary" has been mulcted by his own rash confidence in any or everybody who will run down Popery, but to a person of his feelings and temperament the payment of fifty pounds for a stupid bet must necessarily be much less tantalising than the conviction that he has blundered, and, what is worse, that all his neighbours know he has blundered. Let us hope that the "humble" one will take this lesson to heart. Hitherto his over-weening self-conceit has done much to weaken the effect of his undeniable earnestness, intelligence, and courage. HARRY was always first in his own opinion; he could not err. Now, however, that he has erred so egregiously, that he has shown to all the world how credulous he is, and has given his ecclesiastical foes such a triumph over him, let us hope that there will be some alteration in his manner and bearing. Confession, as we all know, is good for the soul, and humiliation may not be altogether of non-avail even for an 'umble spirit.

## "CONCERNING"—WHOM IT MAY.

The solar rays are glorified through glass of reds and yellows,  
The sounds of praise machined are now by whistles, pipes, and bellows;

Yet, more *the senses* to regale, he scents by incense render'd.  
(Though common sense incens'd may be at art for heart being tender'd).

'Tis "vulgar" now to worship, like old Presbyterians semple,  
With "taste and culture" everywhere, why not within the temple?  
*We're* not like to "the publican," or puritanic peasant,  
Our form, it's just as good as theirs, and what is more, *more pleasant!*

## Old Friends.

SINCE the BAILIE'S respected friend Sir James Watson retired, comparatively speaking, into private life, there has been a distinct want in the community. It is that of a popular Professor of Antiquities. Whom have we to mingle instruction with our amusement, and enlighten us about, say, "the Greeks and Romans" since—the BAILIE had almost written "since the old man died," but that would, happily, be incorrect as well as disrespectful—since our venerable friend retired? It is true that Sheriff Clark occasionally favours us with a "learned" dissertation, but then the Sheriff, being a lawyer, is professionally "learned." No; what we want is a popular instructor, and the BAILIE is proud and happy to say that we have got him. Who is he? Why, who should he be but the versatile, the omnipresent, the incomparable Jeems? Mr Martin has already profited by his scholastic connection, and he last week favoured his pedestrian *proteges* and their friends, in Main Street, Gorbals, with information to the effect that "in ancient Rome they held their athletic games, their wrestling matches, and their foot-races." Those dear old ancient Romans! Bless their old hearts, one's own quite warms at the sight of them once more! Let's hope they may be as popular under their new patron as they were under their old, and that as friend Jeems' researches extend he may give us the benefit of them.

## A Word by the Way.

IN a brief, but graceful and touching letter to the *Herald*, the Rev. Jas. Johnstone, minister of Condorret, solicits aid for the widow and orphans of the poor man Watson who was killed, as Mr. Johnstone says, "while bravely shielding his household from the blind fury of a madman." It is sometimes permitted to a jester to be grave—he may, like dear Thackeray's clown, "ride a mule," but he need not laugh at grief—and the BAILIE does not hesitate to call attention in these jocund columns to such an appeal as this. In an age of subscriptions, like the present, one with a really charitable object is rare, and any mite that may find its way to Mr Johnstone will be better spent than in providing flannel waistcoats for the infant Africans, or assisting the independence of Thibet.

"Cross"-questioning--Interrogating the Home Secretary.

## Au Revoir.

THE night before Jack M'Tavish left for Rio Grande, a few of his friends dropped round to his rooms to drink a farewell glass of beer and smoke a valedictory pipe with him. Jack is a universal favourite, and Rio Grande is believed to be a dickens of a way of, so it is not surprising that the meeting was rather funereal than otherwise. All the fellows sat round the room in various easy and more or less graceful attitudes; at each man's elbow stood a tumbler; each man's hand grasped a pipe. As the atmosphere grew gradually thicker, the company became more and more solemn. At length an awful silence fell on the room, broken only by Tom Marshman whistling—Tom is one of those fellows who would whistle at a funeral—a few bars of the Dead March in Saul in a plaintive and tremulous manner. Just as the gloom was becoming painful, Marshman stopped short in the middle of a flourish, and, getting upon his legs, said he had a toast to propose. Every glass was instantly emptied and as instantly re-filled. He need not dwell, Tom continued, on the many and varied virtues of his friend M'Tavish. As a man and a smoker, as a man of business and a billiard-player, as a cultured gentleman and a good judge of whisky, as a faithful friend and a conscientious income-tax payer, M'Tavish had only to be known to be admired. His absence would cause a blank in the public—he might almost say public-house—circle, which would not soon be filled. His familiar form and cheery smile would be missed by many of every rank and station—not excluding the cab-rank, nor overlooking the police-station. The bright eyes of many a fair maid, bar and otherwise, throughout this good city would grow dim as she thought tenderly of the absent M'Tavish and his repeated orders for whisky and bitters. He (Marshman) had only the vaguest idea of the geographical position of Rio Grande and of what M'Tavish meant to do when he got there; but he had no doubt but that he would discharge his duties, whatever they were, in that distant island, if it were an island, in a manner to reflect credit upon himself and the land of his birth. In now proposing the health and prosperity of M'Tavish, he would beg respectfully to use the language of the immortal bard, whose name he did not at the moment remember, and say that, "taking him all round, he was a fellow whose like we wouldn't see for a precious while." The toast was enthusiastically honoured, a proposal to drink it with Highland honours being nega-

tived from a well-grounded suspicion that the landlady might object to have her mahogany chairs and best tablecloth stood upon with muddy boots.

When M'Tavish rose to reply he was visibly affected. He said he was much obliged to Marshman and his other friends for their kind expressions. He was. Really. He felt he didn't deserve them. Upon his word he didn't. He felt awfully sorry to leave, for he knew that good men were required at home, and he could not help fearing that the young men of to-day were rather a second-rate lot, judging from the specimens he saw around him. If in his distant sphere of usefulness he should ever feel dull and miserable, he would take fresh courage by thinking of this evening, and reflecting how much more dull and miserable he might have been if he had remained among his old friends at home.

Then Brightson got up and proposed "The Ladies" in a few neat sentences. Brightson is nothing if not neat. He said he would much rather propose the ladies collectively than propose to any of them individually. He had always been an ardent admirer of the sex, from the time, some thirty odd years ago, when he fell in love with his own nurse, down to last week, when he fell in love with the nurse next door. He could assure the company that she, the latter, was a very pretty nurse, and he considered himself a good judge of nurses. Without them—he was now speaking of ladies in general, not of nurses in particular—life would be a howling wilderness, and the male bosom an aching void. He begged to couple the toast with the name of his esteemed friend George Rackstraw.

George did not seem delighted, and was apparently in no hurry to get up. A little gentle persuasion—applied partly to the coat collar—induced him to assume an approach to the perpendicular by leaning against the mantel-piece. He then said, with his accustomed fluency, that the honour his friend Brightson had—ah—paid him was—ah—in fact—ah—was no honour. To reply for the ladies had been—ah—the dream of his youth, and the—ah—the aspiration of his—ah—his riper years. And now, by the—ah—the kindness of Brightson his happiness was—ah—was—he was rather at a loss for a word—was—ch?—consummated—thanks, the very word—his happiness was consummated. He felt he could now—ah—now die calmly and—ah—and peacefully. By this time the flood-gates of speech were unloosed, and everybody wanted

to propose everybody else's health at once. The speaking was not very good, nor in some cases very distinct, but as nobody even pretended to listen, this was not of so much consequence.

The hand-shaking at parting was so energetic as to partially account for the headaches of the following morning.

### Muscular Maidens.

AMONG the developments of the "Higher Education of Women" must decidedly be reckoned the cultivation of athletics. Not only has a "Ladies' Swimming Club" been instituted in our midst, and the names of its successful members publicly announced, but the other day a "Young Ladies' Race" took place in the presence of a "fashionable" gathering in the equally "fashionable" region of Park Circus. Where all this will end it is hard to say, and one contemplates with some alarm the prospect of feminine Westons and boudoir "Blower" Browns, whose pedestrian exercises have hitherto been confined to a round dance or a saunter down Buchanan Street.

### NATIONAL MUSIC.

*Lady of the House*—Of course, Herr Twang-deweyer, you play Scotch music?

*New German Music-master*—Vot, madame, de bagbibes? Ach, Himmel, no. To blay dat would be a great blow to mine genius; it would be mine deathblow; take mine breath away for ever!

USE AND ORNAMENT.—The Rev. John Macleod is objected to by one of his colleagues of the Govan Parochial Board on the ground that he is "an ornamental member," and John is no doubt a "braw man," and an ornament to any board—parochial or otherwise; but why make this an objection against him? Is it not possible to be useful as well as ornamental? Your really objectionable people, Mr Critic, are those who are neither ornamental *nor* useful.

PRESERVE US!—What is the meaning of the cry raised in various quarters about the preservation of ancient Scottish monuments? The only ancient Scottish monument that anybody can care a button about preserving is the BAILIE, and he is quite capable of preserving himself. In fact, he is the best-preserved man going.

Short Commons—Triennial parliaments.

### Megilp.

A MEETING of all the members of the Institute is to be held to-day (Tuesday) for the purpose of considering the proposed Articles of Association. If these are approved of, they will be finally ratified and confirmed at a subsequent meeting, of which due notice will be given.

Mr Smith, the secretary of the Scottish Society of Water Colour Painters, has issued a preliminary notice to the members, informing them that Monday, 20th October next, has been fixed as the day for receiving pictures intended for the second exhibition. The Exhibition will be opened for private view on Saturday, 1st November, and to the public on Monday following.

All works intended for the Dundee Exhibition should be sent in early in May. Messrs M'Clure and Son are the Glasgow agents, and intending exhibitors should communicate with them at once.

A. F. Sharp & Co., Royal Exchange Square, have at present on view and for sale the original sketches by "Mars" of the very clever Scotch "subjects" that appeared in *Le Journal Amusant* of 25th August, 1877. "Mars," whose real name is, I think, Bonvoisin, is a skilful and suggestive draughtsman, and possesses considerable humour. He looks, of course, at Scotland and the Scotch through French spectacles, but he has much more than the average foreigner's understanding and appreciation of our national characteristics and weaknesses. His women, however, look as if they would be more at home in the Bois de Boulogne than in Buchanan Street.

By the bye, the managers of *Le Journal Amusant* have issued another number dedicated solely to "Edimbourg and Glasgow." Messrs Sharp & Co. are the Scottish agents for *Le Journal*, and its present illustrations are, if anything, brighter and more sparkling than were those in the August number.

The presentation portrait of the Rev. Dr Fraser of Paisley was painted by Mr R. C. Crawford, and not, as stated in the *Glasgow Herald*, by Mr James Stewart.

Yesterday was "varnishing day" at the Royal Academy, the press view will be on Wednesday, the private view on Friday, and next Monday the exhibition will open to the public.

Mr Joseph Henderson's largest canvas in the Royal Academy—"From the Cliffs of Ailsa"—is altogether the best seascape this artist has yet produced. The water is fresh and liquid, the drawing of the waves very careful, and the sky admirable in tone. There is a fine feeling in the picture of atmosphere and breeziness, and the general effect is bright and sunny.

Mr David Murray has two pictures in the Academy. The larger one represents "Gathering Wreck (seaweed) in the Outer Hebrides." We have had better pictures from Mr Murray. At the same time the colour and effect are good, and many people may be more pleased with it than with some of his more decidedly original studies.

Mr Murray's finest work, however, "The Highland Funeral," is not in Burlington House, but in the Grosvenor Gallery. The fact of its presence there is the best evidence we can have of the value of the picture in the eyes of the most exclusive and fastidious of London art critics. Mr Murray is the first Scotch artist whose work has been hung at the principal exhibition of the year in the Grosvenor, and he deserves hearty congratulations on his success. "The Funeral" has been already described in the BAILIE. It is a beautiful picture, and its simple pathos, and thoroughly healthy tone, will touch more hearts than can be reached by the studied affectations and "aesthetic" fancies of some of the other Grosvenor Gallery exhibitors.

Mr J. G. Whyte has two water colours in the Academy, and Mr A. Finlay an important picture.

Mr Craibe Angus has at present on view water colour drawings by Bough, bought at the recent sale in Edinburgh. We all know how excellently well Mr Bough worked in water colour, and some of those in Mr Angus's gallery are among the best things he ever did.

"Ireland for the Irish"—And the ratepayers' parks for the ratepayers.

**FAIR FLORA.**—Some people are complaining of the lateness of the flowers; but the BAILIE thinks that they are very wise in keeping their beds and not getting up in this very cold weather.

**KNEEL!**—Aye, both Neil and Martin have been quoted in a parliamentary committee. Falstaff didn't know what "honour" was, didn't he?

The Real "Eastern" Difficulty—The wind.

## T H E G A I E T Y .

Proprietor and Manager, ... Mr C. BERNARD.  
TO-NIGHT AND FOLLOWING EVENINGS,  
TOM TAYLOR'S Celebrated Comedy,  
STILL WATERS RUN DEEP.  
To be followed by the Successful Drama,  
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Doors Open at 6.30, to commence at 7.30.

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REAL NEGROES, FREED SLAVES, JUBILEE SINGERS,  
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GREAT DOUBLE COMPANY OF ENGLISH AND  
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FOR SIX NIGHTS ONLY.

## MR H. A. LAMBETH'S CHOIR.

THIRD SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT,  
QUEEN'S ROOMS,  
THURSDAY, 1ST MAY, 1879.

Mr LAMBETH will play Pianoforte Solos on one of Kirkman's Melo-Grands, kindly lent by Messrs D. Pentland & Co.

Prices—Reserved Seats, 5s; Balconies and Raised Side Seats, (Reserved) 3s; Second Seats, Area, 2s; Admission, 1s.  
Doors Open at 7. Concert at 8.

**THE SCOTTISH CIRCULATING  
MUSICAL LIBRARY,**  
28 GREAT WESTERN ROAD,  
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This Library will open at an early date.  
Prospectus free. Teachers of Music should secure agencies.

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THE NEW SHAPES, THE NEW COLOURS, HARD AND SOFT MAKES.

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EXTREME SIZES CAN BE FITTED AT ONCE. Special SMART SHAPES for "YOUNG MEN," LADS, and BOYS' wear. We guarantee our FELT HATS to retain their Shapes and Stand Fast in the Colour.

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IN THE  
CATHEDRAL,  
IN CONNECTION WITH THE  
INAUGURATION OF THE GRAND ORGAN,  
ON SATURDAY, 30 MAY, AT 4-30 P.M.

### PROGRAMME.

100th Psalm.....Tune—"Old Hundred."  
138th Psalm....."I will give thanks" ...Dr. A. L. Peace.  
Organ Solo...Overture to the Occasional Oratorio, .....Handel.  
Motett ..... "Hear my prayer".....Mendelssohn.  
Organ Solo .....Prelude and Fugue, .....Bach.  
Anthem....."The Wilderness,".....Dr S. S. Wesley.  
Chorus.....The "Hallelujah,".....Handel.

CHORUS—THE GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.  
SOLO VOCALIST—

MRS SMITH AND MEMBERS OF THE UNION.  
ORGANIST—DR A. L. PEACE.  
CONDUCTOR—MR H. A. LAMBETH.

Tickets—2s each—from Swan & Co., 49 Buchanan Street.  
Net Proceeds to be devoted to the Choir Fund.

### FOR POSITIVE SALE.

Within Fine-Art Gallery, 14 Gordon Street, To-Morrow (Tuesday), and Wednesday, 29th and 30th April, at Twelve o'clock each day.

### AN UNUSUALLY ATTRACTIVE SALE OF

### HIGH-CLASS WORKS OF ART,

Direct from Messrs B. Brooks & Sons, the eminent publishers of "Can't you Talk?" "Have a Walk," "Which do You Like?" and hundreds of others, at an outlay of a hundred thousand pounds.

**BROWN & LOWDEN**, instructed by the above eminent Firm of 171 Strand, London, Oxford, and Paris, and well known throughout England and the Provinces for producing and publishing none but High-class Works, will Sell, by Auction, on the above dates, in their Saloon, 14 Gordon Street, Glasgow, at 12 o'clock each day, the finest Collection of this class of Property that has ever been consigned to Glasgow.

The Collection will number about 300 Pictures, and Framed in Genuine Gold Leaf, in the most *distingue et recherché* designs, suitable for the Dining or Drawing Room of any Mansion.

Special attention in this instance is called to the very Fine Collection of

### GENUINE ARTIST PROOF ENGRAVINGS,

The whole of which bear the Stamp of the Printsellers' Association, being a guarantee of their genuineness, amongst which may be mentioned a Fifteen Guinea Proof of the late G. M. Ward, viz. :—"Louis XVI in the Temple;" Ten Guinea Proof of Sir Edwin Landseer's "Stag at Bay," "Impudent Puppy;" Eight Guinea Artist Proof of Holmes's "Can't You Talk?" "Which do You Like?" an Artist Proof of Thomas Brook's Fine Picture, "Amongst the Ferns;" Ten Guinea Proofs from Sam Carter's Pictures, the "Hart of the Black Forest," "Browsing," "Woodland Mother," etc.

Also, a Charming Collection of AQUAGRAPHS, invented by Messrs Brooks & Son, including Millais's "Yes, No," "Gathering Eggs," etc. etc. Erskine Nicoll's "Steady Johnnie, Steady;" Miss Edward's "The Last Kiss," "In Memoriam;" Larpent Robert's "The Home of the Robin and Kingfisher."

Also, a Splendid Collection of CHROMOTYPES, WATER COLOURS, AUTOTYPES, Genuine OIL PAINTINGS, &c.

On View with Catalogues To-Day, (Monday) from Twelve o'clock, and they only need to be seen to be appreciated.

NOTE.—The Collection is sent for Absolute Sale, and the Auctioneers would feel obliged by a punctual attendance.

14 Gordon Street, Glasgow, 28th April, 1879.





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At Fine-Art Galleries, Drury Corner, Renfield Street, on Tuesday and Wednesday, 6th and 7th May.

IMPORTANT SALE OF HIGH-CLASS MODERN PICTURES, SMALL CELLAR OF CHOICE WINES, SILVER PLATE AND PLATED ARTICLES.

Magnificent Dining and Drawing Room Clocks; Rare Old China; Richly-Cut and Engraved Table Crystal; Fine Bronzes; Telescope, Magic Lantern; Oak Plate Chest; Fine old Buhl and Italian Cabinets; 3 Brilliant-Toned Cottage Pianofortes, 7 Octaves, by Collard & Collard and Kirkman; 2 Harmoniums, 10 and 16 Stops, &c.

(The property of a Lady and Gentleman deceased, a Gentleman on the West Coast, and a Gentleman leaving Glasgow.)

**DUNCAN KEITH & BUCHANAN** have been instructed to Sell, by Public Auction, as above, THREE PRIVATE COLLECTIONS OF HIGH-CLASS MODERN PAINTINGS & WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS, Including fine Works by Sam Bough, R.S.A.; W. E. Lockhart, R.S.A.; James Docherty, A.R.S.A.; Kenneth McLeay, R.S.A.; Erskine Nicol, A.R.A.; Joseph Henderson; Frederick Goodall, R.A.; J. Adam, senr.; Thomas Jones Barker; G. P. Chalmers, R.S.A.; Colin Hunter; Dan. Munro, W.S.A.; H. McCulloch, R.S.A.; John Chalmers, Robert Chalmers, Duncan McLaurin, J. Morrison, jun., C. Westhall, R.A.; J. B. McDonald, R.S.A.; J. Denovan Adam, W. F. Vallance, R.S.A.; F. Horlor, E. A. Walton, L. Collingwood, Herbert, Leslie, Jas. A. Aiken, and other eminent Artists.

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In Table and Dessert Spoons and Forks, Tea Spoons, Soup Dividers, Egg and Salt Spoons, Sauce Ladles, Fish Slice, Butter Knives, Case Dessert Knives and Forks (Mother-o'-Pearl Handles), Bottle Labels, Toddy Ladles, &c. Also, a large assortment of Plated Articles.

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Include Handsome Hand-Painted China Dessert Service for 18 persons, Fine Sevres Porcelain Table, painted in portraits of Louis XVI. and Ladies of the Court; Pair Large Sevres Plates, painted in battle pieces; Pair Very Large Sevres Vases mounted in Ormolu, Turquoise, Blue Ground, painted in Watteau subjects and flowers; Pair Very Fine Dresden Vases, covered with May Blossom and China Asters; Capo de Monti Cups and Saucers; Pair Sevres Jewelled Cup and Saucer, Rose du Barri Ground; Pair Turquoise Blue Sevres Plates, painted in figures and flowers; Louis XIV. Bracket Clock, mounted in Ormolu, purchased at the late Mr Napier's Sale; Pair Dresden Vases with covers (blue), Pair Dresden Vases painted in flowers and figures, Dresden Bowl, cover and stand; Pair Worcester Vases, Pair Handsome, Hand-painted Flower Pots, with Ormolu mounts; complete Set of Richly-cut and Engraved Table and Dessert Crystal, Splendid Pair of Ever-form Vases in Florentine and Gilt Bronze, the centres decorated with a belt in fine bas-relief; Magnificent Drawing-Room Clock, with side ornaments, under glass shades; Beautiful Gilt Clock, with China plaques, under glass shade; Handsome Marble Dining-Room Clock, surmounted by large bronze figure; Pair Side Ornaments to match, Magic Lanterns and Slides, Valuable Telescope, Stereoscope and Slides, Pair Fine Old Buhl Cabinets, 2 early Italian Cabinets fitted with Drawers, &c.

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Rosewood Cottage Pianoforte, 7 Octaves, with Carved Trusses, Desk, and Side Frets, by Collard & Collard.

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Are of a choice description, embracing Old Ports, Fine Sherries, in Manzanilla, Romano, and Montilla; Clarets, 1864, '68, '69, and '70 Vintages, in Chateau Lafite, La Rose, Leoville, &c.; Pommery's Champagne, Chateau Yquem, Marcobrunner; Brandy, 1847.

Sale to commence each day at 12 o'clock.

Full particulars in Catalogues (price 6d each) to be had Six Days previous to Sale, and the whole will be arranged for View on Monday, 5th May, from 10 till 4 o'clock.

ORDER OF SALE—

On Tuesday, at 12—Silver Plate, China, Clocks, Buhl Furniture, Wines, Musical Instruments, &c.

On Wednesday, at 12—Paintings and Water-Colour Drawings. Drury Corner, Renfield Street, Glasgow, 24th April, 1879.

IMPORTANT TO PARTIES FURNISHING.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Friday, 2d May, at One, PUBLIC SALE OF A CONSIGNMENT OF CONTINENTAL PICTURES,

Comprising

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145 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow, 26th March, 1879.

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The Licence for next year has been granted.

For further particulars, apply to Alexr. A. Tennent, Accountant, 30 John Street, Glasgow; or Scott, Smeaton & Law, Writers, 156 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow, either of whom will exhibit Inventory of Furniture, furnish other particulars, and grant orders for the inspection of the Hotel. All offers to be lodged with Mr Tennent not later than 2d May.

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In order to prevent disappointment, we would advise those who intend favouring us with the conduct of their Sales to communicate with us at once, so as to secure the most suitable days and have the advantage of early announcement in our List.

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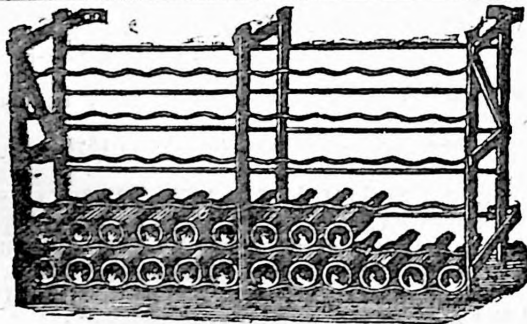
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For the purpose of encouraging Capable and Deserving BOYS and GIRLS to complete their Education, the Patrons have instituted EIGHTY SCHOLARSHIPS and TWENTY-FOUR SCHOOL BURSARIES in Hutchesons' Grammar School, and SIXTEEN SCHOOL BURSARIES in Hutchesons' Girls' School.

Successful Competitors for the Scholarships in Hutchesons' Grammar School will enjoy the privileges of Free Education thereat with Books and Stationery for Four Years in the Secondary Departments; and for the School Bursaries, in addition to Free Education with Books and Stationery for Four Years, will receive a Money Payment of £5 for the First Year, £10 for the Second, and £15 each for the Third and Fourth Years.

Successful Competitors for the School Bursaries in Hutchesons' Girls' School will receive in addition to Free Education thereat with Books and Stationery for Four Years in the Secondary Department, a Money Payment of £5 for the First Year, £10 for the Second, and £15 each for the Third and Fourth Years.

The Competition for the Scholarships and School Bursaries in the Grammar School is open to Boys educated in Hutchesons' or other Schools up to the end of the Fifth Standard only, and who can pass in the first year's specific subjects—Algebra or Latin Grammar.

The Competition for the School Bursaries in the Girls' School is also open to Girls educated in Hutchesons' or other Schools up to the end of the Fifth Standard only, and who can pass in the first year's specific subject—Domestic Economy.

Thirty-two of the Scholarships and Six of the School Bursaries in Hutchesons' Grammar School are open for Competition this year at an Examination to be held in the School in Crown Street, on Thursday, the 15th May next, beginning at 10 o'clock Forenoon.

Four of the School Bursaries in Hutchesons' Girls' School are open for Competition this year at an Examination to be held in School in Elgin Street, on Thursday, the 15th May next, at 10 o'clock Forenoon.

Applicants are requested to enter their Names and Addresses with Mr Menzies, the Rector of the Grammar School, and with Mr Lochhead, the Head Master of the Girls' School, on or before Tuesday, the 13th May next, and must produce from the Head Master of the School which they are attending a Certificate that they have been educated up to the end of the Fifth Standard only.

Successful Competitors will be admitted to their Classes when the Schools are Re-opened on 1st August next.

HILL, DAVIDSON & HOGGAN, Chamberlains,  
106 Ingram Street, Glasgow, April, 1879.

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Every Article required in the game of Cricket always kept in Stock. Bats, Balls, Stumps, Legguards, Gauntlets, &c.

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TO THE  
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Is now supplying J. & R. TENNENT'S NEW SEASON'S EXPORT BEER AND STOUT, in fine condition, in his Patent Stoneware Casks. One trial solicited to prove their excellence. The Casks contain 4½ Gallons each, are fitted with Lock Taps, and are unsurpassed for cleanliness, convenience, and economy.

OBSERVE.—No charge is made for their use, they are delivered several miles free of extra charge, and the empties collected without trouble to purchasers.

F. M'D.'s STANDARD AERATED WATERS are so carefully prepared that they are becoming a household word.

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Beer and Stout, 7s per Cask, or 2s 3d per Dozen Pints.  
Lemonade, Soda Water, Potash Water, Sarsaparilla, and Ginger Ale, 2s per Dozen.

TERMS CASH. Empties to be returned within two months.

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Admission Free.

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1 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

This Old-Established House, adjoining the Waverley Station, and opposite General Post Office, affords first-class accommodation for Commercial Gentlemen and others visiting the City (either on business or pleasure), having recently undergone extensive alterations and additions; entirely re-decorated and furnished in the most approved manner. Parties honouring the "BRIDGE" with their patronage will find every comfort, combined with cleanliness and attention. Cheerful Sitting-rooms.

CHARGES:—Breakfasts, from 1/ to 2/3; Dinners, from 1/9; Bed-room, 2/; Attendance, 1/ per day. GOOD STOCK ROOMS.  
JAMES M'GREGOR, Proprietor.

**THE ROYAL RESTAURANT,**  
10 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET,  
C. WILSON & SON, Proprietors.

**ADVERTISEMENTS** received for all Papers, by A. F. SHARP & Co., 14 Royal Exchange Square.

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## BUSINESS NOTES.

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THOUSANDS of our customers and friends have been congratulating us upon what they are pleased to term "one of the greatest advertising hits that Glasgow has ever seen."

This is in allusion to the fact of our having been so busy that instead of filling up our advertising space in last week's BAILIE, we left it blank, with an explanatory foot note as to our reasons for so doing.

We have have been assured that this simple matter, gone about as simply, has been a subject of conversation in many circles, but remotely connected with our business, and has been unanimously spoken of, by those who ought to know, as "a happy thought."

Now, all this goes to prove the pertinence of the old adage, that "truth is stranger than fiction," as we take no credit to ourselves for the idea as an advertisement; but the pleasant feature in the whole affair is that we are gratified to find so many of our friends evincing such a lively interest in our welfare.

It is not owing to business being less brisk that we are enabled to fill our allotted place in these columns (as we are daily improving in trade as the season advances); but it is a great fact patent to the merest tyro in the science that regulates the laws of supply and demand, that there must be in the Second City of the Empire a vast floating population—over and beyond any, even the finest established connection (and by this we mean our own)—that can only be reached through the medium of newspapers and advertising generally.

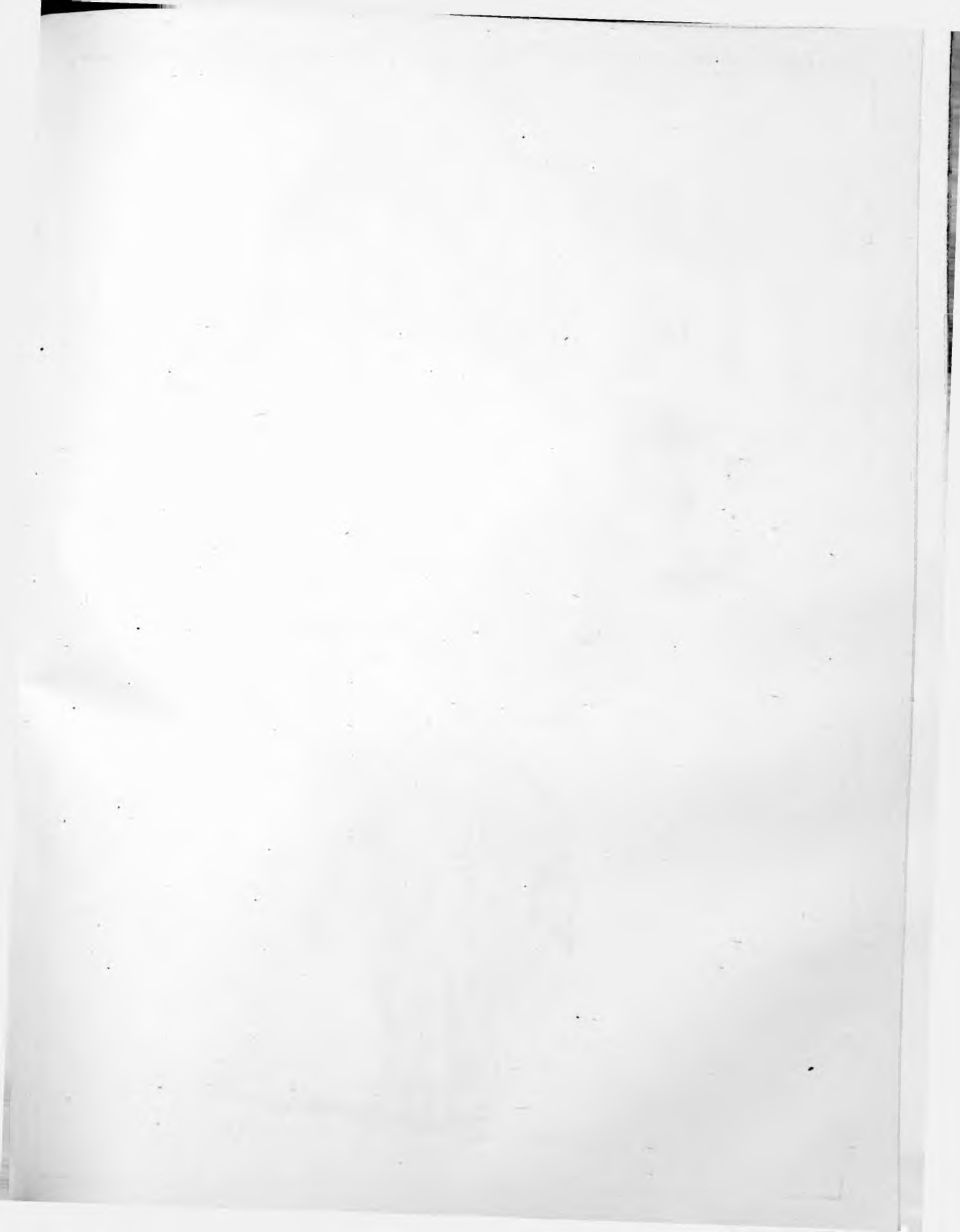
Such being the case, and our determination, notwithstanding the general depression of trade, being to keep increasing our turn-over, we are well aware that it would be unwise on our part not to keep ourselves *en rapport* with the *populi Glasguensis*.

We confine our "notes" this week to remarking that we have contributed to the general weal (by our system of selling single articles at wholesale prices) to an enormous extent, so much so, that the number of people whom Polonius would now require to address in his famous lines—"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy"—would embrace such an extended circle as the pusillanimous old Dane never dreamt of.

Our next "Notes" will contain some interesting information gathered by Mr WILSON in his journey to Paris in the interim.

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WALTER WILSON & CO.,  
 COLOSSEUM, 70 JAMAICA STREET.





# The Bailie.

“MY CONSCIENCE!”

No. 342.

Glasgow, Wednesday, May 7th, 1879.

Price 1d.

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 342.

THE BAILIE has been longing for the return of Spring and “saft westlin’ winds;” and almost ere he is aware, and before the east wind has gone, the meeting of the Glasgow Agricultural Society is upon him. Let no one think that he is so devoted to the commercial interests of his own western metropolis as to have no room in his soul for the sweet delights of rural life. His great prototype did not forget “the kind o’ relashuns” beyond the Pass of Balmaha; and on a memorable occasion claimed kinship thro’ Parlane MacFarlane of Loch Sloy and Duncan MacNab o’ Stuckavrallachan with the irate spouse of Rob Roy MacGregor as “a cousin four times removed.” The Magistrate has acquaintance with other brave warriors besides Rob Roy, and has often recorded the doughty deeds of gallant colonels, majors, captains, and full privates who have distinguished themselves at the battles of Pollok and Fereneze, and other well-won though bloodless fields of fame. *Arma virumque cano.* He is reminded now by the rush of his country cousins to the green—the full-uddered kine led by bonnie lasses; the sheep, black-faced and white, tended by braw lads; and the noble horses of our own Clydesdale breed trotted out by “buidrly chieils,” that the old Roman poet sang not only of war and wandering, but also of sheep and oxen; of Italian shepherds and shepherdesses; of Tityrus and Amaryllis, Daphnis and Corydon; of ploughing and sowing and reaping, and the hardy sons of toil who carry on “a holy war against the earth.” Virgil tells us the points of a horse, which don’t differ much from the BAILIE’S own notion—“Fine on the head, short in the barrel, broad on the back, full in the chest.” In like manner, the Magistrate turns from music and the

fine arts and hails the annual return of the Glasgow Agricultural this year to “the Green” with a line of Virgil (he has been brushing up his classics lately)—

“*Silvestrem tenui musam meditamur avena:*”

which the Ass insists on translating—

“We sing in the woods for oor parritch.”

He has been going over the list of his rural friends and neighbours, whose homes he has invaded on a Saturday afternoon on invitation received somewhere near the Square on a Wednesday, to discover a representative of agriculture, who is something more than a farmer and no stranger to the citizens; and he has found the Man you Know often at Garscadden Mains, New Kilpatrick, and lately at Norwood, near the Milngavie Reservoir, where the water is more plentiful and the “Talisker” neither less nor worse. Mr ALEXANDER BUCHANAN is a representative farmer. Born in a farmhouse (he objects to our saying how long ago), he has pursued farming with no small skill and success for half a century, first, on the Garnkirk estate, where he was famed for his breed of Ayrshires that carried off the coveted ticket in many a show-yard. Some two-and-twenty years ago he rented Garscadden Mains, where his style of farming attracted the attention of neighbours and strangers from other parts. The case of medals over the mantelpiece in the Mains dining-room attests that for three years he took the first place in this region of high-farming for green crops and the best general management of a farm. Indeed, the only objection we have ever heard taken to his farming was by an excellent landlord and keen sportsman—now, alas! no more—that he had so drained and improved the wet bogs and haughs that he had spoiled the snipe-shooting. Having lost his fine stock of Ayrshires through the farmers’ dreaded scourge of pleuro, he selected his fine

Ayrshire stock for dairy purposes, and made the breeding and rearing of Clydesdales his later hobby. In our own show-yards at the county and local meetings, and at the Highland Society, he has often carried off the "Red Ticket" for his pure bred Clydesdale mares and their offspring: and on retiring from the farm two years ago, he left to his son, who bids fair to eclipse his father's enterprise, some of the finest and purest strains of Clydesdale stock in the country. Notwithstanding the proverbial grumbling of farmers, which lately has had some justification in the low price of grain, and the imports of American and Australian beef, the BAILIE firmly believes that the farmers, whom Burns describes as—

"Puir tenant bodies, scant o' cash,  
How they maun thole a factor's snash!"—

are an extinct race in the West of Scotland. His Worship's father, the deacon, may have known them; but he never did. At all events, the Man you Know has farmed to purpose, and retired with "a competent portion of the good things of this life;" and the factor is not born who would even in his days of uphill-work have dared to give him "snash." Mr BUCHANAN has attained his competence with the good-will of neighbours; and there are none who grudge him his success. Unlike "the Northern Farmer," whose one thought, sleeping or waking, was "Proputty," he has been no selfish gatherer of "gear." He is a liberal-minded, warm-hearted, open-handed man, as the poor frozen-out labourers in and around Milngavie have known during the past trying winter. He is like many worthy men of his class, an elder of the Church; and this year, as he has done with dignity before, represents the Presbytery of Dumbarton in the General Assembly. He is equally at home in the School Board, the Parochial Board, and the Burgh Board; but if you wish to see him at his best, get him after a day's curling, or on a Wednesday night at his own social board, and you will admit that, with the help of his excellent "guidwife," he knows how to entertain his friends. He has been a director of the Glasgow Agricultural Society since its formation; he is a member and director of the Clydesdale Horse Society, and has taken an active part in getting up the "Stud-Book." His services have been eagerly sought after "far and near" as a judge both of Clydesdales and Ayrshires. This week his well-known face and figure will be seen in and about the "Ring:" and the BAILIE and he will have

a weed together: for he loves weeds everywhere except in the fields or his stable: and so long as the Agricultural Society contains members and directors like the Man you Know, the BAILIE will drink a bumper at the Show-Dinner to the toast of "Prosperity to the Glasgow Agricultural Society," coupled on this occasion with the health of Mr BUCHANAN.

### A Retrospect.

TIME was when savoury meats would fill  
My infant heart with joy;  
Oh, how I loved the seasoned whelk  
And toothsome saveloy!  
Had dainties then my table graced,  
From each remotest clime,  
With rapture I'd have viewed the "spread;"  
Ah yes, there *was* a time—!

The circus and the waxwork once  
Inspired my soul with awe;  
Time sped, their varied splendours paled  
The pantomime before,  
Whose gorgeous transformation scene  
I deemed quite too sublime;  
The ballet e'en was "nuts" to me;  
Ah yes, there *was* a time—!

"A budding poet" I was dubbed  
When barely in my teens,  
And warbled at mine own sweet will  
In shady magazines  
Alack, how facts and fancies flee  
When *now* I try to rhyme!  
Why, Browning's passed me in the race,  
And yet there *was* a time—!

Time was when I was quite the rage  
At dinner, dance, and ball;  
Time is, and I'm a flower indeed,  
But of the genus "wall."  
The "mazy waltz" a bore I vote,  
Flirtation, heinous crime.  
They call me a misogynist;  
But ah, there *was* a time—!

ERIN-GO-BRAGH!

(Scene—Ham, butter, and egg shop.)

*Customer*—Are ye no afraid the Deevle 'll flee awa' wi' ye for pittin' "Kintra Eggs" on that basket when ye ken ev'ry ane o' them is as Irish as yersel'?

*Pat*—Sure, an' is Oireland *not* a counthry, thin?

[Customer buys.]

"MACNIVEN & CAMERON'S Pens are the best."—*Public Opinion.*

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men,  
The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen."  
THE W A V E R L E Y P E N.

"They are a treasure."—*Standard.*

THE HINDOO PEN'S Nos 1, 2, AND 3.  
"The freest pens we ever used."—*Overland Mail.*  
Specimen Box, containing all the kinds, 1s 1d by post.  
Patentees—MACNIVEN & CAMERON,  
23 to 33 Blair Street, Edinburgh. (Established 1770),  
Penmakers to Her Majesty's Government Offices.



An Averted Tragedy.

THE BAILIE has often wondered how it was that political leaders, the sole object of whose existence is to quarrel with and badger each other, manage to meet in public on many occasions without flying at each other's throats. Does Mr Gladstone never experience a tingling of the nerves, almost equivalent to incipient homicidal mania, as he sees Lord Beaconsfield stepping jauntily along Downing Street? And does the Premier never feel an overmastering desire to throw a brick at his great rival's energetic and enthusiastic head? Or is there a subtle something in the St. Stephen's atmosphere which eradicates our baser passions, and enables men to abuse each other verbally without meaning anything by it? Or have politicians a superhuman amount of Christian charity in their compositions? But however it may be in the exalted regions of Parliamentary life, the BAILIE fears that the members of our Town Council are but ordinary mortals, men of like passions with ourselves, and subject to ungovernable fits of righteous indignation. It is for this reason that the Magistrate awaited Bailie Morrison's return from London with a feeling something akin to awe. That gentleman had, before a Parliamentary committee, been comparing Mr Martin to Dr Kenealy, and using expressions of sovereign contempt for Mr Neil and all his works. Mr Neil has in return poured the vials of his wrath on Mr Morrison's devoted head, and exhausted even his vocabulary of strong language in denouncing his conduct. Mr Martin and Mr Neil are both most estimable men in their way, but their manners are lacking in that repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere, and it is idle to suppose that a further rush of bad language, however copious, will serve to relieve their feelings. Blood alone can wipe out the thousand and one insults they have given and received. Three game-cocks in one barnyard, three bull-dogs in one kennel, three Bengal tigers in one menagerie caravan, are only faint emblems of what was to be expected. Extreme dangers justify extreme precautions, and if the three gentlemen had been handcuffed securely before entering the Council chamber at last meeting, it might have been a not undesirable precaution against the occurrence of an appalling tragedy. At all events, his Worship's conscience is now clear, the possible danger has been partly avoided, and it is allowable to breathe freely.

Sporting Offers.

LIKE all other professions, that of gambling cannot be learned in a day. Most people who enter it chiefly figure at first as pigeons, who are plucked more or less thoroughly by the more advanced members of the guild. By and bye, however, learning by bitter experience, the pigeons develop into rooks, and in turn prey upon fresh flights of unsophisticated pigeons. It is not surprising, then, that the juvenile betting man, Mr H. A. Long, as yet only in the pigeon state of his gambling existence, has been "sold" by the more astute bird, Father Glancy. The BAILIE is pleased to hear, not only that Mr Long means to do better next time, but also that various other public characters are preparing to defend themselves, and defy their opponents, with the aid of a betting book. The Magistrate has not been asked to hold the stakes till the following events come off, but he will be delighted to do so if the gentlemen in question will communicate with him at 81 Virginia Street.

Mr Widdows will back himself against the universe, for any reasonable amount, to display those pleasing traits of character for which the late lamented but brazen-faced Ananias and Sapphira were so justly celebrated.

Councillor Martin challenges any member of the present or late School Board, to a six days' match at phonetic spelling, for £50 a side and the championship of the world.

Mr Glen Collins will fight the editor of the *Herald*, with or without gloves (without preferred) for any sum he likes to name. Should the latter gentleman not see his way to accept, Mr Collins will be delighted to lick him for nothing.

Mr H. A. Long will whistle "Boyne Water" with any man going, for five shillings a side.

The Rev. David Macrae will back himself, for a half-year's stipend, to pull the Confession of Faith to pieces, and make a better one, before any member of the Paisley and Greenock Presbytery can count a hundred.

Councillor Neil will bet an even half-crown, that he has a still lower opinion of Bailie Morrison than Bailie Morrison has of him.

"YE LITTLE FISHES!"

*Eminent Tragedian* (to youthful stranger)—Surely you must have seen me acting. You come from Edinburgh, I believe, and I have frequently appeared in Edinburgh.

*Youthful Stranger* (a light breaking in upon him)—Oh, now that I look at you again, I believe I once saw you in a pantomime!

*Eminent Tragedian* (evidently chagrined)—Ha! ha! ho! Ah, as one of the niggers, I suppose,

*Youthful Stranger*—No, not as a nigger, but, unless I'm very much mistaken, you were the policeman in the harlequinade.

[Collapse of the Eminent T.]

Havana Cigars, La Flor De Aroma, First-Class Brand, 4d each. D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram St., and 121 Buchanan St.

## Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—I shall not trespass much upon your space this week, for in truth there is little stirring that comes within your gossipier's province.

As I mentioned last week, Mr J. H. Ryley, supported by Miss Rhodes, Mr Major, and other favourite artists, appears this evening at the Gaiety, in Paul Merritt's comedy of "Pickles," followed by a new and highly diverting burlesque on "Proof." Those who have hitherto known Mr Ryley in comic opera will be glad to make his acquaintance in comedy pure and simple, and I can promise that they will not be disappointed. I would point out that the present engagement is for six nights only.

Playgoers of a more serious turn will bend their steps this evening in the direction of Mr Coleman's house. After an absence of several years, Miss Bateman returns to give us once more her world-famous impersonation of the hapless Jewish maiden, in the well-known play of "Leah." I have already said that Miss Bateman is accompanied by Mr Walter Bentley, and I notice in the list of her company several other familiar names, including those of her sister, Miss Virginia Francis, Messrs E. and R. Lyons, and Mr Archer, while the child's part in "Leah" gives an opportunity for the appearance of "Little Nellie," daughter of Mr E. Lyons. This extremely clever child took the Lyceum audiences quite by storm a year or two ago.

"Leah" will be replaced on Friday night by "Mary Warner," and on Saturday by "Macbeth."

Principal Caird is very well up in a good many subjects—including, apparently, that of actions for breach of promise—but he occasionally gets beyond his depth. At the outset of his admirable address to the students last Wednesday, he asserted that in theatres, "before or immediately after the final descent of the curtain, it is the office of some stage manager, or other mechanical functionary, to step forward and make some intimation as to the next performance and other business matters." The worthy Principal, it is true, "spoke under correction;" but he should know better than to call a stage-manager a "mechanical functionary," or to attribute to him an obsolete office. I shall be happy any evening to take him "round," and add to his varied store of information some knowledge of matters theatrical.

Apropos of the same address, Dr Caird's tone in speaking of the late Mr Charles Randolph has led to some comment. It is felt by all who knew Mr Randolph personally, and by many who were acquainted with him by reputation only, that the patronising air adopted was, to say the least, misleading, and not in the best of taste. This is the more remarkable, since tact has hitherto been a leading trait of the Principal's character.

Did you observe the other day, BAILIE, that one of your morning contemporaries spoke of our old friend Preston as a "young actor?" It must be gratifying to George himself, as it certainly is to his friends, to learn that he is renewing his youth like the eagle, and starting on a fresh career of success.

I am sorry to learn that some of Saturday's visitors to the "Tannahill Glen," on Gleniffer Braes, abused their privilege. Besides other damage being done, the marble tablet, which was placed over the poet's well in commemoration of his centenary, and which we have all admired, was broken. This is said to have been an accident, and truly it is difficult to believe that anybody could be such a brutal idiot as to break the tablet deliberately; but, in any case, there must have been gross and culpable carelessness. I trust that the perpetrator of the outrage may be speedily brought to book, and that the occurrence may not lead the proprietor of the Glen to curtail still further the privilege of admission to his beautiful grounds.

"HORNS! EVEN SO."—*As You Like it.*—Asinus misses the papal bull from the Cattle Show. He hopes it hasn't been excluded by the Contagious Diseases (Animals) Act.

## Are Clubs Trumps?

WHAT terrible fellows the members of the Queen's Park Bowling Club must be, to be sure! Not satisfied with the frivolity of their legitimate pastime, they are accustomed on wet evenings to indulge in such exciting and pernicious amusements as chess, draughts, and whist. Nay, more—they have been known to play "Nap" till the small hours. More still—all that their apologists in the Town Council can say in excuse of such terrible goings-on is that the members are better thus engaged than they would be loafing in public houses. Hitherto the BAILIE had imagined that the club in question was a most respectable and sedate one; but either he was mistaken or else there are a lot of official and officious jackasses "around." Of course, the latter alternative is quite out of the question?

## A JOVIAL DOG.

Tonal—I am ferry astonisht, Alister Dhu, that you'll cal your tog efter a heathen god, ant you wass plong to ta Free Kirk too.

Alister—Take you care, Tonal Roy, what you'll spoke, for it wass not ta true spoke you wass said shust this moment.

Tonal—Chwhy? Ton't you cal him Chupiter, ant Chupiter is a heathen god, ant nothing else, mirover?

Alister—Maype so he iss too, but it wass nothing of ta sort whatiffer, for ta tog was called so pecause he wass *stupiter* ass no other tog neffer wass again or since before, ant not efter any heathen idol of woot or stone forbye. So there's for you, Tonal Roy!

PLEASED WITH A RATTLE, TICKLED WITH A STRAW.—Time was when itinerant musemen sold a straw, and gave a song to the bargain. Time is when shopmen from behind the counter sell half-crown dolls, and not only give to the bargain a pound of the finest-flavoured Souchong or Pekoe, but also "sugar for nothing." [This, the BAILIE supposes is what must be meant by "the sugar bounty."]

Song for professional pedestrians who walk both night and day—"Aye *waukin'* O!"

"Native *wood*-notes wild"—The song of a *timmer*-tuned Hielandman.

Safe Sailing—Wreckless navigation.

Grocers' Licenses—The liberties taken in matters of adulteration.

Asinine Queries.

DOES the fact of habitually swallowing "natives" necessarily constitute one a regular cannibal?

Is the Man in the Moon any relation to the Mann in "The Rainbow?"

Can there be any high-tides in France when the water there is always *l'eau*?

Can a fellow be said to have had "a heavy wet" who has got light-headed with dry sherry?

Is not the art of making Champagne a branch of fizz-ical science?

Do donkey-engines ever work at high-pressure, and how is their horse-power calculated?

Are there not two asses in every case of ass-ass-ination?

Does a soft *anscr* always turn away wrath?

Do green-grocers ever reach the sere and yellow leaf of life?

Is not the Cockney characteristic of leaving out the hs an ex-aspirating business?

Is the milk of human kindness retailed by dairymen?

Is not the as(s)phodel the properest button-hole flower for *Asinus*.

The Final Cup Tie.

Shakespeare altered to suit. Othello, Act iii., Scene 3.

IAGO (the Public).—We are sorry to hear this—  
 OTHELLO (Rangers).—We had been happy if the Association, Referees and all, had tested our petition  
 So you the truth had known. O now for ever  
 Farewell the tranquil mind, farewell content,  
 Farewell the final ties, and the big gates  
 That made football pay, too, O farewell.  
 Farewell the swaying crowd, and their shrill trump,  
 The clever dribbling run, the neatly taken goal  
 In proper manner; and all quality,  
 Pomp, and circumstance of glorious football.  
 And O you Vale of Leven's, whose rude throats  
 The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,  
 Farewell! the Rangers' occupation's gone.

NOTA BENE.—*On dit* that last Sunday Father Glancy preached a sermon on humility from 'Arry's notes, handed to him by the Editor of the *Herald*.

ANAN?—Since the Czar was popped at there have been just two parties in Russia—the Nihilists and the An-nihilists.

Apropos of 'Arry's unfortunate bet, *Asinus* opines that the 'umble one might have seen the result at a glance-eh? (Hee-haw.)

Unity—Can it ever be *egregious* folly for any one to live alone in the world?

A Tale of a Tub—Diogenes in quest of a *non est* man.

"Truth" Stranger than Fiction.

IT is not long since *Truth* was charged with libel, and his Worship observes from last week's issue that *Truth* is growing more and more erratic. "Mr Wynans," says *Truth*, "the American millionaire, is building *in* the Clyde a monster cigar-ship, at a cost of close on £200,000." So far *Truth* may be truth. The cigar-ship may be building in the Clyde, but she is certainly not building *on* the Clyde. *Al-lons*. "She is to be 4000 or 5000 tons burthen, and it is believed by her owner she will be able to cross the Atlantic in five days." Oh, *Truth!* think again; to accomplish this feat your cigar-ship must needs have engines and boilers that would weigh over 13,000 tons, and where in your 4000 or 5000 tons burthen cigar would you put this enormous mass? If *Truth* could float the engines and boilers and put the ship inside, then—well, even then, her capacity would be barely sufficient to stow coals for the voyage of five days.

A DARWINIAN FACT.

(Scene—Railway Station; Subcontractor with gang of navvies).

*Contractor* (to ticket clerk)—Gies fourteen tickets tae Greenock, I maun hae them hauf price.)

*Booking Clerk*—Can't make any allowance.

*Contractor*—Very weel, I'll no' tak them. (To navvies) Come awa', ye beggars, I'll get dug tickets fur ye!

Sheriff Clark has been consulted by Mr Cross as to remitting the sentence recently passed on two police-ruffians who had committed a most brutal assault. It is earnestly to be hoped that the Sheriff will give his opinion in favour of letting the law take its course. The police must be taught that they are not licensed to maltreat the public, and the sentence referred to was not a whit too heavy.

"BRIGHT" TIMES AT LAST.—If not supper at least tea abundance; "Cash" everywhere; and, as a step towards a free breakfast-table, "sugar for nothing!"

It was in his character of Old Scratch that the de'il cam' fiddlin' through the toon.

Leading Strings—Those of the first fiddle.

A Coi(g)n of Vantage—A sov.

The Site of the City—Bishop Street School.

Counter-attractions—Bar-maids.

## Quavers.

THE announcement of the engagement of Herr Manns, of the Sydenham Crystal Palace, as conductor of the Orchestral Concerts here next season, ought to afford unqualified satisfaction. The committee have, indeed, made a happy hit in their selection; and with reviving trade, which we must all hope for, with a conductor of the prestige of Herr Manns, and a band of the same high class as has hitherto been maintained, which are certainties, the concerts, let us be pretty confident, will be successful in every respect.

There is decided method in the arrangement of the subscription concerts by Mr Lambeth's Choir, and these are correspondingly additionally valuable, therefore, as expositions of choral art. The third of the series was as pleasurable as could be desired, while artistically important. Pearsall's "Who shall win my lady fair?" Hullah's "County Guy," and Macfarren's "Three Fishers," may be specially instanced amongst the successes of the evening. The tone of the choir is delightful.

An original part song by the Government Musical Inspector of Schools is somewhat of a novelty. Dr Hullah's bent is the practical more than the poetical, though what few compositions exist of his are of a high character, as we know. His "County Guy" is a taking little piece.

"The Lost Chord" will be found by and bye, no doubt. The idea of a lost harmonic combination is, by the way, a bit of an absurdity, however prettily the incident is related. Mrs Smith gave the popular song of our most popular song writer in fine taste. The "melo" effect suited admirably in accompaniment of it. One is reminded somewhat perhaps of the earlier form of the harmonium known as the seraphine, in hearing the "melo," which may be described as a continuous vibratory pedal "action" on the strings, and which resembles in effect closely the rich low tones of a silver flute.

Mr Lambeth's performance on the "melo-grand" on the occasion was a great treat in its way.

The musical society in connection with the Glasgow Baptist Association had a good concert on Tuesday evening last, Mendelssohn's "Athalie" occupying two-thirds in extent of the programme. The accompaniments were played on the piano (Mr Cornwall) and harmonium (Mr Swan), and were remarkably effective. The chorus singing and the solo vocal execution were alike highly creditable, both to the society, which had no extraneous assistance, and to Mr Lamont, who so cheerfully gives of his time as trainer and conductor. The lyrical text was read, as on a late occasion, and with much acceptance (with probably, indeed, yet more of artistic finish, from increased familiarity with it), by Mr T. Harrower, who also contributed "The Leper," by N. P. Willis.

A "Service of Sacred Song" was given by the "Children's Singing Class" of St. Stephen's Free Church on Thursday evening—Mr R. D. Jamieson, who takes an enthusiastic interest in juvenile musical training, being conductor.

The concert of sacred music in Cathcart Free Church, on Monday of last week, was a decided success, due largely to the circumstance that the voices, if not numerous, were select in character. Mr R. Donaldson, Jun., at the harmonium, and Mr T. Harrower, in two readings, lent valuable assistance. Whitfield's Service in E, the chief work performed, is most pleasing music, and to any choir with a good solo alto voice it can be recommended as somewhat of a novelty.

The members of Anderston U.P. Church Choir gave a concert on Friday evening, their programme comprising anthems by Goss, Himmel, and Stainer, and solos from Gounod. There was also the duet by H. Phillips, "Let all the nations of the earth rejoice," one of the few really good sacred duets. Mr Kirkland, who has led the music in Anderston U.P. Church for the long period of twenty-seven years, was the conductor.

The choir of Newton Place U.P. Church, Partick, numbering some twenty-five voices, and conducted by Mr J. D. Boyack, gave a concert in the church on Wednesday last. The selection of music was, as usual, characterised by quiet good taste, and the singing was most creditable, taken altogether. Evidently one chief object of this concert, as one may gather from the in-

terspersions of hymn tunes in the programme, is, what it ought always to be with church choirs, to improve the musical taste of the congregation.

Let not those in the western fringe of the city imagine that only with them is good music to be found. In the extreme east the voice of melody too is to be heard, full throated. The Mount Vernon Musical Society is the particular illustration at present. This recently formed choir, which is in the care of Mr James Allan, gave its first concert on Friday evening. About fifty took part, and the parts are fairly well balanced, a little strengthening in the tenor being perhaps desirable. "Expression" was, as one might expect from the special experience of the conductor, a noticeable feature of the singing. The most successful of the selections (all secular) were perhaps Pinsuti's "Spring Song," Berger's "Night, lovely night," and Bishop's "Fisherman's Good Night"—the last movement in which was given in a way that would have done credit to a much older society. Some vocal solos were contributed with not a little artistic success. Mr W. D. Swan was the accompanist.

Turning "due north," a concert in Springburn on Friday night falls to be noticed—namely, by the Philharmonic Society of that suburb. There would be about eighty voices, and generally speaking the choral singing was very respectable. The music was of a broad type rather, the first part of the programme being "sacred," and the second part "secular." Some of the solo music was well sung, and some of it was rather badly sung. An orchestra of six violins and a cornet formed a rather primitive supplementary addition to the accompaniment. Indeed, the kind of thing may be pronounced as altogether out of place and date. But apart from this, the concert was, in the main, a very pleasant one. Mr James Rankin conducted, and the audience was numerous and enthusiastic.

There was a large audience at the Cathedral concert on Saturday afternoon, though the charge for admission was hardly a popular one. The performance passed off very well, considering that the whole arrangements were somewhat experimental. Dr Peace's Psalm seemed to afford much pleasure, especially the earlier parts of it, as also did Dr S. S. Wesley's "Wilderness," thoughtful music, which was given careful expression to by all engaged. "Hear my Prayer" (Mendelssohn) was a marked success, Mrs Smith singing with much acceptance. The soloists and semi-chorus were placed to great advantage in what we may now call the organ gallery. One felt, however, that some improvement was yet needed in regard to the full chorus, though the position itself—at the east end of the nave—seems the natural one. As to the organ, a truer opinion of its quality is more likely to be formed at special recitals, and with greater quietness than prevailed, but it seemed to be the general opinion that it was an instrument quite worthy of the place. Congratulations may be offered all round, and we must hope that the concert is the first only of a revival, under new and perfect conditions, of the justly-esteemed Cathedral Concerts by our Choral Union.

## THAT TIC DOLOREUX AGAIN!

Q.—Why are the unemployed like "My Grandfather's Clock?"

A.—'Cos it's all "tick, tick, tick," with them till they've "stopt short."

Sweets to the Sweet—Mr Honey-man wax-ing somewhat comb-ative over Sir James Watson's paper on the Him-prove-ment Trust, read before the Royal Institute of British Architects.

## Ram-shackle Concerns—Sheep-hobbles.

Hamilton Nimmo's "Creep afore ye gang," "Let me ken hoo the Bairns are at Hame," "Hoo can ye gang Laddie," and "Crookit Bawbee," are the popular modern Scotch Songs and duets.—H. NIMMO, Ayr, and all Music Sellers, 1s 6d and 2s, nett.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the Town Council was last week turned into a bear-garden.

That the Queen's Park Bowling Club all at once found itself famous.

That the Council have surely little to do when they interfere with innocent penny and two-penny rubbers.

That much "high play" takes place without interference in several of our respectable clubs in the city.

That even douce Bailie Thomson says that he occasionally takes a "han' at the cards."

That for a ruling elder this is not a bad confession.

That the "Session" may have a few words to say to the Bailie on the subject.

That the whole affair was like turning out a traction engine to pull a barrow.

That the only new fact which came out in the discussion was that Mr W. R. W. Smith was a good jokist.

That many of his sanitary theories are capital jokes.

That his spurs as a humorist are still to be won.

That the Neil-Martin affair was one of the most disgraceful exhibitions ever witnessed in the Council Chamber.

That the Lord Provost is perfectly useless in keeping order in the Council.

That to sit and say "Mr Neil, Mr Neil," is a sorry way of displaying the firmness and decision necessary to control the irate Councillor.

That Mr Neil managed to have his say out.

That Mr Martin's "say" is still in store for us.

That next Council meeting will probably be a lively one also.

That Mr Morrison might have been less uncomplimentary to his colleagues.

That the Corporation have scored another "win" in their Municipal Extension Bill.

That the promoters are having more luck than they anticipated.

That Lord Claud Hamilton has retired from the Committee.

That he never got the better of the bad joke he made regarding the Scotch character.

That Captain M'Call wants a few more bobbies.

That there are sufficient bobbies already.

That if some work could be got for them to do, it might vary the monotony of their existence.

That the shed at the Bridge Wharf has got a coat of white-wash.

That it was not without the need of it.

That the Clyde Trust have ignored the comfort of the passengers at the steamboat wharf.

That Father Glancy did not send back the 'umble missionary's £50.

That 'Arry never expected the rev. Father would "collar the half century" so easily.

That 'Arry has sworn to bet no more—unless on a certainty.

That a new sewage scheme for the purification of the Clyde was propounded last week.

That the Corporation have paid a pretty penny for reports on sewage and Clyde purification during the last ten years.

That all the while nothing practical has been done.

That the hot weather and "letters to the editor" will be certain to bring the matter into prominence once more.

That Mr Morton is about to start a Milk Company.

That he thoroughly understands the process of "milking" and "watering."

That our agricultural friends will be pouring into the city this week.

That the display of fat animals is certain to be a success.

That the exhibition of stout and healthy men and women is quite as interesting a sight.

That the Solicitor-General and his co-trustees have escaped the City Bank catastrophe by the skin of their teeth.

That the compromise has not given universal satisfaction.

That altogether the Liquidators' visit to London has not been a success.

That the creditors there hope they have seen the last of Mr Auldjo Jamieson.

"JUSTICE" FOR IRELAND!—Ireland has got justice at last, if we are to believe the *Evening Times*, by whom the new Irish member has been dubbed—Mr "Justice" M'Carthy.

Mrs Craik's story of Richerden, in *Good Words*, must have been written before the bank smash. Alas! alas! we were much Richer-den than now. He-haw!

An Organ that ought to be blowed—The Nasal.

"Light" Coin—A *lux* penny.

Kraal-ing Things—Kaffirs.

Companions of the Bath—Towels, &c.

The Odour of Sanctity—Incense.

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A "SPECIALITY."

ONE GUINEA AND UPWARDS.

**IN THESE TIMES OF STRICTEST**

ECONOMY we may be permitted to remind Gentlemen that our Stock of *OVERCOATS* (for immediate wear) is beyond question the Largest in the City, while it has never been surpassed in any former season for the beauty and variety of the Colourings and Cloth.

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LADIES' UNDERCLOTHING,  
LACE CURTAINS, JAPANESE CURTAINS,  
CRETONNES, TABLE LINEN, SHEETINGS, &c., &c.;

Also,  
Sale of several Tons Weight of WAX FLOOR CLOTH, at nearly Half-price.

**MESSRS COPLAND & LYE** announce the Sale of their Splendid Stock of London and Paris Costumes, Jackets, and Dressing Gowns, which for Style, Quality, and extremely Moderate Prices, are unequalled either in or out of London. Free invitation to Ladies who are desirous of inspecting the most Fashionable and Recherche Goods of the day. Special attention is directed to the extraordinary Stock of Dress Goods now Showing in the Caledonian House, comprising all the Novelties of the Season, and yet at prices that are really astonishing. The Caledonian House is filled with extraordinary Bargains, so that Ladies can never do wrong by taking a leisurely inspection of the many Rare Lots always on View.

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*P.S.*—F. & J. S. would particularly draw attention to a Stock of Best Brussels and Tapestry Carpets, last year's patterns, which, to effect a speedy clearance, they are now offering at specially low prices.

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# The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 7th, 1879.

**A**T the present time the chief trouble which afflicts the minds of a goodly number of persons is closely connected with the Whitsunday term. It is one of the red letter days in the Calendar with which there has rarely been associated such doleful anticipations. The whole tribe of borrowers on securities great and small, mark its steady but sure approach with unpleasant feelings ranging from indifference to absolute terror, while, in not a few cases, the sensations of lenders are not more enjoyable. Supposed margins have disappeared; supposed safe securities over extensive ranges of tenements have been found to be unrealizable, and as in many instances the rents, after paying exorbitant feu-duties and ground-annuals, besides taxes, are insufficient to meet the half-year's interest, there is bound to be a deficiency in the incomes of some persons who have hitherto escaped loss, and a further deficiency with some who have suffered in the past as well. Nor is the plight of some Building and Security

Companies and Syndicates one whit better. The more humble but more numerous class to whom the idea of the 15th May calls up visions of house-factors calling for rents, and other unpleasant recollections, do not hail its approach with less than the usual dissatisfaction. To far more than is ordinarily supposed, the term-day is always the crowning trouble of the half-year, and it is sure to be so to still more on Thursday week. The desire to appear respectable, or to keep a style like Mr So and So, without counting the cost, and the absurd pitch to which property speculation has forced up rents, all tell their tale on the term-day. As in the past, so is it likely to be in the present instance,—experience will teach its lesson most effectively to those to whom innocent misfortune has ruthlessly presented the truth. Those who have the command of resources, and those who, by luck or good guiding, are able to make ends meet, may well wish their less fortunate brethren a happy deliverance at the ensuing Term time.

**A QUESTION IN NATURAL HISTORY.**—Which may be considered the nobler animals—those who didn't interfere with Daniel in the Den, or those who did in Denny!—He-haw!

## Notes for the Cattle Show Week.

IF there is a prize for well-bred puppies, none of the toothpick chewing and gaiter-wearing fraternity daily on view in Buchanan Street would have any chance of taking it. None of them are well-bred puppies.

Although hog and pig are generally supposed to be convertible terms, it is not ever thus. A hog is sometimes a sheep.

The word "duck" is often applied to pretty girls as a term of endearment. Now-a-days, it is more applicable than ever. Their tight skirts make them waddle so.

Horace Funniman, who prides himself equally on his wit and his classical education, says he does not mean to inspect the spades and other agricultural implements closely, as it would be "infra dig." to do so.

A prize stallion differs in many respects from a gift horse. For instance, it must be looked in the mouth.

Rosy-cheeked country lasses are the most interesting kind of agricultural produce.

Is a brood mare necessarily a ruminating animal?

Can an ardent admirer of cows of tender years be said to be suffering from calf-love?

## A POST TOO LATE.

*Father Murphy*--And so, Tim Delaney, rest his sowl, wint very suddenly last night. Did the doctors hould a post mortem examination?

*Pat. Flannigan*—No, your riverence, there was no toime for that, for poor Tim wor dead afore ever the dochthers rached him!

At last week's meeting of the Paisley Burgh Parochial Board, Mr Costello inquired, with reference to a recent tragic occurrence, "whether it was the custom for a man to be murdered in the Riccarton Asylum without the Board ever hearing of it?" The question sounds almost as Irish as the questioner's name, but it was a very pertinent one, nevertheless. Judging from certain revelations made on the occasion, the sooner the asylum authorities set their house in order, in the matter of treatment of dangerous lunatics, the better. The BAILIE and Costello have spoken.

"It is not always May!" quoted Angelina, sentimentally. "No, thank goodness!" responded Edwin, as he buttoned his ulster.

"Les Enfants Terribles"—Woolwich "Infants."

## "Respectable" Criminals.

THERE is nothing like "respectability." At Aberdeen last week a dishonest bagman was let off easily on account of "his respectable appearance;" and our friends, the bank directors, doubtless profited by similar considerations on the part of their judges. It is to be presumed that poor Duncan was not considered by the merciful Young to be of respectable appearance. Such reflections as these have led the Ass to think of going in for respectability himself, but he intends to consult his friends before doing anything rash. Seriously, this sort of thing should be put a stop to. It is your "respectable" rogue who is the greatest pest of society, and who plunders right and left on a scale beyond the reach of his "disreputable" rival. When he chances to be found out he should be punished with righteous and exemplary severity. To treat him otherwise is to make a burlesque of justice, and to encourage slimy scoundrels of the Pecksniff and Potter order.

## Courtship a la Mode.

SHERIFF LEES evidently possesses a tender heart. Last week he dismissed a playful youth, who had been "partially convicted" of seriously assaulting his sweetheart, with an admonition to the effect that "it was not now, as in the days of William the Conqueror, the custom to conduct courtship by knocking down a sweetheart." The bit of historical information is interesting and valuable, and, as has been said, the Sheriff is evidently tender-hearted towards boisterous wooers; but is it not rather "rough" on the sweetheart? If this decision is to be a precedent, the "nymph" maltreated by her "swain" will have no resource save to sigh, "It was all very well to dissemble your love, but why did you kick me downstairs?"

SHOCKING!—The success of the Ayr Agricultural Show last week was somewhat marred by two painful circumstances. A prize cow is described as having been "tight," while an unsuccessful canine competitor was "beaten about the head." Such things should not be; and it is to be hoped we shall have nothing of the kind this week on the Green. If agricultural exhibitions are to result in the encouragement of intemperance and cruelty to animals, they had better be discontinued altogether.

A Green Bank—The Caledonian—very; to be so easily snuffed out.



Bonnie Dundee.

New and improved version, sympathetically dedicated to our 'umbled missionary on the pitiful occasion of his bold Borean advance, but crestfallen homeward retreat; he having lost discretion, temper, £50, and—the crusade.

TO the Slaves of Contention 'twas claver-Long spoke;  
" Ere King William goes down, the Pope's *crenon* must be broke;

Then each caviller, he that loves garbage, and *me*,  
Let him follow Monk Widdows in Bonnie Dundee.  
Come fill up the hall, come as quick as you can,  
Come haul out my minions, and call out my men,  
Hook each Orange import, from tolerance free,  
For it's up wi' Priest Widdows in Bonnie Dundee!"

This Widdows, unmounted, trots "big" up the street,  
His serfs are not backward, and will not be beat;  
The Provost, sage man, says "he can't let such be,  
For the toun should be rid o' that deil in Dundee."

If there's knaves beyond Norwich, poor fools beyond Forth,  
Easy dupes in the South, there are *men* in the North  
Who hate casuist wassails—three thousand times three—  
Will cry "Down with Ape Widdows in Bonnie Dundee!"

Then awa o'er the hills wi' your lees, tae the rocks,  
Tae some den, ye usurper, ye crouching sly fox;  
And tremble, friend Long, in the midst o' your glee;  
You ha'e noo seen the last o' your game in Dundee!  
Then go from the hall, and go fill up your can,  
Pledge "a truce to such humbug;" acquit you as men;  
Prove Scotland—her pride—in *religion is free!*  
And banish Scamp Widdows from bonnie Dundee.

Haut Ton.

SEVERAL members of the School Board congratulated the teachers the other day on the "high tone" observable in their schools. Now, there be the tone moral, and the tone "most musical, most melancholy," and often sufficiently "high" to be heard outwith the bounds of the class-rooms. When the "gentle shepherd" is administering the regulation "liffies," the unauthorised cuffings, and all-round flagellations, the "high tone" is, indeed, apparent. From what the BAILIE hears, the cane and the tawse, rather than moral suasion, are the factors in producing "high tone," which is neither creditable to the Board nor their staff.

POOR FLOOKIE.

(Scene—Highland Inn; enter commercial man.)  
*Com. Man* (to waiter)—Well, Donald, what's for breakfast this morning?

*Waiter*—Anyising you please, sir, eggs an' hams, shops, peefsteaks—och anyising at all, sir.

*Com. Man*—Fresh fish?

*Waiter*—Not wan sinkle fush has come into ta toon this tay, sir, put you'll can have some coot fresh flounders no' ten minutes oot ta watter if you like.

' The Place for "My Uncle"—The great *Loan* Land.

Megilp.

I HAVE to correct here a little mistake made last week by the worthy gentleman who entertains the BAILIE and his friends with "Monday Gossip." He stated that the illustration to "The Bride's Pass," in the May number of *Good Words*, was by Mr A. S. Boyd. Now the artist in this case is Mrs Jackson. Mr Boyd has been engaged to illustrate the story; but his first drawing will be in the June number.

Mr Stephen Smith, the Dublin portrait painter, who is well known to his professional brethren in Glasgow, has been elected a member of the Hibernian Academy.

The 59th Art Exhibition at Manchester will open early in September. Works intended for exhibition must arrive in Manchester not later than 8th August. Artists' circulars, with full particulars, may be obtained on application to Mr E. W. Marshall, assistant secretary, 38 Barten Arcade, Manchester.

From various trusty correspondents in London I have heard that the Academy Exhibition is a very good one, and that we, north of the Tweed, have every reason to be proud of the works shown by the Scottish division.

The pictures by Messrs Pettie, Orchardson, and M'Whirter are among the finest in the Gallery. The power in Mr Pettie's work is the subject of general admiration.

Mr Peter Graham's contributions are splendid. I am told that one of his pictures has a sky which "in its way it would be difficult to surpass." Messrs Hunter, Tom Graham, MacBeth, Hamilton Macallum, and Smart's works are all very highly spoken of.

Mr J. R. Reid has achieved a striking success with his picture of a horse leaping a fence, in sight of a group of field labourers. So highly do the Royal Academy think of the work that they have purchased it out of the Chantry Bequest Fund for 350 guineas! The Academy have also bought Mr Colin Hunter's picture of the Wreck-harvest on the west coast of Ireland, and would have become the possessors of Mr Macallum's "Bathers," had it not already been the property of our townsman, Mr A. B. Stewart. These two works I have already described in this column. The action of the sea and the strong colour in Mr Hunter's picture and the beautiful sunny light and colour in Mr Macallum's are worthy of the highest praise.

Our own Glasgow artists have, on the whole, no reason to complain of the treatment they have received. Mr Henderson shows three pictures; his large one is in a capital position, and looks very well. Mr Murray's large picture is also well placed, and shows to great advantage. Mr Calvert exhibits a strong sea-scape, and Mr Findlay's harbour scene—the best he has painted—has received a good place.

Among the water colour exhibitors are Messrs A. K. Brown and Mr J. G. Whyte. Mr Brown is represented by the two drawings he had in our Water Colour Society, and one of them has been hung on the line.

The Grosvenor Gallery Exhibition is also open. The character of this exhibition appears to be very similar to that of previous years, and those who admire the unhealthy work produced by Mr Burne Jones and others like unto him, will find on the walls much to appeal to their love of—shall I stretch a point and call it—"the beautiful?"

In the Grosvenor there are really great painters represented—men like Watts and Sir Fred. Leighton, Sterkomer and Millais—men whose artistic power and insight we all must acknowledge and respect.

Mr David Murray's "Highland Funeral" has received a good place and is attracting considerable attention.

Among the artists whose pictures were not hung at the Academy is Mr Pellegrini, whose admirable portraits of "living celebrities" (portraits in which you don't know whether to admire more the humour or the truth) made the fame of *Vanity Fair*. Mr Pellegrini does not need to care, but, at the same time, much sympathy is felt for him in London. I hear that the portrait by him, exhibited in the Grosvenor, of a brother artist, Mr MacBeth, is a very fine work of art.

A See of Troubles—The Bishop of Natal's.

## Our Stormy Petrels.

THE BAILIE fails to see any adequate ground for Thursday's shindy in the Town Council. Considering the estimation in which he holds Mr Morrison, surely Mr Neil should be rather gratified than otherwise by being unfavourably looked upon in an "audacious, arrogant, personal, vain, and immoral" quarter; and, in any case—say, Mr Neil—was it kind or Christian to move that even an audacious, arrogant, personal, vain, and immoral opponent be "sent to prison?" Again, why should Mr Martin take offence at being compared to Dr Kenealy? Can it be that that lion-hearted man has fallen in the estimation of his Gallowgate champion, or that the Gallowgate champion has risen inordinately in the same quarter? To be sure, a member of Council and School Board is no small potatoes, but a member of Parliament and representative of languishing nobility is a bigger tuber still. One hesitates to accuse our municipal *nobile par* of getting up a row for the sake of a row, but it cannot be denied that there would be some ground for such a charge.

## MAKING ASSURANCE DOUBLY SURE.

*Agent*—Come, Donald, I will ask you wance more again for the second time why you'll not insure your life?

*Donald*—Where wass ta goot? I will read your prospectuss ant fint uff I did insure I will no pe able to touch ta siller until I'm dead ant kone ant maype no even then, putt I'll insure Pekky, my wife, so that when she survives me I'll hev enough to pury her tecently ant comfortably.

Granny has made a discovery in her favourite field of "art"—two discoveries, in fact; for she has not only become awake to the fact that Mr W. G. Wills is a painter, but she has discovered that he is an actor. Wonderful old lady!

The other day two Radicals made two speeches, each of which was devoted to Lord Beaconsfield. One of the orators made out our beloved Premier to be as malignantly active as the author of evil himself, while the other declared that he was, "politically speaking, dead." Now, what occurs to a stupid old Tory like the BAILIE is to ask which of these ingenious gentlemen is what Mr Long calls "an absolute liar."

"IMPROVE EACH SHINING HOUR."—Every May bee's no' a true honey bee—nor indeed likely to be unless "opening flowers" be,

## Grief and Business.

IT seems to be becoming a more and more common practice for a gentleman who has had the misfortune—or the fortune—to lose his better-half, to mention his occupation in the announcement—thus, "wife of John Smith, butcher," or "baker," or "candlestick-maker," as the case may be. Two purposes are thus served. The survivor makes public his bereavement, and at the same time advertises himself. Business is business, however inconsolable one may be. Yet more might be done in this way. Why not supplement the mere designation by particulars, and the usual trade formulas—"Families supplied," "Try our trousers at 1s 11½," "Competition defied," or the like? The BAILIE has pleasure in throwing out the suggestion, and expects to see it acted upon.

The BAILIE would not advise any of his readers who purpose visiting the Emerald Isle to wear "long ulsters," unless they are ambitious of looking like "wolves in sheep's clothing;" for such, according to a speaker at a Dublin meeting the other day, is the appearance presented by a Scot in Ireland when arrayed in the garment named.

DISCREDITABLE "ECONOMY."—All right-thinking citizens must have observed last week with something like shame that members of Council should be found to oppose the granting of a few pounds for the purpose of providing what is but necessary and decent for our Cathedral. If people of the Burt-and-Colquhoun "persuasion" had their way, they would doubtless suffer the building to go to ruin. Happily, however, there are higher powers who look after that, and the time is not yet come when a Glasgow Town Council will refuse to provide for the needs of the Glasgow Cathedral.

Toning up—For a man whose ailment is sick-o'-fancy, there is nothing better than a little genuine spirit.

PERSONAL REFLECTION.—He who is always shouting "A-cad-am-I," "A-cad-am-I," is not generally on the line for an artist.

Little Jinks, who has a weakness for "stout-and-bitter" with his mid-day sandwich at Lang's, has lately been bitten by Whistler; and so now he solemnly remarks, as he helps himself, that he's going in for "an arrangement in black and tan."

A Noted Match-Maker—John Jex Long.

Another Hot Un.

GRANNY is ever reminding its readers of the imperfection which prevails on this side of the grave. No later than Saturday last the correspondent who provides it with samples of Edinburgh omniscience made the startling announcement that the parallel roads were made by General Wade, and he magnanimously attempted to share the honour of the discovery with Dr Gordon of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church. The Doctor disclaims the honour, so that Granny is entitled to the sole credit of having offered this most absurd solution of the Glenroy puzzle.

PRODIGIOUS!—As a proof of the enormous enterprise displayed by the conductors of the local morning newspapers it may be mentioned that on Thursday last one of them published a "second edition" of seven lines, containing, among other items equally portentous, the important and startling news that "the Queen and Princess Beatrice drove over to Farmwood, Sunninghill, yesterday, and honoured Mary Caroline, Marchioness of Aylesbury, with a visit."

Another Dizzy Home Dig—Placing *Homer* after Shaksperc.

Concluding with a Motion—A wagtail.

"A Modern Minister" (of Mines) — Sandy Macdonald, M.P.

A limited Male—The late Tom Thumb.

To the Manor born—The squire's heir.

An *a posteriori* argument—Tunding.

**T H E G A I E T Y .**

Proprietor and Manager,.....Mr C. BERNARD.  
TO-NIGHT AND FOLLOWING EVENINGS,  
MR J. H. RYLEY and a Specially Selected Company.  
P I C K L E S

AND  
UNDERPROOF, BUT MUCH ABOVE PA.

Doors Open at 6.30, to commence at 7.30.

**PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.**

Sole Lessee and Manager,..... Mr JOHN COLEMAN.  
IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENT FOR TWELVE NIGHTS OF  
MISS BATEMAN.  
TO-NIGHT (TUESDAY), WEDNESDAY, and THURSDAY, MAY 6, 7, and 8, will be presented  
L. E. A. II,  
Doors Open at 6-30. Commence at 7-30. Prices as usual.

**ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS AND CRYSTAL PALACE,**

Open Daily from Nine a. m. till Dusk. Admission 6d.  
GRAND PROMENADE CONCERT  
By BAND AND PIPERS 79TH HIGHLANDERS,  
ON SATURDAY FIRST, 10TH MAY, FROM 7 TO 9.  
Annual Subscription, Family Tickets, £1 1s; Single do., 10s 6d;  
to be had at 155 West George Street, and at Garden Gate.

**WEST OF SCOTLAND RIFLE ASSOCIATION.**

The Eighteenth Annual Prize Meeting Competitions at COWGLEN RANGES, GLASGOW, on 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th June.

Total Number and Value of Prizes, 759, £1890.  
The Shooting will Commence each day at Nine a. m.  
Programmes and Entry Schedules are now ready and may be had at all Volunteer Orderly Rooms, Rifle Ranges, Gunmakers' Shops, or at the Offices of the Association.

Entries Close on Thursday, 22nd May.  
THOMAS FERGUSON, Lieutenant,  
Secretary.

137 West George St, Glasgow.

**GLASGOW AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.**

ANNUAL SHOW

OF  
AYRSHIRE CATTLE, CLYDESDALE HORSES,  
ROADSTERS, HUNTERS, AND PONIES,

AND  
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,  
ON GLASGOW GREEN,

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, 7TH and 8TH MAY.  
Admission to the Show Yard, on Wednesday from 8 A.M. till 2 P.M., 2s 6d; thereafter till 6 P.M., 1s. On Thursday, from 8 A.M. till 1 P.M., 1s; and from 1 till close, 6d.

Grand Stand—Single Admission, 1s.

The JUMPING will take place in Front of the Grand Stand on Wednesday about Two o'clock, and on Thursday about One o'clock.

The TANDEM TEAMS will be driven in Front of the Grand Stand on both days of the Show.

The BAND and PIPERS of the 79TH HIGHLANDERS will be present on both Days of the Show.

**GENTLES' PATENT APPARATUS FOR MAKING PICTURE FRAMES.**—Wholesale Moulding Warehouse—338 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.



'S

**BELFAST AERATED WATERS,**

ARE FAR AND AWAY SUPERIOR TO OTHERS.

AMBROSIA,

The New Summer Drink possesses great stimulating properties, more invigorating than Beer or Porter, and perfectly non-intoxicating.

GINGER ALE, LEMONADE, SODA, POTASH, SELTZER, &c.

May be had from FAMILY GROCERS, CHEMISTS, RESTAURATEURS, etc., etc.

SCOTCH DEPOT - 147 STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW.



GLASGOW, BOTHWELL, AND COATBRIDGE RAILWAY COMPANY.

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LINE FROM HAMILTON, BOTHWELL, &c., TO GLASGOW (COLLEGE STATION), *via* BELLSHILL, WHIFFLET, COATBRIDGE, EASTERHOUSE, &c. AND VICE VERSA.

The above Section of the Line is now Opened for Passenger Traffic.

The following is the running of Trains, viz.:—

	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
HAMILTON dep.	8 10	10 10	10 50	12 15	2 10	4 15	6 10	7 10	8 45
Peacock Cross,,	8 12	10 12	10 52	12 17	2 12	4 17	6 12	7 12	8 47
Greenfield,,	8 15	10 15	10 55	12 20	2 15	4 20	6 15	7 15	8 50
Bothwell,,	8 19	10 19	10 59	12 24	2 19	4 24	6 19	7 19	8 54
Bellshill,,	8 24	10 24	11 4	12 29	2 24	4 29	6 24	7 24	8 59
Whifflet,,	8 30	10 30	11 10	12 35	2 30	4 35	6 30	7 30	9 5
Coatbg. (Cen.),,	8 35	10 35	11 15	12 40	2 35	4 40	6 35	7 35	9 10
Cuilhill,,	8 42	10 42	stop.	12 47	2 42	4 47	6 42	stop	9 17
Easterhouse,,	8 46	10 46	—	12 51	2 46	4 51	6 46	—	9 21
Shettleston,,	8 52	10 52	—	12 57	2 52	4 57	6 52	—	9 27
Parkhead,,	8 57	10 57	—	1 2	2 57	5 2	6 57	—	9 32
Bellgrove,,	9 2	11 2	—	1 7	3 2	5 7	7 2	—	9 37
COLLEGE arr.	9 5	11 5	—	1 10	3 5	5 10	7 5	—	9 40

	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
COLLEGE dep.	—	9 30	—	11 40	1 30	3 30	5 30	7 30	10 0
Bellgrove,,	—	9 33	—	11 43	1 33	3 33	5 33	7 33	10 3
Parkhead,,	—	9 37	—	11 47	1 37	3 37	5 37	7 37	10 7
Shettleston,,	—	9 42	—	11 52	1 42	3 42	5 42	7 42	10 12
Easterhouse,,	—	9 48	—	11 58	1 48	3 48	5 48	7 48	10 18
Cuilhill,,	—	9 52	—	12 2	1 52	3 52	5 52	7 52	10 22
Coatbg. (Cn.),,	7 15	10 0	11 20	12 10	2 0	4 0	6 0	8 0	10 30
Whifflet,,	7 20	10 5	11 25	12 15	2 5	4 5	6 5	8 5	10 35
Bellshill,,	7 26	10 11	11 31	12 21	2 11	4 11	6 11	8 11	10 41
Bothwell,,	7 31	10 16	11 36	12 26	2 16	4 16	6 16	8 16	10 46
Greenfield,,	7 35	10 20	11 40	12 30	2 20	4 20	6 20	8 20	10 50
Peacock Cross,,	7 38	10 23	11 43	12 33	2 23	4 23	6 23	8 23	10 53
HAMILTON arr.	7 40	10 25	11 45	12 35	2 25	4 25	6 25	8 25	10 55

R. J. BROWNE, General Manager.

Offices, 45 Montrose Street, Glasgow, 28th April, 1879.

THE SCOTTISH CIRCULATING MUSICAL LIBRARY, 28 GREAT WESTERN ROAD, HILLHEAD, GLASGOW.

This Library will open at an early date.

Prospectus free. Teachers of Music should secure agencies.

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THE NEW SHAPES, THE NEW COLOURS, HARD AND SOFT MAKES.

The Prices range from 4s 6d to the Finest made.

EXTREME SIZES CAN BE FITTED AT ONCE. Special SMART SHAPES for "YOUNG MEN," LADS, and BOYS' wear. We guarantee our FELT HATS to retain their Shapes and Stand Fast in the Colour.

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ESTABLISHED UPWARDS OF FORTY YEARS. SPRING FURNITURE SALES.

From our long experience and extensive connection we are in a position to offer exceptionally advantageous facilities to parties desirous of Selling Household Furniture before the forthcoming Term.

In order to prevent disappointment, we would advise those who intend favouring us with the conduct of their Sales to communicate with us at once, so as to secure the most suitable days and have the advantage of early announcement in our List.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO., Auctioneers.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Wednesday 7th, Thursday 8th, and Friday 9th May,

EXTENSIVE PUBLIC SALE OF HIGH-CLASS AND FANCY DECORATIVE PROPERTY, Artistic Bronze Figures and Groups,

Dresden, Sevres, Faïences, and Other Rare China, Jardinières, Musical Instruments, Writing Desks, Dressing Cases, Brilliant Diamond Rings,

Together with a Great Variety of Nic-Nacs, Silver Brooches, etc.

(Belonging to Mr Wathew, 78 Buchanan Street, to be Sold without Reserve, being the Final Sale owing to the termination of his Lease).

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above, by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, 7th, 8th, and 9th May, commencing each Day at Twelve o'clock prompt.

On View, with Catalogues, To-Morrow (Tuesday), 6th May, from 10 a.m. till 6 p.m.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 5th May, 1879.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms on Tuesday, 13th May, EXTENSIVE PUBLIC SALE OF

NOTTINGHAM LACE CURTAINS, Of New and Rich Designs, for Drawing-Rooms, Dining-Rooms, Bed-Rooms, etc.

ALSO

WINDOW VALANCES, ANTIMACASSARS, LACE TABLE AND BED COVERS.

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On View Moining of Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 5th May, 1879.

CRICKET EMPORIUM.

Every Article required in the game of Cricket always kept in Stock. Bats, Balls, Stumps, Legguards, Gauntlets, &c.

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THE £3 3s HIGH-CLASS TWEED SUIT.

The Choice Variety for this High-class SCOTCH TWEED SUIT excels that of any former Season, and our facilities for making up are as perfect as it is possible to make them.

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51 and 53 JAMAICA STREET; 1, 3, 5, 9 HOWARD STREET.

# ISLAY WHISKY.

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May be had of any Chemist or Perfumer.

Price, 3s 6d.

DEPOT, 121 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

## SPECIAL NOTICE

TO THE  
INHABITANTS OF GLASGOW AND SUBURBS.

## FINLAY M'DIARMID

Is now supplying J. & R. TENNENT'S NEW SEASON'S EXPORT BEER AND STOUT, in fine condition, in his Patent Stoneware Casks. One trial solicited to prove their excellence. The Casks contain 4½ Gallons each, are fitted with Lock Taps, and are unsurpassed for cleanliness, convenience, and economy.

ONSERVE.—No charge is made for their use, they are delivered several miles free of extra charge, and the empties collected without trouble to purchasers.

F. M'D.'s STANDARD FERATED WATERS are so carefully prepared that they are becoming a household word.

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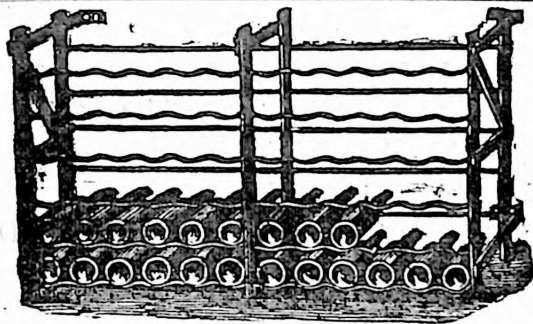
Beer and Stout, 7s per Cask, or 2s 3d per Dozen Pints.

Lemonade, Soda Water, Potash Water, Sarsaparilla, and Ginger Ale, 2s per Dozen.

TERMS CASH. Empties to be returned within two months.

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Made any required sizes, or to fit recesses, &c.

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SALES of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, &c., conducted at the Owner's Premises, on Moderate Terms.  
CASH ADVANCED.

FINE ARTS.

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Admission Free.

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WASTE PAPER, Ledgers, Letters, Books,  
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This Old-Established House, adjoining the Waverley Station, and opposite General Post Office, affords first-class accommodation for Commercial Gentlemen and others visiting the City (either on business or pleasure), having recently undergone extensive alterations and additions; entirely re-decorated and furnished in the most approved manner. Parties honouring the "BRIDGE" with their patronage will find every comfort, combined with cleanliness and attention. Cheerful Sitting-rooms.

CHARGES:—Breakfasts, from 1/ to 2/3; Dinners, from 1/9; Bed-room, 2/; Attendance, 1/ per day. GOOD STOCK ROOMS.

JAMES M'GREGOR, Proprietor.

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SPECIAL TO GENTLEMEN.

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ANOTHER MONSTER DELIVERY  
 OF  
 HIGH-CLASS FELT HATS.

Styles, Shapes, and Qualities cannot be equalled in Glasgow.

Every Hat guaranteed to retain Shape and keep the Colour.

*The Prices charged by the Retail Hatters are Fifty per Cent. above Ours.*

BOYS' HATS.

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TRIMMED and UNTRIMMED

MILLINERY.

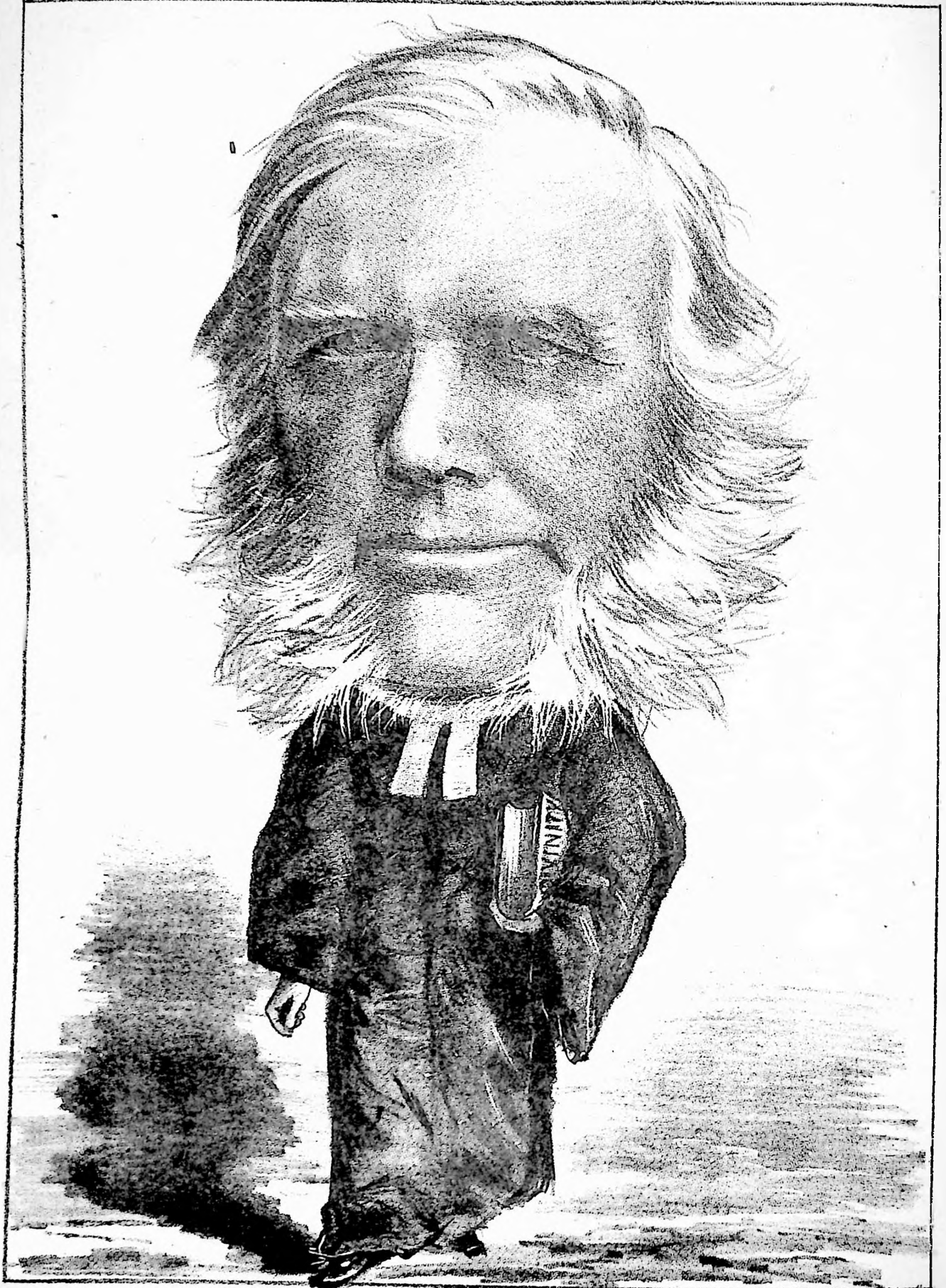
TO-DAY WILL SHOW A THOUSAND DIFFERENT BONNETS.

Prices, 5s to 200s.

The Best Stock in Glasgow of INFANTS' SILK HATS and HOODS, LADIES' DRESS CAPS, MOB CAPS, &c., &c.

*WALTER WILSON & CO.,*  
**COLOSSEUM, 70 JAMAICA STREET.**







# The Bailie.

“MY CONSCIENCE!”

No. 343. Glasgow, Wednesday, May 14th, 1879. Price 1d.

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 343.

OUR U.P. friends enjoyed their innings last week. The fathers—aye, and sons too—of the Church, met in solemn conclave, day after day, in the Free Church Assembly Hall in Edinburgh, and discussed “at lairge.” That general public, of whom the BAILIE is a distinguished member, that likes its news done up “in little,” and that has no particular enthusiasm for United Presbyterian politics, had its temper severely tried all through the sitting of the Synod. Morning after morning the papers were filled to overflowing with records of the doings of the U.P.’s. The internal administration of their Church; the views of Dr Hutton on disestablishment; Mr Wardrope’s arguments with regard to a new creed; what Professor Calderwood thinks of that most uninteresting of the entire female sex, the deceased wife’s sister; these were the subjects with which we had to regale ourselves for a week back over our matutinal coffee. We sought for news, morning after morning, and we were presented with—the U.P. Synod. Sometimes, it is true, the proceedings of the “fathers and brethren” were not wholly destitute of interest. Those passages between Mr David Macrae and his baiters, when he turned and rent them, gave a measure of delight to all who valued courage and earnestness, and who sympathised with the struggle, maintained single-handed, against custom and formula, by a disciple of realism in thought and dogma. Among the events of the meeting was distinctly the elevation of the Rev. Dr CAIRNS to the Principalship of the Theological Hall. Dr CAIRNS, all things considered, is now the foremost member of the U.P. body. Clear-headed and acute, powerful in the pulpit, but timid and hesitating as a thinker, the new

Principal, it is just possible, may not sustain, in his fresh position, the hopes formed of him by the promise of his earlier years. The speeches of Dr CAIRNS on the Declaratory Act have been the most belauded, and at the same time the weakest of his productions. As a professor he has proved more or less of a failure. But of his nobleness of heart, his Christian earnestness, and his pulpit power there can be no question. Speaking of the new head of the Theological Training College in his book of sketches entitled “Home and Abroad,” the Rev. David Macrae supplies the following sketch of his great speech delivered two or three years ago in the Synod on the movement for the Union of the Free and U. P. Churches:—“CAIRNS, gigantic, and with his neck swathed in a high white neckcloth, now mounts the platform. The rugged, but noble and honest face, the cliff-like brows, the Herculean frame, and the huge fists, all convey the idea of power. He has not been speaking many minutes before his limbs are in motion like a mighty engine beginning to heave. His gestures are the most extraordinary, I should think, that have ever been combined with oratorical power. His whole body works in half rotation; his legs give a peculiar kind of spring; and his huge arms swing about after a fashion evidently not acquired from elocution books. The motion once begun, it seems difficult to stop. On he goes, flaming up into grandeur; he seems to be hauling-in the Union argument like a cable, now with one hand, now with both; then his hands are pressed together, palm to palm, and are up and down, up and down—his voice all the time retaining the same intonations, but becoming deeper and more overwhelming in its passionate earnestness. He reads an extract from some old minutes of the Synod to clench his argument. His spirit is on fire, and the moment the extract

is over he flames up, and his fist comes down upon the table with a thump that is like to smash it to pieces. At the next thump the Moderator picks up his spectacles, which are lying perilously near; and a reverend doctor on the other side of CAIRNS, finding himself within range of the giant arms that are now flying in all directions, retreats to a safer distance. CAIRNS' peroration in that speech was one of the most impressive things to which I have listened. With his eyes closed, his face turned towards heaven, the palms of his hands pressed together and moving up and down, his whole body heaving with emotion, he poured forth the overwhelming and passionate earnestness of his soul in one concluding sentence, and sat down, leaving the whole audience thrilling with emotion and blinded with tears. I never realised the effects produced by Chalmers in his grandest moments till I felt and witnessed that." Principal CAIRNS, the BAILIE notes on passing, was born at Stockbridge in Berwickshire. He was ordained to the ministry in 1845; in the following year he was settled in Rose Street U.P. Church, Edinburgh, where he remained till 1855, in which year he was transferred to Greyfriars in this city. After a sojourn in Glasgow of nine years, he returned to Edinburgh, where he was pastor, first of the U.P. Church at Morningside, and afterwards of that in Nicolson Street. In 1858 he received the title of D.D. from the University of Edinburgh, and in the May of '67 he was appointed Professor of Apologetics to the U.P. Church. Dr CAIRNS is an excellent German and Latin scholar. He has published translations of Krummacher, pamphlets on Scottish philosophy, and various sermons and memoirs, including a Memoir of the late Professor John Brown of Edinburgh—a rather dreary production, at the end of which, however, came a delicious sketch by the author of "Rab and his Friends," like an oasis in the desert, or the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. The students that come under the influence of Principal CAIRNS will not be taught any very great measure of respect for new opinion, but they will at least learn the value of reverential study, and of exhaustive work, even if the circle in which the work is to be carried on should be a comparatively limited one.

The performances of a diver the other day reminded a local reporter "of the plunge of the solan goose." Of what sort of goose does the reporter remind the diver?

### A Dismal Duty.

"The most dismal duty of humanity is to explain."—  
*Beaconsfield's Speech at the Academy Dinner*

A WITTY saying, true and true,  
And thus an epigram we gain;  
Although we feel 'tis nothing new—  
The "dismal duty to explain."

We've had some instances of late—  
To pick them out we now will deign,  
Where many found it out their fate—  
Their "dismal duty to explain."

There's Caird, professor and no less,  
Though speaking in a joking strain,  
Had, for Rectorial address,  
The "dismal duty to explain."

That Rector's speech we've yet to get,  
And neither wonder nor complain;  
No doubt, in time, he'll find it yet  
His "dismal duty to explain."

Our 'umble friend—that's Harry Long—  
Ere Glancy o'er his notes had ta'en,  
Had, too, while owning he was wrong,  
The "dismal duty to explain."

He now nor needs the counsel sound,  
"Beware of Widdows"—all are vain;  
As Weller to young Sammy found  
His "dismal duty to explain."

That case of Scott's has fallen through—  
Some links were wanting in the chain;  
But see what clever lawyers do  
Whose "dismal duty's to explain."

Perhaps if Nicol Fleming knew,  
He'd take a boat direct from Spain,  
And straightway be acquitted too,  
Without the "duty to explain."

More instances we well might cite  
With little need to rack our brain;  
But one case more we think it right  
Our "dismal duty to explain."

There's Neil says things the most absurd,  
And nothing can his tongue restrain,  
Although he has for each vile word,  
The "dismal duty to explain."

SPOUTING EXTRAORDINARY.—At the annual meeting of the Scottish Temperance League, held last week, Lord Provost Collins observed that "the 'cause' is being advocated from the pulpit, the platform, and the press;" and, in illustration of his remarks, mentioned the gratifying fact that "eight agents were now in our service who had delivered during the year 1900 lectures, heard by 429,092 persons." My conscience! This shows the platform, at least, has been doing its duty, though the BAILIE hardly knows whether to congratulate the eight orators, or condole with the 429,092 auditors. Truly, 'tis not in mortals to command success, but surely these wonderful eight deserve it.

Wife-beaters should remember that the matrimonial union gives no "strike allowance."

"Dinner Parties and Fuddles."

AT last meeting of Renfrew Town Council, Provost Stewart made a well-meant attempt to puff the local Parochial Board, of which he appears to be a member. Speaking of the new Poor-Law Bill, he had, he said, been told by Sheriff Fraser that "Boards like that of Renfrew, which managed their business economically, had nothing to fear from the new bill. In the case of some other Boards, however, they had dinner-parties, 'fuddles,' &c., which they put down against the rates—." But the Provost's flow of eloquence was here interrupted by Mr Simons, who broadly hinted that Renfrew came under the category of these same "other Boards." Forthwith, the Provost's complacency was changed to indignation, and turning fiercely upon his interrupter he demanded proof, which was not forthcoming, and so the matter dropped. This should not have been. Either the Provost should have upheld the character of the Board, or Mr Simons should have proved his allegations. We ought to hear more of the dinner-parties and "fuddles."

THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY.

"Where Gadie rins

By the back o' Benachie."

"What's that you'll be doin', Shon Macfarlane, doon at sa side o' sa purn?"

"Och, she chust pe makin toddy, Shamus Crerar."

"Where will pe sa whusky, Shon?"

"She chukit sa whusky last nicht, Shamus."

A "SHOOGLY" VOTER.—Prior to a recent meeting of Sugaropolis Licensing Court one of its members, on being pressed by an influential business friend to support a particular application, gave the following oracular promise, "If I see that the license is likely to be granted I will support it, but if not I must vote with the Provost," for which *heartly* support the applicant no doubt said thank ye for nothing.

How is it, asks Bauldy with a grin, that Dr A. L. Peace stands so high in the musical world? "Because," says the intelligent one replying to his own question, "according to his initials he is an ALP."

Sad Spirits—Lorn(e) whiskey.

A "Ready" Reckoner—A bank teller.

Old China—The Celestial Empire.

Alarming Affair in Edinburgh.

A DARING exploit took place last week in Edinburgh. A small monkey, having escaped from his keeper, made his appearance in Princes Street, and naturally created much consternation among the inhabitants. For a time the city was in a state of panic, and the wildest rumours were circulated—such as, that the Russians had landed at Leith; that plague had broken out in the Cowgate; that the BAILIE'S Ass had arrived in the capital, and was "takin' notes," &c., &c., &c. A meeting of the Magistrates was hastily convened, and messengers were about to be despatched to solicit military aid from the Castle and Piershill, when it became known that the "fearful wild-fowl" which had caused all the disturbance had been secured by a gallant member of the "force." Edinburgh, according to latest accounts, is recovering its wonted tranquillity, and it is understood that the Lord Provost is in correspondence with the Government, with a view to ascertaining whether the saviour of the city is eligible for the Victoria Cross.

AN ANGRY BENJAMIN.—Why is young Pincenez so agitated? What can have ruffled so his beaming self-complacency? Why, with vexing thoughts, is he disquieted in him? It was thus:—That venerable and wealthy patron saint of the iron trade, generally known as Old Ironsides, has had the audacity (undismayed by the "specs") to clap him on the back, and ask if he was his father's *last!* It was too bad, when his father was a fashionable shoemaker, and all the fellows in the office knew it, too, and showed that they knew it!

"A CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY."—There'll be a general fuddle in Ireland soon. They're going to get up a lot of volunteer regiments, and, of course, in each case they will proceed at once to "wake the corps."

RAILWAY SMOKE.

*Highland Passenger* (to acquaintance sitting opposite)—Hev you kot ta pipes with you today, Tchon M'Phedran?

*Lowland Passenger* (hastily)—Excaze me, freens, butt a ha'e a mortal objection to smokin'.

*John M'Phedran*—Hoots, my coot lat, she was no ta topaco pipes her freent wass mean, putt ta wan to blow—ta wind pipes.

*Lowland Passenger*—A beg yer pawrdon, freens, a see nae objection tae them for (jocularly) a aye cairry a win'pipe aboot me mase!

## Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Mr Bernard—who made quite a hit last week, by-the-bye, with his engagement of Mr J. H. Ryley—announces the production this evening of Paul Merrit's sensational drama of "Queen's Evidence." Mr Merrit, who is the most popular of our younger dramatists, started his career of writing for the stage just at the moment when the Robertsonian comedy began to decline, and accordingly, sensible man that he is, set himself to construct works possessing a strong and even sensational interest. His attempts have, one and all, been marked with much success. I should add that Mr Merrit is a realist in the drama.

"Queen's Evidence" will be supported by a company specially organized by our old friend Mr William Sidney, who will himself support a leading character part, while the *role* of the heroine will be undertaken by Miss Annie Baldwin (Mrs Raisbeck Robinson.)

The visit of Miss Kate Bateman (Mrs Crowe) to the Prince of Wales Theatre, is drawing capital audiences to that house. After all has been said, Miss Bateman remains our greatest purely tragic actress. In the earlier portion of the present week she sustains the character of *Mary Warner*, while on Thursday and Friday she proposes to repeat *Leah*, the figure in which she first "hit" the public.

Miss Bateman is accompanied by Mr Walter Bentley, who is, if possible, a more finished and powerful actor than ever. We, in Glasgow, are all specially interested in Mr Bentley. His early ambitious and premature essays in the drama were praised by the injudicious and criticised by the few among us, his more adequate performances later on received ample attention, and when he appeared as *Clarence*, and more recently still as *Asa Trenchard*, we all recognised in him an artist of much originality, and of keen insight.

I understand that, next autumn, Mr Bentley will make his bow before a London audience in a leading Shakespearian part.

Among the other Members of Miss Bateman's company are Miss Virginia Francis, Mr R. C. Lyons, Mr E. D. Lyons, and Mr J. Archer.

Some twelve months ago I took it upon myself to prophesy that the Glasgow, Hamilton, and Bothwell Railway would prove one of the most successful in the Kingdom. The vaticination has turned out correct in every particular. On Thursday last the Whifflet branch of this line was opened for public traffic, and I feel quite safe in predicting that the success of the new branch will be not less marked than was that of the portion of the line first opened. Mr R. J. Browne is manager of the new as well as the old line, and in him the directors have a tower of strength.

Does any one want to know all about London? about the real London, that is. Then let him purchase "Dickens's Dictionary" of the great metropolis. Hitherto the best London hand-books, indeed the only London hand-books have been "Badæker" and "Murray," but "Dickens" is vastly superior to either the one or the other.

That harbinger of summer, the good ship "Iona," began her annual flight on Saturday last. The post—figuratively speaking—of "the man at the wheel" was of course occupied by Captain M'Gaw, while Mr Paterson was, as of old, the "Monarch of all—the passengers—he surveyed."

Next Monday the "Lord of the Isles" opens up the Inverary route. She has been newly fitted up, the internal decorations I may mention having been executed by Mr Joseph Sharp.

Last Saturday's *saturday Review* gives special praise to the vigour and truth of Mr David Murray's "Wreck-Gathering in the Hebrides," the more important of the two pictures contributed by Mr Murray to the Royal Academy Exhibition.

A neat little volume entitled "Gospel Songs," the work of our friend Mr W. T. M'Auslane, has just been published by Messrs Charles Glass & Co., 85 Maxwell Street. Mr M'Auslane writes easily, and with considerable point; and this, together with his marked earnestness of feeling, should recommend his verses to all who value devotional poetry. I should like, now

that Mr M'Auslane's name has cropped up, to say, speaking in the name of Glasgow folk generally, how much we all esteem him. His has been a familiar name and figure in this city for upwards of a score of years, and the longer we have known him, and especially since he became so closely connected with the Lenzie Home, the more we have learned to value him.

"They say," and the "they" in this instance are people who have gone carefully round the Exhibition in Burlington House, that the best piece of sculpture in this year's Academy is the figure of a Greek boy, by Mr G. A. Lawson, a gentleman who is not quite unknown in Glasgow. Mr Swinburne has written a sonnet on this figure that will shortly, I believe, appear in the *Athenæum*.

The two finest busts in Burlington House are said to be Mr John Mossman's "Greek Thomson," and Mr W. Brodie's "Henry Irving."

Among the noteworthy papers in the May magazines is Professor Edward Caird's "Social Philosophy and Life of Comte," in the *Contemporary*.

## MOTHER WIT.

*Schoolmaster*—Were you, John Nicol, playing at ball on Sunday on the green?

*J. N.*—Gif a' was there, Jock Gloag (the master's favourite) was there; but I wasna there ava

IS IT NIHILISM?—In the U.P. Synod last Thursday Mr Croom proposed, amid "loud applause," to "get rid of Disraeli," and to "return Parliament whose first act should be that there should no longer be a Lord Beaconsfield." What does he mean? "Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief." The Premier would do well to look after Mr Croom and his friends.

OF COURSE!—According to a report submitted last week to the F. C. Presbytery of Glasgow, the formation of football-clubs has been found conducive to temperance. So all one hears about "big drinks" in connection with matches is idle scandal, eh?

HARMONY AND DISCORD.—Amid all the envy, malice, hatred, and uncharitableness which characterised the proceedings of the U.P. Synod last week, it is pleasant to note that at least one voice was lifted up in advocacy of peace and goodwill towards sister-denominations. That voice, it is scarcely necessary to say, was speedily drowned, but the BAILIE would not have the name of its possessor forgotten. He was Dr James Brown of Paisley.

"ANOTHER EXTRAORDINARY SCENE."—Yea, and on the heads of extraordinary scenes, extraordinary scenes appear likely to accumulate, for hath not Mr Martin declared that he hath a rod, or at least a motion, "in pickle" for the next meeting of Town Council?

A Retiring Allowance—Permission to leave.

Southern Irreverence.

THEY are decidedly lacking in respect for the great ones of Glasgow up in the House of Commons' Committee Rooms. The Ass has not yet had the story from his own lips, but his friend the Chief Constable of Glasgow, who came home at the end of the week, seems not to have been treated with that "reverence due" to which he is accustomed in his normal sphere of existence, and the rude withdrawal of which must jar considerably upon his feelings. Not only in his own examination was he charged with "supplying the whole of Scotland with thieves and villany of all kinds," and chaffed without stint generally; but he must have had another bad quarter of an hour while listening to the evidence of Commander M'Hardy, his brother chief of the county--in which, *inter alia*, the latter boldly and unblushingly declared that "as a matter of fact" the 250 men of the County police "were for practical purposes equal to the 1000 they had in the City," and expressed himself as "certainly surprised to find that Captain M'Call did not know of the existence of the new police station at Govanhill," which, in his opinion, was the finest in Scotland. Altogether, they were rather too rough on Sandy this time.

STANDS "SCOT"-LAND WHERE IT DID?

Who would esteem that liberty  
 "By law" from jaw of jail "Scot free;"  
 To steal through life a hideous blot  
 Upon the honoured name of "Scot?"

Much in Littler.

ACCORDING to Mr Littler, Q.C., the Glasgow "Corporation tactics resemble those of the Zulus. They (the Corporation) throw out crescent wings to enfold the poor little burghs around them, and they have the chest of Glasgow behind them to bear the cost." Fancy that, now! Only to think that our decent, teetotal Lord Provost is nothing else but a blood-thirsty, fire-eating Cetywayo, and that the bailie-bodies are even like unto those generals of the monarch who bear such unpronounceable names! The Chelmsfords and Pearsons are doubtless those ingenious gentlemen who exhibit so much skill in the manufacture of bogus petitions. Littler, the BAILIE thanks thee for thy brilliant and truthful comparison.

Not up to Dick—Or the Magistrates would not have been worsted in the opera-row appeal case,

What an Evening he Would Have!

LORD YOUNG has actually never been at a church soiree; he has only a dim and unenlightened idea of the very nature of a soiree. He vaguely hesitates as to whether it is "preaching" or "something to eat:" food for the soul or for the body. The existence of such awful ignorance the BAILIE could scarcely have credited—especially in a Scotchman. But a word to Lord Young! Church soirees—owing perhaps to the materialistic and sceptical tendencies of the age—are gradually becoming things of the past: and if he wishes to instruct his ignorance, he should take advantage of the very first opportunity he has of attending one. Let him conscientiously sit out the proceedings and he will then learn, and shudder for ever after at the remembrance—in what an absolutely dreary and dismal form some people prefer to take their amusement.

Floury Rhetoric.

IT was probably owing to the fact that Bailie Ure professed to consider his dissatisfaction "nothing" that Mr Neil last Thursday failed to keep his intention not "to be at all acrimonious or show any bad feeling." So, at all events, the BAILIE would fain hope; for if to call his opponents an infamous band of plundering and blundering conspirators, thimble-riggers, property speculators, and perpetrators of falsehood, without humanity, but with legalised power to do illegal things and rob the public—such is his indictment, condensed—if all this is not in Mr Neil's opinion acrimonious and a proof of bad feeling, why, then, the biscuit trade must possess the singular power of warping a man's conception of the meaning of words, that's all.

"A Good Judge, Too!"

LORD YOUNG has begun to learn mercy since he last favoured Glasgow with his benign presence. The lesson is as yet but imperfectly acquired, and the art of applying it judiciously has still to be learned. One, however, who is new to the task of seasoning justice with mercy may be pardoned if at first he forgets now and then to season mercy with justice. His Lordship is decidedly improving, and we need not despair of his becoming one of these days a model judge.

A Juvenile Jokeist—Lord Young.

Motto for King Cetawayo—*Save qui peut.*

## Quavers.

A NOVEL and interesting concert was given on Friday evening last in the Glasgow Academy. A choir has been recently organised from among the boys, and this was their first display before friends. There were about eighty on the platform, one-fourth of the number, however, being former pupils now grown to manhood, who in some of the musical pieces supplied the tenor and bass to the first and second treble of the boys. One of the most satisfactory instances of this arrangement was in the first number in the programme, Barnby's anthem, "O Lord, how manifold are Thy works," probably for the simple reason that the music may be said to have been primarily composed for boys' and men's voices. The anthem, which is not at all an easy one, was tunefully sung. Of the same class is Vincent Novello's "O come all ye faithful," which followed: and it also, though an over-elaborated edition of the "Adeste fideles," was quite successful as to execution.

But the chief feature of the concert was the production of Henry Lahee's cantata for female voices, "The Sleeping Beauty," which is at present somewhat popular. The music is not on the whole difficult vocally, but considering the juvenility of the choir, it was somewhat of a bold venture to have made the selection. Taken as a whole, however, the performance was a very agreeable one indeed—the excellent accompaniment of piano and harmonium largely conducing to this result.

The boys paid commendable attention all through the concert to the baton of their conductor—Mr M'Laren of the Academy, to whose enthusiasm and skill the choir owes its existence and efficiency—and while "points" were wonderfully well taken up, "expression" was by no means wanting.

Mention should be made of the able assistance given by one of the gentlemen in the solo part of the serenade, in Lahee's cantata.

By the way, the baton Mr M'Laren used was a present from the boys, in token of gratitude for his labour of love in training the class.

The Glasgow Choral Union have now received the parts of Rossini's revived opera-sacra—to coin a word—"Moses in Egypt," and in due time we shall hear what, but for one "number"—the famous prayer—is an unknown but remarkable work of art.

A new translation has been made, by Mr Arthur Matthison, to bring the *Mosé* more into the oratorio form, and therefore to make it acceptable in this country; and it is understood also that Sir Michael Costa, under whom it has been recently produced at the Sacred Harmonic Concerts, has made some judicious and requisite changes in the music.

Mendelssohn's "Lobgesang," and, as formerly mentioned, Schubert's "Song of Miriam," are the other works under study by the Choral Union. By the way, Schubert, indifferent somewhat to contrapuntal attainment, uses his perfects and imperfects in consecution (doesn't that sound well, BAILIE?) in a way that proves what many forget, that rules are nothing, effect is everything.

A promenade concert was given by the Glasgow Orchestral Union in the Queen's Rooms on Saturday afternoon, Signor Zaverthal being the conductor, and Mr Heron leading violin, Mr John Boyd contributing two songs. An occasional concert of the kind should prove very acceptable during the summer.

The Kibble Saturday Popular Concerts are in the same category. The first of these took place on Saturday evening, Mr Lambeth's Choir appearing with some of their choicest music.

The other week we had John Knox musically represented in a cantata. Last Tuesday evening the reformer was again to the front in the New National Halls, in a series of readings and musical compilations under the comprehensive title of "John Knox and the Scottish Reformation," the whole being a success in its way, and showing ability in the realisation of the general idea.

A friend tells the following story:—At a concert given a few nights ago by one of our West-end choirs to the folk of their mission congregation, everything was going on smoothly till an "infant in arms" (that crying evil) was fired with the desire to oblige with a solo. The chairman good-naturedly hinted that

the bairn should be kept quiet for a minute or two, and the programme would soon be done. The mother gamely did her best to soothe the troubled little heart, but as success was unlikely, she judiciously edged towards the door, followed, you may be sure, by the grateful gaze of all in the room; and when about to vanish from sight, her precious burden turned to the chairman with a most graceful bow, and in a penetrating treble ejaculated "Ta, ta." The funniest speech or song of the night didn't create a tithe of the laughter that followed this polite youngster's valedictory address.

## LINE UPON LINE.

*Teacher*—What is meant by ships crossing the line?

*Scholar*—When they sail over the Equator.

*Teacher*—Do you know of any other line at sea besides the Equator?

*Scholar*—Yes, Sir, there's the Anchor Line, and the Allan Line, and the Cunard Line, and several others.

## MAN WAS MAY-ED TO MOURN.

They say it's May;—well that maybe—but where are the May-bees,  
Which, erst, with "skill," imbibed their fill, from flowery hill  
and hollow?—

The swallow high the sky may fly, but where are the May-flies,  
In air to swim, o'er floods to skim, the swallow slim, would swallow;

Or starving trout would chase about, and e'en leap out to follow?  
"May makes the hay," so farmers say: "O heigho!" says the hay,

"My glad heyday seems far away, or gone astray—me scorning;—

"I grow so slow, my scanty row of 'cocks' won't crow so gay,  
"Or weigh to pay, so Grubber Gray must tip his landlord warning;—"

And all this "is, and was," because May Morning came May mourning.

A DISTINGUISHED 'VERT.—According to the Edinburgh correspondent of a contemporary, the U.P. Synod expected to sit in their new hall this year, "but the conversion of a theatre is not so easily accomplished as certain other conversions." This is to be regretted; but let us hope that the process is going on vigorously. Would it not be well to hire a "converted clown"—if the genuine article is not to be had, some member of Synod might make a capital substitute—to "inaugurate" the converted building?

Vested rites—Ritualistic ceremonies.

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Reflections at the Cattle Show.

THE contemplation of prize pigs is, in its way, almost as thorough a leveller as the grave. In the presence of these monsters of prospective bacon, peer and peasant, high and low, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, are moved by one common impulse—to poke the animals with a stick in the place where their ribs are presumably situated. Truly, one touch of bacon makes the whole world kin.

The duties devolving on the man who leads the prize bull round the ring are, to say the least of it, onerous. The bull generally fails to appreciate the honour that has been thrust upon him, and refuses to be led. The man then, by a judicious mixture of moral suasion and physical force, endeavours to drag him round. To the bucolic mind moral suasion consists in swearing at the animal, and physical force in a ring through its nose. The process must be trying not only for the man, but also for the bull in an almost equal degree.

Tandem driving is a very pretty exhibition, but reminds one irresistibly of a circus. To be in strict keeping, the teams ought to be piebald or cream coloured, and be accompanied by a clown.

It is the bare possibility that somebody may break his neck which makes the leaping the most interesting event of the day.

The man who has the hardihood to occupy a stall at a cattle show with an assortment of toys and fancy nick-naeks has reached the very pinnacle of sublime audacity. He displays a contempt for the accepted meaning of language that many a Prime Minister and political leader might envy.

After all, it should not surprise the thoughtful observer to find so many West-end belles displaying an active interest in the show. It is but natural that husbandry should occupy a large share of their attention.

As all roads are said to lead to Rome, so do all paths lead to the Refreshment tent. The divine faculty of thirst has been impartially bestowed on the just and the unjust, the city swell and the country farmer.

LITERARY MEN OF MARK.

*M<sup>r</sup> Bean, Junior*—I say, father, have you read Mark Twain's latest production?

*M<sup>r</sup> Bean, Senior*—(a corn merchant)—No, my boy, I confine my reading to Mark Lane, the man who writes so ably on the grain trade.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the sensational case at the Circuit ended in a fiasco.

That the Bank directors had no such luck.

That financiers who "go" for a pile will in future keep no books.

That we will hear no more of Scott and the £40,000.

That the poor Bank shareholders have just to grin and bear it.

That Councillor Neil has donned the war paint once more.

That to call his colleagues "thimble-riggers" is not the way to elevate the status of the Town Council of the Second City of the Empire.

That Mr Neil has not even the courage of his opinions.

That the City would have been highly honoured if he had been sent to Parliament when the Trades' Council wanted to run him for a seat.

That the Charity Foot-ball Match took place on the Green on Saturday.

That there was a large attendance.

That the Queen's Park Club got an awful drubbing.

That the quantity of "Complimentary Tickets" issued was something unprecedented.

That the students had achieved another victory.

That the Gilmorehill Boys have licked the authorities.

That there will be rare fun at the next visit of the Italian Opera.

That Angus Turner could boast he never lost a bill.

That Dr Marwick can hardly lay the same "flattering unction to his soul."

That the shooting season has begun.

That "shooting the moon" has also begun.

That the latter feat, in consequence of the number of empty houses, is a comparatively easy one this term.

That the rent day comes round on Thursday.

That it has come round before most people are prepared for it.

That the Prince of Wales and Mr George Farquharson are a pair of "Cabman's friends."

That Miss Bradley was the attraction at the Cattle Show.

That James Merry promised to reform the decalogue.

That James Martin has declared war against the Shorter Catechism.

That the Catechism is consequently doomed.

That James hasn't taken long to get his horns out at the Board.

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# The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 14th, 1879.

WE have again been licked in an attempt to widen our borders. Undeterred by past beatings—not to speak of the curious fatality that attends the parliamentary measures promoted by Dr MARWICK, our sapient Town Council, ambitious to succeed where their predecessors had failed, went to Parliament at the beginning of the session with a scheme which practically meant the absorption of Crosshill and No-man's Land. They were warned sufficiently against the enterprise before putting out their hand so far that it could not be drawn back. Any number of voices were raised, both inside and outside the Council, in opposition to the bill, while not one tongue, not even that of the usually subservient *Herald*, was wagged in its behalf. The result has turned out as folk with a little prevision supposed it would. Lord Provost COLLINS, Bailie MORRISON, Dr MARWICK, and the rest of them, have been sent home with any number of fleas in their lugs. The story goes that doughty Provost BROWNE burst into a fit

of crying in the committee lobby at Westminster when his little scheme for adding No-man's Land to Crosshill was sent to the right about. On this occasion, however, the laugh is with Mr BROWNE, while the "weeps" have been left to his opponents. It would be well, moreover, were nothing more serious involved in this stupid business than the grief of our Town Councillors. The city would not be a whit the worse were the tear-ducts of every wire-puller at the Council board wept dry. But the fact that the promotion of the measure defeated on Friday will cost the Corporation from £10,000 to £12,000 sets the matter in a very different light. Little games of this kind, played by some half-dozen busy-bodies at such an enormous cost—not one penny of which, by-the-bye, comes out of their own pockets—cease very soon to be funny. The next time that our municipal pastors and masters set themselves to achieve some task of moment let them turn their eyes nearer home. There is work in plenty within the city for any one who cares to work, albeit that its performance involves no visit to London or flare-up in the Westminster Hotel.

The Higher Education of Women—Uppishness.

## A Noble Example.

IT happens very rarely indeed that the BAILIE can conscientiously compliment a church court of any denomination on any of its sayings or doings. He numbers among his friends many clergymen, Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist, and all the rest, but he is bound to say that however amiable and accomplished they may individually be, their proceedings as corporate bodies are too often disfigured by bigotry, narrow-mindedness, and all uncharitableness. It gives him all the greater pleasure, then, to record the fact that the Free Presbytery of Dalkeith, at a meeting held last week, unanimously resolved to give a tenth part of their salaries for the year to the City Bank Relief Fund. When one reflects on the not too liberal scale on which Free Church stipends are arranged, and the many special claims ever made on a clergyman's slender purse, it is difficult to praise this generous action too highly. It is the more praiseworthy, too, from the circumstance that, so far as his Worship's memory serves, the Dalkeith Presbytery have not previously distinguished themselves by opposing any other scheme for the shareholders' relief. There was no moral obligation resting on them to propose some other plan, less objectionable than a lottery, and equally efficacious—and it is with pain the BAILIE adds that some of their clerical brethren cannot lay the same flattering unction to their soul. They only gave practical outcome to the deep commiseration that all tender-hearted men must feel for the victims of the grossest commercial wrong of modern times. All honour to the Dalkeith Free Presbytery then. Its members are a credit to the cloth, and an example such as theirs is a hundred fold more beneficial to the community than countless prosecutions for heresy or squabbles about the Confession of Faith.

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 "WHERE HAS SCOTLAND FOUND HER FAME?"

From "scenes" like those old Scotia's grandeur springs,  
Which makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad—  
When Neil ditch-water o'er the Council flings,  
Or Kidston, Long, or Collins bores "the Brod,"  
Or bold Macrae defies the dread Synodic nod.

---

 FAT.

An Aberdonian seeing an inordinately fat porker at the Agricultural show moving uneasily in its slumbers asked a Paisley body—"Fat's the matter wi' the beastie?"

"Ye're jist richt, man," replied the son of Seestu, "fat's the matter wi't, an' naethin' else."

## Megilp.

MR WHISTLER'S portrait of Miss "Connie Gilchrist" in the Grosvenor Gallery, will surely make even his most enthusiastic admirers regret that he has not been able to find a more dignified subject on which to exercise his artistic powers. Others again, who see in Mr Whistler's art, in spite of its cleverness, the fatal leaven of affectation and trick, will consider the artist and his model well matched. All people with healthy minds who look upon the whims and preferences and opinions of the brainless fashion cliques of London with as much respect as they would accord to the grimaces and pasturings of a flock of apes, will be inclined to say that Mr Whistler in deliberately exhibiting the portrait of the latest "talk of the town," and calling it a work of Art, has more deeply insulted the decent and self-respecting portion of the public than if he had continued to throw in its face monotonous repetitions of the whimsicalities he terms "nocturnes" and "arrangements."

Mr Millais's Scotch landscape does not please such good judges as have kept their eyes undazzled by the glare of a great and well-deserved reputation.

Messrs Kay & Reid have at present on view a magnificent picture, one of the finest in fact that has been exhibited in Glasgow for a considerable time, "Anguish" by Mr A. F. A. Schenck, the distinguished French artist. A bleak landscape, covered with snow, a lamb newly dead, the mother sheep standing over it, her face full of imploring sorrow, perplexity and despair, ravens gathering round in a horrid black circle and dotting in a gathering flock, the dreary unsympathising sky that stretches over all the scene—these are the component parts of a picture that appeals to our tenderest emotions and demands our warmest admiration. The expression in the sheep's face and the anguish that is there, almost more intense than human anguish, because it is the anguish of a poor dumb beast with no language but a plaintive cry, contrasts wonderfully with the diabolical composure and heartlessness of the black crew that, utterly selfish and calmly indifferent to all suffering outside of themselves, cluster round, expectant of the coming feast. There is more true feeling, more pathos in this picture of a dead lamb and its mother than in all the pictures of holy saints and allegorical heroes that have been produced in Scotland during the last ten or twelve years.

In technical quality the picture is admirable. The snow and the sheep's wool, its head and ears, the modelling of the dead lamb, the grouping and forms of the ravens and the varied expressions in the black thieves' faces, are all examples of masterly power and show earnest study of nature. As in so many great works of art, it has also to be noted here how the central idea of sorrow and despair is heightened and brought out by the grim humour that is never obtrusive yet makes itself felt by the spectator as a necessary outcome of the very details of the situation, sad as that situation is in its main incident.

The cry still is, "the backwardness of the season," and artists have, rightly, been loath to leave town and take to out-door sketching. One or two adventurous spirits are, however, setting off here and there, and the general exodus cannot be long delayed. Mr William Young has gone to Sorn, in Ayrshire and Mr Tom Donald to Luss.

Somebody wants a tutor "to take up two young gentlemen who have already had one session at the College," adding that "high moral character" is "indispensable." There were a number of "young gentlemen" from the College "taken up" during the past winter. Are we to understand that the two youths referred to were not among those who had the inestimable privilege, or that their "takers" were not of high moral character?

Revoltng Conduct—A mutiny.

Elbow Room.

"One of the most noteworthy events in the modern church history of Scotland took place on Tuesday evening when the various articles of the Declaratory Act on the subordinate Standards received the final approval of the Synod of the United Presbyterian Church."—*Glasgow Herald*, 8th May.

FAREWELL, strait-laced, vexatious creed,  
From your vile thrall at last I'm freed;  
Your handcuffs dirlin' owre my thoom,  
Proclaim at last—I've elbow room.  
No orthodoxist grim and gaunt,  
Dare in my face his hobbies flaunt;  
Or dare heretical assume—  
My utterances—I've elbow room.

I feel my lungs ecclesiastic  
Stretch out in freedom so elastic,  
That with a voice like cannon's boom  
I'd reach all lands—I've elbow room.  
Yea, even the "Heathen," who before  
Were left tae droon in Jordan's roar,  
Tossed, tied together, to their doom,  
Now swim like fish—they've elbow room.

Now, who would curse his natal day,  
Or fear he's not "elected" clay,  
Or paint a future bathed in gloom,  
With this new light—and elbow room.  
Ho Zulu, Ho! my dark skinned brother,  
Poor Hottentots, or any other,  
Let not sad doubts your hearts consume,  
Come, arm in-arm—you've elbow room.

Another *Dauvit* has arisen,  
And burst your Calvinistic prison;  
For all clap-trap he's hewn a tomb,  
And given us all—more elbow room.  
Dundee or Gourrock, which will win  
This champion vanquisher of sin?  
The BAILIE fears the Synod's doom  
Will give him yet—more elbow room.

"THE CENTRE OF HEALTH."—Among other valuable information derived from the evidence given before the Extension Bill Committee, the BAILIE learns that Strathbungo is "the centre of health." It is gratifying to know this, but his Worship does not think he will migrate southward just yet. He is quite near enough to the hygienic centre as it is, and he fears that if he were to go any nearer he would become quite too awfully healthy—aggressively healthy, in fact.

"DAVID" BEFORE THE PHILISTINES.  
Confessions, Standards, vague and hazy,  
Committee's "statements," crude or critical,  
Might well mak' crazy, and Macrae say  
It's all U.P., and "Jesuitical."

Know all men by these presents that Councilor John Neil is a saint—"a very considerable saint." He says it himself, so it must be true; and it is, to say the least, gratifying to learn that we have among our rulers one such character to counteract the influence of our "very considerable" sinners.

A Threatened Enjoyment.

NOT only do we as a nation take our pleasures sadly, but if things go on at the present rate there will very soon be no pleasures for us to take. Cock-fighting, bull-baiting, sparring matches, have become things of the past, or at most the populace can only snatch a fearful joy by keeping one eye on some lingering remnant of these spirited amusements, while the other eye roams the horizon to mark the coming of the retributive policeman. Pedestrian championship matches can hardly be called pleasures, for the spectators at least, and even a man who could walk on his head a thousand miles in a thousand hours would fail to interest us. All the old enjoyments in connection with Halloween, with Handsel Monday, with weddings, with christenings, have passed away, and even funerals are rapidly losing their erst while jovial and slightly bacchanalian characteristics. And yet, in this dismal plight, our masters in Parliament are actually deliberating whether they should not abolish one of the cheapest and best of our few remaining amusements—trials for breach of promise. The question is being argued from the point of view of the plaintiff, of the defendant, and of the counsel on both sides, but no legislator has thought of looking at the matter from the point of view of the interested outside public. After all, this is by far the most important consideration. Blighted maidens and gay deceivers are comparatively few, but newspaper readers are many, and must be amused. Now what can be more entertaining than to read the glowing effusions of John to his dearest Jane, and of Jane to her darling John, previous to the demand for £500 damages? or to observe how the faithless John, after being instant in season and out of season in kissing his dearest Jane, now refuses, metaphorically speaking, to touch his dearest Jane with a long pole? Or to see how John, who is probably no worse than most other men, ingeniously confesses through his counsel that he is a pauper, a drunkard, a lunatic, and very likely an incipient wife-beater? Or to hear Jane state that though her heart has been blighted, her feelings lacerated, her health ruined, and her character and prospects seriously damaged by John's heartless conduct, still a payment of £500 will make the matter about square? It is certain we cannot afford to lose these racy exhibitions, and in the interest of the greatest happiness of the greatest number, the BAILIE demands that breach of promise may remain an indictable offence.

## The Public Prosecutor's Farces.

SINCE the advent of Mr Procurator-Fiscal Brown, the public of Glasgow have been treated to a series of lamentable break-downs in criminal prosecutions of importance, both before the Justiciary Courts and the Sheriff and a jury. One trial after another has come to a premature end; in others only a rag of the original charges contained in the indictment has been left remaining for the jury to give a verdict upon. When the important charges in the libel against the City Bank Directors were held not to have been relevantly stated, and others were abandoned by the Lord Advocate, the case became so narrowed that there were good grounds for dreading an utter collapse, and the skill of the Crown Counsel was not spoken of in laudatory terms. But what is to be said in favour of the Public Prosecutors after the fiasco in William Scott's case last week? Have they anything to urge in self-defence? The Crown officers had the most ample information regarding the facts of the case; in sooth they are notorious and not even denied by the accused; but they, nevertheless, in what they may call their wisdom, left out averments which, according to immemorial usage and common sense, as well as law, are essential in a charge of embezzlement. Driven from point to point the Advocate-Depute was forced to make the humiliating admission that it would have taken a very long indictment to have stated what is necessary and what is invariable practice. Was this a case for experimenting in brevity? If the Crown Officers did not know what was essential they are incapable. If they did but did not put their knowledge to use their inability or neglect is alike to be deplored. Every poor and ill-paid embezzler gets his sentence, often a severe one, and yet a great crime may go unpunished. Over £40,000 failed to find its way into the coffers of the City Bank. William Scott practically defied the Bank to make him disgorge; if he was right in this he should never have been put on his trial; if wrong then the public are entitled to know whether he is to be allowed to go unpunished. Excuse there is none; is there no redress?

LE JOURNAL AMUSANT.—A Special Number of this Popular Illustrated Paper of Paris Now Ready, Price 6d. The Illustrations are devoted entirely to humorous sketches in Glasgow and Edinburgh viewed from a French light by the well-known French Artist, Mars. To be had at A. F. SHARP & CO., News and Advertising Agents, 14 Royal Exchange Square, Glasgow. Orders must be sent early.

## Shakespeare on the Councillors' Squabbles.

TO Councillor Neil. "What stuff is this . . . What a spendthrift is he of his tongue!"—*Tempest*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

To Councillor Martin. "Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour and noted for a merry man."—*Taming of the Shrew*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

Bailie Morrison to the "Two Dromios." "Room for the incensed Worthies."—*Love's Labour Lost*, Act 5, Sc. 2.

Neil to Martin. "The Provost knows our purpose and our plot.—The matter being afoot keep your instruction and hold you ever to our special drift."—*Measure for Measure*, Act 4, Sc. 5.

The BAILIE to the L. P. "Have a care of your entertainments. I tell you for your goodwill, look you; 'tis not convenient you should be cozened."—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act 4, Sc. 5.

## What the Greenock Folk are Saying.

THAT the ex-licensed Bailie got a scare over the £50 penalties. That the trade don't want to be hard on a brother.

That if he is wise he won't run the risk of being challenged a second time.

That Wreck Commissioners are looked upon as only small potatoes in this quarter.

That Commissioner Peppery was greatly displeased thereat.

That the port will survive even should he carry his foolish threat into execution.

That the authorities evidently look upon the Postmaster-General as a greenhorn.

That they will find out their mistake when they ask him to shift the Post Office.

That "Argus" eyed members of public trusts should not be trusted with private documents.

That the existence of a little leaven will leaven the whole lump.

That the medical appointment is by no means the least of the Smithsonian blunders.

That it won't do at this time of day to act on the principle of anything being good enough for paupers.

## A Nice Question.

WHEN Dr Peddie remarked in the U.P. Synod last week that Dr George Jeffrey possessed "strength of will," why was the statement greeted with "great laughter?" Did the fathers and brethren mean to imply that the rev. Doctor is *not* possessed of the quality in question? or that his possession of it is so notorious and obvious as to make Dr Peddie's remark unnecessary? The distinguished Moderator's Glasgow admirers are hungering and thirsting for information on the subject.

Mr Whistler's "next" will be "an arrangement in black and white"—with his creditors.

Had Wilson's spring head-dresses any connection with the spring handi-caps?



# 'S BEFAST AERATED WATERS,

ARE FAR AND AWAY SUPERIOR TO OTHERS.

AMBROSIA, the New Summer Drink possesses great stimulating properties, more invigorating than Beer or Porter, and perfectly non-intoxicating.  
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May be had from FAMILY GROCERS, CHEMISTS, WINE MERCHANTS, RESTAURATEURS, etc.  
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DEPOT FOR MINTON'S, COPELAND'S, WORCESTER, AND DRESDEN PORCELAIN.

Notwithstanding the general depression our sales have more than doubled during the last 3 months, since we commenced allowing a Cash Discount. Encouraged by this, we have resolved to continue our business on the following terms, viz., to allow 10 per cent. off all goods paid for at time of purchase, 5 per cent. off for cash in one month or 3 months net.

Owing to special arrangement with several leading makers we are enabled to sell our Goods considerably under usual prices, and many of our best Patterns are reserved entirely for ourselves.

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The Stock is one of the largest and best selected in the kingdom. Suitable for all Classes, comprising an endless Variety of Useful and Ornamental Goods. Novelties being daily added.

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AND AT 8 TO 14 JAIL SQUARE. Established over 50 Years.

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THE WORLD-RENOWNED TRAGEDIENNE,  
MISS BATEMAN.

TO-NIGHT (TUESDAY), and WEDNESDAY, MAY 13  
and 14, at Eight o'clock,  
MARY WARNER.

Preceded, at 7-30, by the sparkling Comedietta,  
A HAPPY PAIR.

Doors Open at 7. Commence at 7-30. Prices as usual.

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Doors Open at 6.30, Curtain rising at 7.30.

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ADVERTISEMENTS received for all Papers,  
by A. F. SHARP & Co., 14 Royal Exchange Square.

## WEST OF SCOTLAND RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

The Eighteenth Annual Prize Meeting Competitions at  
COWGLEN RANGES, GLASGOW, on 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th,  
6th, and 7th June.

Total Number and Value of Prizes, 759, £1890.

The Shooting will Commence each day at Nine a m.

Programmes and Entry Schedules are now ready and may be  
had at all Volunteer Orderly Rooms, Rifle Ranges, Gunmakers'  
Shops, or at the Offices of the Association.

Entries Close on Thursday, 22nd May.

THOMAS FERGUSON, Lieutenant,  
Secretary.

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In order to prevent disappointment, we would advise those who intend favouring us with the conduct of their Sales to communicate with us at once, so as to secure the most suitable days and have the advantage of early announcement in our List.

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EXTENSIVE PUBLIC SALE OF  
NEEDLEWORK AND FANCY GOODS.

THE NEEDLEWORK.—Banners, Bannerettes, in Beads and Wool; finished and unfinished; Ditto Mounts, Fender Stools, Foot Stools, Slippers, Chairs, Brackets, Cushions, Tea Coseys, Bouquets, Guipure, Swiss and other Antimacassars

THE FANCY GOODS.—Carved Brackets, Purses, Albums, Toilet Mats, Cabinet Goods, Photo Frames, Work Boxes, Papier-Mache Trays, China Ornaments. Ladies' Satchels, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Travelling Bags in Leather, Wall Screens, Writing Cases, Shetland, Satinette, and other Shawls; and a large assortment of genuine Japanese Goods, in China and Lacquer Ware; Real Satsuma *tit-a-tit* Tea Services.

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(Belonging to a Bankrupt Estate, and Sold by order of Frank Broom, Esq., Accountant, 45 Hanging Ditch, Manchester.)

**ROBERT M'TEAR & CO.** are instructed to  
Sell the above extensive Stock, by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Wednesday, 14th, Thursday, 15th, and Friday, 16th May, commencing each Day at Twelve prompt.  
On View Mornings of Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 12th May, 1879.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, To-Morrow, (Tuesday,) 13th May,  
EXTENSIVE PUBLIC SALE OF  
NOTTINGHAM LACE CURTAINS,  
Of New and Rich Designs, for Drawing-Rooms, Dining-Rooms, Bed-Rooms, etc.

ALSO  
WINDOW VALANCES, ANTIMACASSARS,  
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At Sale-Rooms, 14 Gordon Street, on Friday, 16th May,  
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PUBLIC SALE OF  
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IN MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE,  
Including a Small Collection belonging to the Sequestered Estate of J. & F. Christie, and Sold by instructions of Walter Galbraith, Esq., Accountant, Trustee.

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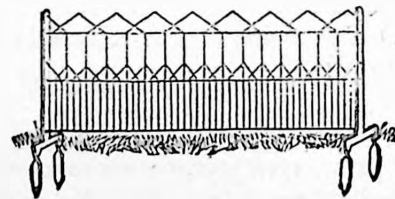
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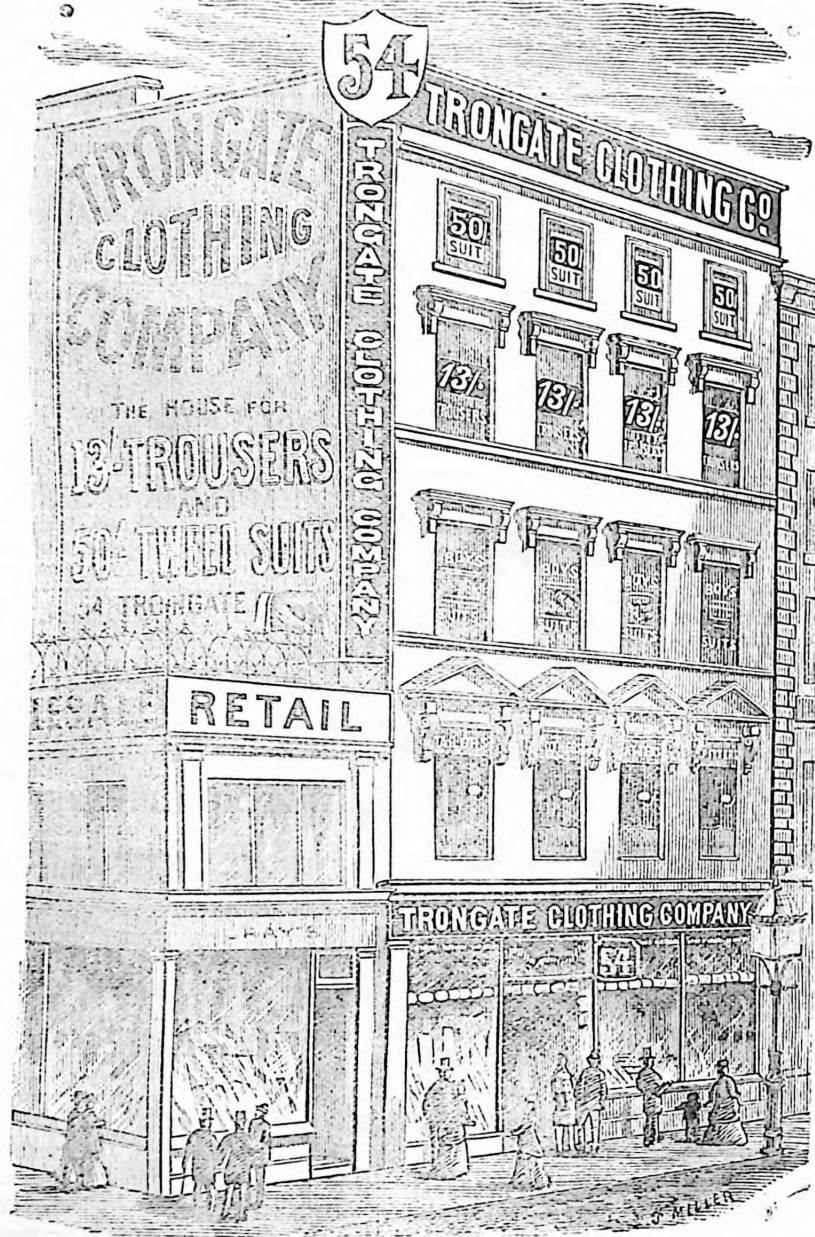
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# The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 344. Glasgow, Wednesday, May 21st, 1879. Price 1d.

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 344.

GLASGOW is about to lose, indeed has already lost a valuable and even distinguished citizen. The vacancy in the Treasurership of the Bank of Scotland, caused by the retirement of Mr David Davidson, has been filled up by the promotion of Mr JAMES ADAMS WENLEY, from the post of manager of the Glasgow Branch to that of chief of the institution at the head office in Edinburgh. Mr WENLEY is a familiar figure in Glasgow life. He became acquainted through his business connection, with the affairs of half of the big concerns in the city. Your banker, like your lawyer and your doctor, becomes the repository of secrets that are kept carefully veiled from the general gaze. But our friend had a position apart altogether from the Bank of Scotland. For years he took a large and active interest in what may be termed the ecclesiastical charities of the city. Mr WENLEY long maintained an intimate connection now as secretary, now as treasurer, and now as a director, with every, or nearly every society that had the alleviation of suffering, or the religious improvement of the masses for its aim. Much credit was due to him moreover for the part he took in relation to the affairs of the City Bank. In the early days of last September, when Mr Lewis Potter and his confederates began to find the meshes of the net they had woven growing ever the closer and more close, Mr WENLEY was one of the first to whom they applied for aid, and his shrewd, penetrating intellect enabled him to guess at the condition of matters, before even the directors of the doomed concern had themselves grasped the tremendous catastrophe that was impending. As the name of the Man you Know implies, he is of English descent. His father and mother, however, came to Scotland

between fifty and sixty years ago, and he himself was born in the Lews in 1833. About this time his father, Mr Mark Wenley, who has now been dead for several years, received the appointment of Collector's Clerk in the Excise Office in this city, and hither the future banker was brought while yet a child. His education was but sparing in its character. While little more than twelve years of age he was taken from the High School and entered as an apprentice in the Bank of Scotland. This was in 1846, and in the nine following years, that is, till 1855, he passed through the various grades of apprentice, junior, and clerk. All this time, of course, Mr WENLEY was busy supplementing the meagre education of his boyhood, and was actively acquiring that knowledge of men and things which has stood him in such excellent part in after years. When he entered the service of the Bank, the Glasgow management was in the hands of Mr Charles Campbell, but a short time afterwards Mr Andrew Neilson was associated with Mr Campbell in the post, and Mr Neilson soon took a strong liking for young WENLEY. A vacancy occurring in 1855 in the Head Office in Edinburgh, Mr Neilson recommended him for the place, and the recommendation proving successful he was translated to the Capital, where he remained till 1861, in which year he was sent to represent the Bank in Dundee. He only continued here till 1863, when he was recalled to Edinburgh, and promoted to be Assistant-Secretary, a post he filled for the next six years. In 1869, however, his old friend and master, Mr Andrew Neilson, retired from the post of Glasgow manager, to enjoy the repose well earned by a term of long and faithful service, and by good hap it was Mr WENLEY who was chosen to succeed him. In the fourteen years that had elapsed from 1855, when he went east to Edinburgh a simple clerk, till 1869, when he re-

turned as manager, the office of the Bank had been removed from its former station in Ingram Street to its present premises in George Square, and it was in George Square that Mr WENLEY continued to labour from 1869 till a few weeks ago, when, as already stated, he received the appointment of Treasurer, in the room of Mr Davidson, whose retirement into private life had been caused by growing years, and weak and infirm health. Mr WENLEY possesses a suave and gracious manner. His fresh colour and open features occasionally induce the notion among strangers that his disposition is yielding, and his mind of the rural and even simple sort. A closer intimacy with the Man you Know soon dispels this ignorance. The outward softness is only the covering of a cool, well-balanced intellect, one that never stumbles into weakness, and that, having once undertaken the pursuit of any aim, never relinquishes it until the wished-for end has been gained. In Glasgow Mr WENLEY has left a blank that will not be readily filled. His intimate acquaintance with our city affairs, with the course of our business, even with the personal peculiarities of our leading business men, cannot be acquired in a day even by the possessor of a vigorous intellect and an eager stomach for work. In his new sphere of life the BAILIE, like the rest of Mr WENLEY'S friends, can only wish him good-speed, and express a hope that, among his multifarious duties, he will not quite forget, even in Edinburgh, the friends and interests he has left behind him here.

#### Jenkins's Mixture.

THE sublime Boyle Roche has, the BAILIE is proud to say, been equalled, if not surpassed, by a Scottish representative—or rather by the representative of a Scottish constituency, for the hero on the present occasion is himself an Englishman. In the House of Commons last Thursday, Mr Edward Jenkins declared that a fellow-member, “who was the darling of the salons, strolled down from Olympus with his hands in his pockets, and rose like some tall cliff that rears its awful form, assumes the god, affects to nod, and seems to shake the spheres!” There is more of it, but surely that is enough for any reasonable mortal. Such is Ginx's latest baby, and a noble child it is. Let us hope Dundee is duly sensible of its privileges.

“Scott” Free—The prisoner at the bar.

#### Medicinal.

“Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt;  
But every laugh, so merry, pulls one out.”

WE'VE passed through a winter of care;  
We've passed through a sorrowful spring  
Of hardships the rich had their share,  
And the poor have felt poverty's sting.  
But the summer has reached us at last,  
And we cling to sweet hope's tender staff,  
In hopes that our greatest of griefs may be past—  
We're sadly in want of a laugh.

Awhile while our slowrets seemed dead—  
While trees spread their gaunt arms in air,  
With dull leaden skies overhead,  
Our hardships seemed harder to bear.  
But the May-days are here—gladsome news—  
And the sun clears our sorrows by half;  
For if Nature but smiles—ah, who could refuse?—  
We're sadly in want of a laugh.

O fain would I tickle the times,  
And with mirth lighten dull-stricken hearts;  
O fain would I seek for mad rhymes  
To arrest the sad tear ere it starts:  
And I'd ask for no other reward,  
But a smile, for my comical chaff,  
Though beauty should come to bedeck the poor bard—  
We're sadly in want of a laugh.

But the rhymer's best puns go for nought;  
All profitless spills he his ink;  
His poor midnight jokes are unsought—  
Uncared-for his verses they clink.  
Yet, aha! there's a way left to quell  
Old care, ere his dregs we may quaff:  
Those rows in our Council they suit quite as well—  
'Tis there we now look for a laugh.

THE BRONZE AGE.—“It does not do to be without a halfpenny at the age of 14”—so says the Edinburgh correspondent of the *Herald*, *a propos* of an incident in the early life of Dr Wm. Chambers. The Ass cannot take so limited a view of the monetary requirements of humanity as that held by the wise man of the East: after a pretty long experience of this weary and worrying world, he is inclined to believe that there is no particular age at which a man can manage to “do” without a halfpenny, and that the older he gets the more he is likely to have of both halfpennies and half-crowns. At least, that is how things go “out west” here: in Edinburgh it may be different.

CROSS-, AND OTHER 'ILLS.—When the second city of the empire resumes its ancient motto—“Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the Word,” one of the first texts preached from will likely be “Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house” (and perhaps, also, “much more of even such a far-away house as the House of Commons.”)

One for his “Nobbs”—Mr Long's Wednesday speech in the City Hall

A Member with a Mind of his Own.  
**O**F all the unenviable situations one can imagine, perhaps the most unenviable is that of a representative of a Liberal constituency in the present disorganized state of the Liberal party. The crotchet-mongers with whom the party abounds are as lively and troublesome as a swarm of "midges" on a broiling July day, and the unfortunate members are having a miserable time of it. The gallant member for Renfrewshire is at present going through one of these painful experiences. The BAILIE hardly needs to say that his politics are not those of Colonel Mure, or that he did all that in him lay to prevent that gentleman from representing Renfrewshire; but he must acknowledge that his conduct since entering Parliament has been calculated to increase the respect in which he has always been held by friend and foe alike. Upon a memorable occasion during the recent Russo-Turkish war, Col. Mure, being convinced that the course taken by the Government was right and proper, vindicated his political honesty by giving them his vote, instead of following the feeble and hesitating lead—if indeed it could be called a lead—of his party chiefs. A section of his constituents—possibly a small, but certainly a noisy one—is mortally offended at this straight-forward and courageous act, and vows dire vengeance against him at the next election. It is difficult to see what these fussy nobodies would be at. Even if we take the extreme Brummagem view of a member's duties, and consider him merely the delegate of the constituency, there seems no course open to him but to exercise his own judgment when a question arises on which his party is notoriously divided. Would the Renfrewshire malcontents have been better satisfied if Col. Mure had made up his mind by drawing the longest of three straws or tossing up a penny? The only possible means of pleasing such people would be to send to St. Stephen's as their representative a skilfully contrived automaton, without the inconvenient appanages of a brain to reason with or a soul to call its own. A committee of the electors could be in attendance to carry it down to the House every morning, and wind it up in the way it should go. In any case the BAILIE wishes Col. Mure a safe deliverance from his candid friends when next election time comes round. Of course the Magistrate would prefer to see the county represented by a Conservative, but if the worst comes to the worst, he could not wish for

a more honourable opponent than the present member.

DONE "BROWNE."

"Is't true, this Angus Turner's boast,  
 That *he* had never lost a bill?"—  
 So ask'd his Worship of his ghost  
 When kick'd was Glasgow from Crosshill.  
 But Angus ne'er had such a bill,  
 Had ne'er to fight with such a foe,  
 Had ne'er to fence with J. M.'s skill—  
 And ne'er to fall 'neath such a blow.

Old Friends and New Names.

**P**UNCH is evidently getting into his dotage. He persists week after week in formally introducing us over again to friends whom we and our fathers have known and been merry with for years before he was born. It is not fair, *Mr Punch*, to try and palm off on the public the venerable mental offspring of the late Mr Joseph Miller as new-born children of your own worthy old brain. In a recent issue, for example, our London friend puts before us these stories ("Cutting," "Ratiocination," and "An Overheard Conversation,") that the BAILIE really believed were dead long ago from sheer senile decay. One would think that *Mr Punch* believed his ink possessed all the virtues of the waters of the Fountain of Youth. An ancient witticism has only to be written with it and straightway the joke becomes young again.

LOWERING THE STANDARD.

*Minister* (to candidate for church membership)  
 —Of course, Dugald, you have read the Confession of Faith?

*Tougal*—No intect, serr, I neffer do reat ta last dying speeches of condemt neccriminals, neffer intect, and I do hope you do not think me so depased as to reat ta wan you hev shust mentioned.

ANOTHER VIEW OF IT.—There was some talk in one of our Presbyteries the other day about "spiritual destitution." We have some bad examples of it not a hundred miles from Glasgow: the BAILIE knows not a few clergymen who are quite destitute of intellect and charity, and not a few churches that are nearly destitute of congregations. There are plenty of churches for the people. What is required is people for the churches; and in order to catch them, brains are the best bait to use—brains enclosed in the pow that is waggit in the poopit.

Havanna Cigars, La Flor De Aroma, First-Class Brand, 4d each. D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram St., and 121 Buchanan St.

## Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—We are having a return visit this week, at the Gaiety, from Mr Charles Sullivan and his company. So short a period has elapsed since Mr Sullivan was here last, and since I expressed an opinion regarding the merits of our friend and his company, any further remarks now would, to say the least, be quite out of place. I must therefore content myself with noting their appearance, and saying that the piece announced for this evening is "Arrah-na-Pogue."

Mr Bernard has engaged that fine, old-fashioned actor, Mr Charles Dillon, who will appear at the Gaiety on Monday next. I expect that Mr Dillon will draw crowded houses. He is wanting in subtlety but he has great breadth, and he is perhaps the most pathetic actor on the stage.

Among the engagements underlined at the Gaiety is that of Miss Patty Laverne, who will produce the burlesque operetta entitled "Babiole." Five or six years have elapsed since Miss Laverne last made her bow before a Glasgow audience.

Miss Bateman, Mr Bentley, and the rest of the company who appeared last fortnight at the Prince of Wales Theatre, open to-night in Worcester.

The Prince of Wales, I understand, will remain shut for six or seven weeks, during which period the world "behind the scenes" will be completely re-modelled. Since its re-opening, upwards of six months ago, the Prince of Wales has been nominally under the management of Mr John Coleman, but the real manager was Mr And. Neilson—Mr Coleman being no more than his agent. Mr Neilson saw fit a week ago to dispense with the services of Mr Coleman, who is therefore "unattached" once more.

There are several managers, I understand, in negotiation with Mr Neilson regarding his theatre. Am I wrong, I wonder, in supposing that Mr William Sidney is one of the negotiators, and that his offer stands a fair chance of being accepted?

"They say" that the magazine with the top circulation in this country is *Scribner's Monthly*.

People were busy talking last week over the attempt made by one of the city lawyers engaged in the promotion of the Municipal Extension Bill to convict Provost Browne of having knowingly traversed the truth, by quoting against him a letter sent by the Crosshill officials to the sanitary authorities here with regard to the admission of a patient into the fever hospital. This letter, as it happened, was written subsequent to Mr Browne leaving Crosshill for London, but the City counsel is credited with a wish to foist it on the committee as having been written a couple of years back. Would it be wrong, Mr Morrison, to use the term "thimble-rigging" in connection with a little game of this kind?

As usual the recurrence of the Queen's Birth-day has set the brains of our excursion *entrepreneurs* to work and the result is quite a bewildering number of trips for the benefit of the work-a-day lieges.

Perhaps the Caledonian and the South-Western Railway Companies are the most liberal in the terms they hold out to intending holiday-makers.

By the South-Western Railway you can go almost anywhere, south or west of the city, at a ridiculously small charge. Do you want to spend a few hours in Belfast? Do you want to take a stroll through Carlisle? Do you care to visit Arran, Ayr, Dumfries, the Cumnocks, or Mauchline, then step down to St. Enoch Square Station on Thursday morning.

But the Caledonian Company are not less generous in this matter than are their South-Western friends. Starting from Buchanan Street you can spend a day at the Falls of Clyde, or, turning your face northward, you can make your way to any place you like on the famous Callander and Oban Line for what is in reality no more than an old song. Dalmally itself can be visited—and this means Loch Awe and Kilchurn Castle, or you can explore the beauties of Killin, Lochearn, or Loch Lubnaig.

Truly the clever Excursion-managers of these two great railways have discovered the secret of how to make travelling both cheap and pleasant.

In reporting "a music hall case" which came before the Sheriff

Court at Greenock last week the *Telegraph* of that town says that one of the witnesses "was a John Murr, who stated that he was a vocalist." My conscience! That the great and evergreen John should go down to Sugaropolis to be described by the indefinite article. He can have this consolation, however, that the reporter who so treated him is, for a certainty, "himself unknown."

Surely no more arrant humbug has ever lived than Mr John Ruskin. I don't allude when saying this to his tumid eloquence or his mad-cap political economy; it is just possible there may be two opinions about both. But when a prophet and a lawgiver appears among us, and while denouncing all who won't pay heed to his message, locks that message up in books for which a prohibitory price is charged, then I make bold to say that there can't possibly be two opinions as to whether the self-elected lawgiver is in earnest or not. Carlyle gives you his books at little more than a nominal figure; you can buy Tennyson at a shilling a volume, and one of Saturday's literary journals advertised "The Modern Painters" for £35, "The Stones of Venice" for £7 15s, and "The Seven Lamps of Architecture" for £7 15s.

## EQUALS BY BIRTH.

"Hey, Tibbie, hiv ye hard the news:—the Queen's a great-granmither noo?"

"Eh, wumman, div ye say sac? A'm rale prood tae hear't, for am a great-grannie masel'."

## A Confiding Race.

IF any enterprising person is desirous of making a little "pile" without much trouble, he ought to make a round of our local jewellers. These gentlemen appear to be the most guileless and confiding of their race, and are ready to trust an entire stranger with any amount of diamonds in a way that is charming in its child-like simplicity. If the said stranger does not get safely off with the "swag," it is not the fault of the jeweller, but of the police. Our enterprising person had, however, better look sharp about paying his visit, for repeated shocks may destroy even a Glasgow jeweller's confidence in the integrity of the entire human species.

Provost Sandeman of Kirkintilloch has presented a donkey to the Lenzie Convalescent Home. It is pleasing to note that the donkey has been named Provost. Would it not, however, asks Peter, have been better had it been named Sandy, because in this case it could have been always addressed as "Sandie-man?"

AN EASY TASK.—At last meeting of the Commissioners of Govan it was stated that "any of the Commissioners who were so disposed could easily effect an entrance" to the Plantation Police Office. Of course they could. The simplest plan would be to have a "misunderstanding" with a gentleman in blue.

A Browne Study—How to defy Glasgow.

An Ambitious Animalcule.

THE attractions of a pleasant village have been increased by the issue of a local "Thunderer" in the shape of the *Skelmorlie Observer*, a copy of which a good Samaritan has sent to the BAILIE. The *Observer* is ambitious, containing within the narrow compass of a foolscap sheet a heavy "leader," news, "poetry," fiction, "Notes from Belgium"—wherever that may be—and the inevitable crib from the Magisterial, "What Folks are Saying." Now, ambition is a good thing, but there may be too much of it, and the BAILIE advises his little friend to leave poetry, fiction, and "Belgium" alone, and to stick to Skelmorlie. If he were to do this, and at the same time were to cultivate a less "measly" appearance, there should be no reason why he should not fill a limited sphere of usefulness, and flourish like a green bay-tree.

AN INNOVATION.—Father Time used to be regarded as the greatest innovator; he always worked in silence, which was a virtue, but last week a sign-writer "gave him a race for it" in the County Buildings by announcing in gilt letters that the office hours were now 10 to 4 instead of 5 o'clock. A good and fit custom was thus changed by a sweep of the brush in such portentous silence as to cause doubts as to the expediency or necessity for the alteration. Practically the only notification made to the public was the earlier closing of the doors in Wilson Street, much to the astonishment of the straggling lawyers and process clerks who haunt the County Buildings of an afternoon. By them the matter was treated as a joke, and in this view the sign-writer cannot too speedily restore matters.

"LOOMING" IN THE FUTURE.—A "calico" ball did something for the relief of one of our great charities. If ladies would now dress *wholly in calico*, they might do something for the relief of one of our great industries.

Hero Wor-"ship."—That of the Irish national poet in a Moore-al deck-oration

V.R.—In Glasgow the Queen's birth-day is always chiefly celebrated by the un-flagging Poles.

Mr Fergus Ferguson's "Intermediate State"—First *inter-*, and then *-mediate*. That's about it.

Sheep all Write?—Well, they've "pens" enough.

Hurting His Feelings.

A GLASGOW clergyman who was presented last week with a gold watch and chain, and a diamond brooch, gratefully informed the donors that "had he been apprised of it at the inception, he most decidedly would have discountenanced the movement (for the presentation), on account, among other reasons, of the unprecedented distress which prevailed at present." It is to be regretted that the worthy parson's feelings have been thus outraged, but it is not too late to put matters right. Gold and diamonds are among the most marketable of goods, and the unprecedentedly distressed may yet be gainers by the unfortunate "movement." At any rate, persons who may in the future be desirous of manifesting their goodwill towards the reverend gentleman will know how best to please him.

A Providential Arrangement.

THAT apostle and high-priest of the city-arab-emigration movement—Mr William Quarrier—informs all whom it may concern that subscriptions sent to him are duly consigned to "the Lord's purse." Clearly this self-appointed celestial treasurer is, Disraeli like, on the side of the angels, and so one can understand his supreme disregard of such essentially mundane matters in his various schemes as committees of management, auditors of accounts, &c. Appropriately enough Mr Quarrier, with his board of angelic proteges, set sail last week on his annual pilgrimage to the land of the almighty dollar.

BEHOLD! HOW THEY TOSS THEIR TORCHES ON HIGH.—*Dryden*.—It would scarcely have done for Crosshill to have celebrated its defeat of "the second city of the empire" by a bonfire, and then have telegraphed to the aforesaid "second" for the help of its fire-engines.

A SHADY BOARD.—The Ardrossan School Board having resolved to exclude reporters from its meetings, the BAILIE advises the electors to look after it. A public body which at this time of day attempts to keep its proceedings secret must have something very serious to conceal. So look to it, men of Ardrossan.

Tick Dolor-oh!—"Grandfather's Clocks."

A Tide in the Affairs of Landlords.—Whitsuntide.

A "Green" Preacher—Mr Long, when he allowed himself to be taken in by Widdows,

## Quavers.

AN elementary music class was started on Monday night of last week in connection with the St. George's Choral Union. Mr William Moodie, conductor of that Society, is the teacher, and the notation used is, if we mistake not, what is called the "union," which is a combination of the established notation and the sol-fa initials, the letters being placed within the heads of the notes. The conjunction of the stave notes with the sol-fa letters, is, by the way, as old as the 16th century, only that then they are found side by side—a recently revived plan. The happy idea of showing the sol-fa letters inside the notes is due to Mr John Lang, late of Paisley. The "union" notation is the best introduction to the established one.

The St. George's Select Choir is now to be known as "Mr Moodie's Choir," and whereas hitherto the members were chosen from among those of the parent society, that connection will not now be necessary, though the relation of the two bodies will remain as before. Ladies and gentlemen with the requisite qualifications will be taken whether connected with that or any society; all that is necessary being the possession of a good, tuneful, "blendable" voice, and a moderate amount of musical knowledge. What may be noted is that, on the principle of the Glasgow Choral Union and the larger bodies, no member is to receive pecuniary benefit.

The choir is now being re-organised for practice, and there are vacancies in all the parts. We wish "Mr Moodie's Choir" a full measure of success under the new arrangements.

A music-circulating library, one observes, has been opened in Hillhead. We do not know the precise scope of the scheme, but should imagine that the higher classes of musical works, theoretical and practical, will be found in the library. Something of the kind has long been a necessity in Glasgow—namely, through which perusal can be obtained of standard musical literature and art productions, too costly for every one to buy.

What a pity the Euing music library is as yet inaccessible, entombed as it is in the Andersonian University. It was a splendid collection, and of priceless value to the student. Not a few prominent musical men in Glasgow have in years gone past profited by the kindness of Mr Euing in lending from it. One could well have wished a better home for it since his death.

The decision of the umpire, Mr A. C. Mackenzie, in the matter of the prize competition part-song, "The Midges dance abune the Burn," for the Tannahill celebration this year, has caused some little talk in local musical circles, and not unnaturally some discontent among the unsuccessful candidates. The music which has been adjudged to be the best is by a Welshman, Mr Williams of Llandaf, and is well written. It has not much distinctiveness of character, however, and at any rate it is entirely devoid of national colour, what one would have thought would have been reckoned an indispensable feature, the poetry being essentially Scotch, of course. The opening line is rather cleverly treated, but one can well fancy a more appropriate setting all through to Tannahill's picturesque lyric.

One of the "rejected" one hundred odds has just been published by Messrs Swan & Co., of Buchanan Street, the composition to wit of Mr David Baptie. The melody, one feels, is a most suitable one, while it is yet out of the common; and the harmonies, as may well be anticipated, are masterly. The part-song should be kept in view for Scotch concerts to come.

The annual sacred service of the 1st L. R. Volunteers takes place on the 1st of June, when the male voice choir will sing, and the regimental band will accompany. The chorale, "Old Hundred," Sullivan's "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and a hymn to a well-known Andante from Haydn, are among the selections for the service, which ought to be a most interesting one. The music has been suitably arranged for male voices, chiefly three parts, by Mr Hugh M'Nabb, leader of the choir.

The Long and the Short of it—The catechism right or wrong, none want the "Shorter" more than Long.

## Friends in Need.

IN this selfish and unfeeling world it is a pleasant surprise to find that a man struggling against misfortune is not invariably deserted by his friends. Mr H. A. Long is happy in the possession of a crowd of admirers whose sympathies are only quickened when circumstances go against him. Immediately after Mr Long had come such an awful cropper in his little betting transaction with Father Glancey, a subscription was set on foot, and he was presented with £53 7s 6d—the £50 to recoup him for his loss, and the odd three pounds and three half-crowns presumably as solatium for his wounded feelings. So far good; but the matter has another and less satisfactory aspect. The objects for which the subscriptions of a charitable public are solicited, are already distressingly urgent and numerous; but the generosity of a Peabody and the wealth of a Rothschild will be taxed to the utmost if, in future, losses by unfortunate sporting transactions are to be included in the list. We shall have the friends of Tom Punter, who was seduced by unreliable information into backing the wrong man in the recent billiard match at White's Rooms, going round with a little pass-book, collecting funds to console that innocent victim of misfortune. Dick Whipcord, too, whose carefully arranged book for the "Two Thousand Guineas" turned out such a disastrous failure, will be presented with a little testimonial to set him on his legs again. Even Harry Halfback, whose comparatively modest financial embarrassments have been caused by a generous but misplaced confidence in the prowess of a particular football team at a charity match, may reasonably hope to be ultimately no loser by the affair, if his hard case is properly laid before a subscription-giving public. Clearly the field thus opened up is infinitely too wide; and it is to be hoped Mr Long's case may be allowed to remain the exception proving the rule, that those who lose money by betting should bear their own burden.

HANNAH MORE TA SLEW?—The Crosshill Provost asking one of the Annexation counsel if he would be just kind enough to question him a little further.

LE JOURNAL AMUSANT.—A Special Number of this Popular Illustrated Paper of Paris Now Ready, Price 6d. The Illustrations are devoted entirely to humorous sketches in Glasgow and Edinburgh viewed from a French light by the well-known French Artist, Mars. To be had at A. F. SHARP & CO., News and Advertising Agents, 14 Royal Exchange Square, Glasgow. Orders must be sent early.



What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the rent day has been got over.  
That the holders of property have not had a brilliant return for their money.

That bondholders are getting anxious for cash advanced.

That lawyers who have invested their clients' funds in stone and lime are in a woeful plight.

That the clients themselves are not as "calm as a painted ship upon a painted ocean."

That plenty of property would be willingly parted with just now for the price of the bonds alone.

That the flitting day is near at hand.

That the charge for lorries has not decreased on account of the bad trade.

That neither has the drouth of the carters abated.

That the usual crashing and smashing of "household gods" will take place on the flitting-day.

That the female heart dearly loves a flitting.

That the male heart detests it.

That the head of the house generally contrives to have "most important engagements in town" during the bustle.

That tenants generally find that their new houses have many of the faults of their old habitations.

That too often they seek in vain for the comforts they enjoyed in the houses they have left.

That they resolve and re-resolve never to remove again—and yet they flit next year.

That proprietors and factors are very chary of their promised repairs this year.

That the painters and paper hangers will not be as busy as usual this season.

That the Lord Provost has laid the foundation stone of a new church.

That he is more successful at foundation stones than at keeping order in the Council.

That the Justices are managing as usual to reverse the magisterial licensing decisions.

That the publicans are thankful for the Justice of Peace Court.

That the opponents of the Municipal Extension Bill have been jubilant since coming back from London.

That the promoters of the bill have kept extremely quiet.

That they claim that at least one portion of the bill has passed.

That this was the portion providing for the removal of the Tron Church.

That some people are thankful for sma' mercies.

That "oor Jeems" has done good service in abolishing the "double taxes" nuisance.

That "Jeems" occasionally manages to hit the nail on the head.

That the annual "fad" of going to the coast has begun.

That there will be less of it this year than usual.

That the Queen's Park U.P. Pastor doesn't know when to let well alone.

That his views regarding Purgatory have fallen flat.

That the heresy hunters decline to enter on a fresh crusade.

A Bold Denial.

WHAT did Professor Maclagan mean by telling Mr Mitchell Henry in London the other day that churches in Scotland were never used for election meetings? The worthy professor must either take the most meagre interest in politics, or else—well, never mind. The practice referred to is one which the BAILIE has more than once had occasion to reprehend, and now that a distinguished Scotchman has denied its existence, his Worship trusts that his countrymen will make Dr Maclagan's rash assertion prospectively correct.

NOW IS THE SUMMER OF OUR DISCONTENT.

As the day lengthens the cold strengthens,  
Though high the sun, still weak his ray;  
And spring yet waits, while winter coolly  
Lies lingering in the lap of May.

A local daily was so delighted the other day at getting hold of a particularly unsavory divorce-case that it reported it twice over in the same issue. And yet some people say that the Press does not always use its influence for good!

WHAUR AE DOOR STEEKS.—One of the chief arguments for the opening of the London museums and picture-galleries on Sabbath is, that they will keep men out of the public-house. There is yet another, and perhaps even more effectual mode, of keeping men out of the public-house—*shut it!* as has been done in Scotland.

SUSPICIOUS.—An Aberdeen steamer, which ran down a sailing barge the other day, observed on the barge's sail the mark "B. & --." If the mark stands for "B. & S.," the carrying of such a motto might account for the barge getting a little "mixed."

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IMPORTANT TO PARTIES FURNISHING.

FRANCIS & JAMES SMITH,

**B**EG respectfully to draw the attention of Parties about to Furnish, in whole or in part, to the Immense Stock of CABINET, UPHOLSTERY, and CARPET GOODS at present on View in their Show-Rooms, corner of Gordon and Union Streets, which are the largest and most complete Furniture Show-Rooms out of London, the total Floorage being equal to one and a half Square Acres.

The Stock of DINING-ROOM, DRAWING-ROOM, BED-ROOM, LIBRARY, and OFFICE FURNITURE is replete with every requisite, while the Stock of CARPETS, FLOORCLOTHS, NAPERY, WINDOW and BED CURTAIN MATERIALS comprises the Newest Patterns and Designs of the best Manufacturers. GILT MIRRORS in great variety, and the cheapest in the City. BILLIARD and BAGATELLE TABLES, &c.

F. & J. S. would call special attention to the fact that all their Goods are marked in Plain Figures at the lowest Cash Prices (from which no abatement can be allowed), and as the whole Stock has just been gone carefully over, and marked at *reduced prices*, Parties about to Furnish would do well to call and inspect them before purchasing elsewhere. To all who can make it convenient to call, every assistance will be given to enable them to make up their own estimates, while those at a distance, or who are unable to call personally, will be furnished with Estimates, Drawings, and Photographs on application, and if necessary, competent Assistants will be sent to take Plans and advise as to Furnishing.

All Goods Stored Free till required.

P.S.—F. & J. S. would particularly draw attention to a Stock of Best Brussels and Tapestry Carpets, last year's patterns, which, to effect a speedy clearance, they are now offering at specially low prices.

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REMOVALS CAREFULLY CONDUCTED.

FRANCIS & JAMES SMITH,

CABINET, UPHOLSTERY, AND CARPET WAREHOUSEMEN,  
CORNER OF

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CABINET AND GLASS SILVERING WORKS—KENT ROAD AND BERKELEY STREET.

*Established 1835,*

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BARGAINS AND NOVELTIES

AT THE

CALEDONIAN HOUSE,

165 and 167 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

**M**ESSRS COPLAND & LYE now announce the complete arrangements of every Department of the CALEDONIAN HOUSE for the Summer Season, 1879. All the Latest Fashions in Costumes, Millinery, Dress Fabrics, &c., have been added to the already Colossal Stock. At the same time several Important Purchases for Cash have been made in Cretonnes, Curtains, Carpets, Wax Floor Cloths, Welsh Flannels, Skirtings, Calicoes, Quilts, &c., &c., which will enable Buyers to supply their wants and effect a considerable saving. To Ladies who live at a distance, and are unable to visit Glasgow, we shall be happy to send our detailed and descriptive Catalogue post free on application.

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COPLAND & LYE,

CALEDONIAN HOUSE, 165 AND 167 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

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ROYAL EXCHANGE.

THE HALF YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION BOOK will shortly open for Enrolling New Members. No Ballot necessary.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.  
HENRY THOMSON & CO'S

OLD  
IRISH WHISKY.

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—  
ROBERT BROWN, 17/HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

**GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING.**

EVERY Gentleman knows how greatly his personal comfort is promoted when, in the matter of Dress, his tastes and wishes are fully met. It has been a source of much satisfaction to us to find that our efforts, season after season, to anticipate the wants of our wide circle of Customers, have been so highly appreciated and so largely responded to. The prompt cash principle with which we inaugurated our Clothing Department has so thoroughly commended itself to the common-sense of Business men generally, that we are encouraged to redouble our exertions for placing within the reach of all, the Best Value in Clothing ever offered to the Citizens of Glasgow.

**FORSYTH,**  
5 AND 7 RENFIELD STREET.

**FURNITURE.**  
SPECIAL REALISING SALE

OF  
DINING-ROOM, DRAWING-ROOM,  
BED-ROOM, PARLOUR, KITCHEN,  
OFFICE, LIBRARY, AND LOBBY  
FURNITURE; ALSO, MIRRORS,  
CARPETS, LINOLEUMS, RUGS,  
BEDDING, NAPERY, CRETONNES,  
CURTAINS, WINDOW POLES, &c.,

AT UNPRECEDENTED PRICES  
DURING THE MONTH OF MAY.

**A. GARDNER & SON,**  
CABINETMAKERS AND UPHOLSTERERS,  
36 JAMAICA STREET.

**DAVISON'S**  
**CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE**  
**GINGER BEER.**

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE  
YEAR ROUND; WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC.  
As Supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

**THOMAS DAVISON,**  
DISPENSING CHEMIST,  
126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

**The Bailie.**

WEDNESDAY, MAY 21st, 1879.

OUR Sheriff Court seems to be a "show" which is rather neglected by lovers of cheap and innocent amusement. The bar is authoritatively declared to present a most piebald appearance, practitioners appearing in all sorts of garbs and wearing scarves of all the colours of the rainbow, used, it is to be feared, in most inartistic combinations. Those who have not seen this collection

of curiosities should lose no time in doing so, as some local legal dandies are doing their little utmost to compel the "figgurs" in the show to have themselves done up in the new, in order to give it the dignity which it is said to lack. It is an article of faith with these would-be reformers that "there is safety in a swallow tail" and the regulation cut of white choker, but King Lear gives their philosophy in its totality, and more truthfully than they wot of, when he says—

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;  
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all.

Nothing offensive is to be inferred from the reminder that at that particular moment his majesty is represented fantastically dressed up in flowers and was decidedly "queer" in the head. If the local bar is wanting in dignity, and dignity is something which is to be bought in Buchanan Street, then why stint the supply which it is proposed the renovated "figgurs" should purchase for themselves? If a robe would gracefully conceal defects in form why should those heads which phrenologists would regard as more or less imperfect be denied the genial obscuration of a wig? The West-end ladies must have an eye on our legal Lotharios whose "cut" betokens intellect and talent—in their tailors and peruquiers. The courtrobing room should instantly be prepared for the days of legal dandyism, with bottles of perfume, all the luxuries of the toilet, and lots of full-length mirrors before which our sucking Ciceros may, dressed in toga and horse-hair, practice their impassioned declamation and dignified gesticulation. (Pray let this be done after office hours). In this way dignity is to be added to the bar! Get gowns, get gear, and treat it as a mere tradition that the law is a noble profession.

In performing the dismal duty of explaining his connection with Widdows, the 'umble one pointed out that none of the big wigs at Gilmorehill found out Mr Bishop till they were taken in and done for, and asked whether he should be supposed to be "better up" than those most potent, grave, and reverend seigniors. Certainly not, Harry. Besides, widows have always been regarded as much more captivating than bishops.

It seems that the latest thing in "prints" is the "Zulu royal red check." Let's hope the Zulu will have a final "royal red check" before long!

Broken Potter-y.—The City Bank.

## More "Army Reform."

IF we are to believe the daily papers, a singular innovation was introduced at the recent review of the Highland Borderers Militia at Stirling. "The General," it seems, "was received by the regiment in line, and, after presenting arms, performed the march past in column of double companies, in quarter-column, and at the double." The BAILIE is unable to conceive how the General managed to achieve that remarkable feat of "marching past in column of double companies, and in quarter-column;" but what he wishes specially to point out is that he who usually inspects was on this occasion the inspected. His Worship presumes that the affair was the result of some new War Office regulation, and he begs most respectfully to submit to Colonel Stanley and the Duke of Cambridge that the spectacle of a Major-General marching "at the double" past a regiment of Militia is not, to say the least, a dignified one.

## ONE FOR HIS "NOBBS."

Long betting found not very chancey,  
When losing fifty pounds with Glancy;  
A glance he took when but beginning,  
But longer looked at Glancy winning.  
His luck perchance had come out stronger,  
Had he but looked at Widdows longer.  
Instead of betting, better rather  
Have cast off Widdows, shunned the Father.

**KILLING KINDNESS.**—Of course all volunteers have nothing at heart but the good of the Established Church. They long for Disestablishment, chiefly because "the result would benefit the Established Church itself by infusing into it additional life"—at least, so they said at the Edinburgh Disestablishment meeting last week. The BAILIE smiles to himself and thinks of the old Scotch judge who addressed a culprit with "Ye're a clever decent chiel, but dootless ye'll be nane the waur o' a hanging."

"The Fish that Never Swam"—The triton that can swallow the minnows. "The Bell that Never Rang"—The chime that has yet to tintinabulate the annexation joy-peal. "The Tree that never Grew"—Out of which to make a Glasgow Board for Crosshill. "The Bird that Never Flew"—But may whis'le o'er the lave o't, "Let Glasgow Flourish!"

**A NICE QUESTION.**—Will the time occupied by the convict-directors in jaunting from Perth and Ayr to Glasgow to see their friend, Mr Scott, be deducted from the terms of their respective sentences?

## "The Two Obadiahs."

THE BAILIE had been in hopes that he had heard the last of Mr Long and his unsavoury friend Widdows—whose name, it appears, is not Widdows at all, but Nobbs. That hope was, however, destined to disappointment, for last Wednesday night Mr Long delivered an oration in the City Hall, slaying the slain "ex-monk" once more. Our 'umble friend showed his humility on this occasion by comparing himself to St. Peter, and talking of the "anonymous writers who swarm round him like midges round a horse." The BAILIE will not be so cruel as to suggest that another animal might have been more fitly chosen for the latter comparison, but he would remark that a little genuine humility would be highly appropriate under the circumstances. To have been so grossly taken in by an unknown mountebank, who seems to have been a perfect Job Trotter in tears and hypocrisy—to have aided this fellow to extract large sums of money from credulous fools—these things would cover most men with confusion unspeakable; but Mr Long is callous, and regards the presentation of a cheque for £53 "as an indication that the bitterness of death is past, or, to change the metaphor, that the wound is healing." In other words, he does not regard the injury he has inflicted upon religion and his believers' pockets, now that his little bet has been squared for him. Mr Long observed in the course of his address that "Nobbs was a nickname for Obadiah." If he is not ambitious of playing the part of "the old Obadiah" to another young one, he would do well to pay heed to such warnings as were given in his Worship's pages when first the mountebank "Nobbs" was allowed to disgrace a pulpit in this city.

**A "FLAMING TINMAN."**—The old theory about one Briton being equal to several foreigners was "strikingly" illustrated in Edinburgh the other day, when a native tinsmith, "on strike," was charged with "intimidating" no fewer than ten Germans. So thoroughly "intimidated" were the gallant Teutons that "they all ran away"—not "to the farmer's wife," but to the German Consul at Leith. A cruel law has lodged the formidable Briton under lock-and-key. Why not send him to fight the Zulus?

**When Browne Meets Browne**—The annexation Counsel and the Crosshill Provost.

*Via Vinegar-hill*—Mr Martin has something "in pickle." Can it be pickled cabbage?

Reflections at a Charity Football Match.

A CHARITY match is not necessarily a less ferocious and sanguinary proceeding than an ordinary cup tie. A charity match player kicks a multitude of shins.

It must be a great consolation to the player who staggers off the field with his head cut open, to know that he has the sympathy of four thousand spectators.

On the principle that three removals are as bad as a fire, three football matches should be about equal to a severe railway collision.

After keeping goal for a couple of hours, ordinary mortals would be in a condition to keep a bed in an infirmary ward for a couple of weeks.

Are "half-backs" so called because they are knocked over so frequently that they spend half their time on their backs?

It is no wonder that a player is sometimes a little rough. The fact that he must either strike the ball with his foot or with his head naturally induces him to proceed to extremities.

A goal-keeper differs from Ishmael of old in this respect, that while his hand is against every man, other men's hands are not allowed to be against him.

A player's popularity may be gauged by observing whether the crowd knows his Christian name or not.

HYDROPHOBIA IN THE COUNCIL.

(Scene—Lobby of Council Chamber, Ingram Street; time—1-59 p.m. Monday week. Enter Spare Councillor and Corpulent Bailie.)

*Spare Councillor*—We're gettin' into the warm weather again, Bailie.

*Corpulent Bailie*—'Od, so we are. (Looking cautiously round.) We'd better renew the doug proclamation.

*S. C.*—What! ye're no frichtened for heedrophobia, are ye, Bailie?

*C. B.*—Weel, no exactly; but—there's a lot o' rampaugin' dougs aboot, an'—*Neil an' Mairtin arena mussled yet.* (Exeunt, chuckling.)

The members of the U.P. Synod declined last week to humble themselves on account of the sins of the City Bank directors, holding that they had quite enough iniquities of their own to be accountable for without taking those of others upon their shoulders. One cannot refrain from commending the decision upon the grounds stated.

Megilp.

THE death of Mr James Cassie is mourned by a wide circle of friends, who valued him more as a man than even as an artist. As an artist he possessed considerable technical skill, a soft touch, true sympathy with tender and poetical effects, and a fond appreciation of the beauties of sea and sea-shore scenery. But, as an oil-painter, at any rate, he seemed to have attained some years ago to the highest point of excellence within reach of his powers; his style of late was marked by mannerism (of a pleasant kind, however), and had less force in it than his earlier works gave promise of. I think it may be said, without disparagement to the many excellencies of what he actually accomplished, that he never quite fulfilled the hopes that were once formed regarding him. As a water colourist, Mr Cassie was less known to the general public, and yet in water colours he was decidedly greater—stronger and more varied—than in oil. And in this direction, too, his power was evidently strengthening and expanding. Some of his little water colours are delightful in tone and feeling, and show the hand and brain of a true artist, working in a healthy and natural direction.

Mr Cassie was personally a general favourite. His geniality, his pawky humour, his great fund of story and anecdote, and his Aberdonian shrewdness and clear common sense everywhere won for him friends and much pleasant companionship. He was loved in life, and, from his strong personality, his death makes a distinct blank in the ranks of Scottish painters.

By the way, what a host of good artists Aberdeen has given to the world, beginning with Jamesone, and coming down to Phillip, Dyce, Cassie, Brodie, and the Reids.

The autumn exhibition of modern pictures in oil and water colours, in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, will open on 1st September. The days for receiving pictures are from August 1st to 13th, both inclusive. Cards of particulars and all information may be obtained on application to Mr Charles Dyall, the Curator at the Walker Gallery.

Mr A. K. Brown has gone to Shere in Surrey, where Mr John White lives. Mr J. D. Taylor is at Millport, Mr Calvert is going to Corrie in Arran, and Mr Black to Fifeshire. Mr R. Smyth also, who is well known in Glasgow as Mr Glover's assistant at the Theatre-Royal, will shortly be found working on the East Coast.

The very fine Israels, "Jenny's Birthday," which was lately shown at Mr Craibe Angus's gallery, and could have been purchased then for 1000 guineas, has been sold at Christie, Manson, & Wood's in London for 1610 guineas. Our Glasgow art collectors have missed a chance!

Mr Angus has in his place at present a large view of Ailsa Craig, by Mr F. Powell, destined for the Black and White Exhibition in London. Few artists know better than Mr Powell how to handle black and white. There are great power in this picture and admirable ease. The sky, the mist rolling over the rock and melting into the clouds, and the swing and motion of the waves, are strongly and happily rendered.

Among the other good pictures in Mr Angus's gallery is a beautiful example of J. Maris—a canal scene, pure and tender in feeling, and broad in execution. The colour is cool and sweet, without a trace of weakness. Every touch helps the effect in both water and sky.

Mr Millais painted the head and face in his portrait of Mr Gladstone in five hours. The portrait is Mr Millais' most successful work this season.

Every opinion I hear confirms what I have already said of the Royal Academy. The work shown by English artists is for the most part weak, and the pictures by Scotch painters, and a few by foreigners, are the backbone of the Exhibition.

"Morning on the Beach at Scheveningen," by Mesdag, is among the really good landscapes; "La Famille D.," by Fantin, among the really good portraits.

A Delf-ic Oracle—Lewis Potter.

QUEEN'S BIRTH-DAY.—Thousands of Hats to choose from for Holiday Wear at the Colosseum.

Another "Suspicious Craft."

THERE has just been despatched from the Clyde a most suspicious craft in the shape of a so-called "yacht." She is a vessel of over 700 tons, and is equipped with every mechanical appliance that human ingenuity has yet devised in the nautical line; but this is not all. She "is fitted with two of Sir William Armstrong's 7-pounder steel rifled pivot guns on teak carriages, and two Nordenfeld guns (something on the principle of the Gattling gun), capable of firing 500 shots per minute. Below there is an armoury, fitted with Martini-Henry rifles, Soper rifles with swords and bayonets, revolvers, and boarding-pikes. . . The crew consists of men-of-war's-men . . . The whole external appearance of the vessel . . . resembles a British gunboat." Was ever such a murderous equipment heard of for a peaceful pleasure-steamer? The Government, who have already taken alarm, had better keep an eye on the *Wanderer*—for so is this formidable vessel named.

THE CAPTAIN CAPT.  
(Scene—Burnbank).

*Smart Captain* (dressing his men at "the charge")—Lean more forward, Mr Jones, that (touching the point of Jones' bayonet) couldn't resist a cuddie!

*Private Jones*—*sotto voce*—Couldn't it—just try!

[Files to the right and left smile audibly.]

A house proprietor advertises in the *Herald* two cottages to let, "rents to suit tenants." In hard times like the present it is truly refreshing to come across even one generous and accommodating soul. The rent that will best suit most tenants just now is a merely nominal one. What a rush of applicants there will be, to be sure, for these cottages!

WHAT NEXT?—The Presbytery of Edinburgh possesses an abnormal member in the shape of a Mr Young, who declares that what he desires in the Church is "more Christian charity and less bad language." Bless us! here's a dangerous fellow! How does he expect the business of the church-courts is to be carried on if he has his way? Go to, Mr Young—go to, and accept the inevitable, neither hanker after the impossible.

A Dough-ty Councillor—The retired biscuit-baker.

QUEEN'S BIRTH-DAY.—Before going on your holiday call at the Colosseum, Walter Wilson & Co., and select a Stylish Hat.

T H E G A I E T Y .

Proprietor and Manager, . . . . . Mr C. BERNARD,  
FOR THIS WEEK ONLY,  
MR AND MRS CHARLES SULLIVAN'S  
FAMOUS IRISH COMBINATION.  
Special Production of BOUCICAULT'S Great Drama,  
A R R A H - N A - P O G U E ; or,  
THE WICKLOW WEDDING.  
Doors Open at 6.30, Curtain rising at 7.30.

CALEDONIAN RAILWAY.  
EXCURSION ARRANGEMENTS ON  
QUEEN'S BIRTH-DAY,  
THURSDAY, 22ND MAY, 1879,  
FROM GLASGOW,  
TO DUMFRIES AND CARLISLE.  
Passengers will leave Glasgow as under:—

	A.M.	A.M.
From Buchanan Street Station.....	6-50	10-2
„ South Side „ .....	6-40	10-0
„ London Road „ .....	6-35	9-37
„ Bridgeton „ .....	6-38	9-40
„ Rutherglen „ .....	6-46	9-52

Returning by the 6-45 p.m. Fast Train from Dumfries, and the 7-0 p.m. Fast Train from Carlisle same day.

FIRST CLASS, ... .. 8s | THIRD CLASS, ... .. 4s  
Cheap Return Tickets, at the same Fares as above, will also be issued to Annan. For Times of Trains see the Company's Time Tables.

Passengers may remain till FRIDAY, 23rd, SATURDAY, 24th, or MONDAY, 26th MAY, and Return by Ordinary Trains from Dumfries at 5-50, 9-35 a.m., 1-30, 3-35, and 6-45 p.m., and from Carlisle at 5-50, 7-20, 9-35 a.m., 1-40, 3-12, 3-20, and 7-0 p.m., on an Additional Payment at the Booking Offices of 2s First Class, and 1s Third Class.

TO PERTH AND DUNDEE.

A Fast Train, with Through Carriages, will leave GLASGOW (Buchanan Street) for Perth and Dundee at 8-20 a.m.; Returning from Dundee at 7-0 p.m., and Perth (Princes St.) at 7-45 p.m.

CHEAP RETURN FARES.

	First Class.	Third Class.
PERTH.....	7s	3s 6d
DUNDEE .....	10s	5s

Passengers may remain in Perth and Dundee until the following Day by paying One-fourth of the Fare additional at the Booking Office before returning.

TO THE PERTSHIRE HIGHLANDS.

A Special Train will leave GLASGOW (Buchanan Street) at 8-20 a.m. for DALMALLY, calling at Strathyre, Kingshouse, Lochearnhead, Killin, Luib, Crianlarich, and Tyndrum; leaving Dalmally on the Return Journey at 6-0 p.m.

CHEAP RETURN FARES.

	1st	3d		1st	3d
	Clas.	Clas.		Clas.	Clas.
Strathyre .....	} 6s	3s	Crianlarich and	} 8s 6d	4s 3d
Kingshouse .....			Tyndrum.....		
Lochearnhead .....			Dalmally.....		
Killin and Luib ..	7s	3s 6d		11s 6d	5s 9d

On arrival of the Train, Coaches will leave Dalmally for Pass of Brander (a distance of 10 miles along the side of Loch Awe), returning in time for the Departure of the Train. Return Coach Fare, 4s 6d.

TO THE FALLS OF CLYDE.

A Special Train will Leave GLASGOW (Buchanan Street) for Lanark at 9.15 A.M. ; Returning from Lanark at 7.30 P.M.

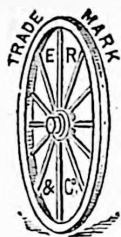
CHEAP RETURN FARES.

FIRST CLASS.....	5s 6d	THIRD CLASS .....	2s 6d
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Passengers may remain until the following Day and Return in any of the Ordinary Trains on payment of One-fourth of the Fare additional at the Booking Office, Lanark.

JAMES SMITHELLS, General Manager,

Glasgow, May, 1879.



'S **BELFAST AERATED WATERS,**  
ARE FAR AND AWAY SUPERIOR TO OTHERS.

AMBROSIA, the New Summer Drink possesses great stimulating properties, more invigorating than Beer or Porter, and perfectly non-intoxicating.

GINGER ALE, LEMONADE, SODA, POTASH, SELTZER, &c.

May be had from FAMILY GROCERS, CHEMISTS, WINE MERCHANTS, RESTAURATEURS, etc.  
SOTCH DEPOT - 147 STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW.

GLASS AND CHINA AT M'DOUGALL & SONS, 77 & 79 BUCHANAN STREET,  
DEPOT FOR MINTON'S, COPELAND'S, WORCESTER, AND DRESDEN PORCELAIN.

Notwithstanding the general depression our sales have more than doubled during the last 3 months, since we commenced allowing a Cash Discount. Encouraged by this, we have resolved to continue our business on the following terms, viz., to allow 10 per cent. off all goods paid for at time of purchase, 5 per cent. off for cash in one month or 3 months net.

Owing to special arrangement with several leading makers we are enabled to sell our Goods considerably under usual prices, and many of our best Patterns are reserved entirely for ourselves.

Free Promenade through our Show-Rooms.

The Stock is one of the largest and best selected in the kingdom. Suitable for all Classes, comprising an endless Variety of Useful and Ornamental Goods. Novelties being daily added.

Tea Sets, 7s 6d to £25; Table Sets, 28s to £85; Dessert Services, 22s to £50; Toilet Sets, 7s to £15; also Cheese Stands, Flower Pots, Candelabra, Mirrors, Table Glass, &c. &c.

AND AT 8 TO 14 JAIL SQUARE. *Established over 50 Years.*

**WEST OF SCOTLAND RIFLE ASSOCIATION.**

The Eighteenth Annual Prize Meeting Competitions at COWGLEN RANGES, GLASGOW, on 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th June.

Total Number and Value of Prizes, 759, £1890.

The Shooting will Commence each day at Nine a.m.

Programmes and Entry Schedules are now ready and may be had at all Volunteer Orderly Rooms, Rifle Ranges, Gunmakers' Shops, or at the Offices of the Association.

Entries Close on Thursday, 22nd May.

THOMAS FERGUSON, Lieutenant,  
Secretary.

137 West George St., Glasgow.

22nd MAY—QUEEN'S BIRTH-DAY—22nd MAY.

**GRAND SPECIAL CONCERT,**

ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS,

The Celebrated Band and Pipers of the

79TH QUEEN'S OWN CAMERON HIGHLANDERS

Will perform a Programme specially selected for the occasion on

THURSDAY First, 22nd MAY, from 7 to 9 p.m.

Admission, Sixpence. Subscribers, Free.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Tuesday, 27th, and Wednesday, 28th May.

**PUBLIC SALE OF A LARGE CONSIGNMENT OF NOTTINGHAM LACE CURTAINS,**  
Of New and Rich Designs, for Drawing-Rooms, Dining-Rooms, Bed-Rooms, etc.

ALSO

WINDOW VALANCES, ANTIMACASSARS, LACE TABLE AND BED COVERS, &c., &c.  
(Consigned direct from the Manufacturers, and must be realised to cover Advances).

**ROBERT M'TEAR & CO.** are instructed to Sell the above, by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North Court, St. Vincent Place, on Tuesday and Wednesday, 27th and 28th May, commencing each day at Twelve o'clock prompt.

Catalogues on application, and On View Mornings of Sale.

**ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS AND CRYSTAL PALACE,**

Open Daily from Nine a.m. till Dusk. Admission 6d.

GRAND PROMENADE CONCERT

BY BAND AND PIPERS 79TH HIGHLANDERS,

ON SATURDAY FIRST, 24TH MAY, FROM 7 TO 9.

Annual Subscription, Family Tickets, £1 1s; Single do., 10s 6d; to be had at 155 West George Street, and at Garden Gate.

**FORTNIGHTLY ART SALE**

In the Royal Exchange Sale Rooms, on Friday, 23rd May.

PUBLIC SALE OF

MISCELLANEOUS PICTURES,

Chiefly by Modern British Artists, also a few

OLD MASTERS;

7 STUDIES by SAM BOUGH, R.S.A.

Also, among others, Works by

H. M'Culloch, R.S.A.,

J. R. Reid,

Sir D. Wilkie.

Copley Fielding,

Jas. Docharty, A.R.S.A.,

D. Teniers,

Sir A. Calcott, R.A.,

N. Berghem,

And "RUINS OF ABBEY CASTLE" by J. C. COLLINGWOOD—a £500 Art Union Prize.

**ROBERT M'TEAR & CO.** will Sell the above, by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale Rooms, North Court, St. Vincent Place, on Friday, 23rd May, at One o'clock.

On View with Catalogues on Morning of Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale Rooms, 20th May, 1879.

On Friday, 23rd May, at 167 St. Vincent Street.

FINAL AND CLEARING SALE OF

MESSRS J. & J. LIGHTBODY'S HIGH-CLASS STOCK,

In their St. Vincent Street Premises,

120 MARBLE MANTELPIECES,

In every variety of Style and Material,

BY AUCTION.

**J. & R. EDMISTON** will Sell as above, at 167 St. Vincent Street, on Friday, 23rd May, at 12 Noon.

Particulars in Catalogues in preparation.

On View prior to Sale.

J. & R. EDMISTON, Auctioneers.

**ROBERT M'TEAR & CO.,**  
AUCTIONEERS AND VALUATORS,  
ROYAL EXCHANGE SALE-ROOMS,  
GLASGOW.  
ESTABLISHED UPWARDS OF FORTY YEARS.  
SPRING FURNITURE SALES.

From our long experience and extensive connection we are in a position to offer exceptionally advantageous facilities to parties desirous of Selling Household Furniture before the forthcoming Term.

In order to prevent disappointment, we would advise those who intend favouring us with the conduct of their Sales to communicate with us at once, so as to secure the most suitable days and have the advantage of early announcement in our List.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO., Auctioneers.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Wednesday 21st, and Thursday 22nd May,

EXTENSIVE PUBLIC SALE OF  
**MUSICSELLER'S AND JEWELLER'S  
STOCK :**

WALNUT and ROSEWOOD COTTAGE PIANOFORTES,  
by Collard & Collard, and Ralph Allison ;  
HARMONIUMS, by Cesarini, Alexandre, and Trayser ;  
ANTIPHONAL for Playing Harmonium and Music,  
MISSION-HOUSE ORGAN,  
Large SELF-ACTING BAND ORGAN with 6 Barrels,  
SELF-ACTING FLUTE ORGAN in Mahogany Case with  
3 Barrels,  
Splendid SWISS MANDRILL, WATCH MATERIALS,  
WATCHMAKER'S CHEST DRAWERS,  
Splendid REGULATOR CLOCK with Mercurial Pendulum,  
TURNING LATHE, with Gap, Slide, &c ;  
WINCHES, CLOCK, and Full Set of Tools,  
ANTIQUÉ CLOCK, goes One Year.

(Belonging to the Sequestrated Estate of Samuel Hay, Music-seller and Jeweller, 21 Bridge Street, and removed for convenience of Sale.)

**ROBERT M'TEAR & CO.** are instructed to  
Sell the above extensive and valuable Stock, by Auction,  
in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Wednesday, 21st, and  
Thursday, 22nd May, commencing each Day at Twelve prompt.  
Catalogues may now be had, and the goods viewed To-Morrow  
(Tuesday), 20th May, from 10 a.m. till 6 p.m.  
Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 19th May, 1879.

PEREMPTORY SALE.

Within Sale-Rooms, 14 Gordon Street, To-Morrow (Tuesday)  
and Wednesday, 20th and 21st May.

PUBLIC SALE OF AN EXTENSIVE STOCK OF  
**FANCY GOODS,**

Admirably Suited for Marriage Presents, Public Presentations, etc.,  
consisting of

Valuable Dressing Cases and Dressing Bags,  
Hand-some Parian Marble Figures and Groups, etc. ;  
50 Pairs Elegant Flower Pots and Vases,  
Jardinières Mounted in Ormolu,

Opera Glasses, Albums, and Writing Desks,  
Valuable Sevres and Dresden China,

Ladies' Morocco Bags and Rug Straps,

Fans, Scent Caskets, Purses, etc.,  
Gold and Silver Jewellery, Magnificent Diamond Rings ;


Also, A Valuable Collection of

**MARBLE CLOCKS AND BRONZES**

(The Property of a well-known Local Importer, who, in consequence of pressing engagements, is compelled to realise).

**BROWN & LOWDEN** will Sell the above,  
by Auction, within their Sale-Rooms, 14 Gordon Street,  
To-Morrow (Tuesday) and Wednesday, 20th and 21st May,  
commencing each day at 12 o'clock.

Now on View, with Catalogues,  
14 Gordon Street, Glasgow, 19th May, 1879.

GLASGOW AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.  
 **QUEEN'S BIRTH-DAY,**  
CHEAP EXCURSIONS  
FROM GLASGOW AND PAISLEY,  
ON THURSDAY, 22ND MAY,  
TO MAUCHLINE, THORNHILL, DUMFRIES, ANNAN,  
CARLISLE, &c.

By Special Express Train leaving St. Enoch at 8-45, and Paisley  
at 9-0 a.m., to the Stations undernoted :—

Stations.	Return Fares—First Class.	Third Class.
MAUCHLINE, .....	5s	2s 6d
AUCHINLECK, .....		
OLD CUMNOCK, .....		
NEW CUMNOCK, .....	6s	3s
SANQUIHAR, .....		
THORNHILL, .....	6s	3s
DUMFRIES, .....		
ANNAN, .....	8s	4s
CARLISLE, .....		

Returning from Carlisle at 6-30, Annan at 6-58, Dumfries at  
7-25, Thornhill at 7-55, Sanquhar at 8-15, New Cumnock at  
8-35, Old Cumnock at 8-45, Auchinleck at 8-50, and Mauchline  
at 9-0 p.m.

Passengers may Return any day up till MONDAY, 26TH  
MAY (Sunday excepted), by any Train except the 5-7 a.m.,  
1-50 and 6-25 p.m. Trains from Carlisle, on payment at the  
Booking Office before leaving of One-fourth Additional to the  
above Fares.

TO ARRAN AND BACK,

By Train leaving St. Enoch at 8-30 and Paisley at 8-48 a.m. ;  
Returning from Lamlash at 2-30, and Brodick at 2-55 p.m.

RETURN FARES —

First Class and Cabin, 5s 6d ; Second Class and Cabin, 4s ;  
Third Class and Steerage, 2s 6d.

The First and Second Class Tickets are available for One  
Month, but the Third Class Tickets are only available on date  
of issue.

TO AYR AND ARDROSSAN

By Special Express Train leaving St. Enoch Station at 8-20 and  
and Paisley at 8-35 a.m. ; Returning from Ayr at 6-45, and  
Ardrossan at 7-0 p.m.

RETURN FARES—First Cl. Third Cl.

To Ayr, ..... 4s 6d 2s 3d  
To Ardrossan, ..... 4s 0d 2s 0d

These Tickets are only available on day of Issue, and by the  
Trains named.

TO BELFAST AND BACK

(Via GIRVAN and STRANRAER), IN ONE DAY,  
By Train leaving St. Enoch Station at 6-50 & Paisley at 7-4 a.m.

RETURN FARES—First Class, 20s ; Third Class, 8s.

Passengers arrive in Belfast at 1 p.m., and may Return any  
day (except Sunday) up till and inclusive of MONDAY, 26TH  
MAY, by Train leaving Belfast (York Road Terminus) at 4-0  
p.m. (Irish Time).

TO STRANRAER

On WEDNESDAY, 21st MAY, by Train leaving GLASGOW  
(St. Enoch) at 4-15, and PAISLEY at 4-30 p.m.

And on THURSDAY, 22ND MAY, by Trains leaving GLAS-  
GOW (St. Enoch) at 6-50 and 7-0 a.m., and PAISLEY at  
7-4 and 7-18 a.m.

RETURN FARES—First Class, 10s ; Third Class, 5s.

Returning on THURSDAY, 22ND MAY, from Town Station  
at 4-10 p.m., and from Harbour Station at 8-15 p.m.

Passengers may Return by any Ordinary Train on Friday,  
Saturday, and Monday, 23rd, 24th, and 26th May, on payment  
at the Booking Offices at Stranraer of One-fourth Additional to  
the above Fares.

The Tickets for these Excursions may be had at the Booking  
Office, St. Enoch, or at the Company's Town Office, 21 Queen  
Street, any time on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, 19th,  
20th, and 21st May.

W. J. WAINWRIGHT, General Manager.

Glasgow, May, 1879.



# ISLAY WHISKY.

W. & J. MUTTER,  
BOWMORE DISTILLERY.  
COUNTING-HOUSE, 41 ANN STREET, CITY, GLASGOW.



## SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER

RESTORES Grey Hair to its Youthful Colour. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Causes a New Growth of Hair. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Removes Dandruff and all Impurities from the Hair. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Prevents the Hair from falling off or turning Grey.

May be had of any Chemist or Perfumer.  
Price, 3s 6d.

DEPOT, 121 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

## THE ROYAL RESTAURANT,

10 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET,  
C. WILSON & SON, Proprietors.

## FAST IN THE COLOUR. FELT HATS.

THE NEW SHAPES, THE NEW COLOURS, HARD AND SOFT MAKES.

The Prices range from 4s 6d to the Finest made.

EXTREME SIZES CAN BE FITTED AT ONCE. Special SMART SHAPES for "YOUNG MEN," LADS, and BOYS' wear. We guarantee our FELT HATS to retain their Shapes and Stand Fast in the Colour.

## MILLAR & CO.,

FAMILY HAT WAREHOUSE,  
QUEEN STREET CORNER, Established Half a Century.

WASTE PAPER, Ledgers, Letters, Books, Ropes, Bagging, Tailors' Clips—bought at PAPER MILL STORE, 98 MAXWELL STREET.

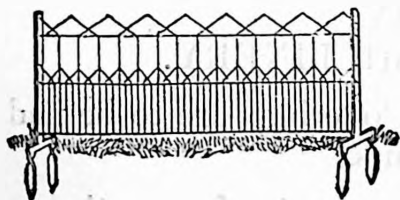
NOW ON VIEW AT

## KAY & REID'S GALLERIES,

103 ST. VINCENT STREET,  
THE CELEBRATED PICTURE,

## ANGUISH,

By A. SCHENCK,  
Admission from 10 till 6, 1s.



ORNAMENTAL  
WIRE  
FENCING.

WM. HUME,  
195 Buchanan St

SCRAP Photographs and views of Scottish Scenery. Thousands to choose from at A. F. SHARP & Co. 14 Royal Exchange Square.

## BROWN & LOWDEN, AUCTIONEERS and VALUATORS, 14 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.

SALES of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, &c., conducted at the Owner's Premises, on Moderate Terms.  
CASH ADVANCED.

FINE ARTS.  
NOW ON VIEW,  
SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF  
HIGH-CLASS SCOTTISH CABINET  
OIL PAINTINGS  
At J. JOHNSTONE YUILE'S GALLERY,  
89 UNION STREET.  
Admission Free.

EXHIBITION of SELECTED PICTURES  
Oil and Water Colour.  
WILLIAM BURNS, 162 Buchanan Street, Glasgow.  
Admission Free.

JOHN M. SIMPSON, Furniture Warehouse  
and Show-rooms, 60 GREAT CLYDE STREET (Corner of Maxwell Street), Glasgow. One of the largest Stocks in the City. New Illustrated House Furnishing Guide to be had Free on application. The Cheapest Establishment in the City for Really Good Substantial Furniture of Artistic Design and Superior Finish. Quality Guaranteed.

## PHOTOGRAPHERS TO THE QUEEN.

RALSTON & SONS,  
141 SAUCHIEHALL STREET  
AND  
165 SANDRINGHAM TERRACE, HILLHEAD.

## CRICKET EMPORIUM.

Every Article required in the game of Cricket always kept in Stock. Bats, Balls, Stumps, Legguards, Gauntlets, &c.

## H. & P. M'NEIL,

21 AND 23 RENFIELD STREET,  
GLASGOW.

THE £3 3s HIGH-CLASS TWEED SUIT.  
The Choice Variety for this High-class SCOTCH TWEED SUIT excels that of any former Season, and our facilities for making up are as perfect as it is possible to make them.  
HUGH MORRISON.

51 and 53 JAMAICA STREET;  
1, 3, 5, 9 HOWARD STREET.

GENTLES' PATENT APPARATUS FOR  
MAKING PICTURE FRAMES.—Wholesale Moulding  
Warehouse—338 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

ADVERTISEMENTS received for all Papers,  
by A. F. SHARP & Co., 14 Royal Exchange Square.

# THE GREAT HAT HOUSE, THE COLOSSEUM.

## Walter Wilson & Co.,

WHOLESALE HAT MANUFACTURERS, MILLINERS, &c.,

GENTLEMEN'S FELT HATS!

GENTLEMEN'S SATIN HATS!

GENTLEMEN'S TWEED HATS!

GENTLEMEN'S STRAW HATS!

*For COAST,*

*COUNTRY,*

*RIVER,*

*or RAIL.*

IMMENSE VARIETY—REALLY WHOLESALE PRICES.

Come Early to avoid the Tremendous Crowds who daily  
Visit THE COLOSSEUM.

### FOUR GREAT DEPARTMENTS.

GENTLEMEN'S FELT AND SATIN HATS,  
BOYS' FANCY AND STRAW HATS,  
LADIES' AND MISSES' HATS AND BONNETS.  
FRENCH AND ENGLISH MILLINERY.  
Including INFANTS' and MOURNING MILLINERY.

Nearly everything imaginable in the shape of Head-Coverings are to be had  
in one or other of these Departments.

The Ladies' Departments are entirely Separate from the  
Gentlemen's Department.



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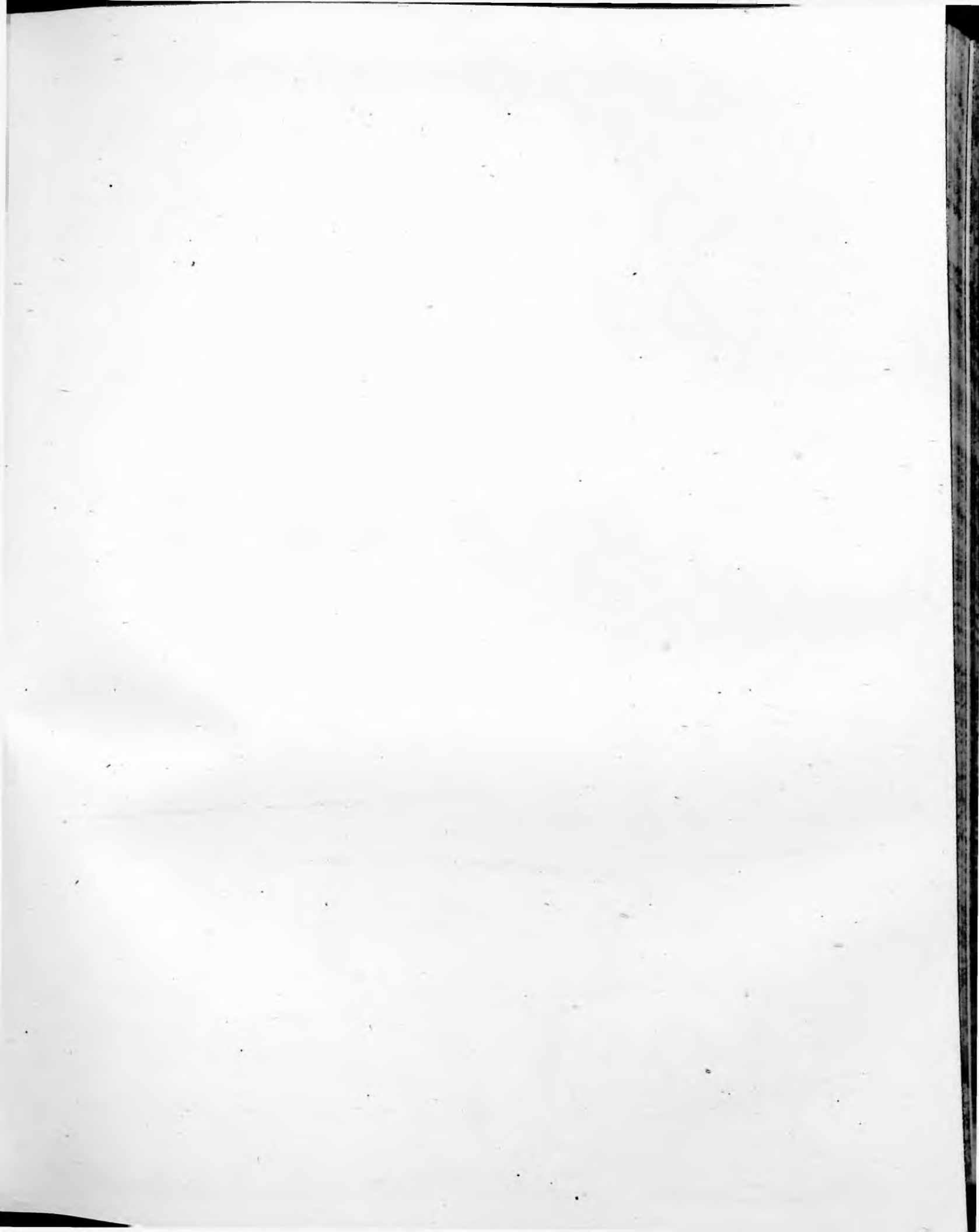
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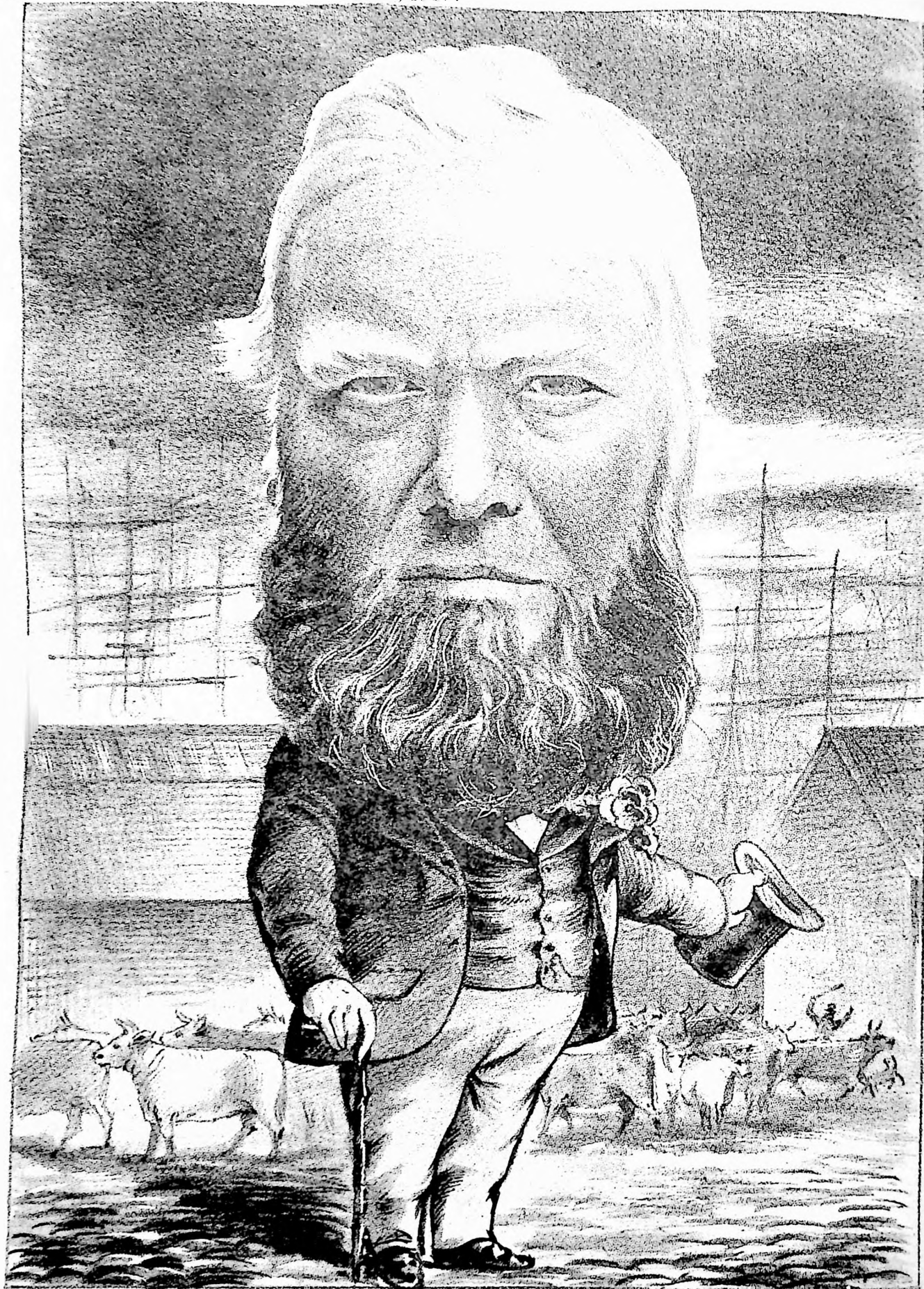
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# The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 345. Glasgow, Wednesday, May 28th, 1879. Price 1d

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 345.

"THEY have a vigorous health," says Emerson of the people of these islands. "They use," he continues, "a plentiful and nutritious diet. The operative cannot subsist on water-cresses. Beef, mutton, wheat bread, and malt liquors are universal among them. Good feeding is a chief point of national pride among the vulgar, and in their caricatures they represent the Frenchman as a poor, starved body." The BAILIE nods assent to these *dicta* of the Sage of Concord. Like his father afore him the Magistrate is a believer in good living. French kick-shaws, *entrees* with unpronounceable names, ices and jellies, have scant charms for his palate, but he enjoys a juicy steak, a slice of honest roast beef, or a tender leg of mutton, just as he enjoys a judiciously mixed "tumbler" and a draft of mellow Burton ale. There is something enticing to the BAILIE in the very look of your typical butcher. What a buirdly paunch and rubicund features the rogue has got. How bravely he fronts the world from behind the shelter of his well-greased apron. He seems to feel that the well-being of society is in his keeping, and he aids the progress of the machine with not a little good-natured, condescension. Nowadays the trade of the butcher is constantly growing in importance. A quarter of a century back, although flesh meat could hardly be termed a rarity in middle class houses, its consumption was, at the same time, comparatively limited, limited, that is, when looking at the quantities now in daily use, not among the middle and upper ranks alone, but among the weavers, and the spinners, and the smiths of our working class population. The altered state of matters is due in some measure to the greater distribution of wealth, and in some to the new conditions under

which the cattle trade is carried on. We no longer depend upon our stay-at-home graziers for our meat supply. Week by week and day-by-day a constant traffic is maintained between this country and America in cattle, sheep, and dead meat. The supply is continually on the increase. The Americans are glad to find such capital customers for their surplus stock, while the British are eager to buy in a market where the prices have only a slight relation to the sums demanded for cattle in this tight little island. This change has been brought about mainly, if not indeed solely, by Mr JOHN BELL of Argyle Street. It was Mr BELL who began what may be termed the American cattle trade. At first the enterprise was far from being a profitable one. Mr BELL persevered, however, and ultimately, the rates for freight having undergone an important reduction, the trade has become one of very great importance indeed. To the importation of cattle has been added the importation of dead meat, an innovation to which we owe, in no small measure, the exceedingly moderate prices which rule in the home meat markets. Mr BELL, like the BAILIE, is growing both grey and gaucy. He was born so far back as the year 1806, and he rejoices, accordingly, in the three-score years and ten which were numbered by the Psalmist as "the days of the years of a man." In his early life his struggles were sometimes of the hardest. Mr BELL, however, possesses the secret of success. He knows how to "get on." In 1849, when little more than forty, so well had he succeeded that, joining two brothers, butchers like himself, and, strangely enough, bearing the name of Bell, the trio employed Mr Peter Denny of Dumbarton to build for them an iron clipper ship of 700 tons burthen. The venture was regarded as a fool-hardy one, but our friends carried it out, and the "Three Bells" was duly launched and became one of

the best known ships of the day. Her rescue, in 1853, of from 200 to 300 U.S. soldiers from a sinking steamer, made her popular on both sides of the Atlantic. A grateful acknowledgment of the event came from the American Government, and Whittier celebrated it in one of the most dramatic of his shorter poems. Mr BELL has always taken a warm interest in the fortunes of his trade. He was twice elected Deacon of the Incorporation of Fleshers, and for two years he was Collector of the Trades House. Some twelve months ago, on the occasion of his jubilee as a master flesher, he was entertained at dinner by the general members of the trade in Glasgow, and was presented with a suitable testimonial. Like all men of strong character Mr BELL has numerous personal traits, some of which may seem acerbities to the multitude. To those who understand him best, however, he is known as just and steadfast in all his dealings, a warm friend and an upright citizen.

ASINUS HAS A "TREAT."—The other day Asinus came across an advertisement for a partner, concluding with the words, "Proprietor of shop would treat liberally;" and, undeterred by the discouraging results of similar expeditions in the past, the hopeful beastie cantered off in search of the said proprietor. He remarked as he disappeared that a man who "treats" liberally is decidedly a man to know, and added that the BAILIE should cartoon him. When he turned up shortly afterwards, looking remarkably dejected, he observed that there was a mistake somewhere, and it wasn't a case for a cartoon after all.

"NO NAME."

*Pat*—Well, Phil, me bhoy, was the letter ye had this mornin' the work av an anonymous wroiter?

*Phil*—Shure now an' it's mesilf can't tell ye at all, at all, for by the same token the gintleman that wrote it forgot to putt his name to it intoirely.

FACT.—The day that Mr Wenley "appeared" in the BAILIE, the Bank of Scotland hung out its banner on its outer wall. "Honour to whom honour," &c.

NOT "FOR LIFE."—Somebody advertises for a "silent" partner—whereanent that spiteful old bachelor, Crusty, growls out that the partner-ship contemplated can't be a matrimonial one!

### The Artful Little Beggar;

"AN OWER TRUE TALE."

HE was a youth of tender years,  
His face was pale and wan;  
He spoke, his eyes were filled with tears,  
'Twas thus that he began—

My faither, sir, is deid and gone,  
My mither's lying ill,  
I want tae buy mysel' a scone,  
My hungry wame tae fill—

My auldest brither's broke his leg,  
My sister's mill's on strike;  
Oh! sir, I kenna hoo tae beg,  
Jist gie me ocht ye like—

There's ane that's aulder, sir, nor me  
Been idle since the fair,  
The maesels gruppit ither three—  
Ye nicht a copper spare.

Don't bother me, come, get away—  
I gruffly to him spoke;  
Oh! sir, I've naething got the day  
Tae hansel this wee poke.

The "wee poke" fairly fetched me quite,  
My flinty heart was smote,  
I gave him, quick, a shilling bright,  
Likewise an old tweed coat.

My bosom swelled with conscious joy,  
To know he was relieved;  
I never dreamt that little boy  
Had basely me dec ived.

Within the hour I made a call,  
To see about some shares,  
I met that artful beggar small,  
With two more, on the stairs.

I heard him tell, with impish glee,  
"He kidd d on a bloke  
That pairted wi' a bob quite free"—  
Of me I knew he spoke.

He called me "duffer," "green auld file"  
(Terms anything but nice),  
And, further, said with mocking smile,  
"I sneeked my daidly twice."

The language that he used, you see,  
Was vulgar and atrocious,  
I never thought that one could be  
So wickedly precocious.

To angry words, my passion flew,  
Of shocking impropriety;  
My charity—it now goes through  
The "Mendicant Society."

To judge from reports, last week's great "charity match" at Hampden Park seems to have degenerated into a series of pugilistic encounters among players and spectators. What a nice, gentlemanly, elevating pastime is football, to be sure, as well for those who look on as for those who take part in it—almost as much so, indeed, as the spectacle of a "distance-walker" limping, half-unconscious, round the track!

Literary Fireworks.—"Squibs."

Havanna Cigars, La Flor De Aroma, First-Class Brand, 4d each. D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram St., and 121 Buchanan St.



Reflections at a Queen's Birthday  
Excursion.

HUNGRY excursionists devouring substantial ham sandwiches on board a river steamer, and washing them down with something out of a flask, may be said to be celebrating a moveable feast.

The man who smokes common tobacco in a wooden pipe contentedly all the year round, does not feel that he is asserting himself sufficiently in the eyes of the world unless he has a vile cigar between his teeth on a holiday.

The perfume of a cheap cigar has one virtue, and one only—it neutralizes the smell of the river.

There are some men so singularly constituted that in the midst of the loveliest scenery they prefer to spend the most of their time in staring at the engines.

The male excursionist who brings his young woman with him is the only person who enjoys a heavy shower. She puts up her umbrella, and beneath its friendly shade they enter paradise together. The male excursionist who has not brought his young woman with him, gazes at this tableau with the feelings of a virgin who has forgotten the oil for her lamp.

The spectacle of the happy father accompanied by his seven offsprings, whose time is chiefly occupied in rescuing the aforesaid offsprings from various positions of imminent peril, is not calculated to encourage matrimony.

The philosopher who said that we take our pleasures sadly had evidently never seen a drunk excursionist dancing the Highland fling to the blind fiddler's music.

A COVERING FOR A JOKE.

Tom (after a recent heavy gale)—Hilloh, Bob, look here; the roof has gone from this house.

Bob—Pooh, man, that's nothing unusual, roofs are always *sloping*!

"THEATRICAL CASE."—If the players of Queen Elizabeth's time were as litigious as are those of Queen Victoria's, it is easily seen how Shakespeare might have picked up his supposed knowledge of law.

A Feu de Joy—A duplicand.

LE JOURNAL AMUSANT—A Special Number of this Popular Illustrated Paper of Paris Now Ready, Price 6d. The Illustrations are devoted entirely to humorous sketches in Glasgow and Edinburgh viewed from a French light by the well-known French Artist, Mars. To be had at A. F. SHARP & CO., News and Advertising Agents, 14 Royal Exchange Square, Glasgow. Orders must be sent early.

Non Sequitur.

AT last week's meeting of the Association for Augmenting the Smaller Livings of the Clergy, Dr Donald Macleod was very eloquent on the subject of the miseries to which clerical flesh and blood are heir. "For example, a young man who was a candidate for a parish was asked by a committee to send his photograph. Another one was asked to travel third-class, and if he wore a ring he was to leave it at home before starting, because it might offend certain people in the parish, and they might fancy him too great a swell." These humiliating instances Dr Macleod urged as arguments in favour of increasing the incomes of our clergy, but the BAILIE confesses he fails to follow the Doctor's logic. If such cases prove anything, they prove that the abolition of patronage was a mistake, and that that system should be immediately revived. For his Worship will not insult the clergy of the Church of Scotland by supposing that for a few extra pounds *per annum* they would be willing to have their personal appearance canvassed like that of a common footman, or to allow an ignorant "committee" to dictate what jewellery they should, and what they should not wear. The objects of the Association referred to are admirable, but they are not likely to be furthered by such arguments as those of Dr Macleod.

WYNDHAM OR WINDBAG?—A meeting of South Lanarkshire Rads. was addressed the other day by a certain Mr Reid, from Edinburgh, who committed himself to the remarkable assertion, among others, that of money spent on armaments "not one shilling came back to the people in any shape or form." It rather strikes the BAILIE that Messrs Elders' workpeople will not agree with Mr Reid, and that the electors of South Lanarkshire will not be disposed to oust a man like Sir Wyndham Anstruther on the recommendation of either Mr Reid or any other Edinburgh windbag.

"BL-L-OOD!"—In the House of Commons the other evening a reference to the *Scotsman* was received with derisive cries of "oh, oh!" and "laughter." The BAILIE waits with anxiety to see whether the House will resume after the recess, or whether it will be annihilated by the Edinburgh *Thunderer* during that interval. He sadly apprehends the latter alternative.

"Playing" at Football—Kicking.

## Trade Marks.

HIS Worship has been consulted by his friend, Bauldie, as to the advisability of going into a Glasgow and West-of-Scotland Tea Company. He is in doubt as to whether it would be *bona fide* enterprise sales to give, besides sugar for nothing, a-carriage-and-four with every lb. of 1s 8d, a-barouche-and-pair with every ½ ditto, a hansom with every ¼, and a wheel-barrow with every oz. Peter, again, is for indulging in the luck-sure-ly of the "'tis mine, 'twas his" sort of speculation, and would like much to know, whether it would be jew-dish-us, before a visit by those he might induce to purchase shares, to have the mine electro-plated. Unlike other "men of the time," his Worship does nothing in a hurry, and he has accordingly sent these important business matters to *asinusandum*.

A BLACK BUSINESS.—The BAILIE was shocked to learn, from the commercial columns of a contemporary, that "30 bags of niggers sold at 1s 11d" the other day. The paltry price alone is startling, but it is the fact of this heinous traffic being carried on at all in our midst that rouses the Magisterial horror and indignation. His Worship trusts that he will not have to call attention to the subject again.

A SUGGESTION.—While giving evidence before a Select Committee of the House of Commons the other day a witness was asked if part of a Scotch church was set apart for *post-mortem* examinations. The question was decidedly suggestive. For his own part, the BAILIE knows some churches where such a department might come in very handy. Perhaps in the next edifice which is built for a preacher of the "powerful" order the hint may be taken advantage of.

In the course of the evidence now being taken on the subject of the Coroner's Bill a witness stated that "publicans in Scotland would not like such things as dead bodies brought to their houses." "Na," says Bauldy, "They like to see them come in leevin'. Whan they're 'deed' it's time to gang out!"

Signs of "Reviving" Trade—A dyer's advertisements.

Marriage is Chargeable.—Better before than after—a "breach-of-promise" than a divorce.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.—Deceased husband's brothers. That is, if they are to have "liberty, equality, and *fraternity*."

## A SWEET CHILD.

*Magisterial Father*—Well, my boy, what is the best way to preserve the peace?

*Smart Boy* (with a "piece" in his hand)—Put jam on it, of course.

BULLETS AND BULLS.—Last week the BAILIE congratulated Dundee on its possession of a representative with a distinctly Hibernian frame of mind. He has now to congratulate Aberdeenshire. Last week that peculiar Conservative, Sir Alexander Gordon, in opposing the abolition of flogging in the army, declared that soldiers could not be checked from the commission of certain offences "by any amount of shooting!" Mr M'Combie himself never turned out a finer "bull" than that.

The "Royal Liver Friendly Society—which is a power in Glasgow—seems to exercise a forcing influence upon the business capacities of its youthful members, since it provides rules for "any person from one day old to ten years, who shall insure in it." Precocious infants! What a pity some of our Gilmorehill hopefuls did not belong to the "Royal Liver" in earlier days! It might have assisted them to arrive at a little discretion in their adolescence.

"DRINK."—The BAILIE is shocked to find Lord Provost Collins encouraging "the drinking customs of society." Last week his Lordship actually "drank success" to the new "British Workman" at Townhead. To be sure, the beverage was coffee, but nevertheless it was "drinking," all the same.

## SELECTION OF SPECIES.

*Lowland Farmer*—It strikes me, Donal, ye dinna ken whether a hog's a soo or a sheep or a goat. Noo which cless o' animals diz't belong tae?

*New Highland Herd*—It iss more iknorant you'll thought me nor I wass, sir. A hok, sir, iss a hok, ant wass belong to ta *hok chenus omne*.

Somebody, writing to the *Herald* apropos of the Utopian "Art School for Glasgow," signs himself "Dilletante." Might he not find it advantageous to try the benefits of a spelling-school before tackling Art?

Divorce Case—Beauty from utility in intramural railway works.

How to solve the problem of "Cutting the Isthmus of Panama"—"Cut" it altogether.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—A good old-fashioned actor, and a good old-fashioned drama, these are the attractions offered us this week at the Gaiety by Mr Bernard. The actor is Charles Dillon, the last of the great legitimate tragedians, and the drama is the "Virginus" of Sheridan Knowles. *Virginus* was written for Macready, and Mr Dillon is the only actor who now includes the part in his *repertoire*. The occasion ought to recommend itself both to old and young playgoers—to the old because it recalls to them the performances of a score of years back, and to the young because it introduces them to a style of drama and a school of acting which is now next to unknown on the stage.

Let us hope that Mr Dillon will appear as *Belphegor* during his present visit to the Gaiety.

Surely Mr Toole and Mr George Loveday must have something between them of the properties possessed by the famous bird that used to appear in two places at one and the same time. This ubiquitous pair are at Blackburn to-night and to-morrow night, they are at Epsom—of course—on the Derby-day, at Burnley on Thursday, at Wigan on Friday, and at Southport on Saturday. When do they come to Glasgow?

Miss Louisa Gourlay is about to appear at Nottingham in "Arrah-na-pogue," and Mr G. C. Murray at Birmingham as *Mercutio*.

They are now advertising the "immensely Successful New Domestic Drama, 'Grandfather's Clock,' a Fireside Story." I may add that the "Dialogue, Situations, and Effects, are all Registered and Legally Protected."

Mr Arthur Lyle and Miss Grace Huntley—the *Cat* of the Royal pantomime, are now members of Miss Marriot's "London Company."

Madame Pappenheim, whose recent appearances at the Prince of Wales Theatre didn't "hit" our musical public very hard, went through the first act of "Fidelio" the other night at Her Majesty's Theatre—the one in the Haymarket, I mean—holding a handkerchief to her nose all the time! How charming Beethoven's music must have sounded.

Mr Hengler's Summer Season in Dublin is proving an out-and-out success.

Writing of Miss Ellen Terry, the dramatic critic of the *Saturday Review* bestows high commendation on the *Portia*, and still more on the *Ophelia*, of that distinguished actress. It seems strange, however, when describing these two performances—one of which dates from several years back—that the writer should make no mention of her *Pauline*, which is as much a creation as either the *Portia* or the *Ophelia*.

In the *Pauline*, as in the *Ophelia*, Miss Terry has naturally accepted the reading of the part suggested by Mr Irving, who, people are sometimes apt to forget, is the manager as well as the leading actor, of the London Lyceum. The manner in which the several characters are represented in "Hamlet" and "The Lady of Lyons" at the Lyceum—the effective groupings, the historical truth of the dresses and the other "mountings," the framework of beautiful landscape or picturesque interior in which the stage picture is set—are all the individual work of Mr Irving—he is their creator, just in the same way that Mr Pettie is the creator of "The Death Warrant," and Mr Orchardson of "The Ruined Gambler."

Among the articles of the new volume of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" specially selected for commendation by the *Academy* of Saturday is that on "Fermentation" by Professor Dittmar of the Andersonian University.

A kindly, appreciative word is given by Tom Taylor, the editor of *Punch*, in Saturday's *Graphic*, to Mr Joseph Henderson's Royal Academy pictures.

The capital band of the 79th Highlanders, whose Saturday afternoon performances at the Botanic Gardens have made them so popular with "West-Enders" are about to take their departure for Gibraltar along with the rest of the regiment. They will be treated to a Complimentary Concert at the Gardens on the Evening of Wednesday, the 28th inst.

The current number of the *Architect* contains as its principal illustration Mr Skirving's graceful and harmonious Greek design for the new Institute of the Fine Arts in Sauchiehall Street, which attracted so much attention when exhibited in the Corporation Galleries some twelve months ago.

It is reported, although with what amount of truth I know not, that the manager of one of our local theatres is negotiating with several of the most prominent members of the Town Council for their appearance on the stage. His idea is to substitute for the usual "screaming farce" that forms the after piece of a new entertainment entitled "The Humours of the Council," which is to be neither more nor less than a rehearsal of a few of the "scenes" that so frequently relieve the monotony of the meetings of our city fathers. The idea is a happy one, and should the negotiations be successful, and Messrs Martin and Neil be half as funny on the boards as they are at the "council," a fortune beyond the dreams of avarice is awaiting that enterprising manager.

THE REWARD OF VIRTUE.

*Mother*—Noo, Wullie, sit doon i' yer wee chair lik' a man an' be guode.

*Willie*—An' whit'll ye gi' me, mither?

*Mother*—I hinna onything the day.

*Willie*—Weel ye ha'e ca'ed me an ill wean often, an' whaur's the wunner if ye expect' me to be guode for naething!

BUOYANT.—Jones, who has just gone into a house fresh from the hands of the jerry builders, read in an advertisement the other day that certain cushions form "excellent life-buoys." He intends to provide all his rooms with them in anticipation of the time when the damp will quite get the mastery.

DRY HUMOUR.—The little flowers in the parks saying that they'll give a look up in their beds whenever they can see water enough for the washing of their pretty faces. There's 'ope at last.

CAVE CANEM!—Nothing for protecting the wood like the bark, quoth honest Jack Plane, the carpenter. He means the bark of his watch-dog.

WRITE AS THE FEMALE.—Jones's widow has taken the quilling out of her cap. She intends setting it again, and needs all the quills, not for another marriage rite, but for the writing of love letters.

VERB. SAP.—Asinus would like to know whether this is meant for a word to the sapient, or—the sappy. There must be a sap greenness somewhere.

A "Deal" from the tree of knowledge—The School "Board."

A Landscape in "Chalk"—The white cliffs of Albion.

## A Disestablishment Fizzle.

"THE Religious Equality Electoral Association"—there's a title for you!—held a "conference" last week in Paisley. The Association does not seem to be a very strong one, as "the room was not half filled," but there was tea, and there was Dr Joseph Brown, and there were cookies, and there was "Dr" Hutton, and what more could you wish for? The last-named personage was, of course, the great gun of the evening, and terribly severe he was upon what Dr Brown gracefully termed that "old, evil institution," the Church of Scotland. He was even more severe upon the Liberal party, regarding which he declared that he knew neither where nor what it was. But that was an odd climax of yours, "Doctor," where you told your hearers that, in the event of Mr Holms not proving as pliable as they desired, they were to "arise in their might, and—vote according to their convictions!" The obvious inference is that your rabid Dissenter does not habitually vote according to his convictions. On the whole, this Brummagem "Gamaliel," of the bogus degree, cannot be congratulated on his latest platform appearance.

"THE LAW OF SCOTLAND."—The BAILIE is glad to learn, on the authority of the Lord Advocate, that the law of Scotland is sufficient to prevent the repetition of such an affair as gave rise to the Widdows scandal. No doubt Scots law is very good law, but we seem of late to have somehow lost the knack of applying it. Perhaps, when Mr Long trots out his next *protégé*, the Lord Advocate will kindly tell us how to bring the young gentleman within range of the weapon which his Lordship declares us to possess.

ONE WAY OF PUTTING IT.—A young gentleman of Haddington, who recently stabbed his father, is described as being chiefly characterised by "a very lively disposition." To the BAILIE'S limited capacity, it seems that "deadly" would be the more correct word, but there's no accounting for tastes.

THE "COMFORTS" OF PAUPERISM.—The inmates of the new Greenock poorhouse have had provided for them a "splendid piano," a billiard table, and "other comforts." No doubt the other "comforts" include a rink, a private theatre, and a picture gallery. It's graun' to be a pauper!

*Une piece de resistance.*—Salt junk.

## Queen's Birthday Proverbial Philosophy.

THE wetter the day the more need for pocket pistols.

Two "halfs" are better than one.

Smell the Clyde—and then die.

Where there's vile smoke there must be vile tobacco.

Give even a steamboat purser his due.

The early bird catches the Iona.

A friend with a sandwich case is a friend indeed.

The nearer the funnel the nearer to soot-flakes.

A shower in the morning is the excursionists' warning.

It's a wise excursionist that carries an umbrella.

Faint heart never collared a camp-stool.

## GRAMMAR AND GREASE.

(Scene—City School—big examination day. English Grammar Class toeing the line).

*Examiner* (who thinks it is the "Elementary Chemistry Class")—Would the boy at the top of the class tell me what happens when a candle is burned in the open air?

*Dux Boy* (perplexed)—Please sir, it gutters, and the wax runs over on your fingers.

*Examiner* (wrathfully)—I'm afraid the *whacks* has not run often enough over your fingers, you blockhead.

*Teacher* (laughing)—I beg pardon, Sir, this is the Grammar Class.

*Examiner* (jocularly)—Oh, I see! Verbs instead of candles, just so.

NO WONDER!—The "Afrikaanische Handelvereeninging" has failed. Who can be surprised, when the unfortunate concern was handicapped with such a name?

"HARK, HARK! THE LARK!"—Somebody has been declaring in the papers that "larks are getting more scarce every year;" and the Ass thoroughly concurs. "Cash," observes the beastie, "is becoming so scarce, and the bobbies so doosed particular, that a fellow can't have a decent lark now-a-days at all!"

Being Jealous—Paying a compliment to another at the expense of one's self.

Being Envious—Distilling vinegar from another's wine.

The Oddities of our New School Board—It contains an odd number of members and a number of odd members.

A Round Game.—Jingo-ring.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the display of hacking and charging at the Charity Football Match was something fearful.

That a few more exhibitions of the same kind will put an end to the popularity of the game.

That the Charity Cup has become known as the Uncharitable Cup.

That the band and the fireworks were not required when the Vale of Leven Club reached home on Tuesday evening.

That the Rev. David Macrae has been the hero of the week.

That Glasgow has extended her southern boundary.

That the whitest-kidded and brawest lads in "ta force" have been put upon the new beat in Victoria Road.

That they have strict injunctions not to touch their hats to Provost Browne.

That the wet and cold weather at the end of the month is not favourable for the letting of houses at the coast.

That the dominies will be off for their couple of months' holidays at the end of the week.

That the dominies are lucky dogs.

That Sir William Thomson has given the holders of gas stock a severe shake.

That the more timid are fairly frightened out of their wits.

That the shrewd ones are making "light" over the matter.

That the county gentlemen are anxious to have a reduction in their valuation roll of 20 per cent.

That don't they wish they may get it?

That the assessor will have a few words to say on the subject.

ONE FOR HIS NOB.

*Fresh Customer*—I'm surprised to see how quietly you stand the silly criticisms and objections of that shallow-pated cad who has just left the shop.

*Merchant*—Oh, in our trade we always make allowance for empties.

The Strike that Stops Trade—The stroke of eleven P.M.

If one swallow does not make a summer how many are required to raise a storm? One, of the Martin species.

A "Rating" Authority.—Glen Collins.

Motto for Domestic Servants.—"Ich dien."

Where is the Schoolmaster?

THERE would really seem to be no end to the vagaries of that too often fearfully and wonderfully composed body yeleft "The School Board." At a recent meeting of the Dumfries local parliament, Mr Paterson, who had been appointed one of a committee to confer with a committee of the "Board" on a vexed question, had his soul moved to wrath within him, and mentioned the fact. He would have nothing further to do with it: blowed if he would, &c. He was, however, pacified and patted on the back, and on being asked what he was frightened for, replied in true Dogberry fashion, "We are frightened for nothing." Now, why should they be frightened for "nothing?" The precautions taken by the School Board prevented any chance of their "growing fear't," since, according to Bailie Smyth, "it was very well known that they (the Board committee) came tied hand and foot," so that really there was "nothing" to be frightened for. Mr Lennox—who by the way is a member of the Board, if not of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals—naturally objected to the tying process, and said with indignation, "I have to give a 'gross' denial to that" (laughter); and no wonder! Mr Lennox is a "grocer." Query: Does this Board open with prayer; if not, why should it not open with *Domine dirige nos*?

A BLACK ATROCITY.—At the annual licensing court for brokers, &c., held at Govan last week, seventeen applications for chimney sweep's licences were considered. Of these, ten were granted right off, but the other seven were continued, on purpose, as Asinus explained to Bauldy, to ascertain by inquiry if the applicants were *soot*-able.

NOT EQUAL TO HIMSELF.—Wonders will never cease. Here is a couple of carters sent to prison for stealing 30 cwt. of ice from Kingston Dock, and the police reporter of the BAILIE'S evening contemporary fails to characterise their offence as "a *cool* theft;" giving his paragraph merely the bald, prosaic heading "Theft of Ice."

"A RAT! A RAT!"—It seems that the Bridgeton manure depot has caused a plague of rats in the locality. According to a well-known English clergyman and naturalist, "rat-pie" is now a delicacy highly appreciated in the South. What, then, is to prevent the Bridgetonians from ridding themselves of a nuisance, and at the same time turning an honest penny, by capturing the rodents for exportation to the "Southron loens!"

**UNIQUE SHIRTS.**

IT is somewhat singular that although the prices of Cotton are very much less than what they were six months ago, we are the only firm who have publicly intimated a Reduction in the Price of Shirts. We have always considered it best to study our Customers' interests as much as our own, and to give them, unsolicited, every advantage which capital, skill, and labour combined can effect. Indeed, it is a fixed principle with us that whenever a fall takes place our Customers immediately get the benefit of it; while, on the contrary, we take pride in being the last to advance the price when the market is against the purchaser. Thus it is, that apart altogether from the superior merits of the "UNIQUE"—such as its unsurpassed elegance and comfort—it is at present some 15 to 20 per Cent. cheaper than anything else to be had in the shape of a shirt.

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All Goods Stored Free till required.

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THOMAS DAVISON,  
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126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 28th, 1879.

MANY varied and celebrated authorities, who can agree in nothing else, agree in chanting, in lugubrious chorus, that things in general are in a very bad way with our beloved country. Our trade is decreasing with rapid strides; Germans and other confounded foreigners are doing everything better and cheaper than we can; our climate is getting more disagreeable for man and beast every day; our coal and iron are almost exhausted, and we are making a very poor use of the little that is left; our workmen are too

much addicted to strikes, and our employers too much afraid of arbitration; even the very race itself is degenerating, and we are not half as good in any respect as our grandfathers. When the authorities begin to suggest remedies for this disastrous state of things, however, their unanimity ceases. Some hint gloomily that no amount of tinkering can do us much good, and that we may as well go to the dogs quietly and without a fuss; some think the disestablishment of the church and the abolition of Fast-days would meet the case; some want protective duties re-imposed; some say the country may yet be saved if the hours of labour are lengthened, and all trades' union secretaries summarily hung; some believe the Permissive Bill and unlimited coffee-taverns might do something. But perhaps the most popular and successful scheme for restoring the tottering fabric of Britain's greatness is co-operation. It has already been applied with more or less success, to shop-keeping, to manufacturing, to shipbuilding, and to coal-mining, and its latest development is now announced in the form of a proposal for a co-operative church. At the first blush the idea seems sufficiently startling, but a little reflection shows it is not devoid of merit. If co-operation

can give us unadulterated butter and cheap calico, why should it not give us the purest and best article in the way of theology at the lowest possible rate? Under this new plan a bad preacher would no longer be authorised to bore a congregation with dreary platitudes for an indefinite number of years, for, of course, the emporium over which he presided would speedily become empty, and he would be unable to declare a dividend. It would not be necessary for a clergyman of heretical views to squabble with his brethren through one court after another of his denomination, and be finally kicked out by the supreme one. His easy duty would be to quietly issue a prospectus and start a theological shop of his own without more ado. Regular church-going habits would be encouraged, for, of course, the most faithful worshipper would participate most largely in the dividend. For the same reason, the collections at the plate would rise to an unprecedented figure—and, by the way, it would be necessary for the presiding elder to give each contributor a coupon or voucher for the amount he deposited. The lives of young lady collectors for missions would cease to be a burden to them on account of the difficulty of raising subscriptions for the benighted heathen, as the more a man gave the greater haul he would get at the annual divide. Special inducements would be offered to the shareholders in the co-operative churches, perhaps in the shape of extra cushions, hot water bottles in the pews, or gilt-edged hymnals. In fact, the more this new departure is considered, the more does it assume the aspect of a crusade against the indifference and half-heartedness that distinguish too many of our churches, and as such the BAILIE gives it his heartiest welcome.

**NOTHING LIKE BOOK-KEEPING.**—A bankrupt under examination before the Sheriff at Paisley last week deposed that he had “kept both day-book and ledger for both town and country.” He stated, however, that these were not “regularly kept,” an averment which he was surely well entitled to make, seeing, as it came out further in his examination, that “they had not been added up from the day he commenced business.”

**A Sparkling Frenchman.**—A Champagne *Mossoo*.

The Ancient *Order* of Freemasons in Scotland.—A Gill o' the Best.

The Mariner's *Compass*.—From C to C,

### Nihilism in Glasgow.

THE Nihilist conspiracy is spreading. Glasgow has caught the direful infection, and, closely following the attack on the Czar, comes a diabolical attempt upon the life of one of our municipal dignitaries. The other day, as Bailie Clark was driving through the Green in a cab, a stone was hurled through the window. Fortunately the Bailie escaped uninjured, and the assassin—a desperate character, aged eight—was secured. Here, however, appears the gravest feature of the affair. The ruffian was brought before Mr Stipendiary Gemmel, who, incredible as it may appear, dismissed him “with an admonition!” The BAILIE hesitates to bring against a public official so grave a charge as one of complicity in this terrible conspiracy of desperate men; but it cannot be denied that his leniency looks painfully suspicious. This is a matter for higher authorities to inquire into; but in the meantime it might be desirable in the cause of order, to adopt some such precautions as those which have proved so popular and effectual in Russia.

### LOOKING AHEAD.

(Scene—Laboratory of a well-known Institution).  
*Professor* (to middle-aged student beginning the study of chemistry)—Have you any specific object in view?

*Middle-aged Student*—Specific objec' ? I ha' nae objec' ava, except that I dinna want to be a confounded ignoramus when I enter the next worl'. [Collapse of professor.]

**POSSI, NOT PROBABILITIES**—That the “manure depot” may be removed to the immediate boundary of Crosshill; and that even within the confines of that game little burgh, professors of “the noble art” may “draw claret”—none daring make them afraid.

“A nice summer drizzle” is the term applied by a daily paper to last Tuesday's saturating downpour. Talk of Mark Tapley!

Greenock must be, in many respects, a nice place to live in. According to Provost Lyle, “people can scarcely go quietly to the church on Sabbath-day, in consequence of stone-throwing.” Does not the picture inspire any local artist with an idea for a new version of “The Christian Martyrs?”

*Celtzer Water*.—“Mountain Dew.”

An Historical “Conscience.”—The BAILIE'S, ]



Megilp.

THE number of pictures exhibited at the French *Salon* is greater than usual, and the average of excellence lower. There is quantity but not quality.

A correspondent in Paris has supplied me with the following notes regarding the Exhibition. One of the most important works exhibited is Duez's Tryptich of the life of St. Cuthbert. Among the portraits, Bonnat's "Victor Hugo" is really good and is much admired. Bastien-Lepage's portrait of the clever and versatile Middle. Sara Bernhardt attracts much attention; she is said, however, not to make a pleasing portrait, especially as the artist has painted her, in profile, with her mantle wide open. Dubufe exhibits a charming portrait of a lady.

In the Salon there are, as usual, very many huge, uninteresting canvasses, of which the most deliberately atrocious is Dore's "Death of Orpheus." Herkomer's "Refuge for Old Women" is a disappointment after the "Last Muster," which won for him his gold medal.

In landscape, Karl Daubigny has a decided success, and Pelouse and Damoye are well represented. Of course there is abundance of other excellent work, but nothing wonderful or striking.

The American painters are beginning to show strongly in the Salon catalogue. There are good men among them, but the work of the majority bears too much the stamp of the studio, and lacks originality and the fresh feeling of the open air.

There is a rising taste for water colours in Paris, both among artists and buyers. The water colour exhibition at present open contains some beautiful work, but nothing, I am told, for power "worth naming alongside of work like Lockhart's."

Mr Hall Maxwell exhibits in the Salon the best picture he has yet painted, a view on the Oise. It is very well hung. He has been busy painting in the Forest of Fontainebleau.

Mr James Paterson of Glasgow, who is at present studying in Paris, exhibits "Carting Sand, St. Andrew's," in the Royal Academy.

Mr Peter Buchanan is working in the neighbourhood of Helensburgh.

There was on view last week, at Messrs Stewart & Co.'s in Union Street, a very clever copy of one of the most successful of the recent works of the celebrated German painter, E. Grutzeur, entitled "A difficult choice." This reproduction is the handiwork of Mr James R. Pringle, portrait painter.

What the Greenock Folks are Saying.

THAT the municipal pleasure trip to London has come off. That it has been admirably timed this year for the Derby week.

That consequently it has been very popular with the Bailies and Councillors.

That the original trio thought they could not get over haughty "Manners."

That three more bailies, a banker, and a dough-ty councillor, went to help them.

That such a phalanx, with the help of the faculty, will certainly "Hew" down the post.

That such a barefaced squandering of public money has seldom taken place before in this community.

That the petitions of the policemen and the philosophers will do the deed.

That the manufacturing of petitions by Oddfellows and such like societies is fully understood at head-quarters.

That one of the Municipal Building plans shows a "first-class drunks" room.

That such forethought displays an "Argosy" of imagination on the part of the author.

A Circular "Saw."—One that goes the round.

The Moore's Celebration.—The 12th of August.

The Macrae Committee.

THE BAILIE is no hand at theology, and he will not dare, therefore, to offer any opinion on the merits of the question at issue between Mr David Macrae and the Committee of the U.P. Synod appointed to confer with him on the question of endless torment. He cannot help, however, remarking on the very edifying "scene" with which the Committee concluded their labours on Thursday afternoon. A cruel attack was made by one "reverend brother" on the absent Fergus Ferguson, this "brother" was called to order by a second, a third put in his oar in defence of the first, a fourth followed, and for a time the shindy prevailed all over the shop. How they seemed to love one another these "fathers and brethren!" What a commentary their undignified squabbling supplied to the high and mighty tone they adopted towards Mr Macrae!

NERE CHILD'S PLAY.

*Little Girl*—Mither, does the Glesca toon Cooncil hae its meetin's in the theatre?

*Mother*—What a quastion! Whit gars ye spier?

*Little Girl*—Becuz thae hae sae mony "scenes" an' mak' use o' sic awfu' language!

Who is He?

A MYSTERIOUS statement—or rather insinuation—was made at last week's meeting of the Maryhill Commissioners. "Mr Toppin," says the *Herald's* report, "asked if it was true that a certain powerful official in Maryhill—some parties were afraid to speak out against that person, but he was not afraid to speak out—went about with a paper whenever a vacancy took place in the Commission, in order to get the place filled up, thus taking away the right of the ratepayers." The BAILIE is glad to hail in Mr Toppin a Maryhill Hampden who with dauntless breast the little tyrant of the burgh withstands; but the question is, Who is the little tyrant? Toppin, dauntless though he be, evidently lacks courage to breathe the dreaded name. But fear not, Toppin. Out with it, and the BAILIE will tackle him—yea, though he should prove to be as good a "Captain" as ever frightened Mrs Quickly or coerced a Commission!

O that Mine Enemy would Write a Book!—Crosshill on the pamphlet by Dr Marwick.

## "Men you Know."

THE man who has a straight tip for the Derby.

The man who once made a 200 break at billiards.

The man who predicted the collapse of the City Bank five years ago.

The man who can—but doesn't—give you the finest cigar you ever smoked.

The man who has some wine in his cellar that money won't buy.

The man whose amateur acting has been compared to the performances of Mr Irving, Mr Toole, Mr Sothern, &c.

The man who knows of a gigantic public job now hatching, but who for the present is bound to secrecy.

The man who could tell you of a shocking scandal in private life if his lips were not sealed.

The man who has a novel, a play, a poem of his own composition, that would startle society if he chose to publish it.

The man who knows the editor of the BAILIE.

The man who says that *he* is the editor of the BAILIE.

A GRATUITOUS INSULT,  
(Scene—Sauchiehall Street.)

*Impatient Conductor*, with hand on bell, to fat old lady waddling up—Quick, mum, where ye goin'?

*Old Lady* (scandalised)—Inside, to be sure! What's the man thinking about? Me, outside! Such impudence!! (Sinks exhausted on her seat, and glares at conductor.)

"SPORT FOR LADIES."—Talking of the practice of inviting ladies on board racing-yachts, the *Herald's* nautical reporter observes that "an invitation to sit for an hour or two on a garden wall with the greenhouse hose playing about them would be equally commendable as far as amusement goes." The figure is as true as it is bold, and the BAILIE recommends it to the attention not only of ladies, but of those members of the sterner sex who do not happen to have yachting on the brain.

The ingratitude of the working classes is well-shown in the want of respect they display towards their employers. Even the BAILIE must admit that the members of his staff *make all their jokes at his expense*.

Sweet harbinger of Spring—The music in the parks,

## For Fame.

I MEAN to be a famous man ;  
But there's the question knotty—  
By means of what specific plan  
Shall my desire be got—eh?  
The sword I tried—my bosom high  
With thoughts of glory filling ;  
" Too narrow round the chest to die,"  
They said, " hand back the shilling !"

I tried the pen—to you, sir, sent  
No end of jokelets cunning ;  
You either lost them, or you meant  
To punish me for punning.  
Next for the magazines I chained  
A few bright passing fancies ;  
The " Ed'tor's thanks " was all I gained  
By poems and romances.

In business, too, I sought to win  
Fame by gigantic dealings ;  
And failed just when the Bank caved in,  
And mine seemed petty stealings !  
Yet, spite of all, my 'umble name  
On fame's bright scroll I'll letter ;  
There's still the Neil and Martin game--  
If I can do no better !

A HALF-CENTURY AGO,  
(Scene—Tontine Close.)

*Lady from the Briggate* (to casual acquaintance)—Ye surely dinna belong to the Briggate, Mistress?

*C. A.*—Na, na, I'm frae the Cannelriggs.

*L. B.*—Oo aye, I was thinkin' you were frae the wast-en'.

A local daily having denounced the sanitary condition of certain of our Clyde watering-places, each of them is grievously exercised on the subject, and hastens to refute the charges made against it. If we are to believe all that the inhabitants say, our resorts "doun the watter" are so many little "Cities of Health." Perhaps so; but the BAILIE would like Dr Richardson to inquire and report on the subject.

THUNDER AND SMALL BEER. —The *Scotsman* observes of a work on "Public-House Statutes" that "he who possesses this book will scarcely need any other." Verily, his Worship's contemporary appears to think that "man wants but little here below" in the way of literature. Fancy a man purchasing this beery publication, and considering, on the authority of the Edinburgh *Thunderer*, that his library is complete! Go to, friend *Scotsman*, and get thee a less convivial "critic."

INCONSISTENT.—Dr Begg says that he "has a suspicion of Gothic churches." Why so? The BAILIE had always imagined that the Doctor was a bit of a Goth himself.

THE FLITTING DAY.

(Jones and Robinson on their way to business in the morning.)

Jones—I suppose flitting is the order of the day.

Robinson—Say, rather, the disorder of the day.

WILL HE "RISE TO EXPLAIN?"—That distinguished Sugaropolitan, Sir Andrew Lusk, is so taken with his definition of a racehorse as "an exaggerated greyhound" that he repeated it last week in the House of Commons. On what physiological grounds he bases it does not, however, appear. It would add to the effect of the phrase, and gain him a Darwinian reputation if he would but condescend to explain. Pray do, Sir Andrew.

HOW NICE!—An Helensburgh philanthropist advertises his willingness to exchange an English terrier for "a nice pleasure-boat." He must be a very nice fellow, but isn't he too generous? Would he not like some other "nice" little article thrown in?

May due—The feu due.

THE GAILETY.

Proprietor and Manager, Mr C. BERNARD.  
 MR CHARLES DILLON,  
 MISS BELLA MORTIMER,  
 And Specially Selected Company.  
 TO-NIGHT (TUESDAY), AND THURSDAY,  
 O THE LLO.  
 WEDNESDAY,  
 VIRGINIUS AND THE ROUGH DIAMOND.  
 Doors Open at 6.30, Curtain rising at 7.30.

WEST OF SCOTLAND RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

The Eighteenth Annual Prize Meeting Competitions at COWGLEN RANGES, GLASGOW, on 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th June.

Total Number and Value of Prizes, 759, £1890.

The Shooting will Commence each day at Nine a.m.

Programmes and Entry Schedules are now ready and may be had at all Volunteer Orderly Rooms, Rifle Ranges, Gunmakers' Shops, or at the Offices of the Association.

Entries Close on Thursday, 22nd May.

THOMAS FERGUSON, Lieutenant,  
 Secretary.

137 West George St., Glasgow.

THE SCOTTISH CIRCULATING MUSICAL LIBRARY,  
 28 GREAT WESTERN ROAD,  
 HILLHEAD, GLASGOW.

This Library will open on 1st June.

Prospectus free. Teachers of Music should secure agencies.

Within Sale-Rooms, 14 Gordon Street, To-morrow (Tuesday) Wednesday, and Thursday, 27th, 28th, and 29th May, each day at 12 o'clock Noon.

SALE, BY AUCTION, OF  
 AN IMMENSE STOCK OF

ELECTRO-SILVER PLATE AND CUTLERY.

BROWN & LOWDEN are favoured with instructions to Sell, by Auction, within their Rooms, 14 Gordon Street, To-Day (Tuesday), Wednesday, and Thursday, 27th, 28th, and 29th May, each Day at 12 o'clock, comprising a very Large, Excellent, and Elegant Stock of Silver-Plated Goods, Cutlery, &c., which for variety and quality probably is superior to any yet offered by Public Roup in this City. Every description of articles manufactured in Plate is embraced in this Collection, and will be sold under exceptional circumstances which preclude reservation.

On View on Mornings of Sale.

14 Gordon Street, 26th May, 1879.

NOTE.—To Restaurateurs, Hotel Proprietors, and to the General Public, this is an opportunity such as rarely presents itself, and the Auctioneers respectfully invite special attention to this Sale.



'S BELFAST AERATED WATERS,

ARE FAR AND AWAY SUPERIOR TO OTHERS.

AMBROSIA, the New Summer Drink possesses great stimulating properties, more invigorating than Beer or Porter, and perfectly non-intoxicating.

GINGER ALE, LEMONADE, SODA, POTASH, SELTZER, &c.

May be had from FAMILY GROCERS, CHEMISTS, WINE MERCHANTS, RESTAURATEURS, etc.

SCOTCH DEPOT--147 STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW.

GLASS AND CHINA AT M'DOUGALL & SONS, 77 & 79 BUCHANAN STREET,  
 DEPOT FOR MINTON'S, COPELAND'S, WORCESTER, AND DRESDEN PORCELAIN.

Notwithstanding the general depression our sales have more than doubled during the last 3 months, since we commenced allowing a Cash Discount. Encouraged by this, we have resolved to continue our business on the following terms, viz., to allow 10 per cent. off all goods paid for at time of purchase, 5 per cent. off for cash in one month or 3 months net.

Owing to special arrangement with several leading makers we are enabled to sell our Goods considerably under usual prices, and many of our best Patterns are reserved entirely for ourselves. Free Promenade through our Show-Rooms.

The Stock is one of the largest and best selected in the kingdom. Suitable for all Classes, comprising an endless Variety of Useful and Ornamental Goods. Novelty being daily added.

Tea Sets, 7s 6d to £25; Table Sets, 28s to £85; Dessert Services, 22s to £50; Toilet Sets, 7s to £15; also Cheese Stands, Flower Pots, Candelabra, Mirrors, Table Glass, &c. &c.

AND AT 8 TO 14 JAIL SQUARE.

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ESTABLISHED UPWARDS OF FORTY YEARS.  
SPRING FURNITURE SALES.

From our long experience and extensive connection we are in a position to offer exceptionally advantageous facilities to parties desirous of Selling Household Furniture before the forthcoming Term.

In order to prevent disappointment, we would advise those who intend favouring us with the conduct of their Sales to communicate with us at once, so as to secure the most suitable days and have the advantage of early announcement in our List.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO., Auctioneers.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Thursday, 29th, and Friday, 30th May.

EXTENSIVE PUBLIC SALE OF  
DRAPER AND TWEED MERCHANT'S STOCK,  
Comprising upwards of

6000 YDS. SCOTCH AND ENGLISH TWEEDS,  
Of superior quality, in all the leading patterns; Coatings, Jacket Cloths, and Ulster Tweeds, very Choice Assortment of Dresses in Black Cashmeres and Coloured Stuffs.

(To be moved from the Country, and Sold to recoup advances.)

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above,  
by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Thursday, 29th, and Friday, 30th May, at Twelve prompt.

On View, with Catalogues, Mornings of Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 26th May, 1879.

In the Royal Exchange Sale Rooms, on Monday, 2nd June,  
at Two o'clock.

PUBLIC SALE OF  
20 DOUBLE and SINGLE DOOR FIREPROOF SAFES,  
By Milner and other Makers.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above,  
by Auction.

Royal Exchange Sale Rooms. 26th May, 1879.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Thursday, 5th June, at  
One o'clock.

PUBLIC SALE OF  
HIGH-CLASS WINES AND SPIRITS,  
PORTS, SHERRIES CLARETS, SPARKLING WINES,  
BRANDIES and WHISKIES,

All specially selected by extensive Importers, and now forced upon the Market to meet pressing obligations, comprising—  
PORTS.

Fonseca's 1814, very fine Old Tawney, Mackenzie's, Roughton's, Quarle's Red, Buller's Old, Peenherd's Old, &c.  
SHERRIES.

Vino-de-Pasto, Amoroso, Amontillado, Manzanilla, Old East India, Fine Old Brown, &c.. Shipped by Duff Gordon, Mackenzie, Gonzalez & Co., Byass & Co., and other well-known Shippers; Cossart Gordon's Madeira.  
CLARETS.

Fine Chateau Brane Cantenac, Second Growth, Bottled at the Chateau, and specially recommended to Connoisseurs; Chateau Margaux (Corks Branded), Medoc, and St. Emillion.  
SPARKLING WINES.

Champagne, Hock, Moselle, and Burgundy.  
FINE OLD BRANDIES and WHISKY,  
100 Boxes Genuine HAVANA CIGARS,

Including Imperials, Majaqua, Zuinala, and other well-known and favourite Brands,

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, BY

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO., in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North Court, St. Vincent Place, on Thursday, 5th June, at One o'clock.

Samples may be Tasted Day prior to and on Morning of Sale.  
Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 26th May, 1879.

IMPORTANT UNRESERVED SALE.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Tuesday, and Wednesday, 3rd and 4th June.

PUBLIC SALE OF  
VALUABLE ITALIAN SCULPTURE,  
Consigned direct from Volterra for positive and unreserved Sale,  
or "ZENA," from Lghorn.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. have received instructions from Signor Del Colombo, to Sell by Auction, without the Slightest Reserve, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Tuesday and Wednesday, 3rd and 4th June, at Twelve Noon each day, a splendid Consignment of rich and elaborately Carved Bardiglio, Agate, Yellow Sienna, Verde Antique, and Brocatello Marbles, in Polished STATUARY and VASES, of various styles, including a Pair of handsome Florentine Vases, 7 feet high; Statuettes of "The Seasons," "Venus De Medici," Canova's "Venus in the Shell," "The Greek Slave," and other Works of Ancient and Modern Sculptors; also, Artistic Vases of Hebe, Etruscan, Medicis, and a large variety of similar Articles of a decorative and useful character, just imported from Italy expressly for this Sale.

On View on the Mornings of Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 26th May, 1879.

Within Sale-Rooms, 14 Gordon Street, on Friday, 30th May,  
at 12 o'clock.

PUBLIC SALE OF  
WINES AND SPIRITS,  
INCLUDING IN BOND,

11 Quarter-Casks RUM;  
4 Puncheons M'FARLANE'S WHISKY, Bonded 1878;  
2 Hhds. MENZIES'S OLD IRISH WHISKY, Bonded January, 1876;  
5 Quarter-Casks Superior SHERRY or S.S. "CORCYRA," @ Cadiz;  
8 Octaves Superior SHERRY or S.S. "CORCYRA," @ Cadiz;  
15 Cases Fine BRANDY or Steamer @ Cognac;  
The above will be Sold by Sample, which can be had from the Auctioneers on Day prior to Sale.  
DUTY-PAID.

9 9-12th Sandeman's Four-Diamond Port, 11 9-12th Doz. Godfrey's Port (Brand "Tis Particular"), Vintage, 1857; 10 7-12th Doz. Old Tawney Port, supplied by Glenton, Scarboro', Vintage 1866, &c., &c.; 12 5-12th Doz. Duff Gordon's very Superior Pale Dry Sherry, supplied by Laurie Bunten & Co.; 10 Doz. Maune & Co.'s Pale Dry Sherry, or Steamer "Gibraltar" @ Cadiz, May, 1860.

(Belonging to a Lady deceased, and removed from Ibrox for convenience of Sale.)

Also, a Small CELLAR of WINES

(Belonging to a Trust Estate.)

BROWN & LOWDEN will Sell the above, by Auction, within their Rooms, 14 Gordon Street, on Friday, 30th May, at 12 o'clock.

Catalogues in preparation.

WEDNESDAY FIRST, 28TH MAY, FROM 7 TO 9.

ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS,

FAREWELL COMPLIMENTARY CONCERT

To the favourite

BAND AND PIPERS OF 79TH HIGHLANDERS,  
Who will give a Special Performance on that Evening.  
Admission, Sixpence. Subscribers (by Ticket) Free.

SATURDAY FIRST, 31ST MAY, FROM 7 TO 9.  
POSITIVELY LAST APPEARANCE OF 79TH BAND,  
As the Regiment leaves for Foreign Service next week.

ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS.

GRAND PROMENADE CONCERT

By

BAND AND PIPERS 79TH HIGHLANDERS.  
Admission Sixpence. Subscribers (by Ticket) Free.

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May be had of any Chemist or Perfumer.  
Price, 3s 6d.

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THE NEW SHAPES, THE NEW COLOURS, HARD AND SOFT MAKES.

The Prices range from 4s 6d to the Finest made. EXTREME SIZES CAN BE FITTED AT ONCE. Special SMART SHAPES for "YOUNG MEN," LADS, and BOYS' wear. We guarantee our FELT HATS to retain their Shapes and Stand Fast in the Colour.

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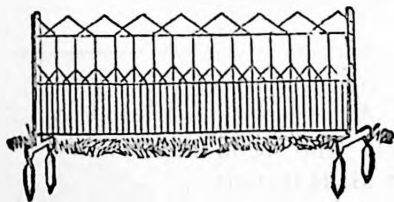
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THE CELEBRATED PICTURE,

## ANGUISH,

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Admission from 10 till 6, 1s.



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SALES of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, &c., conducted at the Owner's Premises, on Moderate Terms.  
CASH ADVANCED.

FINE ARTS.  
NOW ON VIEW,  
SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF  
HIGH-CLASS SCOTTISH CABINET  
OIL PAINTINGS  
At J. JOHNSTONE YUILE'S GALLERY,  
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Admission Free.

EXHIBITION of SELECTED PICTURES  
Oil and Water Colour.  
WILLIAM BURNS, 162 Buchanan Street, Glasgow.  
Admission Free.

JOHN M. SIMPSON, Furniture Warehouse and Show rooms, 60 GREAT CLYDE STREET (Corner of Maxwell Street), Glasgow. One of the largest Stocks in the City. New Illustrated House Furnishing Guide to be had Free on application. The Cheapest Establishment in the City for Really Good Substantial Furniture of Artistic Design and Superior Finish. Quality Guaranteed.

## PHOTOGRAPHERS TO THE QUEEN.

RALSTON & SONS,  
141 SAUCHIEHALL STREET

AND  
165 SANDRINGHAM TERRACE, HILLHEAD.

## CRICKET EMPORIUM.

Every Article required in the game of Cricket always kept in Stock. Bats, Balls, Stumps, Legguards, Gauntlets, &c.

## H. & P. M'NEIL,

21 AND 23 RENFIELD STREET,  
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THE £3 3s HIGH-CLASS TWEED SUIT. The Choice Variety for this High-class SCOTCH TWEED SUIT excels that of any former Season, and our facilities for making up are as perfect as it is possible to make them.  
HUGH MORRISON.

51 and 53 JAMAICA STREET;  
1, 3, 5, 9 HOWARD STREET.

GENTLES' PATENT APPARATUS FOR MAKING PICTURE FRAMES.—Wholesale Moulding Warehouse—338 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

ADVERTISEMENTS received for all Papers, by A. F. SHARP & Co., 14 Royal Exchange Square.

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## WILSON'S ADVERTISING SPACE.

BUSINESS and ATTRACTIONS so *enormous* this Week, that it is impossible to do justice to them in One Page, and the BAILIE can spare no more space. See innumerable Walking Advertisements.

WALTER WILSON & CO., The Colosseum, Jamaica Street.







# The Bailie.

“MY CONSCIENCE!”

No. 346. Glasgow, Wednesday, June 4th, 1879. Price 1d

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 346.

WE are now at the close of our annual Volunteer season. The spring drills have all or nearly all ended, the inspections are taking place Saturday after Saturday, and in a day or two the West of Scotland Rifle meeting will bring the volunteering of the year to something like a formal termination. Following what has now become an established custom with him, the BAILIE marks his interest in the movement by this week selecting a prominent member of the voluntary arm of the service as his Man you Know. JAMES MERRY, Lieut.-Col. of the 3rd L.R.V., is one of the most active and enthusiastic volunteers in the West of Scotland. He has gone through every grade, from private to colonel. When the movement began, in 1859, Mr MERRY joined what was called the “South-Western Company of the 3rd,” and in the twenty years that have passed since then, he has risen, step by step, till he has at length gained his present position. Colonel MERRY is still comparatively young—no more, indeed, than 44 or 45 years of age. A native of Kilmarnock, where his father was an extensive calico printer, our friend was early introduced to the mysteries of the paternal trade. It was somewhat characteristic of his future disposition, that while yet an apprentice, and although the son of the master, he invariably threw in his lot with the men, in any trade disputes that arose between the employer and the employed. How Merry *per se* enjoyed this conduct of the son is not recorded. To the BAILIE’S mind, however, some wholesome discipline from his elders, of the sort administered so plentifully by the Reverend Mr Thwackum to the more susceptible regions of the outward man of Tom Jones, would have given the youngster a truer notion of the rela-

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tions between labour and capital than all the arguments he was plied with by his trades-union associates. Leaving Kilmarnock nearly a quarter of a century ago, the Man you Know entered the establishment of the Messrs Higginbotham and Sons, and after spending one or two years in their employment he began business on his own account as a calico printer, his early training, and intimate acquaintance with every detail connected with the trade, giving him a capital start in the race for success. Personally, Col. MERRY is exceedingly popular. Bluff and hearty, and possessing a large fund of animal spirits, he can hardly, indeed, fail to be otherwise. He sings a first-rate song—Scotch, English, or Gaelic he is ready with either, although it must be confessed that he is most familiar with the dialect of his native Ayrshire. Wicked folk have been heard to whisper that his Gaelic, is decidedly shaky, but to ignoramuses like the BAILIE the lingo is unintelligible enough to stand for the best Gaelic ever spoken either in or out of Mull. A keen hater of humbug, the Man you Know is occasionally far from careful in his selection of terms wherewith to denounce what he regards as quackery or pretence. His expressions, however, sometimes quaint and sometimes familiar, are usually pointed with a joke, and seldom fail in finding their mark. The regiment over which he bears command is one of the most favoured in the city. Its record dates from 1859, and so smart were both officers and men that the 3rd made a capital appearance at the great Edinburgh review in the following year. The Saturday afternoon marches out of the 3rd, the famous series of amateur concerts promoted by its members, their camps at Whistlefield and Etterick Bay, and the weeks the entire regiment passed under canvas at Strathbungo, have been among the chief features of the Volunteer movement in this city. Colonel

MERRY, who had two notable men, by the way, for his predecessors, in Bailie Dreghorn and Humphry Crum Ewing, jun., is a model officer. He takes a lively interest in out-of-door sports; to use a military phrase, he is a first-rate drill; and although a Volunteer of twenty years' standing he still enters as much into the spirit of the work as if he had only joined a week ago. The country abounds in plenty of raw material for the rank and file of the Volunteers, and so long as this is licked into shape by commanders like the Man you Know the movement cannot fail either for lack of numbers or want of proper training.

### A "Rainy" Morning.

UNDETERRED by the dismal failure of the Paisley gathering to which the BAILIE has already referred, "those interested in the disestablishment of the Church of Scotland" held a "conference" in Edinburgh last Wednesday morning. It seems necessary to appeal to your destructive Dissenter through his stomach, and as in Paisley "tea" had failed to attract the hungry iconoclasts, on this occasion the hook was baited with "breakfast"—a more substantial meal. Whether the disestablishment coffee was supplemented by a quiet *petit verre* is not stated. At all events the bait took. There were 200 destructives present—not, however, an extraordinary number when it is considered that U.P. and F.C. vultures were gathered to the feast from all parts of the world. As a humane man, the BAILIE sincerely trusts that the feeding was better than the talking, for the latter was as rambling and as meaningless as ever. Principal Rainy was considered to have made an immense hit when he declared that "our ecclesiastical state in Scotland could be described as nothing less than conspicuously ridiculous." And who makes it ridiculous, O Lottery-Rainy? The Church of the Nation, or the wrangling schismatics? Finally, a word in your ear. "Trust not for freedom to the Franks." In other words, do not rely for the furtherance of your schemes on the belief that "if Mr Gladstone were communicated with now he would say that he was 'open' on the subject." Mr Gladstone is "open" on every subject, "from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter," and will remain so till he is finally "closed."

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK is the best present from Edinburgh. 1 Melbourne place, near the Castle.

### St. Andrew's Halls.

"The directors have agreed that the New Public Halls shall in future be known as the St. Andrew's Halls."

"WHAT'S in a name?"—ah, more than one would think And willingly, at length, we would let sink That stupid name those spacious halls of ours— Those halls wherein we've spent some happy hours— Have heretofore been known by: Public Halls! O that would never do; how harsh it falls Upon the ear; and that word "public's" bad— "Without the drink" you quite unthinking add. And as for "New"—well, time will soon cure that; The roguish thief, more noiseless than a bat, Slips slyly by—on this, on that takes hold— And, ere we know, what once was new, is old. Our halls must have another name; the choice Lies with the few, but yet we know the voice Of all true Scottish hearts will be at one In saying, "Worthy friends, you've nobly done."

To thee, then, Scotland's patron Saint, though late, These halls of ours we humbly dedicate: In days of yore thy all-be-honoured name Has nobly carried Scotland on to fame; And Achaius, king of Scots, he vowed He saw that cross of yours above the cloud The day before he fought with Athelstane, Assuring him the victory to gain. And—ah! who knows?—e'en now in Zululand, Where some old Scottish regiments take their stand, Ere rushing on the foe to win or die, But "Scotland and St. Andrew" is their cry?

Still, 'tis for peace, not war, we ask thy name, And for success we know 'tis all the same. We'll promise you—as now, in black and white— That nought within these walls but what is right Shall ere be done; and should some Yankee cheat Dare with our good professors once to treat, We vow we'll on these doors put strong restraint, E'en though they prove their Bishop out a saint. And more, we'll have no six-days' walking match, With silly crowd to see, come to the scratch, Two fellow creatures in a race 'gainst life— What else is man and nature thus at strife?— Two beings in a little square to keep; Two jaded mortals walking in their sleep.

One other thing; we'll have no temperance lect— Ah, well, too much we really can't expect. We'll do our best to do what's right, no doubt, And ever strive to keep the wrong thing out.

Such are our good intents, whate'er befalls, And so good luck to our St. Andrew's Halls.

I'ERNIEGAIR ADVANCING.—Mr William Kidston has actually arrived at the conclusion that "the law in a country should be considered as an effect, not a cause." Now that he has got so far, he may some day come to see the impropriety of a bigoted minority trying to force their crotchets on a sensible majority.

(OLD) LADYLIKE JOURNALISM.—A monthly contemporary makes the proud boast of being "the most ladylike journal in the world," and the boast may possibly be well founded; but his Worship knows some daily publications, issued not a thousand miles from the Sautmarket, that run the said monthly pretty close.

Flitting Day Proverbial Philosophy.

THE lorry-man's unpunctuality is the thief of time.

A contented mind is better than a continual removal.

Exaggeration is the soul of a house-factor's business.

The nearer the flitting day the farther from comfort.

A friend who will help you down stairs with the chest of drawers, is a friend indeed.

It needs a steady hand to carry out the piano.

A little knowledge of unscrewing a four-post bed is a dangerous thing.

A landlord's word about re-papering is not so good as his bond.

A gilt mirror in the drawing-room is worth two on the lorry.

Mahogany veneer is but skin deep.

To flit is common, to regret it almost as common.

Man proposes, the fellow with the removal van disposes.

There's no use crying over scratched furniture. Of two lorries choose the biggest.

Whiting Bay Notes.

"TO LET" is here unknown.

In June the "Gentle" shepherd will appear.

(N)even in July he will be there.

The pier is now finished, and the ferrymen have got their new uniforms.

Their crest is "sculls rampant," and motto "How not to do it."

There will be a grand regatta in July.

The Porter boat has been secured for the commodore's barge.

"John" has promised to be starter.

A little opposition on the Ardrossan route might make the service to the public better.

There is a grand harvest on this route waiting to be reaped.

TH-HATS ALL RIGHT.

(Scene — Country home, old folks opening BAILIE, which has just arrived by post from a friend; time, last week).

Old Man — There's nae postal wrapper on't this week.

Old Lady — So I'm seein'; it's very guid o' the BAILIE no taec put his adverteesements on the outside page, it's rale haundy for the address.

From a case tried before Sheriff Spens last Wednesday, it appears that "getting the milk ready for being sent into town" is the latest phrase for filling up the cans from the iron-tailed cow.

The Brightest Jewel in the British Crown — A Garnet — Hee-haw!

Edmundo Furioso.

APROPOS of Principal Tulloch's appointment to the editorship of *Fraser's Magazine*, Mr Edmund Yates fulminated wildly a week ago in his paper the *World* against things Scotch in general and Scotch journalism in particular. He raved incoherently about our "assumption," "conceit," and "incompetence;" told us that our universities are nothing but schools; and hoped that Dr Tulloch was "respectable" and "would not indulge in a wild outburst of high-jinks when he was formally installed in Paternoster Row." Whence, Edmund, *ille lacryme*? Hath thy last snubbing been at the hands of some assuming, conceited, and incompetent journalist from the North? or can it be that the *World* is treating thee unkindly, that *Time* hath not come up to time, and that thou hast been casting covetous eyes on the Fraserian chair thyself?

THE "ABLE AND INTELLIGENT."

A. 71 — An' did you'll tell me that this houses too pelongs to him — whateffer as well?

Jock Tamson — Yes, yes, he aughts this property an' a'.

A. 71 — He'll pe a very wealsy inteed.

Jock — No muckle wealth. I'm telt it's eaten awa' taec his finger ends wi' bonds.

A. 71 — Neffer! Bones eaten oot her finger ends!! O my! (A pause). Is't infekshus?

Jock — Ay, ower infectious in sic times as we hae the noo.

A. 71 (somewhat paler looking) — My oh! I sink a body would pe far safer in ta Heelants.

Small Boy (with basket, who has overheard some of the conversation, shouts out and "bolts") — Kum-a-rachen-choo-pipe-clay-sheep's-face-up-the-lum.

Pursued and caught by A. 71 — If effer you was in ta offish pefore your life, you'll pe severely this morning.

[The boy is now "run in" triumphantly.]

A. 71 — This boy is an always scoundrel, your lieutenant's Worship. Sliding on the back ta pavement, swearing, and other sings as well. Creating a breach and a public nuisance forbye.

[The boy's mother pays a half-crown in the course of the day for the release of her cherished son.]

AFTER YOU, SIR. — Whoever defined Scotland as "the land of Scott," with his Worship the sister isle is not so much bog as Moore-land.

The Moor(e) Celebration — Mr Dillon's *Othello*,

## Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Advise all your friends to go up to the Gaiety to-morrow (Tuesday) evening to "assist"—that's the word, I think—at the performance of *Belphegor* by Mr Charles Dillon. In its own way the *Belphegor* of this admirable actor has no superior on our present stage. It is pathetic, earnest, and broad to a degree. Mr Dillon has mastered the part; he is *Belphegor*. You forget, while you look at him, that he is playing a part.

Later on in the week Mr Dillon repeats *Virginus* and appears as *Mr Beverley* in "The Gamester." Why, by the way, will he insist on playing high tragedy? While he has some half-dozen competitors I could name in heavy legitimate parts, he has no equal as a high-class pathetic comedian. His *Belphegor* and *Citizen Sanfroid* are quite beyond criticism.

Mr Bernard, it is announced to-day, has become lessee of the Princes Theatre, Manchester, one of the handsomest and most comfortable houses in the country. The Prince's was the theatre in which Mr Charles Calvert produced all his great theatrical revivals, and it was afterwards exceedingly popular in the hands of the late Mr Browne. Recently, however, the management or rather mis-management of Mr Alfred Thompson—of *mask* celebrity—the agent of the Theatre Royal Company, into whose hands it fell on the death of Mr Browne, took away much of its former popularity. In the skilful hands of Mr Bernard the house is certain to regain, and that at once, the fame it so unfortunately lost. This evening, indeed, the first step will be taken towards its rehabilitation. Mr Toole will appear there and will once more draw crowds to its whilome empty benches.

Mr Bernard proposes to introduce us next week at the Gaiety to "Truth," the piece that has replaced the "Pink Dominoes" at the London Criterion. Of course "Truth" is wildly funny. Its plot turns upon the visit of four gentlemen to a fancy dress ball at the London Aquarium, and their declaration to the ladies of the household, when they return home, that they have been busy with work of a philanthropic sort. As may be guessed, the deception is discovered, and they are made to confess, the confession supplying the title to the piece, after which due forgiveness is extended to them by the offended dames.

"Truth" is the work of Bronson Howard, the American, its title on the other side of the Atlantic being "Hurricanes." The following verse from Bryant's fine poem, entitled "The Battlefield," is placed, somewhat in a spirit of burlesque, at the head of the programmes issued for "Truth" in London:—

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,  
The eternal years of Heaven are hers;  
But error, wounded, writhes with pain,  
And dies among his worshippers."

Among the company who appear at Mr Bernard's house in "Truth" is Mr A. Maltby, the admirable comedian whose *Joskin Tubbs* in the "Pink Dominos" set us all into fits of laughter. In addition to his excellence as an actor, Mr Maltby is a clever artist, is the author of more than one sparkling comedietta, and is, indeed, one of the best "all round men" going.

The new poem entitled "Village Prosaics," and consisting of sketches descriptive, philosophic, and scientific, about to be published by Mr Maclehoose, is the work of Mr James S. Stoddard, editor of the *Glasgow Herald*. Like the majority of journalists, Mr Stoddard is distinctly Conservative in his political leanings, but on all matters connected with ethics and theology his views are sufficiently wide to satisfy any Radical of them all. The coming volume, I may hint, will contain a reflex of Mr Stoddard's personal opinions regarding the numerous social and ecclesiastical questions of the day.

They are growing enthusiastic in London over the "Blind Milton" of the Hungarian artist Munkacsy—the work that obtained the great medal of honour at last year's Paris Exhibition. Will none of our fine art *entrepreneurs* bring the "Milton" to Glasgow?

Quite a lot of Glasgow folk are represented in the June number of *Good Words*. There is, first and foremost, the editor, Dr Donald Macleod, of Park Church; then Mrs Blackburn, the

wife of Professor Blackburn, describes the earlier portion of her voyage to Iceland last summer, on board of Mr John Burns's "Mastiff," and Mr Johnston, the Secretary to the Western Infirmary, tells a sad little story in some graceful verses; while Mr A. S. Boyd, one of our younger and more promising artists, supplies the illustrations to Miss Sara Tyler's serial story.

This month's *Theatre* contains two capital photographic portraits of Sarah Bernhardt of the Comedie Francaise, while an "American Journalist" tells the story of Genevieve Ward, the *tragelienne*, in somewhat exaggerated terms.

I have been favoured with a copy of the "City of Glasgow Police Bye-Laws," a model little manual, wherein you find everything you require to know regarding cabs and cab-fares, city porters and their fees, coal porters, and chimney sweeps. The "table of fares and distances" for cabs has been compiled with rare skill, and must be invaluable to those whose business or pleasure causes them to travel in hackney vehicles.

The Caledonian Railway Tourist Guide is now out, and is fairly overwhelming by reason of the number and the cheapness of the Excursions it announces. Why, the compiler of this tempting *brochure* is an eminent public benefactor. Under its guidance you go almost any-where in broad Scotland—almost anywhere, I mean, worth going to, and for a mere song. Do you care to travel by the incomparable fleet of Mr David M'Brayne, do you care to penetrate to Loch Tay, to Deeside, to Loch Maree, do you care to visit Dunkeld or the Falls of Clyde, or crossing the border take a peep at Derwentwater or Windermere, then consult the Tourist Guide of the Caledonian Railway.

I enjoyed a sail the other day, BAILIE, on board the good ship "Lord of the Isles," to Inveraray and back, and the trip is one you must not omit to avail yourself of before the month of June is much older. The "Lord" is in capital trim this season—everything seems spick-and-span new, so bright is it, and so comfortable withal.

The luncheons and dinners they give you on board this fine vessel form an important feature of its internal economy. Mr David Sutherland, in whose hands has been placed the important task of attending to the material wants of the passengers, is untiring in his efforts to meet the demands of his clients. In addition to his natural skill, he has brought a vast amount of experience, picked up both at home and abroad, to aid him in the exercise of his onerous and multifarious duties. The result, as I have hinted, is altogether satisfactory. Why, the capital cookery that prevails, and the neatness, celerity, and attention with which you are served, fairly astonishes and delights even those accustomed to the comforts of a first-class hotel.

One or two "pots" of money were made in Glasgow, I understand, over the victory of "Sir Bevys" at Epsom on Wednesday last. The "Mr Acton" who owns the horse, as I suppose most betting people are aware, is no other than Mr Leopold Rothschild, and the knowledge of this fact, together, perhaps, with a private hint regarding the merits of the son of "Favonius," caused several members of the race to which Mr Rothschild belongs to back "Sir Bevys" for considerable sums, and as the odds were 20 to 1, the result was that they all won very largely.

They are adding fresh attractions this season to the Saturday Afternoon Entertainments at the Botanic Gardens. "Balloon-ing" is their newest sensation; and accordingly any one who wants to go like Sarah Bernhardt "up in a balloon" need travel no further than Hillhead.

Sir Henry Moncreiff is apparently one of those abnormal persons who *do* want their little here below "long." Last week he characterised as "very short" a "libel" that occupied the best part of a newspaper column of small type! *Libellum longum, vita brevis!*

A House of Call—The City Bank.

Supply and Demand.

IT was at least a curious coincidence, if not a providential arrangement, when the steamer Strathmore, laden with 2000 tons of brimstone, and 250 barrels of roll sulphur, arrived in the Clyde shortly after the decision of the Synod in the tartarcan-torture Macrae business, that she "lay-off Gourock for some hours before coming up the river." Fancy the feelings of wee Davie with such a suggestive and infernal cargo floating in his immediate presence, and at such a crucial moment. "They say" that the ultra-orthodox party in the Synod were the consignees but this must surely be meant "ironic?"

A Felt Insult.

ALEKO PASHA, representative of Bulgaria, wears a hat! It may be that you and I, fair reader, see nothing extraordinary in this new evidence of the enterprise of our friend Walter Wilson; but to the Sultan, who knows not the Colosseum, Aleko's chimney emits the blackest insults, by the hour at a time, and so he has sworn to sit upon it or die. He has therefore ordered the Bulgar fellow to dispose of the obnoxious hat—two-pence is all they bring!—and to invest in a fez next "screw-day," or before, if he can get a loan of the needful. Aleko is torn by conflicting emotions and counsels. Inclination prompts him to drive it down over his eyes, and so vindicate Bulgarian independence; policy suggests pocketing his dignity and putting the hat in his hat-box, "for that occasion only;" Russian intrigue is active in urging him to put it on; and, to crown all, Europe is ready to laugh at either hat-titude. Poor Aleko! There is but one way out of the scrape. Let him take a wife on each arm, put the hat on one and the fez on the other, and march up to the Sultan between them with his bald pow glistening in the sunshine.

"THE HARP THAT ONCE."—The Moore the merrier, as Emerald Erin remarked when she saw little Tommy shooting o'er the horizon into her lyrical galaxy.

They are rather peculiar in their notions down by in Helensburgh. The *News* of that aspiring burgh, when reporting the race for the Derby, mentioned that 23 horses "ran," and that 17 were "late." Some folk—especially those who bet against "Sir Bevys"—were of opinion that 22 were rather late, but after all a matter of four or five is really of little moment, especially when you are talking about beaten horses.

A Light Affliction.

IT is said that a French princess, just before the outbreak of the great revolution, expressed her surprise at the pig-headed obstinacy of the peasantry who were starving for want of bread, when there were so many nice biscuits and fancy cakes in the world. History repeats itself; and the good folks of Paisley are to-day as fastidious as the French peasants in 1789. They are actually in despair because their supply of water is running short! Can anything more foolish be imagined? Just as if water were the only liquid in the land! Surely it would be no great hardship although the Paisley bodies were for a time compelled to quench their thirst with whisky or beer. And are there not practically unlimited supplies of lemonade and ginger-beer at the teetotallers' command? At a time when so many people are forced to undergo real sufferings, it is almost too bad of Paisley to make a fuss about such a trifle.

Gourock can at least boast of one humourist. This is a publican named Haldane, who acquaints his teetotal friends and the Gourock folk generally that he can supply his "goods"—mark the gentle euphuism—in such a manner that "even those of the most prying disposition will fail to distinguish the packages from those of a grocer or other class of shopkeeper." Hitherto we have been familiar with the phrase "disguised in liquor;" by the arrangements of Mr Haldane it is the liquor and not the man that is to be "disguised." The BAILIE sees a future before that publican.

Our old friend the *Herald* is sometimes strangely forgetful of what becomes the character of a lady and a grandmamma. Fancy a respectable old female observing, as she did last Wednesday morning, that "making peace in a funk may be the logical result of making war in a fluster!" Things are come to a pretty pass if we are in future to study those venerable columns by the murky light of the Slang Dictionary.

More of the Antique Roman than the Dane—"Virginius" than "Hamlet."

A Whistler Transformation of Black to White—Making a clean sweep.

Somebody has been advertising in the daily papers a preparation warranted to make fat people thin. The fellow must be either a simpleton or a wag. As if there were any fat people to speak of left in Glasgow!

## The Late Musical Season.

LAST year, as your Worship will remember, a few retrospective remarks were indulged in under the above heading. Something of the kind, slightly prospective, too, as well, may prove not unacceptable now, in the way of finale at present to "Quavers," which weekly contribution naturally ceases for a while at this time.

Looking back on the season now closed, one feels, for one thing, that Glasgow has been endeavouring to "drive dull care away," and to forget its commercial misery in the charms of music; for while there has been no lack of activity on the part of musical projectors, there has been a by no means insignificant measure of support on the part of the public—all over, that is.

The chief event of the season was, of course, as hitherto, the series of Choral and Orchestral Concerts under the management of the Glasgow Choral Union, and though financially these were not so successful as last year, occurring as they did at the very beginning of our business troubles, as must be remembered, yet artistically they were very far from a failure.

Very pleasant recollections of the series to be identified with Herr Tausch will long remain in the memory. Much graceful and interesting music was heard under his able baton, including some of his own instrumental compositions, which proved to be of genuine merit.

By the way, we regard with the utmost satisfaction the engagement of Herr Auguste Manus as *chef d'orchestre* for next season. He has one important qualification for the place—that of life-long experience; for indeed it may safely be affirmed that to be a truly efficient instrumental conductor, requires association with the orchestra in some way or other from youth upwards. It seems useless—almost absurd—to expect anything like success in guiding and instructing a band when the office is assumed in later life.

As regards the Choral Union itself, however, it is to be hoped that the primary purpose for which the society was instituted—the advancement of choral music—will not be lost sight of in the arrangements for the next series. Grateful as one is for its management of our winter orchestral concerts, one does not forget the importance of its position as a vocal association.

A kindred society may next be alluded to—the Tonic Sol-fa Association, under Mr W. M. Miller. This society got through some good work during the season.

One or two other societies, still sailing under the Curwen flag, seem also to be doing well.

The St. George's Choral Union, which has had many a hard fight with the dragon of discouragement, and none fiercer than during the past season, when some splendid musical victories were accomplished on their part, as the "Haydn's Seasons" concert, intends for the future to "devote its attention" chiefly to part-songs and the shorter cantatas. This is a fortunate resolve on the part of the plucky society so ably conducted by Mr Moodie, as choral part-song singing on a large scale has been rather neglected of late years in Glasgow.

The less public societies—such as the Hillhead, the Pollok-shields, and the Bellahouston—had a busy winter of it, and generally speaking, progress appears to have been made of the right sort, that is in the attainment of refined and effective choral singing.

A few new associations of similar constitution have come into existence, as the Crosshill, the Mount Vernon, and the Partick, while one has been resuscitated, the Dennistoun. These have had most encouraging starts, showing that they supplied, as advertisers phrase it, a "felt want" in their respective districts.

Church musical associations seem to be increasing, too. Some of them, as the Trinity, the St. Vincent Street U.P., and the Baptist associations, take good positions indeed; not forgetting the Catholic Choral Society, which had the credit of producing a most important musical work, Beethoven's Mass in C.

The concerts by our three select choirs were of course a conspicuous feature of the past season. Those by Mr Lambeth's Choir (again called to Balmoral, by the way) were not so numerous, at least in Glasgow, but what performances were given were always interesting, marked, too, by artistic meaning, as

well as by a certain pleasing quietness of management, which to many is an attraction.

The appearances of the "Glasgow Select Choir" were remarkably successful, as they could hardly indeed fail to be in all the circumstances. Mr Archer is a choir leader of great merit, and he has been fortunate in becoming associated with so experienced and compact a body as the "Glasgow Select."

The St George's Select Choir, or "Mr Moodie's Choir," as it is now to be known by, has certain excellences peculiar to itself, freshness and naivete for example, which for some compositions are a decided gain. The singing of the choir was generally very pleasing.

What should not be forgotten in connection with "The Three Choirs" is the extent of original musical arrangements which they have been the means of bringing forward—all received with great favour, and some not unlikely to become standard favourites.

The Organ Recitals, though interesting as yet to comparatively few, are to be remembered as an item of no mean importance in the past season.

Orchestral combinations are now somewhat conspicuous in Glasgow—professional and amateur—and under the skilled leadership of Mr Cole, or of Mr Heron, two of the former class have been of considerable service during the past term. Amateur playing is decidedly improving in quality among us, but notably in Paisley, where they have an excellent band under Mr Hoeck, which Glasgow is not above seeking the aid of at a time.

Both on their merits, and for the end proposed, the Saturday Evening Concerts are also deserving of remembrance. Indeed no end of gratitude is due the Directors for the improvement they have been the means of effecting on our "music and morals" since the origination of the concerts, now many years ago. *Au revoir.*

## VERY SELFISH.

*Inebriate* (stepping off car, to stranger)—Gave that—hic—guard a jolly—hic—sell.

*Stranger*—How?

*Inebriate*—He thought—hic—I was going to give him—hic—a half-crown instead of a—hic—penny and I only—hic—gave him two shillings—hic—.

A GRAVE PROCEEDING.—The two embryos who bolted from the "Cumberland" the other day urged as an extenuating circumstance in their desertion that "they were jist gaun to see their mother's grave." On being brought back to the ship and haled before "the little captain" the scene was forthwith changed from "grave to gay" for the spectators, and from "lively to severe" for the runaways. A certain part of their humanity bore evidence for some days after that the most pious resolutions, like the stand-up fights on board this model training ship, must not be carried out unless with official sanction.

Circumstances Alter Cases—Especially reduced circumstances.

CRUEL QUERY.—If felony should ever be held sufficient to dissolve the marriage state would not the roll-call of criminals be thereby enormously increased?

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the discomforts of the flitting day have been got over.

That the comforts of the new house are not yet apparent.

That the carters and assistants consumed the usual "chunks" of bread and cheese, and an unusually large quantity of whisky.

That the removal bill has been much greater than was anticipated.

That the wonder is where all the money has gone to.

That the school holidays have set in.

That the dominies are delighted.

That the fathers and mothers of the bairns are not quite so delighted.

That there never was a duller June known "doon the water" than this.

That "oor Jeems" was not very successful in his attack on the cleansing department.

That ex-Bailie Burt smote him "hip and thigh."

That Councillor Wilson is doing yeoman service in teaching the next generation to swim.

That he is also bringing grist to the Corporation mill.

That the proposal of the Hutchesons' Hospital patrons to exclude from the schools all children living "furth" of the city boundaries is rather small.

That it is an example of cutting off one's nose to spite one's face.

That we can't get the use of our own newspapers for these long-winded reports of the General Assemblies.

That our Scotch parsons seem to have a "rare gift of the gab."

That they exercise it with wonderful perseverance.

That the Free Kirkers are still hankering after the "fleshpots of Egypt."

That the Auld Kirk wants to be let alone.

That Mr Kidston made another scene in the Free Church Assembly on Saturday.

That an equally earnest, but a more sensitive member of the Assembly would have covered below the remarks spoken with regard to him by Professor Bruce.

That we have no evidence Mr Kidston covered.

That the first fatal boat accident of the season has taken place.

That the boats with sails are "kittle cattle" to deal with.

That a certain "great Western Presbytery"

got a slap in the face in the Established Assembly last week for having opened its doors too readily on a "notorious" occasion.

That the great Western Presbytery will probably be more careful "next time."

"High Jinks" in Bute.

AN illiterate droll writing to the *Bute* regarding an excursion to Kilchattan Bay, says that in the hotel there he "had the pleasure and honour of dining with some of the representatives of the press and other literary gentlemen, among whom were an author of no inconsiderable repute and a distinguished actor of low comedy." The health of the Queen, he explains, was proposed by the eminent low comedian, and "coupled with the name of the author, who, in his usual logical style, appropriately replied." Finally it appears that "the principal source of the day's enjoyment was the inexhaustible store of wit and humour to which our learned friend, the author, gave utterance." My conscience! What a very Yorick "the author" must be; and what a day they must have been having altogether!

JUDICIAL HUMOUR (?)

(Scene—Small Debt Court.)

*Officer's Assistant* (who is suing his employer for his fees as a witness and appraiser in small debt poidings)—All the time I was in the defender's service one of my duties was to rouse him in the morning.

*Presiding Sheriff*—Then, my man, I doubt whether you have been properly described. To my mind you seem to be an "up-raiser" rather than an "appraiser."

[Chorus of sniggers in Court.]

"Mr W. Irving Bishop . . . has gone to India to study the tricks of Eastern conjurors." What! *more* tricks!

"Net" Profits—Salmon fishers'.

"We can honestly declare that MACNIVEN & CAMERON'S Pens are the best.—*Bury Times*."

"The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen, Are truly a boon and a blessing to men; But the Hindoo, Commercial, and also the Nile, Are blessings as great in a different style."

"They are a treasure."—*Standard*.

1745 Newspapers recommend them.

See *The Edinburgh Property Review*.

Beware of the parties offering spurious imitations of these Pens.

6d and 1s per Box, at all Stationers.

Sample Box, assorted all kinds, 1s 1d by Post.

23 to 33 Blair Street, Edinburgh.

Penmakers to Her Majesty's Government Offices.

(Established 1770.)

**£3:3/ TWEED SUIT.**

SINCE we introduced this Suit two months ago, we have received unmistakable evidence that it is destined to be THE SUIT OF THE SEASON. There are several reasons why it should be so. For instance, as a combination of HIGH-CLASS QUALITY and "MINIMUM" Price, the like has never before been offered to Gentlemen. The Styles are all new—the newest and most fashionable to be had—and among the Hundreds of Patterns which comprise our Stock, the most fastidious taste cannot fail to be suited. Gentlemen who are not open to logical conviction should call and see our Goods. One look at them will be more convincing than a hundred arguments.

RILEY, WEBSTER, & BORLAND,  
86 AND 88 ARGYLE STREET.

**ROYAL EXCHANGE.**

THE HALF YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION BOOK is now open for Enrolling New Members. No Ballot necessary.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

HENRY THOMSON & CO'S  
OLD  
IRISH WHISKY.

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—  
ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

**TOWN, COAST, OR COUNTRY.**

Making it, as we do, our constant study to anticipate the wants of our Customers, in all matters of Dress, it gives us pleasure to direct very special attention to our SIXTY SHILLINGS "SCOTCH TWEED" SUITS, which for good value will be found unequalled in the City. We appreciate fully the growing disposition among Gentlemen when they are about to buy a Tweed Suit to know precisely what it will cost—assuming the Quality, Fit, and Style to be entirely satisfactory—and in fixing the price at 60s. it will readily be seen that we have resolved to place the Suit within the reach of every Business Man in the City.

**FORSYTH,**

CLOTHIER & SHIRTMAKER,

5 AND 7 RENFIELD STREET.

*Note.—The Special Realising Sale, at Great Reductions in Prices, will be continued during June, in order to reduce Stocks, as they are still much in excess of what they should be, compatible with the safe and proper working of a Cash Business.*

**FURNITURE.**

DINING-ROOM, DRAWING-ROOM, BED-ROOM, PARLOUR, KITCHEN, OFFICE, LIBRARY, AND LOBBY FURNITURE; ALSO, MIRRORS, CARPETS, LINOLEUMS, RUGS, BEDDING, NAPERY, CRETONNES, CURTAINS, WINDOW POLES, &c.,  
AT UNPRECEDENTED PRICES DURING THE MONTH OF JUNE.

A. GARDNER & SON,  
CABINETMAKERS AND UPHOLSTERERS,  
36 JAMAICA STREET.

**TO FAMILIES GOING TO THE COAST.**

RARE BARGAINS IN COSTUMES, JACKETS, DRESS FABRICS,  
MILLINERY, BONNETS, &c., &c.,

AT THE

**CALEDONIAN HOUSE,**

MESSRS COPLAND & LYE intimate to the Citizens of Glasgow, especially those going to the Coast, or preparing for Marriage Outfits, that they have just received another Lot of Paris and London Costumes, London, Paris, and Vienna Jackets, Lorry Loads of Dress Goods; also an immense Stock of Trimmed and Untrimmed Bonnets; also Linen Sheetings, Horrocks's Long Cloths and Calicoes, which Ladies would do well to buy before the advance takes place, which will inevitably follow the improvement in trade, which has decidedly commenced; in fact, we say to one and all that we think such an opportunity of laying out your money to such good advantage may not occur again during the present century.

**COPLAND & LYE,**

CALEDONIAN HOUSE, 165 AND 167 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.



IMPORTANT TO PARTIES FURNISHING.

FRANCIS & JAMES SMITH,

**B**EG respectfully to draw the attention of Parties about to Furnish, in whole or in part, to the Immense Stock of CABINET, UPHOLSTERY, and CARPET GOODS at present on View in their Show-Rooms, corner of Gordon and Union Streets, which are the largest and most complete Furniture Show-Rooms out of London, the total Floorage being equal to one and a half Square Acres.

The Stock of DINING-ROOM, DRAWING-ROOM, BED-ROOM, LIBRARY, and OFFICE FURNITURE is replete with every requisite, while the Stock of CARPETS, FLOORCLOTHS, NAPER, WINDOW and BED CURTAIN MATERIALS comprises the Newest Patterns and Designs of the best Manufacturers. GILT MIRRORS in great variety, and the cheapest in the City. BILLIARD and BAGATELLE TABLES. &c.

F. & J. S. would call special attention to the fact that all their Goods are marked in Plain Figures at the lowest Cash Prices (from which no abatement can be allowed), and as the whole Stock has just been gone carefully over, and marked at *reduced prices*, Parties about to Furnish would do well to call and inspect them before purchasing elsewhere. To all who can make it convenient to call, every assistance will be given to enable them to make up their own estimates, while those at a distance, or who are unable to call personally, will be furnished with Estimates, Drawings, and Photographs on application, and if necessary, competent Assistants will be sent to take Plans and advise as to Furnishing.

All Goods Stored Free till required.

*P.S.*—F. & J. S. would particularly draw attention to a Stock of Best Brussels and Tapestry Carpets, last year's patterns, which, to effect a speedy clearance, they are now offering at specially low prices.

REMOVALS CAREFULLY CONDUCTED.

FRANCIS & JAMES SMITH,

CABINET, UPHOLSTERY, AND CARPET WAREHOUSEMEN,  
CORNER OF

GORDON STREET AND UNION STREET.

CABINET AND GLASS SILVERING WORKS—KENT ROAD AND BERKELEY STREET.

Established 1835.

DAVISON'S  
**CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE**  
GINGER BEER.

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND; WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC.  
As Supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

THOMAS DAVISON,  
DISPENSING CHEMIST,  
126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4th, 1879.

**T**HE remark that this is an age of marvels is not strictly original, but at all events it is strictly true. The wonders of the Arabian Nights are the commonplaces of to-day. The magicians and sorcerers of the past look woefully foolish in the eyes of a generation that has seen the telephone, the phonograph, and the electric light. But the greatest marvel of all was still to come, in the shape of a discovery which breathes the breath of life into the dry bones of the story of Merlin and Vivien. A

Signor Somebody, of Somewhere, has discovered a process by which he can suspend animation for an indefinite period, and restore it at will. The results of this miracle seem almost too vast for the finite mind to comprehend, but it certainly opens up a vision of supremest happiness. Imagine the calm satisfaction with which Lord Provost Collins would suspend the animation of Councillors Neil and Martin, and the frantic glee with which he would restore them alive and kicking when his successor in the provostship took office! Reverend members of church courts would live half as long again if they were not worried by prosecuting their erring brethren for heresy. The Macraes and Robertson Smiths of the future would simply be seized and operated upon by an Assembly Committee, and laid carefully past in some churchyard vault or other, in pickle, as it were. By and bye, when the lapse of years had brought the views of the church in general up to the requisite pitch, the heretics would be revived, and things would get along quite comfortably. Edwin and Angelina, too, who have got engaged at rather too early a period of Edwin's commercial career, can be spared a great deal of the hope deferred that makes the heart sick! Angelina can be hermeti-

cally sealed up for ten or a dozen years, till Edwin's £60 per annum have blossomed into something more compatible with the dignity of a householder and head of a family, and then opened out nice and fresh in good time for the wedding. Indeed, there appears to be no end to the beneficent changes this new discovery may make, and at this rate science will very soon bring us within easy reach of the millennium.

### What the Greenock Folks are Saying.

THAT the market was deluged with Smithston butter last week.

That the bulk of it was too highly flavoured to be palatable.

That the extravagant praise of the coming K— formed the keynote of the rest of the speeches.

That "birds of a feather" would have been more appropriate than "train up a child."

That parochial etiquette is peculiar.

That the chairman of the Board ought surely to have played first fiddle on such an occasion.

That the old dominie might have sunk the shop, and left the "lawse" alone.

That the interchange of courtesies between the present and prospective M.P.'s formed a pleasant blend.

That Bailies B. and S. arrived home from London on the Derby morning.

That such self-denial should not be passed unnoticed by the electors.

That all the deputationists were not so ignorant of the Derby fixture as their chief apparently was.

### THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

*Small Girl* (at School Board school to sweetie wife)—What's the price of your black balls?

*S. W.*—Eight a penny.

*S. G.*—I'll take two.

[Complete collapse of sweetie wife, who finds her education has been neglected.]

A NONIOUS PRESBYTERY.—My conscience! What a formidable body the Presbytery of Aberdeen must be, to be sure! In the Free Church Assembly last week one of the members of that Presbytery said with some heat that a certain motion "had been characterised in the Synod as innocent, but if the member of Synod who said so had known the Presbytery of Aberdeen well he would not have thought them capable of innocent motions." Under the circumstances, most people would rather *not* know the Presbytery of Aberdeen well.

The Earl of Kintore appeals to the members of the Free Church for more money, on the ground that "they should not allow their dear clergy to suffer in any way." Very good, my Lord; but isn't it just possible for the clergy to become *too* "dear?"

### A Funny Story.

THE fathers and brethren of the Church of Scotland amused themselves last week by a comic debate on the "union question." With few exceptions, they successfully laid themselves out to be funny, but the jester's laurels were unquestionably carried off by Dr Story. The minister of Roseneath quite surpassed himself. After protesting, with well-feigned gravity, against the idea of "a body of Dissenters" being considered "the sister" of the Church of Scotland, he illustrated his mock-argument by an interesting comparison drawn from his own domestic circle, and concluded with a highly comic picture of the results likely to follow the placing of "the committees of the Free and U.P. Churches and Dr Charteris and his committee" on an uninhabited island. No wonder that, as the reports tell us, the members of Assembly "roared" with laughter again and again; and doubtless Dr Story will be encouraged to don the motley permanently. Hitherto the Rev. Robert Thomson has been considered the jester in ordinary to the Church of Scotland, but he is fairly eclipsed now. Robert has never got the length of bringing his family on the stage to assist in his performance. That was a stroke of genius reserved for Herbert; and the BAILIE can only hope that the family like it.

### A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

An eastern wind day after day,  
Harsh, arid, hard; the solar ray  
Met, checked, and chilled, while on its way  
In clouds broad-spread, and dense, and grey:—  
I've waked in June;—I dreamt *in May*.

In the F.C. Assembly last week Professor Bruce, on stating that, while he himself abstained from alcoholic beverages, he did not make his abstinence the rule of his hospitality, but placed liquor on his table for his guests to use or not, as they pleased—was actually hissed! So much for teetotal tolerance and good manners.

For the credit of Gourock in general and Mr Macrae's congregation in particular, the BAILIE was glad to learn from Thursday's papers that the accounts of the hostile reception given to Mr Wardrop were considerably overdrawn. He was loath to believe that a congregation presided over by David Macrae could show themselves uncharitable and discourteous, and he congratulates that congregation on their denial of the serious charge brought against them.

In Caustic "Tile"—In a smart hat.

A "Gross Indecency."

MR WILLIAM KIDSTON of Ferniegair received in the Free Church Assembly last week a lesson that ought to have some effect upon even so pachydermatous a creature as he is. After eliciting a preliminary remonstrance from Principal Rainy by sneering at his audience, he proceeded to make a coarse attack on Professor Robertson Smith and his supporters. The disgust of Mr Kidston's hearers gradually increased as he went on, but they listened to him with surprising patience till he made a tasteful allusion to "any Smith, or Smythe, or Smithy in the world." Then a storm of indignant remonstrance broke out on all sides. Nevertheless, the offender continued with brazen front in the same strain, and was only suppressed on being told by Principal Rainy that he was behaving with "gross indecency." As has been hinted, William's hide is pretty thick, but if such a rebuke in such a place fails to pierce it, we may give up his case as hopeless.

RHYMES FOR THE TIMES.

Sing a sang o' Lambeth,  
Balmoral, Queen, and Choir,  
Four-and-twenty blackbirds  
Present "by desire."  
The choir began to open  
With harmonies serene;  
Now, wasna this a dainty dish  
Of music for a Queen?

IMPROBABLE.

Jack (looking up from account of operations in Zululand).—'Impi!' What does 'impi' mean, Tom?

Tom (looking up from Latin Grammar).—Oh—ah—plural of 'imp,' I should say!

THE CART BEFORE THE HORSE.—At a public gathering in Greenock last week, the M.P. for the burgh said that he did not find fault with the members of the House of Lords for using strong language, "because without strong speaking we cannot perhaps have hearty feeling." Isn't this rather putting the consequence before the cause, Mr Stewart? Is it not "out of the fulness of the heart" that "the mouth speaketh"?

"CALLIN' 'S" OUT OF OUR NAME!—In eulogising a speech by Lord Provost Boyd of Edinburgh, the *Herald's* correspondent takes occasion to "lament the local accent and parochial style of another Lord Provost and Free Churchman who shall be nameless." Oh, Granny, Granny, how could you?

An Ambiguous Selection.

WHEN the toast of the "Sheriff of the County" was proposed at the luncheon in connection with the opening of the Smithston Asylum at Greenock last week, the band struck up a selection from the Gilbert-Sullivan "Trial by Jury." If the selection of music appropriate to the toasts were left to the conductor of the band that functionary must be a bit of a wag. Ex-Provost Morton in proposing the toast said of Sheriff Smith that "as a judge he was upright"—that is to say, in Mr Gilbert's words, "a good judge, too." But did the musical conductor mean to carry the comparison out, and insinuate that, in reference to his advocate days, the Greenock Sheriff might be able to say with Mr Gilbert's judge—

"For thieves who could my fees afford,  
I gave my best orations;  
And many a burglar I've restored  
To his friends and his relations."

"Go It, Ye Cripples."

THE *Eatonswill Gazette* and the *Eatonswill Independent*, under slightly altered names, now live and move, and pelt away at each other down in Rothesay. This is what the Bute "Blue" says of the Bute "Buff":—"We have . . . for the purpose of demonstrating to what depths of—journalistic—degradation our Radical contemporary will some times *involuntarily* sink itself, when, in the exercise of its shallow but fussy fanaticism, it commits itself to a course of excessively crude but venomous personal criticism." Cock-a-doodle-doo!

"WHAT AN AFTERNOON!"—In some respects the Scottish Celt must yield the palm to his Irish brother. Last Thursday, in the Established Assembly, a Mr Morrison observed that as the House of Commons sometimes had an Irish evening, "the Assembly might be allowed to have a Highland afternoon;"—and, after all, it turned out to be one of the dullest "afternoons" of the week! Tonalt ought to be ashamed of himself.

An Edinburgh correspondent says one's "fine physical tone" is apt to be destroyed by a "too conscientious attendance upon Church Courts." Why, friend Correspondent, restrict the evil influence to physical tone? What about one's fine moral tone?

Temp(t)est in a Teapot—Toys in a tea-shop!

Havana Cigars, La Flor De Aroma, First-Class Brand, 4d each. D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram St., and 121 Buchanan St.

## Reflections on a Flitting Day.

**A** THOROUGH-GOING misanthrope could find no more congenial occupation than taking charge of a removal van. The innumerable opportunities of bumping the sideboard against the stair railings, scratching the dining table against the front door, and otherwise mangling the tenderest feelings of the householder, would rejoice the heart of Diogenes himself.

A man never realises the unspeakable shabbiness of his own furniture so thoroughly as when he sees it piled on a lorry, and covered with a dirty tarpaulin, while the driver sits in front dangling his muddy boots in dangerous proximity to the drawing-room mirror.

The house factor is the natural enemy of mankind. A splendid subject for a young men's debating society would be, "Is the murder of a house factor an offence against the moral law?"

O economy, what enormities are committed in thy name! To effect a five pound saving in rent, lots of people will spend five times as much in a removal.

The patience of Job and the meekness of Moses would not suffice to carry a mortal through the ordeal of a removal without swearing at somebody.

Nothing brings into stronger relief the difference between the sexes than a removal. During the horrors of that awful middle passage, the man is gloomy, morose, cross, even occasionally profane. The woman, on the contrary, is in a sort of uneasy paradise; troubled about many things, yet joyful; worried and overworked, yet spasmodically cheerful; amid the crash of furniture and the wreck of crockery enjoying a fidgetty happiness.

The confirmed "flitter"—the Nomad of the pavement—is difficult to please because he has evolved from his inner consciousness an ideal house, where there are no draughts nor smoky chimneys, where the wall papers are always clean and the paint always fresh, where the air is pure and the neighbours nice, where there is hot water in the bedrooms and tramways passing the corner of the street, where the rent is low and the black beetles scarce. After this lovely vision he hunts with the assiduity of Sir Galahad in search of the Holy Grail—but with less success.

A Free Church minister holds that public worship begins at "the plate." Yes; and how often does it end there?

## A "Deleterious" Proposal.

**T**HAT most exemplary nobleman, the Earl of Kintore, made a very alarming suggestion in the Free Church Assembly last week. "He thought it would be worth while for the Assembly to inquire into how far deleterious whisky was sold." Just fancy a grave clerical committee prowling about the slums of Edinburgh and Glasgow in search of "deleterious" whisky! The result would, it is to be feared, be somewhat "deleterious" to the clerical stomach and brain; and, if Lord Kintore's suggestion should ever be carried out, he will have to give the committee time to recover from what are politely called the "azure diabolicals" before they prepare their report.

## Buffon or Buffoon?

**A**T last week's meeting of the Greenock Parochial Board Bailie Erskine politely characterised Commissioner Carberry's remarks as "buffoonery,"—"whereupon Commissioner Carberry rose in apparent indignation, and stated that he did not suppose Bailie Erskine had studied 'Buffoon's' Natural History sufficiently to enable him to make such a remark against any of the gentlemen present. He (Mr Carberry) had studied the volume in question, and he could not see the point of Bailie Erskine's remark." Very good, Mr Carberry; and if your friend "Buffoon"—whoever he may be—should ever undertake to write the natural history of the Greenock Parochial Board, he will doubtless feel himself quite in sympathy with his subject.

"TELL" ME NOT IN MUDDLED NUMBERS!—Ecclesiastical "tellers" have an odd way of performing their duties. In the Free Church Assembly last Wednesday one of these gentlemen stated that, as on the occasion of a certain vote his colleague thought the number was 120, while he himself thought it was 119, they gave it in as 118—an original way, certainly, of "splitting the difference." The colleague referred to admitted that the pair of them "occasionally forgot the numbers." No wonder church courts sometimes get into a muddle.

An offender who was sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment for drunkenness at Greenock the other day, had the sentence reduced to one of five days by reminding the magistrate that his original judgment was illegal! If the average Sugaropolitan criminal is as well up in the law as this, they might save the expense of assessors "down by."



# 'S BELFAST AERATED WATERS,

ARE FAR AND AWAY SUPERIOR TO OTHERS.

AMBROSIA, the New Summer Drink possesses great stimulating properties, more invigorating than Beer or Porter, and perfectly non-intoxicating.

GINGER ALE, LEMONADE, SODA, POTASH, SELTZER, &c.

May be had from FAMILY GROCERS, CHEMISTS, WINE MERCHANTS, RESTAURATEURS, etc.

SCOTCH DEPOT—147 STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW.

**GLASS AND CHINA AT M'DOUGALL & SONS, 77 & 79 BUCHANAN STREET, DEPOT FOR MINTON'S, COPELAND'S, WORCESTER, AND DRESDEN PORCELAIN.**

Notwithstanding the general depression our sales have more than doubled during the last 3 months, since we commenced allowing a Cash Discount. Encouraged by this, we have resolved to continue our business on the following terms, viz., to allow 10 per cent. off all goods paid for at time of purchase, 5 per cent. off for cash in one month or 3 months net.

Owing to special arrangement with several leading makers we are enabled to sell our Goods considerably under usual prices, and many of our best Patterns are reserved entirely for ourselves. Free Promenade through our Show-Rooms.

The Stock is one of the largest and best selected in the kingdom. Suitable for all Classes, comprising an endless Variety of Useful and Ornamental Goods. Novelties being daily added.

Tea Sets, 7s 6d to £25; Table Sets, 28s to £85; Dessert Services, 22s to £50; Toilet Sets, 7s to £15; also Cheese Stands, Flower Pots, Candelabra, Mirrors, Table Glass, &c. &c.

AND AT 8 TO 14 JAIL SQUARE.

Established over 50 Years.

## T H E G A I E T Y .

Proprietor and Manager, Mr C. BERNARD.

TO-NIGHT (TUESDAY)—BELPHEGOR.

WEDNESDAY—VIRGINIUS.

THURSDAY—THE GAMESTER AND DON CESAR.

FRIDAY—MR DILLON'S BENEFIT.

Doors Open at 6.30, Curtain rising at 7.30.

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## J O H N W A L K E R & C O .

FAMILY GROCERS, WINE MERCHANTS,

AND ITALIAN WAREHOUSEMEN,

42 WEST NILE STREET, GLASGOW.

List on Application.

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CALEDONIAN RAILWAY.

## T O U R I S T A R R A N G E M E N T S ,

SEASON 1879.

These are now in full operation, and particulars of the various Tours can be had in the Company's "Tourist Guide," price One Penny, on sale at the Railway Stations, &c.

JAMES SMITHELLS, General Manager,

Glasgow, June, 1879.

On Wednesday, 4th June, in the City Sale-Rooms, 41 West Nile Street.

EXTENSIVE SALE OF FIRST-CLASS GREENHOUSE and BEDDING-OUT PLANTS; 1000 Stubby Geraniums, in Varieties; 600 Fuchsias, Handsomely Grown; Pair Large Palms, 5 ft. high, 6 ft. broad; 2 Acacias, 6 ft. and 5 ft.; Camellias and Cititiys, etc., BY AUCTION.

J. & R. EDMISTON will Sell the above, in the City Sale-Rooms, 41 West Nile Street, on Wednesday, 4th June, at 12 Noon. On View Morning of Sale.

J. & R. EDMISTON, Auctioneers.

## IF YOU WANT TO MAKE A SAFE INVESTMENT,

CALL AND SEE THE LARGEST STOCK IN GLASGOW OF FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFES,

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J O H N D A L Z I E L & S O N S ,

122 INGRAM STREET,

SOLE AGENTS FOR GLASGOW AND WEST OF SCOTLAND FOR COTTERILL'S PATENT SAFES, DEED BOXES AND LOCKS.

Wholesale Agents for Milner's Safes, &c. &c.



NEW ROUTES TO THE WEST HIGHLANDS.



## GLASGOW, INVERARAY, AND OBAN

Via WEMYSS BAY and KYLES OF BUTE,

Per Splendid Saloon Steamer LORD OF THE ISLES, From Wemyss Bay at 9-15 A.M., Train from Glasgow (Bridge Street) at 8-5 A.M.

Via GREENOCK AND LOCH ECK,

Per Splendid Saloon Steamer LORD OF THE ISLES, From Greenock at 8-15 A.M., Train from Glasgow (Bridge St.) at 7-30 A.M.; or per Steamer VIVID at 8-45 A.M., Train from Bridge Street at 7-35 A.M.

For full Particulars as to Steamers, Coaches, Fares, Circular Tours, &c., see Time Bills, to be had on board Steamers, at Railway Stations; from JOHN RODGER, Inveraray; GEORGE STIRLING, Dunoon; and from

M. T. CLARK, Manager, 17 Oswald St., Glasgow.

## J O H N M . S I M P S O N , Furniture Warehouse,

and Show-rooms, 60 GREAT CLYDE STREET (Corner of Maxwell Street), Glasgow. One of the largest Stocks in the City. New Illustrated House Furnishing Guide to be had Free on application. The Cheapest Establishment in the City for Really Good Substantial Furniture of Artistic Design and Superior Finish. Quality Guaranteed.

**WEST OF SCOTLAND RIFLE ASSOCIATION.**

The Eighteenth Annual Prize Meeting Competitions at  
COWGLEN RANGES, GLASGOW,  
THIS WEEK.

Total Number and Value of Prizes, 759, £1890.

The Shooting will Commence each day at Nine a.m.

Programmes and Entry Schedules are now ready and may be had at all Volunteer Orderly Rooms, Rifle Ranges, Gunmakers' Shops, or at the Offices of the Association.

THOMAS FERGUSON, Lieutenant,  
Secretary.

137 West George St., Glasgow.

*Royal Route via Crinan and Caledonian Canals.*

**GLASGOW AND THE HIGHLANDS.**

**THE ROYAL MAIL STEAMER, Columbia,**  
Iona, Chevalier, Mountaineer, Pioneer, Clansman,  
Clydesdale, Queen of the  
Staffa, Lake, Gondo-  
Islay, lier, Glengarry,  
Glencoe, Linnet, Loch-  
awe, Lochiel, Lochness, Cygnet, Plover, Inverary Castle, Sail  
during the Season for Islay, Oban, Fort-William, Inverness,  
Staffa, Iona, Glencoe, Lochawe, Tobermory, Portree, Gairloch,  
Ullapool, Lochinver, and Stornoway, affording Tourists an  
opportunity of visiting the Magnificent Scenery of Glencoe, the  
Coolin Hills, Loch Coruisk, Lech Maree, and the famed Islands  
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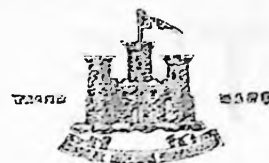
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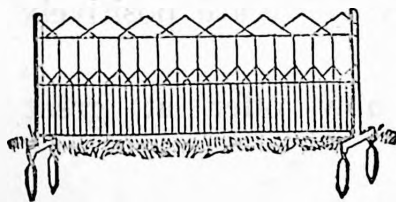
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Annual Subscription, Family Tickets, £1 1s; Single do., 10s 6d;  
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In all Departments of Literature, including the Library which belonged to a Lady Deceased, and removed from Ibrox.

BROWN & LOWDEN will Sell the above, by Auction, within their Rooms, 14 Gordon Street, on Thursday, 5th June, at 12 o'clock.

Catalogues to be had on application to the Auctioneers on Day prior to Sale.

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The Choice Variety for this High-class SCOTCH TWEED SUIT excels that of any former Season, and our facilities for making up are as perfect as it is possible to make them.

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GENTLEMEN'S  
FELT AND SATIN HATS.

OUR prices are so much lower than any other Hats (of equal quality) sold in Glasgow, that we may truthfully say *we have no competitors.*

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BOYS' HATS.

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THOUSANDS.

Our MILLINERY DEPARTMENT is at present a perfect hive of Industry. Ladies would do well to call early in the day as we are positively crowded every day in this Flat.

Our FRENCH PATTERN BONNETS we now offer at great reductions.

LOOK OUT FOR NEXT WEEK'S ADVERTISEMENTS!







# The Bailie.

“MY CONSCIENCE!”

No. 347. Glasgow, Wednesday, June 11th, 1879. Price 1d

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 347.

THE BAILIE takes little interest in theological squabbles and sectarian differences. In these days it needs a sharp man to tell who are orthodox and who are heterodox; and that sharp man his Worship has no wish either to meet or to hear. Your sharp people generally, and especially your theologically sharp people, are not, as a rule, very pleasant companions. One thing, however, is satisfactory to the Magistrate, and that is, the growing readiness, heresy hunts notwithstanding, to honour eminent worth in connection with every branch of the Church. To show how much he is in earnest in this matter, the BAILIE, who is known as the churchiest of churchmen, has elected to give a portrait, in his current number, of the Rev. Dr MORRISON, the founder of the sect known as Morrisonians. The Man you Know has been subjected to numerous vicissitudes of opinion. Suspended as a heretic in 1841, he is now recognised as one of our most scholarly divines, and as an able champion of the Faith. Dr MORRISON is a son of the manse, his father, Robert Morrison, having been minister of the Secession Church at Bathgate. Any one looking at his face can recognise the signs of special brain power in that large, thoughtful brow. Of his future ability he gave early promise. While yet a boy in the Bathgate Academy he gained a Greek Testament as a prize for his youthful scholarship. He distinguished himself greatly at the Edinburgh University, becoming a favourite with Professor Pillans, whilst Christopher North wrote on his certificate that he had “manifested as much intellectual power as had ever been displayed in his class.” At the Divinity Hall of the Secession Church he also took a foremost place. His curriculum finished, the Man you

Know accepted a call to the pastorate of Clerk’s Lane Church, Kilmarnock, and was duly ordained. But prior to this he had become dissatisfied with the extreme Calvinism then prevalent in Scotland, and boldly struck out for a more liberal theology. The Confession of Faith was better guarded in those days than it is in our more degenerate times, and so the young man was ordered to be “dealt” with. He would not, however, be sat upon. He was suspended, but as he did not recognise that men gave him the right to speak the truth, he refused to recognise their right to make him silent concerning it. So he preached and suffered. Indisputably his was a plucky fight, and it is now admitted by well-nigh all that the treatment he received was a mistake. Indeed, at the recent Synod, the U.P. Church in its Declaratory Law formally approved what he had contended for in 1841, but which was then regarded as intolerable heresy. His congregation stood by the Man you Know, and ere long other churches declared their sympathy with his teaching. By and bye these were associated into what is known as the Evangelical Union. In connection with the denomination a Divinity Hall was early founded, and the Man you Know was chosen as one of the first professors. All along he held that office till two years ago, when he was unanimously elected Principal. As a professor, his work was of the most thorough character, as is proved by his Monograph on Rom. iii.—a work that was hailed by all parties as putting Dr MORRISON into the front rank as a Biblical critic. His commentaries, too, on Matthew and Mark likewise occupy a high place, as does also his Exposition of Rom. ix. The Man you Know came in 1851 to Glasgow, and since that time has been minister of North Dundas Street E.U. Church. Unfortunately he has suffered for many years from a severe affection of the throat, which has

greatly weakened his originally powerful voice. But even yet when he warms with his theme he can give more than "a taste of his quality." This throat affection, combined with his intense love of study, has kept him from becoming prominently identified with public movements. He has gathered a splendid library, his collection of books bearing on the Epistle to the Romans being regarded as the richest extant. As a pastor he is diligent and successful, and it goes without saying, that he is all but idolised by his Church and denomination. Dr MORRISON has been twice married, and has two children living, one of whom is a bookseller in Glasgow, and the other the wife of the Rev. George Gladstone, his colleague in the pastorate of North Dundas Street Church. Altogether, as a wise counsellor and a loving, genial friend, a well-trained man and a scholar familiar with the different schools of philosophic and religious thought, the Man you Know is largely deserving of the wide esteem in which he is held, not only by his own Church, but by members of every denomination in the city.

#### New Friends with Old Faces.

THE Mitchell Library not being strong in fiction, Mr Wilson proposes that the deficiency should be partially made up by adorning the institution with "a fancy picture" of its founder "with the head of Shakespeare or Burns." The idea is excellent, and, the BAILIE fancies, original. It is capable, too, of almost indefinite extension. Our children may behold with wondering eyes our public places ornamented with quasi-effigies of, say, Lord Provost Collins *à la* Pericles, and Mr Martin in the guise of Demosthenes, while Messrs Burt and Moir might draw lots for the privilege of figuring as Æschines. The BAILIE feels, however, that he is treading on rather delicate ground. Without undertaking the invidious task of apportioning the various characters, he may point out that our other public benefactors might descend to posterity in the rôles of Cicero, Cromwell, Cæsar, Guy Fawkes, Pompey, Plato, James I., Barabbas, and other great and good men of yore. Of one thing his Worship is certain, namely, that if the said benefactors were to take the counterfeit presentments of their prototypes, instead of figuring *in propria persona*, the result would be a distinct æsthetic gain—*teste* Oswald.

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK  
is the best present from Edinburgh. 1 Melbourne place,  
near the Castle.

#### At Random.

"A fool's bolt is soon shot."—*Henry I.*

I'M not a volunteer—at least  
Not now; time was—you know the rest—  
Time was, ere those grey hairs increased,  
I donned my tunic with the best.

But though I've left to younger men  
To do the well-known "Company—fours!"  
In yearly meetings at Cowglen  
I've still an interest in the scores.

Had I my way, I'd make it clear,  
That every stripling fresh from school  
Should straight be made a volunteer  
Against his will—is that a bull!

Talking of "bulls" but brings me back  
To speak of *Cowglen*—nor the jest shun;  
No further I'll the poor pun rack,  
But leave the *stakes* all out the question.

"That man who'd make a pun would"—no,  
Critic, you're wrong, with all your cuts!  
I'll bring our volunteers to show  
That that word "Fire!" suggests the "bullets."

Your pun is hard to strike—is't not?  
It needs a very tender sight;  
'Tis only they condemn the shot  
Who fail themselves to hit the white.

I've missed my mark; I meant to tell  
How much this contest I enjoyed,  
But that same name of Cowglen—well?  
What's in an aim?—ask Martin Boyd.

You see I'm out; but, after all,  
I've really little more to say;  
However straight we mean our ball,  
It may turn out a *ricochet*.

So 'tis with you; and e'en poor I,  
In this same skirmish now of wit,  
May sometimes fail, although I try  
My best to make a local hit.

#### PROPRIETY BEFORE DUTY.

(Scene—Burnbank).

*Colonel* (fiercely, to raw youth)—You a-en't properly dressed, sir!

*Raw Youth*—Eh? Beg pard'n! (Starts, blushes, and dives at the buttons of his tunic).

[*Colonel* fumes; comrades giggle.]

What a terrible fellow is Mr M'Laren, of the City Parochial Board! There's no pleasing him. His colleagues are "incompetent," the Board of Supervision is "incapable," and he actually objects to the Governor of the Poor-house receiving an increase of salary in these highly prosperous times! It is true that the last objection was ultimately withdrawn, but Mr M'Laren's colleagues and supervisors are still under his ban. They have the BAILIE's deepest sympathy in the trying circumstances.

Tip-top—Bauldy getting not only his coat but his hat from his *t(a)ilor*. In "this tile, 4/9" may now be seen Mr Archibald,

Reflections at a Volunteer Inspection.

THE volunteer is the most self-denying of mortals. He must appear in public in a not particularly becoming grey dress; he is liable to be sworn at by a hot-tempered drill instructor; he must carry an inconvenient and apparently heavy rifle for hours at a time; he must splash through sloppy fields or swelter under a broiling sun at the word of command; he is exposed to the message boy's scorn, and the street Arab's contumely; and all for no particular object. He has not even the consolation of thinking that his laborious career may be closed by a glorious death on the field of battle.

Nothing captivates the susceptible female heart so completely as a uniform. From the parson's Geneva gown to the footman's plush and silk stockings, each uniform has its little circle of female devotees. Adonis himself in plain clothes could hardly hold his own against the weakest-kneed of raw recruits in his regimentals.

A good deal has been said about the awkwardness and discomfort of the chimney pot hat, but the *ne plus ultra* of undesirability in head-gear had not been reached before the introduction of the volunteer helmet. In addition to many other delightful properties, it always has the appearance of being several sizes too large for the wearer.

It is astonishing how like one man is to another when he is deprived of the opportunity of consulting his own taste in the colour of his necktie and the cut of his coat.

A volunteer inspection must be almost as dull a performance for a girl as a cricket match. And yet the sweet creatures, with a spirit of heroic self-sacrifice which cannot be too highly praised, turn out largely to both.

MY GRANDFATHER'S JOKE.

Tommy—See, grandpa', this is my Sir Roger. You put a ha'p'ny in the plate, and it slips in there, and he bows for it!

Grandpa' (missing the hint) — Does he, Tommy? There's more than him wad boo for a ha'p'ny—eh? He-he-he!

"Paniers," says a journal of the fashions, "have never gone completely out." His Worship takes the liberty of adding that they never will, as long as donkeys abound in the land.

A Sign of Summer—"The crickets" on the earth again—Ahem! A wicket joke; skip it.

Another "Union Question."

MR WALTER PATON, who presided over Colonel Mure's meeting at Pollokshields last week, has "no doubt" that the Liberal party will be "united" by the time the next general election comes round. This may at first sight appear somewhat sanguine, but the gallant Colonel's address went far to justify Mr Paton's confidence. After supporting the Government through thick and thin, the chosen of Renfrewshire now turns round and curses them altogether. This is an operation somewhat analogous to that known to the members of the Eglinton Club as "hedging," and if the other Liberal members show themselves as proficient in the art as Colonel Mure there is no reason why the party should not assume a "union" even if it has it not.

ECCLESIASTICAL ANNEXATION.—The BAILIE recommends to the attention of the Foreign Secretary the proceedings of the Free Church Committee on Colonial Missions. That committee have, it seems, "deemed it their duty to send an agent to take possession of Cyprus for the Free Church." Whether the agent has accomplished the object of his mission does not appear, but it is clear that we cannot suffer our possessions to be ecclesiastically appropriated in this cool fashion—though, indeed, a good many members of the Free Church, both lay and clerical, might very advantageously be stowed away in "little Cyprus."

HONOUR BOTH WEAVER AND BLEACHER.

That lays of Tannahill be sung  
 "The Glen's" been gi'en for many years;  
 Then let old Echo ope his tongue  
 And fill the hills with lusty cheers  
 For Fulton's grace, his gates wide flung  
 Free as his trusting heart from fears  
 Of ill from want of wit, or will,  
 To glen fill'd, thrill'd, by Tannahill.

According to a local banker, the whole duty of a banking man consists in keeping his eyes and ears open, and his mouth shut. Shareholders might find it advantageous to follow the first portion of this rule.

What is the difference between an Exchange broker and a rustic trying a galvanic battery?—Why one has stocks and shares and the other has shocks and stares.

Vanity—The desire of being "the observed of all observers," if not also the admired of all admirers.

## Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—That most side-splitting production which goes under the title of "Truth"—and which, to tell the truth, is neither comedy, farce, nor burlesque, but is a most amazing compound of all three—will be played for the first time at the Gaiety this evening. Of course all the world (may I add his wife?) will be there to see. "Truth" will be played for the customary fortnight at Mr Bernard's house, which we may be certain will be packed every night of its run.

The ever-popular "Les Cloches le Corneville" and "Madame Favart," that most recent Strand success, are among the novelties announced by Mr Bernard for the near future.

Mr Hubert O'Grady has done excellent business during the past fortnight, at Her Majesty's Theatre, on the South Side. To-night he produces "Eileen Oge," which, I suppose, will be played all week. "Eileen Oge" is one of the best of the many good dramas written by Mr Edmund Falconer. In the hands of Mr O'Grady and his company it is sure to prove a hit.

The Glasgow and South-Western Railway Excursion Guide has now been issued, and ought to be procured at once by folk in search of somewhere for an outing—be the outing long or short. The stronghold of the Company is, of course, Ayrshire and the South of Scotland generally, but they will issue tickets franking you all over the Western Highlands and Islands, they will take you to Ireland, to the Cumberland Lake district, to the great English spas, and even to the mighty London itself. All their tours are singularly cheap, the Company being evidently determined to deal with the public in the most liberal spirit possible.

Your Manchester contemporary, my Magistrate, yeleft *Momus*, which is specially noticeable for its clever illustrations, contained capital portraits last week of Mr J. L. Toole and his managerial friend Mr George Loveday.

The *Helenburgh Times* announces the wedding of Mr Ure, "son of the future Lord Provost of Glasgow." "Coming events cast their shadows before," says Tom Campbell, and the shadow of Ure is a decided relief to the oppressive substance of Collins.

Who shall decide when critics disagree? Writing in the *Academy* of Saturday, Mr Edmund Gosse—no mean authority—styles Mr Tennyson "our incomparable poet," while in his recently published primer on English composition, Professor Nichol—who ought to know something of English literature seeing that he "professes" it in the University at Gilmorehill—declares Mr Swinburne to be the "lyrical successor" of Shelley, and the "chief poet of his generation in our language!"

Messrs Brown & Loudon announce a most interesting sale of works of ancient and modern sculpture in their Fine Art Galleries, Gordon Street, on Wednesday and Thursday next. The collection includes copies of many celebrated statues, busts, and groups, together with numerous studies of animals and birds. It is the property of Mr J. R. Gilmer, the well-known sculptor. Wednesday and Thursday will be big days in the Gordon Street Galleries.

Good spirits, a lively appreciation of humour, and a determination to be happy, will enable holiday-makers to bid defiance to the gloomiest weather. The members of the Pen and Pencil Club were not favoured for their pic-nic last Saturday with unclouded skies and summer sunshine, but they laughed the showers to scorn, and thoroughly enjoyed the "outing." One and all seemed to think it was about the pleasantest pic-nic they have yet had. The party, which, including ladies, numbered nearly fifty, drove out to the Torrance of Kilbride, dined under the greenwood tree in Colonel Harrington's grounds (which he courteously threw open to them), strolled through the lovely glen, and laughed, sang, and made merry in a right careless and jolly fashion. All returned to town with just one regret—the day had been too short. As an old friend of mine, a true philosopher, used to say, "Always to leave off, desiring a little more, is the secret of how to make the most of life's pleasures."

A word of praise is due to Mr Charles Wilson, of the Royal Restaurant, whose arrangements as caterer to the company were admirably carried out.

## An Optimist.

IF there ever existed a man with a resolute determination to look at none but the bright side of things, that man is "Mr William Morrison, shipowner, Inverness," who first came within the BAILIE'S ken as a speaker at last week's meeting of the shareholders of the Caledonian Bank. Addressing his disconsolate brethren, Mr Morrison declared that, instead of looking forward to making further payments on account of their City Bank shares, they should consider how much of what they had already paid would be got back. "He felt sure that every shareholder who was able to pay his calls in full would in the long run get a considerable amount back." This genial optimist went on to say that the doors of the Caledonian Bank "had never been really shut. Their doors had been open, and they had been regularly doing business. They changed their system of business, no doubt, and made it a receiving bank for a time, but they did not find that paying, and they now wished to go back to the old system." Quite so, Mr Morrison; and we all trust you may have your wish. Meanwhile, the BAILIE can but congratulate you upon your cheery ingenuity, and upon a hopefulness that is as pleasing in these dreary times as it is rare.

## "Suitable" Accommodation.

AT last there seems to be a probability of our following the example of every third-rate port in the kingdom, and providing some accommodation for river steamboat passengers at the Passenger Wharf. The Clyde Trustees have actually instructed their engineer to "prepare for their consideration" plans for such accommodation, which is to take the magnificent form of "a suitable shed." This is well, but we must not be rash or extravagant. Let us remember that ours is a poverty-stricken port, with no traffic to speak of, and build our shed "accordin'."

Wonders will never cease! His Grace of Hamilton has actually recognised the fact that there are other members of society besides dukes and jockeys, and has offered to carry mails to St. Kilda and Iceland in a steamer which he has chartered for a pleasure-cruise. The time must be out of joint in our "hupper succles." We may next hear of the Duke of Argyll doing something generous.

A Black Business—"Aisk Wednesday" with eruptive Etna.

Cowglen Proverbial Philosophy.

A THIRTY-FIFTH prize is better than none. It's a far cry to the target at the thousand yards range.

A shot in the bull's eye is worth more two in the outer.

It's an ill wind that blows across the range.

The nearer the target the farther from the marker.

Every bullet doesn't find its target.

A miss is as good for producing bad language as a mile.

It needs a steady hand to carry the Snider.

Good marksmen are born, not made.

Practice makes perfect at shooting on your back.

Sandy's "Brutal Delight."

MR ALEXANDER MACDONALD, M.P., must either survey mankind through some singularly distorted medium, or else he is very unfortunate in the specimens of the race with whom he comes in contact. He is perpetually attributing to others the most diabolical motives and sentiments, his latest effort being an assertion to the effect that "there has been of late years abroad a brutal delight in the sufferings of the miners." Now, there may possibly be such a feeling "abroad," but the BAILIE ventures to think it would be difficult to find it either abroad or at home—almost as difficult, indeed, as to find delight, either brutal or otherwise, in the unmitigated bosh which it pleases friend Sandy to talk.

The closing meeting of the Established Assembly was marked by a declaration on the part of a grave Doctor of Divinity that nobody would resent a slap from a lady's hand. Asinus says that Doctor of Divinity never encountered Mattie when her blood was up!

The Forfar Volunteers having been charged and scattered by a horse the other day, Asinus, who is a pronounced "Jingo," says that the animal should be looked after. It is evidently in the pay of Russia.

"THE SOVEREIGNEST THING ON EARTH."—Another stage has been reached in the *affaire* Widdows, and so far it seems a case of "sovereigns" all round. Widdows got sovereigns, Father Glancey got sovereigns, Mr Long got sovereigns, and now the gentle Widdows is to get more sovereigns. Asinus opines that a goldmine must have "struck" somewhere "around," and is off to look for it.

The "Business" of the Council.

LAST Thursday the Town Council wasted the greater part of another day over the silly Bowling Club business. According to Mr Mathieson, the Council has reduced itself over this matter "to the level of a petty vestry;" but it is to be hoped that there are not many vestries sufficiently "petty" to make so pompous a mountain out of a molehill so miserable. It would be ludicrous, if it were not a scandal, that the municipal Council of a great city should shelve important business in order to inquire whether the members of a respectable club did or did not play simply for "love," whether they left their club house an hour earlier or later, and whether or not they were in the habit of adjourning for "refreshments." Let us hope we have heard the last of this contemptible affair.

Bauldy wants to know if the Glasgow *Circulating Musical* Library is for the benefit of organ grinders, people whose turn for music has always been roundly abused instead of encouraged. It is a noteworthy fact that these peripatetic musicians, unlike too many affected young damosels, always play without their music and pressing is only required to make them leave off playing.

"BONS MOTS EN GROSS."—In the agony column of a contemporary somebody advises thusly:—"Everything going right. Evans's order 36 puns." Who is Evans? Doubtless the editor of some "comic," hard-up for "copy." Fancy the wholesale murder of the Queen's English involved in the execution of such an order as "36 puns!" And the poor punster for the invention of these verbal atrocities only to be remunerated at the usual rate of a penny a—pun! Evans must be an odd fish. Verily, *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*.

Who would not be a river-pilot? Should any accident occur to, or be occasioned by, the vessel under his charge, your pilot is, it seems, liable to be tried and punished by three separate courts—namely, the Glasgow River Bailie Court, the Clyde Pilot Board, and the Court of Session. Once more, who would not be a river-pilot?

Mr Kidston says that some of the Free Church Professors "are getting to the border-land, where they will have to be libelled, the same as Professor Robertson Smith." And what is to be done with a Free Church elder when he gets to the "border-land" of "gross indecency?"

## The Young Idea's Trainers.

A RECENT meeting of the Ayr School Board was marked by a charming incident. One of the members, a Dr M'Knight, persisted, in defiance of the chairman's ruling, in reading from a manuscript, whereupon the clerk began to read aloud another document. "Dr M'Knight," says the report, "kept on reading from his manuscript in an equally loud tone, and for about ten minutes the two kept reading away at the pitch of their voices. The scene was one of the most ludicrous imaginable." Very ludicrous indeed, the BAILIE should say—and highly edifying for such of the Board's juvenile charges as read the newspapers.

## BELL'S VISIT TO GLASGOW.

Betty—What way did ye no' come tae yer tea last night? Am shure I had a grand tea ready—and something in the press.

Bell—Weel, Betty, tae tell the truth, Awndro proposed tae gang some gate in a 'bush, an' losh, Betty, what's a cup o' tea till a hurle in a 'bush?

## "Sitting on a 'Stile.'"

QUEEN ANNE'S dead. Then let her lie:  
 Whence all this resurrection  
 Of Anne-tic form, and sombre dye,  
 This queer, if quaint, collection  
 Of hideous jars and odious pots,  
 Old China crocks all crack-ed,  
 Lank escritoirs and limp whatnots  
 In ebon suits soot black-ed;  
 The spindly legs of chairs and stools  
 All twirly turn'd and twistic,  
 De'ying canons, laws, and rules,  
 And taste and tone artistic.  
 In buildings—bits, and breaks, and bends,  
 And quips and cranks quite curvey,  
 And curious sques on gable ends,  
 "The Orders" topsy-turvey.  
 "Dis-order most admired"—ah well,  
 By those whose only test is  
 That 'tis "the rage;" and those who sell—  
 Their test, what sells the best is.

RIGHT A-HEAD!—The friends of Professor Robertson Smith, as well as humane and nervous people in general, will be relieved to learn that it is not as yet proposed to visit that gentleman's misdeeds with the punishment of decapitation. At least, one of his critics observed last week that it was not "desirable" that he (Professor Smith) should "lose his head," and the opinion seemed to be favourably received. So the Professor and the persons already referred to may congratulate themselves upon having *one* danger the less to face.

## Ye "Burns" and Brays.

A SOMEWHAT "rowdy" series of meetings was not unfitly brought to a close last Tuesday evening by the Free Church Moderator's address, which was—not to put too fine a point upon it—"bumptious" and aggressive to a degree. Mr Burns declared the late Assembly to be the 319th of the Free Church, talked of a late lamented monarch as "Charles Stuart," and added that "Christendom had been looking on—even the Popedom, he ventured to say, had not been deaf or blind" to the recent proceedings. Later on he referred to the "slim, slipshod, verbose, vapid effusions" of some of his brethren. Let us hope that this "left-hander" will prove a wholesome corrective to the grandiloquence which preceded it.

PRIME "NATIVES."—In some respects, it appears, native Indian society is more advanced than our own. Speaking in Edinburgh the other day, the Rev. Mr Wilson said that, in the "Empire," "little girls" could make more eligible matches if they had certificates of having passed an examination. Can any Glasgow youth—to bring the matter home—lay his hand on his heart, and conscientiously say that that heart is more susceptible to the charms of the "Higher-Education-of-Women" young female than to those of the "little girl" to whom mathematics are a mystery and biology a bore?

The speechifying in connection with the opening of the new Greenock poorhouse last Thursday took place in "the lunatics' dining-hall"—a not inappropriate place, considering portions of the history of the building.

Consolation for Dr Begg—The greater the number of organs that are introduced into churches the more will voluntary-ism increase. He-haw!

The Downward Path—The gullet. The Path of Duty—The road to the Custom House.

"We can honestly declare that MACNIVEN & CAMERON'S Pens are the best.—*Bury Times*.

"The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen,  
 Are truly a boon and a blessing to men;  
 But the Hindoo, Commercial, and also the Nile,  
 Are blessings as great in a different style."  
 "They are a treasure."—*Standard*.

1745 Newspapers recommend them.

See *The Edinburgh Property Review*.  
 Beware of the parties offering spurious imitations of these Pens.

6d and 1s per Box, at all Stationers.  
 Sample Box, assorted all kinds, 1s 1d by Post.  
 23 to 33 Blair Street, Edinburgh.  
 Penmakers to Her Majesty's Government Offices.  
 (Established 1770.)



What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the Queen's Park Bowling Club affair was up again last week.

That the majority of the Council think the Parks Committee went too far in their restrictions on the Club.

That Bailie Laing holds the Corporation didn't go far enough, and that half of the terrible state of affairs hasn't yet come out.

That it's the old story about a teapot and a tempest.

That another West of Scotland Rifle Meeting has come to an end.

That the volunteers didn't come forward so well as in former years.

That the general public didn't patronise the meeting.

That some fresh attraction must be provided for next year.

That a contest between the Town Council and the Chamber of Commerce might prove a draw.

That if some of the Corporation were as erratic in their shooting as they are in their speeches the contest would be a lively one.

That our pastors and masters have returned from the General Assemblies.

That several of the weaker-kneed among the fathers and brethren found the air of Edinburgh somewhat too strong.

That 'Arry didn't attend the Widdows sympathy meeting in Dundee.

That neither did he subscribe to the report that the character of Nobbs "has been consistent with his profession."

That the Lord Provost opened a bridge without knowing it last week.

That his Lordship seldom does anything without taking care to have it well chronicled.

That the starting of hydropathic institutions is the latest "fad."

That all the hydros. are not "public-houses without the drink."

That bicycling has taken the place of footballing.

That the one is about as dangerous as the other.

That a Glasgow street is not the softest place to "come a cropper."

That Sheriff Murray has gone in for "funny" interlocutors.

That the worthy Sheriff is neither a Cockburn nor a Neaves.

That the best advice that can be given him is, "Don't do it again."

That the lovers of sensationalism have met

with a great disappointment in the discharge of the would-be Stockwell murderer.

That "Granny" pooh-poohed the business from the very beginning.

That the *Mail* tried and found the self-accused guilty, and would have gladly executed him without the interference of judge or jury.

Malvolio Again.

IN spite of some local Malvolios, the reign of cakes and ale is not over at Linlithgow. It has long been the custom for the magistrates of that ancient burgh to "ride the marches" on a certain day every year, and the expenses of this ceremony are defrayed from the public funds. Last week, however, when the Provost moved that the necessary sums be voted, a Mr M'Alpine opposed the vote on the usual narrow-minded grounds. He objected to £2 being spent on "a pie," and 11s on what he coarsely called "drink;" but convivial and old-fashioned souls will be glad to know that the opposition came to nothing, and that ginger will still be hot i' the mouth Linlithgow way. So *vivent* cakes and ale—or, if Mr M'Alpine prefers it, "pies" and "drink!"

A Touching Spectacle.

WHAT a hobnobbing and embracing of rival sects there was, to be sure, at Dr Drummond's induction last Wednesday! The lion lay down with the lamb, and all was friendly and touching exceedingly. It is true that the people did laugh when Mr Middleton talked of "the loving and gentle character of the Free Church," nor could Dr Jeffrey and Professor Duff resist the temptation to sneer, respectively, at Mr Strong and "Highland Presbyteries;" but it must be remembered that sweetness and light are novel ingredients at a U.P. banquet, and that we cannot expect to see them in full perfection all at once. Practice will, no doubt, make perfect.

The question of the redistribution of seats in Parliament having cropped up again, certain of our little neighbours are filled with ambitious yearnings. Greenock desires a second representative, while Gourock and Port-Glasgow decline to be satisfied with anything less than a whole member apiece. This is somewhat alarming. Hadn't we better go in for another trio of M.P.'s before Hillhead, Crosshill, and the rest have time to lodge *their* claims?

## NOVELTY IN DRESSMAKING.

55s COSTUME TO ORDER.

**D**URING the short time our Ladies Dress Department has been in operation, we have been complimented again and again on the extraordinary moderation of our prices. Indeed, it is only after a short experience and a comparison of our prices with the charges of other West-end firms that we are enabled to realise what great room there is for a Dress Establishment conducted on the principles which we advocate. Success leads on to further efforts, and we now beg to intimate the introduction of a NOVEL FEATURE, which we are certain Ladies will appreciate—namely, a handsome COSTUME, *Made to Order*, at a fixed cash price of *Fifty-Five Shillings*. This Costume will be made from a pure All-Wool Beige, Princess Cloth, or other high-class material, self-trimmed, and corded with silk. Ladies will have the choice of a large assortment of materials in every fashionable colour, and their taste will be studied in every particular. We guarantee a perfect fit, and the finish of each Costume will be in the highest style of the Art of Dressmaking.

Ladies will save at least 20 per cent. by taking advantage of this scheme.

RILEY, WEBSTER, & BORLAND,  
86 AND 88 ARGYLE STREET.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

HENRY THOMSON & CO.'S  
OLD  
IRISH WHISKY.  
SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—  
ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

## TOWN, COAST, OR COUNTRY.

**M**aking it, as we do, our constant study to anticipate the wants of our Customers, in all matters of Dress, it gives us pleasure to direct very special attention to our SIXTY SHILLINGS "SCOTCH TWEED" SUITS, which for good value will be found unequalled in the City. We appreciate fully the growing disposition among Gentlemen when they are about to buy a Tweed Suit to know precisely what it will cost—assuming the Quality, Fit, and Style to be entirely satisfactory—and in fixing the price at 60s. it will readily be seen that we have resolved to place the Suit within the reach of every Business Man in the City.

FORSYTH,  
CLOTHIER & SHIRTMAKER,  
5 AND 7 RENFIELD STREET.

*Note.—The Special Realising Sale, at Great Reductions in Prices, will be continued during June, in order to reduce Stocks, as they are still much in excess of what they should be, compatible with the safe and proper working of a Cash Business.*

FURNITURE.  
DINING-ROOM, DRAWING-ROOM,  
BED-ROOM, PARLOUR, KITCHEN,  
OFFICE, LIBRARY, AND LOBBY  
FURNITURE; ALSO, MIRRORS,  
CARPETS, LINOLEUMS, RUGS,  
BEDDING, NAPERY, CRETONNES,  
CURTAINS, WINDOW POLES, &c.,  
AT UNPRECEDENTED PRICES  
DURING THE MONTH OF JUNE.  
A. GARDNER & SON,  
CABINETMAKERS AND UPHOLSTERERS,  
36 JAMAICA STREET.

## TO FAMILIES GOING TO THE COAST.

RARE BARGAINS IN COSTUMES, JACKETS, DRESS FABRICS,  
MILLINERY, BONNETS, &c., &c.,

AT THE

CALEDONIAN HOUSE,

**M**ESSRS COPLAND & LYE intimate to the Citizens of Glasgow, especially those going to the Coast, or preparing for Marriage Outfits, that they have just received another Lot of Paris and London Costumes, London, Paris, and Vienna Jackets, Lorry Loads of Dress Goods; also an immense Stock of Trimmed and Untrimmed Bonnets; also Linen Sheetings, Horrocks's Long Cloths and Calicoes, which Ladies would do well to buy before the advance takes place, which will inevitably follow the improvement in trade, which has decidedly commenced; in fact, we say to one and all that we think such an opportunity of laying out your money to such good advantage may not occur again during the present century.

COPLAND & LYE,  
CALEDONIAN HOUSE, 165 AND 167 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

IMPORTANT TO PARTIES FURNISHING.

FRANCIS & JAMES SMITH,

**B**EG respectfully to draw the attention of Parties about to Furnish, in whole or in part, to the Immense Stock of CABINET, UPHOLSTERY, and CARPET GOODS at present on View in their Show-Rooms, corner of Gordon and Union Streets, which are the largest and most complete Furniture Show-Rooms out of London, the total Floorage being equal to one and a half Square Acres.

The Stock of DINING-ROOM, DRAWING-ROOM, BED-ROOM, LIBRARY, and OFFICE FURNITURE is replete with every requisite, while the Stock of CARPETS, FLOORCLOTHS, NAPERY, WINDOW and BED CURTAIN MATERIALS comprises the Newest Patterns and Designs of the best Manufacturers. GILT MIRRORS in great variety, and the cheapest in the City. BILLIARD and BAGATELLE TABLES, &c.

F. & J. S. would call special attention to the fact that all their Goods are marked in Plain Figures at the lowest Cash Prices (from which no abatement can be allowed), and as the whole Stock has just been gone carefully over, and marked at *reduced prices*, Parties about to furnish would do well to call and inspect them before purchasing elsewhere. To all who can make it convenient to call, every assistance will be given to enable them to make up their own estimates, while those at a distance, or who are unable to call personally, will be furnished with Estimates, Drawings, and Photographs on application, and if necessary, competent Assistants will be sent to take Plans and advise as to Furnishing. All Goods Stored Free till required.

P.S.—F. & J. S. would particularly draw attention to a Stock of Best Brussels and Tapestry Carpets, last year's patterns, which, to effect a speedy clearance, they are now offering at specially low prices.

REMOVALS CAREFULLY CONDUCTED.

FRANCIS & JAMES SMITH,

CABINET, UPHOLSTERY, AND CARPET WAREHOUSEMEN,  
CORNER OF

GORDON STREET AND UNION STREET.

CABINET AND GLASS SILVERING WORKS—KENT ROAD AND BERKELEY STREET.

Established 1835.

DAVISON'S

**CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE  
GINGER BEER.**

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE  
YEAR ROUND; WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC.  
As Supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

THOMAS DAVISON,  
DISPENSING CHEMIST,  
126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

**The Bailie.**

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 11th, 1879.

**O**UR friends at the School Board had a lively time of it on Monday afternoon. They executed a war dance on the bodies, or at least the pockets, of the unoffending ratepayers; they discussed statistics in a manner that would have made Mr GLADSTONE'S hair stand on end; and, speaking through the Chairman, they repeatedly called Mr KIDSTON to order, and ended by insisting that he must "sit down," refusing, in the most absolute manner, to listen to a word the poor man had to say. The proceedings had both a serious and a farcical side. When the majority

decided upon mulcting the lieges out of 5d upon every pound of rental for the up-keeping of the dominies, their conduct was serious enough in all conscience. To the BAILIE'S mind the necessity for the imposition of such a rate and at a time of such general depression in trade, either arises from out-and-out extravagance, or from crass stupidity in the management of affairs. Even the people who imposed it admitted by inference that the figure was absurdly high. Unfortunately all indignation on the matter is now so much temper wasted. The members of the Board are in for three years, there is no appeal against their fiat, and we have no option with regard to the rate than just to grin and pay it. The broad farce came, as usual, after the more doleful proceedings. Towards the close of the meeting Mr KIDSTON resembled nobody so much as the policeman in the pantomime. He only got up to be knocked down again. Even his usual pair of henchmen failed him in his sore trouble. Knocked this way by Mr MARTIN and that way by Mr WOOD he received the *coup de grace* from Mr CONNAL. What FERNIEGAIK thinks of his treatment has not been reported. The public, however, are mightily amused. Indeed, the

BAILIE would not be astonished if some of them were even to overlook the heavy burden that has been laid upon their shoulders in view of the satisfaction they have experienced at the setting down he received.

“As Ithers See Us.”

IN the Established Assembly last week Dr Cunningham, of Crieff, made the bold assertion that “churches were always courteous in their language to each other. Churches were not fishwives, but always spoke decent language.” Dr Cunningham possibly has ideas of his own as to what is “courteous” and “decent,” and no one will contradict his statement as to “churches not being fishwives;” but it is possible to copy a fishwife without being one, and the most eloquent matron in all Newhaven could hardly say worse things of a rival in trade than fell from the lips of reverend gentlemen during last week’s ecclesiastical meetings. Churches as well as fishwives might be considerably benefited by seeing themselves as others see them.

“TO EACH HIS SUFFERINGS”—*Gray*.—The Retainer in reading the latest news from Zululand a day or two ago came upon the statement that a small British force was intercepted by a powerful “impi” of the enemy; and the same word has turned up oftener than once to puzzle him in his perusal of the war accounts lately. For his own part, Asinus says, he has had no experience of the Zulu article; but, he adds, if it be half as bad as the impe-cuniosity of which he knows only too much it must be a sufficiently objectionable sort of thing.

THE “ACTIVE AND INTELLIGENT.”—Sheriff Galbraith holds that to take a certain view of a policeman’s “suspension” would be to make it “equivalent to giving a constable a holiday.” And what for no? The difference between your “suspended” and “non-suspended” bobby would simply be that the former is given a holiday, while the latter invariably takes one!

The BAILIE observes with grief that—in spite of the League, Lord Provost Collins, and that “awful example,” the Ass—intemperance seems to be spreading among the lower animals. A cow got itself into the papers last week by kicking up a shindy in a Coatbridge public-house. It is a terrible thought that the time may come when we shall be obliged to bring up our innocent babes on milk-punch!

Megilp.

MR GEORGE E. EWING has got comfortably settled in a studio in New York, and has begun work. He will be gratified when he hears of the proceedings at the presentation to the Lord Provost of the bust of the late Mr John Mathison, Jun. Well deserved compliments were paid by the speakers at the ceremony, both to Mr G. E. Ewing, who modelled the bust, and to his brother, Mr J. A. Ewing, who cut it in marble. The likeness is excellent.

The artists are spreading over the country in search of summer sunshine. Those who have remained in Scotland have been rather unsuccessful in their quest. The weather in many places has been liker March than June.

Mr Colin Hunter was in Glasgow last week on his way north. Mr James A. Aitken is in Dublin. We shall probably have a picture from him this year of the hawthorns in the Phoenix Park, which for glory of bloom stand unequalled in the three kingdoms. All who have not seen these hawthorns in full flourish have yet something to live for. They are countless in number, and when they are at the height of their beauty the air of the Park is as sweetly odoriferous as any gale that ever blew from Araby the blest. The widely stretching sheets of white blossoms, the bright green turf, the glimpses of the winding Liffey, sparkling here and there between the luxuriant trees, make up a landscape of charming variety and loveliness. Our ordinary tourists never see it in perfection: they do not visit Dublin until the hawthorn season is over.

Mr Chas. M'Ewan has gone to Shetland: Mr M'Glashan is working at Corrie.

It is probable that farther on in the season several artists will be found working in the neighbourhood of Holy Loch—among them Mr J. D. Adam, Mr Wellwood Rattray, Mr Crichton, and Mr Tom Donald. Mr Donald has an hereditary interest in the beautiful scenery that surrounds the Holy Loch. His father found there the subjects of some of his best works.

Mr Glover is at Kilman: he knows the district well, and appreciates thoroughly its many beauties. Mr Joseph Henderson has gone to Ayrshire.

ALARMING INTELLIGENCE.

(Scene—Opposite *Mail* Office, Union Street; cab horse lying on the ground).

*Old Lady*—Preserve me! Whit's wrang wi' the pair horse?

*Jocular Bystander* (gravely)—Very *Milan*-choly affair ma'in. The poor animal happened to glance in passing at the newspaper contents placard, and instantly dropped down in a *bill*-ious fit.

A DISLOYAL SUBURB.—“What ails” the shopkeepers of Rutherglen “at” our Most Gracious Sovereign? Last Tuesday was, we are told, kept by them as a holiday, “instead of the Queen’s birth-day, which they do not observe.” It is well for these disloyal hucksters that they do not live under the paternal sway of a Czar. But there! What can you expect of a community that suffers itself to be represented by a Fortyscrew Harassing?

A daily paper having stated that one day last week the “small bores” had the Cowglen targets all to themselves, Jones observes that he always thought those Volunteer fellahs were *great* bores.

Bauldy's Spacial Commission.—No. 2

DEAR BAILIE,—Efter the gentle hint wi' wheech I concludit ma first spacial report I had houped tae begin this saicond letter wi' gratefu' acknowledgments o' various praisents o' siller tae buy new butes wi' in order tae pit me on a better fittin' in proseeutin' ma mission tae the homes o' the opulent, but it's ma painfu' lot tae publish tae the worl' that only ae gift reacht me, an' that o' nae ordinar' kind.

A nicht or twa efter the publication o' ma first letter I wiz sittin' over the fire wrapt in thocht whin a maist portentous knock cam' tae the door. "Preserve us," quo I, "whit can that be? Rin, Leezock, an' see wha's there!"

It turn'd oot tae be a paircel address't tae masel', an' the callant that brocht it hurried awa as shune's he'd pit it intae the wife's hauns. Whin I tell ye that the sicht o' this mysterious package gart me unconsciously coup ower the wee toddy kettle o' bilin' watter on tae the back o' the cat, scauldin' the puir thing in a fearfu' wey an' makin' her lose five-aichts o' a square inch o' fur frae atween her shouthers, ye'll can unnerstaun ma prood feelins o' delichtet surprise an' burnin' curiosity. "This is the reward o' self-abnegation," muttered I, "this is frae some gratefu' bein' wha derivet plesure, profit, an' eddification frae my spacial efforts as a commissioner tae the homes o' the opulent." Withoot loosin' a meenont Leezock whuppit oot her muckle shears an' snippit the twine, an' took aff the ooter coverin' o' broon paper. It wiz a heavy paircel, an' veeasions o' a gold watch, or a purse o' soverins, flitted afore "my mind's eye," as Horatius Flaccus says, or maybe the freedom o' the ceety in a jewellt casket or else a gowden wreath. Whitiver it wiz, the sender had taen precious gude care tae wrap it up weel, for we unfolded sheet efter sheet o' saft silver paper afore we cam' tae the contents.

At last a letter wiz brocht tae view, an' ye may be certain I lost nae time in readin't.

"Sir, the accompanying gift is a well-understood expression of our admiration for the courageous and large-hearted Special Commissioner to the homes of the opulent. The articles are very rare, and much valuable time has been spent in procuring them, the senders having searched from Gilmorehill to the Gorbals, and from Partick to Paddy's Market in order to secure the best specimens of the kind. It is hoped they will be found of service in proceeding from house to house interviewing the wealthy. On account of the S.C.'s letter being somewhat racy, and "short and sweet," there arose a difficulty as to the individuality of the writer, and so the testimonial partakes of a mixed character. Yours, &c., &c."

While readin' this gran' letter, Leezock had unfolded the last bit o' paper, sae that whin I

lifted ma een, they fell on the praisent—an' what think ye—what guess ye—what suppose ye stared me i' the face? Nae doot ye'll say something incomparably surprisin', far surpassin' ma wildest houps. Ye're richt, BAILIE, ye're richt. It wiz a pair o' auld ugly, patched, battered bauchles, an' twa pair o' worn-oot cuddie's airn shoon!!!

[At this point our worthy Commissioner uses language too "acrimonious" to be printed. We therefore continue his report at a point where a calmer mood is indicated.]

And noo, BAILIE, new butes or auld bauchles or cuddie's shoon or no, let me briefly recont the result o' ma saicond veesit tae the homes o' the opulent, an' efter that ye may write me doon an ass indeed if ivver I become a Spacial Commissioner again for you, or philanthropy or onybody else. Inspired by the memory o' ma success on the former occasion I arrived ae nicht lately at the door o' Mr Rigginpigs's hoose, seetyated atween the Broomilaw an' the Botanic Gairdens. Wi' ivvery confidence o' a warm reception I chappit at the door, an' stated tae the futeman that I wantit parteeclear' tae see his maister. The flunkey, afore takin' up ma name, showed me intae a gran' leebrary fu' o' hansomely bund books, amang wheech I was prood tae notis thirteen volumes o' the BAILIE in a conspicuous poseetion, frae which I jaloused that Mr Rigginpigs wiz a gentleman o' leeterary discreemination an' anc likely tae help me i' ma labour o' love. Congratulatin' masel' wi' this reflection I wiz takin' a look roon whin the gentleman himsel', a big braw man, cam' hurriedly intae the room wi' a ridin' swutch in his haun, an' spiert whit I wantit. His mainer wiz gey cool an' unco distant, an' he didna even ask me tae tak' a sate. I very quately telt 'im the objec' o' ma ca' an' the natur' o' the inquiries I'd like 'im tae answer, an' I wiz just tellin' 'im, blythely eneuch, whit a hit ma report wad be whin published whin he gruppit me by the collar an' brocht the ridin' swutch doon on ma shouthers, exclaimin' "Take that, and that, and that, you spyng sneak for all the answer from me!" Bein' a big, strong man, I couldna wrench the swutch frae his haun or wriggle oot o' his grasp—I could dae naething but howl. "Get out of this, you contemptible cur," he bawled intae ma lug, as he dragged me oot the leebrary, through the ha' an' bundled me oot o' the door, wheech the grinnin' flunkey held open, "and when your hit appears in print don't omit the thrashin' you've had!" A pairtin' kick sent me doon the steps clean heid ower heels. Then

the door was shut an' I lay sprawlin', a sadder an' a wiser man! Fancy ma feelin's, BAILIE, an' dinna be astonisht if I invoket onything but blessin's on the devoted heids o' Rigginpigs an' his grinnin' lackey.

On attemptin' tae get up I fund that ane o' ma feet had got entangled in the door-scraper an' I couldna' pu't oot an' I rugged an' rived till I nearly tugged ma leg aff. Here wiz a nice seetyation for a Spacial tae be in! A dirty drab o' a hoosemaid dashed a jug o' watter ower me frae an upper windae, an' the grinnin' flunkey hit me on the broo wi' a rotten egg! Then it commenced tae rain cats an' dougs. By-an'-by a polisman cam' in sicht an' I felt shure if he got haud o' me in that prostrate condection he'd "haul me up" for attemptin' tae steal the scraper. Then I should figure in the mornin' papers under the heidin', "Clever capture of a housebreaker—prompt action of the police—great sagacity shown by a constable," &c. I couldna thole the thocht o' this, sae I put on full steam an' gied a fifty-horse-power wrench an' got ma fute oot at the expense o' a bruised ancle an' the loss o' ma spring-side bute which fell wi' a splash intae the airy beneath. I hirpled awa hame, "one shoe off and the other shoe on," wat tae the skin, an' bearin' the marks o' Rigginpigs's brutal attack. Since that nicht I hae been sufferin' a' the ills o' the flesh, frae rheumatics tae a rinnin' nose, which prevents me haudin the pen ony mair the noo, sae I sign masel' for the last time, Yours spacially, BAULDY.

GLASS HOUSES AND STONES—The other evening, after reproving Mr W. P. Adam for having made a bad joke at the speaker's expense, the Solicitor-General went on to compare the Liberal whip to "another gentleman of the name of Adam"—a pleasant allusion to the father of mankind—and to point out that his initials stood for "weather permitting." Now, the BAILIE oves his Macdonald, but he cannot help observing that no joke could possibly be worse than these, and that there is an ancient and valuable saw about glass houses and stones.

A Question M.P.-ratively Demanding an Answer—That of the redistribution of seats.

"Home Rule?"—In Belfast the Moore Centenary being celebrated by a Burns club!

The Gladstone "Bag"—Getting the sack from Greenwich.

Havanna Cigars, La Flor De Aroma, First-Class Brand, 4d each. D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram St., and 121 Buchanan St.

A Sign of the Times—"To be let."

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"Ceres" do. "Vestal" do.  
"Flora" do. "Helen" do.  
"Diana." "The Girl Dancing."  
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"Girl Reposing." "Castinette Dancer"  
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IN BUSTS.  
"Cicero." "Caesar." "Demosthenes."  
"Plato." "Alexander." "Dante."  
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"Clytie." "Apollo." "Venus de Milo."  
"Haydn." "Handel." "Mozart."  
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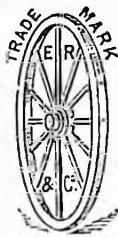
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14 Gordon Street, Glasgow, 9th June, 1879



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On View on the Mornings of Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 9th June 1879.

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structions from Signor Del Colombo, to Sell, by Auction,  
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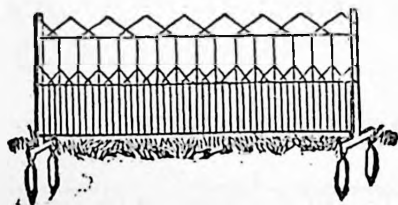
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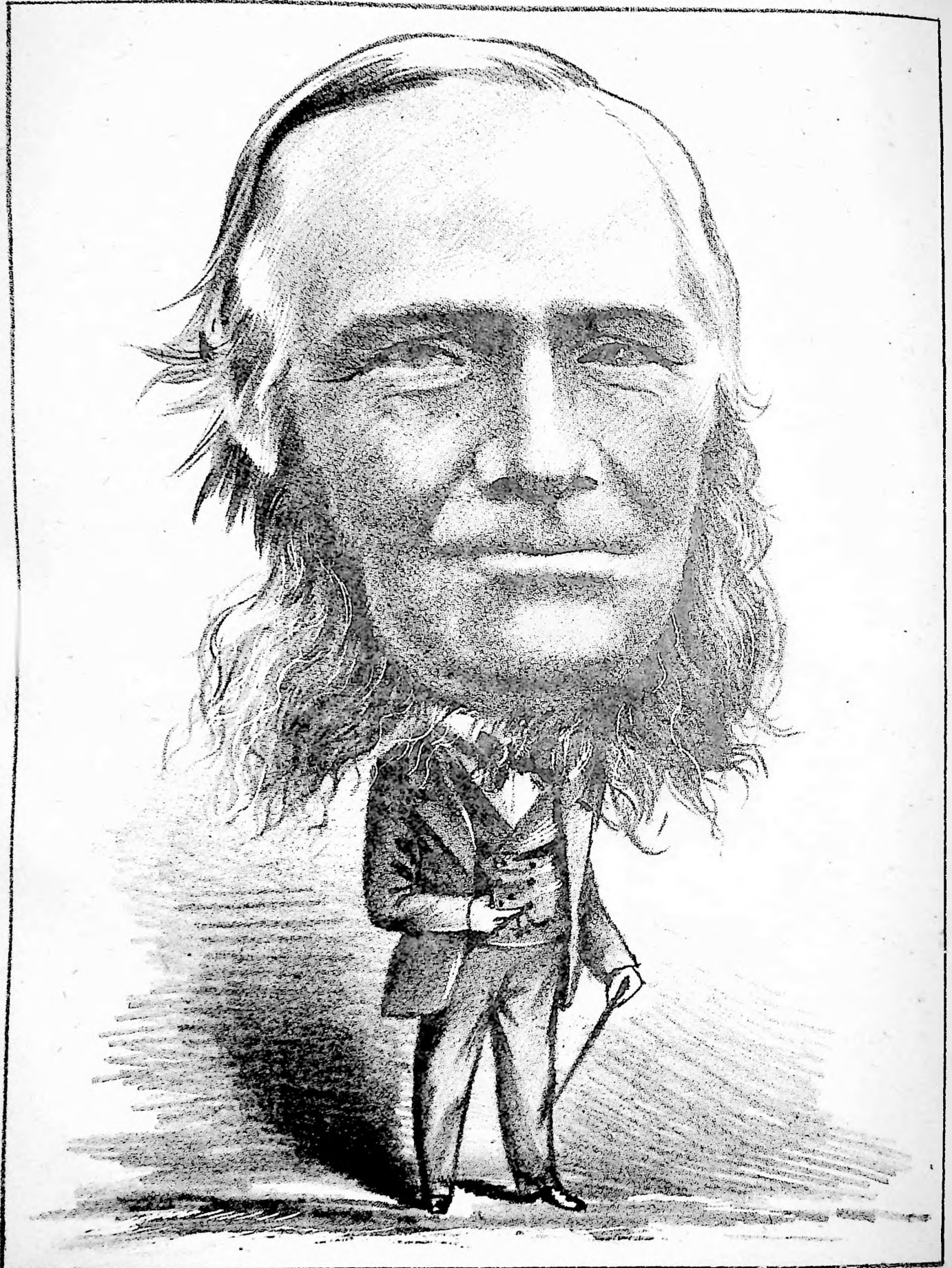
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# The Bailie.

“MY CONSCIENCE!”

No. 348. Glasgow, Wednesday, June 18th, 1879. Price 1d

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 348.

A CENTURY ago, as Mr City Chamberlain Watson informs us in his new Vital Statistics, the city of St. Mungo was no bigger than a second rate village of the present day. Since then she has grown with the swiftness of a log township on a water privilege in Michigan. Not London, not even Chicago, has widened her limits in a bigger ratio than this good town of ours. At the present moment she ranks second to London only in these islands, and she stands first of all the provincial corporations, not of Great Britain alone, but of Europe, and indeed of the whole world. We are, every one of us, proud of Glasgow. To bear sway in her—to be a member of her body corporate—is, or at least ought to be, a much higher honour to one of her sons, than the becoming an infinitesimal unit in St. Stephens—a dumb dog, unable to open his mouth from session to session, and only allowed to vote according to the instructions of an aristocratic “whip,” who regards him as a mere number rather than as a living and breathing and aspiring animal. Perhaps the last of what may be termed the great race of our municipal rulers is Ex-Bailie JAMES BROWN. Mr BROWN, with the exception of Messrs Mitchell and Moir, is now the oldest member of the Town Council. But he is more than this. Indeed, to be old, in these hasty days, is no particular merit. Mr BROWN, however, has been identified with the growth of the city for the past quarter of a century. He was, so to speak, at the “lug o’ the law” in the times when Glasgow passed from the secondary to the first position in Scotland. Every great municipal undertaking that has been begun and carried through since 1856 (the year in which he entered the Council)—his constituency being the Eighth Ward, which he has

continued to represent ever since—has had his close and earnest attention. But while he took an active interest in each separate matter as it rose, the particular species of municipal work with which Mr BROWN has been most closely identified, has been that relating to our water supply. Short, indeed, of Provosts Stewart and Galbraith, the City owes more to the Man you Know than to any other single individual for her unrivalled supply of the watery element. At the very outset of his public career he began to interest himself in this question, and he only retired from the Convenership of the Water Commissioners in November of last year. The elevation of our friend to the bench occurred not long after he entered the Council, and altogether he remained a magistrate for something like six years. When his double term of office as a Bailie had expired, he was appointed City Treasurer. Short of the Provostship, the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer to the Corporation is the one which requires the largest measure of skill and tact. The revenues with which the City Treasurer has to deal, and the population he rates and taxes, are as large as an important German State. The duties of this office, like those of every other office he has filled, Mr BROWN executed to the utmost satisfaction, as well of his colleagues as of the constituency at large. He is an untiring worker, and his wiry frame, and cheery, sanguine temperament, enables him to get through an amount of business at which a more lymphatic individual would stand fairly aghast. Like so many of our more prominent City men, Mr BROWN hails originally from Ayrshire. He was apprenticed as a lad to the grocery trade, and while yet young his pushing, energetic disposition enabled him to start in business on his own account. This was in 1837, in a moderately sized shop in Argyle Street. So well did he prosper, that seven

years afterwards he removed from Argyle Street to St. Enoch Square, and here, together with a younger brother, he set up the firm of J. & T. Brown, wholesale tea and coffee merchants and fruit importers. The house—which two or three years ago removed its abode to James Watt St.—has constantly grown in the interval, and is now one of the biggest in the trade. For some time back Mr BROWN has ceased to take more than a nominal share of the work connected with it, the management of the business having devolved in a great measure on the younger members of the firm. For general information on all matters connected with the affairs of the city, or with the course of business generally, the Man you Know is probably without a superior. He was for many years a Clyde Trustee, he has been a patron of Hutchesons' Hospital, a member of the Prison Board, a Court-House Commissioner, and recently the shareholders of the Glasgow & South-Western Railway recognised his many excellent business qualities by appointing him to the Directorate of their company. In short were the BAILIE to be asked to select from among his personal acquaintance a most characteristic specimen of the typical pawky, genial, clever Scotchman, he would fix at once on the senior representative of the Eighth Ward.

#### THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL.

*Outraged Father* (to son home from College at the close of the session)—A wunner ye're no' thurroly ashamet o' yersel tae come hame an' face yer mither an' me, efter spen'in' yer time in Glesca wi' the opera an' plays an' iniquities in genral!

*Student*—Really, father, you are much mistaken if—

*Father* (interrupting)—Naething o' the kind, an' ye needna' smile, sir, for here in thae letters ye say ower an' ower again that ye were at the Opera o' Horace, the plays o' Euripides, an' Roman iniquities genrally nicht efter nicht. Noo, sir, was't for that thit yer mither an' me sent ye tae the Coallidge?

*Student*—Why, father, these are Latin and Greek books and studies in Roman Antiquities, and not modern plays at all. I was studying them in my lodgings every night, and not going to the theatre as you suppose.

*Mother* (to father)—Eh, sirs, whit a gomeril ye maun be no' tae hae ken't that a' the time!

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK is the best present from Edinburgh. 1 Melbourne place, near the Castle.

#### A New Song.

As sung by an M.P. before a select audience in the parish of Cam'nethan.

Air—"Derry down."

I'M Sandy, M.P. for a town in the south,  
And a plant, Sir, I am of remarkable growth.  
I am not more familiar with picks than ferules,  
And 'tis I am the fellow that knows about schools.

Bring 'em down,  
Down, down, down, bring 'em down.

And so, Mr Chairman, I venture to say  
That our servants, the teachers, have far too much pay;  
And, because I'm their friend, I the freedom will take  
Of moving that roundly their salaries we break.

Bring 'em down,  
Down, down, down, bring 'em down.

I'm a teacher myself, as the whole world knows,  
And they mustn't be writing me down 'mong their foes.  
Oh, so dearly I love them! and 'tis for love's sake  
That I want a great hole in their incomes to make.

Bring 'em down,  
Down, down, down, bring 'em down.

Yes! I've taught in a shed, open-roofed, dirty, damp,  
Where the thick sputtering rain-drops put out the oil lamp;  
Where there wasn't a map, Sir, nor no teaching tool,  
But my head, a few slates, and a splendid ferule.

Bring 'em down,  
Down, down, down, bring 'em down.

But you mustn't imagine I was a poor ped  
Whose fortnightly sixpences barely brought bread.  
No such thing! I've been master in schools more select,  
And I'm never afraid my good name to protect.

Bring 'em down,  
Down, down, down, bring 'em down.

Yes! In gentlemen's drawing-rooms, Sir, I have taught  
Where I always had double the fee that I sought,  
And where sofas and chairs were the forms and the stools;  
So you see I'm the fellow that knows about schools.

Bring 'em down,  
Down, down, down, bring 'em down.

Yes! I'm just that shrewd fellow. You mind what I say,  
And don't you go thinking I won't have my way.  
I'm the working man's man! In this state I'm a power,  
And I say let our teachers be paid by the h-our.

Bring 'em down,  
Down, down, down, bring 'em down.

You're afraid of their *status*! And what, Sir, are they,  
That their *status* should be so immaculate, pray?  
Is idleness *status*? 'Twa'n't so when I taught,  
I'or then even in teaching 'twas nothing for nought.

Bring 'em down,  
Down, down, down, bring 'em down.

Why, a fourth of the year every child is turned out  
Of our schools, and their teachers go gadding about.  
Away botanising—recruiting—what not?  
I say, Sir, their money's too easily got.

Bring 'em down,  
Down, down, down, bring 'em down.

And why is it so, Sir? Because they know Greek?  
I'll get up every verb of it, Sir, in a week.  
'Cause some of them tag to their names an M.A.?  
I'll bet I take twenty such things any day.

Bring 'em down,  
Down, down, down, bring 'em down.

They may think they sail clear of economy's laws,  
But I say that a greater mistake never was.  
Let us give them a lesson—they need it, 'tis plain  
You won't? Never mind! I'll be at 'em again,

Bring 'em down, &c.

Whisky and Infant Life.

MR WEST WATSON has once more favoured an eager and grateful community with his "Vital, Social, and Economic Statistics." They are of the usual absorbing interest, but the BAILIE must content himself with calling attention to one point, which should appeal particularly to his tectotal friends. Mr Watson confesses his inability to account for the present high rate of infant mortality, which, however, he declares to be much the same as it was a hundred years ago, "when whisky was almost unknown." The BAILIE was not aware that whisky was almost unknown a hundred years ago, but no doubt Mr Watson knows better than Robert Burns. The point is that scarcity of whisky and a high rate of infant mortality—like the national beverage and freedom—"gang thegither." One can but hope that better times may soon dawn, so that whisky may cease to be almost unknown to our population, and our infantry may flourish as of yore.

THE REPUTATION OF SCREWS.

*Native of Tyrce*—I hev h'ard it said, Tonal Macleod, that ta Tuke hass kone over to ta Marquis to help 'im squeeze ta siller oot o' ta puir Canadians by laying heavy taxes ant tariffs on them, having had a goot long experience of putting on ta screw here at home.

*Native of Iona*—I coot very well pelieve it, Neil Maclean, if he had only taken all ta factors with 'im.

HOPE TELLS A "FISHY" TALE.—We have it on the authority of a correspondent of the *Herald* that "within the confines of the Kelvingrove Park examples of trout, salmon smolt, roach, minnow, pike, and eels have been occasionally taken during last year." This is encouraging, and makes one look forward to a day when the Clyde Trustees may derive a considerable revenue from the fishing within their jurisdiction, when the Clyde salmon may cease to be a myth, and when the supporters of the city shield may seem less sadly out of place.

THE "ART" OF THE IRON AGE.—The railway designers have certainly been less successful in their attempt at the beautiful in the bridge over Argyle Street than they have been in their attempt at the ugly in the bridge over the Clyde.

"Truth" Stranger than Fiction—At "The Gaiety," to wit—and with it.

Havana Cigars, La Flor De Aroma, First-Class Brand, 4d each. D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram St., and 121 Buchanan St.

Offleial Intolerance.

COMMANDER M'HARDY, R.N., Chief Constable of Lanarkshire, has, on more than one occasion, rendered himself obnoxious to his staff of officials, which is a small matter, and to the public at large, which is a great matter,—though the Commander has all along shown a lofty contempt towards the feelings of the latter body. One of the whims to which the gallant gentleman seems particularly subject is, to keep systematically shifting his men from place to place, with little apparent regard for their convenience, and less for the public weal. What satisfaction can possibly be had from bullying subordinates, or what advantage, personal or public, may be derived from keeping the county constables on a continual migratory trot, the BAILIE fails to see; but to do this suits Mr Hardy, and—"there's an end on't." From kindly Captain Mackay to crusty Commander M'Hardy—"O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!"

SIR ANDREW AND THE LUNATICS.—Greenock has once more distinguished herself in the person of Sir Andrew Lusk, who objected the other evening to "so much fuss" being made about the lunatics at Broadmoor, "when they remembered how many other lunatics there were in the country about whom nothing was said." Right you are, Sir Andrew! There *are* a lot of lunatics at large about whom not half enough is said, though unfortunately they do not take the hint and "say nothing." Even in the House of Commons—but the BAILIE forbears.

If Dundee is not happy, it must be a community very hard to please. Not only has it the inestimable privilege of being represented in Parliament by the great Ginx, but now the equally great O'Donnell has taken it under his wing. Were Dr Kenealy but to join this noble pair Dundee would have nothing left to wish for.

Having heard a good deal of late about the "deferred payment system," Asinus wanted to try it on at his favourite bar the other day. Bung, however, declined to see it. He feared the "deferment" might become too "systematic."

Manu-mission --He who is an extra hand at spelling is of necessity a great orthogra-fist.

From the Delf-ic Oracle—Man is clay; and old china and its purchaser may both be "crack'd."

## "Commissioned" Officers.

IN spite of a late in-Deas-ent affair in Glasgow, the "commission" scandal seems to be rampant among our Sugaropolitan friends. At a recent meeting of one of the committees of the Police Board of the town referred to, it was mentioned that a certain merchant had appended to his estimate for supplying coals a statement to the effect that the said estimate would not permit of payment of a commission to anyone; and, in the course of the discussion which followed, it was declared that "hundreds of pounds sterling" had been paid in a single year by one merchant as commission on coals supplied to the order of the Greenock authorities. An inquiry is being made into the matter, and its result may be that certain officials may find themselves out of a situation, while the burdens of the Greenock ratepayer may be sensibly lightened. Coal is not the only article in connection with which the commission-dodge may be worked;—nor, it may be added, is Greenock the only place where a searching inquiry might bring some curious things to light.

## "A MODERN MINISTER."

(Fact).

*U.P. Friend* (to well-know F. C. minister, during prevalence of east winds)—Weel, Mr —, hoo's a'?

*F. C. M.* (holding his jaw)—"Hoo's a'?" If your friend David Macrae would let Hades alone, and give us a cure for the toothache, he'd be of some use in his generation!

A WISII.—His Worship is a very regular attendant at the kirk, and his good old heart is often vexed to see how conscientiously sermons are measured out from the pulpit by the clock. Cannot some minister set the fashion of just saying what he has to say, with the expenditure of as little word-force as he can wrap it up in? His pews and his pockets would soon be full. How often would diligent worshippers, like the Magistrate, be spared, by the adoption of such a system, that mental torture which finds best expression in the words of the old proverb—"a stout heart to a stey bray!"

"THE WEATHER."—The other evening the Greenock Esplanade band played "The wind whistles cold"—a selection which is said to have struck the promenaders as painfully appropriate.

The Rival Snips—One quotes his prices, the other prices his coats.

## Fishy Doings at Renfrew.

LAST week the Renfrew Town Council and their officials—or of-fish-als, if you like it better—went through the ceremony of inspecting the burgh's fishings. We have not yet been favoured with a note of the expenses attending the performance of this important duty, but it is said that on a similar occasion three years ago the inspectors caught two trout, and spent £70. Now, we expect to pay pretty sweetly for our fish nowadays, but when it comes to giving £35 apiece for trout the matter becomes serious. Why, you ought to get a decent-sized whale for that money, and your whale, look you, would provide a tolerable "blow out" for even a Town Council. As we have the authority of various distinguished physiologists, from Agassiz to Mark Twain, for declaring whale-flesh to be an excellent brain-food, such an investment as that suggested might be found an economical one in the end.

## SUMMARY.—BY MERCURIUS JUNE-IOR.

"Life's a short summer."—*Dr Johnson.*

The time is out of joint,  
The season's out of tune,  
And all unknown's the genial tone  
Of harmonies of June.  
Chill's the morningtide,  
And dull's the afternoon,  
Nor warm nor bright the eve or night,  
This murky month of June.

No need now read the "s,  
Or watch the changeful moon:—  
The weather's warm; a thunderstorm  
Some summer stored for June.

One "J. W. Robinson" having written to the *News* last week to record a feat of his in rapid railway-travelling, the curious are anxious to know whether he is the original "Jack Robinson" whose name is proverbially associated with celerity.

"REVENGE!"—Mr Kidston is taking his revenge for the snubbings recently administered to him in the General Assembly. The other day he declared that "the work of a teacher of children was fifty times more important than that of any clergyman." It is to be feared that Ferniegair is "but as one of the wicked" in the matter of cherishing resentment.

A "nobleman" advertises for a coachman whose wages are to amount to "£59 2s." It is understood that his Lordship—or it may be his Grace—would suffer martyrdom rather than give those other 18s.



An "Instructive" "Character."

COLONEL MURE was referred to in the Paisley U.P. Presbytery last week as "a man capable of being instructed." On the previous evening he had declared that "there was one man whose character he believed in, and that was Colonel Mure." Well and good; but self-confidence and a capability of being "instructed" are not the only qualities desirable in a member of Parliament. Most of us look for political honesty, manliness, and consistency as well; and it will be for the electors of Renfrewshire to say before long whether their estimate of the gallant Colonel's "character," in these respects, comes up to his own. Did Col. Mure, by the way, ever come across in his youth a copy-book heading on the subject of "self-praise?" If so, he seems to have forgotten it.

REFRAIN AFTER THE SYNOD AND THE ASSEMBLIES.

Multiplication's our vexation,  
Division's twice as bad;  
The rule of us three is not to agree,  
And practice drives us mad.

SANDY SCHOLASTIC.—Mr Sandy Macdonald, M.P., is constantly startling us by appearing under some novel guise. His latest *rôle* is that of an *emeritus* pedagogue. He has, it seems, "taught in the crowded school, in the more select school, and in the drawing-room of gentlemen of considerable standing in society." One feels inclined to cry, "Name, name!" It would be an interesting experiment in psychology if one could study the developments of those young ideas—whether of the "crowded," the "select," or the "drawing-room" type—who had the privilege of sitting at the feet of the Gamaliel of Holytown.

TONALT.

*Lowland Scot* (cheerily)—Well, my friend, I hear you have been doing good by stealth "and blush to——"

*Tonalt* (savagely interrupting)—What you'll mean, sir? You'll shoost stop that now. She'll neffer does coot by thieftin'. She'll no have turned thieffer shoost yet whateffer!

Mr Jas. Colquhoun, having spoken last week of "the precious High School," was asked, "Why call it 'precious High School?'" and immediately responded, "Because it is so dear." There is nothing like a legal training for making what my Lord Bacon calls a "ready man,"

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the ratepayers' representatives at the School Board have increased the tax.

That this was hardly what their supporters anticipated.

That they didn't anticipate it themselves.

That the Rev. Robert Gault thinks the Free Kirk Assembly is far too lively.

That nobody ever accused the Rev. Robert of liveliness.

That the Lord Provost has gone to sea.

That he is very often "at sea."

That Councillor Wilson is doing yeoman service in calling attention to the state of the banks of the river.

That these banks are like a few others, they have gone to ruin.

That the Clyde Trustees seem to imagine their duties begin and end with the collecting of harbour dues.

That the law profession must be very busy.

That the number of youngsters passing as law-agents and notary publics is something astonishing.

That the Crosshill voters are not altogether pleased with Colonel Mure.

That Colonel Mure is thankful Crosshill is not Renfrewshire.

That trade gives little signs of revival.

That the hardship endured by working people in some districts of the city is something terrible.

That the flute band nuisance is becoming unbearable.

That it is high time the county authorities were moving in the matter.

PRACTICE *versus* PRECEPT.—At last week's meeting of the Irvine School Board a Mr Somerville remarked that "all the members of the new board went in for economy, and it might look rather strange if they began by raising the assessment." Not at all strange, Mr Somerville. "'Tis just the fashion!"

It seems that the Home Rulers have been devoting the Parliamentary recess to "an industrious study of Scotch business"—which is very considerate on their part. On the whole, however, it might perhaps be better if they would mind their *own* business.

High Art.—That of the railway bridge: it's out of sight.

Notices of Motion—Time-tables.

A Sweeping Conclusion—The train of a lady's dress,

# TO FAMILIES GOING TO THE COAST.

RARE BARGAINS IN COSTUMES, JACKETS, DRESS FABRICS,  
MILLINERY, BONNETS, &c., &c.,

AT THE

## CALEDONIAN HOUSE,

**M**ESSRS COPLAND & LYE intimate to the Citizens of Glasgow, especially those going to the Coast, or preparing for Marriage Outfits, that they have just received another Lot of Paris and London Costumes, London, Paris, and Vienna Jackets, Lorry Loads of Dress Goods; also an immense Stock of Trimmed and Untrimmed Bonnets; also Linen Sheetings, Horrocks's Long Cloths and Calicoes, which Ladies would do well to buy before the advance takes place, which will inevitably follow the improvement in trade, which has decidedly commenced; in fact, we say to one and all that we think such an opportunity of laying out your money to such good advantage may not occur again during the present century.

## COPLAND & LYE,

CALEDONIAN HOUSE, 165 AND 167 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

55s COSTUME TO ORDER.

70s SILK JACKET TO ORDER.

**W**E have much pleasure in intimating that in order to meet the requirements of our rapidly increasing Trade in the LADIES' DRESS DEPARTMENT, we have now, in addition to Miss M'CALMAN, engaged the services of her Sister, Mrs HENDERSON, hitherto well known in connection with the Dressmaking Department of the Principal Drapery Warehouse in Buchanan Street. Miss M'Calman will in future devote her attention to Fitting of Jackets, while Mrs Henderson will take charge of the Dress-making. We have thus provided the very best talent in the Trade, and we are perfectly confident that for High-class Style, Fit, and Finish, nothing superior to what we produce can be had in Glasgow. We are equally confident that our Scale of "Minimum" Prices offers advantages never before known in connection with Ladies' Dress.

RILEY, WEBSTER, & BORLAND,  
86 AND 88 ARGYLE STREET.

### DAVISON'S CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE GINGER BEER

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND; WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC.  
As Supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

THOMAS DAVISON,  
DISPENSING CHEMIST,  
126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

*Note.—The Special Realising Sale, at Great Reductions in Prices, will be continued during June, in order to reduce Stocks, as they are still much in excess of what they should be, compatible with the safe and proper working of a Cash Business.*

### FURNITURE.

DINING-ROOM, DRAWING-ROOM,  
BED-ROOM, PARLOUR, KITCHEN,  
OFFICE, LIBRARY, AND LOBBY  
FURNITURE; ALSO, MIRRORS,  
CARPETS, LINOLEUMS, RUGS,  
BEDDING, NAPERY, CRETONNES,  
CURTAINS, WINDOW POLES, &c.,

AT UNPRECEDENTED PRICES  
DURING THE MONTH OF JUNE.

A. GARDNER & SON,  
CABINETMAKERS AND UPHOLSTERERS,  
36 JAMAICA STREET.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

HENRY THOMSON & CO'S

OLD

IRISH WHISKY.

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—

ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

# The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18th, 1879.

**T**HE BAILIE has frequently had reason to rejoice that he has kept himself free from the holy bonds of matrimony. Not that he is

one of those heartless scoffers at that blessed estate who rail against women and all their works, with a bitterness that reminds one of the old story of the fox and sour grapes. Rather does he regard marriage with eyes of the blandest toleration, as a noble institution which, in the most unselfish manner, keeps the world moving for the enjoyment of himself and other equally wise men. In a word, he admires wedlock as he might admire the proportions of a beautifully designed prison or lunatic asylum—without the slightest wish to go inside. He never appreciates the advantages of his position so thoroughly as when June comes round, and the coasting season sets in with its usual virulence. At that time the heads of families have his sincerest sympathy. Paterfamilias as a rule is elderly and well-developed, but he must incur the risk of an apoplectic fit by rushing to catch his four o'clock train five nights a week. He likes to breakfast leisurely, discussing the newspaper the while, and then toddle quietly down to business. Instead of this, behold him at 8-10 A.M. flying down the pier of some coast town, with his hat well down over his brow, and his necktie twisted round under his ear, in desperation lest the early steamer should be gone! He is accustomed to comfortable dinners, well furnished rooms, and all the conveniences of a west-end terrace. How many of these does he find in his coast residence? He has as true an admiration for the beauties of nature as can be fairly expected of a drysalter or stockbroker who has passed the romantic period of his life, but he has no time to look at more scenery than he could see any day in the West-End Park. Fresh air is no doubt an admirable thing, but the time he spends in steamboat cabins and stuffy railway carriages must go far to neutralise any good he gets by his hours at the coast. Can it be wondered, then, if he returns to town in August or September with his temper and his digestion in a most unhappy state? And yet there is something almost noble about the prosaic figure of Paterfamilias. Does he not do and suffer all these things for the sake of his family? The BAILIE, while he pities, cannot but admire him.

Dr Richardson, of "hygienic" celebrity, has taught his pulse to talk. It has not as yet, however, got beyond the expression, "Bother it!"—which was probably elicited by the exposition of one of the Doctor's hobbies.

A Man who Dispenses with his own Service  
—A chemist.

Spare Moments with Quotable Authors.

- "As infallible as the"—*Pope*.
- "As true as"—*Steele*.
- "Hard times come again no"—*More*.
- "The lazy Scheldt or wandering"—*Poe*.
- "I am a Friar of orders"—*Gray*.
- "Whose brazen studs and tough bull"—*Hyde*.
- "A Roland for an"—*Oliver (Goldsmith)*.
- "When first I saw thee, warm and"—*Young*.
- "Sambo! let's bolt, I see"—*De-foe*.
- "Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the"—*North (Christophers)*.
- "Cursed fate! that gave thee to the"—*Moore*.
- "With form erect and visage"—*Sterne*.
- "There was a jolly"—*Miller (Joe)*.
- "Here we suffer grief and"—*Payne*.
- "Musing on the roaring"—*Ossian*.
- "My Harry was a gallant"—*Gay*.
- "A famous man was Robin"—*Hood*.
- "Bonnie Mary of"—*Argyle*.
- "Mary had a little"—*Lamb*.
- "Going the whole"—*Hogg*.
- "Tender as steak is Lipton's"—*Bacon*.
- "The day returns, my bosom"—*Burns*.
- "The race is not always to the"—*Swift*.
- "Who married the maiden all for"—*Lorne*.
- "But more of this"—*Anon*.

"THE PURSUIT OF PLEASURE."—If next season sees football as popular as ever, the vitality of the pastime will be proved beyond question. Formerly the danger to life and limb was confined to the players, but the occurrences at Hampden Park the other week show that the spectator is far from safe. In addition to this, the active and intelligent pickpocket has discovered that a big match offers him a happy hunting-ground; so that even if you do not leave the ground *plus* bruise or breakage, you are as likely as not to retire *minus* watch or pocket-book. Altogether, the pursuit of this particular form of "pleasure" is attended with disadvantages.

BEAUTY A-BRIDGED—All that the Argyle Street vista wanted as a picture was *middle* distance. It has been given to it in the railway bridge.

What Sir Walter Scott's ghost is saying—That it has ominous forebodings of the introduction of Gladstone into the "Heart of Midlothian."

A "Straight Tip"—A Grecian nose.

"Most Forcible Feeble"—The "ornamentation" of the Argyle Street railway bridge.

## A Dissecting Case.

WHAT is the BAILIE to understand from an advertisement in last Wednesday's *Herald*—and it is not the first time he has come across similar expressions—for a clerk “acquainted with dissection of departments in retail drapery?” Can it be that whole “departments” of retail drapers are accustomed to die off simultaneously, and that it has been decided to hold *post mortem* inquiries into the cause of such extraordinary mortality? It looks like it; and yet, in that case, why advertise for a clerk instead of a surgeon? Perhaps some of his Worship's readers may be able to solve the mystery.

## ONE FOR PETER.

(Scene—Parade ground; Time, evening; A Coy. of Stirlingshire Rifle Volunteers at drill).

*Sergeant* (about to dress company)—Left dress—dress up—dress up, man, Bob.

*Adjutant* (savagely)—No using Christian names!

*Sergeant*.—I'm no usin' Christian Names.

*Adjutant*.—Is Bob not a Christian Name?

*Sergeant*.—No, but Rubbart is.

*Adjutant*.—Fall to the rear.

A meeting of “sympathisers and friends” of Widdows *alias* Nobbs was held in Glasgow last Thursday night, and was, the BAILIE regrets to learn, “largely attended, the majority of the audience being (*proh pudor!*) young women.” The chairman of this precious gathering declared Mr Long's young friend to be “the right man in the right place,” and, as he appears at present to be in Norwich, we may admit for the sake of argument that he is in the right place so far as we are concerned. May he stay there!

Judging from Reports—Computing the distance of a thundercloud by the peals that follow the flashes of lightning.

“The Death War-rant”—The bosh written in favour of the extermination of the Zulus.

Con. by one of the 1st L.A.V.—Which officer should excel in giving the word of command? Why, the May-jaw, to be sure.

A Familiar “Figure” in Daily Life—“No. 1.”

A Poor Body—The Parochial Board.

## A STANDARD POINT.

*Examiner*—What is the chief end of man?

*Small Boy*—The end quastion at the biggin' o' the carritches.

## Ye Golden Wedding.

YOU'VE heard the news the papers bring—

You've seen each flaming heading—

How Germany's old noble king  
Has held his golden wedding.

How banners flew from palace gay,  
And cots hung out their bedding,

All welcoming alike the day—  
The royal golden wedding.

How youth and beauty joined the dance,  
And while the measure treading,  
Showed golden smiles alone enhance  
A joyous golden wedding.

Now mirth is heard from every door,  
From hall to humble steading,  
And maiden's smirk, and rustic's roar  
Proclaim this golden wedding.

Time was, when rifles claimed each hand,  
The foemen's onset dreading;  
But peace reigns o'er the Fatherland  
At this same golden wedding.

Long may this hallowed peace, benign,  
Her influence keep shedding,  
And should prosperity combine,  
'Twill be a golden wedding!

We're fond to hear of happy times  
Like this whose news comes spreading,  
And were it not for lack of rhymes,  
We'd sing more of this wedding.

PISCATORIAL.—Frank Buckland says, “salmon-fishing is, this season, “below *par*.” The BAILIE has been long cognisant of the efforts to prove the identity of the “long and the short” of this, apparently, one-and-the-same species; but, having got “below *par*,” the triton must, therefore, have gone down the “scale” to the minnows.

HORRIDA BELLA—“Who is the belle?” “Who was the belle?” why, what the Bell's hubbub this, asked old Sexagenarian of himself, as he glanced over his paper the other morning between porridge and muffin-time.

A BRAY.—“Talking of Lambeth, Peace, and Moodie,” says the Ass, “I'll go quicker to the bottom of my ‘bass,’ get up and down my ‘counter-pint,’ and over infinitely more ‘bars’ than they, any evening. Will the Provost, and, say—Ferniegair, give me a chance, they going equals for the ‘malt’ and your Worship being umpire?”

The Summer Solstice—Mercury looking zero-us.

Ass-ociation of Ideas—“Saint Andrew's Halls” and the Caledonian fiddle. Asinus thinks this'll do.

“Sad Colour”—“Hue” and *cry*.

“'Tis Just the Fashion”—All rum-Anne-tique.

"Fashionable Intelligence."

THE BAILIE observes with interest that some of the more enterprising of our gilded youth are endeavouring to introduce the "crutch-and-toothpick" idea into Glasgow. It is a meritorious attempt, but, so far, hardly successful, the imitation not being by any means up to the real article. Practice, however, makes perfect; and when crutch and toothpick are chafed out of the metropolis they will, no doubt, become naturalised in the Second City. Young masculine Glasgow, then, exhibiting so much enterprise, why should not his pretty sisters show a similar spirit, and pose in the shop-windows à la Mrs Langtry and Mr Whistler's friend, Miss "Connie" Gilchrist? The thing only wants a beginning, and the plucky damsel who set the fashion would soon have a score of imitators. Nay, why should we not go further, and allow the gallant crutch-wielders themselves to display, photographically, their manly figures in every variety of picturesque costume and attitude? Fancy the crowd of admiring fair ones that would be attracted to Mr Biggar's window by the exhibition of handsome Jack Wicketts in cricketing dress, and that "awfully fetching" amateur, Fred Footlites, "in character!" The BAILIE must not be blamed for dwelling on an apparently trivial subject. Such frivolities as these have their uses, for without them, as a philosophic friend at his elbow asks, what would most people have to live for?

ROOM FOR SPECULATION.

*Small Boy.*—Faither, whit's meant by shares bein' quoted at par?

*Intelligent Parent.*—Oh, par is short for par-lour my son, the place where they fix the prices o' shares, an' where all the stock quotations come from.

In Prospective—Deas-sent accommodation at the Steamboat Wharf.

The Teachers' "Big Spell"—Their spell of holidays.

"The old order changeth—giving place to the new," the Ass remarked in a pensive mood, as he saw the waiter taking away the half-mutchkin measure in order to replenish it.

How to effect a temporary advance—Put "on" the clock.

An Enterprising Man—The burglar who forces open the safe door with a jemmy.

The Golden "Mean"—Misers.

Megilp.

THE committee of the Scottish Society of Water Colour Painters resolved, at a meeting on the 11th inst., to alter the date of the opening of their winter exhibition. The general feeling of the members appears to have been that too early a date had been fixed, and that artists would have too little time after their return from the country to get drawings finished for the exhibition. The dates now determined on are—sending in day, 28th November; private view, 12th December; opening day, 13th December.

One or two of the Glasgow members feared that this postponement might lead to the Water Colour and the Art Club Exhibitions interfering with one another. This apprehension is, I think, quite groundless. The more exhibitions we have going on simultaneously, the more does art become a subject of general interest, and the result must be beneficial to both galleries.

The exhibition of the Kirkcaldy Fine Art Association will open on Monday, 1st September. Sending-in day is on the 16th August. This is now one of the most important of our local exhibitions, and is managed with energy and discretion. Mr David Storrar, Kirkcaldy, is the hon. secretary.

I understand that it is intended to publish illustrated Art Notes of the Kirkcaldy Exhibition.

Mr William Carlaw is at Helensburgh. His numerous friends will be glad to hear that his health continues to improve.

Mr Colin Hunter has gone to Iona. Mr Duncan McLaurin is painting in the neighbourhood of Helensburgh. Mr Peter Buchanan is at Lochranza, where Mr Wellwood Rattray will also take up his quarters during the month of July.

Mr M'Taggart spent some time during the early summer at Carnoustie, farther on in the season he will be at Campbeltown. He has charming work on hand at present—bright, fresh, and tender—and above all, thoroughly healthy and true. Between his pictures and many that are the bepraised of London art cliques, there is all the difference that lies between the breeze that blows fresh upon our cheeks from ocean and hillside, and the fetid air that steams from the chinks of a charnel house.

Mr Smart is at Ballinluig for the season. Mr Denovan Adam has settled down at Kilmun. He intends, I understand, to paint the Benmore cattle.

Mr John Grey has been painting at Glen Carron. Mr Wm. Young is at Jedburgh. Mr Nesbitt and one or two other Edinburgh artists have gone to Plockton, opposite Strome Ferry.

The compliment paid to Mr Campbell Douglas by the London architects is a well-deserved one. His name and that of his firm are identified with some of our best buildings in Glasgow.

On Saturday, I had the pleasure of seeing in Mr Craibe Angus' gallery the etched portrait of Tennyson by Rajon. It is a beautiful work of art, nobly conceived and carried out with delicate and subtle touches.

Dr Blatherwick has been at Carlisle, and has completed some admirable work.

Very few of the BAILIE readers will be aware of the fact that Mr Sam Bough was a poet as well as a painter. Dr Blatherwick lately unearthed, in Carlisle, some amusing and rollicking verses written many years ago by Mr Bough. A copy of these is now before me. They are composed in praise of a specially fine brand of ginger beer, manufactured by a local gentleman named Mr John Fisher. Mr Fisher got the verses printed, and I believe they made the fame of "the beer so bright and rare." The beer is still much appreciated in Carlisle, and I understand that lately some bottles of it were sent to Glasgow, and in a certain well-known art salon here, a few of Mr Bough's old friends drank to his "solemn memory" in the tippie he had praised so highly.

Mr Bough wrote other verses. A very good ode to tobacco by him was published in 1842 in, I think, a Carlisle paper.

The Eastern Question in Bulgaria—"What's de matter wid de hat?"

Grave Charges—Undertakers' fees.

"Anguish."

WITH infinite pains Madge Marrywell persuades papa to take, for the summer, the only available house in a remote Highland glen—said glen adjoining the property of that most desirable young plutocrat, Joe Ironstone. She hears that Joe is going to spend the summer abroad. "Anguish!"

Young Lackland writes to put off a dunning tailor, and also writes to acknowledge a handsome "tip" from his rich aunt. Too late he finds that the letters have been placed in the wrong envelopes. "Anguish!"

Flo Flirtington rejects the well-to-do young Silverby in hopes of a proposal from the wealthy old Golder. She learns that Silverby has been accepted by Maggie Maydew, and Golder by the widow Pursey. "Anguish!"

Snobkins repulses a conversational stranger on board the "Lord of the Isles," and presently hears him addressed by a resplendent footman as "Your Grace." "Anguish!"

Mrs Snobkins devotes all her time and energies on the same occasion to the task of cultivating the acquaintance of a haughty young person whom she supposes to be the Lady Clara Vere de Vere. She discovers said haughty young person to be the Lady V. de V.'s under-nurse. "Anguish!"

As he proceeds to enjoy his "nightcap," the BAILIE finds that he has "drowned the miller," and that Mattie has locked up the spirit-stand. "Anguish!"

(This list might be indefinitely prolonged, but the last picture is too much for the Magisterial feelings. The force of "anguish" can no further go!)

#### A TELLING TALE OF THE WAR.

*Irish Picket*—The inimy, sor, are in soight over beyant there, an' there's quoitte an innumerable number ov the haythens.

*Orderly Officer*—Very well, O'Grady, but I'm afraid you exaggerate a little. How do you know they are innumerable?

*Irish Picket*—Is it how do I know it, sor? Shure now an' it's not foive minutes since I counted ivery blissid wan ov thim.

A Black Impy—A Zulu baby.

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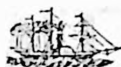
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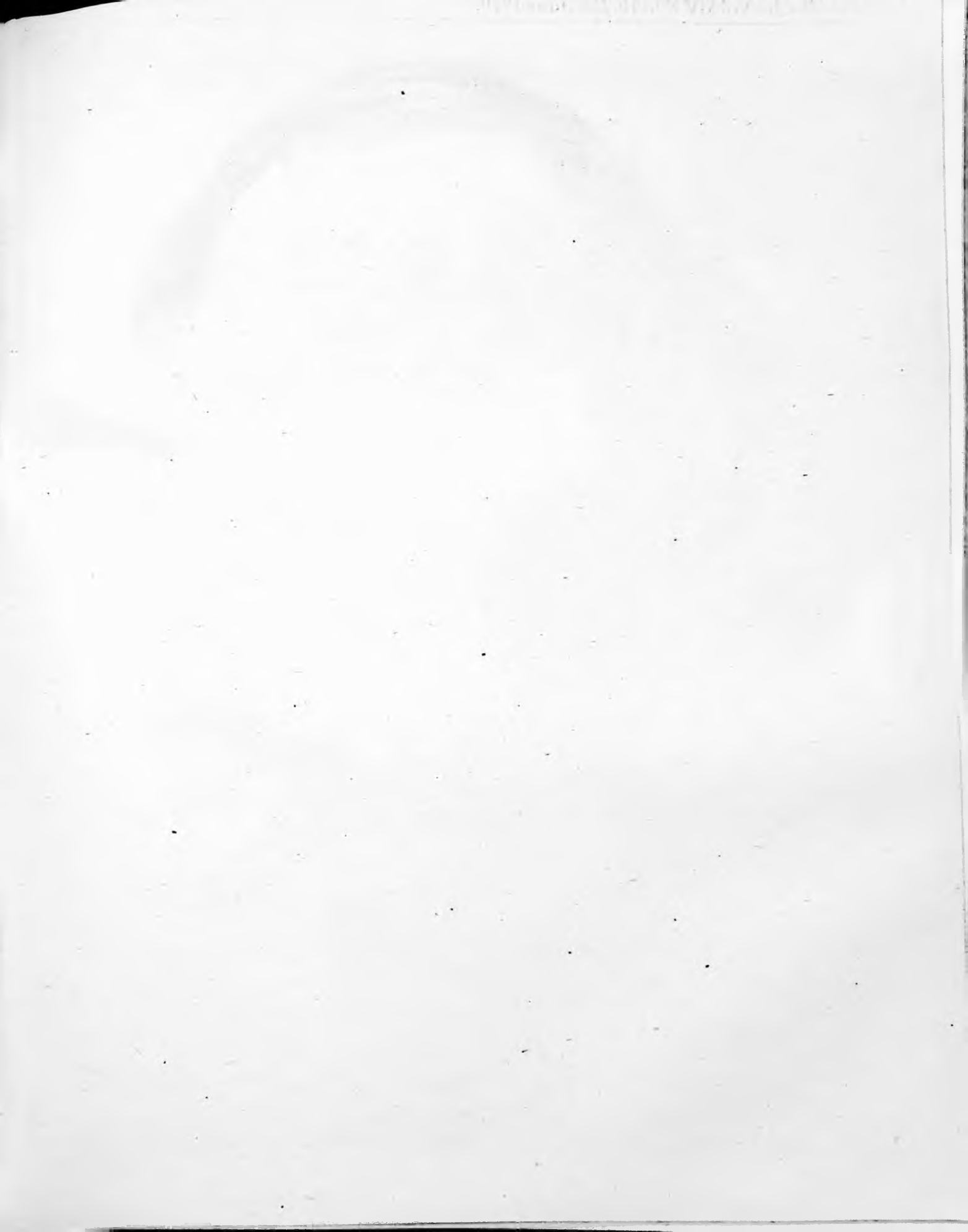
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No. 349. Glasgow, Wednesday, June 25th, 1879. Price 1d

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 349.

YOUR latter-day revivalist is usually a feeble brother. He is constantly agape for some new thing. Sensation is as the very breath of his nostrils. No species of mental dram-drinking—not the novels of Wilkie Collins or Jeanne de la Rammé, not the plays of Mr Boucicault—is so hurtful to the fibres of the mind as the over-indulgence in this species of religious intoxication. A good deal that is neither very seemly nor very sensible can be pardoned in any one who is in earnest. Fervour, enthusiasm, whether it be the enthusiasm of piety or the enthusiasm of politics, always commands a certain degree of respect. But still there are enthusiasms and enthusiasms. Besides, after enthusiasm goes beyond a certain point, it degenerates, of necessity, into mere rant. Perhaps the most saddening feature of the modern craving after sensationalism in religion is the appearance of a class of preachers whose sole business it is to minister to this unwholesome appetite. These people glory in the name of revivalists. They excite their hearers out of *malice prepense*. Their one claim to attention is that they flurry nervous women and over-sensitive men. No more noted member of the class has elevated his voice in our midst than the Rev. THOMAS DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., of Brooklyn, who is to hold forth to-night (Tuesday) in the City Hall. Nothing succeeds like success, and consequently the notoriety gained by Dr TALMAGE on "the other side" has stood him in good stead in his appearances in this country. Like all revivalists, and especially all American revivalists, Dr TALMAGE adopts a style of preaching which is distinguished partly by the familiarity with which it treats of sacred things, and partly by the appeals it makes to the physical apprehen-

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sions of the congregation. In his discourse, for instance, on Sunday week, in Islington Chapel, North London, he dwelt with sickening minuteness on the "carbuncles" which made their appearance over the outer man of Job, and contrived, immediately afterwards, to set his hearers on the grin by describing, with amusing breadth, the "pest of a wife" with which the Patriarch was afflicted. Dr TALMAGE is still in the prime of life. He is the son of a New Jersey farmer, and when young he studied for the law. The ministry, however, had a greater charm for him than the bar. He had a pair of brothers older than himself, both of whom were clergymen, and, following their example, he elected, during his stay at college, that he would rather "wag his pow in a poopit," than spend his days debating in the courts of justice. The future D.D. did not, however, leap into notoriety all at once. At least a baker's dozen of years passed over his head, between the date of his appointment to the Presbyterian Church at Bellville in New Jersey, and the day when his preaching began to draw crowds to his chapel in Philadelphia. From the Quaker City, Dr TALMAGE proceeded to Brooklyn, and it was in this fashionable suburb of New York that his celebrity reached its culminating point. For two or three years, indeed, the Man you Know carried everything before him. The saintly Ward Beecher was under a cloud, and TALMAGE had no rival near his throne. This success, however, was too much for him. He could not recognise that any ebb would ever check the flow of his fortunes. He grew self-assertive and overbearing beyond measure. The tone of his sermons had always been extravagant, but now they fairly out-Heroded Herod. At last his colleagues could bear him no longer. He lost his appointment as editor of *The Christian at Work*, a serial with which he had long been connected; and the mem-

bers of the Brooklyn Presbytery placed him on his trial on a charge of "sensational preaching and injudiciousness." The proceedings of the trial were long and harassing, but ultimately Dr TALMAGE was acquitted by a small majority. Even this escape, however, does not seem to have brought him altogether to his senses. Addressing the court at the close of the proceedings, he called its members to witness that "for six weeks he had lain quietly and allowed all sorts of spiders to crawl over him." With a charming *naïveté* he informed his "brethren" that they couldn't crowd a house in the way he could, and as for the suggestion that his clerical pyrotechnics were not exactly in their proper place in the pulpit, he sneeringly asked which of them regarded himself as a model preacher, and hinted that a pretty round sum of money would not induce him to sit through a sermon by any one of the party. This allusion to money reminds the BAILIE that Dr TALMAGE, like the majority of his countrymen, is fully aware of the value of hard cash. His terms for a night's lecture, and it would be rash to say that they are extravagant, are £100—a good, round, gaucy figure. Anxious to be saved all possible trouble in his progress through this country, Dr TALMAGE has engaged a manager for his English tour. This gentleman announces that his book is already well filled, and any community desirous of making the acquaintance of "the great man," as he is termed, ought therefore to apply at once to the agent in advance. The enthusiasts who crowd to the City Hall this evening can indulge the pleasant consciousness that the orator at whose feet they are placing themselves is one of the best paid performers going; and the Magistrate can only hope—well, that on coming away they will feel they have got full value for the money they paid to get in.

A CINDER.

(Scene—Coal Exchange).

*Robinson* (to Jones, a jolly well-to-do looking party)—I say, old fellow, you'll soon have a corporation like Smith's.

*Brown*—Aye, you see what coals can do.

*Robinson*—Oh, coals never reared Smith's corporation.

*Brown*—What then?

*Robinson*—Cinders, of course.

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK  
is the best pre ent from Edinburgh. 1 Melbourne place,  
near the Castle.

### The Artful Milkmaid.

Tune—"Where has *she-been*?"

"The newest form of peripatetic shebeening is not a very intricate system for evading Her Majesty's customs, consisting only of a milk can, carried by a simple maid, dressed in the attractive costume of her calling, with the orthodox pink short-gown and blue petticoat reaching to her ankles, said milk can being filled, not with undiluted milk from the cow, but with diluted whisky from the still."—*Vide N. B. Daily Mail*, 18th June, 1879.

(Scene, Trongate; Time, Sunday morning. Suspicious Policeman in plain clothes stops genuine milkmaid on her rounds.)

"WHERE are you going to, my pretty maid?  
Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"  
"I'm gaun wi' my milk, kind sir," she said—"sir," she said—  
"I'm gaun wi' my milk, kind sir," she said.  
"Could I have a pennyworth, my pretty maid?  
Could I have a pennyworth, my pretty maid?"  
"It's a' for my customers, sir," she said—"sir," she said—  
"It's a' for my customers, sir," she said.  
"Where are your cows kept, my pretty maid?  
Where are your cows kept, my pretty maid?"  
"They're kept in the byre, kind sir," she said—"sir," she said—  
"They're kept in the byre, kind sir," she said.  
"But where does your byre stand, my pretty maid?  
Where does your byre stand, my pretty maid?"  
"Outside o' the coos, kind sir," she said—"sir," she said—  
"Outside o' the coos, kind sir," she said.  
(Grips her arm.)  
"I suspect you of shebeening, my pretty maid!  
I suspect you of shebeening, my pretty maid!"  
"Oh! you're a policeman, sir," she said—"sir," she said—  
"Oh! you're a policeman, sir," she said.  
"I must sample your milk can, my pretty maid;  
I must sample your milk can, my pretty maid."  
(Removes lid.)  
"Perhaps *this* will convince you, sir," she said—"sir," she said—  
"*This! this!* will convince you, sir," she said.  
(Dashes the milk in his face, and leaves him in possession of the field.)

TALL TALK.—Those reporters will be the death of the BAILIE some fine morning. One of Granny's young lions told us last week that a man charged with bigamy had "entered into a matrimonial alliance with a domestic servant." Let us trust that this grandiloquent youth will never be commissioned to "do" a "marriage in high life." It would unquestionably be fatal to himself, or his readers, or both.

"A small shop" is advertised, "suitable for greengrocer, fletcher, clothier, watchmaker, funeral undertaker, and many other businesses." My conscience! *how* many other businesses? And mustn't they be very "small" businesses if they are all to be carried on in a "small" shop?

“Liberals I—Shilling Each!”

THAT imposing body, the “Glasgow Liberal Association,” held a meeting last Thursday evening, and a very funny meeting it was. In the course of the proceedings Mr Glen Collins expressed his belief that the Association could not muster 500 members—“which was unfortunate.” This unfortunate state of matters is, it seems, brought about by the existence of an entrance-fee of one shilling, and Mr Collins proposed to abolish this charge, it having been found that your local “Liberal,” like his political brethren elsewhere, prefers his bawbees to his principles. It was ultimately decided to make the payment of the fee optional, but to keep a roll-book for those who pay, and another for those who do not—a truly “Liberal” notion and one calculated to foster the self-respect of members! Perhaps the membership might be more effectually multiplied by giving away shillings instead of requiring them. The BAILIE—who has a tender heart for all struggling and weakly things, even the meanest—makes the Association a free gift of this suggestion.

AT MUGBY REFRESHMENT ROOMS.

Canny Aberdonian (to swell barmaid)—How much?

S. B.—One-and-four.

[C. A. resolves to do the handsome and lays down one shilling and five pence, but the swell barmaid haughtily sweeps the penny back.]

C. A.—It's a' richt.

S. B.—Waat!

C. A.—It's a' richt.

S. B.—I don't understand you.

C. A.—It's a' richt. I had ane o' these.

[The happy thought to point to a bun got him through it, and he left smiling.]

Why is not Charles Lamb alive among us, to put in a plea for the show-folks? In Greenock they are hustled with abuse, from their wonted places, while in Glasgow grave Councillors denounce them as corruptors of public morals. Ah, well! let us hope that West-End gentility never simpers over anything more objectionable than the sayings and doings which used to tickle the ribs of our commonalty what time the Fair flourished in all its glory, and ginger was hot in the mouth!

Heart Needlework—Sewing on a button to her husband's shirt.

A Real Lord—The Lord of the Isles

Cassagnac Come to Council.

IS Mr Neil quite incorrigible? It was but the other day that he humbled himself under the lash, and now he is “at it again,” politely terming his colleagues in the Improvement Trust “worshippers of the mammon of unrighteousness,” and “recoiling from them as the most infamous and degraded of the human race.” It is all very well to laugh at this sort of thing, as was done last week; but our representatives should recollect that they sit in a representative rather than a personal capacity, and that some respect is due to the dignity of the city if not to their own. If the Lord Provost is unable to keep our municipal Cassagnac in order, he should admit his incapacity and vacate his office.

GETTING THE BEST OF IT.

“He's an absolute liar,” says Long,  
“And no one henceforth can believe him.”  
Says Nobbs, “The poor creature's all wrong,  
But, kind Christian friends, I—forgive him!”

“Mr O'Donnell,” writes a “London correspondent,” “proposed that every soldier who was flogged should be made to form a corps of their own.” To comment on so choice a piece of “newspaper English” would truly be to gild refined gold. Let it stand in these columns, unadorned and immortal.

Somebody wants a clerk “thoroughly conversant with bankruptcy work.” What a flood of applications he must have, to be sure!

SPIRITED POLICY.—Verily there is enterprise in “the trade.” A Kilmarnock publican who applied for cessio last week stated that within a few months he had “given away” £56 worth of liquor “in order to push his business!” All good tipplers must share the Animile's regret that this truly “spirited” method of doing business was not more successful in its results.

A suffering correspondent asks why the Meteorological Office is continually reporting that “the weather has again become very unsettled”—as if it were ever anything else nowadays but unsettled!

At “the Gaiety”—“Truth” must be strong, stronger than fiction.—it “drew” such houses last week.

His Latest—Asinus says that Talmage is one of De Witt-iest parsons out!

Havanna Cigars, La Flor De Aroma, First-Class Brand, 4d each. D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram St., and 121 Buchanan St.

## Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—The author, or at least the adapter, of the new piece "Snowball," which is to be played at the Gaiety Theatre this evening, is Mr Sydney Grundy, a member of the English bar, and the son of Alderman Grundy, the ex-Mayor of Manchester. "Snowball," which has a French origin, is a comedy of intrigue. It has an amusing plot, and the dialogue is smart and telling. Curiously enough, the motive of the piece resembles, in some measure, that on which "Truth" is founded. The story in the one instance tells how a theatre-goer, who had been to see the "Pink Dominoes" without the knowledge of his wife, meets ultimately with a proper measure of punishment at her hands; and in the other it shows what befell three gentlemen who have visited the Aquarium, and who are desirous to keep their whereabouts on that occasion a secret from "the ladies who own them." It is only in "motive" however, that the two works have any resemblance to one another. The plot, the incidents, and the characters of "Snowball" are totally distinct from the plot, the characters, and the incidents of "Truth."

"Snowball" will be capitally played. The comedians engaged in its representation are the members of the company at the Strand Theatre in London. It was originally produced by them at the Strand in February last, and they have played it, in London and the provinces, ever since. The leading part—that of Mr Featherstone, who is made the victim of his wife's displeasure—is sustained in capital style by Mr W. H. Vernon; and Miss Ada Swanborough, Miss Telbin, and Mr A. Wood, are also in the cast.

When Mr Sims Reeves appears at the Gaiety in the course of the autumn, he will be accompanied among others by Miss Lucy Frankelein.

Mr Bernard's occupancy proper of the Manchester Princes Theatre, begins, I understand, in August. His lease is for ten years.

Mr Sidney's occupancy of the Prince of Wales Theatre begins, I understand, at the middle of July.

The death took place in Birmingham to-day of Mr Frederick Craven Robertson, the well-known comedian, and the brother of Mr T. W. Robertson, the author of "Caste," "School," and half-a-dozen other famous pieces. Poor Fred., clever, accomplished, and handsome, seemed, ten years ago, to have, and really had, the ball at his foot. Like many another fellow, however, he neglected his opportunity, and what might have been a brilliant career closed to day in comparative obscurity. At his death he was only thirty-two.

Encore une étoile qui file—  
File, file, et disparaît!

"Uneasy," to use a Shake-perian phrase, "lies the head that trains a choir." This, or something like this, is said to be applicable, at present in Glasgow, in more cases than one.

The Glasgow Choral Union intend having their annual picnic on Saturday next. They go this year to Castle Semple, near Lochwinnoch.

"They say" that we may have an opportunity of judging for ourselves, next autumn, of the merits of Mdlle. Tremelli, the Hungarian contralto whose singing this season at the Covent Garden Opera has created so much enthusiasm in London. Mdlle. Tremelli, whose father was a well-known painter, was born in 1854.

Did you hear, BAILIE, of the big doings at the Humane Society House on the Green last week? George, with his better and bigger half, was celebrating the 25th anniversary of their marriage, and troops of friends thought the "silver wedding" a good time to show their "golden opinions" of the worthy couple.

*Fraser's Magazine*—"Regina," as it used to be termed in the great days when Carlyle was numbered among its contributors—has been edited for the past five years by Allingham the poetaster, and has descended, during that period, from one level of dullness to another. Allingham, it may be recollected, was the scribbler who, some seven and twenty years ago, tried so hard, in the pages of the *Athenaeum*, to convict Alexander Smith of plagiarism, and wrote himself down an ass accordingly. Now, however, an at-

tempt is being made to shake the dry bones of the well-nigh defunct periodical. It is to be edited by Principal Tulloch—who has always, I must confess, seemed to me a "wee bit" of a Philistine, and whose recent monograph on "Pascal" was a conspicuous failure—while among those who will contribute to its pages are Mr Froude—a bad historian, but the master of a vivid and impassioned style, Mr Edmund Gosse the poet, Professor Jebb, Mr John Skelton, Mr George Saintsbury, and that pair of brilliant youngsters, Mr Andrew Lang—a whilome student at Gilmorehill, and Mr Robert Louis Stevenson.

Mr Richard D. Blackmore—the author of "Lorna Doone" and half-a-dozen other capital stories—will begin a novel entitled "Mary Anerley" in the July number of *Fraser*. I wonder, by the bye, whether there is any foundation for the report that Mr Blackmore is a market gardener in Kent? His elder brother, who was a man of considerable wealth, died two or three years ago, and left the whole of his money to the daughter of a Cornish innkeeper, in whose house he chanced to be staying at the time. Some considerable period before he was seized with his last illness, he had bequeathed his fortune, in proper form, to Mr Bradlaugh, to be employed in the propagation of secular doctrines, and on the young lady of Cornwall seeking to prove the will executed in her favour, an action for its reduction—to use a legal phrase—was begun by Mr Blackmore as the heir-at-law, and Mr Bradlaugh as the previous legatee. Both, however, were non-suited.

There was a rather interesting sale of books in the rooms of Messrs Duncan Keith and Buchanan on Tuesday last. Among the works that came under the hammer was a copy, my Magistrate, of your predecessor, the *Glasgow Satirist*, the little brochure printed and published by our good friend Willie Rankin over thirty years ago; and, curiously enough, although the *Satirist* was sold, when in life, at one penny per number, the half-dozen numbers that constituted its mortal career went for the very respectable sum of seven shillings.

"A Walk round Arran, by a Middle-aged Couple," is about to be issued from the press of Mr Guthrie of Ardrrossan. I may hint, in an anticipatory way, that the account of the walk is brightly and tastefully written, and that the little volume, when published, will be a peculiarly acceptable addition to the literature of our "single-crested Teneriffe."

Surely the *Herald* people have shown a praiseworthy indifference to consequence by the engaging of Mr George Meredith to write a story for their weekly paper. Mr Meredith, to my mind, is the cleverest and the most unreadable of our living novelists. His different books—"Evan Harrington," "Richard Feverel," "Vittoria," "Beauchamp's Career," "Farina," "The Shaving of Shagpat"—astonish you by their talent, and weary you with their want of human interest. He has a species of analogue in Peacock, the author of "Headlong Hall," "Maid Marian," and half-a-dozen other stories that are only known to people with a dainty taste in literature. The admirers of Mr William Black or Mr Charles Gibbon won't go into hysterics over George Meredith. By the bye, in addition to his direct work in literature, Mr Meredith, I understand, occupies an important position as a "reader" for Chapman & Hall.

SUSPICIOUS. — "Respectable Widow wants situation as Housekeeper. One or two gentlemen. Salary no object!"—Aha! Fee-fo-fi-fum! I smell the widows. "Object," says our intelligent Animile; and adds—"Let the present distracted condition of Dundee, and the miserable experience of the late Tony Weller, guide you, ye happy single Scottish gentlemen, out of the path of widows in general, and this one in particular."

"Protectionists"—Policemen.



More Words from Truthful Sandy.

FROM attacking schoolmasters friend Sandy Macdonald has turned his attention to defending French nuns against the awful charge, brought against them in Parliament, of drinking claret. It does not appear that Sandy was ever a French nun himself, though we should not be surprised to hear it, but he has positive information on the subject. The BAILIE has no hesitation in accepting his assurance, and waits with some interest for the next piece of intelligence with which the chosen of Stafford may favour a grateful universe.

AN OLD FRIEND.—In the angling report from Lochleven given by the daily papers the other day occurs the item, "Mr Winkle, 15 trout, 12 lb." This distinguished gentleman has evidently been devoting himself, during his long retirement from public life, to acquiring some foundation for his claim to rank as a sportsman. Would it be indiscreet to inquire after Mrs W., *m<sup>e</sup>* Allen—also after her brother Benjamin and his vivacious friend Sawyer?

ART KNOWLEDGE IN GLASGOW.

(Scene—Union Street; Time last Friday evening; Eminent Art critic and dealer, and well-known musician are busy in conversation; to them enter popular artist).

*Artist*—I see by the *Herald* of to-day that a painter named Lawrence has been elected a Royal Academician. Who is Lawrence? I never heard of him.

*Musician*—Never heard of him! Never heard of Sir Thomas Lawrence?

*Eminent Art Critic*—Oh, Lawrence, why *he's* an artist if you like. I regard him as a very clever fellow indeed.

[Musician and artist listen reverently to the words of the critical Gamaliel and depart fully satisfied.]

COW-ARDLY.—The two boys who last week were each fined in a crown for throwing stones at cows inoffensively grazing might have had a little phys-ical punishment inoculated into their hides in addition to the fiscal infliction. The application of a strip of tanned ox-(h)ide or a dose of ox-alic acid would have restrained their vaccine venom for all time coming.

Question as to the "No-bill'-ity—Why should any one stick a bill upon *another person's* property?

"Pour Encourager les Autres."

THE sympathy so practically expressed for the man Burns, who robbed a lady in the Northern District the other day, has somewhat of a maudlin aspect. He is caught in an impudent theft, and because he tells a pitiful story the magistrate declines to punish him, subscriptions pour in, and a benevolent police official interests himself in obtaining employment for the criminal. Burns's case was, no doubt, a distressing one, but there are thousands in the city suffering as severely as he did, and yet resisting temptation. Would not the philanthropist be better employed in seeking out the innocent sufferer than in encouraging crime by rewarding the guilty?

Inspired by a "comic fantasia" played the other night by the band of the 25th L.R.V., the Ass has been going in for a few "Evenings about Glasgow." He says that the "fantasia" is comic enough while it lasts, but that next morning the tragedy comes in.

ICHABOD!—One day last week the papers devoted a paragraph to the launch of a "19 ft. open pleasure-boat," at Gourrock. And this is what Clyde shipbuilding has come to!

ACTS OF GRACE.—"Through" is the motto of the ducal family of Hamilton; and the present wearer and bearer of the strawberry leaf seems to be at least thoroughly through-going.

"PARTING IS SUCH SWEET SORROW."—We are told in the *Scotsman*, that on the occasion of the visit to the Pentland Hills, of the Edinburgh Geological Society, the Glasgow gentlemen who accompanied the party "left the silurian beds with great reluctance." The BAILIE knows beds that Glasgow men leave with still greater reluctance—their beds at the coast on a Monday morning.

AT LAST!—A number of mules are being sent out to the Cape. His Worship means nothing disrespectful to Sir Garnet when he says that this is a move in the right direction. Cete-wayo must be tired by this time of the donkeys that have hitherto represented us there.

A Nursery Ground—The West-End Park.

A "Receiver of Wrecks"—Dr Yellowlees.

A Capital Business—Investing in stock. An interesting business—Lending money.

BICYCLES.—The West of Scotland Bicycle Co. have opened a Show-Room at 104 Renfield Street, where the rising generation can supply itself with any make of two-wheeler.

## Megilp.

I HAD a look round the Dundee Exhibition the other day, and do not think that the collection equals in excellence that of last year. It includes many good pictures, and a great number of very indifferent ones. Prominent places have been given, in several instances, to weak figure subjects, stiff, thin, and amateurish in both conception and handling.

The best works are contributed, as a rule, by Scotch artists. Among the west country exhibitors are Messrs A. Finlay, Grey, Catterns, Denovan Adam, Black, Mackellar Aitken, M'Laurin, Calvert, Fulton, Henderson, Cooper Crawford, M'Millan, Murray, Brydall, Greenlees, Fairbairn, Dalglish, Paterson, Buchanan, Blatherwick, Paton, Low, Little, and Williams; and Miss Greenlees, Miss Blatherwick, and Miss Chapman.

The twenty-eight water colour drawings by Mr Sam Bough, and the etchings by Messrs Herkomer, Richeton, Macbeth, Whistler, and Seymour Haden, form a very interesting portion of the Exhibition.

May I point out to the energetic organisers of the Dundee Exhibition that it would be an improvement to the Catalogue—we well got up otherwise—were there added to it an alphabetical list of the contributors' names.

Among the pictures sold last week in the Exhibition was a scene in the Kyles of Bute by Mr J. D. Taylor.

## Ta Tuke and the Yankees.

THE Yankees were, it seems, very much astonished to find, on the arrival of the Duke of Argyll in New York, that his Grace is but a man, and a very "or'nary" sort of man "at that." What they expected to see does not exactly appear, but it is quite evident that they were disappointed. "He walks," says one paper, "and eats, and has hands and feet, just like other men." This artless Republican wonderment was perhaps to have been expected, but the BAILIE must protest against those passages where the *New York Times* speaks of his Grace as "Scotland's pet Duke," and a "chieftain dear to the hearts of his countrymen." Had it been "Scotland's petty Duke," and a "chieftain dear to the pockets of his countrymen"—but perhaps that is what was meant.

## THE WAY SHE SHOULD GO.

*Wayfaring Woman*—Hey, man, hoo far is't tae Kilmaurnack by the shortest road frae here?

*Polite Native*—Weel, gudewife, it's sixteen mile straucht on by the toll road, but if ye gang by the cardinal pints o' the compass it's only—

*Wayfaring Woman* (interrupting)—Na, na, ma man, that'll dae. Nane o' yer popish directions for me, cardinals an' whit not, for I'm a member o' the Free Kirk. I'll tak' the toll road although it wiz saxty mile rayther than hae onything tae dae wi' the Scaurlet Wumman.

To Restore Suspended Animation—Use "Vitaline." To Suspend Animation—Apply to Mr Ma rwood or "Signor Rossi."

## The Church and the Drama.

THE Roman Catholic Church has been for some time divided against itself on the subject of theatrical performances, two such distinguished authorities as Cardinal Manning and Monsignor Capel taking diametrically opposite views of the question. True believers will therefore be glad to learn that the point has been at length practically settled by the granting of a theatrical licence to a Roman Catholic congregation in Dumfries. Outsiders also will watch with interest the development of this new feature of the Propaganda. What has friend Long to say on the subject?

## Our Own Beggarman.

THE other day Mr William M'Ewen, in the presence of a noble, knightly, and generally distinguished audience, expressed his belief that he was "the best beggar in the town." Time was when a politician, famous for skill in invective, could find no more opprobrious epithet to fling at an opponent than "big beggarman," but that time is past. Is it Mr M'Ewen's will and pleasure that he shall henceforth be known by the title conferred by Mr Benjamin Disraeli upon Mr Daniel O'Connell instead of by his ancient and familiar *sobriquet*?

## A Painful Case.

IN the House of Commons last Wednesday Sir Alexander Gordon made the singular statement that by an Act of 1860 rabbits were exempted from paying a certain tax. Sir Alexander's vagaries must have been for some time a source of considerable uneasiness to his friends, political and otherwise, and it is now painfully evident that he is labouring under extraordinary hallucinations. Can he not be induced to try the restorative effects of a temporary retirement to the soothing solitudes of Aberdeenshire?

DONE-DE-MONS. — The Jutopolitans were denied the chance of setting a dainty dish before the Queen. Her Majesty gave them neither "a day" nor a *knight*. They must be contented with entertaining Widdows, and in being entertained by Jenkins.

AN EXCEPTIONAL BEE-ING. — There is an exception to every rule; and the little busy bee's one exception to the "every opening flower" of the celebrated Dr Watts is the flour of brimstone.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT Councillor Neil swore "at lairge" against everybody last week.

That formerly the Councillor was amusing when he was on the "rampage."

That now he is dull and unintelligible.

That the other Councillors did a wise thing in allowing his attack to pass without comment.

That nothing could have been more galling to Mr Neil than this unusual reticence.

That in future the Councillor would consult his own dignity by becoming a voting member instead of an oratorical disturber of the peace.

That the one immaculate Town-Councillor is Bailie Torrens.

That others may be faithless, but he is the one faithful member of the Corporation.

That he won't even allow a whisper of doubt to come between the wind and his nobility.

That the Bailie is blessed with a wonderfully good opinion of himself.

That the Clyde Trustees have again delayed the improvements at the Passenger Wharf.

That they are grudging the cost of the one coat of whitewash.

That if John Burns's fleet sailed from the Broomielaw Bridge the Trust would not be allowed to rest on their oars so long.

That the Glasgow Roman Catholics are anxious to run a candidate for Parliament at next general election.

That the carters had a wet day for their trip.

That many of the drivers were "heavy wet" before they returned.

That there never is much dryness among the "cairter lads."

That the Medical Missionary Society seems to be doing good in an unostentatious manner.

That the death-rate begins to show a most marked and welcome decrease.

That perhaps Bailie Morrison's pet scheme is bearing fruit at last.

That the County Police didn't shine very brightly in their attempt to stop the recent prize-fight.

That the County Police seldom do shine in anything except the buttons.

That the number of "Furnished apartments to let" at the coast towns is an evidence of a very dull season.

That several "oldest inhabitants" never knew so few houses taken for July.

That "the Crown has abandoned all intention of taking action against Mr William Scott."

That—

That the latest thing in religious polemics is to "back one's opinion."

That Father Glancy is quite a sporting character.

That three more policemen have been tried for brutal treatment of a prisoner.

That the verdict of "Not proven" should serve as a warning.

"Wishers were ever Fools."

Antony and Cleopatra.

SWEET June, sweet leafy June, oh hear

The sorrows of a sorry clerk;

Thou bring'st the blessed sun to cheer—

Without how bright; within how dark!

Ah, life to me is all a sham—

Would it were o'er; or, in a word,

Would I were other than I am—

Let's say a bird.

I'd be a bird; but then, mayhap,

Poor birds have got their sorrows too;

For say, some cruel school-boy's trap

I but popped in, what would I do?

But after all, I did but jest,

I would not, could not be a bird;

Oh no—and second thoughts are best—

'Tis too absurd!

I'd be a bee; roaming at will

From flower to flower—round here, round there—

Never without an ample fill;

A bee seems happy anywhere.

But bees have wings, and bees have stings—

I do not like those nasty things;

And really, 'tween you and me,

That life of theirs is so hum-drum,

I would not care to be a bee—

It's all a hum.

I'd be a trout; a sportive trout,

Dwelling secure in mountain stream;

By shelving rock, now in, now out,

Jumping to kiss the summer's beam.

But anglers chance to go about,

With bated breath and anxious look—

What did I say? I'd be a trout?—

Yes, with a hook!

So where's the good of every wish?

We'd all be happy if we'd try;

I see not insect, bird, or fish

Is one whit better off than I.

Then come, my pen—my weird I'll dree,

Although it chance be full of cark;

I'd be—just what I hap to be—

A humble clerk.

SOLD!

Visitor (pointing to ram's head snuff-box)—Is this *pro bono publico*, waiter?

Waiter—No, sir, it's a mixture of Kendall Brown and Irish Blackguard.

Why, suggests the Animile, are the pieces of the Comédie Francaise sure to take well? Because, he rejoins, there is lots of Got (go) in them. He haw!

**"UNIQUE" SHIRTS.**

IT is quite apparent that of the numerous Shirts which claim attention through the medium of advertising, it is clearly impossible that they can all be what they pretend—namely, "the best." Perhaps the following plain statement of indisputable facts, however unpalatable they may be to *soi-disant* Shirtmakers, will assist Gentlemen to form an opinion as to where they are most likely to procure Shirts both *good and cheap*.

We are by far the largest Shirt Manufacturers in Scotland who deal directly with the Retail Purchaser. Gentlemen buying from us save all intermediate profits. The "UNIQUE" SHIRT is Designed and Cut on our own Premises, and the Sewing is done by Seamstresses who have been trained specially for our own Trade. The "UNIQUE" occupies the enviable position of being the model on which all other Shirts are based, and the nearer they approach it in form, the nearer they are to perfection.

Present Price List, 30/, 39/, 45/ per Half-dozen from Stock. Special Qualities Made to Order.

RILEY, WEBSTER, & BORLAND,  
86 AND 88 ARGYLE STREET.

**SHELDON'S  
HAIR RESTORER**  
RESTORES Grey Hair to its Youthful Colour. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Causes a New Growth of Hair. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Removes Dandriff and all Impurities from the Hair. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Prevents the Hair from falling off or turning Grey.

May be had of any Chemist or Perfumer.  
Price, 3s 6d.

DEPOT, 121 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

**TOWN, COAST, OR COUNTRY.**

MAKING it, as we do, our constant study to anticipate the wants of our Customers, in all matters of Dress, it gives us pleasure to direct very special attention to our SIXTY SHILLINGS "SCOTCH TWEED" SUITS, which for good value will be found unequalled in the City. We appreciate fully the growing disposition among Gentlemen when they are about to buy a Tweed Suit to know precisely what it will cost—assuming the Quality, Fit, and Style to be entirely satisfactory—and in fixing the price at 60s. it will readily be seen that we have resolved to place the Suit within the reach of every Business Man in the City.

**FORSYTH,**  
CLOTHIER & SHIRTMAKER,  
5 AND 7 RENFIELD STREET.

*Note.—The Special Realising Sale, at Great Reductions in Prices, will be continued during June, in order to reduce Stocks, as they are still much in excess of what they should be, compatible with the safe and proper working of a Cash Business.*

**FURNITURE.**  
DINING-ROOM, DRAWING-ROOM, BED-ROOM, PARLOUR, KITCHEN, OFFICE, LIBRARY, AND LOBBY FURNITURE; ALSO, MIRRORS, CARPETS, LINOLEUMS, RUGS, BEDDING, NAPERY, CRETONNES, CURTAINS, WINDOW POLES, &c.,  
AT UNPRECEDENTED PRICES DURING THE MONTH OF JUNE.  
**A. GARDNER & SON,**  
CABINETMAKERS AND UPHOLSTERERS,  
36 JAMAICA STREET.

**TO FAMILIES GOING TO THE COAST.**

RARE BARGAINS IN COSTUMES, JACKETS, DRESS FABRICS,  
MILLINERY, BONNETS, &c., &c.,

AT THE

**CALEDONIAN HOUSE,**

MESSRS COPLAND & LYE intimate to the Citizens of Glasgow, especially those going to the Coast, or preparing for Marriage Outfits, that they have just received another Lot of Paris and London Costumes, London, Paris, and Vienna Jackets, Lorry Loads of Dress Goods; also an immense Stock of Trimmed and Untrimmed Bonnets; also Linen Sheetings, Horrocks's Long Cloths and Calicoes, which Ladies would do well to buy before the advance takes place, which will inevitably follow the improvement in trade, which has decidedly commenced; in fact, we say to one and all that we think such an opportunity of laying out your money to such good advantage may not occur again during the present century.

**COPLAND & LYE,**  
CALEDONIAN HOUSE, 165 AND 167 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,  
COLOSSEUM,  
70 JAMAICA STREET.

THIS week we are showing Great Novelties in Gent.'s Hats for the Coast and Country, the Best Stock in Scotland. Gentlemen do not be behind the age, but buy Hats in the latest fashion, only to be had at the

COLOSSEUM.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.  
HENRY THOMSON & CO.'S  
OLD  
IRISH WHISKY.  
SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—  
ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

DAVISON'S  
CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE  
GINGER BEER.

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND; WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC.  
As Supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

THOMAS DAVISON,  
DISPENSING CHEMIST,  
126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

# The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25th, 1879.

GLASGOW is great at commissions, deputations, and what not. We all recollect the palmy days when half-a-dozen Glasgow Bailies, ex-Bailies, and other like gentlemen, with an official tail as long again as the deputation proper, used to witness the running for the Derby from the top of a London drag. Since these halcyon times the Westminster Hotel has been made lively o' nights during the season with the high-jinks of the sportive members of the Corporation, and the committee-rooms of the House of Commons have witnessed more than one exhibition of municipal wisdom—or shall it be said municipal folly? Well, we are about to organise a fresh commission. This time the matter in hand is sewage, and, now that the reign of economy has set in, the Commission is to consist of a pair of experts only. Looking, how-

ever, to the experience we have had with former Commissions on Sewage and sundry other subjects of a kindred character, there seems but little likelihood that the excursion to be made by Messrs WALLACE and RUSSELL over the sewage reservoirs of England will come to much good. Had commissions and commissioners been able to solve the sewage difficulty, it would have been settled long ago. Now, however, we are as far from a settlement of the subject as ever. Of course it is necessary to put on an air of business with regard to this, as it is with regard to all other matters of urgent municipal importance, but when the BAILIE learned that the only expedient that remained to support this "air" was the sending of Dr WALLACE and Dr RUSSELL over the ground traversed half-a-dozen years ago by a posse of Bailies and Councillors—why, he larfed.

"Clearhead."

THE weights for the "Cumberland Plate," to be run for at the Carlisle race meeting on the first of next month, were published the other day, and among the entrants was no less a personage than—"Clearhead!" The little man is usually first on the poll, and there is every likelihood, therefore, that he may add another laurel on the 1st to the chaplet that already encircles his brows, and return home victorious to Paisley bearing the "plate" in his waistcoat pocket. There seems to have been some misapprehension with regard to our friend's age on the part of the person announcing the weights, since he is set down in the list at "5 years," but however this may be, there can be no question that, although physically he is approaching the three-score and ten allotted by the Psalmist as the years of a man, his heart is still as green, and he has as much "spunk," not to say "cheek," as any five-year-old of them all.

SAUCE FOR GOOSE, SAUCE FOR GANDER.—The BAILIE has a crow to pick with the powers that be, who sternly suppressed the City Bank lottery scheme, but content themselves with mildly deprecating the holding of Roman Catholic lotteries. His Worship would ask, in the words of a contemporary, how is it that "while the law cannot even be evaded for the sake of ruined families and desolated homes, it may be broken with impunity on behalf of a politico-sectarian organisation;" and he pauses for a reply.

Jeems Kaye attends a Meeting of Creditors.

I'VE been thrang since I wrote ye last, BAILIE, looking after bad debts—an exciting if no a particularly enjoyable way o' passing the time. It's desperate, perfectly heart-rending; I kenna what's tae come ower us at a'. If it wisna for keeping my sma' connection thegither I'm hanged if I widna put up the shutters and gae doon to Goorock for a fortnicht, awa' bi' the Cloch and o't as faur frae the haunts o' man as possible. I wis aye coontit a man wi' a plesent affable manner, but really if I'm tried much mair I'll no' answer for consequences. Sitting the tae hauf o' the day on a wheel-barrow lookin' oot for customers that never come, and hunting after bad debts the tither hauf is no' likely to improve a man's temper, I can tell ye.

Last Thursday I attended a meeting o' creditors—but tae begin at the beginning—My custcmers are principally respectable hunerweicht tae hauf waggon folk, only three or fower going the length o' a hale waggon at a time; so six months ago when I got an order for three waggons o' the vera best Duke o' Hamilton's jewel coal, in bags tae, min' ye, I thoct I had at last got intae a superior connection, and determined tae cultivate it. This order wis frae a gentleman wha had a fine villa, three or four servants, a waggonette, and a conservatory. He carried a high heed, and was considered tae be worth thoosan's. Can ye blame me feeling prood o' this new era in my trade, and will ye no' say I wis justified in drawing twa bottles o' porter that nicht, ane for Betty and the tither for mysel', instead o' the usual ane between us?

However, things went on, cash wis paid for a while till I wis aff my guard, and then a big—big for me—bill wis mountit up, and then, aye then, in the fourth page o' the *Herald* I read:—“Horatius Butterthemup & Co., Australian merchants, and Horatius Butterthemup, sole partner of the firm, as such partner and as an individual. Creditors to meet,” &c., &c.

We met. We a' sat roon a table while Horatius wis in a wee room aff us, dootless wondering if he shouldna hae taen a wheen mair in. A statement wis submitted tae the meeting, showing the liabilities tae be £4611 7s 3¼d, and the assets, after deducting preferable claims, £31 3s 4d.

“I'm afraid it's a blue do this,” I remarked tae my neebor, a respectable flesher in for £60 o' butcher meat. “I've seen waur,” he remarked, “but it's bad enouch; if I had kent this wis tae be the upshot, I wid hae gien him a gigot o' American oftener than I did.”

Aifter a bit talk about the assets, which consisted principally o' dootful debts and boxes o' ceegaur, it cam' oot there wis a sum o' three hun'er pounds unaccounted for, so Horatius wis brocht in tae be examined about it. He cam' in a' smiles.

“Good morning, gentlemen,” he says, “Any information I can give I will gladly.” “Nae doot,” I says, “nae doot! If ye wid gie us some money as readily as ye can gie the information it wid suit us better.” “Order,” says ane; “Mr Kaye, how can ye hit a poor man when he's down? It's cruel.” “I'faith,” I says, “I wish I had hut him when he wis up, up at my ree ordering his first unfortunate waggon. I wid gladly hae paid the usual fine o' five shillings or three days for the assault.” “Never mind him, Mr Butterthemup,” says the rest. “But may we be excused if we trouble you with a few questions, just formal of coorse. And don't answer anything you don't like; we don't want to hurt your feelings. How much capital had you when you began?” “I had nothing; but was in debt about fifty pounds.” “Was your first year prosperous?” “Well, I made a good spec or two.” “Was your second year?” “Well, seeing I didn't keep books, I can scarcely say.” “Great criftens! ye didna keep books,” I says. “Order! order! Mr Kaye,” says a creditor, “You must know lots of people don't keep books nowadays. Half sheets of paper do quite well for any go-a-head business firm.” “Exactly,” says Horatius; “I used to take jottings on the blotting paper, and by the time the blotting paper was used up the jottings were of no use, so I threw them away. My creditors will now reap the benefit of my not having spent money on business books.” “Quite so,” says another, “quite so! Then your third year?” That was the year you bought the villa, and also I think—pardon me if I'm wrong—the waggonette.” “And diddled me,” I says. “Order, Mr Kaye! Why will you persist in annoying this unfortunate gentleman? Have sympathy! You may be in a similar position yourself some time.” “Me!” I says, “Me! me! It's little ye ken, man, I'm maybe no' very rich, but I'm honest! h—o—n—e—s—.”

Here ane that had failed three times already got up and moved that I be put oot if I hinted that onybody in that room wisna honest; so I put a peppermint drap intae my mooth, and chewed it viciously and sat still, and Horatius cleared his throat and wi' a wave o' his pocket naepkin began.

“Yes, gentlemen; but recollect the villa and furniture and waggonette belong to my wife.”

"Gudesake," says the flesher, "this is getting waur and waur."

"Indeed, is this really so?" says the chairman.

"Yes, gentlemen, an uncle of my wife's died in the Fiji islands, and he left his fortune to my wife, as he was a bachelor. The remittance came to her in a registered letter posted just before his death."

"Oh! indeed! and the horse it's worth sixty pounds, I believe?"

"It," says Horatius with a smile, "was bought by my wife out of the savings she effected, shilling by shilling, out of the money I allowed her for housekeeping."

"Then I'm afraid the creditors can't touch them."

"Certainly not," says Horatius.

"You have two gold watches, one worth thirty pounds, the other fifty."

"Well, gentlemen, I wear two; but at present I decline to say where they are."

"You have some fine pictures; you are celebrated as a collector, we believe?"

"Oh! no, gentlemen, not celebrated; I had a few trifling works of art, but at present a relation has them."

"Aye, his uncle," says I.

"You also had a dinner-set with your crest on it, which, I hear, cost £80. Do you think that was right?"

"Quite right! Remember, gentlemen, I had a position to keep up."

"A bonnie position ye're in noo," I says, "and yet ye craw crouse."

"As your book-keeping was perhaps not so consolidated as we would like, there appears to be three hundred pounds amissing someway!"

"Oh! no! not amissing! That's too harsh; it's not amissing. I gave two hundred pounds to my mother-in-law in payment of a loan, and I handed the other hundred to my wife to keep the house."

"As the tick's stopped," says the flesher.

"Ye surely can gie the Trustee that," I says.

"Certainly not," says Horatius. "Good gracious, would you have my wife and family to starve, Mr Kaye?"

"Yes, Mr Kaye, would ye like that?" says three or fower; "You wi' yer paltry account o' nine pounds seven and sixpence."

"Paltry!" I says. "It's the biggest accoont ever I had. Fifteen waggons o' jewel coal, at twelve and six a waggon delivered, is nae joke tae a man like me."

"Gentlemen," says the chairman, "our poor

unfortunate friend deserves our sympathy. If we don't give him that he will run off to the Sanctuary at Edinburgh, and defy us. Therefore I propose we instruct the trustee to do the usual. We will probably get a small dividend—sixpence in the pound, or at most ninepence. However, that's better than nothing."

"I second the motion," says another; and so it was carried, the flesher and me dissenting.

At this point I cleared my throat, took a moothfu' o' water, and rising majestically till I towered abin their heeds, I stuck my left thoom intae my waistcoat, an' keepin' the richt haun free tae assist my oratory I began:—

"Gentlemen, fellow cratures in distress, we are here met in secret tae mourn the loss o' oor hard-earned money—at least I think I may say as much for mysel' and my freen the flesher, although the rest o' ye seem tae tak' it mighty easy—but when that man can stan' afore us and tell us he began wi' naethin', leaved at heck and manger, drove in his gig, while better folk took tippence worth in the omnibus, bocht pictures, and wore twa gold watches, ane in each pooch, comes and buys a' roads and never pays, and then tells us a cock and bull story about his wife's uncle, and cracks his fingers and defies us, gentlemen, I say it's high time the law should step in and clap him in jail. Hooever, as that's no' tae be, I have a motion tae mak', namely that ye a' retire and lee the flesher and me and Horatius here a wee, and when there's nae witnesses we'll gie him sich a keel-hauling that even his wife and her uncle frae the Fiji Islands widna recognise him. As a rule I'm a peaceable man, but thae fifteen waggons hae laen on my heart like a huner o' bricks this last week or twa, and I maun get it oot someway. Cum-mer, Horatius!" and I made a grab at him, but he slippit oot, and I need scarcely say my motion was lost.

I went hame wi' a sair heart, opened a new accoont for profit and loss—ony bit trifling sums I had lost before I jist wrote aff as discount—and getting a new Waverly pen, a ruler, and a sheet o' big paper, I wrote a notice and pasted it up on the door o' the coal-ree:—

"On and aifter the 13th June, Terms strictly cash. Quick profits and sma' returns. *N.B.*—In the absence o' the principal the laddie has instructions tae book nae orders without cash on the nail."—Yours dejectedly,

JAMES KAYE.

Tick-doloureux — The ticking of "Grandfather's Clock."

The Greenock "Commission"  
Scandal.

THE members of the Greenock Police Board have taken up a most ill-advised position in the matter of the alleged "commission" scandal. A certain statement having been made at a committee-meeting, it was, in the ordinary course, reported by the daily press, and now the Provost and his colleagues get into a terrible fluster, declare that the honour of their officials is unimpeachable, encourage one particular official to "take further action" in the matter, and term the publication of the report in question "an unwarrantable liberty on the part of the press." All this is so much bunkum. There is no accusation against any particular official; but there have evidently been rumours afloat of malpractices, and when the rumours find public expression at a committee-meeting the press is but performing its proper function in reporting them. It is alleged that a sore exists. If this allegation be well-founded, it is time the sore should be healed. If not, justice to all parties demands that its non-existence should be demonstrated. This, at least, is the usual mode of regarding such matters; but if the good folks of Greenock prefer the method adopted by Provost Lyle and his friends, it is their own look out.

£100.

This for a lecture's pretty smart;  
But fools with money easy part,  
And give would read'ly to a Yankee,  
While to a Scot they'd scarce say Thank'ee.

AN ASININE ILLUSION.—The Ass was in a wild state of exultation all last Wednesday. It was some time before the Magistrate could extract any coherent explanation from him, but at last it turned out that his glee was attributable to having read in the morning papers that "the Supply of Drink on Credit Bill" had passed through Committee of the House of Lords. The poor beastie is under the impression that the measure is one to compel publicans to give unlimited "tick," and the BAILIE has not had the heart to undeceive him.

"TIMEO DANAOS ET DONA FERENTES."—The *Oban Times* reports an earthquake in Mull, but till that report is confirmed the BAILIE begs leave to be sceptical on the subject. As a source of strange stories Oban has a reputation which is decidedly "fishy"—not to say seapentropy.

"Awful Oaths."

AN interesting point was raised one day last week in the Small-Debt Court, before Sheriff Balfour. A man having sued his employers for the price of work done, the latter pleaded that the pursuer had not done the work properly, and that he had replied to remonstrances with "awful oaths." Questions from the bench elicited that the awful oaths consisted of what has been called "the national participiple" and the epithet "duffer," whereupon the Sheriff decided that the latter was not an oath and that the former was not "awful." One is bound, the BAILIE supposes, to accept this judicial dictum, but is it not likely to have the effect of encouraging the use of language which, if not awful, is at least strong?

Last week, in urging reasons why the Rev. Mr M'Farlan, of Cupar, should accept a call from Lenzie, one of the Commissioners from the Lenzie congregation observed that that congregation "knew" a good minister when they saw him, and that was what a great many congregations did not know." May that not be because "a great many congregations" have not the chance?

T H E G A I E T Y .

Proprietor and Manager,.....Mr C. BERNARD.

SIX NIGHTS ONLY,  
Mr W. H. VERNON and Miss ADA SWANBOROUGH,  
AND THEIR SPECIALLY-SELECTED COMPANY,  
TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY,  
S N O W B A L L .

Concluding with HIS LAST LEGS.  
Doors Open at 6.30, Curtain rising at 7.30.  
Prices from 6d to 5s.

B R O W N & L O W D E N ,  
AUCTIONEERS and VALUATORS,  
14 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.

SALES of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, &c., conducted  
at the Owner's Premises, on Moderate Terms.  
CASH ADVANCED.

IF YOU WANT TO MAKE A  
S A F E I N V E S T M E N T ,

CALL AND SEE THE LARGEST  
STOCK IN GLASGOW OF FIRE  
AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFES,

AT  
J O H N D A L Z I E L & S O N S ,  
122 INGRAM STREET,

SOLE AGENTS FOR GLASGOW  
AND WEST OF SCOTLAND FOR  
COTTERILL'S PATENT SAFES,  
DEED BOXES AND LOCKS.

Wholesale Agents for Milner's Safes, &c. &c.



**A FAIR FIELD AND NO FAVOUR.**

“THERE are nae bairns like our ain bairns” is an old Scotch saying, and of course advertisers in bringing their goods before the public naturally maintain that their respective specialities are unequalled. Now without going so far as to say that our “bairns” (Ærated Waters) are the best in the world, we hold that they are at any rate unsurpassed in those qualities which render ærated beverages popular. All our goods are prepared with the best and purest materials at the Cromac Springs, Belfast, the water of which is peculiarly adapted for the manufacture of Ærated Waters, and having had over a quarter of a century’s experience in preparing those beverages, we challenge comparison with any goods of the same class. We merely ask customers to take our Waters (all kinds) and compare them, bottle for bottle with those of other makers, and will stand or fall by the result. Test to the utmost, dilute our Ginger Ale and Lemonade with Water, and it will be found that no other will stand this test to the same degree as ours. Let us have “a fair field and no favour” and we are satisfied that our goods will soon be in universal demand. Retail, from Chemists, Grocers, Wine Merchants, Restaurateurs, &c., and Wholesale at our Scotch Depot, 147 STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW.



**WHEELER & CO., CROMAC SPRINGS, BELFAST.**

**CORRY & CO.'S ÆRATED WATERS.**

SINCE offering to the Public in 1850 these delicious and unrivalled Ærated Beverages, the sole and lasting aim to which Messrs CORRY & Co. have directed all their efforts has been, not to force sales by venturesome and questionable efforts, but by the real fact of the superiority of the Beverages they offer to merit universal patronage. Judging from the world-wide favour, which they find yearly increasing, and the unprecedented success which has attended their efforts at all the Universal Exhibitions, or wherever they have competed, this aim (so far attained, and which their experience has proved to be a fundamental principle of success) will be steadily pursued. Since 1850 many mere imitators have come and gone, and many still remain; but the Public are requested to insist on having CORRY'S Waters, not imitations.

To be had at all the First-Class Hotels, Restaurants, and from Family Grocers, Wine Merchants, Chemists, &c., &c.  
JOHN MERCER & CO., YORK STREET, GLASGOW, AGENTS FOR SCOTLAND.

**GLASS AND CHINA AT M'DOUGALL & SONS, 77 & 79 BUCHANAN STREET**  
DEPOT FOR MINTON'S, COPELAND'S, WORCESTER, AND DRESDEN PORCELAIN.

Terms, 10 per cent. off all goods paid for at time of purchase, 5 per cent. off for cash in one month or 3 months net. Owing to special arrangement with several leading makers we are enabled to sell our Goods considerably under usual prices, and many of our best Patterns are reserved entirely for ourselves. Free Promenade through our Show-Rooms. The Stock is one of the largest and best selected in the kingdom. Suitable for all Classes, comprising an endless Variety of Useful and Ornamental Goods, Novelties being daily added. Tea Sets, 7s 6d to £25; Table Sets, 28s to £85; Dessert Services, 22s to £50; Toilet Sets, 7s to £15; also Cheese Stands, Flower Pots, Candelabra, Mirrors, Table Glass, &c. &c.

ESTABLISHED OVER FIFTY YEARS.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Wednesday, 2nd July,  
at One.

**EXTENSIVE PUBLIC SALE OF**  
WINES AND SPIRITS,  
In Bond

(That Belonged to the late Mr John Adam, Spirit Dealer,  
Govan, and Sold by order of the Trustees).

And of

**DUTY-PAID WINES AND SPIRITS.**

(Being the Cellar of a Gentleman compelled to realise to meet  
his obligations to the City of Glosgow Bank).

**ROBERT M'TEAR & CO.** will Sell by  
Auction, as above, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms,  
on Wednesday, 2nd July, at One prompt.

Catalogues in preparation, and may be had Four clear Days  
prior to Sale.

Samples Morning of Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 24th June, 1879.

**ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS**  
AND CRYSTAL PALACE,

Open Daily from Nine a.m. till Dusk Admis-ion, 6d.

By Special Permission of the Executive Committee, the

**BAND OF H.M.S. "CUMBERLAND"**

Will Perform from 7 to 8, and 8-15 to 9-30, at the

**GRAND PROMENADE CONCERT**

ON SATURDAY FIRST, 28TH JUNE—7-30 to 9-30,

Annual Subscription—Family Tickets, £1 1s; Single do., 10s 6d;  
to be had at 155 West George Street, and at Garden Gate.

**THE CIGAR OF THE FUTURE.**

A REAL LUXURY TO SMOKERS.  
**XAYMACA BRAND.**

The Court Circular says, “Lovers of the fragrant weed cannot do better than try ‘The Cigars of the Future, which are grown in Jamaica, and are certainly superior to numbers of cigars which come from Havanna.”

Imported by

J. MATHESON, TOBACCONIST, 48 JAMAICA STREET.



**ISLAY WHISKY.**

W. & J. MUTTER,  
BOWMORE DISTILLERY.  
COUNTING-HOUSE, 41 ANN STREET, CITY, GLASGOW.



**BREADALBANE ARMS HOTEL,**  
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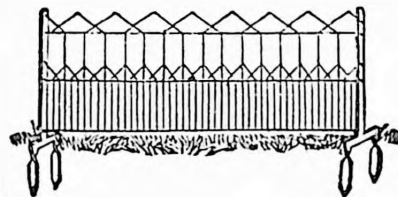
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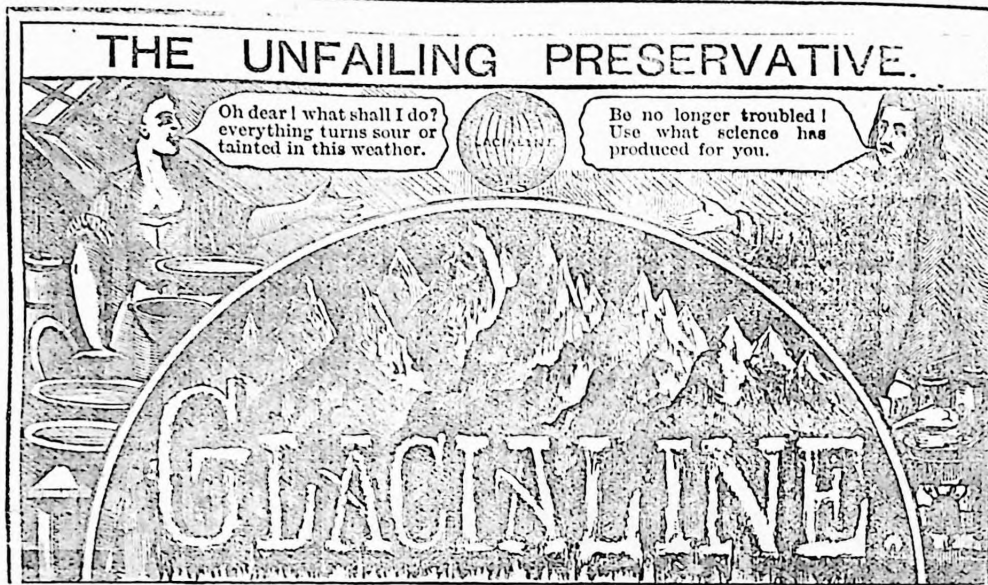
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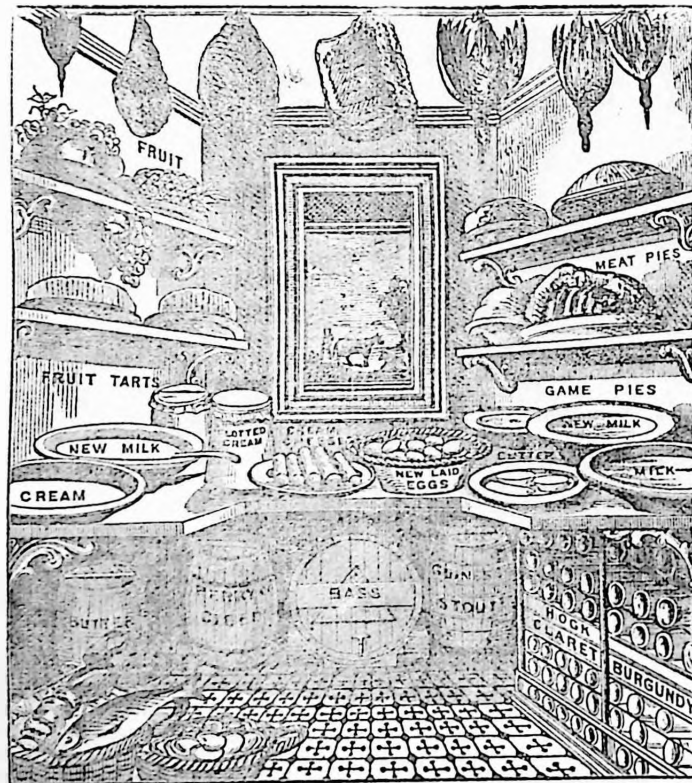


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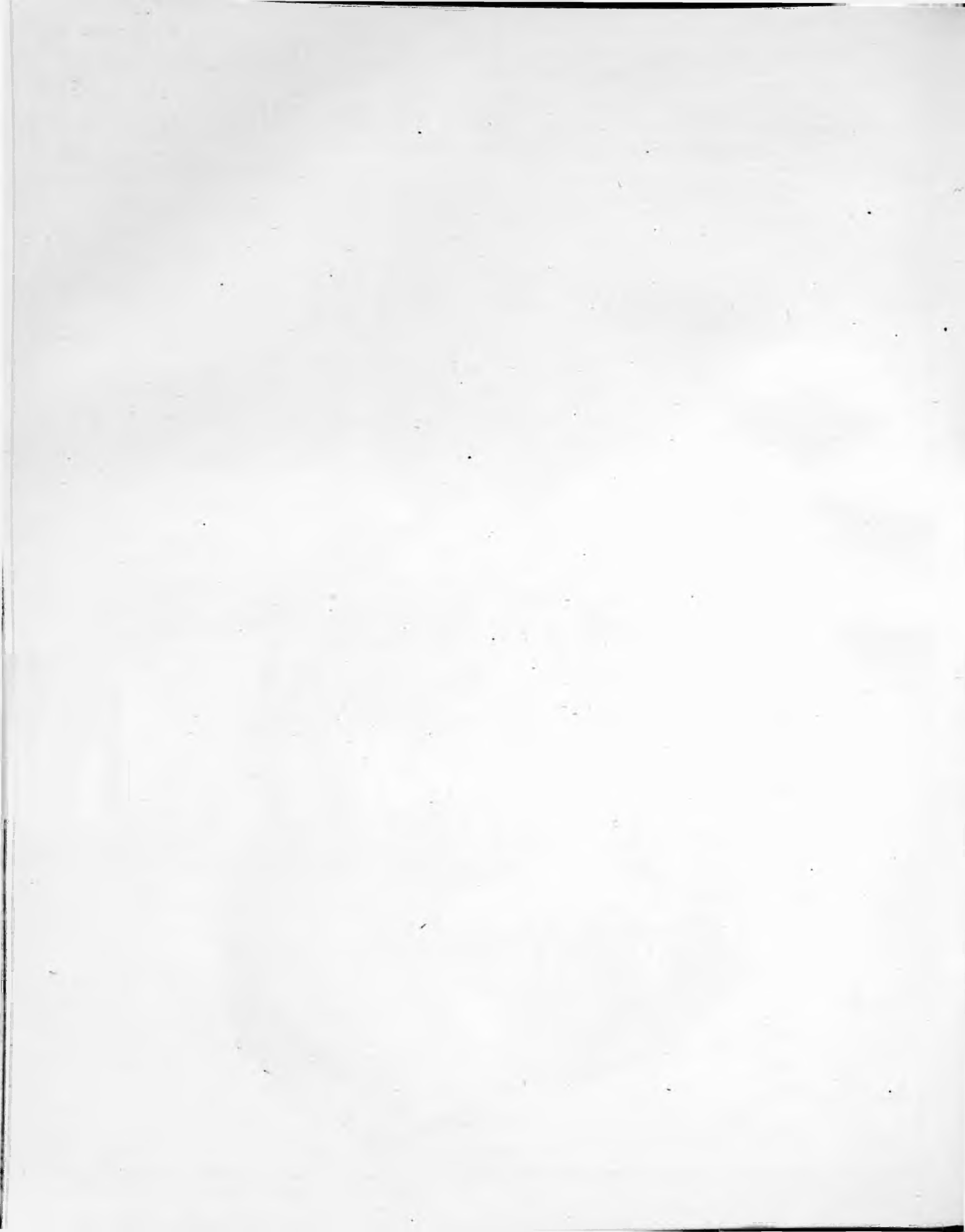
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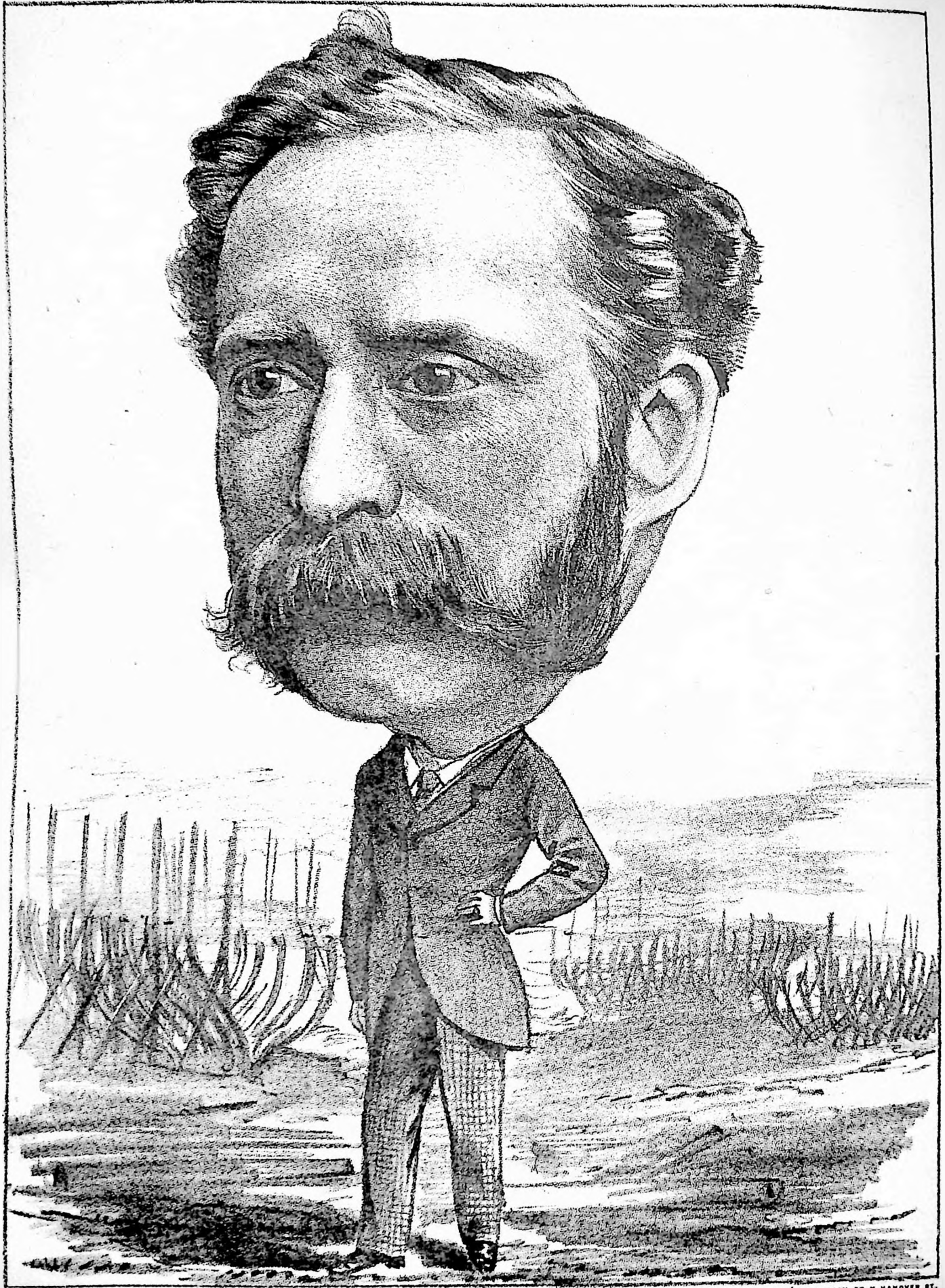
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ANALYTICAL AND MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS, GLASGOW.





# The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 350.

Glasgow, Wednesday, July 2nd, 1879.

Price 1d

THE MEN YOU KNOW—No. 350.

"ADVENTURES," as Sidonia remarked to Coningsby, "are to the adventurous," and in like manner success is usually the portion of the man of eager brain and steady will. By the sluggards, and the happy-go-lucky ones who live from hand to mouth, and the muddle-headed folk who are always in a bustle but who never seem to progress, the present day is decried as a day of small things. They tell you that the age of heroes, like that of miracles, is over and gone. There is no room, in their dull lexicon, for any such word as "thorough." True it is, and of verity, that every man you meet can't be a hero, just as every man you meet can't be a saint. Scope remains, however, and verge enough, even in the thickest press of our city life, for the exercise of the masculine virtues. The fates are as propitious as of old to those who deserve well of them. It is as open now as it ever was, for any one among us to become the master, and not the slave of circumstance. The career of Mr WILLIAM PEARCE of the great firm of Messrs John Elder & Co., supplies an apt illustration of this. Indeed, in his case the preposition "of" is something more than superfluous, as Mr PEARCE, in point of fact, is the firm himself. That establishment, as everybody knows, was not built up in a day. Originally Messrs Randolph, Elliot, and Co., the co-partnership became, in 1854, Messrs Randolph & Elder, the members of the firm being Mr Charles Randolph, Mr Richard Cunliffe, and Mr John Elder. They were all clever men, and the eldest and the youngest, Mr Randolph and Mr Elder, were engineers of much distinction and originality. Under their skilful management, the business became a constantly increasing one. Towards the

end of 1868, however, the two senior partners, Mr Randolph and Mr Cunliffe, saw fit to retire, leaving Mr Elder to conduct the undertaking alone; and it was henceforth carried on under the title of John Elder & Co. Unhappily, Mr Elder only lived something like twelve months after the withdrawal of his friends, his death having taken place in the September of 1869. This sad event, which necessitated, of course, the construction of a new firm, was the means of introducing Mr PEARCE into the concern. Early in 1870, "Messrs John Elder & Co." was acquired by Mr J. F. Ure, Mr J. L. K. Jamieson, and Mr WILLIAM PEARCE, and was conducted by them till the July of last year, when still another alteration occurred. This was occasioned by Mr Ure and Mr Jamieson retiring from active life, the upshot being that Mr PEARCE became, there and then, the sole partner and proprietor of the establishment. Some people may only see luck in the conjunction of events that has placed the Man you Know, while yet in early middle life, at the head of the greatest private shipbuilding and engineering establishment in the world. To the mind of the BAILIE, however, Mr PEARCE owes his success to those qualities which enabled him, while watching the course of things, to seize and turn them to his own advantage. English by birth and training, he is of the true type of the men who succeed in the world. There is something of the infection of genius even about his free, bold manner, and absolute bearing. Quick, cool, and resolute, and rendered audacious by success, Mr PEARCE is still on the threshold of his career. All he has done hitherto is no more than an earnest of the work he is yet likely to accomplish. During the nine years that have elapsed since our friend joined the firm, Messrs John Elder & Co. have turned out contracts to the value of over five millions sterling, or nearly five times as much as

Randolph & Elder executed during all the years they were in the trade. In the busy seasons of '71, '72, and '73, when Fairfield yard—which, by the bye, was started in 1863—was in full swing, the hands employed were never fewer than 5000 in number. The vessels constructed by the firm—ironclads, great sea-going steamers, ships of all kinds and sizes—are a matter of history. Only the other day the "Arizona," the biggest and smartest liner that has yet crossed the Atlantic, was turned out from Fairfield, and was followed, almost immediately, by the "Orient," the largest vessel, with the exception of the "Great Eastern," ever launched. The "Arizona," it may be interesting to note, was built by Mr PEARCE in 11 months from the day he received his commission from Mr Guion, and three months afterwards, or fourteen months in all, she was berthed in New York, at the close of her first voyage, having done the passage from Queenstown in 7 days and 10½ hours, the quickest trip ever made from port to port. On her return, moreover, she effected a still faster run, the home journey, which was completed last Wednesday morning, having only taken 7 days and 9 hours to accomplish. Mr PEARCE, as the BAILIE has said, is an Englishman. His family have been employed in shipbuilding under the Government for upwards of a century and a half. He joined the Admiralty himself in 1854, and in 1860, when the era of iron-shipbuilding set in at Chatham, he was placed in charge of the "Achilles," the first vessel ever constructed of iron in H.M. Dockyards. The Man you Know removed, 3 years afterwards, from Chatham to Scotland, having been engaged in 1864, to manage the shipbuilding department of the establishment of Messrs Robert Napier & Sons, and he remained with the Messrs Napier till 1870, the date, as already mentioned, of his connection with Messrs John Elder & Co. Heavy, moreover, as are the demands made upon the time and energies of Mr PEARCE by his works at Fairfield and in Tradeston, he still finds room for further labours. He is owner of the "Australia" and "Zealandia," two splendid steamers that ply between San Francisco, Sydney, and Auckland, and he holds, on their account, jointly with the Pacific Mail Coy. of America, the "Colonial Subsidy" for the conveyance of the Pacific mails; and he is, besides, the technical director of the "Schelde," the great engineering and shipbuilding establishment at Flushing. It seems somewhat amusing after all this to add that Mr PEARCE is a Commissioner of the burgh of Govan, and that

he occasionally falls foul of his brother Commissioners, but most people have a humorous side to their nature, and our friend finds his amusement, now and then, in tripping up his neighbours, who, good people though they be, are somewhat behind him in the matters both of judgment and of foresight. No local industry has done more to lift the city into the rank she now occupies than the building of ships, and Mr PEARCE, who is our greatest shipbuilder, is, beyond most, a man whom his townsmen are interested in knowing.

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“What a Day we’re Having.”

WERE you e'er at Brodick Fair?

I was there;  
What a day it chanced to be,  
Gracious me;  
For the rain rained all its might,  
And we proved in such a plight,  
That our drenched skins were a sight  
Sad to see.

Were you e'er at Brodick Fair?—

I declare,  
To poor me it was no treat  
Thus to see't;  
If 'twere joy for those who went  
With their steps so constant bent  
'Tween the shore and that same tent—  
Well, so be't.

Still they hardly were to blame,

For that same,  
With none other shelter by—  
Far or nigh—  
And that walking in the rain,  
It goes sore against the grain—  
Though 'tis strange they should complain  
Of being dry.

Were you e'er at Brodick Fair?

O you were?  
And what year?—I hope not this,  
For you'd miss  
Your usual right good fun  
With the tumblers in the sun,  
Or to watch the rustics run  
Their dears to kiss.

You'll have bought from stands—sweet shops!—

Lollipops;  
You'll have seen each swindler slick  
Do his trick;  
You'll have graced the penny reel,  
And howe'er so old your heel,  
You would likely once more feel  
Of youth the kick.

Since you've been to Brodick Fair,

Then I'll spare  
All comments on what was there,  
For you'll share  
In my wishes that we yet  
Some jolly fun may get  
When it proves not Brodick wet—  
But Brodick Fair.

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FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK  
is the best present from Edinburgh. 1 Melbourne place,  
near the Castle.



The Bright Side of Things.

MISS AMY MILLEFLEUR'S depressing feelings of chronic discontent at everything and disgust at everybody on this terrestrial sphere are too well known to the general public and too frequently enforced upon her more intimate friends to require repetition at this time of day. The season which is now over has not been by any means calculated to dissipate the gloom in which Miss Amy's poor little soul is so deeply enveloped. Balls have been few and far between, but in her opinion that is the only respect in which they have resembled angels' visits; carpet hops have been disgustingly plentiful, and it is hardly necessary to say that she considers carpet hops the abomination of desolation; while papa has been economical to the verge of stinginess in the matter of new dresses and milliners' bills generally. Latterly, however, in accordance with the providential law of adaptation to circumstances which enables eels to become accustomed to skinning, Miss Amy got so thoroughly bored that no further suffering was possible in that direction, and a dreary fatalism took the place of the Broad Church Presbyterianism inculcated on her by a regular attendance at St. Hypatia's.

Now that the time of coast lodging-houses has come, and the voice of the river steamboat captain is heard in the land, matters are not a whit improved. Miss Amy has changed her skies, but her mind remains the same. She has exchanged the fleshpots of Park Square for a three months' exile at Shingleton, and the prospect is not pleasing. By comparison with the barbarity of Shingleton, the memory of Park Square seems like a vision of Paradise. The aborigines of Shingleton complain fearfully of the scarcity of visitors, but if Miss Amy's account of the attractions of that unhappy village be correct, they have quite as many visitors as they deserve. There are no shops except a few wretched places with a couple of long clay pipes and a fancy biscuit in the window. Almost nobody can speak English except the minister, who is sixty, and snuffs. It boasts a circulating library—the word “boasts” however, is purely figurative, for even Shingleton could hardly be so misguided as to literally boast of a place where they keep the works of G. P. R. James and Mrs Craik. There is another place calling itself a hotel, from whence issue on Saturday nights fearful guttural sounds, which may be Gaelic swearing for anything Miss Amy knows to the

contrary. Fancy three months' of this sort of thing!

What can one do? Sea-bathing? There is certainly plenty of sea, but it makes one feel so wet and uncomfortable. Walks on the beach? One's French heels get twisted off in no time. Scenery? There isn't any; nothing but sea and trees and hills and sky. Fresh air? No doubt fresh air, like bread and butter, is very good for one, but there's a dreadful sameness about it after a little. Music? What is the good of playing when there's nobody to turn one's leaves for one! Rest and quiet? Of course, but one doesn't want to be buried alive, like a mummy in the hetacombs, or whatever they were called.

In the end of the week papa comes down to spend a day or two, but papa can hardly be called entertaining. To be sure he brings the illustrated papers with him, but that is almost his only contribution to the social enjoyment. As a father he is no doubt all that could be desired, in spite of one or two little failings, such as stinginess, irritability, and so on, but as an enlivener of a dull place or a dispeller of overpowering *ennui*, he is a conspicuous failure.

How many weeks is it from now till the beginning of September?

PICTURES OF THE “GOLDEN” AGE.

“High art” means high figures; of gold? no, of trading,  
The value of art means the money that's fetchable;  
'Tis not composition, or drawing, or shading  
Of pictures engravable, “cut”able, etchable;  
The subjects that “draw” draw without drawing's aiding,  
The “taking,” those taken of “bits” *pretty*, stretchable.  
Gold-worship the Temple of Art's now degrading,  
And art, like to conscience, is easel-y sketchable;  
And “hanging” deserves—could it catch it Jack-Ketch-able.

That noble creature the Scottish bobby is getting on. In Dundee last week three specimens were fined for assault, while in Glasgow it took a like number to convey “a puny-looking young woman” to the lock-up. Now that Victoria Crosses are going, could not a few be spared for the police force?

Speaking of the forthcoming Foundry Boys' excursion, a local paragraphist trusts that “the trip of 1879 may be as successful, if not more so, than any predecessors”—which the BAILIE considers as neat a bit of English, if not more so, than any he has previously encountered.

Havana Cigars, La Flor De Aroma, First-Class Brand, 4d each. D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram St., and 121 Buchanan St.

## Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—After weeks of mad fun at the Gaiety, we are to be treated this evening and during the week to "Stolen Kisses," a comedy-drama of the good old-fashioned school. The company, which is under the direction of Mr Wyke Moore, includes several Glasgow favourites. "Stolen Kisses" has already been played at the Gaiety, and I have no doubt that the "houses" during the week will be good ones.

The coming novelties at the Gaiety are "Les Cloches de Corneville," and Mr T. W. Robertson's "Caste" Company. "Les Cloches" is under the direction of Mr J. C. Scanlan, while the company engaged in its representation includes Mr James Fernandez, Miss Cora Stuart, and Miss Adelaide Praeger.

Mr T. W. Robertson is the eldest son of Mr Tom Robertson, the dramatist, and on his father's account he deserves a hearty welcome at the hands of Glasgow playgoers.

They are playing "Heroes," a comedy of the Robertsonian school at Her Majesty's Theatre to-night. The company includes many well-known names. Among them are those of Mr Evelyn Bellew, Mr Philip Gordon, and Mr Fleming, while the leading female part will be taken by Miss Edith Lynde.

I had a glimpse the other day of the interior of the Prince of Wales Theatre, and came away not a little bewildered. Why, Mr Sidney is making quite a new house of it. The interior, well the interior had always more or less of a dingy look, beautiful as were the general lines of the auditorium, but when it's opened in a fortnight hence, not one of the former *habitués* will recognise it. Everything—especially in the boxes and stalls is changed, and the appearance of the whole, when the alterations are completed, will be second to that of no theatre in the kingdom.

Mr E. L. Knapp made hosts of friends during his long tenure of office as acting-manager of the Theatre Royal, and the news that he has become lessee of the new Theatre in Sauchiehall Street has accordingly given universal satisfaction. Several months will necessarily elapse before the new house is ready for opening but I believe that Mr Knapp will spend the interval superintending the arrangements of the interior, and in making adequate preparations for his winter campaign. Our friend, I may mention, is as popular with the members of the theatrical profession as with the general public, and he accordingly begins his new career with everything in his favour.

Looking into the *British Architect* the other day, I found the following by its "Special Rambler" at the Royal Academy's Exhibition, and as it refers to two Glasgow artists, I thought it noteworthy:—"I must say I admire Mr Street; he is one of the few architects who have a real taste of their own, and keep to it. I place him next to Alexander Thomson of Glasgow—a good bust of whose manly and intellectual head is to be seen by Mr Mossman. A 'Bacchanal' by G. Dalou, is, I hope, from France. On turning from this vigorous piece of prostituted art power to Mr Mossman's very sweetest of Rosalinds, just below it, one feels ashamed to look the girl in the face."

The July number of *Fraser's Magazine*, which is now before me, is curiously amateurish in tone. Its papers—with the exception, of course, of the instalment of Mr Blackmore's novel—are "raw." The goody-goody Professor of Poetry at Oxford, who has lived for the last fifteen years on the reputation of "Kilmahoe," his one volume of verse, is allowed to make a personal attack on Shelley. Some heavy-paced fellow, again, boils down the report of the Scotch University Commissioners, and does not make it any livelier reading by so doing. But the small-beer of the number is a contribution contained in a "Gossip and Gossip." When such twaddle as this finds a place in the pages of a magazine that announces the engagement as members of its literary staff, of "some of the most popular authors," one is inclined to become rather sceptical as to the qualifications of the gentleman who has undertaken the direction of its affairs.

Mr William Black's new novel, "White Wings, a Yachting Romance," which is begun in the July *Cornhill*, will hardly add to his reputation. Its hero is a middle-aged Commissioner of Police at Govan, who walks and talks and conducts himself

generally, in a manner that no Govan Commissioner, or indeed any other man of common sense, could possibly think of doing, while our old acquaintance, that young fairy-like person who is so much given to humming snatches of doggerel verse, does duty once more as the heroine.

"Homish's" well-worn remark, that "he wished he was a stott," is trotted out for the hundred-and-twentieth time; and there is the usual "descriptive" writing about floods of sunshine, and whirling mists, and Langa, and the Dutchman's Cap, and Staffa, and Mull, and all the rest of it, or them. The whole thing, however, especially the fine writing, seems terribly unreal, and—well, not a little tiresome.

Unfortunately for Mr Black, the same number of the *Cornhill* contains a charming paper on Assynt, the wild western district of Sutherland, the writer of which can sketch with his pen almost as well and as truly as Sam Bough sketched with his pencil. Every one who delights in vivid descriptions of Highland scenery, or who cares for Celtic stories of witchcraft, must read "In Assynt."

People familiar with Oban and Oban Bay and its belongings will have some difficulty in recognising in "the noble White Dove," of Mr Black's story, "with her great mainsail, and mizzen, and jib, all set and glowing in the sun," the decent old 12 tonner Ring Dove let out by Mr Cumstie, its owner, by the day or week at the option of the hirer.

By-the-bye one of Mr Black's personages, who, however, has not yet made his actual appearance in the "White Wings"—he is only spoken of by certain of the other characters—is a certain Tom Galbraith, a Glasgow artist of "great abeclity—a famous landscape painter," of whom, however, the Royal Academicians are afraid, and whose pictures they won't exhibit on the walls of Burlington House. I wonder, BAILIE, whether there is a Mr Thomas Galbraith in the ranks of our local "brushes."

Mr Joseph Irving, the well-known author of the "Annals of our Time," has just completed his *magnum opus*. This is his "Book of Dumbartonshire." It is in three quarto volumes, magnificent in scarlet and gold, and filled with maps—the Keith Johnstones of Edinburgh are the publishers—engravings, and coloured lithographs. An illustration is given of the different houses in the county of any importance, as are also the portraits of the various men of note connected with it. The "Book," I need hardly add, will henceforward be a necessity in the library, or on the table, of every Dumbartonshire land-owner.

The "Columba," as Mr David M'Brayne has christened the floating palace he constructed for the use of his friends journeying 'twixt Glasgow and the Western Highlands, began her sailings for the season on Saturday. Perfect as she seemed last year, the fine ship is in even better form now. During the spring she has been subjected to a thorough overhaul, and everything that her owner, aided by his skilful lieutenants, Captain M'Gaw and Mr Paterson, could devise for the comfort of her passengers, has been carried into practice. Fore and aft, upstairs and downstairs, the "Columba" is simply perfect.

Advise all your friends, BAILIE, who are on holiday thoughts intent, to procure Mr M'Brayne's "Official Guide, from Glasgow to the Highlands, by the Royal Route." Besides supplying a list of the sailings and fares of Mr M'Brayne's splendid fleet, it contains a series of capital descriptive notes of every place of interest between Glasgow and Gairloch on the mainland, and Stornoway in the Western Isles.

I made one of a merry party on Friday, my Magistrate, on board the newly-refitted Campbeltown steamer "Gael," which was on her trial trip, so to speak, the improvements and alterations that were effected on her last winter having made her, to all intents and purposes, a new vessel. The day was a rough one, but the good ship took the buffets of the wind and water with the utmost equanimity. By the "Gael" you may now leave Glasgow in the morning, and enjoy a sail round the Garroch Heads through Kilbrannan Sound to Campbeltown, and after enjoying an hour ashore, may return by the same magnificent route and reach Glasgow at an early hour in the evening.

The Members of the Glasgow St. John's Lodge of Freemasons, whom I had the pleasure of accompanying as a friend,

had an outing last week to St. Andrews, and rightly they enjoyed themselves. Specially interesting, of course, were the glimpses obtained in passing to and from the ancient University city, of places so familiar to all by name as Dunfermline, Cupar ("he that will to Cupar, &c."), Auchtermuchty—that Shibboleth for the Englishman, and others.

I suppose 'tis an old story now, that Mr Snodgrass, the translator of Heine's "Wit, Wisdom, and Pathos," has undertaken the task of rendering one of the complete works of this "soldier in the war of the liberation of humanity," from German into English. The project is no light one. Heine was the most reckless of cynics and the most ardent of reformers, his poetry has a note as magical as that of Keats, there is a constant blending of pathos and ribaldry in everything he has written. Until Mr Snodgrass appeared with his volume of selections, we had to depend, for our knowledge of Heine, upon Lord Houghton's "Monograph," Matthew Arnold's essay, and Leland's translation of the "Reisebilder" and the "Book of Songs." We had Edgar Bowring, to be sure, whose rendering of Heine's verses is wooden and literal; Sir Francis Doyle, who is commonplace and melodious; and Theodore Martin, who is as wooden as Bowring and as commonplace as Doyle. Not one of the three, as may easily be understood, gives us any notion of what Heine really was. William Stigand, one of our consuls in Normandy, and the author of "Athenais, or the First Crusade," a volume of unreadable verse, in the Spenserian stanza, perpetrated a "Life of Heine" some three or four years ago, which fell, as it deserved, still-born from the press. Mr Snodgrass, I may add, is the master of a bright, vivid style, and his coming book will be eagerly looked for by all people who are interested in literature.

—♦♦♦—  
"TOO LATE! TOO LATE!"

(A fact).

(Scene—Mr Blank's Art Saloon in Glasgow, half-an-hour after a light porter for the establishment has been selected out of a crowd of nearly one hundred and fifty applicants; Enter a well-known picture-buyer full of self-importance and æsthetic aspirations).

*Picture-buyer* (blandly)—Is Mr Blank at home?

*Light Porter* (the successful candidate who has just been set to work, glancing contemptuously at the visitor)—Ou ay, he's in! But ye're owre late, the place is filled up.

[The disgust of the æsthetic picture-buyer may be imagined.]

—♦♦♦—  
WANTED—A GOLDEN CALF TO MILK!—"Gentleman Wanted to Share Expenses of ION-ton Yacht."—This is an advertisement eminently calculated to appeal to the feelings of those benevolent individuals whose greatest pleasure is to make others happy. Should this meet the eye of any such, the Cuddie will be happy to let him have any number of shares on the same terms.

An Interesting Young Man—An "Engrossing Clerk," surely.

Better than a Nice Scream --A "Snowball" with "Gaiety."

Black-faced Wedders—Niggers at the altar.

"Uncomely Weeds."

AT the examination of the pupils of the Glasgow Academy Mr Wm. Ker, the chairman, announced that two prizes would be given "for the best collections of *botanical* plants, made during the holidays." At first sight the word *botanical* seems slightly redundant—but a little consideration will show that the worthy chairman was right after all. There are plants and plants, and we in Glasgow of late years have had much to do with "plants" that are not botanical, and whose habitat is not the hedge side or the woodlands, but the Exchange and the market. Bank "plants," double commission "plants," property speculation "plants," of these Glasgow has recently furnished specimens which the world will find it hard to beat.

—♦♦♦—  
Thanks to its unwilling abstinence from the flesh-pots of trade, Modern Athens has steered pretty well clear of the general depression; but let not that genteel paradise halloo—we beg pardon, "smirk"—before it is out of the wood. Its time is coming; it is threatened with *two* Amateur *Comic* Opera Companies!

"A MODERN MINISTER."—At a recent meeting of the Presbytery of Wigtown a Mr Cullen bitterly attacked a brother for the terrible crime of having suffered his pulpit to be occupied, during his absence, by "two men going under the name of 'evangelists.'" Mr C. is, the BAILIE believes, the reverend gentleman whose osculatory exploits were the subject of a good deal of comment some few years ago. He seems to have taken to biting now.

"THE PAROCHIAL TIE."—A Londoner who has recently turned his eagle eye in the direction of Balmoral, announces that the Queen recognises the strength of "the parochial tie." When Jones read this statement he was at first much puzzled as to its meaning, but he has now come to the conclusion that it is a roundabout way of signifying her Majesty's approval of the orthodox white choker.

SIGNS OF TRADE IN THE EAST.—Councillors Moir and Martin differ about shop signs that encroach upon the street. The difference is simply this: while Mr Martin's gives merely material light, of Mr Moir's it may be literally said "Thou teachest."

Tails of the Golden Time—The "mewses" "nine."

A "Wet" Nurse.—One that takes a big dram.

## Reflections at a Monster Lecture.

**I**NCONGRUITY is the essence of humour. Is this the reason why the weakest of weak jokes, which if uttered by a layman would only provoke a pitying smile, causes uproarious mirth when it falls from the lips of a clergyman? A man whose calling it is to discourse of the solemnest subjects seems ridiculously out of place grinning through a horse-collar on a platform for the amusement of the populace.

People listen to a comic clergyman with the same feelings that they look at a dancing bear. The dancing is not particularly good, but the wonder is to see the bear dance at all. In the same manner, the clerical jokes are poor enough, but the surprising thing is that a clergyman should be able and willing to make any.

If the Yorick of Sterne, the Parson Adams of Fielding, and the Rev. Charles Honeyman of Thackeray, were each representative of their class in their day, who is the modern typical divine? Is it Fergus Ferguson or Dean Stanley? or the comic lecturing star?

A good deal is said about the "eminent clergyman." But after all, which is the more eminent clergyman, in the true sense of the word—the man who has the knack of telling funny stories for a couple of hours, mingling them with a flood of namby-pamby platitudes, or the man who in some crowded city district or quite country parish, humbly and reverently does his level best for the good of his fellow-creatures?

Many hard things have been said against Scotch preaching. But with all its dullness, its hairsplitting, its incomprehensibility, there is evidently a still deeper depth. No Scotch preacher has succeeded in uniting the demeanour of corner man in a Christy minstrel troupe with the mental calibre of a Martin Tupper.

Wooden nutmegs and Emma mines are not the only swindles for which the mighty continent of America is responsible.

**PUNCH'S PILOT.**—*Punch's* last week's cartoon—"The return to Paris:—'I've brought back *le cher enfant* strong and hearty'" was, while the news of the death of the Prince Imperial was yet warm in our ears, just a little *mal apropos*. Even *Punch* seems subject to the fates.

It appears that wearers of paper collars run the risk of being poisoned by the arsenic which lurks in these economical decorations—in regard to which the BAILIE, who hates all such shabby shams, says, "Serve the wearers right!"

## Paisley Pugnacious.

**M**ESSRS RUSII and Docherty, who have just paid £5 each for the privilege of bruising one another, found rivals last Thursday in the persons of Messrs M'Quaker and Polson, of the Paisley Abbey Parochial Board. Mr M'Quaker—forgetful of "what that name might imply"—after "raising Cain" generally, seems to have defied the worthy, if somewhat weak, ex-Bailie, to mortal combat, and the challenge appears to have been accepted by Mr Polson. It is not clear, from the report, whether the battle actually came off; but the affair seems to have been as exciting—to say the least—as most of the "prize-fights" of which we hear nowadays.

## A Sugaropolitan Alarm.

**A**N amusing instance of Sugaropolitan jealousy was given last week by the Greenock correspondent of one of the dailies, who, after pointing out that "this year the Glasgow Directory gives Port-Glasgow in its suburban portion," adds gravely, "It would be well to guard against Greenock and Gourock being put under the same heading in a future issue." The BAILIE hastens to set his friend's mind at rest by assuring him that we have no intention of annexing the "dingy seaport."

**OUT OF "DRAWING."**—In the course of a highly imaginative description of our wharf-accommodation as it ought to be, the *Mail* describes the traveller, under present circumstances, as "drawing up asken somewhere between coal bins and profane language." If the young man who "drew up" that article were in the BAILIE'S employment, he would find himself drawn—or pulled—up, and asked to explain what in the name of goodness he means.

**"NO LOGIC!"**—A Member of Parliament proposes to abolish the chairs of logic in the Universities of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and St. Andrews. All wonder at this onslaught upon the science of reasoning will cease when it is explained that the member in question is an Irish one.

The mule is an animal with strong feelings; when he is grieved he "gesticulates" with his hoofs and drops a muley-tear. He-haw!

The Golden "Mean"—Advertising for a wife "with means" means the meanness of the advertiser.

Enterprise in High Places.

OUR old nobility" long ago turned their attention to commerce, but it is something novel to find a duchess keeping a hydropathic establishment. The lady is her Grace of Sutherland, and the establishment is at Strathpeffer. Should the next Liberal Government introduce the Communistic principle, one noble couple, at all events, will be able to defy fortune. "Mr" Sutherland would have no difficulty in obtaining a situation as fireman in any brigade, while "Mrs" Ditto contributed the profits of her water cure institution. By the way, might not some of our younger sprigs of nobility follow this example with advantage? Bar-keeping or billiard-marking may be suggested as branches of industry likely to be most suitable.

THE NEWEST SAUCE.

(Scene—Sick-room; exit doctor; enter a neighbour).

*Neighbour*—Weel, Mrs M'Kirdy, whit does the doctor say the day?

*Mrs M'Kirdy*—O he thinks I'll be a' richt if I take a dose o' castor oil.

*Neighbour*—Jist whit I took mysel' the ither day.

*Mrs M'Kirdy*—And whit did you tak' it wi'?

*Neighbour* (solemnly)—I took it wi' an awfu' grudge.

"BUTTER!"—The other day the Stirling police were inspected "in the Buttermarket"—a highly appropriate locality, considering the indiscriminate compliments which invariably accompany such ceremonies even in bigger places than Stirling.

A local musician has just been appointed "one of Her Majesty's trumpeters for Scotland." The selection must have been a difficult matter, considering the number of people who have so long been training for such a post by blowing their own trumpets.

Jones says that it is a beautiful and refreshing sight to behold the average female endeavouring to extract the cork from a penny ink-bottle by means of a limp hairpin.

"HERIDITY."—Mr Martin has made a highly interesting physiological discovery. It is that "everyone 'does not have' 'their' parents born before 'them.'" The BAILIE recommends Mr M. to translate his discovery into English, and forward it to Mr Darwin.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT "oor Jeems" has broken out in a new place.

That he has gone in for "epistolary" reading.

That the Town Council does not appreciate the compliment of being compared to the "wild beasts at Ephesus."

That Bailie Ure, and other intelligent and independent Councillors, decline to allow the Council to be brought to the level of a Paisley Abbey Board meeting.

That they are quite right.

That there is a deal of "fugling" with the City Bank funds.

That the wonder is how the London creditors should be paid twenty shillings in the pound before the Glasgow creditors.

That the London creditors are mainly composed of brokers and bill discounters, who must have made a handsome profit over their "little transactions."

That the Glasgow creditors are mostly depositors who never pocketed anything but their legitimate interest.

That the turn-out of parsons at the Talmage lecture was perfectly surprising.

That some who complained of the levity at the General Assembly distinguished themselves by their "hoarse laughter" at stale jokes and ribald humour.

That a "Bowling Tournament" is the newest kind of gambling.

That we will soon see crack bowlers, like pot shots, stumping the country and picking up all the good things.

That there is much virtue in a "bye."

That an "obliging secretary" can always manage the little matter amicably.

That the Huntington shareholders have no very brilliant prospects before them.

That they have been outwitted by a "'cute Canadian."

That they must just "grin and bear it."

That everything is backward this year.

That even the Fair is far back.

That it will be a poor Fair when it does come.

That Councillor Martin has a couple of "bright and shining lights" at his door.

That "Jeems" is himself a bright and shining light.

A contemporary says that certain volunteers have gone "under canvass." Is this another omen of an approaching general election, or is it only defective education?

**THE 18/6 TROUSERS.**

IT is only at rare intervals that we refer to the 18/6 Trouser Scheme, it having now become firmly established as one of the permanent "institutions" of the City. However, as there are always some to whom its attractions are unknown, we may say that the 18/6 Trousers are made of High-Class Pure Wool Scotch Tweed, of the newest and most fashionable styles, cut and fitted in the most perfect manner, and made by the best workmen in the trade. The only stipulation we make in connection with this scheme is that the price be paid either when ordering or on delivery.

RILEY, WEBSTER, & BORLAND,  
86 AND 88 ARGYLE STREET.

**SHELDON'S  
HAIR RESTORER**

RESTORES Grey Hair to its Youthful Colour. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Causes a New Growth of Hair. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Removes Dandruff and all Impurities from the Hair. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Prevents the Hair from falling off or turning Grey.

May be had of any Chemist or Perfumer.

Price, 3s 6d.

DEPOT, 121 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

**HENRY THOMSON & CO'S  
OLD  
IRISH WHISKY.**

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—

ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

**COAST OR TRAVELLING.****INDIGO SCOTCH TWEED  
AND  
SERGE SUITS.**

FORSYTH,

5 AND 7 RENFIELD STREET

*Note.—The Special Realising Sale, at Great Reductions in Price, will be continued during June, in order to reduce Stocks, as they are still much in excess of what they should be, compatible with the safe and proper working of a Cash Business.*

**FURNITURE.**

DINING-ROOM, DRAWING-ROOM, BED-ROOM, PARLOUR, KITCHEN, OFFICE, LIBRARY, AND LOBBY FURNITURE; ALSO, MIRRORS, CARPETS, LINOLEUMS, RUGS, BEDDING, NAPERY, CRETONNES, CURTAINS, WINDOW POLES, &c.,

AT UNPRECEDENTED PRICES DURING THE MONTH OF JUNE.

A. GARDNER & SON,  
CABINETMAKERS AND UPHOLSTERERS,  
36 JAMAICA STREET.

**SPECIAL BARGAINS FOR THE COAST.**

*SPECIAL BARGAINS FOR TOURISTS.*

**SPECIAL BARGAINS FOR MARRIAGE OUTFITS**

AT THE

**CALEDONIAN HOUSE.**

MESSRS COPLAND & LYE have now to announce the Sale of Special Bargains for Parties going to the Coast, for Tourists, for Marriage Outfits, and for the Public generally, all of which has been bought under the peculiar exigencies of the times at the lowest possible prices (inspection and comparison invited). We have confidence in recommending our Customers to Buy now, as Goods were never before so cheap, and probably never will be as cheap again as at the present time.

**COPLAND & LYE,**

CALEDONIAN HOUSE, 165 AND 167 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS.

THE COLOSSEUM.

GENTLEMEN'S HAT DEPARTMENTS.  
 FELT HATS.  
 SATIN HATS.  
 TWEED HATS.

STRAW HATS.  
 NOVELTIES IN LINEN HATS.  
 NOVELTIES IN COAST AND COUNTRY HATS.

*Special Designs confined to this Establishment.*  
 Our Stock of Gentlemen's Felt Hats at present is superior to any out of London. To Gentlemen who really want a High-class and Fashionable Hat, they cannot be suited better than with us; and no extra profit is taken on any of our goods, no matter how expensive.

*All our Hats are guaranteed Fast in the Colour.*  
 BOYS' AND YOUTHS' HATS, immense Variety.

BOYS' AND MISSES' SAILOR HAT DEPARTMENT.

*The Best Selection ever seen.*  
 Splendid Sailor Hats, full trimmed, for 6½d, 10½d, 1s 4½d, 1s 9d, 2s. High-class Sailor Hats, for dress wear, 2s 6d, 3s 6d, 4s 6d, 5s 6d, 6s 6d, 8s 6d, 10s 6d. Our Stock of Sailor Hats alone would fill any ordinary retail shop from floor to ceiling.

All Goods at Wholesale Prices.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,  
 THE LEADING HAT HOUSE,  
 70 JAMAICA STREET.

DAVISON'S  
 CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE  
 GINGER BEER.

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND; WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC.  
 As Supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

THOMAS DAVISON,  
 DISPENSING CHEMIST,  
 126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 2nd, 1879.

THINGS municipal are assuming a serious phase. In his last number the BAILIE had occasion to compare Mr Neil to M. de Cassagnac, and now it really seems as if certain of our representatives contemplated taking further lessons from the other side of the channel, and engaging with lethal weapons as well as with tongues. Ever since Monday week's meeting of Town Council his Worship has been in a state of considerable trepidation,

and his mind is by no means at ease yet. The *fons et origo mali* in the present instance is Mr Martin, who, after delusively expressing his intention to be calm, boisterously asserted the superiority of his "swallow-tail" over "Moir's tea-boxes and all such trash." This incident blew over, but presently Mr Martin, warming to his work and posing as a member of "the working class," denounced his adversaries as "wild beasts," "iniquitous, unjust, and cruel." Not content with this general onslaught, he turned upon Mr Burt, declaring that he (Mr B.) would have to show whether he was a coward or a brave man. This he termed "letting him know the signs of the times." Now, has not the BAILIE cause for alarm? He omitted to comment on these episodes last week, not knowing what might be the deadly consequences of the defiance hurled by the pugnacious Jeems; but he has not heard as yet of a challenge to mortal combat having passed between Great Hamilton Street or Gallowgate and Cairncraig House. May the truce be permanent. The BAILIE is a man of peace, and shares Mrs Quickly's antipathy to "swaggerers."

Our Watery Cemeteries.

IT is satisfactory that some official notice is being taken of the extraordinary number of cases of drowning in our river and canals—a subject to which attention was drawn in these columns years ago. The Clyde—like the canals—is a perfect watery cemetery. Scarcely a day passes without one or more bodies being recovered, and who shall say how many more are sunk or washed out to sea? The subject is a dark and ugly one, and calls earnestly for searching inquiry.

Pushing Trade.

ONE ought not to be surprised at anything new in things ecclesiastical, but it *does* look strange to find a session-clerk calling upon the public, by advertisement, to come and be married in his parish. All business enterprise is, however, laudable, and the BAILIE willingly gives the worthy clerk a lift by stating that he "works" the parishes of Calton, St. Luke's, Greenhead, and Barrowfield. His Worship may add that he will not claim any share of the commission on the extra proclamation-fees.

"Span" New.—In knighting the engineer of the Tay railway bridge, the Queen recognises a Bouch.

"Alas, Poor Yorick!"

LAST week the BAILIE ventured to remonstrate with the Greenock authorities for banishing the show-folks from the town. He now begs to withdraw his remonstrance, with apologies, finding as he does that the banishment was decreed by "the Greenock Young Men's Christian Association, the Greenock Total Abstinence Society, the Greenock Sabbath School Union, the Greenock Working Boys' Society, the Greenock Band of Hope Union, the Greenock Branch of the Sons of Temperance, the Greenock Sailors' Home, and other bodies. What such united wisdom and virtue decide—especially the wisdom and virtue of the "other bodies"—*must* be right, mustn't it?

TO THE POINT.

(Scene—Interior of 3rd class railway carriage; Good Templar excursion, bibs, banners, and tinsel in bright profusion; Time, Saturday evening).

*1st Worthy Chief* (to brother W.C.)—What is to be the subject of your next lecture, brother?

*2nd Worthy Chief* (grandiloquently)—I was thinking to base the subject of my remarks on "Wine is a mocker!"

*1st Worthy Chief* (more grandiloquently—I purpose inquiring in *my* next essay, "In what way can we most benefit our fellowmen?")

*Hilarious British Workman* (in the corner)—Hick! raise his wages and—hic!—give him eight hours a day, ole fellah!

INFORMATION FOR "THE SCOTCH PUBLIC."—"Burns," says the *Daily News*, "once told the Scotch public that 'a cheild's among you taking notes,'" and our ingenious contemporary goes on to give the plural of "cheild" as "children." The *Daily News*-man may be a very smart "cheild," but if he were to "take notes" a little more accurately, he might be saved from making an ass of himself.

One of the Home-Rule nuisances went to interview "the Admiralty cat" the other day, and found the interesting creature not at home. This is to be regretted, for the sake of the Home-Ruler, who would have derived much benefit from an introduction to puss.

It occurs to the reflective mind that in the case of folks who advertise for situations, stating that wages may be "nominal" or are "of no object," the services rendered are likely to be as nominal and of as little object as the wages.

Aberdeen Awa'!

POOR dear Sir Alexander Gordon has been at it again! His all-but-latest hallucination related to rabbits, and now—but no! It is not March, and the BAILIE will not allude to hares. He will merely point out that in the House of Commons last week Sir Alexander expressed his anxiety to have it provided by law that "historians such as Mr Kinglake should not be liable to be flogged." *Where* are the honourable and gallant gentleman's friends?

A BACHELOR'S DILEMMA.

THIRTY years sit lightly on me,  
Thinks my purse with music sweet;  
Under my own "vine and fig-tree"

I can sit in Something Street.

People wonder I don't marry—

I don't wonder that they do—

Seems a shame to single tarry,

When you've tin enough for two.

'Tis thus—I've never breathed before, sir,

How a wife I cannot choose;

Four sweet sisters I adore, sir;

If I marry, three I lose.

When I love with equal fervour

Maude and Mary, Mag and May,

One to wed were, sure, to serve her

Sisters in a shabby way.

Maude's a rare one for a frolic;

Mary has a soothing way;

Mag's a wag—when melancholic

Her I love, and merry May.

Which of them I ought to pop to

Often have I tossed to see;

Fixed—then on the brink I'd stop to

Think upon the other three!

AN ALARMING SYMPTOM.—In the remarks with which he prefaced the hash of feeble jokes and stale stories that Dr Talmage served out last week to an appreciative "right royal Scottish Glasgow" audience—"Mr Thorn, of Leeds," the BAILIE thanks you for the phrase!—the Lord Provost was actually happy and pointed. His Lordship's supporters should see to this. There is no saying where this "new departure" may take him. If such manifestations of sprightliness be not nipped in the bud, we may even find him chuckling over a glass of wine like a publican and a sinner!

"SATISFACTORY!"—A murder and burglary have been committed in Constantinople, and the police are "on the alert." This is said to be "satisfactory." Perhaps. We should not consider it so in Glasgow.

Jones can't understand why people advertise for a representative "with a connection." *He* never found his relations anything but a nuisance.



Megilp.

I FIND that when I called attention last week to there being no alphabetical list of artists' names in the catalogue of the Dundee Exhibition, I wrote rather hastily. I had seen only the cheap and popular form of the catalogue. There is a catalogue, very neatly got up, which contains all necessary information.

Times are bad in Dundee at present, and consequently sales may not reach the high figure they did last year (£6000). The pictures, however, are going off very fairly. Among those lately sold are works by Dr Blatherwick and Mr Morrison of Glasgow, and "The Poet Laureate," by Mr J. E. Hodgson, A.R.A.

The exhibition is purely an artists' one, there being no dealers' pictures in it, and the exhibitors may rely on their interests being well attended to by the courteous and energetic secretary, Mr John Maclauchlan.

Mr David Murray has returned from France. With a friend, he rowed down the Seine from Paris to Rouen—about 150 miles—and got some sketching by the way. He chanced, among other places, on a spot that was dear to Daubigny, the great French painter. Next year will probably find Mr Murray back on the Seine-banks. He did work at Cookham also—his own particular Thames haunt—and is now settled at Langbank, where he intends to paint a large picture of the Clyde. In this, Mr Murray has done wisely. Our artists too much neglect the noble subjects that lie close to their eyes and hands.

Mr Hall Maxwell is also at Langbank.

Mr J. A. Aitken is busy with his large picture in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, and has, I understand, chosen a picturesque and effective subject.

Mr John Miller has been in France. He painted for some days at Rouen. He will go shortly to Oban, where I hear Mr Pettie and Mr C. E. Johnson will be before long.

Mr Joseph Henderson is back in town from the Maidens, preparatory to a slight to "fresh woods and pastures new." His soul has been sorely vexed lately with carpenters and builders. When all the alterations in his studio have been completed, it will be one of the finest in Scotland.

Mr Lauder has been working in Cantyre, behind Carradale. I hear some talk of an exhibition to be held shortly in Campbelltown.

Mr M'Whirter has been for sometime engaged painting at the Lake of Menteith, where the hawthorn is very beautiful.

Mr Wellwood Rattray and Mr Peter Buchanan are at Lochranza. At Corrie there is a little artistic gathering, which includes Mr Seliars, Mr Stephen Adam, Mr M'Glashan, and Mr William Adam.

It will be gratifying to all who take an interest in the art progress of Glasgow, to know that the *Architect*, and several other English papers, have spoken very highly of the stained glass shown by Messrs Adam & Small in the York Exhibition. They are pronounced to be now in the foremost rank among provincial firms.

Our friend Mr J. E. Christie's Royal Academy picture, "The Blacksmith's Daughter," is engraved in the *Sunday Magazine* for July. It looks remarkably well in black and white.

Mr Hanbidge is about to accompany Mrs Gamble, of Gourrock, on a cruise in her fine yacht, along the Irish and the Welsh coasts.

Provost Wilson, of Govan, appears to have a weakness for rhubarb and raspberries, since he last week characterised as "diabolical" the conduct of a man who had destroyed some of the plants in question. In Govan, possibly, the destruction of a rhubarb-stalk or a raspberry-bush is accounted as awful a crime as is vulpecide in the English hunting-counties.

BICYCLES.—The West of Scotland Bicycle Co. have opened a Show-Room at 104 Renfield Street, where the rising generation can supply itself with any make of two-wheeler.

A City of Health.

WE in Glasgow have always been proud of our City, although we have not been blind to her blemishes. Who among us has not written to the papers countless times complaining of the evil smell of the Clyde, of the state of the streets after a snowstorm or a week of wet weather, of typhoid fever in our milk, of our poisonous fogs, and of a hundred other sanitary grievances? And yet that eminent authority, Lord Shaftesbury, declared at a meeting in London last week, that Glasgow was one of the cleanest and healthiest cities in the world. Have we after all been under-estimating our privileges? Have we been profanely growling after we had almost reached perfection's sacred height? It looks like it. Those of us who have not seen all the other cities of the world may very safely take Lord Shaftesbury's word for it, and rejoice exceedingly. Let us deport ourselves as becomes the residents in so favoured a spot, and never go to coast or country any more.

"THE ARMY REGULATION BILL."

If the "cat" all this terrible mauling survives,  
As well as nine tails it must have nine lives.

We often hear of "the height of impudence," but it would not be easy to beat the performance of the Holytown lady, who, on receiving some cloth to "make up" for a pawnbroker's wife, deliberately pledged the goods in the establishment of her employer's husband! It must have been her brother who stole the "three golden balls," and tried to raise the wind on them inside.

The other day some eccentric persons known as "Open Brethren" provided an evening's entertainment for the good folks of Hawick by having themselves publicly baptised in the Teviot. The BAILIE does not doubt the sincerity of the Brethren, but might they not be quite as brotherly without being so very "open?"

Somebody advertises in the *Herald* for an agent, who "must be in a position to guarantee debts." There should be no difficulty in finding such an agent at present; but it would be a tough job to discover one in a position to guarantee *payment* of debts.

"A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE."—A proof of the dangers awaiting the meddler with edged tools in the shape of tongues "he does not understand" was given the other day by a local reporter who wrote learnedly of "five *salmo ferox*."

## FOR THIS RELIEF, MUCH THANKS.

Thus Beaconsfield's renown to crown,  
 Aim'd Turnerelli, greatly so(u)l'd ;  
 A leaf I'll twig from every town  
 To bind his brow with wreath of gold.  
 But Turnerelli to achieve  
 His aim was not allow'd, alas ;  
 Unleft his leaves—yet left him leave  
 Some leaden head to wreath with *brass*.  
 [P.S.—Declin'd. The BAILIE'S ASS.]

Fashionable Sarah-Money—That paid to see  
 Bernhardt.

Prepared Chalk.—London Milk.

## THE GAIE TY.

Proprietor and Manager,.....Mr C. BERNARD.

THIS WEEK ONLY,

MR ARTHUR GARNER'S  
 "STOLEN KISSES" COMPANY,

Produced at the Globe Theatre, London, and Played upwards  
 of 200 Nights.

Concluding with an Original Comedietta,  
 A PERILOUS PIC-NIC.

Doors Open at 6.30, Curtain rising at 7.30.  
 Prices from 6d to 5s.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE

Manager,.....Mr G. H. BURNSIDE.

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE,

The very Successful Farcical Comedy by CONWAY EDWARDS,  
 HEROES ; OR, THE BLACK WATCH.

Preceded at 7.30 by

THE LITTLE SENTINEL.

MAX GREGER & CO.'S HUNGARIAN  
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Carlowitz and other Wines supplied in Hhds., Quarters, or  
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CALL AND SEE THE LARGEST  
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Conducted by Mr R. J. ADAMS,

Will Perform from 7 to 8, and 8-15 to 9-30, at the

GRAND PROMENADE CONCERT

ON SATURDAY FIRST, 5TH JULY—7-30 to 9-30,

Annual Subscription—Family Tickets, £1 1s; Single do., 10s 6d;  
 to be had at 155 West George Street, and at Garden Gate.

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 FAMILY GROCERS, WINE MERCHANTS,  
 AND ITALIAN WAREHOUSEMEN,

42 WEST NILE STREET, GLASGOW.

List on Application.

Established Upwards of Half-a-Century.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Wednesday first,  
 2nd July, at One.

EXTENSIVE PUBLIC SALE OF  
 WINES AND SPIRITS,

In Bond

(That Belonged to the late Mr John Adam, Spirit Dealer,  
 Govan, and Sold by order of the Trustees).

DUTY-PAID WINES AND SPIRITS.

(Being the Cellar of a Gentleman compelled to realise to meet  
 his obligations to the City of Glasgow Bank).

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the  
 above, by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms,  
 on Wednesday, 2nd July, at One prompt.

Catalogues and Samples Morning of Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 1st July, 1879.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Thursday, and Friday,  
 3rd and 4th July.

EXTENSIVE PUBLIC SALE OF A

Large Consignment of

NOTTINGHAM LACE CURTAINS

of New and Rich Designs for,

Drawing-Room, Dining-Room, Parlour, and Bed-Room.

Also,

Window Valances, Antimacassars, Lace Table and Bed Covers.  
 (Consigned direct from Nottingham for positive Sale).

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. are instructed to  
 Sell the above, by Auction, in their Galleries, North  
 Court, St. Vincent Place, on Thursday and Friday, 3rd and 4th  
 July, commencing each Day at Twelve Noon.

Catalogues on application.

On View Morning of Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 1st July, 1879.

Within Brown & Lowden's Auction-Rooms, 14 Gordon Street,  
 on Wednesday, 2nd July, at 12 o'clock.

FISHING RODS AND TACKLE,

Comprising :

Salmon and Trout Rods, in Green Hart, and Mounted in  
 German Silver ;

Hollow Butt Salmon and Trout Rods,

Reels in Great Variety, Hair Lines, Casts,

Flies of every description, Artificial Minnows,

Stewart Tackle, Deep Sea Lines, Fly Books, Baskets, &c.

BY AUCTION.

BROWN & LOWDEN will Sell the above, by  
 Auction, within their Rooms, 14 Gordon Street, on  
 Wednesday, 2nd July, at 12 o'clock.

On View on the Morning of Sale, with Catalogues.

**A FAIR FIELD AND NO FAVOUR.**

"THERE are nae bairns like our ain bairns" is an old Scotch saying, and of course advertisers in bringing their goods before the public naturally maintain that their respective specialities are unequalled. Now without going so far as to say that our "bairns" (Aerated Waters) are the best in the world, we hold that they are at any rate unsurpassed in those qualities which render Aerated beverages popular. All our goods are prepared with the best and purest materials at the Cromac Springs, Belfast, the water of which is peculiarly adapted for the manufacture of Aerated Waters, and having had over a quarter of a century's experience in preparing those beverages, we challenge comparison with any goods of the same class. We merely ask consumers to take our Waters (all kinds) and compare them, bottle for bottle with those of other makers, and we will stand or fall by the result. Test to the utmost, dilute our Ginger Ale and Lemonade with Water, and it will be found that no other will stand this test to the same degree as ours. Let us have "a fair field and no favour" and we are satisfied that our goods will soon be in universal demand. Retail, from Chemists, Grocers, Wine Merchants, Restaurateurs, &c., and Wholesale at our Scotch Depot, 147 STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW.



**WHEELER & CO., CROMAC SPRINGS, BELFAST.**

**CORRY & CO.'S AERATED WATERS.**

SINCE offering to the Public in 1850 these delicious and unrivalled Aerated Beverages, the sole and lasting aim to which Messrs CORRY & Co. have directed all their efforts has been, not to force sales by venturesome and questionable efforts, but by the real fact of the superiority of the Beverages they offer to merit universal patronage. Judging from the world-wide favour, which they find yearly increasing, and the unprecedented success which has attended their efforts at all the Universal Exhibitions, or wherever they have competed, this aim (so far attained, and which their experience has proved to be a fundamental principle of success) will be steadily pursued. Since 1850 many mere imitators have come and gone, and many still remain; but the Public are requested to insist on having CORRY'S Waters, not imitations.

To be had at all the First-Class Hotels, Restaurants, and from Family Grocers, Wine Merchants, Chemists, &c., &c.  
 JOHN MERCER & CO., YORK STREET, GLASGOW, AGENTS FOR SCOTLAND.

**GLASS AND CHINA AT M'DOUGALL & SONS, 77 & 79 BUCHANAN STREET. DEPOT FOR MINTON'S, COPELAND'S, WORCESTER, AND DRESDEN PORCELAIN.**

Terms, 10 per cent. off all goods paid for at time of purchase, 5 per cent. off for cash in one month or 3 months net. Owing to special arrangement with several leading makers we are enabled to sell our Goods considerably under usual prices, and many of our best Patterns are reserved entirely for ourselves. Free Promenade through our Show-Rooms. The Stock is one of the largest and best selected in the kingdom. Suitable for all Classes, comprising an endless Variety of Useful and Ornamental Goods, Novelties being daily added. Tea Sets, 7s 6d to £25; Table Sets, 28s to £85; Dessert Services, 22s to £50; Toilet Sets, 7s to £15; also Cheese Stands, Flower Pots, Candelabra, Mirrors, Table Glass, &c. &c.

ESTABLISHED OVER FIFTY YEARS.

To Wine Merchants, Hotel Keepers, and Others.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Tuesday, 8th July.

EXTENSIVE PUBLIC SALE OF

WINES AND BRANDIES IN BOND.

(Being the whole well-selected and fully-matured Stock of an Old-Established and well-known Glasgow Firm relinquishing its family trade.)

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. are instructed to

Sell the whole of the above well-selected Stock, by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Tuesday, 8th July, at One o'clock prompt.

Particulars in Catalogues, which are in preparation, and may be had Four clear Days prior to Sale.

Samples Morning of Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 1st July, 1879.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Wednesday, and Thursday, 9th and 10th July.

EXTENSIVE PUBLIC SALE OF

DRAPER, CLOTHIER, AND TWEED MERCHANT'S STOCK;

Lady's and Gentleman's Wardrobe of Body Clothes and Personal Effects and Jewellery.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above, by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Wednesday and Thursday, 9th and 10th July, at Twelve each day prompt.

Details in Catalogues, which may be had on application.

On View Mornings of Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, June, 30th 1879.

**THE CIGAR OF THE FUTURE.**

A REAL LUXURY TO SMOKERS.  
 XAYMACA BRAND.

The Court Circular says, "Lovers of the fragrant weed cannot do better than try 'The Cigars of the Future, which are grown in Jamaica, and are certainly superior to numbers of cigars which come from Havanna.'"

Imported by

J. MATHESON, TOBACCONIST, 48 JAMAICA STREET.



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**FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL AND POSTING ESTABLISHMENT** (one minute's walk from the Railway Station), situated close to the romantic Falls of Moness, the Birks of Aberfeldy, and on the direct route to Taymouth Castle, Loch Tay, Killin, the West Highlands, Rannoch, and Glenlyon, the scenery of which is unrivalled.

This Hotel has recently undergone extensive Improvements under the personal superintendence of the Lessee. A large and elegant Dining Saloon and Ladies' Drawing Room, comfortable Sitting Rooms and airy Bedrooms, all furnished in the most modern style; also, Spacious Billiard and Smoking Room. *Table d' Hote* daily.

Coaches to and from Killin and the West Highlands daily during the season. Tourists, in order to secure seats, are advised to pass the previous night at this Hotel.

Omnibus waits every train. Posting in all its branches. River trout fishing free.

Orders by post or telegraph for rooms or conveyances punctually attended to.

ARCHIBALD DAVIE, Lessee.

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**BAILIE NICOL JARVIE HOTEL.**  
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**FISHING ON LOCH ARD AND LOCH CHON.**

By Writing Mr BLAIR a day or two previous, Visitors can secure Boats for the above Lochs and Conveyances to meet them at Buchlyvie Station, Forth and Clyde Railways.

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**THE ROYAL RESTAURANT,**  
10 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET,  
C. WILSON & SON, Proprietors.

**FAST IN THE COLOUR.  
FELT HATS.**

THE NEW SHAPES, THE NEW COLOURS, HARD AND SOFT MAKES.

The Prices range from 4s 6d to the Finest made.

EXTREME SIZES CAN BE FITTED AT ONCE. Special SMART SHAPES for "YOUNG MEN," LADS, and BOYS' wear. We guarantee our FELT HATS to retain their Shapes and Stand Fast in the Colour.

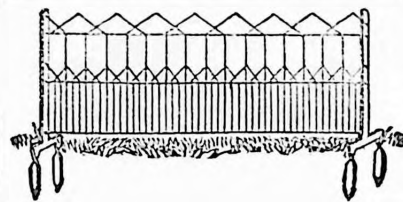
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Every Article required in the game of Cricket always kept in Stock. Bats, Balls, Stumps, Legguards, Gauntlets, &c.

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**VITALINE**, the marvellous **Vegeto-Tonic** treatment for the cure and prevention of Biliousness, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Tic Doloieux, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Giddiness, Scrofulous Affections, Ague, Debility, Spasms, and all derangements of the Stomach.

**VITALINE.** By its administration the natural appetite is revived, and the functions of digestion and assimilation are improved, re-animated, and regulated; and when its use has been steadily persevered in, its peculiar Tonic and Nutritive Powers have entirely restored Health and Strength to the most feeble and Shattered Constitutions.

**VITALINE** is a prompt and reliable remedy for overworked Brain, Worry, Anxiety, Excitement, Late Hours, Business Pressure, Nervous Prostration, Wasting Diseases, and Impaired Nutrition.

**VITALINE.** In cases of Prostration and Emaciation produced by long sickness, by exposure to the deleterious influence of tropical and unhealthy climates, to vicissitudes of temperature, or where extreme heat, excessive labour, fatigue, bad nourishment, and other hardships, have caused depressing lassitude and reduced the vital forces, and when life appeared to be even at its lowest ebb, the restorative powers of "VITALINE" have been remarkably manifested.

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**VITALINE** strengthens the whole muscular System, rouses into action the Physical Energy of the human frame, restores the long-lost Complexion, gives brilliancy to the Eye, a delightful fragrance to the Breath, and brings back sound and refreshing Sleep.

**VITALINE** is an eminently scientific combination of the newest and most valuable medicinal substances known, and forms the most complete arrangement possible of a Purifying, Alterative and Tonic or Strengthening Medicine combined.

**VITALINE** is manufactured only by **JOE TODD**, Chemist, Carlisle, and bears his name on the Government Stamp.

**VITALINE** is sold in bottles at 2s 9d, 4s 6d, and 11s each, by **R. M'DONALD**, 150 Trongate; **THE APOTHECARIES' COMPANY**, Virginia Street; **THE NEW APOTHECARIES' COY.**, Glassford Street; **BROWN BROTHERS**, Trongate; **JAMES TAYLOR**, Trongate; and all Chemists.



**NEW ROUTES TO THE WEST HIGHLANDS.**



**GLASGOW, INVERARAY, AND OBAN**  
Via **WEMYSS BAY** and **KYLES OF BUTE**,  
Per Splendid Saloon Steamer **LORD OF THE ISLES**,  
From Wemyss Bay at 9-15 A.M., Train from Glasgow (Bridge Street) at 8-5 A.M.

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Per Splendid Saloon Steamer **LORD OF THE ISLES**,  
From Greenock at 8-15 A.M., Train from Glasgow (Bridge St.) at 7-30 A.M.; or per Steamer **VIVID** at 8-45 A.M., Train from Bridge Street at 7-35 A.M.

For full Particulars as to Steamers, Coaches, Fares, Circular Tours, &c., see Time Bills, to be had on board Steamers, at Railway Stations; from **JOHN RODGER**, Inveraray; **GEORGE STIRLING**, Dunoon; and from  
**M. T. CLARK**, Manager, 17 Oswald St., Glasgow.



**GLASGOW & SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.**

**CARLISLE RACES,**  
On **TUESDAY, 1st JULY.**

On **TUESDAY, 1st JULY**, Passengers will be Booked to **CARLISLE** as under:—

	From	Train.	RETURN FARES.	
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	GLASGOW (St. Enoch),	...7-45 a.m.		
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Returning from Carlisle by Special Train leaving at 6-30 p.m. Passengers may Return by any Ordinary Train (4-57 a.m., 1-50 and 6-17 p.m. Trains excepted) on **WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, and FRIDAY, 2d, 3rd, and 4th JULY**, on Payment at the Booking Office, Carlisle, before leaving, of One-Fourth additional to the above Fares.

**W. J. WAINWRIGHT**, General Manager.

Glasgow, June, 1879.



**CALEDONIAN RAILWAY**

**CHEAP EXCURSIONS TO CARLISLE RACES**  
On **TUESDAY** and **WEDNESDAY, 1st and 2nd July.**

**FIRST CLASS, 8s; THIRD CLASS, 4s.**

From **GLASGOW, EDINBURGH, GREENOCK, PAISLEY, HAMILTON, STRATHAVEN, &c.**, with liberty to return by any ordinary train from Carlisle, except the 4-18 a.m. and the 5-28 p.m., on any day up to Saturday, 5th July, inclusive, on an additional payment at the Booking Office, Carlisle, of 2s First Class, and 1s Third Class.

For further particulars as to Times, &c., see Handbills and Placards.

**JAMES SMITHELLS**, General Manager.

Glasgow, June, 1879.

**THE £3 3s HIGH-CLASS TWEED SUIT.**

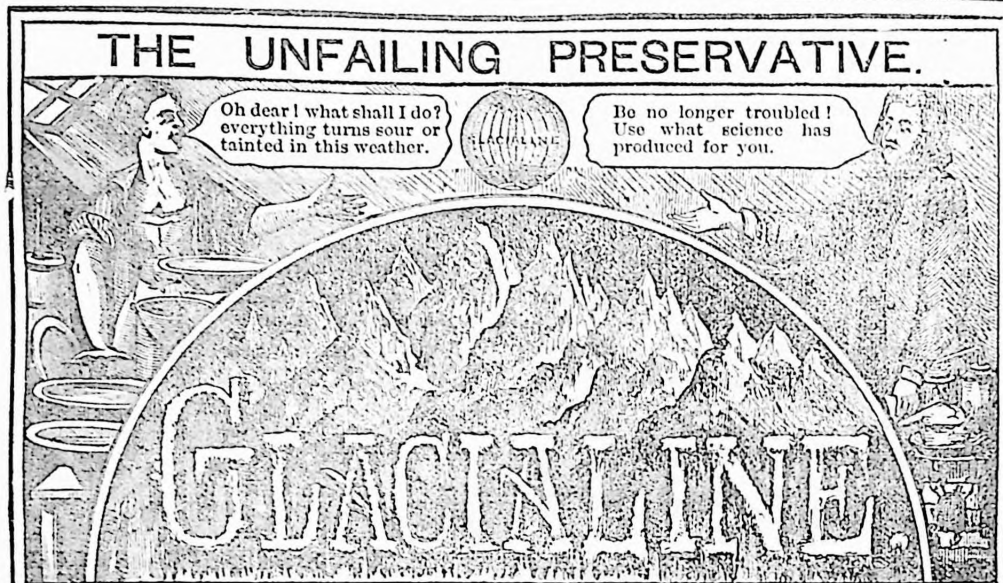
The Choice Variety for this High-class **SCOTCH TWEED SUIT** excels that of any former Season, and our facilities for making up are as perfect as it is possible to make them.

**HUGH MORRISON.**

51 and 53 **JAMAICA STREET**;  
1, 3, 5, 9 **HOWARD STREET.**

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AUCTIONEERS AND VALUERS,  
ROYAL EXCHANGE SALE-ROOMS,

To be obtained, Retail, in  
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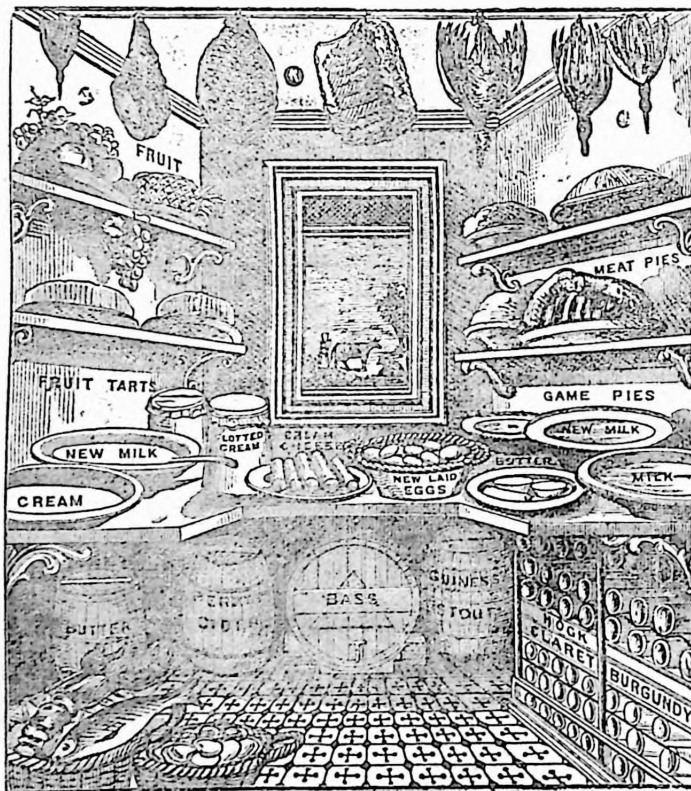


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RECOMMENDED BY EMINENT PROFESSORS AND DOCTORS,  
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All the various articles depicted in this well-filled Larder can be preserved perfectly free from  
Taint or Decay in the hottest weather by using Glacialine.

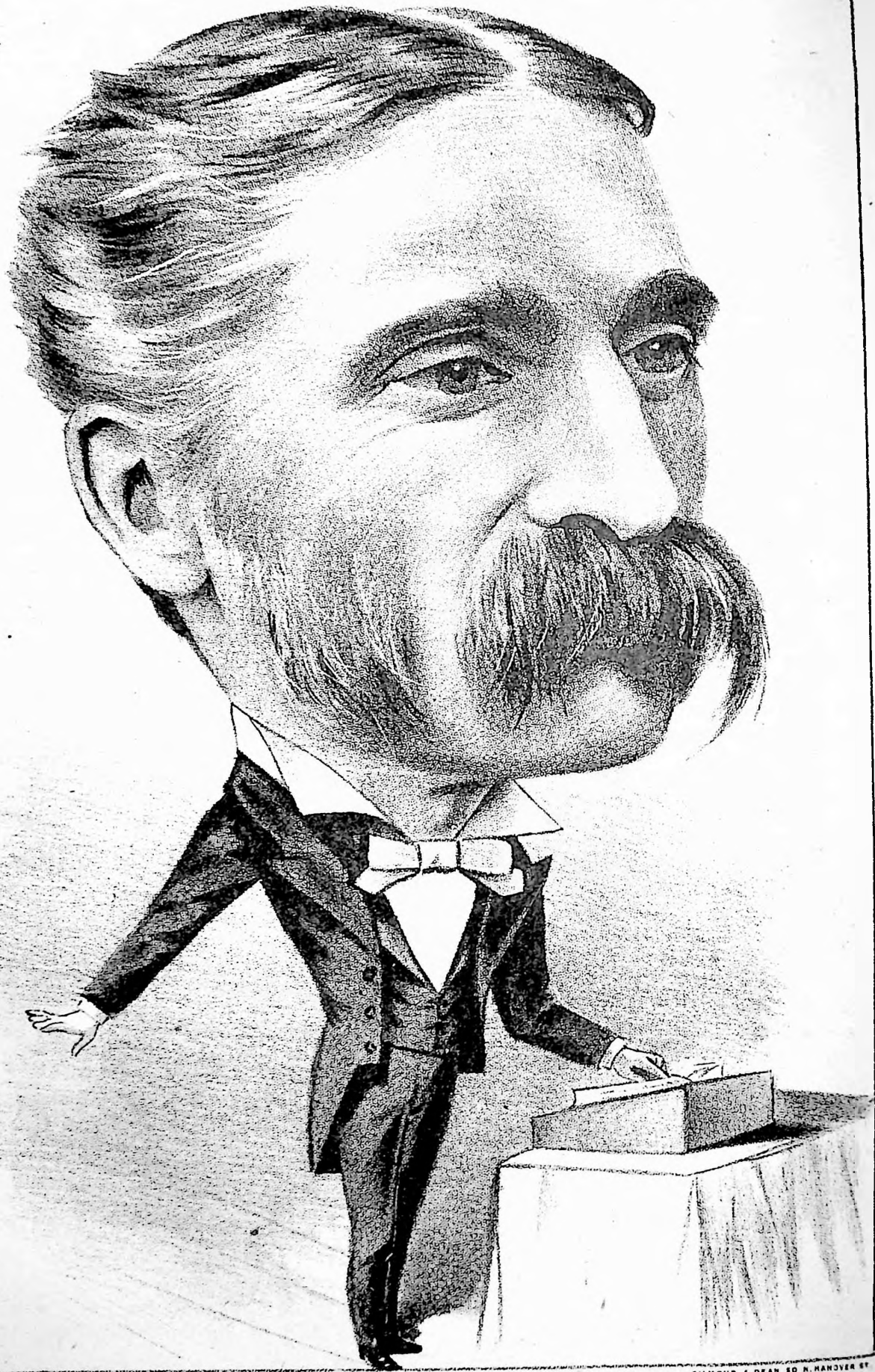
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liable to  
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Unfailingly  
Preserves  
Meat,  
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Taint or Decay

SOLE MANUFACTURERS AND PATENTEES:  
**THE ANTITROPIC CO.,**  
ANALYTICAL AND MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS, GLASGOW.







# The Bailie.

“MY CONSCIENCE!”

No. 351. Glasgow, Wednesday, July 9th, 1879. Price 1d

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 351.

NO more surprising event has happened of late in our midst than the “conversion” of Dr D. A. MONEY. We are all prone, too prone perhaps, to regard publicly announced “conversions” as so much counterfeiting and sham. They associate themselves on the one hand with mental weakness, and on the other with vulgar greed. A “convert,” in short, is usually believed to be either a good deal of a fool or a good deal of a knave. Dr MONEY, however, had nothing to gain by his “awakening.” Indeed, so far from being a source of profit, the *role* he is now playing must have already entailed on him very serious pecuniary loss. Just as little, again, is it possible to associate him with what is usually termed mental weakness. Cool, shrewd, and clever, with a fair, but not an overweening notion of his own ability, Dr MONEY seemed the last person in the world who would follow in the wake of the “converted prize-fighters,” the “awakened costermongers,” and the other “awful examples” it is customary to exhibit at revival meetings. He has lived long in the big world, and in the practice of his profession as a physician he has come to know much of the private lives and characters of men. Moxey is a Devonshire name, but the Man you Know was born in Edinburgh. His father was a surgeon and his grandfather a captain in the Royal Navy. After a *curriculum* of six years at Edinburgh University, he spent other five years in the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary. His subsequent appointments included the post of assistant medical officer to Hants County Lunatic Asylum, and that of assistant surgeon in the Royal Navy, and in 1868 he began as a general medical practitioner in London. Before long he had acquired a large and lucrative practice; but his love of literature,

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especially of dramatic literature, impelled him towards the platform. Adopting, therefore, the pseudonym of “Leo Ross,” he began to give public readings. He was a capital reciter, and about 1872 or '73, so fast did engagements pour in on him, he finally bade good bye to the profession of doctor, and, taking up his abode in his native city, resolved henceforward to be known as a reader only. And he was a capital platform speaker. Small and spare in body, and possessing strongly marked but not very promising features, his audiences were apt at first to be rather disappointed with his appearance. As he warmed to his work, however, he gradually succeeded in catching their attention. Some well-selected story—usually a Scotch one—next set them all on the grin, and the last half of his entertainment was invariably a success. While possessing the various household virtues, Dr MONEY, all through the earlier portion of his life, was a thorough-paced Bohemian. He ordered his goings-out and his comings-in after his own fashion. The proprieties had in him no very servile follower. A clever story-teller in public, he was a much better story-teller in private. To watch him at a gathering of the Monks of St. Giles, as, cigar in mouth and toddy tumbler in hand, he repeated some droll anecdote or portrayed some amusing character he had recently met, was to enjoy no ordinary treat. All this, however, is now at an end. “Cakes and ale” exist no more for the pleasant little man, and ginger is henceforward to be even as ice in his mouth. And not only has he given up his club associates, but his business as a reader has also been brought to a termination. The post of Fulton Lecturer in Elocution in the new College, Edinburgh, to which he was appointed several seasons ago, he still retains; but otherwise his public appearances are restricted to narrating the story of his conversion, and to assisting to

## The Bailie for Wednesday, July 9th, 1879.

fan the flame of religious fervour at revival meetings. Altogether our friend has had a strange career. It was, to say the least, somewhat uncommon, that an M.D. of Edinburgh and an M.R.C.P. of London should give up medicine and take to "public reading," and it is still more unusual that a skilful physician, and the most popular reader of the day, should yield himself up so completely to what is known in medical circles as religious hysteria, as to check himself in mid-career, break off all his old associations and his former habits, and start afresh as a rival to Dr Talmage or Mr Moody.

### ONE FOR THE PRINCE.

*Tibbie*—Hiv ye hard thit they're gaun to hae the Indian Collection i' the Corporation Galleries sune? It'll be weel worth gaun to, na!

*Kirstie*—Weel, am shair a'll no' gang, for whin they hae the Indian Collection in oor kirk a' aye bide at hame. They're aye makin' collections for India!

**A NEW TUNE.**—For a nation of shop-keepers, we have produced a good deal of military music, but there is still one thing wanted; we have marches innumerable with which to advance upon the foe, but not one wherewith to raise the spirits and quicken the feet of our gallant soldiers in the rapid backward movements with which the Cape war has familiarised them. This defect is about to be remedied; an eminent composer has arranged a graceful "march to the rear," to be called, in memory of Zululand, "The Kaffir Kraal."

**AWA', WHIGS, AWA'.**—*Temple Bar* has done good service by its article on Boswell. Macaulay seems to have had as little liking for the Scots as had the great Johnson himself, and to have been as little free from prejudice. Now likely there will be an end to this macaw-lay or parrot note about Boswell's sycophancy to his "guide, philosopher, and friend."

Bauldy says that the greatest saint in Glasgow is "Saint Rollox' Stalk," and adds that the biggest swell who comes under his eyes is this same saint. He wears any amount of rings, "Archibald" remarks, and smokes continually.

**A High Post**—Sir Walter in his position in St. George's Square.

**FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH, ROCK** is the best present from Edinburgh. 1 Melbourne place, near the Castle.

### To Phœbus.

"We would indite something about the solar system. Betty bring the candles."—*Lamb.*

**SWEET Sol**—with Persian humbleness we ask  
A blessed ray or two you'd throw our way;  
Let's once beneath thy summer's sunshine bask,  
And thy petitioners will ever pray.

O dear, that cruel rain! d'ye hear it? hark!  
And closer still our overcoats we hug;  
We fear us much that same old weather clerk  
Has somehow turned on us the winter's plug.

"Shine out, bright sun!" (to quote from Richard Third)  
Turn up your almanack and see the date;  
'Tis bitter cold; the fire we've newly stirred—  
We're used in July with an empty grate.

Besides, we look for some good weather now—  
Our Fair's next week—we pray you think of that!  
You've come it pretty soft—that you'll allow,  
And faith, in vulgar terms, "Dry up!" comes pat.

There's something wrong—we know not who's to blame;  
Auster and you are not in terms we note;  
We trust just now you're not at that old game,  
To see who first will cast the traveller's coat?

If so, the wind has had its spell; has't not?  
Well then, 'tis your turn now; come, cut a shine;  
Show us you've still that golden influence got,  
And, in its turn, the wind must needs resign.

We'd not dictate; we merely give the hint,  
We'd like from town a day or two to go;  
And, as you know, there's little pleasure in't  
When one is fully drenched from top to toe.

That's all we've got to say; is't to your mind?  
'Tis very like you'll take your own good way;  
But still, whichever way you're now inclined,  
We'll keep a wary eye on Swithin's Day.

**ALL THE TALENTS?**—Lord Provost Collins, following Greenock, speaks of the designing of the elevations of the George Square municipal buildings being competed. Will he also follow Greenock in having *an architect*, and one too distant and too distinguished to be influenced by local prejudices, as judge? Of an elevation there can be no other properly qualified judge than an architect.

"The Simmer had been Cauld and Wat."—'Tis said that a summer cold is not easily got rid of. 1879's is in its third month, and it's about as bad as ever.

**INTERESTING TO SHAREHOLDERS.**—What work of a presbytery ought to be recommended to the notice of the City Bank liquidators? Moderation in a call, to be surc.

**An Antidiluvian Measure**—The Prevention of Floods Bill.

**Withdrawing an Amendment**—Taking out a false tooth.

**A Dangerous Ford**—Chelms-Ford.  
**The Bridge of Size**—The Táy Bridge.

Paul and Virginia.

THE weather at Shingleton may be roughly divided into two great classes—the wretchedly wet, and the wretchedly hot. Whenever it isn't pouring, it is blazing, and Miss Amy Millefleur is, after mature deliberation, unable to say which of the two atmospheric conditions is the more abominable. The appropriate waterproof and goloshes of the one day are so suddenly followed by the India gauze and muslin of the next, that the rapidity of the costume-changing Maccabe himself would be taxed to the utmost to keep pace with the barometer. As for anything approaching a pleasant midsummer day, such as can be occasionally enjoyed in more favoured regions of the British empire, it simply is not to be had at Shingleton. Miss Amy would as soon expect to find a grand piano or a box of chocolate creams in that benighted spot. Last Thursday was one of the India gauze and muslin days, and Miss Amy was toiling along the beach, endeavouring to extract as much coolness as possible out of a big parasol and the shady side of an occasional boulder. It chanced that her sense of the worthlessness of existence, and the hum-drum monotony of everything, was even stronger than usual that afternoon, and her pretty little nose was turned up at creation generally to a greater degree than ever. Suddenly, almost under that delicate nasal organ, she observed the recumbent figure of a man. Pulling herself up with a jerk, just in time to avoid doing a double somersault over him, she looked again, and—gracious powers! how her heart beat, like a timid little canary in its cage! It was Charlie Coldstream himself!

There could be no mistaking the air of limp picturesqueness with which he lay across the sand. The attitude was particularly trying, but Coldstream's incessant practice in lounging against doorways and mantelpieces stood him in good stead, and Miss Amy thought for all the world he looked like Kosciusko on the fatal battle field—wherever it was—or Don Juan after the shipwreck.

In an instant everything assumed a roseate hue. Was it possible that anybody could think Shingleton dull? or uncivilised? or hot? or dusty? or tiresome? Surely not; for was not Coldstream there? And yet an onlooker, seeing the little group, would not have thought them supremely happy. They sat about a yard apart, and stared at the distant horizon. The conversation consisted principally of brilliant flashes of

silence—for indeed Coldstream is a conversational wet blanket with whom not even a Madame de Stael could be animated. Occasionally he picked up a pebble and threw it at nothing in particular, in a characteristically aimless fashion. Miss Amy drew little figures in the sand with her parasol, and rubbed them out with her foot. And then one or other would say, "Isn't it awfully lovely, you know?" After that, silence.

"Two souls with but a single thought,  
Two hearts that beat as one,"

whispered Miss Amy, under her breath. "Ah, just so," said Coldstream with his usual drawl, and shying another pebble.

The only mystery about the affair is Coldstream's motive in visiting Shingleton. Those who know him best will most distrust his explanation of an accidental visit to pass a few days' holiday; for since he attained the years of discretion he never did anything by accident. The chances are a hundred to one that he has somehow discovered old Millefleur's financial intentions with regard to Miss Amy, and that the figure is not less than twenty thou'.

What an innocent, childlike, unmercenary age this is, to be sure!

A GLASGOW PROBLEM SOLVED.

(Scene—Kilmalcolm Station; a pair of farmers are waiting on the platform).

*Tummas*—Weel, John, hae ye been in Glasca av late?

*John*—'Deed a' hiv.

*Tummas*—An' did ye no' see the lots o' tinn hooses tae let?

*John*—Ay' mun, it wid be a blin' man that widna see them.

*Tummas*—Weel, it's wi' a' the Glesca folk comin' doon tae Kilmacom tae leeve.

[Arrival of the train and conclusion of the dialogue.]

THE ROAD TO RUIN.—We hear a great deal nowadays about the race for riches, but it's nothing compared to the rush to ruin going on all round us. Why, one ingenious gentleman, who confided his story to Sheriff Galbraith last week, was in such a hurry to find himself in the Bankruptcy Court that he combined "property speculation" with betting on races! It is needless to say that he very rapidly arrived at his destined goal.

Havana Cigars, La Flor De Aroma, First-Class Brand, 4d each. D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram St., and 121 Buchanan St.

## Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—They will play "Stolen Kisses" for another week at the Gaiety. I can't say that I'm an admirer of Paul Merritt—who is, outwardly at least, another version of the "Fat Boy" in "Pickwick"—but really this piece of his is admirably acted. Mr Wyke Moore—who has the only part in "Stolen Kisses" that isn't more or less of a burlesque—is one of the finest players of his class that I've seen; Mr Fred. Gould does his best with the *role* of a sentimental banker, and he would make a hit were it not that the *role* is such a funny one; and Miss Stenbridge, who, as I suppose everybody knows, is a daughter of our friend Mr Stenbridge Ray, is a capital *comédienne*. Next week Mr Scanlan will be at the Gaiety with his "Cloches de Corneville" Company.

I see it announced that Mr Bernard has engaged genial, clever Mr Sam Austin as his acting and business manager, at the Princes Theatre, Manchester. "Sam," to give him his baptismal patronymic, is one of the most charming fellows going.

Having last week referred to the improvements effected by Mr Sidney in the interior of the Prince of Wales theatre, I may just repeat that the house re-opens on Saturday with the appropriate drama of "Auld Langsyne," now first produced in Glasgow.

Mr Knapp's new Theatre, at the corner of Sauchiehall and Renfield Streets, will accommodate an audience of 2,000, which means that is about the size of the London Haymarket or the London Adelphi, somewhat larger than the London Lyceum or the London Gaiety, and a great deal larger than the London Prince of Wales or the London Vaudeville. It will have the main entrance from Sauchiehall Street, the pit entrance from Renfield Street, and the gallery entrance from Renfrew Lane.

Mr Newsome begins his summer season at the circus in Ingram Street on Monday, the 14th.

A local event of last week was the launching of the great Railway hotel in St. Enoch Square, upon the success of which operation the Glasgow and South-Western Railway Co. have to be congratulated. Certainly they left nothing undone that could be well thought of to lend *clat* to the occasion—here I speak feelingly—and a good and promising feature of the new establishment that, palatial though the accommodation and sumptuous though the serving may be, the tariff at St. Enoch's will be found as moderate every whit as those of places with not one-tenth of the attraction.

Charles Dickens (he has always avoided affixing the term "younger" to his name) has hitherto been almost, if not entirely unknown by the reading public. He is understood to be editor, it is true, of *All the Year Round*, but the editing of a journal is looked on by the ordinary reader as a matter of small moment. This season, however, he has come before the world, so to speak, in his proper person. His "Dictionary of London," which was published in the beginning of May, is quite unique, and contains an amazing amount of information regarding the great metropolis, and now his "Life of Charles Mathews," only issued from the press of the Messrs Macmillan the other day, has been hailed everywhere as one of the most popular books of the present season. Mr Dickens is in his fortieth year.

Is the *Academy* already beginning to feel the influence of its new proprietor, Mr Serjeant Cox, of spiritualistic celebrity? Saturdays issue speaks of Professor Tyndall's *unlucky Belfast address*, a phrase that would hardly have appeared during the editorship of Dr Appleton.

We are now told that Molière was a Scotchman, or, at least, was descended on his mother's side, from a Scottish family! Happily, this discovery was not the work of any one living on the hither side of the Tweed. It was made by a certain M. du Mesnil, and is announced by him in a newly published volume entitled "La Famille de Molière et ses Représentants Actuels."

I understand that Mr Snodgrass will shortly contribute an article on Heine to the pages of *Temple Bar*.

"Decorous and dull" is the phrase used by the few who have glanced into the first number of the new series of *Fraser's Magazine*.

It seems that the Liberal wire-pullers for the present election are Mr A. M'Dougall, letter-press printer, and Mr David Fortune, an ambitious employe in the establishment of Messrs William Collins & Sons. Ichabod! Ichabod!

There have been grand goings-on by all accounts at the mansion house of Cairnraig, the country seat of Councillor Martin. The mistress of the house is now the proudest ledly o' them a'. Why, she has welcomed of late, oftener than once, a real live knight below her roof-tree, has produced her best china in his honour, aye, and she has filled the bottle more than once during his visits. What, I wonder, BAILIE, does it a' mean? "They" do say that "Jeems" intends to run for the vacant seat, and again "they" do say that he is doing his best to secure the return of his chum who wears a handle to his name, and I should like to know which story is the correct one? Besides, it is understood that the Knight has adopted the Permissive Bill platform, and "Jeems"—why, "Jeems" is *not* exactly a Permissive-Billite. However, they are both true blue Tories, eh, BAILIE?

The annual outing of the Glasgow Water-Works Commissioners is fixed for Friday and Saturday three-weeks, the 1st and 2nd of August. Friday's progress will be made altogether by driving, the route being from the Water Office in Miller Street by Canniesburn, Mugdock, Killearn, and Aberfoyle to Couligarten on the western shore of Loch Ard, back to Aberfoyle, and from thence to Callander, which will be reached shortly after nine o'clock, in time for a municipal supper and the customary number of "night-caps." On the following day our friends will drive from Callander to Loch Katrine, will proceed up the loch by special steamer—landing and dining at the "Royal Cottage"—will drive from Stronachlachter to Inversnaid, and joining the Loch Lomond steamer at Inversnaid will reach Balloch at half-past six, and return to the city a couple of hours later. A capital trip, eh, BAILIE? Wha wadna' be a Water Commissioner?

Postponed for a week in the hope of better weather, the Choral Union pic-nic came off on Saturday last, the fates fortunately proving propitious. A large proportion of the membership put in an appearance at St. Enoch's at the appointed hour, and were conveyed, *allegro molto*, to Howwood for the beautiful grounds of Castle Semple, amusing themselves therein for some hours with dances and games *a la Watteau*, with intervals of "rest and refreshment." The stringed band of Mr Cole supplied the music, choral music not being much in favour, as the Union seems to regard that as a matter of business rather than of pleasure. A very funny programme was placed in the hands of the guests, and in keeping with its humour, there was a burlesque presentation of prizes to the successful competitors, ladies and gentlemen, in the races, &c. The prizes included, for instance, "Illustrated Contemporaneous Art" (a tailor's fashion card), an "Illustrated History of the Present Time" (an issue of the *Police News*), a statuette "Innocence" (one of "Helen's Babies") in naturalibus, and so on, all most gracefully presented by Mrs Lambeth, who thoroughly entered into the humour of the thing. You may well believe, BAILIE, a very pleasant afternoon was spent altogether.

WANTED to KNOW.—What there is about Sara Bernhardt that she should be made the subject of leading articles? What there was about the Prince Imperial that his death should be the subject of Great Britain in lamentations? What is the cause of this exceptional weather? Whether the competition in the designing of the municipal buildings shall be confined to architects who are ratepayers?

The Ass thinks that George Meredith must be much afflicted with the old crockery craze to give his "Egoist" hero such a name as Sir Willow-Plate Pattern.

More Heresy.

THERE is a screw loose in the Dundee Water Commission. One of its members, a Mr Ballingall, having politely sent all lawyers to the devil, and another member having asked, "Is that a gentleman?"—we have good authority, by the way, for saying that the Prince of Darkness not only is "like" but *is* a gentleman—a Mr Henderson observed, "What Mr Ballingall refers to is a purely mythological personage." "Not even a mythological personage," severely remarked Bailie Maxwell, "should be spoken about in that way;" whereupon Mr Ballingall "withdrew the devil," the whole episode being accompanied by laughter. This is alarming evidence of the spread of Macraicism, Even the severe Maxwell evidently considers the devil a "mythological personage." The attention of the church courts is hereby called to this unceremonious "withdrawal" of his sable highness.

"An Open Fair Confession."

THE *Paisley Herald* favoured its readers last week with a "leader" on betting on the turf, because, as it naively said at the outset, "we are aware that anything we could write about French, German, or American politics would be of little value as compared with what can easily be found in the leading Metropolitan journals." The BAILIE will not say that this is almost too 'umble, but merely that the country would get on quite as well, perhaps, if we had a few more editors as candid and conscientious as his old friend Dick.

The Poetry of the Weather.

THE somewhat grandiloquent gentleman who favours a daily contemporary with notes on public events as they appear when viewed through an Edinburgh medium, surpassed himself last Wednesday. His inspiration is drawn from a rather unpromising source—the weather. After styling death a "grim feature," he goes on to talk of an "eccentric bolt"—meaning a flash of lightning—which "convulsed the ground" and "leaped greedily on the metallic gas-pipes." The reference to the metallic gas-pipes is rather a come-down after the preceding sublimity; but we must not be captious in the presence of genius. Let us trust that this eccentric bolter will continue to convulse us with his grim features.

Liberal Conservatives—Conservators of our liberties.

Municipal "Amenities."

THE Annan Town Council is determined not to be outdone by its bigger rivals. Last week the Town-Clerk declared, in so many words, that at a former meeting a Mr Dobbie was drunk—whereupon Mr Dobbie, apparently without denying the soft impeachment, retorted that the Town-Clerk himself was drunk at that very moment. Under the able presidency of Mr Collins, our own Council has been pretty lively of late, but the imagination stands aghast at the mere thought of Dr Marwick and Mr Martin exchanging such compliments as these.

What the Greenock Folks are Saying.

THAT the Inspector showed his teeth over the non-printing of the minutes.  
That his law was as bad as his temper.  
That D. D. must persist in keeping him in his proper place.  
That the authorship of the boy Jones-ed list of rejected plans has been traced home  
That light has been thrown upon the spirit-ual seances in the dark room.  
That the discovery of the Council Hall telephones created quite a flutter.  
That their existence may possibly account for some recent mysterious revelations.  
That Edward is a day behind the fair with his motion.  
That it comes better late than never.  
That before the coming P. gets into office, the purse strings should be tightly drawn.  
That the "Flying Cash" has been fully employed since he launched the "Improvement."

What we may Come to.

FROM a motion submitted by the Lord Provost at a recent Council meeting, in connection with the melancholy event which has left a vacancy in the parliamentary representation of the City, it appears that our municipal rulers are of opinion that Glasgow is entitled to increased representation in the House of Commons. Perhaps four members would be a fair number, in which case we could proceed to elect Mr James Martin, Mr Kidston of Ferniegair, Mr H. A. Long, and Mr Glen Collins at the earliest possible moment. These four eminent citizens could accurately represent the great unwashed, the rowdies, the Orangemen, and the economists; and those electors who do not come under any of these headings are hardly worth considering.

The Heavy Weight that comes Between—The Middle-ton.

Puff!—Although Tennantstalk may be the tallest in the world, it ends in smoke.

The Modern Tight-uns—The girls of the period.

The Raining Monarch—Jupiter Pluvius.

Last Words on an Unsavoury Subject.

IT is with considerable reluctance that the BAILIE refers again to the *affaire* Widdows; but, as the man's latest performance was reported at length in the daily press, a few words seem to be called for. The readers of these columns need not be told that the BAILIE is no admirer of Mr Long, whose excess of imprudence is only equalled by his lack of modesty. Mr Long has, however, worked hard among us for some time; he has, no doubt, done good according to his lights; and no honest man can fail to sympathise with him under the attack made upon him last week by his discarded *protégé*. That *protégé*, growing bolder as he finds he has still believers, now drops the Heap-like tone he adopted in Dundee, and hints at dark revelations which he could make regarding his former patron, "an if he would." After acting with his wonted indiscretion, Mr Long found himself deceived, and proceeded to make against the deceiver certain definite charges, which, if not true, were most distinctly libellous. Widdows—let him have the name, since he claims it—instead of seeking the ordinary remedy, retorts by vague and damaging hints. It may be thought that the BAILIE has made too much of this wretched affair; but let it be remembered that the man calling himself Widdows has occupied respectable pulpits here and elsewhere, that he still finds people to listen to him, and that there is nothing to prevent his example being followed by others like him. It is with the object of warning the imprudent and credulous that these lines are written.

DOGMATIC BUT DOUBTFUL.

(Scene—Infant Department of a school in Islay.)

*Mistress* (teaching Mothers' Catechism) — What is a spirit?

*Children* (simultaneously)—An invisible being.

*Mistress*—Well, invisible means cannot be seen, and a "being" is a *creature*. Now, tell me what a spirit is.

*Ragged Urchin* (eagerly)—A tram.

Mr Robert Cochran of Paisley says that a certain paper "simply makes a burlesque of public proceedings." There was once a gentleman, Mr Cochran—whether a "public character" or not history does not say—of whom it was observed that he could not be made a fool of, because nature had done the job already. Canst read the riddle?

The Blantyre Explosion.

THE horror with which we received the news of last week's colliery disaster is largely mingled with indignation. The recklessness of miners is almost proverbial, but it is astounding to find men providing themselves with keys for their lamps, and habitually smoking in a fiery working. Only the day before the explosion Sheriff Spens fined a miner for indulging in this insane practice, but we cannot be surprised that men who deliberately expose themselves to awful risk rather than forego a luxury will be deterred by a fine. In this case the unfortunate smokers have paid for their rashness with their own lives and those of others. It will be the duty of those engaged in the official inquiry to ascertain through whose carelessness or collusion these men were allowed to bring keys, pipes, and matches into the mine. Meanwhile, might not Mr Macdonald vary his wholesale and indiscriminate attacks upon proprietors and officials by endeavouring to instil into the minds of the colliers some ordinary prudence and a little respect for human life?

Though the Greenock authorities insisted on banishing "the Fair" from the town last week, they were considerate enough to open a new police-office in the outskirts, expressly for the benefit of the holiday-makers. It must be admitted that this concession was exceedingly handsome, and the BAILIE trusts that it was properly appreciated.

"LIKE WITH A DIFFERENCE."—Five specimens of young Glasgow, well-known in Buchanan Street, took a walk last Sunday through the plantation at the back of Rothesay Aquarium. This, the BAILIE is assured, is the sole foundation for the account in our local newspapers of the escape of five monkeys from the Aquarium. The monkeys have cause to feel aggrieved.

JEE-RUSALEM!—The latest "benevolent" scheme in the city is the getting up of a bazaar for the benefit of "the unemployed" in—Jerusalem! This new phase of the "flannel-waistcoats-for-infant-Africans" mania will furnish an interesting subject of reflection for the genuinely "unemployed" who have not the advantage of being "furriners."

A Highland Strong—"hold"—Tonal's grip as he "runs in" a prisoner.

A Heated Imagination—That predicted a scorching summer.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the vacancy in the representation of the City has set all our busybodies agog.

That they are fussing around as if each had the returning vote in his pocket.

That not one of the so-called representative associations represents the constituency.

That the intelligent electors decline to be dictated to by spouting Tom, Dick, and Harry.

That the Liberals have six "Richmonds in the field."

That "Lord Provost Collins has assured his friends that he will on no account offer himself as a candidate" for the vacant seat.

That "'Nobody axed you, sir,' she said."

That all sensible people will be sure to vote for Jeems Martin.

That Long and Widdows are at it again.

That the public are tired of both.

That a few Trades Unionists are about to enjoy a pleasant trip to Edinburgh.

That their expenses will be paid for them.

That this is the way the Trades Union funds go.

That Lord Provost Collins has got a brand new set of laws to deal with unruly members.

That the Chairman's word at Town Council meetings has hitherto been the law.

That the dignity of the office has sadly fallen off of late.

That the dignity of the general Town Council proceedings has likewise deteriorated.

That "Mr Neil, Mr Neil," or "Now, Mr Martin," is neither a very firm nor a very dignified method of dealing with a turbulent member.

That the Corporation are desirous that Glasgow should be presented with a few additional seats in Parliament.

That don't they wish they may get them?

That W. R. W. Smith wishes one of the places where the battle of Langside is said to have been fought marked with a tablet.

That the alphabetical Councillor has whiles a bee in his bonnet.

That the curator of the West-End Museum enjoyed a trip to the Paris Exhibition last year.

That this year he is to be favoured with a little jaunt to Belgium and Holland.

That what for no?

That the bankrupts who are being examined now-a-days usually testify to what a set of "jolly dogs" they must have been when they had the ball at their foot.

That the coasting folk are experiencing deplorable weather,

That the Paterfamilias who are travelling up and down night and morning are more to be pitied than envied.

That now that Greenock Fair's over, it is just possible that a change may take place in the weather.

"CHACUN A SON GOUT."—Frothy Irish agitators have no words strong enough to express their contempt for the manner in which Mr Chief Secretary Lowther mis-spent his youth. The head and front of his offending in their eyes is that "he was engaged till he was twenty years of age in shooting *crows*." Oh, Jemmy, Jemmy, ye mane spalpeen ye! wastin' your time and talents on harmless black.bastes, and lettin' landlords, bad luck to them, walk about as if they had a right to live! But what can you expect from the Saxon oppressor?

WHERE TO SPEND A HAPPY HOLIDAY.

(Scene—Buchanan Street.)

Smith—Ha, Brown! Going to Paris this year again, dear boy?

Brown (languidly)—Well—a—no. Fact is, Paris, like other places, is about used up—met my tailor there last year. I hate to run across Glasgow faces, and intend to contract for a week's lodging on board the "Columba."

GEORGE JOKETH A JOKE.—Observing that Sir Wilfrid Lawson can find people to laugh at his "jokes," Mr George Anderson thinks he will be funny too; so the other day he inquired if some hay which had been bought by the Admiralty was intended for the Horse Marines. Oh, George, George! strive not after the reputation of the "funny man." The gods have not made you a wit, and you would do better to woo even another Emma than to court the Muse of Comedy.

A SENSIBLE SALMON.—The BAILIE would like to know Mr Salmon of the Paisley Abbey Parochial Board. That Board has several queer fish among its members, and Salmon is one of the queerest. Salmon thinks the exclusion of the representatives of the press from meetings of public bodies "a very sensible movement." Salmon, will you—*will* you allow the BAILIE to examine your bumps?

CATS AND CATS.—Mr Callan declares he has seen three "cats." What of *that*? The Ass knows a man who has a brother who once saw a hundred. But then he was in D. T. at the time!

**"UNIQUE" SHIRTS.**

IT is quite apparent that of the numerous Shirts which claim attention through the medium of advertising, it is clearly impossible that they can all be what they pretend—namely, "the best." Perhaps the following plain statement of indisputable facts, however unpalatable they may be to *sai-disant* Shirtmakers, will assist Gentlemen to form an opinion as to where they are most likely to procure Shirts both *good* and *cheap*.

We are by far the largest Shirt Manufacturers in Scotland who deal directly with the Retail Purchaser. Gentlemen buying from us save all intermediate profits. The "UNIQUE" SHIRT is Designed and Cut on our own Premises, and the Sewing is done by Seamstresses who have been trained specially for our own Trade. The "UNIQUE" occupies the enviable position of being the model on which all other Shirts are based, and the nearer they approach it in form, the nearer they are to perfection.

Present Price List, 30/, 39/, 45/ per Half-dozen from Stock. Special Qualities Made to Order.

RILEY, WEBSTER, & BORLAND,  
86 AND 88 ARGYLE STREET.

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HAIR RESTORER**  
RESTORES Grey Hair to its Youthful Colour. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Causes a New Growth of Hair. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Removes Dandruff and all Impurities from the Hair. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Prevents the Hair from falling off or turning Grey.

May be had of any Chemist or Perfumer.

Price, 3s 6d.

DEPOT, 121 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

**FORSYTH'S****"ONE GUINEA"  
SUMMER OVERCOATS.**

5 AND 7 RENFIELD STREET.

*Note.—The Special Realising Sale, at Great Reductions in Prices, will be continued during June, in order to reduce Stocks, as they are still much in excess of what they should be, compatible with the safe and proper working of a Cash Business.*

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AT UNPRECEDENTED PRICES DURING THE MONTH OF JUNE.

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**M**ESSRS COPLAND & LYE have now to announce the Sale of Special Bargains for Parties going to the Coast, for Tourists, for Marriage Outfits, and for the Public generally, all of which has been bought under the peculiar exigencies of the times at the lowest possible prices (inspection and comparison invited). We have confidence in recommending our Customers to Buy now, as Goods were never before so cheap, and probably never will be as cheap again as at the present time.

**COPLAND & LYE,**

CALEDONIAN HOUSE, 165 AND 167 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.



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TWEED HATS.

STRAW HATS.

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NOVELTIES IN COAST AND COUNTRY HATS.

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Splendid Sailor Hats, full trimmed, for 6½d, 10½d, 1s 4½d, 1s 9d, 2s. High-class Sailor Hats, for dress wear, 2s 6d, 3s 6d, 4s 6d, 5s 6d, 6s 6d, 8s 6d, 10s 6d. Our Stock of Sailor Hats alone would fill any ordinary retail shop from floor to ceiling.

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THOMAS DAVISON,

DISPENSING CHEMIST,

126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 9th, 1879.

WHAT a pretty pickle our Liberal friends are in to be sure. The lamented death of Mr WHITELAW left a vacancy in the representation of the City which they expected to occupy without any trouble whatever. Glasgow, we were informed a week ago, would no longer give a divided vote in the House of Commons. There was positive indecency in the glee with which it was announced that Dr CAMERON and Mr ANDERSON were about to be joined by a

colleague who would be every bit as Radical as themselves. A short week has served to moderate the violence of these transports. Liberalism is once more coming out in its true colours. Your Liberal of to-day, like your Liberal of every other day, is one who minds himself first and his party afterwards—as for the State, he allows the Conservatives to attend to it. No one need be surprised, therefore, that the question of the seat, which was to be settled so easily, is giving rise to any amount of personal bitterness. Three or four claimants were in the field before the breath of Mr WHITELAW was fairly out of his body. They were all Liberals, and they were all equally anxious to win, and the feeling with which each regarded his neighbour may be readily conjectured. Under the circumstances it seems every day more problematical whether the Radical prognostications will be fulfilled. At all events the scandal attaching to the haste that was made to occupy the field whenever the decease of Mr WHITELAW became known, is being in no way lessened by the wrangling and jangling now going on between the different factions who are seeking for supremacy. For the moment, at least, it is every man for himself in the Liberal camp. The interests of both the city and the nation are left completely out of sight in the undignified scramble for position. What do the electors think of it all? Is it right that a great city like Glasgow should be used as a catspaw by some pushing nobody, eager to turn himself into a somebody by becoming a Member of Parliament?

Departed Dignity.

AT the meeting of Town Council last week, Mr Dunlop, in the absence of Mr Dickson, put a question, of which the latter had given notice, with reference to the subject of "order" in conducting the discussions. In moving in this matter, he said, Mr Dickson and himself were influenced by a desire "to conserve, and indeed to revive, the dignity of the Council's procedure." Looking to the length of time that any "dignity" the "Council" ever possessed has been invisible to the naked eye, it is a vain thing now to talk of "conserving" it, and the BAILIE questions very much if it be not even past "reviving." It seems to his Worship that nothing short of a re-creation will achieve the consummation desired by Messrs Dunlop and Dickson.

## Concerning Frogs and Oxen.

CERTAIN of our minor towns have taken of late to comparing themselves to celebrated places in England. Thus, we read of "the Brighton of Scotland," and so on. The latest aspirant is Coatbridge, which claims to be "the Birmingham of Scotland." All this is somewhat silly, and is productive of considerable merriment among those who know the places compared. When Englishmen begin to talk of "the Helensburgh of England," "the Coatbridge of England," and so forth, it will be time for Scotchmen to pay a similar compliment. We have quite sufficient ground for legitimate pride without indulging in vain pretensions such as those referred to.

◆◆◆  
"NEVER ALONE WHEN MOST ALONE."

*Mr Flighty*—Have you seen Stevenson's "Through the Cevennes with a Donkey?" It's a capital book, and I'm half thinking of doing the West Highlands this autumn, in the same free and easy way.

*Mr Snap*—Oh indeed! Then take my advice, and simplify the idea. Just go on foot and *by yourself*.

[Mr Flighty does not seem to see the point of the remark.]

◆◆◆  
LATEST BETTING.—Has the Betting Act become a dead letter? or are priests, missionaries, and members of public boards privileged to rush in where bookmakers dare not tread? With the Long-Glancy affair fresh in our minds, we find Mr Duncan, of the City Parochial Board, offering to back his statements to the extent of the orthodox £50, unreproved by douce Bailie Thomson, who occupied the chair. The BAILIE begs to call Mr Anderson's attention to this state of things.

A youth who got into trouble in this city the other day by robbing his father, "had been," it seems, "regarded by his parents and friends as a most exemplary young gentleman." So you see it is not always safe to put faith in exemplary young gentlemen any more than in exemplary old gentlemen who build churches and won't read Monday's newspaper.

The Greatest Chimney in the World—Sa'nt Rollox? No, Mount Etna.

The Horse of Knowledge—Pegasus. The Ass of Ditto—The Animile.

BICYCLES.—The West of Scotland Bicycle Co. have opened a Show-Room at 104 Renfield Street, where the rising generation can supply itself with any make of two-wheeler.

## Megilp.

MESSRS Jordan, Leyden, and Mackinnon, of Campbeltown, decorators and painters, intend to inaugurate the opening of a new saloon by holding in it an exhibition of pictures. We must wish their experiment all success. Campbeltown is far removed from our art centres, and any one who endeavours to improve the artistic tastes of a town so situated must do so at the cost of a considerable amount of trouble—perhaps even of money—to himself. He deserves every assistance artists can possibly give him; he is serving their interests, as well as doing good—in the best sense of the word—to the people among whom he lives. We cannot have too many exhibitions in small towns.

Mr W. MacTaggart, R.S.A., is taking an interest in the proposed exhibition. He will himself send pictures, and has secured for it one or two examples of the late Paul Chalmers. I hope other artists who can contribute will communicate at once with Messrs Jordan, Leyden, and Mackinnon.

Mr C. MacEwen is in Shetland. Mr Duncan MacLaurin is making studies at Rosenath. Mr Leiper has been working on the hills behind Helensburgh. Mr Tom M'Ewan has gone to Selma, Loch Etive, where he was last year.

In the time of Glasgow's great prosperity—three or four years ago—we had abundance of vulgar display, but even the most outrageously ostentatious of our iron and coal kings never went so far in lavish expenditure of money on house furniture as did Mr Vaughan of Middlesbro'. The furniture and appointments of Gunnergate Hall were lately sold by auction. The fittings of the places appear all to have been on a scale of idiotic extravagance. The billiard rooms cost over £30,000, the spittoons £20 a piece, and so on. The catalogue is a melancholy record of inflated ostentation and of unreasoning indulgence in uncultured and "barbaric" splendour. Those were bad times, indeed, in the true sense of the words, that produced such manifestations of offensive shoddyism! May be, "the plain living," that has now become everywhere a matter of necessity, will tend to foster among us "high thinking" and true culture.

An interesting collection of water colour drawings of New Zealand scenery, by Mr J. C. Hoyte, is at present on view in the galleries of Messrs Kay & Reid.

◆◆◆  
"PAROCHIAL POWER."—Mr Burt considers that to send a deputation to London on the subject of the Valuation Bill would be an unnecessary "expenditure of parochial power." My conscience! Is "parochial power" so very precious? What most people would be inclined to object to would be the unnecessary expenditure of parochial money revealed when the deputation came to present their own little "valuation bill."

"HIS DOG" AND "HIS DAUGHTER."—At Airdrie last week a man was fined twenty shillings for brutally ill treating his dog, and in our own Justice of Peace Court on the same day another man forfeited a precisely similar amount for cruelly beating his little daughter, making the while a cheerful remark to the effect that "he always liked to leave the marks of his hands wherever he struck." It would seem as if even magisterial minds cherished odd ideas as to the comparative rights of children and "bull pups."

"Sign"-ing Over—Even as I was then, is "Percy" now; and, . . . by my "sole" to "boot."—*1st Henry IV. ; Act iii., sc. 2nd.*

New Music.

*Twelve Gaelic Songs, with English and Gaelic Words.* Swan & Co., Glasgow and London.

THIS is a well-chosen selection from Pattison's "Popular Songs of the Highlands." The original melodies are given. The beauty of much of the music will be a surprise to many; for instance, the songs "Macgregor o' Kuara," "The Cuckoo," and "The Praise of Islay," which are specially lovely. The piano accompaniments, by Margaret Campbell Pattison, are marked by uncommon skill and aptness.

*Part Songs composed and arranged by Frederic Archer; the Glasgow Select Choir Series.* Swan & Co.

These are the original pieces of music and arrangements, sixteen or more, produced by Mr Archer last season, for the concerts of the Glasgow Select Choir, which he so successfully conducted. Among the former class are of course, "The Deil's awa," which became so great a favourite, and "Kate Dalrymple," a hardly less clever piece of writing. The harmonized melodies include, as will be remembered, "Afton Water" (old air), possibly overlaid with contrapuntal mosaic; "She's fair an' fause," delicately and lightly handled; "Corn Rigs," capitally done; "Old King Cole," and "Poor Miss Bailey," amusingly realistic, yet most musician-like in treatment. The series also includes Mr Archer's anthem, written for the choir, "Comfort the Soul of thy Servant." Altogether it is sure to be welcomed by choral societies.

*Part Song, "Rab Roryson's Bonnet;" Music arranged by Wm. Moodie.* R. Donaldson, St. Vincent Street.

This is the first of what promises to be a first-rate series of part songs, original and arranged, to be published under the general title of "Donaldson's Part Songs." "Rab Roryson's Bonnet," so carefully and effectively harmonized by Mr Moodie, is a capital beginning. The part song was "commissioned," as will not have been forgotten, by the committee of the Tannahill celebration, and was sung at that huge gathering with immense success.

A "SYMPHONY."

(Scene—Craigalyon Moor, Milngavie).

*Native* (meeting artist whom he has previously directed to Loch)—Weel, hoo did ye get on, did ye catch mony?

*Artist*—Oh, I wasn't fishing, I've been sketching.

*Native*—Whaat! Skytchin', hoo could ye be skytchin' man? There's nae ice.

"ENGLISH SPOKEN HERE."—The *Pall Mall Gazette* says that a certain foreign phrase may be rendered "in English" by the expression "Bide a wee"—which the BAILIE has always considered very excellent Scotch. Those "Southron loons" would steal our very language if they could; but, thank goodness, its pronunciation is "aboon their micht." The journalistic gentleman, who writes for gentlemen, may manage "Bide a wee," but it would puzzle him to ask his way intelligibly to Auchtermuchty or Ecclefechan.

"WEATHERWISE."—The Animile wants to know if the Yankees' notice of foul weather can be considered a fair warning.

Quelque shows pour rire.—Those at "the Fair."

"Dreich Work."

IT appears that, contrary to popular ideas, General Assemblies may be as much a weariness of the flesh to those who take part in them as to outsiders. At a recent Presbytery meeting in the east country a reverend gentleman, in reporting his attendance at the Established Assembly, observed that it was "dreich work." The BAILIE thoroughly agrees with that reverend gentleman. Assembly work is dreadfully dreich.

Apropos of a paragraph to the effect that a "burlesque on 'Drink'" is about to be produced in London, the Animile says that a burlesque on drink may be found much nearer home than London in the shape of the villanous compounds vended by certain unprincipled publicans.

The Lowest Pitch—Tar-tar-us.

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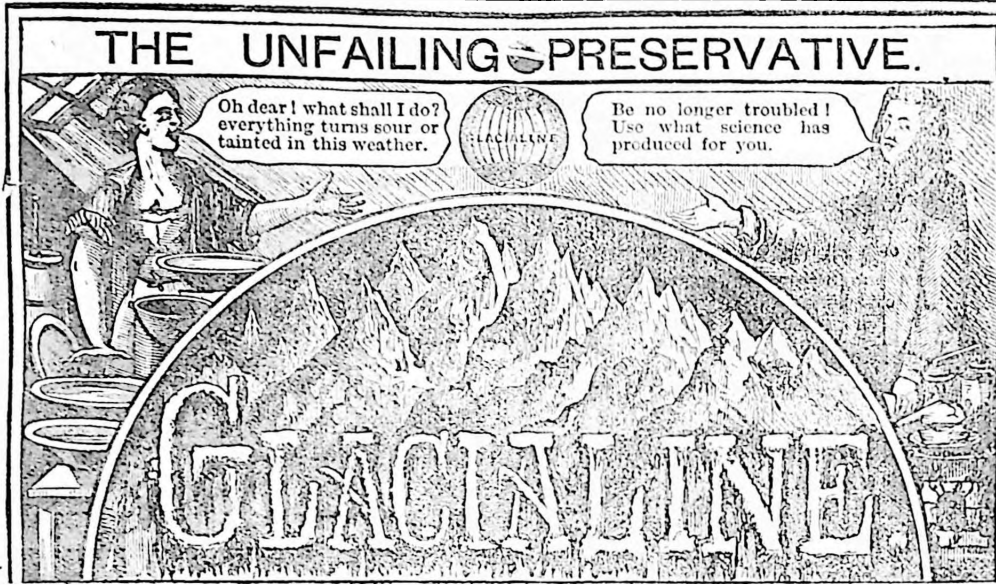
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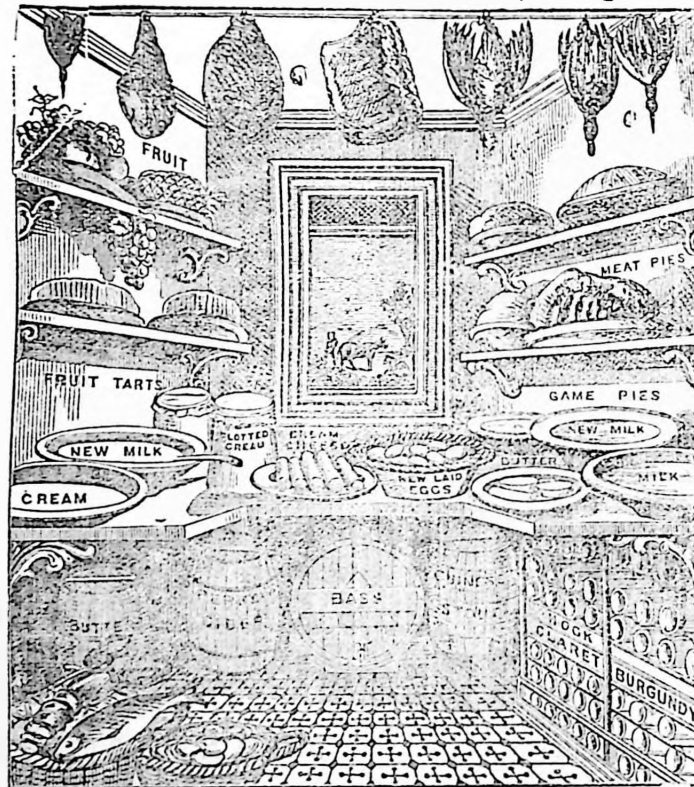


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“THERE are nae bairns like our ain bairns” is an old Scotch saying, and of course advertisers in bringing their goods before the public naturally maintain that their respective specialities are unequalled. Now without going so far as to say that our “bairns” (Aerated Waters) are the best in the world, we hold that they are at any rate unsurpassed in those qualities which render Aerated beverages popular. All our goods are prepared with the best and purest materials at the Cromac Springs, Belfast, the water of which is peculiarly adapted for the manufacture of Aerated Waters, and having had over a quarter of a century’s experience in preparing those beverages, we challenge comparison with any goods of the same class. We merely ask consumers to take our Waters (all kinds) and compare them, bottle for bottle with those of other makers, and we will stand or fall by the result. Test to the utmost, dilute our Ginger Ale and Lemonade with Water, and it will be found that no other will stand this test to the same degree as ours. Let us have “a fair field and no favour” and we are satisfied that our goods will soon be in universal demand. Retail, from Chemists, Grocers, Wine Merchants, Restaurateurs, &c., and Wholesale at our Scotch Depot, 147 STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW.



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 Annual Subscription—Family Tickets, £1 1s; Single do., 10s 6d;  
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Coaches to and from Killin and the West Highlands daily during the season. Tourists, in order to secure seats, are advised to pass the previous night at this Hotel.

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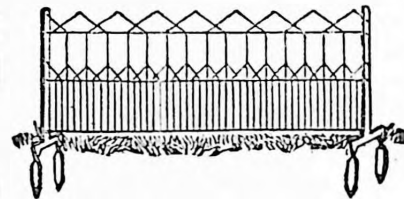
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VITALINE is manufactured only by JOE Tonn, Chemist, Carlisle, and bears his name on the Government Stamp.

VITALINE is sold in bottles at 2s 9d, 4s 6d, and 11s each, by R. M'DONALD, 150 Trongate; THE APOTHECARIES' COMPANY, Virginia Street; THE NEW APOTHECARIES' COY., Glassford Street; BROWN BROTHERS, Trongate; JAMES TAYLOR, Trongate; and all Chemists.

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This FIRST-CLASS HOTEL, erected by, and conducted under the Management of the Glasgow and South-Western Railway Company, is NOW OPEN for the reception of Visitors.

It is situated in the centre of Glasgow, at the Terminus of the Glasgow and South-Western Railway, Midland Railway, and other connecting lines; adjacent to the Steamboat Wharfs of Clyde Sailing Steamers; and within easy distance of other Railway Stations. The Hotel is unquestionably one of the Finest and Largest in Europe, containing over Two Hundred Visitors' Bed-Rooms, numerous Private Suites of Apartments and Sitting-Rooms, magnificent and comfortably furnished Public-Rooms - such as Restaurant, General Coffee-Room, Ladies' Coffee-Room, Family and Music Room, Drawing-Room, Reading, Smoking, and Billiard Rooms.

Hydraulic Elevators for Passengers and Luggage.

Hotel Porters attend the arrival of all Trains, and Luggage is conveyed to and from the Hotel Free of Charge.

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## SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

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A Clique in the Shoe Trade said that the EXCELSIOR Boots were sold too cheap; bethought themselves what means they could take to shunt the enterprise of the Proprietor; obtained a tool to take down sign-boots, which, unfortunately for the whole shop-keeping class, had the desired effect, showing that a jealous neighbour has more to do with the enforcing the Police Act, than business people generally believe. You can afford it, is the common remark of his many sympathizers, whom he takes this opportunity to thank, and to inform that the blow meant to be a crushing one has had an opposite effect, and will in no way change his manner of conducting business, but will only redouble his efforts to sell Boots at prices to meet the necessitous times which the public are pulling their way through.

Besides the sympathy of the Public, he has that of the Press—the following from the *Mercantile Critique* being one of the many contributions:—"It is not to the purpose to say that something should be done to hinder next-door neighbours from drifting into bankruptcy, which may just be owing to their incapacity to contend with more skilful rivals in trade.

"Whether it be law or not, it is a burning shame that an enterprising and respectable shopkeeper like Mr W. M. PERCY, who has always paid twenty shillings in the pound, should be made to smart under what is certainly a most galling decision, viz.—40s; or Fourteen Days Imprisonment—merely because he has done what many others have done, and are doing with impunity. We have seen the signs in question, as any other walking along Trongate must have done; and although we do not presume to define what constitutes a public nuisance, yet we must say, that to us, who looked as disinterested spectators, there is nothing that could be called a nuisance, or in any sense a cause of offence. Of course, did we view it from the standpoint likely to be taken by fellow shopkeepers in the same Trade, we might feel that it was an intolerable nuisance to have a shop near at hand, which by its conduct, taste, and attraction is, out of sight, the Best Shop in Trongate; but looking at it from the position, as we have stated, of a merely disinterested spectator, we hardly see it in that light. In connection with this case we would express the regret that in such decisions as the one before us, there is, practically, no Court of Appeal."

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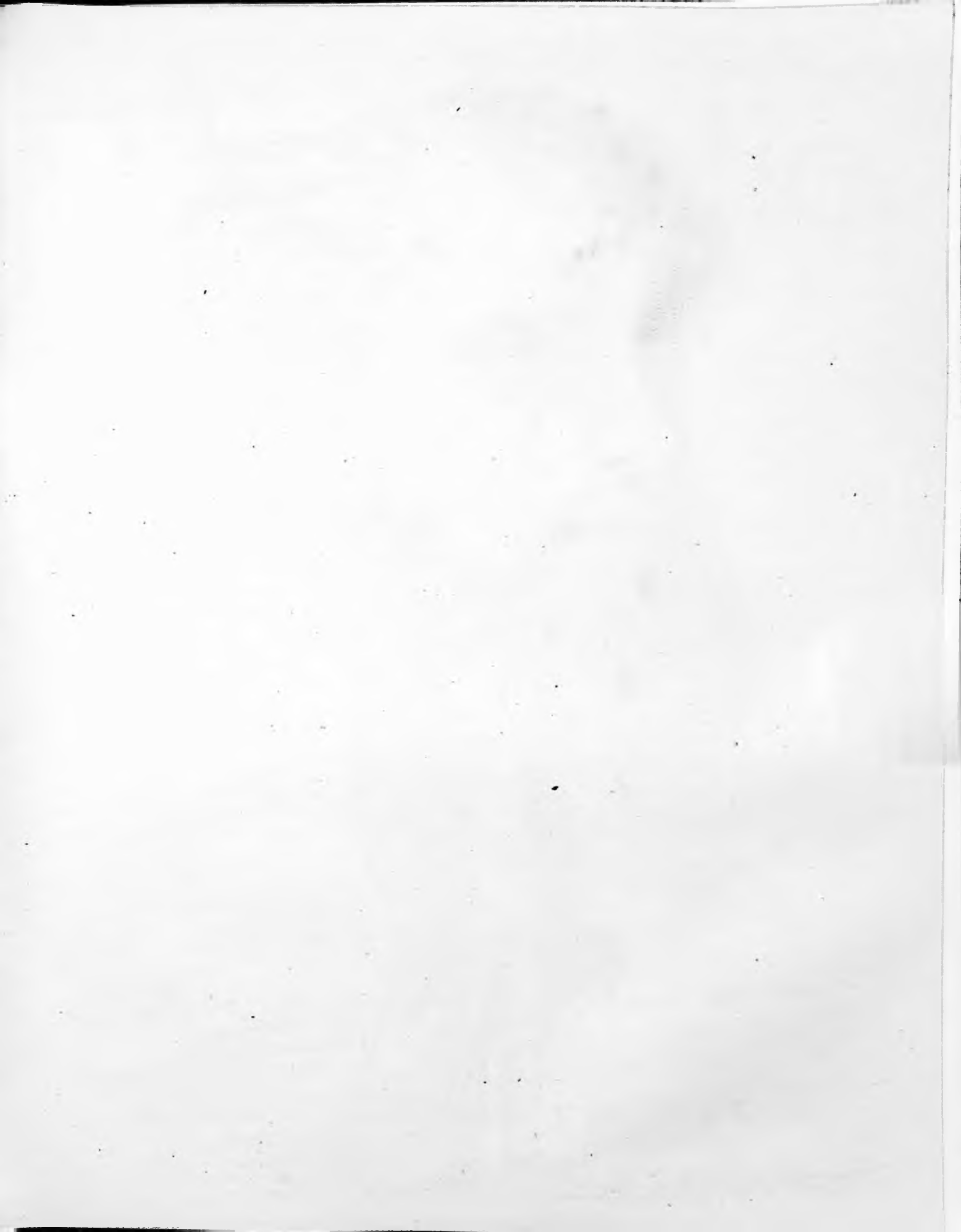
## THE EXCELSIOR,

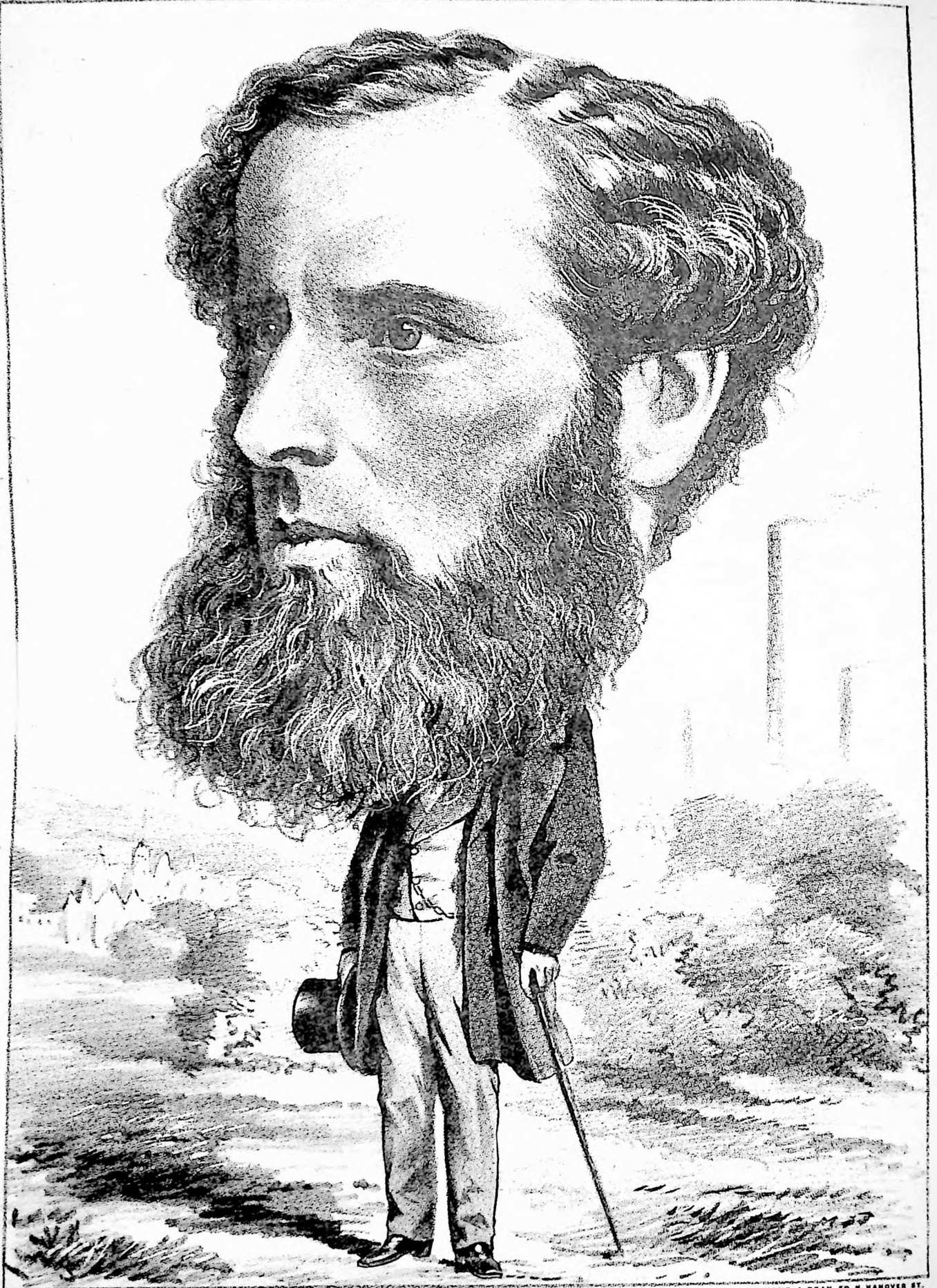
THE LARGEST, HANDSOMEST, AND CHEAPEST BOOT DEPOT IN SCOTLAND,

124, 126, 128, TRONGATE,

W. M. PERCY, PROPRIETOR.







# The Bailie.

“MY CONSCIENCE!”

No. 352.

Glasgow, Wednesday, July 16th, 1879.

Price 1d

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 352.

THE BAILIE salutes the new Member for Glasgow. He is a Tory of the Tories, but he is a citizen of Glasgow as well as a Tory, and in his capacity of citizen he can afford to sink his political leanings, and to toss up his cap in honour of CHARLES TENNANT of the Glen. Mr TENNANT'S candidature was something, the BAILIE must admit, of a surprise. During the greater part of his life the new representative of the City kept himself clear of political cliques. Indeed, to his townsmen generally, our junior member was, up till the beginning of last spring, an unknown quantity in politics. Now, however, he has changed all that. He has not only taken his stand on the Liberal platform, but he has accepted the nomination of the Liberal Association, and he is now the third Liberal member for Glasgow. Liberal, at the same time, though he be in politics, Mr TENNANT is anything but a destructive. He is one of those fortunate ones who can see both sides of a question. He belongs, both by birth and training, to the Whigs, but he is a Conservative Whig, and a Conservative Whig, if a somewhat old-fashioned politician, is still a politician who possesses the courage of his opinions, and who deserves the respect of his countrymen of all shades of politics. Perhaps the position of Mr TENNANT in the political world will best be understood by an account of the place he holds in the working and business world of every day. He is, to begin at the beginning, one of the largest employers of labour in the British islands. In two of his works alone—those at St. Rollox and Hebburn-on-Tyne—he has over 3,000 men in his pay. His outlay in wages averages £120,000, while some notion may be formed regarding the size of the works when it is known

that the two establishments cover between them a total of no less than one hundred and eighty-one acres of ground. In addition, moreover, to the labour undertaken by Mr TENNANT as chief of the great firm of Charles Tennant & Co., with their enormous establishments at Glasgow and on the Tyne, and their smaller ones at Carnoustie, at Manchester, and at several other places, he has numerous additional tasks, each of which would be sufficiently onerous to occupy the entire attention of a lesser man. He is, for instance, Chairman of the Tharsis Company, and he has been its chairman since its first starting in 1868; he is Chairman of the Steel Company of Scotland, whose establishment in the neighbourhood of Cambuslang is the wonder and admiration of all travellers to or from the ducal borough of Hamilton; he is a Director of the North British and Mercantile Insurance Co.; a partner of the Jarrow Chemical Co.; he is, beyond all rivalry, the largest sugar planter in the West Indies; and he was for some time one of the well-known shipbuilding firm of Humphrys & Tennant, on the Thames. Surely no more numerous or more multifarious array of tasks is often undertaken by a single man. And added to these more direct duties, Mr TENNANT combines the work which falls to be transacted by a country gentleman at “The Glen” in Peeblesshire, which requires, on the part of the owner, a certain degree of very distinct care and attention. Mr TENNANT, however, comes of a powerful race. His father was a man of more than common note; while his grandfather, the founder, in 1798, of the St. Rollox works—the famous stalk of which, by the bye, was erected in 1842, and is 452 feet in height—and the inventor of bleaching powder, besides leaving a great name and fortune to his family, was of material assistance to the country at large by the starting of a new industry. The great-grandfather of the

Man you Know seems to have partaken, in an important degree, of the qualities for which his descendants have been distinguished. He was Mr John Tennant, a farmer at Glenconner, in Ayrshire, and the "auld comrade dear and brither sinner" of Robert Burns, who sends, in one of his rhyming epistles—

My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen,  
The ace an' wale of honest men,

and who wishes—

. . . before you see heaven's glory,  
May ye get mony a merrý story,  
Monie a laugh, and monie a drink,  
An' aye enough o' needfu' clink.

A representative possessing the energy, the intellect, and the knowledge of affairs necessary to the successful conduct of enterprises of such pith and moment, and whose opinions, moreover, are of that safe and moderate character that recommends itself to the judicious, whether of the Whig or the Tory persuasion, is one of whom even the second city of the empire may well feel proud. Mr TENNANT as a business man is, of course, too busy to interest himself greatly in literature; but he is an eager collector of books, and has a splendid and valuable library. He has sympathies, moreover, with both literature and science, and these have been manifested, in some measure, by the interest he took in the erection of the Burns statue, and which he still takes in the Glasgow Science Lectures. Quiet, and even retiring in manner, our new member has none of the more showy qualities that usually captivate a popular audience. His judgment, however, is undeniable, and he possesses, in addition, a strength of will that occasionally astonishes even his more intimate associates. Mr TENNANT is characteristically generous in his disposition. Both individually, and as a member of the firm of Charles Tennant & Co., his subscriptions to local charities are large almost to extravagance. He is still in the prime of life—he was born in 1823—and the BAILIE can only hope that he will live long to enjoy the distinction his fellow citizens have to-day conferred on him, and to benefit them in turn by his attention to their needs both in and out of the House of Commons.

The Square to be taken up for the Municipal Buildings—The T Square.

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK is the best present from Edinburgh. 1 Melbourne place, near the Castle.

### Looking Back.

"Farewell, thou Fair Day."—Burns.

AND this is the Fair—well-a-day;  
'Tis hard to believe it—in truth,  
The times are quite changed—that's to say,  
Quite changed since the days of our youth.

We remember, and so may you also,  
The theatres down on the Green,  
Where dramas, or what you might call so,  
For a penny were all to be seen.

What pleasure it then did afford—  
And it gave us but little annoy,  
Though with "Hamlet" stuck up on the board,  
We were treated inside to "Rob Roy."

One time—and we'll never forget it—  
We asked them the reason (why not?)  
That the play as announced they'd not let it  
Go on—and this answer we got—

"Well you see, sir, that 'Hamlet's' a pöwer,  
And would take in itself—that's to spin its  
Five acts out—O quite half-an-hour,  
'Rob Roy' takes us just 20 minutes!"

These days are all gone—more's the pity,  
And the fun at our Fair has now run done;  
But the strollers that then graced our city  
Have, perchance, come out "stars" since in London.

And this is the Fair—well-a-me;  
Of our city we've little to boast;  
Here all are as dull's dull can be—  
Let's fly for a week to the coast.

For a week to the coast let us fly,  
And you striplings can think while you're there  
Of the joys of the future—and I  
Will live in the past—is that fair?

### More Gas at Greenock.

HOPELESS of finding any local genius capable of setting it on fire, the Clyde at Greenock has gone in for spontaneous combustion, producing bubbles of gas which ignite on coming to the surface. No Sugaropolitan seems to have gumption enough to think of utilising this mysterious gas for purposes of public and domestic illumination; and the BAILIE therefore suggests the idea to Provost Lyle as a subject deserving attention quite as much as the wickedness of publicans and the righteousness of corporation officials.

A DEGENERATE HAMLET.—In spite of his declaration that "the rest is silence," H.R.H. Prince Hamlet of Denmark turned up last week in Paisley, "dressed in semi-military fashion, carrying something resembling a sword, and" — *horresco referens!*—"singing comic songs" in the streets for a livelihood. This is very sad. Will not Mr Henry Irving, or some one similarly interested, take the matter up?

Naturally "Folly-ing" "Our Boys."—"The Girls."

An Address to the Electors.

GENTLEMEN,—It has occurred to some fellows I know, that I would make a first-rate M.P., and as I am decidedly of the same opinion, I have agreed to give the constituency a chance of being decently represented for once in a while. It is almost needless to say that I am a Conservative Liberal, and the first requisite for a Conservative Liberal is to have a mind open to conviction. A man's own opinions are of little moment in comparison with his willingness to be educated up to an indefinite point. It is upon my qualifications in this direction that I place most confidence. In fact, I have no strong opinions about anything under the sun. My mind is a spotless page of virgin purity, whereon the constituents may inscribe whatever they like.

I have no particular desire for the disestablishment of the Church; but on the other hand, I have no particular desire that it should *not* be disestablished. As soon as the country has settled what it wants in this matter, either by gyrating an effigy of Her Majesty in the air, drawing two straws, or otherwise, I am prepared to carry out its wishes. A proposal to administer penal servitude to those incumbents whose income is under £300 per annum, and to hang those who receive more than that sum, would have my best consideration if it came before the House.

In regard to the Permissive Bill, I am in a somewhat similar position. If returned, I would make it my first duty to discover what the Permissive Bill is, and if the publicans—I mean the public—seemed to want it very much, I'd let them have it.

There has been a good deal said lately about a re-distribution of seats. I suppose this refers to some scheme of out-door relief for the unemployed. Although I do not approve of indiscriminate charity, still there can be no objection to distributing seats to any poor people who have not got them.

The monarchical form of government under which we live seems to do pretty well, but if desired there would be no great harm in trying Republicanism for a year or two, either upon the American wire-pulling or the French fire-eating system. It would be an easy matter to change back again if it didn't work well.

The right of private property, trial by jury, religious equality, and free trade, are things we have been long accustomed to enjoy, but there is no reason why any or all of them should not

be abolished if the sovereign people choose to say so.

One reason why we entertain so strong a dislike to despotism, Nihilism, Communism, and Mormonism, may be that we have no practical experience of the working of any of them. They may be very admirable things if we only knew a little more about them. A spirit of independent inquiry would govern my conduct, in the event of a proposal to introduce any of these phases of modern social thought into the British Isles coming before the House.

These, then, gentlemen, are my views. Poetry is perhaps a little out of place in an electoral address, but if you will allow me, I will conclude with the glowing words of somebody or other—

“It's no matter what you do,  
If your heart is only true”

to the grand principle of being open to conviction. To that noble principle I can conscientiously say my heart is true.—Your obedient servant,

SIR PETER PLIABLE, KNT.

A LA MODE PAROCHIAL.

Inquiries for those public bodies whom they may concern:—

What quantity and description of public property can be taken and used by a public servant with safety?

What offences or breaches of the recognised law of the land is it safe for a public servant to report?

Mode of procedure:—Listen to a statement of the offence, and take note of the defence. Pay no attention to any evidence for the prosecution.

Decision:—As no punishment is meted out to the offender or offenders, the reporters and sufferers are the people who must bear it; they are therefore to be punished accordingly.

A local paper politely terms Mr James Martin “a first-class mountebank;” but let not Jeems be troubled by the epithet. Has it not been applied more than once to his illustrious “pal,” the Prime Minister? By the way, Mr Turnerelli—we thank thee for the “elli!”—might you not dispose satisfactorily of that white elephant of yours by sending it to Cairncraig House?

Unfortunate Name for a Race-horse—*Muley Edris*.

Havanna Cigars, La Flor De Aroma, First-Class Brand, 4d each. D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram St., and 121 Buchanan St.

## Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—“Dingdong dingdong ding-dong. dingdong dingdong de,” will chime once more to-night at the Gaiety Theatre from those merry “Bells of Corneville.” Of course the house will be crowded to hear them. What pleasanter little opera than this of M. Planquette’s has been produced in our generation? There is nothing intense in it, even the madness of *Gaspard* wears an everyday air, but if you are denied intensity, you have at least exquisite brightness and simplicity. It is as *naïve* as childhood; the music has the ease and the charm of a wild bird’s song.

The company engaged to appear in “*Les Cloches*” is under the experienced direction of Mr J. C. Scanlan, while Mr Michael Connelly again occupies the post of conductor. One of its members, who on this occasion makes his first appearance in Glasgow, is Mr James Fernandez, a distinguished London actor. Mr Fernandez was with Mr Charles Dillon at the London Lyceum a score of years ago, and he subsequently migrated across the water to the Surrey, but he returned, long ago, to the northern side of the Thames, the houses he has of late been more immediately connected with having been the Adelphi and Drury Lane. M. Loredan and Mr George Barrett are other two members of the company, as are also Miss Cora Stewart, who is *Germaine*, and Miss Adelaide Praeger, who is *Serpollotte*.

“*Les Cloches*” will run for a fortnight at Mr Bernard’s theatre, and will be followed by the “Caste” Company of Mr T. W. Robertson.

On Saturday night I assisted at the Prince of Wales Theatre, in welcoming Mr Sidney on his re-appearance among us in a managerial capacity. The improved appearance of the house, which is now as brilliant as it used to be gloomy, was the subject of general remark on the part of the audience, and at once put us all into that happy frame of mind necessary for the enjoyment of our dramatic fare. “*Auld Langsyne*” was the piece selected by Mr Sidney for his opening night. It has never been played in Glasgow before, and, though somewhat slightly constructed, runs smoothly and pleasantly. The leading *roles* were sustained by the lessee himself, Mr Beecher, and Miss Ges Smythe, and the company also includes Mr T. Sidney, Mr J. B. Gordon (late of the Gaiety), and other favourites. Altogether, Mr Sidney has had a good start, and I have no doubt that when he gives us his promised list of future productions, it will quite sustain his reputation as a manager.

Some of the most attractive entertainments of the holidays will be given at the Botanic Gardens to-morrow (Tuesday) and during the week. Admission to the Gardens and conservatories will be free, while for a nominal charge the marvellous performances of Dr Holden (a “magician,” who has had the honour of mystifying Her Majesty), Professor Barnes, and other masters of arts more or less “black,” may be witnessed in the Crystal Palace. The *fêtes* will be continued next week.

A fitting pendant to the recent billiard-match in Glasgow between Roberts, champion of the world, and Green, took place at the rooms of the latter on Thursday last, in a game of 50 up, between two celebrated local amateurs. Much interest was excited in the result; and, the table having been freshly ironed, and the cues, &c., properly seen to, some incomparable play was witnessed by those privileged to be present.

One of the works exhibited at the Black and White Exhibition in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, London, is a charcoal drawing of the “Fish Market at St. Malo” by a French artist named L’Hermitte. Its price is £200. Could impudence go further?

The two great reviews, the *Quarterly* and the *Edinburgh*, the former of which will be published on Thursday, and the latter on Wednesday, will both deal with the coming political contest in Midlothian. “Why is Scotland Radical?” is the title of the article in the *Tory* organ, while the representative of Whiggism promises us a paper on “The Scotts of Buccleuch.” Of late the *Edinburgh* has eschewed Mr Gladstone and all his works, and some curiosity is therefore experienced as to the manner it will deal with his promised attack on the seat held by Lord Dalkeith,

A new “beauty” has appeared in London. She made her *début* last Tuesday, so to speak, at a performance of “*Mignon*” in Her Majesty’s Theatre. The box she occupied was on the grand tier, and it was soon filled with visitors, among one of the most favoured being H.R.H. the Heir Apparent. This latest rival to Mrs Langtry, Mrs Cornwallis West, and Miss Connie Gilchrist, is described as being no longer young, but superbly beautiful, and possessing that indefinable air of *le grand monde*, which is so eagerly sought after but so seldom acquired.

It may be interesting at the present moment to state that at least one of the late Mr Henry Smart’s family has devoted himself to art, though not to musical art. I refer to Mr Edgar Smart—youngest son, I believe, of the composer—who was intended for a commercial career, but who ultimately followed a natural bent by taking to the stage. He has not been very long in the profession, but has already attained some success in the delineation of what are technically known as “old men” and “character parts.”

The consummate nonsense talked by people who insist on dealing with subjects of which they know nothing was well illustrated by a leader that appeared last Thursday in one of the local dailies. Its subject was the superiority of the French school of acting to our own, and the writer showed his literary qualifications for his task by attributing to Dr Arnold the saying, “They manage these things better in France,” (*sic*), and by speaking of elocution “learned off (!) private professors.” This, however, is not exactly the point. A man may neither have read Sterne nor be able to write English, and yet be a good judge of acting; but when he bases his preference for the French school on the ground that it is more natural than our own, as this writer does, I must beg leave to repeat that he is talking nonsense. Any one who has ever seen a French play knows that our neighbours’ style of acting, however effective, is infinitely more artificial than that adopted by the modern English school. Oh, BAILIE, BAILIE, is there no remedy, think you, for this plague of would-be “criticism?”

I find that I was not quite accurate in saying last week that Mr Charles Dickens “has always avoided affixing the term ‘younger’ to his name.” When, on the death of his father, he assumed the editorship of *All the Year Round*—a periodical no longer, by the way, “mononymous,” to use the term applied by Douglas Jerrold to its predecessor, *Household Words*—the paper was at first described as “conducted by Charles Dickens, Jun.” The affix, however, was very soon dropped, and it was never resumed.

Changing, the other day, to dip into Southey’s “*Vision of Judgment*,” I came across the phrase, “peace with honour,” since rendered immortal. I fancy few people read Southey nowadays, but my discovery may possibly have been anticipated.

I was at a pleasant little gathering one night last week, BAILIE, in “The Bath Hotel,” the establishment in Bath Street formerly known as “Macrae’s,” but now owned by Mr and Mrs Robertson, at one time the manager and manageress of “M’Lean’s.” The occasion was the starting of a semi-Bohemian Club, the members of which are to be mainly bound together by their liking for country sights and sounds, and life in the open air generally. Some eight or ten of us sat down to an excellent supper, adjourning afterwards to the smoking room where we enjoyed ourselves for a couple of hours over cigars and claret. There was a piano in the room—a capital idea, your Worship—and a famous local pianist, who was of the party, sitting down to the instrument, played the “*O casto fior*,” from the “*King of Lahore*,” which is somewhat of a novelty in these latitudes. More music followed, there was abundance of easy, unconventional chat, and altogether the evening was one to be kept green in the memory. The hotel, I should like to add, which is under the immediate direction of Mrs Robertson—so popular of old as Miss M’Lean—is one of the best appointed in the city, while the cookery and attendance are sufficient to satisfy the most exacting diner-out.

Ancell’s Beefsteak Grill, 88 Virginia Place (Rear of Union Bank), Steaks, Chops, Kidneys, &c., cooked in large room.

Prudence at Hawick.

THE good folks of Hawick are evidently possessed to a large degree of that careful forethought which has been so conducive to the prosperity of the Scottish nation. Some of them had the misfortune to get into the local jail lately, and found themselves exceptionally uncomfortable there, owing to the unclean and overcrowded state of the cells. Now, your ordinary prisoner would, on getting free, have rejoiced in his liberty, and tried to forget his discomforts. Not so the canny Borderers. With an eye to the adverse possibilities of the future, they drew up a solemn petition setting forth the discomforts in question, and forwarded it to the Home Secretary, with a prayer that "his Honour" would "cause these complaints to be redressed." This prayer the BAILIE seconds, and he trusts that when the petitioners next "come out" they will have no complaints to make regarding their accommodation.

IN TRAIN.—At the close of last Wednesday's hearing of the Hamilton-Padwick case, Lord Young remarked pleasantly that "this was not a case in its nature to go fast; it was a heavy train." Whereupon there was "laughter"—from the lawyers, it is to be presumed. Heavy legal trains are, no doubt, fun to them, but they are anything but a joke to the unfortunate litigants; and are not *all* legal trains more or less heavy, especially when they are shunted into the Court of Session? In such cases "training" is by no means associated with celerity. How would it do, by the way, to engage Mr Trayner?

Some surprise has been expressed at the "failure" of an Edinburgh man with £576 of liabilities and £8706 of assets. What of that? We hear of much the same sort of thing in Glasgow every day—only here we reverse matters, that's all.

THE RISING GENERATION.—At Arrochar last week, we are told, the Industrial School boys "hunted for edible molluscs." "Losh me!" says Bauldy; "think on that, na! Man, whin a' wis a laddie we jist gethered whulks an' muscles!"

THE KIRKCALDY VANDAL.—Sir George Campbell thinks that "no cathedral ought to be restored in Scotland." Sir George's dislike of anything beautiful or venerable is, perhaps, not to be wondered at. It's the natur' o' the—honourable gentleman.

A Black Amour—Othello's,

An "Insinivation."

IN noting a donation of a dozen of brandy to the Infirmary by Professor Robertson, a contemporary adds, "Living so near the Lord Provost as he does, we scarcely thought he would have had so much to spare." Now, what *does* this mean? That the Lord Provost has not only deserted his watery colours, but has taken to making raids upon the cellars of his neighbours? or that his Lordship's proximity is so direful as to drive the said neighbours to the brandy bottle? or what? Neither of the suggested interpretations seems probable; but how else can the dark saying be explained? In common, he is sure, with many of his readers, the BAILIE pants for enlightenment.

GINX'S "ADVANTAGE."—Dundee's irrepressible Ginx says that "it would be of great advantage to him" if officers in the army "were kept more strictly to their work, and not allowed to lead a life of ease and luxury." This is sufficient. Ginx's "advantage" before everything. The BAILIE hereby calls upon his friend Cambridge to abolish, among other pernicious military practices, that of "standing at ease," and immediately to put a stop to the luxurious habits of the Sybarites at present revelling in Zululand.

THE "B. W."—We have long known that the Glasgow working-man was "no blate," but two of his most recent manifestations are "quite too awfully" cool. He thinks that if he pronounces against the "cat," the Government will at once abandon that instrument, and he also thinks that the election should be postponed till after the Fair holidays, in order that he may give his mind unreservedly to his custom of religious and chronic "founess" during that period! "This bates a'!" as Jeems Kaye would say.

The BAILIE'S dear old friend Ben used to be much exercised about "the domestic policy of the Peruvians." From the "full details" just to hand of the naval fight near Iquique it is to be hoped that their *foreign* policy will commend itself to him as a distinctly "spirited" one.

A FELLOW FEELING.—"The Dundee Chicken," otherwise Mr Edward Jenkins, M.P., objects to any interference with the public performances of Zulus in London. No wonder. He does not know how soon it may be proposed to put down his own somewhat similar exhibitions.

"Case" Hardened—The printer's emissary.

## A Sign of the Time.

IN these days of telephones, Jeems Martins, electric lights, Glasgow Liberal Associations, and other marvellous things, one feels inclined to go in for the *nil admirari* principle, but there are still *some* things in heaven and earth, Horatio —. What, for instance, are we to think of a church-clock which resents an innocent inquiry as to the time by dropping its heavy hour-hand on the inquirer's head? Yet this was what happened in Ayr the other night to Mr Hastings, a member of Mr Tearle's theatrical company. It is to be hoped that such conduct on the part of a public horologe will not be made a precedent, since, however curious, it is certainly alarming. Or, if the example *should* be followed, at least let us hope for more accuracy. In the instance referred to the time was eleven, whereas the clock, as Mr Hastings' hat can testify, "struck one."

## A TIME AND PLACE FOR EVERYTHING.

(Two Motherwell friends meet accidentally in Glasgow.)

Eh, Tam, I'm glad to see ye i' the toon; if ye hadna been a Guid Templar, man, I'd hae stood ye a dram.

Hoots, Jock, Guid Templar indeed! That's a mere local affair wi' me!

[The two disappear into a public-house.]

## Shakespeare at a Discount.

THE art-critic of a contemporary made an awful hash the other day of a couple of the best-known lines in "Hamlet." Speaking of a picture on exhibition, this diligent student of the Bard of Avon says:—

<sup>4</sup>: To represent 'the plantation' in the exaggerated style seen on the hillside in this picture is about as grotesquely literal an expression of art as it would be for an elocutionist to accompany the line from Shakespeare—'The slings and arrows of a guilty conscience'—by doing his best to shoot his audience in the face by a strenuous use of the bow. Painters as well as poets require to be reminded not 'to o'erstep the majesty of nature.'

When copies of Shakespeare are to be had at a shilling, it is surely an "outrageous fortune" to find a critic so overstepping the "modesty of nature."

"James Martin, Esquire, M.P."—An' what for no?

"THE TOWN OF POETS."—Paisley has destroyed the Macdonald Memorial Fountain, and now proposes to feu Gleniffer Braes. Shades of Hugh and Tannahill!

## The Fashions for July.

INDOORS.—For adults: Quilted dresses of blue warm serge and dark fur trimmings will be extremely fashionable this month. Soft wool comforters worn twice round the throat are also very becoming. Slippers of dyed and curled sheepskin, lined with down, are both luxurious and suitable for the season. Curtains of rich warm crimson colour are much in vogue, while the gaudy paper and tinsel grate coverings have been suitably replaced by large genuine fires of coal.

OUTSIDE.—A still heavier class of material has taken the place of the light and airy costumes adopted by a few hopeful spirits about the end of June. The following elegant, heat generating, and highly useful costume will, we are sure, be approved of by all female readers of the BAILIE. Over and underskirtings of heavy flannels, colours to suit wearers' complexion; heavy embroidered jacket, fitting tight to the body, with fur trimmings; and over all a thick waterproof tweed ulster with hood, long boots, gaiters, and goloshes. Umbrellas have gone quite out—in fact, inside out—owing to the persistent strength and prevalence of north and north-east winds. Seal-skin bonnets, with ear caps *a la Russe*, are by far the most suitable headdresses for this season.

## MORTON'S MILK.

Oh Morton, man, I like your milk,  
And poor folk noo you grind less;  
It's better than your last milk, whilk  
Was no o' human kindness,  
Full twenty years you milked the City,  
And now you send milk back there,  
The banks o' Clyde you draw on noo  
An' ne'er will find a lack there.

A BOOT-IFUL THOUGHT.—The BAILIE'S enterprising friend, Mr Percy, of boot and shoe renown, has been compelled by an envious rival in trade to remove his signs and motto from the front of his shop. Nevertheless, his future efforts will not be bootless, nor his devices superseded, and there is no fear of his forgetting that the motto in question is "Excelsior!"

One of the designs sent in for the new Greenock Municipal Buildings, is, it seems, marked "Halfpenny Postage-stamp." Does the architect mean to imply that this is the value he sets on his plan? If so, the modest creature deserves to be successful.

By the Barrel.—Mr Tennant is so far at one with the teetotallers—he believes in "soda."



What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the Parliamentary contest will result in a walk over.

That the Radical lion has lain down with the Liberal lamb.

That it will be a different story at the general election.

That all the Liberal Associations have merged into one great mutual admiration society.

That Mr Middleton's meekness and humility are perfectly enchanting.

That such modesty is as rare as it is wonderful in a candidate for parliamentary honours.

That he won't act as Mr Tennant's chairman at the next struggle for one of the Glasgow seats.

That the Conservatives have thrown over Sir James Bain.

That Sir James, like Hal o' the Wynd, is determined to "fecht for his ain hand."

That the Parliamentary Debating Association tried hard to have a finger in the electoral pie.

That they are just about as representative as any of the other obtrusive associations.

That "oor Jeems" is going to bank his £1100 till next election.

That meanwhile a cup o' tea or a glass o' toddy is always to be had at Cairncraig by those who are willing to assist in the good cause.

That the Morton examination was expected to be the sensation of the week.

That it fell remarkably flat.

That Dr M'Grigor produced a most formidable array of facts and figures.

That he anticipated making a "frighful exhibition" of the leviathan financier.

That the exhibition was all the other way.

That Mr Morton's straightforward innocence was of the most touching character.

That everybody wonders where the money all went to.

That folk will continue wondering until the end of the chapter.

That the "daft days" are once more upon us.

That Glasgow Fair has been shorn of its "fair proportions" since the removal of the shows from the Saltmarket.

That the craze is now "doon the water."

"Bank Director," as a term of abuse, seems now to be a free and accepted portion of the English language. It received clerical sanction at last week's meeting of the Johnstone School Board.

A Spirited Member.

AN Irish member of Parliament has, for a wonder, introduced an admirable measure, which has met with the support of both sides of the House. Its object, briefly stated, is to prohibit the sale of spirits for at least one year after their manufacture, thus improving good liquor by getting rid of all traces of fusel oil, and rendering liquor which is incapable of improvement unsaleable. The common-sense of this measure proved too much for even Sir Wilfrid Lawson's stubborn bigotry, and the only opposition it met with was from that eminent philanthropist, the member for the Falkirk Burghs, who disapproved of the bill altogether. Mr Ramsay is a distiller, and it is not altogether to a distiller's interest to be compelled to sell nothing but good whisky. This, however, cannot be the ground of the honourable gentleman's opposition, can it? Perhaps he will explain.

An Awful Prospect.

THE New York papers are chuckling with unholy glee over Dr Talmage's success in this country, on the ground that it may induce him to stay here. Did the good folks who crowded the City Hall the other night contemplate this awful possibility? The BAILIE cannot believe it; and he trusts that this warning may lead the inquisitive to restrain their curiosity, and, by refraining from patronising the "comic" D.D., disabuse Jonathan's mind of the idea that the United Kingdom is a "free coup" for Yankee rubbish.

A THING OF BOOT, EH? IS A JOY FOR EVER.—About this well-known line (or sign) critics have agreed to differ, such critics as Mr Percy (not of "The Reliques,") and the Stipendiary Magistrate, the opinion of the one being leg-al, and of the other legal. [The Ass's "seven league"-al.]

*On dit* that the unexpected union in the Liberal ranks was due to the action of the "Opposition" of that terrible body, "the Glasgow Parliamentary Association," who met last week "to assist in securing the triumph of Liberal principles."

To Some Possible Candidates—Although the Queen may make a belted knight, it is the people who make the Knight of the Shire.

"Fair" Play—The acting drama in the east.

BICYCLES.—The West of Scotland Bicycle Co. have opened a Show-Room at 104 Renfield Street, where the rising generation can supply itself with any make of two-wheeler.

**LADIES' 55s COSTUME.**

WE have introduced the following NOVEL FEATURE in connection with our LADIES' DRESS DEPARTMENT -- namely, a HIGH-CLASS COSTUME, *made to order*, at a fixed cash Price of *Fifty-five Shillings*. This Costume will be made from a pure All-Wool Beige, Princess Cloth, or other high-class material, self-trimmed, and corded with silk. Ladies will have the choice of a large assortment of materials in every fashionable colour, and their taste will be studied in every particular. We guarantee a perfect fit, and the finish of each Costume will be in the highest style of the Art of Dressmaking.

Ladies will save at least 20 per Cent. by taking advantage of this scheme.

**RILEY, WEBSTER, & BORLAND,**  
86 AND 88 ARGYLE STREET.

*Note.—The Special Realising Sale, at Great Reductions in Prices, will be continual during June, in order to reduce Stocks, as they are still much in excess of what they should be, compatible with the safe and proper working of a Cash Business.*

**FURNITURE.**

DINING-ROOM, DRAWING-ROOM, BED-ROOM, PARLOUR, KITCHEN, OFFICE, LIBRARY, AND LOBBY FURNITURE; ALSO, MIRRORS, CARPETS, LINOLEUMS, RUGS, BEDDING, NAPERY, CRETONNES, CURTAINS, WINDOW POLES, &c.

AT UNPRECEDENTED PRICES DURING THE MONTH OF JUNE.

**A. GARDNER & SON,**  
CABINETMAKERS AND UPHOLSTERERS,  
36 JAMAICA STREET.

**“ONE GUINEA”  
SUMMER OVERCOATS.**

**FORSYTH'S,**

5 AND 7 RENNFIELD STREET.

**SHELDON'S  
HAIR RESTORER**

RESTORES Grey Hair to its Youthful Colour. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Causes a New Growth of Hair. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Removes Dandruff and all Impurities from the Hair. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Prevents the Hair from falling off or turning Grey.

May be had of any Chemist or Perfumer.

Price, 3s 6d.

DEPOT, 121 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

**DAVISON'S  
CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE  
GINGER BEER.**

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND; WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC. As Supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

**THOMAS DAVISON,**  
DISPENSING CHEMIST,  
126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

**SPECIAL BARGAINS FOR THE COAST.**

*SPECIAL BARGAINS FOR TOURISTS.*

**SPECIAL BARGAINS FOR MARRIAGE OUTFITS**

AT THE

**CALEDONIAN HOUSE.**

**M**ESSRS COPLAND & LYE have now to announce the Sale of Special Bargains for Parties going to the Coast, for Tourists, for Marriage Outfits, and for the Public generally, all of which has been bought under the peculiar exigencies of the times at the lowest possible prices (inspection and comparison invited). We have confidence in recommending our Customers to Buy now, as Goods were never before so cheap, and probably never will be as cheap again as at the present time.

**COPLAND & LYE,**

CALEDONIAN HOUSE, 165 AND 167 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

COLOSSEUM JULY BARGAINS.

FRESH DELIVERIES OF NEW GOODS  
FROM LONDON AND PARIS,  
FOR MIDSUMMER WEAR.  
MILLINERY BONNETS! MILLINERY HATS!

Ladies, if you want an Elegant Summer Bonnet or Hat,  
CALL and SEE our ENORMOUS STOCK.

We daily show over a Thousand Splendid Designs, at prices  
so much lower than is sold elsewhere, that we really cannot keep  
up the supply without working day and night.

Special Line of over 100 FRENCH PATTERN BONNETS,  
by the first *Modiste* in Paris (the maker's guarantee sold with  
every Bonnet.) These we now offer at less than Half Cost.  
Ladies who wish really a Stylish Bonnet should ask to see these.  
Do not miss such an opportunity.

MILLINERY HATS—the finest Stock in the World.  
Hundreds of Beautifully-Trimmed Hats, in White Chip, White  
Whole Straw, Black and White Rough Hats, Tartan Straws,  
Satin, etc., etc. Really Splendid Trimmed Coast Hats for  
Ladies, only 6s. See them.

STRAW HATS FOR THE COAST AND COUNTRY.

Very large Black and Brown Hats for Ladies for 5½d, 6d,  
and 6½d.

Nothing but New Shapes are offered at this Establishment.

Misses' Brown, Black, and White Straw Hats for 2½d, 3d, 6d,  
9d, and 1s.

Hats for Misses (Dress) superb goods, in very fine White  
Twist and Pedals, 3s 6d, 4s 6d, 6s 6d. These cannot be seen  
elsewhere in Glasgow.

All the New (London West-End) Shapes in White, Black, and  
Brown Whole Straw and Rustic Hats and Bonnets. Our Stock  
of these Goods is so extensive that if we were to quote quantities  
the figures would seem almost fabulous.

CHIP HATS. CHIP BONNETS.

We give the most wonderful value in White, Black, and Fancy  
Chips ever dreamt of. Really good (real) Chip Bonnets for  
1s 4d, 1s 9d, 2s 6d. Extra qualities, 3s 6d, 4s 6d, 6s 6d. Imitation  
Chips, very fine, sold only too often in Glasgow as real  
Chip, from 10½d to 1s 9d, all colours and shapes.

Startling Line in Infants' Drab and Fawn Felt Turbans, 1s 8d  
each. White do., 1s 3d, 1s 9d, 2s 6d. Muslin Sun Hats, Full  
Trimmed, ready for wear, full sizes for 1s. Richly Trimmed  
with Laces, etc., 2s, 2s 9d. Linen Washing Hats, 6½d, 1s, 1s 9d.  
Infants' Hats and Hoods, splendid value. Very large Stock of  
Ready-made Mourning Bonnets from 2s to 5s.

LADIES' DRESS CAPS. MOB CAPS.

Tin Bonnet Boxes, in Oak or Brown, for 9½d each.

FLOWERS! FLOWERS!! FLOWERS!!!

Small Work, Mosses, Wreaths, and Sprays; almost every  
known Fruit and Flower, kept in Stock. Rare Line of very  
long Wreaths, newest designs, for 8d each; worth 2s 6d.  
Beautiful Sprays for 2½d each; sold elsewhere at 6d to 9d.

Feathers, Ornaments, and Hat Trimmings in Immense  
Variety—Wholesale Prices.

GENTLEMEN'S HAT DEPARTMENTS.

These Departments are entirely separate from the Ladies'  
Departments, being on different Floors of the Establishment.

NOVELTIES IN COAST AND COUNTRY HATS.

Special Designs confined to this Establishment.

All our Hats are guaranteed Fast in the Colour.

BOYS' AND YOUTHS' HATS, Immense Variety.

BOYS' AND MISSES' SAILOR HAT DEPARTMENT.

The best Selection ever seen.

All Goods at Wholesale Prices.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,  
THE LEADING HAT HOUSE,  
70 JAMAICA STREET.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.  
HENRY THOMSON & CO'S  
OLD  
IRISH WHISKY.  
SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—  
ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 16th, 1879.

THE BAILIE deals elsewhere with the more  
serious aspects of the coming election; but  
he cannot resist the temptation to cull a few  
"elegant extracts" from Tuesday night's pro-  
ceedings of that truly remarkable body, "the  
Glasgow Liberal Association." His only diffi-  
culty is the "embarrassment of riches" pre-  
sented to him. There was the gentleman who  
based his support of Mr Tennant on the height  
of the candidate's chimney; and the gentleman  
who began by supporting one candidate, and  
went on to support another; and the gentleman  
who carefully distinguished between "advanced  
Liberals," "sound Liberals," and "true Liberals;"  
and the gentleman (Mr Colquhoun) who dis-  
played his good taste by talking of "the unfor-  
tunate representation of Mr Whitelaw;" not to  
speak of the "statesmanlike" Fortune, and  
others. Perhaps, however, the honours of the  
evening were carried off by the chairman, Bailie  
Lamberton, with his sage remark, "Of course if  
you come to any understanding, I cannot say  
anything about what you come to understand."  
There are about this deliverance a depth and a  
Shakespearian flavour which render it almost  
worthy of—whom shall we say?—Dogberry?

ON "TWELFTH" NIGHT.

With toast, "The Battle of the Boyne,"  
"Th' Immortal Memory" let us join;  
With Orange-aid our goblets fill,  
And pledge the Boyne with right, good "Will!"

BATTERSBY TO THE RESCUE.—Mr Battersby  
of Trades Council renown, gave last week a  
startling reason why Glasgow should return a  
third Liberal to Parliament. "The old doctrine  
of Divine Right," said he, "which had led kings,  
to the scaffold, had been revived," and Mr  
Tennant's return was necessary to knock the life  
out of the resuscitated spectre. This is serious;  
and if by voting for Mr T. the BAILIE can save  
his beloved Sovereign from sharing the fate of  
Charles I. and Louis XVI., vote for Mr T. he  
will.

## "News" from the North.

THE Fleet Street genius who adds to his income by supplying startling fictions to the papers in the guise of news has his rival even in Hebridean solitudes. The other day the Glasgow papers contained a highly sensational account of the finding of a freshly-buried body in one of the western islands. In a few days more a second paragraph appears, to the effect that the first account was "much exaggerated." We may next hear that it had no foundation whatever, and the Highland "liner" will retire chuckling, with the price of three items of "news" in his pocket, to concoct fresh fables for the edification of the Sassenach.

## THE LIBERAL ASSOCIATION.

With grand majority of *eight*  
To overthrow the heavy weight  
Of Middle-ton, they'd seek to gammon us  
That Liberals all are quite unanimous—  
Though "eight's" in just too close proximity  
To "sixes-sevens" for unanimity.  
Yet honour, Middleton to share,  
Denied the "seat" may take the "chair;"  
While—p'rhaps till festival St. Grouse—  
Return'd's a Ten(n)ant to "the House,"  
To fill the place, keep open, warm,  
A matter less of "seat" than "form."  
The "general" comes:—the eight defeated  
And men of Tory stamp re-seated.

NO ACCOUNTING.—In the course of a recent Board of Trade inquiry into the stranding of a steamer, held in this city, one of the witnesses, after stating that contradictory orders had been given at the same time, added that "he could not account for the accident." Not being a "seafaring man," the BAILIE humbly opines that it would have been still more "unaccountable" if "the accident" had *not* happened.

"BUTTER."—Sir George Campbell is one of the last men whom we should expect to find dealing in "butter," but last Tuesday he discussed the subject of its supply, at some length, in the columns of the *Scotsman*. Vinegar has always seemed an article more in Sir George's line, but perhaps the approach of a general election may have an emollient effect on the representative of the "lang toun."

THE LAST ITEM.—In a certain hotel in the north of Scotland they evidently mean to kill their guests with kindness, for the bill after enumerating all the luxuries which mine host is prepared to supply winds up with the alarming item—"Hearse."

Pat-ois.—The Milesian Brogue.

## Renfrew the Fishy.

THE BAILIE fancies certain recent remarks of his have touched the Provost of Renfrew somewhat nearly. In referring to the fishing excursion lately enjoyed by himself and his colleagues, that worthy man was at great pains to give reasons why the ancient custom should be kept up, the chief ground being, apparently, the somewhat Micawberish one that "they did not know the day when something might 'turn up' in the shape of an attempt to take the fishings from them." Politely interrogated as to the cost of the day's outing, the Provost waxed wroth, and declined to give any information on the subject. So we are left in ignorance as to whether the burgh trout maintain their former substantial price—£35 apiece, wasn't it?—an ignorance which, from an economic point of view, is, to say the least, to be regretted.

## CROPPING UP IN THE TRAIN.

*Farmer* (to fellow passenger)—Unco bad wather for the crops this! A'm feart they'll be nae cuttin' o' them for months.

*Fellow Passenger* (who happens tae be a barber)—Maybe sae, but I'm aye cuttin' crops a' the year roun'.

*Farmer*—Then a'm thinkin' you're yin o' thae Yankee fairmers ower frae America that uses artificial means tae force growth?

*Fellow Passenger*—Not exactly, but my patent hair restorer forces growth on the barest spots. It's only hauf-a-croon a bottle. I'm nae fairmer, frien', only a barber frae the Gallowgate.

[Collapse of farmer.]

The BAILIE was somewhat agreeably surprised to notice a reference, in the report of last week's Town Council proceedings, to the existence of local "establishments for taking in infants." It is quite gratifying to find that in this knowing and go-ahead age there are any "infants" so old-fashioned as to be capable of being "taken in."

"SPORT."—His Worship is always being taken in by the ambiguity of "sporting" phraseology. The other day, for instance, he encountered a paragraph headed, "Objection to Recruit at Hawick," and, thinking it referred to some military difficulty, proceeded, as a patriot and a ratepayer, to read it—only to discover that "Recruit" was the name of some "objectionable" racehorse. Is there no way of mitigating this "sporting" nuisance?

The local Conservatives, it is said, intend to "run" two candidates at the general election. Since they are apparently going in for the follies of disunion, which the Liberals are beginning to lay aside, why not start six while they are at it?

A Common Sewer—A white sempstress.

TO THE ELECTORS  
OF THE  
CITY OF GLASGOW.

195 WEST GEORGE STREET,  
GLASGOW, 8th July, 1879.

GENTLEMEN,—

By the death of Mr Whitelaw, our esteemed Member, and a valued citizen of Glasgow, you are called upon to exercise your privilege of electing a Member to represent you in Parliament.

Having been urged by gentlemen whose opinions I respect, I offer myself as a Candidate for the Vacancy at this juncture, hoping thereby to promote the Liberal cause, which we all have at heart, and secure the union of the Liberal party in Glasgow, especially in view of an approaching general election.

I am in favour of the Equalisation of the County and Burgh Franchise, followed by a Redistribution of Seats.

I have always been a Free-Trader, and I will advocate an extensive reform of the existing Land Laws.

With regard to the Disestablishment question in Scotland, I hold the views expressed by Lord Hartington and Mr Gladstone, and will be prepared to support a measure of Disestablishment when introduced by a Liberal Government.

I would have voted with Mr Forster and Mr Bright in favour of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's resolution relating to the Licensing System, and am prepared to support a measure giving the rate-payers a more important voice in the granting or refusing of licenses.

I look with much anxiety on the present position of affairs both at home and abroad, and I consider it an imperative duty to do all in our power to replace the present Administration by one pledged to carry out the Liberal Programme of "Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform," and which will faithfully maintain the traditions of Parliament, and the true honour, dignity, and prosperity of the country.

Should I be returned as your representative, I shall give my best attention to all questions of local interest.

I shall take an early opportunity of personally addressing you, and rely with confidence on your support of my candidature.

I have the honour to be,

Your obedient Servant,

CHARLES TENNANT.

THE GAIETY.  
Proprietor and Director,.....Mr C. BERNARD.

To-night and following evenings, the charming and melodious  
Comic Opera,

LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE.

Doors Open at 6.30, Curtain rising at 7.30.

Prices from 6d to 5s.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE,  
Under the Management of Mr SIDNEY.

Every Evening.

AULD LANG SYNE,

(Received on Saturday Evening with the Greatest Applause,) in which Mr Sidney, Miss Ges. Snythe, and the New Company will appear. Concluding with

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

New Luxurious Circle Stalls, 4s; Orchestra Stalls, 3s; New Side Boxes, 2s 6d; Pit Stalls, 2s; Pit & Balcony, 1s; Gallery, 6d. Commencing at Seven o'clock. Second Price at Nine o'clock.

EXTRA ATTRACTIONS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

NEWSOME'S HIPPODROME  
AND CIRCUS,

East Ingram Street, Glasgow,

NOW OPEN FOR A LIMITED SEASON ONLY.

Double Company.

100 HORSES AND ARTISTES!  
Fascinating Troupe of Lady Riders. Grand Historical Scenes.

Thrilling Incidents of The Zulu War.

A Horde of Free or Liberty Horses. High School Riders.  
King of Siam's Body Guard! Five Comic Mules. Gorgeous

Cavalcades. Seven Great Clowns—Little Meers, Rossini,

Bamboo, Henricke, Rollands, Persivani, and Stanhope.

Special Arrangements for

MID-DAY PERFORMANCES during the Holidays:—

Wednesday, July 16. Saturday, July 19. Monday, July 21.

Tuesday, July 22. Wednesday, July 23. Thursday, July 24.

Friday, July 25. Saturday, July 26.

Doors Open at 2-30, commencing at 3.

Prices of Admission—Reserved Seats, 3s; Boxes (Select), 2s; Pit and Promenade, 1s; Gallery, 6d. Children under 10 years

of age, to Reserved Seats, 1s 6d; Boxes, 1s; Pit and Promenade, 6d. Box Office open from 11 to 3 daily.

Doors open at 7-15, commence at 7-45. Half-price at 9 o'clock

to all Parts except Gallery.

T O S M O K E R S.

The Best Place to secure Real Value in Foreign and British Cigars, Tobaccos, Snuffs, Meerschaum and Briar Root Pipes, Pouches, etc., is at No. 2 GLASSFORD STREET, 1st door from Trongate. Trial solicited.

Commodious Smoking Room.

THE BATH HOTEL LUNCHEON BAR,

143 WEST CAMPBELL STREET,

(Off Sauchiehall Street), Glasgow.

NOW OPEN.

Luncheons, Dinners, Teas in the best style.

Wines and Liquors of best quality only.

"Bass" and "Allsopp" on draught.

MAX GREGER & CO.'s HUNGARIAN  
WINES.

CHIEF AGENTS IN SCOTLAND—

ADAMS & HODGE,

63 ST. GEORGE'S PLACE, GLASGOW.

Carlowitz and other Wines supplied in Hhds., Quarters, or Octaves.

LONDON SCOTTISH RESORT, 3 Water Lane, Ludgate Hill, London, the only House for "Real Johnny" Scotch Whiskies of all Brands, Scotch Ales, &c. Neil Mackay, Proprietor.

CALEDONIAN RAILWAY.



GLASGOW FAIR HOLIDAYS.

CHEAP ENCURSION  
TO LONDON, LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER,  
BIRMINGHAM, &c., &c.  
BY WEST COAST ROUTE.

On THURSDAY, 17th July, 1879,  
Special Excursion Trains will leave GLASGOW (Buchanan  
Street) at 8-0 p.m., GREENOCK at 8-0 p.m., PAISLEY at  
8-28 p.m., and EDINBURGH (Princes Street) at 9-15 p.m.—  
Returning on FRIDAY, 25th July, 1879. Holders of Through  
Tickets to the Continent can return from London (Euston) on  
any day up to and including 1st August, 1879.

RETURN FARES FROM  
GLASGOW TO BIRMINGHAM, PAISLEY, & GREENOCK:—  
First Class. Third Class.

TO GREENOCK,.....	60s	30s
" DO BACK,...	40s	20s
" PAISLEY,.....	30s	15s
" DO BACK,.....		

Booked at these Fares to Birmingham,  
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as to Fares, &c., apply a  
those Stations.  
For further particulars s  
Company's Stations and B  
JAMES s  
Glasgow, July, 1879.

FAIR HOLIDAYS.



GLASGOW and the HIGHLANDS.

TOURS ROUND THE HEBRIDES.

The splendid steamer "Dunara Castle" is intended to Sail  
from Glasgow on THURSDAY, 17th July, at 2 p.m. (Train to  
Greenock, Bridge Street Station, at 6-25 p.m.),

For COLONSAY, IONA, BUNESSAN, TYREE, COLL,  
STRUAN, CARBOST, DUNVEGAN, STEIN, UIG,  
TARBERT, OBBE, LOCHMADDY, KALLIN, CAR-  
NAN, LOCHBOISDALE, and BARRA.

The new steamer "Aros Castle" (via Crinan Canal) is in-  
tended to sail from Glasgow on THURSDAY, 17th July, at  
1 p.m. (Train to Greenock, Bridge Street, at 4-45 p.m.),

For OBAN, SALEN, AROS, TOBERMORY, CROAG,  
COLL, TYREE, and LOCHEPORT.

Return Tickets.—Per "Dunara Castle."

	Cabin.	Steerage.
To Colonsay, ...	19s od	6s od
" Iona, Bunessan, ...	20s od	8s od
" Tyree, Coll, ...	26s od	9s od
" Skye, ...	36s od	11s od
" Harris, Uist, Barra, ...	45s od	12s 6d
For Round, ...	45s od	—
"Aros Castle."		
To Oban, ...	15s od	5s 6d
" Salen, Aros, ...	18s od	7s od
" Tobermory, Croag, ...	19s 6d	7s 6d
" Coll, Tyree, ...	22s 6d	7s 6d
For Round, ...	30s od	—

MARTIN ORME, 20 Robertson Street, Glasgow.



GLASGOW & SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

GLASGOW FAIR HOLIDAYS.

Passengers will be Booked to LONDON and certain other  
Stations on the Midland Railway.

On THURSDAY, 17th JULY,  
By Special Express Train, leaving Glasgow (St. Enoch) at 8-30  
p.m.; Paisley, 8-45 p.m.; Greenock, 8-5 p.m.; Johnstone, 8-40  
p.m.; Pollokshaws, 7-27 p.m.; and Barrhead, 7-41 p.m. Re-  
turning from London (St. Pancras) at 8 p.m. on FRIDAY,  
25th JULY.

Return Fares to London—

First Class..... 60s | Third Class..... 30s  
For full particulars as to Fares, &c., see Posters and Hand-  
Bills.

TO MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL, LEEDS, AND  
BRADFORD,

FOR NINE DAYS,

On THURSDAY, 17th JULY.

And for FOUR DAYS,

On FRIDAY, 18th JULY.

By the Undernoted Trains:—

To Manchester, Leeds, and Bradford, by Express Trains  
leaving Glasgow (St. Enoch) at 2-30 and 5 p.m.; Paisley, 1-48  
and 3-59 p.m.; Greenock, at 1-10 and 3-15 p.m.

To Liverpool, by Express Train leaving Glasgow (St. Enoch)  
at 2-30 p.m.; Paisley, 1-46 p.m.; Greenock, 1-10 p.m.;  
Ardrossan, 2-10 p.m.; Ayr, 2 p.m.; and Kilmarnock, at 3-7 p.m.

Return Fares—To Manchester or Liverpool  
and Back:—

Nine Day Fares—  
First Class..... 30s | Third Class..... 15s

Four Day Fares—  
First Class..... 20s | Third Class... .. 10s  
To Leeds or Bradford and Back:—

Nine Day Fares—  
First Class..... 28s | Third Class..... 14s

Four Day Fares—  
First Class..... 16s | Third Class..... 8s

Passengers leaving on Thursday, 17th July, return on Friday,  
25th July; and those leaving on Friday, 18th July, return on  
Monday, 21st July, by Trains leaving Liverpool (L. and Y.  
Station) at 9 a.m.; Manchester (Victoria Station, L. and Y.) at  
9.30 a.m.; Leeds at 10.30 a.m.; and Bradford at 10.30 a.m.;  
and the Tickets are available by these Trains only.

To BELFAST and BACK, via Girvan and Stranraer,  
On THURSDAY, FRIDAY, and SATURDAY,  
17th, 18th, and 19th July,

By Train leaving Glasgow (St. Enoch) at 7 a.m.

Return Fares—  
First Class..... 21s | Third Class..... 10s  
Passengers arrive in Belfast at 1 p.m., and Return at 4 p.m.  
(Irish time) same day, and have thus about 3 hours in Belfast.  
The Tickets are available for Return any day (except Sunday),  
up till and inclusive of Thursday, 31st July, by Train leaving  
Belfast (York Road Terminus) at 4 p.m. (Irish time).

Passengers will be Booked from Glasgow and Paisley to  
Stations between Thornhill, Carlisle, Dumfries, Castle  
Douglas, and Kircudbright, and to Stations between  
Girvan and Stranraer, from Monday, 14th, till Saturday, 19th  
July, at a Single Fare for the Double Journey, the Tickets being  
valid for Return up to and including Thursday, 31st July.

GREENOCK SECTION.

In addition to the Ordinary Trains, Special Trains will be run  
as required between Glasgow and Greenock.

W. J. WAINWRIGHT, General Manager.

Glasgow, 10th July, 1879.

**A FAIR FIELD AND NO FAVOUR.**

“THERE are nae bairns like our ain bairns” is an old Scotch saying, and of course advertisers in bringing their goods before the public naturally maintain that their respective specialities are unequalled. Now without going so far as to say that our “bairns” (Aerated Waters) are the best in the world, we hold that they are at any rate unsurpassed in those qualities which render Aerated beverages popular. All our goods are prepared with the best and purest materials at the Cromac Springs, Belfast, the water of which is peculiarly adapted for the manufacture of Aerated Waters, and having had over a quarter of a century’s experience in preparing those beverages, we challenge comparison with any goods of the same class. We merely ask consumers to take our Waters (all kinds) and compare them, bottle for bottle with those of other makers, and we will stand or fall by the result. Test to the utmost, dilute our Ginger Ale and Lemonade with Water, and it will be found that no other will stand this test to the same degree as ours. Let us have “a fair field and no favour” and we are satisfied that our goods will soon be in universal demand. Retail, from Chemists, Grocers, Wine Merchants, Restaurateurs, &c., and Wholesale at our Scotch Depot, 147 STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW.



**WHEELER & CO., CROMAC SPRINGS, BELFAST.**

**CORRY & CO.'S AERATED WATERS.**

SINCE offering to the Public in 1850 these delicious and unrivalled Aerated Beverages, the sole and lasting aim to which Messrs CORRY & Co. have directed all their efforts has been, not to force sales by venturesome and questionable efforts, but by the real fact of the superiority of the Beverages they offer to merit universal patronage. Judging from the world-wide favour, which they find yearly increasing, and the unprecedented success which has attended their efforts at all the Universal Exhibitions, or wherever they have competed, this aim (so far attained, and which their experience has proved to be a fundamental principle of success) will be steadily pursued. Since 1850 many mere imitators have come and gone, and many still remain; but the Public are requested to insist on having CORRY'S Waters, not imitations.

To be had at all the First-Class Hotels, Restaurants, and from Family Grocers, Wine Merchants, Chemists, &c., &c.  
**JOHN MERCER & CO., YORK STREET, GLASGOW, AGENTS FOR SCOTLAND.**

**GLASS AND CHINA AT M'DOUGALL & SONS, 77 & 79 BUCHANAN STREET.**

DEPOT FOR MINTON'S, COPELAND'S, WORCESTER, AND DRESDEN PORCELAIN. —Discount for Cash.

Owing to special arrangement with several leading makers we are enabled to sell our Goods considerably under usual prices, and many of our best Patterns are reserved entirely for ourselves. Free Promenade through our Show-Rooms. The Stock is one of the largest and best selected in the kingdom. Suitable for all Classes, comprising an endless Variety of Useful and Ornamental Goods, Novelties being daily added. Sole Depot for Glasgow for the Beautiful Belleek Porcelain, of which we have just to hand a very Choice Selection, consisting of Dejeuner Sets, Tea Sets, Ornamental Shells, Card Baskets, Figures, &c.

AND AT 8 TO 14 JAIL SQUARE.

ESTABLISHED OVER FIFTY YEARS.

**S U M M E R C L A R E T.**

Vintage 1874 and 1875.

14s, 16s, 18s, and 20s per Dozen.

**J O H N F O R B E S,**

WINE MERCHANT,

261 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, and

3 BUCKINGHAM BUILDINGS, HILLHEAD.

**THE CIGAR OF THE FUTURE.**

A REAL LUXURY TO SMOKERS.  
**XAYMACA BRAND.**

The Court Circular says, “Lovers of the fragrant weed cannot do better than try ‘The Cigars of the Future, which are grown in Jamaica, and are certainly superior to numbers of cigars which come from Havanna.’”

Imported by

**J. MATHESON, TOBACCONIST, 48 JAMAICA STREET.**

**F R E E A D M I S S I O N T O**

ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS

And CONSERVATORIES on TUESDAY, 15th July.

And all the Rest of the Fair Week.

GRAND FETES in the CRYSTAL PALACE on

THURSDAY and FRIDAY, 17th and 18th July, at 12-30,

3-30, and 7, and on

FAIR SATURDAY at 12, 2, 4, 6, and 8.

Dr HOLDEN, the Marvellous Magician who appeared before Her Majesty at Balmoral on 24th May last; Professor BARNES, the Illustrious Polander; CHAMPION PERFORMING DOGS, and a Talented Company will appear at every performance. Admission 6d.

*M.B.*—The Gardens and Palace are open every day from 9 a.m.

The FETES will also be continued on Monday, 21st, and Five following days at 12-30, 3-30, and 7 o'clock.



## ISLAY WHISKY.

W. & J. MUTTER,  
BOWMORE DISTILLERY.  
COUNTING-HOUSE, 41 ANN STREET, CITY, GLASGOW.



**BREADALBANE ARMS HOTEL,**  
ABERFELDY, PERTSHIRE.

**FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL AND POSTING ESTABLISHMENT** (one minute's walk from the Railway Station), situated close to the romantic Falls of Moness, the Birks of Aberfeldy, and on the direct route to Tay-mouth Castle, Loch Tay, Killin, the West Highlands, Rannoch, and Glenlyon, the scenery of which is unrivalled.

This Hotel has recently undergone extensive Improvements under the personal superintendence of the Lessee. A large and elegant Dining Saloon and Ladies' Drawing Room, comfortable Sitting Rooms and airy Bedrooms, all furnished in the most modern style; also, Spacious Billiard and Smoking Room. *Table d' Hote* daily.

Coaches to and from Killin and the West Highlands daily during the season. Tourists, in order to secure seats, are advised to pass the previous night at this Hotel.

Omnibus waits every train. Posting in all its branches. River trout fishing free.

Orders by post or telegraph for rooms or conveyances punctually attended to.

ARCHIBALD DAVIE, Lessee.

ABERFOYLE.

**BAILIE NICOL JARVIE HOTEL.**

JAMES BLAIR, Proprietor.

**FISHING ON LOCH ARD AND LOCH CHON.**

By Writing Mr BLAIR a day or two previous, Visitors can secure Boats for the above Lochs and Conveyances to meet them at Buchlyvie Station, Forth and Clyde Railways.

Posting in all its Branches. Letters addressed, by Stirling.

**THE ROYAL RESTAURANT,**

10 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET,

C. WILSON & SON, Proprietors.

**FAST IN THE COLOUR.  
FELT HATS.**

THE NEW SHAPES, THE NEW COLOURS, HARD AND SOFT MAKES.

The Prices range from 4s 6d to the Finest made.

EXTREME SIZES CAN BE FITTED AT ONCE. Special SMART SHAPES for "YOUNG MEN," LADS, and BOYS' wear. We guarantee our FELT HATS to retain their Shapes and Stand Fast in the Colour.

**MILLAR & CO.,**

FAMILY HAT WAREHOUSE,  
QUEEN STREET CORNER, Established Half a Century.

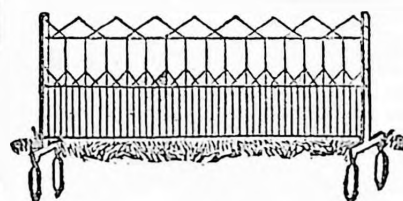
WASTE PAPER, Ledgers, Letters, Books,  
Ropes, Bagging, Tailors' Clips—bought at PAPER  
MILL STORE, 98 MAXWELL STREET.

ADVERTISEMENTS received for all Papers,  
by A. F. SHARP & Co., 14 Royal Exchange Square.

Royal Route via Crinan and Caledonian Canals.

**GLASGOW AND THE HIGHLANDS.**

**THE ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS,** Columba,  
Iona, Chevalier, Mountaineer, Pioneer, Clansman,  
Clydesdale, Staffa, Queen of the  
Islay, Glencoe, Lake, Gondo-  
Linnet, Loch-  
awe, Lochiel, Lochness, Cygnet, Plover, Inverary Castle, Sail  
during the Season for Islay, Oban, Fort-William, Inverness,  
Staffa, Iona, Glencoe, Lochawe, Tobermory, Portree, Gairloch,  
Ullapool, Lochinver, and Stornoway, affording Tourists an  
opportunity of visiting the Magnificent Scenery of Glencoe, the  
Coolin Hills, Loch Coruisk, Lech Maree, and the famed Islands  
of Staffa and Iona.—Time Bills with Maps, free by post, on  
application to the Proprietor, DAVID MACBRAYNE, 119  
Hope Street, Glasgow. (The Columba or Iona Sails Daily at  
7 a.m., conveying Passengers as above.)



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WIRE  
FENCING.

WM. HUME,  
195 Buchanan St.

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RALSTON & SONS,  
141 SAUCHIEHALL STREET 141  
AND

311 BYARS ROAD, (Opposite the Burgh Hall), HILLHEAD.

**CRICKET EMPORIUM.**

Every Article required in the game of Cricket always kept  
in Stock. Bats, Balls, Stumps, Legguards, Gauntlets, &c.

**H. & P. M'NEIL,**

21 AND 23 RENFIELD STREET,  
GLASGOW.

**THE £3 3s HIGH-CLASS TWEED SUIT.**

The Choice Variety for this High-class SCOTCH TWEED  
SUIT excels that of any former Season, and our facilities for  
making up are as perfect as it is possible to make them.

HUGH MORRISON,

51 and 53 JAMAICA STREET;  
1, 3, 5, 9 HOWARD STREET.

**JOHN M. SIMPSON,** Furniture Warehouse,  
and Show-rooms, 60 GREAT CLYDE STREET (Corner of  
Maxwell Street), Glasgow. One of the largest Stocks in the  
City. New Illustrated House Furnishing Guide to be had Free  
on application. The Cheapest Establishment in the City for  
Really Good Substantial Furniture of Artistic Design and  
Superior Finish. Quality Guaranteed.



VITALINE,

VITALINE, the most wonderful discovery of the age.

VITALINE, the marvellous Vegeto-Tonic treatment for the cure and prevention of Biliousness, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Tic Doreux, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Giddiness, Scrofulous Affections, Ague, Debility, Spasms, and all derangements of the Stomach.

VITALINE. By its administration the natural appetite is revived, and the functions of digestion and assimilation are improved, re-animated, and regulated; and when its use has been steadily persevered in, its peculiar Tonic and Nutritive Powers have entirely restored Health and Strength to the most feeble and Shattered Constitutions.

VITALINE is a prompt and reliable remedy for overworked Brain, Worry, Anxiety, Excitement, Late Hours, Business Pressure, Nervous Prostration, Wasting Diseases, and Impaired Nutrition.

VITALINE. In cases of Prostration and Emaciation produced by long sickness, by exposure to the deleterious influence of tropical and unhealthy climates, to vicissitudes of temperature, or where extreme heat, excessive labour, fatigue, bad nourishment, and other hardships, have caused depressing lassitude and reduced the vital forces, and when life appeared to be even at its lowest ebb, the restorative powers of "VITALINE" have been remarkably manifested.

VITALINE is at once a corrective for errors in Eating or Drinking, Oppression or Feeling of Melancholy, Vomiting, Heartburn, Constipation, Impure Blood, Itching, Skin Eruptions, Boils, and the effect of Mercurial Poisons.

VITALINE strengthens the whole muscular System, rouses into action the Physical Energy of the human frame, restores the long-lost Complexion, gives brilliancy to the Eye, a delightful fragrance to the Breath, and brings back sound and refreshing Sleep.

VITALINE is an eminently scientific combination of the newest and most valuable medicinal substances known, and forms the most complete arrangement possible of a Purifying, Alterative and Tonic or Strengthening Medicine combined.

VITALINE is manufactured only by JOE TODD, Chemist, Carlisle, and bears his name on the Government Stamp.

VITALINE is sold in bottles at 2s 9d, 4s 6d, and 11s each, by R. M'DONALD, 150 Trongate; THE APOTHECARIES' COMPANY, Virginia Street; THE NEW APOTHECARIES' COY., Glassford Street; BROWN BROTHERS, Trongate; JAMES TAYLOR, Trongate; and all Chemists.

NEW ROUTES TO THE WEST HIGHLANDS.



GLASGOW, INVERARAY, AND OBAN

Via WEMYSS BAY and KYLES OF BUTE, Per Splendid Saloon Steamer LORD OF THE ISLES, From Wemyss Bay at 9-15 A.M., Train from Glasgow (Bridge Street) at 8-5 A.M.

Via GREENOCK AND LOCH ECK,

Per Splendid Saloon Steamer LORD OF THE ISLES, From Greenock at 8-15 A.M., Train from Glasgow (Bridge St.) at 7-30 A.M. : or per Steamer VIVID at 8-45 A.M., Train from Bridge Street at 7-35 A.M.

For full Particulars as to Steamers, Coaches, Fares, Circular Tours, &c., see Time Bills, to be had on board Steamers, at Railway Stations; from JOHN RODGER, Inveraray; GEORGE STIRLING, Dunoon; and from

M. T. CLARK, Manager, 17 Oswald St., Glasgow.

THE

ST. ENOCH STATION HOTEL, GLASGOW.

(Glasgow and South-Western Railway Terminus.)

This FIRST-CLASS HOTEL, erected by, and conducted under the Management of the Glasgow and South-Western Railway Company, is NOW OPEN for the reception of Visitors.

It is situated in the centre of Glasgow, at the Terminus of the Glasgow and South-Western Railway, Midland Railway, and other connecting lines; adjacent to the Steamboat Wharfs of Clyde Sailing Steamers; and within easy distance of other Railway Stations. The Hotel is unquestionably one of the Finest and Largest in Europe, containing over Two Hundred Visitors' Bed-Rooms, numerous Private Suites of Apartments and Sitting-Rooms, magnificent and comfortably furnished Public-Rooms—such as Restaurant, General Coffee-Room, Ladies' Coffee-Room, Family and Music Room, Drawing-Room, Reading, Smoking, and Billiard Rooms.

Hydraulic Elevators for Passengers and Luggage.

Hotel Porters attend the arrival of all Trains, and Luggage is conveyed to and from the Hotel Free of Charge.

The attention of Visitors is specially invited to the Moderate Tariff, which includes in the charge for Apartments all attendance and the entire service of the Hotel.

E. W. THIEM, Manager.

YACHT STORES.

JOHN WALKER & CO., FAMILY GROCERS, WINE MERCHANTS, AND ITALIAN WAREHOUSEMEN, 42 WEST NILE STREET, GLASGOW. List on Application.

Established Upwards of Half-a-Century.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO., AUCTIONEERS AND VALUERS, ROYAL EXCHANGE SALE-ROOMS,

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IN

SUMMER CLOTHING,  
ONE POUND'S WORTH FOR

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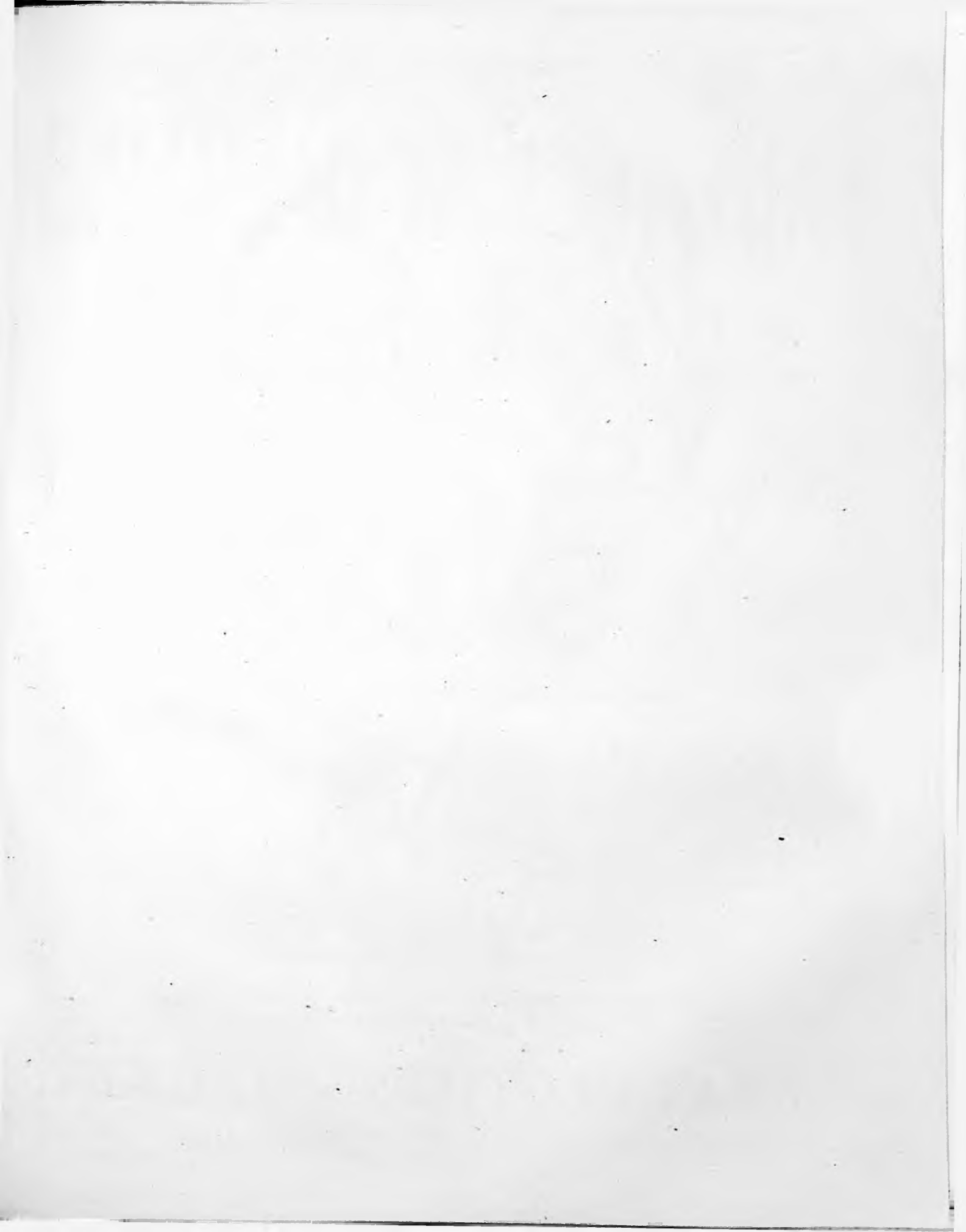
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GLASGOW CLOTHING COMPANY,  
63 ARGYLE ST.,

(Corner of Dunlop Street,)

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**SCOTLAND'S  
GREAT CLOTHING MARKET.**





# The Bailie.

“MY CONSCIENCE!”

No. 353. Glasgow, Wednesday, July 23rd, 1879. Price 1d

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 353.

TWO and sixty years have gone bye since the *Scotsman* was started by the Findlays in a close off the Edinburgh High Street. Whiggism was the unofficial religion in 1817, of a large and powerful section of the society of the capital, and the new venture soon found plenty of support. The great Whig magnates countenanced it materially, while the opposition lawyers, yearning for the flesh-pots of office, gave it the aid of their fluent and not very scrupulous pens. During all these years but few changes have been made in the *personel* of the paper. It has practically remained the property of the Findlay family, and no more than three, or at most four men have occupied the editorial chair. The first of these was amiable Charles Maclaren, Ramsay M'Culloch came next, and the *Scotsman* then fell under the sway of Alexander Russel. At the death, some three years ago, of this audacious Philistine, all Scotland, that is all ecclesiastical Scotland, was startled by a rumour to the effect that the vacant office had been offered to the Rev. Dr WALLACE, minister of Greyfriars, and Professor of Divinity and Church History in Edinburgh University, and, what was more, the rumour added that the offer had been accepted. In the beginning the story, as was only natural, was everywhere pooh-pooed. Certainly, at first sight, at least, it looked anything but a feasible one. To occupy the pulpit of Greyfriars Established Church was a distinction that not a few, even of our abler divines, would have given five years from off the term of their natural existence to gain. And Dr WALLACE at this time had more than one string to his bow. He was not only the incumbent of the old historic church—the Westminster Abbey of Scotland, but he was also, as has been said, the holder, in

the University, of the chair of Divinity and Church History. Dr WALLACE, moreover, if not very ecclesiastical in many of his ways and works, possessed one characteristic, and that in a noted degree, which has always distinguished the Levitical caste. He was inordinately fond of power. He can hardly be said to have entertained a very exalted estimate of his fellows, but still he liked to lead them, to be looked up to as a Saul among the prophets. And his position in the church was eminently qualified to satisfy this appetite. In his double capacity of clergyman and professor he could lay down the law and feel perfectly independent of all opposition. Not even the Judge on the bench is more protected against interference from an unruly antagonist than the parson in the pulpit or the professor when he is addressing his class. We may have our own notions regarding the judgment of the one or the common-sense of the others, but our criticisms must needs be made with bated breath. It was this double position that was to be given up were the *Scotsman* story correct, and those, therefore, who knew Dr WALLACE best, showed what most regarded as their penetration, by dismissing it as absurd. An eminent authority has informed us, however, that the unexpected usually happens, and happen it did in the present case. After a short interval the pulpit of Greyfriars and the professorship in the University were both declared vacant, and from being one of the foremost personalities North of the Cheviots ROBERT WALLACE sank into the impersonal “we” of a daily paper. The *Scotsman* cannot be said to have improved under his direction. We miss, now-a-days, the rollicking fun that marked the social and ecclesiastical leaders of Russel. There was a good deal of the Ishmaelite about “Sandy;” his hand was pretty often against every man; but even the folk he hit hardest had to grin in spite of themselves at

the droll manner in which he laid about him with his cudgel. The paper, moreover, has suffered as a political organ by the change of editors. Like other amateurs Dr WALLACE is too much in earnest. He errs on the side of zeal. Of late the leading columns of the *Scotsman* have been given over to abuse of the Government. The dullness of the attacks on Lord Beaconsfield and his ministers has only been equalled by their iteration. There is plenty of time, however, as there is abundant room, for Dr WALLACE to improve. While his paper is the most influential out of London, he is the least experienced newspaper man either in London or the provinces. Even in point of years—he is only forty-eight—the Man you Know cannot be said to have reached the period at which opinions become stereotyped, and habit has developed into character. When he was only twenty-six, our friend, who is a St. Andrews man by birth, was “presented” to the pulpit of Newton-on-Ayr; his incumbency of Trinity Church, Edinburgh, dates from three years later; and it was in 1868 that he became minister of Old Greyfriars. The degree of D.D., that he has now practically discarded, was conferred by the University of Glasgow in 1869, while it was in 1872 that he was appointed to the chair of Divinity and Church History in Edinburgh. To return, in closing, to the vocation now assumed by the Man you Know, the BAILIE would like to hint that, though the position of “heaven-born editor” may look important enough to the outer world, the gingerbread of newspaper work, when the gilt is once rubbed off, is apt to become homely enough. Indeed he questions whether there be any “heaven-born” editors at all. Like the Rev. Homer Wilbur he would derive the name editor not so much from *edo*, to publish, as from *edo*, to eat. “Nine hundred and ninety-nine of the fraternity labour to impress upon the people the great principles of *Tweedledum*, and other nine hundred and ninety-nine preach with equal earnestness the gospel according to *Tweedledee*,” and this also is “a sore evil” and a manifold source of “vanity and vexation of spirit.”

ALTAR HEGO.—Mattie says the Orange procession she likes best to take part in is one in which it's “the blossom's” the symbol.

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK is the best present from Edinburgh. 1 Melbourne place, near the Castle.

## The Kilmalcolm Water.

(An Appeal from a Ratepayer.)

REALLY, my dear BAILIE, you should appear daily,  
And give your country cousins a chance to speak;  
If you would change your home and come to Kilmalcolm,  
We'd draw you out oftener than once a week.

Our Superior, too, is anxious you should see,  
('Twas the steward told me, and, dod, he ought to know,)  
The place is growing bigger, and you would cut a figure  
Among the rural gentry, and have room to crow.

'Tis everybody sorry is, when the Local Authority is  
Met in council our affairs to disarrange,  
That you're not one of us, to make great fun of us,  
For thus submitting to goings-on so strange.

The remembrance makes us wince, but 'tis just a year since  
A noble lady turned the village water on;  
And around the benches as her thirst she quenches,  
Gazed our big-wig swallow-tails in admiring throng.

Their admiration was well-timed, if the water was as well-primed  
With mud and other ingredients, then as now;  
I could safely lay my life, 'twas tastier than the Gryffe,  
And that she felt queer as she turned to make her bow.

But worse by far than that, our Local Board has sat,  
(Though their power, if tested, would be found so-so,)  
And just the other day, has ordered we must pay  
For their dirty water and their opening show.

Now here's a pretty pass: we have a Cook'ry Class—  
(A public boon I need not dwell upon to you,)  
A trout, too, hare or rabbit; that is, when we can grab it;  
But without clean water, what cooking can we do?

What else but cook accounts, for large or small amounts,  
Which now is all the fashion both with high and low,  
But then we're country folk, and wouldn't twig the joke,  
Besides we're short of money and slow you know.

But everything that's queer, would be stopped if you were here,  
If you would only come and “take a site;”  
We want to raise the steam—“things are not what they seem;”  
And a few words from you would maybe put them right.

THE NEWEST THING IN “CITIES.”—At Paisley, the other day, the Rev. Mr Gentles repeated, for the benefit of an appreciative audience, a conversation he had overheard in a railway-carriage. Said one of the interlocutors, “You know they have now got an Improvement Act for this city (meaning Paisley.) I hope they will proceed vigorously with it, and the best thing the Paisley folks can do in improving their city is to begin with taking it all down.” Mr Gentles and his hearers evidently considered that the term “city” applied to their town—too long contemptuously branded as a “suburb”—quite condoned the uncomplimentary part of the speech.

On learning that a Lanarkshire volunteer had introduced the practice of using a spirit-level when taking aim, Asinus observed that under such circumstances a man should do his level best.

At the Top of the Pole—Newsome's clown.

The Campsie Hills.

THE Rock Club was founded in March, 1879, to investigate the character of the rocks round Glasgow.

Its first excursion was to the Campsie Hills, and after a minute examination of the structure, and enquiry as to the history of this marvellous formation, the members are now able to lay before the public the following facts not hitherto known:—

The Campsie Hills were erected by Robert Dalgleish, Esq., of Kilmardinny, in 1842, to protect his works at Lennoxton from the north wind. At great expense he brought from Ireland an enormous quantity of limestone from the Eglinton Company's mine, and having laid it covered it over with coal tar pitch. The action of the weather has now reduced this to the state of pitch-stone, so nearly resembling trap that the most celebrated geologists have been deceived by the formation.

Campsie Glen was made in 1835 by Mrs Wilson of the Clachan Inn, for the accommodation of Glasgow lovers and sweethearts. It is formed of the very best whinstone, imported at great expense. The neighbouring scenery is ornamented with garlic in an unequalled manner. Beer and whisky of the finest quality may be had at the hotel at trade prices, and traces of felspathic brimstone will be shown to members of the Greenock Presbytery without extra charge.

What can holiday makers wish for more?

A NEW BEAUTIFIER.

(Scene—A house painter who has an impediment in his speech is whitewashing the outside of a house, and is accosted by a woman who is very much marked by small pox.)

Woman—Wull that pent stan'?

Painter—St—tan! it'll st—tan for ever.

Woman—Wull't though? Man, I wish ye wad gae my face a pent.

Painter (with surprise)—P—pent ye! ye hae m—mair need o' pottyin'.

[The woman passed on.]

The Fair Weak—"When lovely woman stoops to folly."

The Afghan War—'Twixt "Black" le(a)d "lines" and India rubber.

The Best Sort of Orange-man—The Seville.

Havanna Cigars, La Flor De Aroma, First-Class Brand, 4d each, D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram St., and 121 Buchanan St.

Fair Notions.

THAT I will take a much-required holiday. That the wife and bairns would be the better of a few days at the coast.

That a trip to London has been the big ambition of my life.

That I would dearly like to see the Lady of the Lake scenery.

That there are so few customers dropping in that I might as well shut the shop for a week.

That a tramway ride to Vinegar-hill for the whole family would be very economical.

That I really ought to pay a visit to that maiden aunt of mine in Fife, who owns so much property, and has not a nearer relation than myself.

That the money expended in the journey would be better employed in purchasing that jacket I have so long promised my wife.

That I would enjoy the rarity of being in Glasgow during the Fair holidays.

WEATHER WISDOM?

Saint, sent the weather to forecast,  
Or this, or that, or else the ither,  
Uncertain how it should be class'd,  
"St. Swithin" doff, and don *St. Swither*.

CONCERNING A "SPIRIT IN BOND."—How unreasonable some people are! There was that eccentric person of the name of Wallace, for instance, who asked Mr Tennant the other day if he would vote for "the unconditional release of Sir Roger Tichborne." Our M.P. very properly replied in the negative, considering it no part of his duty to summon spirits from the vasty deep. Such a question might have been appropriately addressed to Sir James Bain, had he been a candidate; but, so far as the BAILIE is aware, Mr Tennant has never manifested spiritualistic tendencies.

HOLYDAYS.—Last Tuesday was not only St. Swithin but Sent Rollox day, and the air was free from alike moisture and "vapour."

THE SPRING, THE SUMMER CHANGE THEIR WONTED LIVERIES.—*Midsummer-night's Dream*.—Asinus has again been among the poets. He thinks that there must have been seasons such as this in Milton's time—"in dark Summer-ian desert ever dwell" having been the original reading in "L' Allegro."

FROM "FAIR" OBSERVATION.—It is a curious fact, the Swallow returning season after season to his former haunts. He who doubts it let him visit Vinegar Hill,

## Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Hitherto the "Fair season" hasn't been regarded as a specially fortunate one for our local theatres. Folk, you see, were understood to find a sufficient fund of amusement in themselves during the "daft days," and the professional merry-makers were deserted accordingly. This tradition, for tradition it assuredly is, has received a rude blow by the houses drawn last week by Mr J. C. Scanlan and his friends, at the Gaiety Theatre. Why, the house was never better filled than during these six nights. The audiences, on every occasion, were only limited by the size of the theatre.

The entertainment, however, fairly merited the popularity that was accorded to it. "Les Cloches" is capitably put upon the stage, and it "goes" from beginning to end without a break or hitch of any kind. Everything gives evidence of the skill and attention of the manager, and of the earnestness and enthusiasm of the members of his company.

Mr Sidney announces "The Golden Plough" of Paul Merrit for production, this evening, at the Prince of Wales Theatre. The piece has already been played with success both in London and the Provinces. Here, however, as it seems to me, who have seen other works by Mr Merrit although I know nothing regarding "The Golden Plough," the chief interest in the production will be the performance of Mr Sidney himself. For my part I never grow tired of Mr Sidney's acting. He is one of our finest comedians. Always equal, wonderfully polished and intellectual, to watch him for an entire evening is one of the most enjoyable treats I know. The company he has organised at the Prince of Wales is an exceptionally good one, and I am glad to know that his new season is proving exceedingly successful.

One of the great successes of the year in London has been "Madame Favart," the Offenbachian comic opera at present running at the Strand Theatre. I wonder when we are to be favoured with a visit from "Madame Favart" in Glasgow?

The "Caste" company of Mr T. W. Robertson follows Mr Scanlan and his friends at the Gaiety next week. Among its members are Mr Richard Younge, Mr E. D. Ward, and Mr Herbert Jenner, and Misses Fanny Robertson, E. Brunton, and Maud Brennan.

I say "ole man," wasn't that a grand reception your friend Newsome and his good lady had on their reappearing at their elegant house in East Ingram Street last week. Nor was it a bit better than he deserved. Newsome *per se* has made the horse the study of his life from his boyhood onward, and the manner in which his trained steeds perform, show to what excellent purpose. Then his family are all remarkably clever, while the troupe which he has gathered together is both skilled and versatile. Advise your friends to pay Newsome a visit at the Fair, and I will guarantee they will thank me for the tip.

As I mentioned last week, the fetes at the Botanic Gardens are continued for the next few days. I am glad to learn that their success has even surpassed the anticipations of the projectors.

Mr Henry Irving's first season as manager—which began at the London Lyceum on the last Saturday of December—terminates on Saturday next. I need not repeat the well-known fact that it has been *the* artistic success, not only of the year but of our generation. Apart altogether from the noble acting of Mr Irving and Miss Terry, the series of representations at the Lyceum has been peculiarly interesting from the manner in which the different plays were placed on the stage. The secondary and even the minor parts were played with abundant skill and earnestness, while the groupings, the scenery, and the costumes were marvels of form and beauty—always in strict keeping and yet always effective, and, in the case of the scenery and the costumes, rich and glowing in colour.

Mr Irving will not spare himself on Friday, which is the penultimate night of the season. He will appear in an act of "Richard," an act of "Richelieu," an act of "Charles the First," an act of "Louis the Eleventh," and an act of "Hamlet," and will conclude the evening's performances by playing *Feremy Diddler* in the farce of "Raising the Wind!"

The duties of stage manager at the Lyceum—a post of the

most varied and onerous character—are performed by Mr H. J. Loveday, who has been Mr Irving's lieutenant so long, and who has approved himself so worthy of the confidence placed in him by his chief.

Glasgow has, like Edinburgh, been called upon to provide a new occupant for the Chair of Mathematics in her University, and it remains to be seen whether we shall stir Professor Blackie's bile by appointing a "Southron." In the meantime we cannot but regret Professor Blackburn's retirement and its distressing cause. The Professor, who is essentially reserved, has never been a prominent figure in Glasgow life; but he is liked and respected by all who ever came in contact with him, as an able scholar and a simple, kindly gentleman. He has held his chair since 1849, and is thus, if I mistake not, the oldest Professor in the University, though by no means the oldest man.

The literature of the day has been the richer during the past twelve months, by the appearance of a new writer. This is the author of "The Gamekeeper at Home," "Wild Life in a Southern County," and "An Amateur Poacher," three books that are altogether unique in our language. By some he has been compared to White of Selborne, but the two have little in common. The amiable Hampshire rector would have shrunk with a feeling of something like horror from this sturdy ranger of the downs and woodlands. All, however, who care for minute, photographic descriptions of out-of-door life, and for vivid, picturesque writing, will welcome the books of the "Amateur Poacher." He is now running, by the bye, a serial story in *Time*, the magazine edited and owned by Edmund Yates. When shall we learn his name and something of his antecedents?

Those who are not disposed to attach much value to "medical evidence" will find an argument in their favour in the recent M'Whirter case. Here the Glasgow and Edinburgh doctors flatly contradicted one another. I shall not attempt to "decide" when "doctors" of such eminence as Moore and Dunlop on one side, and Littlejohn and Bell on the other, "disagree;" but I do think it is to be regretted, in the interests of justice, that such disagreements are possible.

Should any of your readers, BAILIE, find themselves "alone in London" at this holiday season, and yearn after the accents and the white wine of their native land, let them drop in at Mr Mackay's famous Scotch "houff" in Water Lane, Ludgate Hill. They will certainly hear familiar tones, will probably see familiar faces, and will find the proprietor as genuine as his goods.

Glasgow possesses a rival to Landseer's "Distinguished Member of the Humane Society" in the shape of a distinguished contributor to local charities, of the canine "persuasion." "Purvis"—such is our friend's name—lives in Glassford Street, and daily gives performances, at home and abroad, of the most marvellous description. In addition to possessing the ordinary accomplishments of educated members of his species, "Purvis" is a linguist, understanding both Gaelic and English. He also gives lifelike representations of various public characters, Professor Blackie being his favourite subject; and all this is done, not for his own benefit, but for that of some such charity as the Royal Infirmary, which he has already materially aided. I think "Purvis" ought to be elected a director of the Infirmary. He would make an excellent one, and would certainly have more sense than to encourage the idiots who invent "Popish plots."

The "cold snap"—if we can term a season that began last October and only terminated a week ago a "snap"—has now come to an end, and your readers, BAILIE, interested in the preservation of milk, meat, or fruits, should lay in a store of "Glacialine," the new substance specially applied towards the preservation of taint, or acidity, in every kind of food. The "faculty" have universally recommended it, and the "organs" devoted to the farming interest declare "glacialine" to be the one preservative of milk in hot weather.

The (H)eight of Tennant's Talk—The "eight" of the majority.



"Finance."

IF any commercial D'Israeli should ever set about compiling a history of the "Curiosities of Finance," he will find a good deal of material in the records of the last year or two. Fresh curiosities, indeed, turn up every day. A place in the volume has been well earned by the Aberdeen youth, who, at the age of 23, started in business as a sharebroker, "without any capital." By one transaction which he had with a London broker he was assured that he "would probably clear £100,000, and if it were successful a million might be made." It seems not to have been successful, however, for last week the budding Cræsus applied for *cessio*, the only opposing creditor being—*O tempora! O mores!*—the London broker in question, whose claim amounted to the paltry sum of £110! It thus appears that, in the matter of his "plans," a sharebroker is but as a mouse or another man, even if he has had the advantage of beginning business without capital at the mature age of 23.

THE SEASON.—If one swallow doesn't make a summer, perhaps two may—the sword swallow and the horse ditto. Before now one has made a "spring"—at the circus.

IN THEIR FELINES.—It is believed that Honourable M.P.s have suffered less from the dog-days than the "cat" nights.

Bauldy's latest is about up to his usual form. Than this, the BAILIE can say no more, and the cynic Asinus says he couldn't say much less. Here it is:—Why is greetin' ower spilt milk like a cairter speakin' to his horse? (Ans.) Because it's a case o' *Vain Woe!*

THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER.

(Village hatter's shop; Enter small boy; he strikes the counter with great force, being evidently on an important message.)

*Shopkeeper*—Weel, mi laddie, what's wanted?  
*S. B.* (with emphasis)—A farden dernin' needle for an auld wife wi' a big ee!"

The "Catcall."—the Liberal "Whip."

Most Mew-sical, most Melancholy.—The "cat" debate.

The Greatest "Site" of the Fair—Vinegar Hill.

Revival of Trade—When the traction-engine reruns in Elderslie Street.

Ancell's Beefsteak Grill, 88 Virginia Place (Rear of Union Bank). Steaks, Chops, Kidneys, &c., cooked in large room.

Colourable Synonyms.

A BROWN Study—West-end windows in summer.  
 A Blue Look-out—Delirium tremens.  
 Red Tiles—Cardinals' hats.  
 A Black Draught—A dishonoured bill.  
 Yellow Fever—Gold rush.  
 The White Cockade—Granny's mutch.  
 "Pink" Dominos—Disguised in "fizz."  
 Scarlet-ina—Doating on the military.  
 Orange Blossoms—Boyne Water flourish.  
 Claret Cup—A bleeding nose.  
 A Chestnut "Pony"—£50 on the bay.  
 Crimson Gem—Blood-stone.  
 A Mauve Dress—Annie-line's.  
 Cerise Lips—"Ruddier than the cherry."  
 Bay Windows—Those at Rothesay.  
 Imperial Purple—Balmoral heather.  
 The Bronze Age—Modern coppers.  
 "Sweet Auburn"—The crop when oiled.  
 Lavender Kids—*La jeunesse dorée*.  
 The Dark Ages—Ladies out of their teens.  
 The Real Truc Blue—The BAILIE.

THE HEART'S FOND WISH.

(Two Northerns meet after a long separation, and the conversation naturally turns on their native place.)

*1st N.*—It pe a very peautiful place whatever  
*2nd*—Most peautifullest place I ever did see again.

*1st N.*—I would like, when I die, to be peerid there.

*2nd N.*—So would I too.

*1st N.* (drawing a deep sigh and grasping the other's hand)—Well, well, when I die, I hope I'll see you there, whatever!

ARS EST, &c. — Among the ladies' fancy dresses of the season, the BAILIE observes in the shop windows "The Greek Costume." The modern, he supposes—and quite good enough for modern women. The classic dress was as different as were the classic wearers.

CLAY'D UP.—When you purchase paper by weight, see that you get it. For writing upon, the BAILIE always prefers paper to china-clay.

Doric Columns.—James Kaye's.

"Flogged."—The Opposition.

A Wax-work.—An apiary.

Morton?—Not a "fool;" he may be a *milk-sop*, however.

Trade Report.—"Fair"-ish.

What I meant to do at Rothesay.

SEE the far-famed Aquarium.

Take a drive to Mountstuart and enjoy a walk in the Marquis of Bute's splendid grounds.

Climb Chapel-hill and revel in the scenery only surpassed by that of the Bay of Naples.

Walk to the Cockle-shore and bring home a lot of shell-fish to the bairns.

Regulate my constitution by quaffing several bumpers of the mineral well.

Look for a nice roomy, airy, cheap house for the family for the month of August.

Satisfy my histrionic aspirations by a visit to Kean's cottage.

Take a quiet stroll to Ettrick Bay.

See the pulpit in which Sheridan Knowles was wont to "wag his pow."

Delight in the luxury of a magnificent salt water bath.

#### WHAT I DID.

Sat in a public-house from the time the boat arrived until the bell rung for the homeward journey.

#### BAULDY'S LATEST CON.

(Time: Fair Saturday. Bauldy and Peter passing Craigton on the road to Paisley.)

*Bauldy*—Can ye tell me, Pate, whit way Craigton Cemetery is like Purgatory?

*Peter* (after thinking)—Purgatory! Bauldy, deed an' I can not.

*Bauldy*—(turning into the pub.)—Weel, ye see, Patey my man, it's jist at the *hauf-way*.

'TIS DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT. — Asinus has, anent the weather, been considering the stars. He finds that the planet which chiefly influences the sea-seasons is Neptune.

"VAIN" SHOW. — The BAILIE would like much to know if the arm of the law is long enough to take in hand the nuisance of peripatetic "worship." Bands of lads and "lasses" marching and howling along the streets are a scandal to religion grosser even than ritualism. "Religious liberty" is one thing, and the license of profanity another.

Deductive Phoolosophy—He who has seen the Marionettes must admit that there have been other Stagey-wrights than Aristotle.

Leaves of Penny-royal—The BAILIE'S.

LONDON SCOTISH RESORT, 3 Water Lane, Ludgate Hill, London, the only House for "Real Johnny" Scotch Whiskies of all Brands, Scotch Ales, &c. Neil Mackay, Proprietor.

#### Lays of the Coast.

MONDAY MORNING—THE LAST MAN.

THE bell of the "Benmore" has rung its last peal,  
And the ropes have been cast from the quay—

The steam is shut off with a terrible squeal,

When the form of the last man we see  
Flying over the ground like a champion "ped,"

Handicapped with a box and two bags,  
Two big royal ferns, and three "shaves" of bread,  
Which he waveth like signalling flags.

Our captain his orders now quick countermands,  
Though he mutters like one half awake,  
Some words that to me sound like "soo's face and hands,"  
Which for purest of Gaelic we take.

At length he's on board, and we scud through the waves  
At a pace that is really delightful,  
While our friend, the last man, sits munching his shaves,  
With a fierceness that looks truly spiteful.

We obligingly give him a spunk which he begs,  
And his story he tells with great feeling—  
How the second bell made him at once take his legs

As the top off his egg he was peeling!  
Next he slid on his shoes with a rusty old knife  
That tore out the heel of his stocking—  
At this point the language he used to his wife  
You please will excuse us for docking.

'Tis the voice of the purser—we hear him exclaim  
"Tickets, please," with a smile bland and kind—  
But our friend, the last man, blushes crimson with shame,  
For he's left purse and all far behind!  
Like "Toon Council meetin's," some scenes then take place,  
When Martin and Neil lead the van—  
While I live I'll remember the sorrowful face  
Of that nuisance, the ultimate man.

SMOKE FROM TENNANT'S TALK. — Is Mr Tennant really the representative of Glasgow? In his fullest address to the constituency—that given in the City Hall, when he spoke about foreign policy it was wholly of "England" and "English." The BAILIE trusts that in "another place" our junior member won't either wholly forget *Great Britain*, or altogether ignore *Scotland*.

A RED-LETTER DAY SAINT.—Saint Swithin had his outing last Tuesday, and, happy man, had the driest day of the season. Nevertheless, in his honour there was along the streets a procession of parti-coloured umbrellas—the varied colours symbolic of our varieties of climate.

AFTER THESPIS.—Although many of our fine old plays are rarely put upon the boards, there is now to be seen on Vinegar Hill a frequent representation of the "Fair Penny-tent."

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF. — Cincinnatus, after being dictator, went back to the plough whence he was taken; the great bank dictator has returned to the milky way in which originally was his walk.

“Speak Out!”

IF Mr Charles Tennant is not a perfect representative, he at least possesses the merit of not overvaluing his qualifications. At his meeting last week he confessed that such a school-boy topic as the Declaration of Paris was “beyond his depth altogether;” he was admitted by his chairman to be not a particularly “intellectual man”—oh, fie, Mr Middleton!—and, instead of making a speech, he contented himself with reading reports of the speeches of others, interspersed with mild laudations of the late “poor Ameer,” and the “able, honest, and straightforward” Cetewayo. The BAILIE congratulates our new M.P. on his modesty, but advises him to demonstrate his possession of a backbone if he desires to retain his seat.

A FREE CONSCIENCE.

*Canny Scot*—Maun if I cud get to Tayport ony ither way than across the Tay Brig I wid niver cross't, for they'r aye working a' Sawbath.

*Second Do.*—Maun, if I wis you I wid gang by Perth.

*Canny Scot*—Ah, bit it's ower dear!

AN AYR-Y WANT.—A member of the Ayr Town Council referred the other day to the fact that that Council possessed “no James Martins.” This is indeed a serious and distressing want. It should be seen to; and, in the meantime, arrangements might be made for a temporary loan of the original Jeems to the town of honest men and bonny lasses. We in Glasgow would bear up under our deprivation with what fortitude we might.

One of the witnesses examined the other day by the Libel Committee was, we are told, “Mr Levy of the *Dundee Advertiser*.” Can this be our friend Mr Leng, disguised *en Juif*, or is it possible that the *Tiser* has fallen into the hands of the proprietor of the largest-circulation-in-the-world?

Somebody advertises in the *Herald* for an “etcher . . . who has had experience in eccentric work.” Bauldy suggests that this would be a capital opening for Whistler.

Some eccentric person advertises for a “respectable girl,” “to sleep at home.” Absurd! Where should a respectable girl sleep *but* at home?

CHEMIC (NOT COMIC).—Mr Tennant is not a man to be heckled. There is no one in Glasgow with a greater power of “retort.”

Flag-ging Eloquence.

ON some grounds, the BAILIE is disposed to regret that the city is not represented by the self-denying Middleton. His return would, at least, have added to our reputation for eloquence, whereas Mr Tennant's second-hand oratory of last week forbids us to expect anything of the kind at his hands. The Middletonian eloquence is of a bold and original type, as when he declared that his successful rival had “put himself very much in the background, and held before them the flag of Liberal union.” The idea of a gentleman, very much in the background, “making a long arm” in order to hold a flag before other gentlemen in the foreground, is novel, and undoubtedly leaves such speakers as, say, Demosthenes, Cicero, and ex-Councillor Steel “very much in the background.” Mr Middleton's strong point, indeed, seems to be “flag”-itious imagery, since he went on to quote with approval Professor Ramsay's comparison of the three Liberal Members to a “tricolour flag.” What the three colours are neither the Professor nor Mr Middleton specified, but it is generally understood that at least one of them is green, and that when the general election comes on another will look decidedly blue.

TAKING A (BE)HEADER!—At the Aberdeen Police Court the other day a worthy bailie ordered a man to find security that he would keep the peace for six months, because, in a drunken freak, he had laid his head on the rails before an approaching train. Did it not occur to the sapient magistrate, that the best plan to make the man keep the peace, not for six months only, but for all time coming, would have been simply to let him carry his “freak” out to the bitter end?

A REMONSTRANCE.—The *San Francisco Newsletter* is a paper with which the BAILIE has long maintained the most amicable relations, and one which is honourably distinguished by its friendly tone towards this country; but his Worship most distinctly objects to its speaking of “Hawick, England.” The last time his Worship heard from the ancient burgh in question it certainly had not drifted over the Border. How would the *Newsletter* like to have its place of abode set down as “San Francisco N. Y.,” eh?

BICYCLES.—The West of Scotland Bicycle Co. have opened a Show-Room at 104 Renfield Street, where the rising generation can supply itself with any make of two-wheeler.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.  
**HENRY THOMSON & CO'S**  
 OLD  
**IRISH WHISKY.**  
 SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—  
 ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

**SHELDON'S  
 HAIR RESTORER**

**R**ESTORES Grey Hair to its Youthful Colour. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Causes a New Growth of Hair. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Removes Dandruff and all Impurities from the Hair. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Prevents the Hair from falling off or turning Grey.  
 May be had of any Chemist or Perfumer.

Price, 3s 6d.  
 DEPOT, 121 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

*Note.—The Special Realising Sale, at Great Reductions in Prices, will be continued during June, in order to reduce Stocks, as they are still much in excess of what they should be, compatible with the safe and proper working of a Cash Business.*

**FURNITURE.**

DINING-ROOM, DRAWING-ROOM, BED-ROOM, PARLOUR, KITCHEN, OFFICE, LIBRARY, AND LOBBY FURNITURE; ALSO, MIRRORS, CARPETS, LINOLEUMS, RUGS, BEDDING, NAPERY, CRETONNES, CURTAINS, WINDOW POLES, &c.,

AT UNPRECEDENTED PRICES DURING THE MONTH OF JUNE.

**A. GARDNER & SON,**  
 CABINETMAKERS AND UPHOLSTERERS,  
 36 JAMAICA STREET.

**"UNIQUE" SHIRTS.**

**I**T is quite apparent that of the numerous Shirts which claim attention through the medium of advertising, it is clearly impossible that they can all be what they pretend—namely, "the best." Perhaps the following plain statement of indisputable facts, however unpalatable they may be to *soi-disant* Shirtmakers, will assist Gentlemen to form an opinion as to where they are most likely to procure Shirts both *good* and *cheap*.

We are by far the largest Shirt Manufacturers in Scotland who deal directly with the Retail Purchaser. Gentlemen buying from us save all intermediate profits. The "UNIQUE" SHIRT is Designed and Cut on our own Premises, and the Sewing is done by Seamstresses who have been trained specially for our own Trade. The "UNIQUE" occupies the enviable position of being the model on which all other Shirts are based, and the nearer they approach it in form, the nearer they are to perfection.

Present Price List, 30/, 39/, 45/ per Half-dozen from Stock. Special Qualities Made to Order.

**RILEY, WEBSTER, & BORLAND,**  
 86 AND 88 ARGYLE STREET.

**A QUIET PLACE.**

**W**HEN out with your fellow-men, whether in pursuit of business, pleasure, or politics, don't fail to call on our friend "Mac," who is located at

83 QUEEN STREET,

near the Royal Exchange. Lovers of the weed can here find the most desirable brands of CIGARS and choicest TOBACCOS. In connection with his Cigar Shop, Mr Macubbin has one of the cosiest Smoking Rooms in the city. Gentlemen can here have a quiet Pipe or Cigar.

CIGARS, TOBACCOS, PIPES, &c.,  
 83 QUEEN STREET.

**SPECIAL BARGAINS FOR THE COAST.**

*SPECIAL BARGAINS FOR TOURISTS.*

**SPECIAL BARGAINS FOR MARRIAGE OUTFITS**

AT THE

**CALEDONIAN HOUSE.**

**M**ESSRS COPLAND & LYE have now to announce the Sale of Special Bargains for Parties going to the Coast, for Tourists, for Marriage Outfits, and for the Public generally, all of which has been bought under the peculiar exigencies of the times at the lowest possible prices (inspection and comparison invited). We have confidence in recommending our Customers to Buy now, as Goods were never before so cheap, and probably never will be as cheap again as at the present time.

**COPLAND & LYE,**

CALEDONIAN HOUSE, 165 AND 167 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

COLOSSEUM JULY BARGAINS.

FRESH DELIVERIES OF NEW GOODS  
FROM LONDON AND PARIS,  
FOR MIDSUMMER WEAR.

MILLINERY BONNETS! MILLINERY HATS!

Ladies, if you want an Elegant Summer Bonnet or Hat,  
CALL and SEE our ENORMOUS STOCK.

We daily show over a Thousand Splendid Designs, at prices  
so much lower than is sold elsewhere, that we really cannot keep  
up the supply without working day and night.

Special Line of over 100 FRENCH PATTERN BONNETS,  
by the first *Modiste* in Paris (the maker's guarantee sold with  
every Bonnet.) These we now offer at less than Half Cost.  
Ladies who wish really a Stylish Bonnet should ask to see these.  
Do not miss such an opportunity.

MILLINERY HATS—the finest Stock in the World.  
Hundreds of Beautifully-Trimmed Hats, in White Chip, White  
Whole Straw, Black and White Rough Hats, Tartan Straws,  
Satins, etc., etc. Really Splendid Trimmed Coast Hats for  
Ladies, only 6s. See them.

STRAW HATS FOR THE COAST AND COUNTRY.

Very large Black and Brown Hats for Ladies for 5½d, 6d,  
and 6½d.

Nothing but New Shapes are offered at this Establishment.

Misses' Brown, Black, and White Straw Hats for 2½d, 3d, 6d,  
9d, and 1s.

Hats for Misses (Dress) superb goods, in very fine White  
Twist and Pedals, 3s 6d, 4s 6d, 6s 6d. These cannot be seen  
elsewhere in Glasgow.

All the New (London West-End) Shapes in White, Black, and  
Brown Whole Straw and Rustic Hats and Bonnets. Our Stock  
of these Goods is so extensive that if we were to quote quantities  
the figures would seem almost fabulous.

CHIP HATS. CHIP BONNETS.

We give the most wonderful value in White, Black, and Fancy  
Chips ever dreamt of. Really good (real) Chip Bonnets for  
1s 4d, 1s 9d, 2s 6d. Extra qualities, 3s 6d, 4s 6d, 6s 6d. Imitation  
Chips, very fine, sold only too often in Glasgow as real  
Chip, from 10½d to 1s 9d, all colours and shapes.

Startling Line in Infants' Drab and Fawn Felt Turbans, 1s 8d  
each. White do., 1s 3d, 1s 9d, 2s 6d. Muslin Sun Hats, Full  
Trimmed, ready for wear, full sizes for 1s. Richly Trimmed  
with Laces, etc., 2s, 2s 9d. Linen Washing Hats, 6½d, 1s, 1s 9d.  
Infants' Hats and Hoods, splendid value. Very large Stock of  
Ready-made Mourning Bonnets from 2s to 5s.

LADIES' DRESS CAPS. MOB CAPS.

Tin Bonnet Boxes, in Oak or Brown, for 9½d each.

FLOWERS! FLOWERS!! FLOWERS!!!

Small Work, Mosses, Wreaths, and Sprays; almost every  
known Fruit and Flower, kept in Stock. Rare Line of very  
long Wreaths, newest designs, for 8d each; worth 2s 6d.  
Beautiful Sprays for 2½d each; sold elsewhere at 6d to 9d.

Feathers, Ornaments, and Hat Trimmings in Immense  
Variety—Wholesale Prices.

GENTLEMEN'S HAT DEPARTMENTS.

These Departments are entirely separate from the Ladies'  
Departments, being on different Floors of the Establishment.

NOVELTIES IN COAST AND COUNTRY HATS.

*Special Designs confined to this Establishment.*

*All our Hats are guaranteed Fast in the Colour.*

BOYS' AND YOUTHS' HATS, Immense Variety.

BOYS' AND MISSES' SAILOR HAT DEPARTMENT.

*The best Selection ever seen.*

All Goods at Wholesale Prices.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,  
THE LEADING HAT HOUSE,  
70 JAMAICA STREET.

DAVISON'S  
CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE  
GINGER BEER.

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE  
YEAR ROUND; WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC.  
As Supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

THOMAS DAVISON,  
DISPENSING CHEMIST,  
126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 23rd, 1879.

MR JAMES MARTIN has certainly an  
"unbounded stomach" for fighting. With  
a legal battle on his hands, and the probability  
of a Parliamentary combat in the near future,  
his attitude towards his municipal colleagues  
becomes daily more defiant. On Thursday last  
he quite surpassed himself—blazing in his very  
"loudest" war-paint, and dancing, "in carmag-  
nole complete," over all forms, modes, and shows  
of decorum. His first performance was to take  
possession of one of the "upper seats," and,  
being thus inspired with an access of importance,  
he proceeded to seize an opportunity of calling  
the LORD PROVOST to order. This, however, was  
merely by way of getting up the steam. While  
Mr NEIL was subsequently speaking on the Im-  
provement Trust minutes, several members  
"adjourned for refreshments," and one really  
cannot blame them for seizing so favourable an  
opportunity. JEEMS, however, saw his chance,  
and, rising with all the mock-solemnity of a  
CALLAN, observed, "I speak to order, Mr Chair-  
man. I ask if the house is determined they will  
not wait here to hear Mr NEIL and the other  
parties who are speaking. If not, we must  
bring the business to a close. I demand that  
the house be counted out." Mr NEIL failed to  
appreciate this tender solicitude on his behalf,  
but JEEMS was inexorable, and, on Mr JACKSON  
intervening, politely referred to that gentleman  
as "this wee cratur' here." It is only fair to  
our Obstructive-in-a-small-way to add that he  
afterwards withdrew this impertinence—which  
was all the more impertinent because addressed  
to one of the most useful and orderly members  
of the Council—but the withdrawal was far from  
being void of offence. JEEMS thinks that "there  
are some big folk and some wee yins, and some  
wi' a sma' mind and some wi' a big yin." He  
has successfully demonstrated that he at least,

is a "wee yin' wi' a sma' mind"—even he *has* scored the triumph of a "count-out" in our local Parliament.

### On the Square.

OUR squares have been always a bother. Apparently we don't know what to do with them, or how to do it. The opening up of "George" has not been improvement enough. Although stuated all over, and what the statues have left flower-gardened, yet it isn't happy. "St. Enoch," again, has been ornamented "various." A drinking-fountain, a cabman's rest, a Sugg's lighting experiment, a cab-stand, a pillar letter-box, a church, and a railway station, all harmoniously unite in doing honour to the old tutelar saint. "Stirling" has been "improved" off the face of the city, while "Infirmary" is being "improved" upon it. "Blythswood," "Royal Exchange," and "St. Andrew" remain to be operated upon.

### A Serious Question.

ONE serious objection to Mr Tennant as a representative was apparently overlooked by those who brought about his election. The BAILIE refers to the temptation offered to feeble folk to make bad puns on his name. Already have two such unfacetious personages as Lord Provost Collins and Professor Ramsay succumbed, among others, to the temptation in question, and even the Ass has so far forgotten himself—under the influence, it is true, of a bottle of "champagne ginger beer" and a "Xaymaca cigar"—as to indulge in "jokes" on the subject, which his master scorns to print. If this nuisance is not speedily abated one of two things must happen—either Mr Tennant must change his name, or we must change our Member.

The Magistrate and two or three cronies had a quiet supper t'other night, and Mattie having gone to bed they waited upon themselves. When the Ass heard of it next morning he was sorely puzzled. He had often waited at the corner pub. to catch Bauldy and Pate on pay days, but he couldn't remember to have ever waited upon himself. The Beastie thought the matter too weighty for dry consideration, and adjourned to the corner.

### A Paneful Case—A glazier's.

BICYCLES.—The New Safety Bicycle by Singer & Co. is creating a great sensation amongst Bicyclists, as it can be ridden by any gentleman, old or young, without risk. On view at Jennings & Co.'s, 101 Mitchell Street, Glasgow.

### Mad Miners.

A FEW days after we were all startled by the terrible disaster at Blantyre and the subsequent revelations, a newspaper report of an accident in a pit near Kilmarnock casually mentioned that a miner had "sat down to smoke." Again, last Thursday, Sheriff Birnie sent a man to prison for three months for having unlocked his lamp in a pit in the Hamilton district. It is plain that there is no limit to the insane recklessness of the average miner, and that we have as yet discovered no efficient means of protecting him against himself. If Mr Macdonald, or any other practical authority, will set his brains to work on the subject, and produce some satisfactory solution of the difficulty, he will deserve, and receive, the hearty thanks of the community.

### More Talmage!

GLASGOW is, it seems, to have the inestimable privilege of another visit from the great Talmage. This champion serio-comic divine is to "lecture"—not at Vinegar-hill among the other show-folk, but in Berkeley Street—on a week-day, and to "preach" on a Sunday. There is no charge for admission to the Sunday performance—oh, dear, no, not at all! "A ticket of free admission to a reserved seat at the Sunday evening service will be given gratuitously with each ticket of admission to the Friday lecture." Quite so!

### SCHOOL BOARD AND HIERARCHY TO THE RESCUE!

Rome, Rome, . . . . .  
. . . . . on thy seven hills.—*Hemans.*

*Schoolmaster*—Name the City of Seven Hills.

*Schoolboy*—Glesca'.

*Schoolmaster*—Indeed; perhaps you would name the seven hills.

*Schoolboy*—Crosshill, Cranstonhill, Govanhill, Garnethill, Garngadhill, Wee Doo'hill, an'—an'—

*Schoolmaster*—And what?

*Schoolboy*—An'—an' Balmano Brae!

"ENJOYMENT."—On the occasion last week of the presentation of their portraits to a lady and gentleman of Maryhill, the "Captain"—there is only one "Captain," and he is his own prophet—expressed a hope that the recipients might be long spared to "enjoy" their pictures. A man must have a pretty "guid conceit o' himsel'" to "enjoy" his own likeness, but the BAILIE can quite understand the idea seeming a perfectly natural one to the "Captain."

Why I Didn't Enjoy that Picnic.

BECAUSE I sat next dear, little Gracie Darling all the way down—at least, I don't mean exactly *because* of that, but because that idiot Larker kept his beastly key-bugle close to my other ear and blew every remark I made to Jericho, instead of to Gracie.

Because Gracie had to give it up, and make believe to be interested in that fool Longshanks' simpering sillinesses.

Because I had to carry a hamper up an avenue, across several fields, over two iron fences and one ditch, and down to the shore of the loch, while Longshanks dawdled along with a bundle of shawls and helped Gracie over the fences.

Because I gathered a bundle of sticks for Gracie's fire, which that—that brute!—Longshanks stole, and when I came up to remonstrate, begged me to cut just one more stick—my own!

Because I sat on the pie Gracie had made with her own very hands.

Because I lost my dinner hunting up and down for the champagne, which Longshanks had stuck in the loch to cool.

Because that *beast* and Gracie wandered away together, and when they came back Gracie said I showed very bad taste in preferring nasty cigars and horrid beer to her company. Me!

Because I sat on a knife-board—the seat-back—all the way up, in the pouring rain, without an umbrella, while Longshanks facetiously poked at me with his through a ventilator—but I didn't ask for it, no, I would sooner have died of cold; and I very nearly did.

FROM SCENES LIKE THESE OUR COUNCIL'S  
GRANDEUR SPRINGS.

On Neil few would wait, or  
His motion take part in,  
And Jackson as "cratur"  
Was honour'd by Martin.  
The chairman thus spake to  
The learned debater,  
You Martin, just take to  
A *drop* o' the "cratur."

"Vinegar" Hill—So called because of its sweetie-stands.

Change for the War—Fresh Garnet-ure to the camp in Zulu-land has made all the difference.

Well, Sambo, why do de members ob Parliament spend so much time ober each clause ob de "Cat" Bill? Why, because dey go into de-tails so, an' dat cat hab got so many, you know.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT Mr James Morton had a parting shot at Dr M'Grigor.

That it told with amazing effect.

That Mr Morton studies effect.

That the leviathan of finance confesses "he may have been a fool."

That he isn't "such a fool as he looks."

That he wanted to be examined for ten or twelve days.

That two were quite sufficient.

That a little of Mr Morton goes a long way.

That the ruined shareholders have little consolation even in that fact.

That we are as much in the dark as ever as to where the money went to.

That James Morton and James Martin are a couple of worthies.

That the one is a genius and the other—well the other isn't.

That Jeems thinks the next best thing to being a magistrate is to sit on a magistrate's seat.

That this is as near the Bailieship as ever Jeems will get.

That he says he knows how to conduct business.

That some of us would be well pleased if he only knew how to conduct himself.

That Fair Saturday was wet.

That so were many of the pleasure seekers

ST. SWITHIN ARRAIGNED.

*Teacher*—You say when it rains on St. Swithin's Day the country suffers a long time from wet weather, now what day *is* St. Swithin's Day?

*Smart Boy*—Ony day ye like for the last three months, for it's been rainin' a' the time.

SHELLING OUT.—Asinus wonders why it is that society is, as if about to "remember the grotto," storing up its oyster-shells. It may be, or it may not, for the purpose of ostracising, when they come out, the convict bank directors.

A BLOW-OUT.—There's no contenting some people. When every one else was delighted with the dry, warm weather of the Fair Friday, there were Bauldy and Peter on the outlook for the "raising of the wind."

Unique Shirt—His "only wear."

An Exploded Theory—That it is safe to smoke in coal mines.

"Sweets to the Sweet"—Gi'ein' y'r lass her fairin'.

## The Elderslie Hermit.

VERILY he is a remarkable man is our friend Mr James Morton, of the New Zealand Land Company. Half-a-dozen of the shrewdest brains in Glasgow put up Dr A. B. M'Grigor the other day, as this was the Fair time, to make an exhibition of James for behoof of the City Bank shareholders in particular, and the city public in general. The attempt was made in due form, and if Dr M'Grigor had had his way, the Elderslie cow-keeper would have danced to his piping in the most approved manner in the world. In the end, however, the show was all on the other side. The "bear" led about the showman, put him through his paces, and sent the spectators into fits of laughter at the exhibition. In spite of what James says of himself, he is anything but a fool; and the next Bank that feels itself slightly shaky about the knees could hardly do better than engage Mr Morton as its manager.

## THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY.

(Scene — Dunoon; English clergyman on his road to a confirmation at Holy Trinity Church meets an aged native.)

*E. C.*—Would you kindly direct me to Holy Trinity Church on the Auchamore Road?

*Native* (scratching his head)—It wadna look right for me, a Free Kirkman, tae show the way tae sic a funny kirk as that.

[*E. C.* walks off in utter consternation.]

## NEARLY THE SAME, BUT NOT QUITE. —

"James Morton, Esquire, milkman," H'm!  
"James Morton, Esquire, *milker*," would be more comprehensive and quite as distinctive.

A Ten(n)ant at Will — The junior member for Glasgow.

## H. &amp; P. M'NEIL.

WE have much pleasure in informing our numerous Customers and the General Public that, in addition to our already Established Business, we have OPENED Large and Elegant SHAMPOOING and HAIR-DRESSING ROOMS, which, in regard to comfort and elegance, are fitted in a style equal to any in the city. They are under the direct superintendence of a most experienced Manager, and the Assistants are from the Best Houses in the Trade.

In introducing this New Department of our Business, we may explain that though it is the first attempt of the kind in Glasgow, yet it has been carried on with great success by the most celebrated Hosiery and Glovers in the Cheapside and Strand, London, and we feel quite confident that with your kind patronage, and our strict attention, this novelty cannot fail to be a great success.

21 AND 23 RENFIELD STREET, GLASGOW.

TO THE ELECTORS

OF THE

CITY AND ROYAL BURGH OF  
GLASGOW.

GENTLEMEN,—

Having to-day been Declared Duly Elected as a Member to serve in Parliament for the City and Royal Burgh of Glasgow, I have now to return my most sincere thanks to the Constituency for the honour which they have conferred and the trust and confidence which they have reposed in me.

Owing to the suddenness of the vacancy and the short time allowed for the Election, I have not had an opportunity of becoming personally known to the Electors so largely as I could have wished. A unanimous election in such circumstances is an honour and a proof of confidence which I scarcely dared hope for.

Now that the Election is over, I shall make it my endeavour, without distinction of political opinion or regard to party, to try to place my services at the disposal of the Citizens, and devoting my energies to the promotion of their interests, fulfil the trust which they have reposed in me

I am,

GENTLEMEN,

Your obedient Servant,

CHARLES TENNANT.

St. Rollox, 15th July, 1879.

THE GAIETY.

Proprietor and Director,.....Mr C. BERNARD.

LAST SIX NIGHTS OF

The charming and melodious Comic Opera,  
LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE.From the Folly and Globe Theatres, under the Management of  
Mr J. C. SCANLAN.Having run 420 Nights in London, and still in the Full Tide of  
Success, and 600 Nights in Paris.

Doors Open at 6.30, Curtain rising at 7.

Prices from 6d to 5s.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE,

Under the Management of Mr SIDNEY.

This Evening,

Production of an Original Dramatic Romance, in Four Acts,  
Entitled,

THE GOLDEN PLOUGH,

By Paul Merrit.

Mr SIDNEY as *Jerry Drake*, supported by a Powerful  
Company.

To conclude with

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

Open at 7. Commence at 7.30.

NEWSOME'S HIPPODROME  
AND CIRCUS,

East Ingram Street, Glasgow,

100 HORSES AND ARTISTES!

TWO PERFORMANCES DAILY DURING

THE FAIR AND HOLIDAYS:—

To-Day, Doors Open at 2.30. Commencing at 3.

To-Night, Doors Open at 7.15. Commencing at 7.45.

ROBERT M'TEAR &amp; CO.

AUCTIONEERS AND VALUERS,  
ROYAL EXCHANGE SALE-ROOMS,



**A FAIR FIELD AND NO FAVOUR.**

“THERE are nae bairns like our ain bairns” is an old Scotch saying, and of course advertisers in bringing their goods before the public naturally maintain that their respective specialities are unequalled. Now without going so far as to say that our “bairns” (Aerated Waters) are the best in the world, we hold that they are at any rate unsurpassed in those qualities which render Aerated beverages popular. All our goods are prepared with the best and purest materials at the Cromac Springs, Belfast, the water of which is peculiarly adapted for the manufacture of Aerated Waters, and having had over a quarter of a century’s experience in preparing those beverages, we challenge comparison with any goods of the same class. We merely ask consumers to take our Waters (all kinds) and compare them, bottle for bottle with those of other makers, and we will stand or fall by the result. Test to the utmost, dilute our Ginger Ale and Lemonade with Water, and it will be found that no other will stand this test to the same degree as ours. Let us have “a fair field and no favour” and we are satisfied that our goods will soon be in universal demand. Retail, from Chemists, Grocers, Wine Merchants, Restaurateurs, &c., and Wholesale at our Scotch Depot, 147 STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW.



**WHEELER & CO., CROMAC SPRINGS, BELFAST.**

**CORRY & CO.'S AERATED WATERS.**

SINCE offering to the Public in 1850 these delicious and unrivalled Aerated Beverages, the sole and lasting aim to which Messrs CORRY & Co. have directed all their efforts has been, not to force sales by venturesome and questionable efforts, but by the real fact of the superiority of the Beverages they offer to merit universal patronage. Judging from the world-wide favour, which they find yearly increasing, and the unprecedented success which has attended their efforts at all the Universal Exhibitions, or wherever they have competed, this aim (so far attained, and which their experience has proved to be a fundamental principle of success) will be steadily pursued. Since 1850 many mere imitators have come and gone, and many still remain; but the Public are requested to insist on having CORRY'S Waters, not imitations.

To be had at all the First-Class Hotels, Restaurants, and from Family Grocers, Wine Merchants, Chemists, &c., &c.  
**JOHN MERCER & CO., YORK STREET, GLASGOW, AGENTS FOR SCOTLAND.**

**GLASS AND CHINA AT M'DOUGALL & SONS, 77 & 79 BUCHANAN STREET.**

DEPOT FOR MINTON'S, COPELAND'S, WORCESTER, AND DRESDEN PORCELAIN.—Discount for Cash.

Owing to special arrangement with several leading makers we are enabled to sell our Goods considerably under usual prices, and many of our best Patterns are reserved entirely for ourselves. Free Promenade through our Show-Rooms. The Stock is one of the largest and best selected in the kingdom. Suitable for all Classes, comprising an endless Variety of Useful and Ornamental Goods, Novelties being daily added. Sole Depot for Glasgow for the Beautiful Belleek Porcelain, of which we have just to hand a very Choice Selection, consisting of Dejeuner Sets, Tea Sets, Ornamental Shells, Card Baskets, Figures, &c.

AND AT 8 TO 14 JAIL SQUARE.

ESTABLISHED OVER FIFTY YEARS.

**S U M M E R C L A R E T.**  
 Vintage 1874 and 1875.

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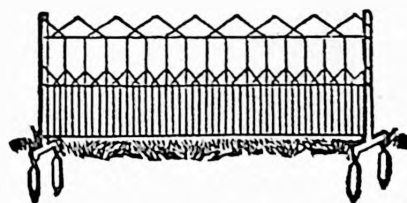


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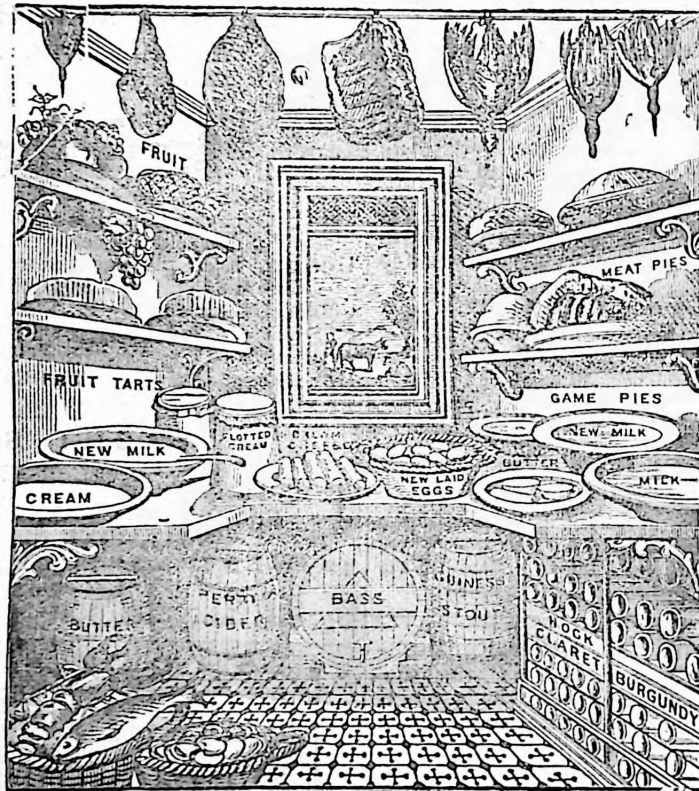
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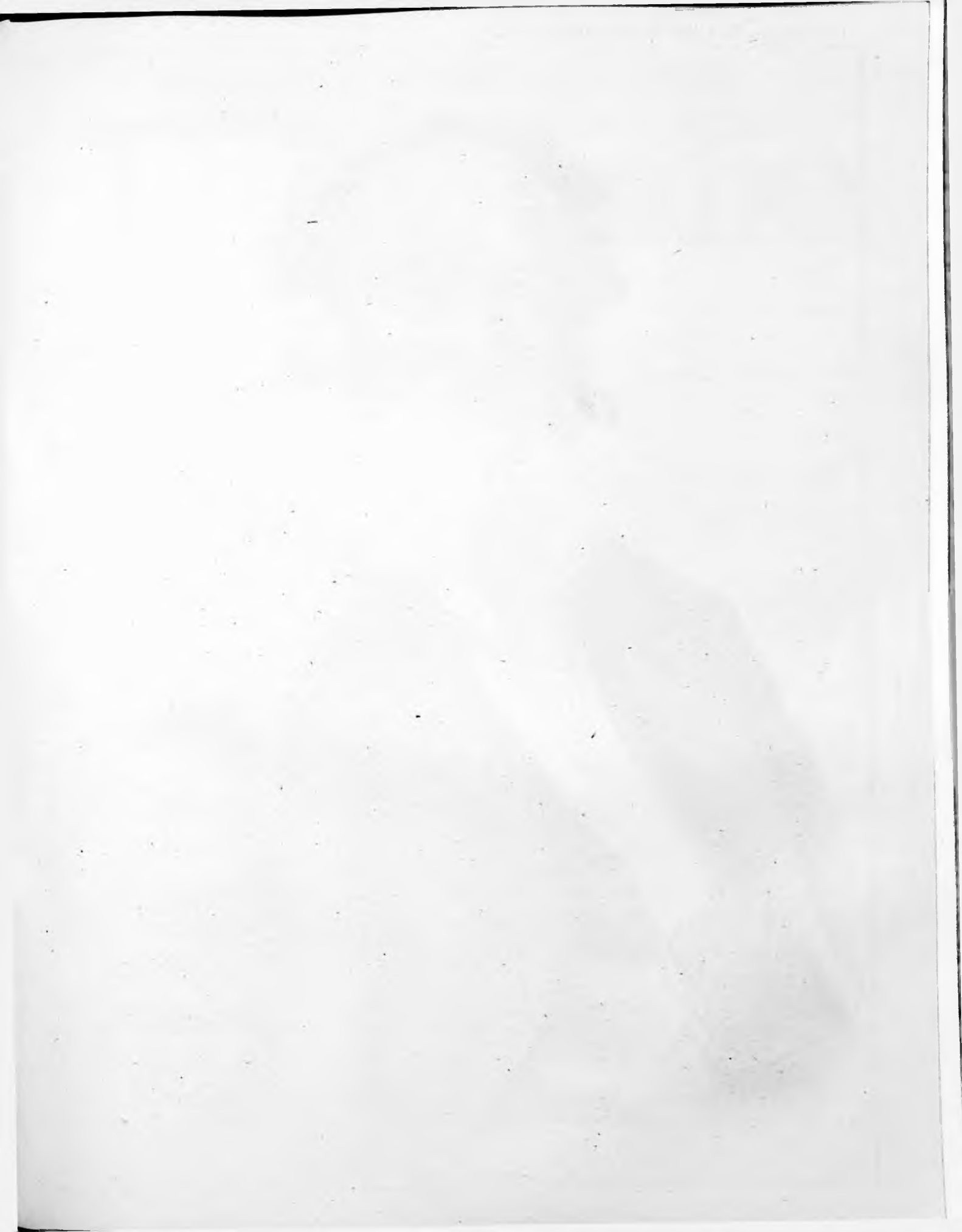
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# The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 354. Glasgow, Wednesday, July 30th, 1879. Price 1d

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 354.

IN earlier days than even the BAILIE'S worthy father the Deacon could remember, our countrymen were accustomed to send their sons to Holland, Germany, and the Continent generally, there to obtain a grasp and acquaintance with learning, and to pluck the tree of knowledge in a way that was not granted them at home. Thinking over such old-fashioned customs, the BAILIE, casting his mind's eye upon the present times, cannot but see that "thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges." We Scotch of to-day, have so far profited (in some cases too much so) by the knowledge brought home by our ancestors, as to be in the position that now the folk of Germany and the Low Countries are glad to come here to learn, at least in the ways of commerce, from us. The BAILIE would not be true to his readers if he did not present to them a typical Man you Know from the new generation which is one of the growths of this century. Despite City Bank failures and exposures, despite company promotings and their Bainful influences, despite property speculations and syndicates (in their actions at times suggestive of synods), Glasgow, when she can train up such men as Mr LOUIS LEISLER, need not hide her head altogether, but look forward to the future hopefully and proudly. If she can rear up strangers so well, what may she not do with her own sons? Mr LEISLER came to Glasgow about the year 1846, and two years thereafter founded the now world-known firm of Leisler, Bock & Co. The special department which Mr LEISLER created personally was that connected with the sale of chemicals, and not only were Glasgow's own special products handled, but generally everything chemical of British manufacture. The name of the firm is well known in

every corner of Germany, and when to-day the chief typical chemical firms of Glasgow transact their continental trade through Leisler, Bock, & Co., as they have done for many years, it says plainly that the labourer has proved worthy of his hire. No more telling commendation of his house could be given than the official accountant's report, upheld by the Lord Ordinary in the Court of Session, upon the charges recently brought against Leisler, Bock & Co., by a (let us say now) notorious manufacturer, in which it was alleged that "salting" after a Barbourous fashion had been their style of transacting business. Honest and upright in dealing, generous even to their own hurt, was the burden of the report. Character more honourable never was or could be borne by any merchant, and the BAILIE—in common with all reputable Glasgow—congratulates Mr LEISLER and his colleagues in having thus shown that in him and them we possess citizens of whom we may well be proud. It has not been the nature of the Man you Know to put himself forward for public offices, though he has done good work none the less in a quiet way. He rendered help to Cobden at the framing of the French Treaty of Commerce in 1859, having been deputed by our Chamber of Commerce to represent the chemical industries here, the valuable result of which service was cordially acknowledged by our local manufacturers. From 1868 to 1872 Mr LEISLER served his term as director of the Merchants' House, characteristically taking the charitable and benevolent departments under his care. He was consulted about the formation of the Tharsis Sulphur Company, and has been a director of the concern from the beginning. Mr LEISLER has ever been a substantial supporter of art, music, and the drama. That he is of great non-sectarian liberality all sorts of subscription sheets testify; while in private life his generosity and

hospitality have all along been proverbial, and in dispensing this he has been nobly seconded by his sympathetic wife, a lady ever "on hospitable thoughts intent." To his young countrymen who come to Glasgow the Man you Know has been an unfailing friend, and many are indebted to him for kindly counsel and solid help in every way. To crown all, he is a naturalized citizen, and he shows an example to many imported Continentals (and for that part to some Britishers who go abroad) by associating and identifying himself with the institutions and ways of the country of his adoption, and by remaining in the land that has enriched him—giving where he has got. Mr LEISLER is "of Glasgow," and the BAILIE hopes long to see his figure grace its streets.

#### Virtue its Own Reward.

THE other day a man found a bullock wandering about the streets, and brought it to the police-office. Presently the owner turned up, and the finder, naturally enough, suggested that he was entitled to some reward. The owner declined to "see it," and he was supported in his niggardliness by Mr Gemmel, who declared it to be "the duty of every good citizen, whenever he found anything, to report the matter to the police, so that the loser may regain his property." No doubt; but even the best of citizens can hardly be expected to take charge of such a troublesome commodity as a live bullock from motives of mere "duty" and benevolence. Consequently, the next time the good citizen comes across a stray animal he is not unlikely to let it "go to Hong-Kong, for him." In the interests of everybody who has anything to lose, it would be well to frame a legal tariff of rewards. As it is, decent people must often suffer through the shabbiness of a few ungrateful churls who do not deserve to recover what they lose.

Jones, on being asked the other day what was an "Aged Persons' Mortification," replied that he wasn't sure, but supposed it to be mortification arising from the fact of being an aged person.

The "Pink" of perfection.—Veuve Clicquot's Band.

Contribution towards the Sewage Question—"The Song of the Shirt."

A Free Boot-cr—Mr Percy in his "signing over."

#### A Naughty, Naughty Man

"MY darling," said dear George's note—  
 "How kind of him to write!—  
 "You needn't meet me at the boat,  
 I shan't get down to-night.  
 Pity me, here, in my dull old den,  
 Scraping for £ s d—  
 This buys—this wretched stumpy pen!—  
 Our cottage by the sea.

The wind and rain hissed, howled, and jeered,  
 The sea sang double bass,  
 As through the rattling casement peered  
 Sweet Annie's dismal face—  
 "Poor George," she sighed, how good he is  
 To work so hard for me;  
 I mustn't say how dull it is,  
 This cottage by the sea.

An awful night it is without,  
 But very snug within  
 The cosy club, where cards are out,  
 And "smokes" and "drinks" are in.  
 "Stop, I'll go Nap!" cries one, and wins,  
 And laughs with silly glee;  
 Forgetting, while he plays and grins,  
 That cottage by the sea!

#### Pity the Sorrows of a Pore Young Dook!

THE poor, dear Duke! Can it indeed be possible, as is reported, that the unhappy state of his affairs obliges him to convert his pleasant preserve of Arran into common, vulgar "feus?" If it be so, there is but one course open to his Grace's countrymen. This is an age of subscriptions, and what better object could a subscription have than the raising of those few paltry hundreds of thousands, the want of which has driven the Premier Duke of Scotland to so dire an extremity? Let us rally round "our old nobility," and lay our humble offering at the feet of one of its most illustrious representatives!

[The Ass has kindly consented to take charge of the subscriptions towards the fulfilment of this most meritorious design, and he has reason to believe that one of the earliest offerings—the nucleus, as it were—will be the Turnerelli wreath.]

It was with pain that the BAILIE read in the daily papers that the recent artillery meeting at Irvine was a "wet" one. He thought better of our gunners—he did indeed.

Asinus declares that the young one in Buchana<sup>n</sup> Street keeps on "a going of it." Its latest "feature" is the reproduction in its columns of—what do you think? Why, the Proverbs of Solomon! *Vide* the *Evening Times* of Wednesday last, he says, "to witness if he lies."

#### A Common Conjunction in Life—If.

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK  
 is the best present from Edinburgh. 1 Melbourne place,  
 near the Castle.



“Wanted, a ‘Clock Tower.’”

OUR local Parliament has of late possessed many features in common with its big brother-assemblage at Westminster; and, now that “the rooms in the Clock Tower” have a tenant, would it not be advisable to introduce this feature too, and start a Clock Tower of our own? We possess a sufficiently imposing substitute for the sergeant-at-arms in the shape of Jeems Broon, and a little expensive seclusion, even in the most “luxurious” of cells, might do some of the wilder spirits of the Council good. The BAILIE begs to present Mr Collins with this suggestion as a fitting corollary to his “new rules.”

“Potty” for Reporters.

AT last week’s meeting of the Paisley Abbey Parochial Board, Mr Patrick Costello showed unusual thoughtfulness by providing refreshment for the reporters present. It is true that the refreshment took the humble form of “parochial” bread, “rolled into small balls,” and likened by Mr Costello himself to “potty;” but everything has a beginning. In due time, doubtless, those “abstracts and brief chronicles,” the reporters, will have their public labours lightened by the administration of the traditional “cake and wine.”

A gullible Yankee the other day charged a Mr Hookey with having taken him in by means of the “confidence trick.” The charge broke down; but, doubtless, the next time Jonathan encounters a “Hookey” he will respond to his overtures with—“Walker!”

THE SADDLE ON THE RIGHT HORSE.—The ribbon to sustain the Afghan medal will, it is said, be “half-green, half-crimson.” Wouldn’t this be more appropriate attached to a Cape medal? Green for bungling and crimson for blood?

To Mr Macrae from Mattie.—If there’s nae “fire,” whaur wad he “pit” the cin’ers?

For “Breach of Privilege.”—They’ve yet to “bone” Gris’l’.

Corn Mills.—Heavy boots.

A Weather Possibility.—The instrument that registers the sunshine becoming rusty from lack of use.

BICYCLERS.—The West of Scotland Bicycle Co. have opened a Show-Room at 104 Kenfield Street, where the rising generation can supply itself with any make of two-wheeler.

The Cacodylic Kelvin:

A Song of Sanitation, and of Scentiment.

LET us haste from Kelvingrove, bonnie lassie, O,  
 For in vain with stench I’ve strove, bonnie lassie,  
 Let us hasten to the Green,  
 Unromantic though the scene;  
 There the air at least is clean, bonnie lassie, O.  
 Where is now the “scented brier,” bonnie lassie, O  
 And the “river winding clear,” bonnie lassie, O?  
 Where the beauties that have long  
 Been embalmed in fragrant song?  
 Ugh! the whole thing has gone wrong, bonnie lassie, O.  
 Now the fetid stream expels, bonnie lassie, O,  
 Most abominable smells, bonnie lassie, O.  
 Sulphuretted hydrogén  
 Flies at all within the glen;  
 This would shame a badger’s den, bonnie lassie, O.  
 Look, for want of fall and flood, bonnie lassie, O,  
 At the bubbling sewage mud, bonnie lassie, O,  
 How in stagnancy it “breathes  
 Forth contagion” as it seethes,  
 And a gift of death bequeathes, bonnie lassie, O!  
 Whew! these dread organic miasms, bonnie lassie, O,  
 Are enough to give one spasms, bonnie lassie, O,  
 These zymotic propagators  
 Will cause all perambulators  
 To mount charcoal respirators, bonnie lassie, O.  
 Strollers here must wear such nozzles, bonnie lassie, O,  
 Fancy curing done through muzzles, bonnie lassie, O,  
 Fancy love’s addresses snipped,  
 Love’s own language wracked and ripped,  
 With the nostrils tightly clipped, bonnie lassie, O.  
 To a chemist-engineer, bonnie lassie, O,  
 The remedial course is clear, bonnie lassie, O;  
 That their drainage may not hurt,  
 Make the mills clean up their dirt,  
 Fine them heav’y if they slur’t, bonnie lassie, O.  
 Let the banks with trees be lined, bonnie lassie, O,  
 Of the *eucalyptus* kind, bonnie lassie, O;  
 We would then have balmy breezes,  
 With good ozone, from the trees-es;  
 Which would chaw up vile diseases, bonnie lassie, O.

A southern philanthropist advertises thusly in the Glasgow papers:—“Unemployed of Either Sex.—Gold!—£10 to £20 per week certainly made. No capital required. Nothing to sell.” What! *nothing* to “sell?”

A Reign of Error.—A Reign of Terror.

Festival of St. Hymen.—Fair Friday.

“Brown” Soup.—At the Dunlop Street Restaurant.

Bauldy’s Difficulty.—To fill up his hollow-days.

To follow “the St. Andrew’s.”—St. Crispin’s ‘awls.

A Scotch lady has built a church for Marienbad. Why not for marryin’-good? Hee-haw!

A “Crack” sure to reach your Ear—★ crack o’ the side o’ the lug.

## Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—I find that I blundered a week ago when I said that Mr T. W. Robertson's "Caste" company were to follow Mr Scanlan and his friends at the Gaiety Theatre. Mr Robertson is at present in Dundee, and he will remain there for other six nights, while the Gaiety stage is to be occupied this evening and during the week by a company under the direction of Mr E. Hughnott.

Mr Hughnott's company includes numerous old friends. Mr David Fisher, for instance, is stage manager, Mr Mat Robson plays the leading comedy parts, and Miss Carlotta Zerbini, the *Laander* of Mr Glover's "Invisible Prince" pantomime, and Miss St. Ange, whilome of the "Pink Dominoes," are two of the principal ladies. The pieces announced for performance during the week are the somewhat namby-pamby "Withered Leaves" of Mr F. W. Broughton, and a new edition of "Romulus and Remus, or the two Rum'uns," the bright burlesque by Robert Reece originally produced at the London Vaudeville in the December of 1872.

Mr Sidney has spared no effort to make "The Golden Plough" a success. The manner in which it is mounted is unusually attractive. One of the opening "sets," that of the exterior of an old English inn, is among the prettiest stage pictures I've seen for many a day. But indeed the whole of the scenery is fine, and the dresses and the other appointments are tasteful and appropriate.

There is a good all-round feeling, moreover, about Mr Sidney's company. His own polished style, and capital knowledge of stage effect, must of necessity improve the people he has engaged to support him, but outside even of this influence they are all fine capable actors.

One word, however, BAILIE—I don't like the "Golden Plough." It may be that I'm prejudiced with regard to Mr Paul Meritt and his works, but this is as it may be, and I must repeat that I don't like this piece, or, for that matter, any piece its author has written.

Mr Sidney, I am glad to say, seems to share my opinion regarding the "Golden Plough." He has withdrawn it after a run of six nights, substituting, in its stead, his own clever adaptation of Mrs Burnett's famous novel entitled "That Lass o' Lowrie's." This piece will be played to-night and during the week.

Mr Scanlan and his company open this evening at Harrogate, where they play for three nights, after which they take a well-earned holiday of a couple of weeks. Their new tour begins at Brighton in the middle of August, when, in addition to the popular "Cloches," they will appear in the "Creole" of M. Offenbach.

In order that Mr Scanlan might be fully equipped and armed for his fortnight's holiday, he was formally presented on Saturday evening, by the members of his company, with a walking-stick of the approved "crutch and toothpick" fashion.

As it seemed to me, BAILIE, our local critics dealt out but scant justice to Miss Cora Stuart, the *Germaine* of the "Cloches" company. She is an accomplished actress, and a vocalist of rare sweetness and taste. Surely the attempt to *exploiter* Miss Edith St. John, who played the part one or two nights while Miss Stuart was resting, was hardly fair to the latter lady.

Miss Stuart, I may mention, is only in her twenty-second year. I mentioned incidentally, last week, that "Madame Favart" had been a marked success at the London Strand Theatre. The opera has now been performed over a hundred times, and the receipts are still upwards of £140 per night, a sum that, looking at the size of "The Strand," is something wonderful. *Madame Favart*, the heroine of the piece, was a real character. She lived about the middle of last century, and gained a great reputation—partly on account of her bright, piquant acting, and partly because she was madly loved by Marshal Saxe, "the hero of Fontenoy."

"Madame Favart" will shortly be taken through the provinces by a company under the direction of Mr J. H. Addison, the late manager of the Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool.

Mr and Mrs Knight, two celebrated American Humourists, who are underlined for the Gaiety, make their first appearance in the Old Country to-night at Birmingham. They are under the direction of Mr H. J. Sargent, the prince of American entrepreneurs. Some of your readers, BAILIE, may recollect Mr Sargent as manager of the company engaged in the original production of "The Shaughran" at the Theatre Royal in the spring of 1876.

Mr Mackintosh—what's de matter wid dat hat?—has been engaged by Mr Bernard for his coming pantomime.

I understand that Mr David Wingate's new volume of poems is on the eve of publication. The publishers are the Messrs Blackwood, of Edinburgh. Unlike Mr Wingate's two previous volumes, this one consists of a single long poem, which recals, in some measure, a book of "The Excursion." Its heroine is a country girl named "Lily Neil," and the poem takes its title after her. Many charming lyrics are scattered through the volume, which is dedicated "To my wife, Janet, with fond remembrance."

Get Saturday's *Scotsman*, BAILIE, and read the criticism on Professor Shairp's "Burns." You'll enjoy it.

An exceedingly clever sketch, "At the Sign of the Nightmare," appears in the *Weekly Herald* of Saturday last. Surely, however, its author has been too anxious to make things pleasant at the wind-up. In my experience, at all events, what is known as "poetical justice" is seldom dealt out to any of us in real life.

According to Mr Edmund Gosse, our finest poetical critic, and one of our foremost poets, "the two productions of this generation which are at the same time most provincial in language and most imaginative in feeling are Mr Barnes' "Poems of Rural Life," and Mr Hardy's novel of "Far from the Madding Crowd." They both come from the County of Dorset.

Two interesting little books have just been published. One of these is Mr Walter Besant's "Rabelais," the new volume of "Blackwood's Foreign Classics for English Readers," and the other is the "Burke" of Mr John Morley, the latest addition to the series of "English Men of Letters" edited by Mr Morley, and published by Messrs Macmillan. Mr Besant, who, by the bye is joint author with Mr Rice of the famous "Ready Money Mortiboy" novels, and brother-in-law to Mrs Besant of Malthusian notoriety, contributed an admirable paper on the Curate of Meudon to *Macmillan's Magazine* seven or eight years ago; while Mr Morley may be said to have won his spurs in literature by his study of Burke, published so long ago as 1865.

The *Nineteenth Century* is out of sight the most brilliant of all the August magazines. It contains a political article by Mr Gladstone, two military studies—one by Lieut.-Gen. Ayle, and the other by Major-Gen. Rawlinson, a criticism of the *Comedie Française* by Matthew Arnold, a paper by Frederick Wedmore on Mr Whistler, and contributions from Lord Balfour, W. E. H. Lecky the historian, and Mr Thornton the political economist.

Among the other papers in the August serials worthy of notice are Sidney Colvin's "Art and Criticism" in the *Fortnightly Review*; a narrative in *Fraser* of Napoleon the Third's Boulogne expedition of 1840, by its commander, Count Orsi; and Mr Lang's "Egypt and the Pre-Homeric Greeks," also in *Fraser*; "Antoine Wiertz," by Mrs Meason, in *Macmillan*; the "stock-jobbing" article in *Blackwood*; and the instalment, in *Temple Bar*, of "Vivian the Beauty," Mrs Annie Edwardes' new novel.

Mr Harrison Ainsworth, whose record dates from 1805, and whose first—and best—story, "Rookwood," was written in 1833, has just published a new novel. This is entitled "Beau Nash, or Bath in the Eighteenth Century." How many septuagenarian romancers can we number in our literature?

All Thackerayians recollect the chapter in "Pendennis" entitled "When the Printer's Devil comes to the door," in which the Master describes how Mr George Warrington returned from the premises of that "eminent publisher, Mr Bacon (formerly Bacon & Bungay), of Paternoster Row," to Lamb Court, Temple, with a proof impression of one of the plates for Mr Bacon's forthcoming "Spring Annual" in his pocket, and how Mr Arthur Pendennis, sitting down, wrote a little poem thereon, and earned his first couple of guineas by so doing. This story

has been recalled to my mind by the appearance of a woodcut taken from Mr Christie's Royal Academy picture in the *Sunday Magazine* for July. The first idea, "they say," entertained with regard to "The Blacksmith's Daughter," the picture in question, by Dr Waugh of the *Sunday*, was to "illustrate" it, so to speak, by a copy of verses. He accordingly sent his "poet" to Burlington House to look at the painting, but that young gentleman returned to Mr Isbister's shop, in Ludgate Hill, without even a spark of the necessary inspiration. By this time, however, Mr Christie had completed a drawing of his picture in black and white, and something, it was felt, must accordingly be done. In the lack, therefore of a "poem," Dr Waugh engaged a Mr "W. C. Proctor," whose style, by-the-bye, recalls in a marked manner that of my old favourite "Matthew Browne"—otherwise known as W. B. Rands, and Mr Proctor at once preached a little sermon on "Earthly Resurrection" in the pages of Dr Waugh's *Magazine*, in which he contrived to quote a verse from Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith." The Longfellow lines supplied, as they say in theatrical circles, the "cue" for the introduction of Mr Christie's picture, and so everybody was satisfied—the artist, the *litterateur*, the editor, and last, if not least, the readers of the periodical.

In referring last week to Professor Blackburn's retirement, I spoke of him as the oldest Professor in the University. This was not quite correct. Sir William Thomson was appointed to the chair of Natural Philosophy in 1846, and he is thus Mr Blackburn's professorial senior by three years.

Mr Hugh Rooney, who has been for some years leader of the Edinburgh Amateur Orchestral Society, and the Hon. Secretary of the Edinburgh Pen and Pencil Club since its formation, was, in view of his approaching departure for Bristol, entertained at dinner in the Windsor Hotel, Edinburgh, last Monday, by a number of his friends, including several of the musical and artistic celebrities of the East country. A handsome testimonial from the members of the Orchestral Society, and sketches presented by some of the artists, showed the regard in which Mr Rooney is held. He made a capital club secretary, and will be much missed in Edinburgh.

Economical folks will hail with delight the invention of a new substance, called "Glacialine," by the use of which provisions of all kinds, liquid as well as solid, may be preserved fresh, and free from taint, in the hottest weather. Just fancy, BAILIE—or, perhaps, Mattie will take more interest in the matter—being able to stock your larder when prices are low, and to defy alike meteorological vagaries and trade combinations! That this is no visionary or deceptive idea has been amply proved by scientific and practical men. The introducers of "Glacialine" are public benefactors, and deserve a statue; but I have no doubt they will be satisfied if a fair trial is given to their invention.

The Westinghouse Brake can *break* as well as *brake*. At least such was the unplea ant experience the other morning of the passengers by one of the Coast trains from Greenock. The brakes seemed to be working roughly all the journey, and at Pollokshields some part of the mechanism—machinery is as much a mystery to me as milliners' French—gave way entirely, With a jerk that propelled all the passengers from their seats, as suddenly as if each had discovered a wasp's nest beneath him, the train came to a dead stand still, and an avalanche of hand bags and portmanteaus descended from the racks above upon the heads of the physically, as well as mentally, agitated travellers. Some alarm, and one or two cut lips seemed to be the only result of this little *contre temps*, which was one of those incidents that railway officials prefer to keep unrecorded.

The U.P. Church Synod is more of Martha's mind than Mary's. It is decidedly "cumbered with much serving"—of libels.

The "Lug o' the Law"—Dragged to jail.

Ancell's Beefsteak Grill, 88 Virginia Place (Rear of Union Bank). Steaks, Chops, Kidneys, &c., cooked in large room.

"The Light Fantastic."

THE *Ardrossan Herald* gusheth thusly about a dancing-school ball:—"Amongst the specialties we may mention two little misses—one eight years old, who danced the Highland fling with a common skipping rope to the great delight of all present. The other little girl, only six years old, displayed an amount of susceptibility rarely to be found. She was able to schottische, waltz, and varsoviante with great ease and grace. Mr —'s band of four players discoursed suitable music, and there was thus every adjunct which would make such a meeting enjoyable." The Ass considers that the occasion in question must have been altogether quite too ecstatic by half; so much so, indeed, as to have made the reporter's "amount of susceptibility" run fairly away with him.

Champion "Peds."

"THE man," observes a Yankee sage, *à la* Joseph Surface, "who walks to and from his business the greatest number of times in six months is more worth a champion belt than the pedestrian who tramps most miles in a six days' walking match." If that be so, there ought to be no end of champion belts going among the *habitués* of Buchanan Street. The BAILIE knows any number of fellows who, no matter how often in the course of the day you encounter them in that fascinating thoroughfare, invariably protest that they are on their way either to or from "business."

PAISLEY FOR EVER!

(Scene—In neighbourhood of Paisley Abbey.)

*Distinguished Stranger* (to Paisley native who is showing him the lions)—Very fine indeed; this must be an ancient town of yours!

*Paisley Native* (with proud complacence)—Ouzay! it *always* was an ancient toon, oors!

GETTING HIS DEGREE.—The sudden and extreme change from cold to heat must have been very severe on Mr Mercury. With a kindly consideration which does them infinite credit, the City Improvement Commissioners have, to gradually acclimatise him, as it were, given him his local habitation upon *the shady side* of their Gorbals Cross Monument.

"It was a Famous Victory!"—That of British troops over Zulu savages.

Bicycle Riding taught in 3 hours, without danger, at Jennings, 101 Mitchell Street (35 Second-hand Bicycles on Sale—Cheap).

## "Milk! Pah!"

SOME benevolent persons, observing with pain the "nipping" propensities of our civic youth, propose to extend the "British Workman" movement by establishing "swell" restaurants on teetotal principles. Ahem! The BAILIE understands that the "British Workmen" have not been an unqualified success, but he is very sure that the "British Swells"—as he supposes the suggested establishments would be called—would be most unqualified failures. The imagination refuses to picture Tom Spavin discussing the odds over a glass of milk, Bob Tightly imbibing his "polly" unqualified by "B." or Charlie Prettyman finding in coffee the inspiration necessary for those flashes of gallant wit with which he is wont to dazzle admiring barmaids. Apropos of these young ladies, what about barmaids, Messrs Benevolent-Persons? Could you reconcile it with your consciences to subject our youth to the influence of bright eyes and bewitching smiles, oftentimes more intoxicating by far than any product of the winepress or the still? No! It would clearly be necessary to have your mild beverages served out by men, or else by grim females "of a certain age." Milk and old maids! Soda-water and Highland bar-men! No, no! The days of "Effneff's" and the Café des Bonnes Sœurs are not yet numbered.

## Guid for Colin!

SOME time ago the member for Dundee drew down upon himself inextinguishable laughter by talking, in Parliament, of the Opposition as "those who acted with him"—which was certainly absurd enough. But what are we to think of the local paper which speaks of "Lord Colin Campbell and those who acted with him?" Whatever his faults, Mr Jenkins has at least cut *some* figure—though not a very admirable one—in politics; but "Wee Colin!" Conscience!

The BAILIE recently drew attention to a proof of noble enterprise in the shape of a hydropathic establishment "run" by a duchess. He now gladly welcomes a ducal worker in a rather humble branch of literature. The Duke of Athole, it seems, has taken to "revising" guide-books. More power to your Grace! and may you soon have a rise in your new profession.

LONDON SCOTTISH RESORT, 3 Water Lane, Ludgate Hill, London, the only House for "Real Johnny" Scotch Whiskies of all Brands, Scotch Ales, &c. Neil Mackay, Proprietor.

## Campbell Coming—Down!

IT is to be feared that weak-kneed youth, Lord Colin Campbell, did not look before he leaped last summer. The BAILIE does not envy him the feelings with which he must look forward to his next meeting with his constituency. For one thing, he has promised to post himself up in Gaelic for the occasion, and he must have grown considerably smarter than he showed himself before the Civil Service examiners a few years ago if he is able to fulfil that promise. Then, even if he should contrive to address his father's serfs in their own jargon, that will not be enough; for there is a growing impression that he got into Parliament on false pretences. He has not, as he was confidently expected to do, become leader of the Opposition, *viz* Hartington superseded; and, worse still, he has taken to voting with the Government! The officious gentleman who lectured him on the "cat" question the other day gave vent to his feelings by ignoring his Lordship's courtesy title—an impertinence which a Tory would laugh at, but which a Liberal scion of the house of Argyll must regard as an outrage. Altogether, it is not impossible that "Wee Colin" may be wishing by this time that he had gone in for the tea-trade or stockbroking, and left statecraft alone.

## "The Ring and the"—Board.

A STORY has been going the rounds regarding a Highland lady who promised her support to a school-board candidate on the ground that "many a time he had put a ring in her pig's nose;" and perhaps the good dame is not deserving, after all, of the fun that has been poked at her. A man who is capable of putting a ring in a pig's nose has at least one qualification for guiding the rising generation in the way it should go; and, if it comes to that, the BAILIE could point out several school-board members, not so far off as the Highlands, who have never done anything so useful as putting a ring in a pig's nose.

"RING" FENCING.—Asinus has been trying it on again with the name of the popular proprietor of the Vinegar Hill circus; but his Swallow-tale-quote has just become a little threadbare. His next endeavour, however, may be New-some.

A "Stable" Mind.—Equine-imity,

A GOOD TURN-OVER.—Asinus sees advertised "The Golden Plough" Company," and would like to have some *shares* in it.

More "Finance."

THERE has turned up at Hawick a "financier" almost as ingenious, on a small scale, as he of Aberdeen to whom the BAILIE last week devoted a paragraph. In this case our friend made the following remarkable statements, among others, under examination in bankruptcy:—He partially accounted for his failure by the fact of his having lost £200 in bank-notes during a short railway-journey—regarding which loss he gave no information to the police, nor did he take any other step with a view to recovering the money. He kept no books. Finally, his travelling expenses amounted to 30s, and his domestic expenses to 10s per week. It is painful to be obliged to record that a hard-hearted Sheriff declined to accept these explanations as satisfactory. Your true "financier" is never properly appreciated.

WARD RE-WARDED.  
For "Privileges" breach  
A lesson stern to teach  
The House sent forth its Order  
O'er Ward to put a warder.

TO PARENTS, GUARDIANS, AND OTHERS.—Parents, guardians, and others who may be desirous of getting rid of infantile and sweet-toothed encumbrances, would do well to see that the confectionery administered to the little cherubs is of a nice, bright green colour. It pleases the infant eye, and its effect on the infant constitution may be estimated from the fact that our friend Dr Russell reports these emerald sweets to be plentifully spiced with arsenic and copper.

ONE WAY OF LOOKING AT IT.—The Gourrock correspondent of a Glasgow paper indulges in various complacent eulogiums on the local sergeant of police for the skill with which he "manages to reason" drunk-and-disorderlies into the "car or steamer," instead of apprehending them. This is all very well from the drunk-and-disorderly point of view, but what have sober and peaceable passengers to say on the subject?

Somebody advertises for "machinists (inside and outside)." The idea suggested here comes about as near a realisation of the Sydney-Smithian plan of "taking off one's flesh and sitting in one's bones" as anything the BAILIE has lately come across.

A Prison "Ward"—Mr Grissell's friend. A tough customer—Mr "Gristle" himself.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the Fair holidays are over. That owing to a want of funds, the agony was less prolonged than usual.

That the usual emigration and immigration to and from the coast takes place this week.

That those household heads who have had to travel night and morning, are glad that July is at an end.

That the paterfamilias whose excursion season is beginning, will likewise be thankful when their journeyings come to an end.

That it is to be hoped that the weather will be a little drier and warmer in August than it has been in July.

That the *Property Circular* is endeavouring to renew the excitement regarding the purchase of property.

That the attempt won't be attended with too much success.

That figures can be made to prove anything. That various "investors" would willingly be relieved of their houses and lands.

That there may be sometimes more bid for a property than what is actually paid for it.

That "white hats" are not confined to mock auctions.

That the dominies are homewards flying. That drinking in the Sunday boats is doomed. That Davie Macrae is at last a "hero and a martyr."

That his Gourrock friends are resolved to stick to him.

That they are quite right.

A FACER!

"My face is my fortune, sir"—thus said  
A cocky youth to me;  
His cheeks, like apples twain, were red.  
Quoth I—"That well may be,  
For, since you've neither sense nor brain  
To help you on the way,  
Should you to fortune e'er attain,  
Your 'cheek' has gained the day."

Various necessitous persons have been writing letters to a daily contemporary on the subject of "Genteel Destitution." The BAILIE has every sympathy with the sufferers in question, but may just hint that they would have more chance of a hearing if they would not insist on being "genteel."

Jones sees a "mixed shooting" advertised, and thinks it would do for him. When he was out last season his shooting was *very* "mixed."

A Work of Mer(r)it—"The Golden Plough."

SOLD EVERYWHERE.  
**HENRY THOMSON & CO'S**  
 OLD  
**IRISH WHISKY.**  
 SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—  
 ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

**SHELDON'S  
 HAIR RESTORER**

**R**ESTORES Grey Hair to its Youthful Colour. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Causes a New Growth of Hair. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Removes Dandruff and all Impurities from the Hair. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Prevents the Hair from falling off or turning Grey.  
 May be had of any Chemist or Perfumer.

Price, 3s 6d.  
 DEPOT, 121 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

*Note.—The Special Realising Sale, at Great Reductions in Prices, will be continued during June, in order to reduce Stocks, as they are still much in excess of what they should be, compatible with the safe and proper working of a Cash Business.*

**FURNITURE.**

DINING-ROOM, DRAWING-ROOM, BED-ROOM, PARLOUR, KITCHEN, OFFICE, LIBRARY, AND LOBBY FURNITURE; ALSO, MIRRORS, CARPETS, LINOLEUMS, RUGS, BEDDING, NAPERY, CRETONNES, CURTAINS, WINDOW POLES, &c.,

AT UNPRECEDENTED PRICES DURING THE MONTH OF JUNE.

**A. GARDNER & SON,**  
 CABINETMAKERS AND UPHOLSTERERS,  
 36 JAMAICA STREET.

**LADIES'  
 REGINA UNDERCLOTHING.**

**I**T is no exaggeration to say that Ladies' hail with delight the re-establishment of our Baby Linen and Ladies' Underclothing Department. It is well known that in manufacturing the "UNIQUE" SHIRT, we have facilities amongst the best class of Sewers for producing High-Class Underclothing not possessed by any other firm in the City. We know, therefore, that much will be expected from us, and we are determined that nothing will stand in the way of making this Department a complete success. The facilities we possess will be used to the very utmost, and we need scarcely say that the old reputation for choice goods will not only be maintained, but if possible surpassed. As the "UNIQUE" SHIRT has steadily superseded all other Shirts in the market, we look forward to the "REGINA UNDERCLOTHING" taking precedence in the estimation of Ladies for elegance of style, neatness, cheapness, and perfection of work.

**RILEY, WEBSTER, & BORLAND,**  
 86 AND 88 ARGYLE STREET.

**A QUIET PLACE.**

**W**HEN out with your fellow-men, whether in pursuit of business, pleasure, or politics, don't fail to call on our friend "Mac," who is located at

83 QUEEN STREET,

near the Royal Exchange. Lovers of the weed can here find the most desirable brands of CIGARS and choicest TOBACCOS. In connection with his Cigar Shop, Mr Macubbin has one of the cosiest Smoking Rooms in the city. Gentlemen can here have a quiet Pipe or Cigar.

CIGARS, TOBACCOS, PIPES, &c.,  
 83 QUEEN STREET.

**SPECIAL BARGAINS FOR THE COAST.**

*SPECIAL BARGAINS FOR TOURISTS.*

**SPECIAL BARGAINS FOR MARRIAGE OUTFITS**

AT THE

**CALEDONIAN HOUSE.**

**M**ESSRS COPLAND & LYE have now to announce the Sale of Special Bargains for Parties going to the Coast, for Tourists, for Marriage Outfits, and for the Public generally, all of which has been bought under the peculiar exigencies of the times at the lowest possible prices (inspection and comparison invited). We have confidence in recommending our Customers to Buy now, as Goods were never before so cheap, and probably never will be as cheap again as at the present time.

**COPLAND & LYE,**

CALEDONIAN HOUSE, 165 AND 167 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

THE CLOSE OF THE SEASON.

MILLINERY

HATS AND BONNETS.

EVERY BONNET MUST BE CLEARED OUT BEFORE STOCKTAKING.

WHITE CHIP BONNETS AND HATS.

Our remaining Paris Pattern Bonnets at One-fourth Cost Prices.

Ladies should call and see our Valuable Stock.

The Variety is Endless! Every Style! Every Shape!

COAST HATS.

Splendid Trimmed White Straw Hats for 3s 6d, 6s, 7s 6d.

Muslin Sun Hats for One Shilling.

All the New Shapes in White, Black, and Brown

WHOLE STRAW AND RUSTIC HATS AND BONNETS.

MOURNING BONNETS.

Large Stock Ready Trimmed.

Immense Variety of

MISSES' TRIMMED HATS.

MISSES' SAILOR HATS.

From 1½d Upwards.

TIN BONNET BOXES,

Good Size, for 8½d Each. Padlock and Key for One Penny.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,  
COLOSSEUM,  
70 JAMAICA STREET.

DAVISON'S

CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE  
GINGER BEER.

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND; WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC."  
As Supplied to the Western, Junior, Navy, and other Clubs.

THOMAS DAVISON,  
DISPENSING CHEMIST,  
126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 30th, 1879.

NOW that the Fair is over, the BAILIE cannot help remarking on the exceptional sobriety that has distinguished the conduct of his townsmen during its progress. If there be any licence for an extra "drappie" during the whole twelvemonths' this exists at the July holidays and during the New Year celebrations. Everybody at these two seasons is more or less "on the loose." Even the most regular of us, without any distinction of class, has his habits interfered with, and feels himself impelled to view things through a more roseate pair of glasses than those which he uses for his everyday vision. It is all very well to say that dull trade has interfered with the "haudin' o' the Fair," but dull trade, at a Fair time at least, never yet

prevented a man who was determined to get drunk from carrying out his wishes. The BAILIE, however, instead of regarding the lack of "cases" at the Police Courts as an indication of the want of money, would rather see in it a proof that his townfolk were beginning to look forward to the evil days to come. The winter that is before us promises to be the hardest that has afflicted Scotland in our time, and it speaks volumes for the common-sense of those who, rather than waste their substance in riotous living, are seeking to prepare themselves against the inevitable suffering that is in store for the country.

"Genteel Destitution."

DEAR DARLING BAILIE,—I looked in a newspaper the other day, to see what sort of weather the meto—metro—meteol—there! you *know* what I mean—people were going to give us for our picnic, and I saw something about "Genteel Destitution." I suppose *we're* "genteel," though my brother Jack gets angry if anybody uses the word. But at Miss Pernickety's—the boarding-school, you know—we were always told to be genteel, and Miss Pernickety knew *everything*—at least she *thought* she did. Goodness knows, *we're* *destitute* enough, if being destitute means not having a new hat for the picnic, and having one's allowance *shamefully* cut down, and not having the trip to Switzerland that was promised one. But what do you think? This "Genteel Destitution" thing turned out to be a letter from a stupid man who grumbles because he has no work to do—as if work wasn't an *awful* *bone*, especially, dear BAILIE, *plain-work*, which mamma insists on one doing when one is about something pleasant. Well, you dear old BAILIE, what I want you to do is to let people know about *real* destitution; and I'm sure, if you put this letter in your funny, *satirical* paper, *lots* of other girls will bear me out.—Yours *lovingly*,

LOTTIE BEAUXYEUX.

P.S.—Fred Sparkles is to be at the picnic, and I shall be a *perfect fright*. It is a *shame* of papa!  
L. B.

What's the difference between a clock tower and a watch tower? Don't know! Ask Mr Ward.

Memo. by an Old Salt—Perhaps now that Mother Carey's chicken has left Zululand, the storm may pass away.

The Republic of Letters—The Post Office.

Jeems Kaye sends his Household to the Seaside.

I'M a bachelor enoo, BAILIE. Let me explain mysel': Betty's doon the water. In my young days it wis a vera weel-tae-dae bodie could manage tae get a fortnicht in a room and kitchen at Largs or Millport. Noo, bless ye! the vera puirest maun hae their month—aye, a hale month, and whiles twa—in a cottage. The women are the principal getters up o' this, as they are the principal benefitters; and ye ken, BAILIE, when a woman wants onything ye may as weel gie it first as last, for ye hae tae gie in sometime. I've learned that, sae I meekly gie in, and mak' up my mind for a month's cheerlessness and solitude, sitting unseen and unsympathised wi' at my empty kitchen fire.

Aye as May comes roon I hae tae begin and read the *Herald* advertisements o' coast and country hooses tae let. The column begins wi' "A":—"Arran.—Three rooms wi' seven beds tae let at Corrie. Apply tae Dugald Mackenzie, Ferryman, Pirmill;" then on tae mair aristocratic places—"Kilcreggan.—Neat villa wi' the use o' a boat and the run o' the grossat bushes—near the Pier;" and sae on.

I tried Arran ance. The landlady o' the hoose retired for the fortnicht tae a shakedown in the coal cellar, and we took possession. Providence has wisely ordained it's a place for stopping at in summer time, when ye can be oot a' day; for I min' the twa rooms were sae wee that when we wanted tae get oot, we had tae shove the table oot afore us, as we couldna get roond it; and when I wis shaving in the morning, I had tae open the skylight and shove my heed up through the window—and I'm no a vera big man; but it was maybe an extra wee hoose.

This year we're at Millport—that is, the family are. I am aye at the auld address except frae Saturday at 2 o'clock till Monday morning at 10; but it's a wearisome business tae middle-aged men like me, wha ken the comforts o' a hoose o' their ain; tho' I suppose I'm just like thoosan's o' ithers at the present meanet. Whiles I think I wid hae made a gran' martyr; I bear up sae nobly in the face o' troubles and anxieties combined—the time I'm troubled trying tae blacken my boots wi' the blacklead, for onything I ken my bairns hae been coupit fae a wee boat and are being fished oot o' the water wi' a hey fork, while Betty is only saved frae a watery grave by her crinoline keeping her afloat till they hae time tae turn their attention tae her—but I bear up, and making the toddy a wee

stronger, I say to mysel', "I maun jist put up wi't."

One day's experience is as guid as twenty, as they are a' much alike. Last Thursday, after a hard day's work, I went tae bed, and fell into a fine sleep. I slept and slept and dreamed—I dreamt Betty and me and the bairns were oot in a wee boat; I wis oaring awa at the neb o' the boat, and Betty wis in the hin' en' o't, while the bairns were hereawa, thereawa, some in the neb, some at the helm. As we were paidlin' about a pelican or a porpoise or something whummed ower the boat, and we were sent intae the water; I jumped up on a rock and grippit Betty by the oxtar and roared oot for assistance—jist then I heard the thud o' a steamer's paddles in the distance and I gied a' up for lost, and wi' an unearthly squeel I wakened tae fin' I wis in bed and Miss M'Fee doon below dauding up wi' the poker, dootless thinking I wis being murdered in my ain hoose. After getting my breath I jumped up and set aboot getting breakfast. I discovered there were nae spunks, so putting my nightcap intae the next door, I got the len o' twa or three, and cam' back tae my fire; getting it a' nicely built up—paper first, sticks crosswise abin, next a nice layer o' roond cinders, then a wheen sma' coal, a' crooned wi' a fine layer o' big bits. I got doon on my knees and struck the match against the wa', but feint a licht; anither strike and—"Paugh it's damp," I said, as I threw it awa', and tried anither, but wi' nae better success. I scraped awa' till I nearly skinned my fingers, but not a licht. I cam' tae my last match. Pu'ing doon my nightcap and pursing my lips, I made my calculations carefully, and picking a nice rough bit o' the wa', I began—gently at first, but aye getting the firmer, and—knocked the hale match tae pieces. "Confoond it," I says, "I'll bate a maik thae's the patent safety matches that'll strike nae place but on the box—blame them!" And sae it wis; I had tae go in next door again and borrow box and a', Mrs Pinkerton apologising for the mistake. Some women, BAILIE, hae unco little gumption. Back I comes and got the fire set aga'ing, and then got the tablecloth laid, and a wee bit smoked ham looked oot, and the frying pan in order, and then retired tae dress while the fire wis ken'lin' up. In ten minutes I cam' ben, shaved, and dressed wi' a fine big stauning up collar that nearly sawed my ears aff; but what wis ma grief tae find the fire—black oot. As the paper wis a' burned, I had tae get on my



knees, tak' it a' oot and begin ower again, shoving in a bit coal, and then gieing my collar a pull up, so ye can easily jalouse by the time the fire wis lighted the collar wisna vera white. Syne wi' blowing up the fire, as I couldna get the bellowses, I got sich a taste o' cinders and sulphur in my mooth as wid have alarmed even Dauvit Macrae himsel'. Next I had nae milk, and jist as I had poored oot my tea, and took up the frying pan, I discovered I hadna a clean plate in the hoose, so it wis a case o' either pooring the tea back intae the teapot till I washed a plate, or letting it get cauld. I did neither, but I turned the plate upside doon, and then dished the ham on the bottom o't.

Breakfast ower, I awa' tae my business, got my dinner in the cooking *depott*, and then buying the five o'clock edition o' the *Evening Citizen*, back tae my lonely, and for the time being desolate, hearth—an' it was desolate. Being summer, there wis nae use lichting a fire, and a fire's aye cheery. I tried tae heat some water for my toddy ower the gas, but it was wearisome work, first stauning on the tae fit, and then on the tither, like a hen on a het girdle; and even when a' wis done, the water wis smoky tasted; and although I put a wee drap mair spirits in, I didna enjoy it at a'.

Then I tried tae mak' the bed, but it wis an awfu' job. I never could get the blankets tae lie square. I either flung them richt tae the back o' the bed, and had tae jump in tae draw them oot, or else I pulled pillows and a' oot on the floor; and then when a' wis dunc, the bed wis fou o' hichts and hows and humplucks, sae that nae mortal bodie could lie easy in't.

But I needna weary ye—ye're readers a' hae a notion o' this same sort o' work in summer.

And then the rinning tae catch the train on the Saturdays, and then the fleeing doon tae the boat, as if she wid gie awa' without us, and the smoke wi' yer heed in at the engine-room door, tae shelter frae the win'. Then the race tae catch the boat on Monday morning after getting a hauf-raw fresh herring for yer breakfast, and then tae fin' the first boat sailing awa' oot jist as ye arrive; and then the polisman wi' a sweet smile on his face tellin' ye the boats aye start five minutes earlier on Monday mornings—the vera morning they should gie ye five minutes mair; and then tae come back and find ye've left the water rinning in the kitchen for three days and the folk below flooded, and talking about an action o' damages; and then—BAILIE, I wish oor month wis up.—Yours,  
JAMES KAYE.

Megilp.

COLONEL MALCOLM of Poltalloch's Boston constituents have not forgotten their late member's honest services and pleasant hearty ways. In testimony of their regard for him, they have determined to present him with his portrait, and Mr Joseph Henderson has been commissioned to paint it.

Mr Henderson has spent some days with Colonel Malcolm at Achnamara, and the portrait is, I understand, fairly started. The work will probably be resumed and finished in October.

Mr James E. Christie was at Loch Ranza last week. He has on hand an important figure picture, and is busily engaged in making landscape studies for the background, &c.

The long continuance of bad weather has interfered with the summer plans of several of our artists, and kept their work back very much.

Mr Peter Buchanan and Mr Wellwood Rattray will remain at Loch Ranza until end of August. In September they will be found at Brig o' Turk.

Mr Denovan Adam will go in the middle of next month to the neighbourhood of Oban. He has varied his stay at Kilmun with a brief raid upon Bute, where he has been painting dogs belonging to Mr A. B. Stewart.

Mr A. K. Brown is still at the delightfully picturesque village of Shere, in Surrey, with Mr John White. He will leave at the end of this month for Lincolnshire.

Mr Davidson and Mr Mackellar will return from London about the first week of August. They have been working hard there at figure subjects, and wish now to get landscape studies.

From the 4th to the 16th August are the sending in days for the Newcastle Fine Art Exhibition.

I beg to remind artists who wish to become Associates of the Scottish Society of Water Colour Painters that, by the rules of the Society, they must be "proposed by a member and seconded by a member, and notice of same must be given in writing to the Secretary before December." So remember December.

Mr William Glover has been busy painting in the district he knows and loves so well. No part of Scotland is richer in varied subjects than the stretch of country in which lie the Holy Loch, Glen Messan, and Loch Eck. The hill forms are beautiful, and there are bits on the streams and among the glens that are simply charming. Mr Glover understands how to select good subjects, and he has this year done excellent work. One of his drawings of Holy Loch—evening effect—will likely appear in the next Water Colour Exhibition.

Mr Tom Donald is still at Luss. Mr Alexander Findlay is at Carradale. Mr R. C. Crawford has been at Langbank.

In *The British Architect* for 4th July, there is a drawing of a design for a proposed monument by Mr Alexander Skirving of Glasgow, the lines of which are very elegant and graceful.

Messrs Nesbitt, Duncan Cameron, and A. M. Macdonald are still at Plockton, Ross-shire; Mr Alexander is in Shetland; and Mr J. C. Noble in London. Messrs Lockhart and Vallance are off from Edinburgh for the season, and Mr M'Taggart will take up his abode at Campbeltown early in August.

From the catalogue of the Campbeltown Fine Art Exhibition it is evident that the promoters have taken considerable trouble to secure pictures by good men. Bough, Chalmers, and M'Leay are represented; and Messrs M'Taggart, Vallance, Pollok Nisbet, Waller Paton, and Denovan Adam have sent works. Among the west country exhibitors are Messrs Aitken, Donald, Greenlees, Boyd, Davidson, Buchanan, Lauder, etc. The exhibition deserves to succeed, and has the best wishes of all who rejoice when they see an interest in art spreading to the uttermost parts of the land.

The exhibitions of the Royal Academy, the Grosvenor Gallery, and Society of Painters in Water Colours, will be closed on 4th August.

On the March—the *Bon March-eh*?—Percy's seven league boots.

Havana Cigars, La Flor De Aroma, First-Class Brand, 4d each. D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram St., and 121 Buchanan St.

## Art at a Discount.

IS Scottish art a failure? and is the Scottish artist played out? It would seem so, to judge from an advertisement which has been systematically appearing for some time back in a local paper. "Five oil paintings" are offered "for £3, cash; local subjects; gold frames." Gold frames, mind you; and yet they cannot obtain a purchaser! Perhaps would-be buyers are frightened by the pictures themselves. Suppose the owner were to cut out the canvases, and try the public with the gold frames—eh?

A Writ of Error—Ritualism.

A Letter from 'Ome—The Cockney's H.

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Proprietor and Director, .....Mr C. BERNARD.

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the New Central Station of the Caledonian Railway Company in Glasgow will be Opened for Passenger Traffic.

On and after that date the Trains which are at present run from and to the Caledonian Company's Bridge Street Station will depart from and arrive at the New Central Station, for and from Bothwell, Hamilton, Strathaven, Lesmahagow, Busby, Paisley, Greenock, Coatbridge, Motherwell, &c.

The Booking Offices for the New Central Station will, in the meantime, be at the Station Entrances at ARGYLL STREET, UNION STREET, and HOPE STREET.

The Main Line Trains between Glasgow and England and the North and Edinburgh will, until further notice, be worked from and to Buchanan Street Station.

The Trains between Glasgow and Wemyss Bay will continue to be worked from and to the Bridge Street Joint Station, as at present.

For particulars as to Hours of Trains, see the Company's Time Tables, &c., for August.

JAMES SMITHELLS, General Manager.

Glasgow, July, 1879.

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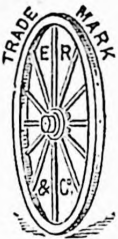
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Catalogues may now be had. The Stock will be on View To-Morrow.

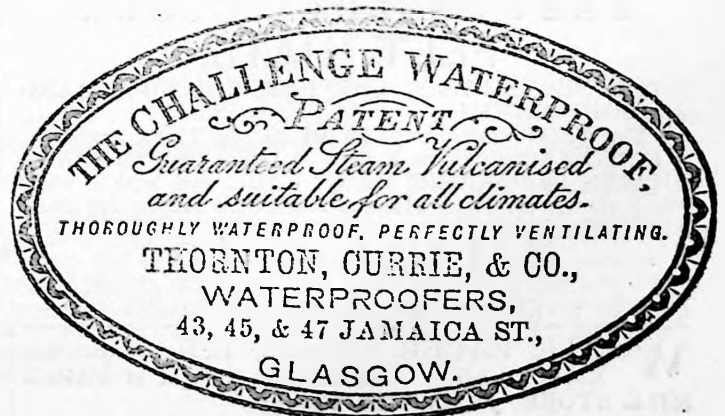
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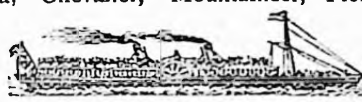
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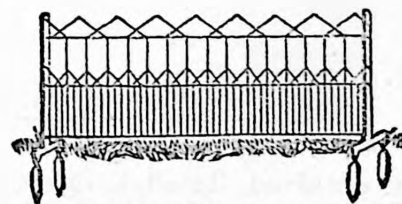
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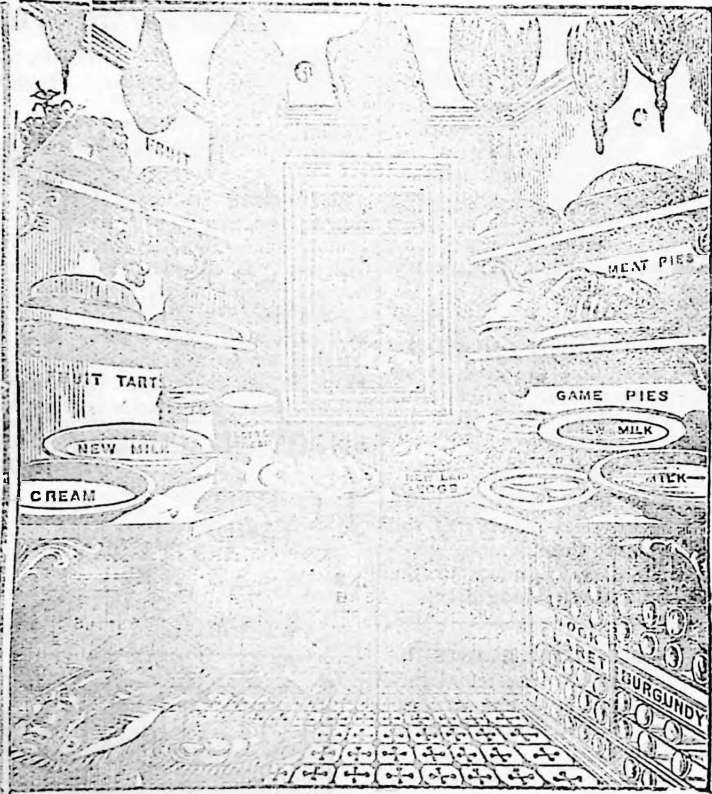
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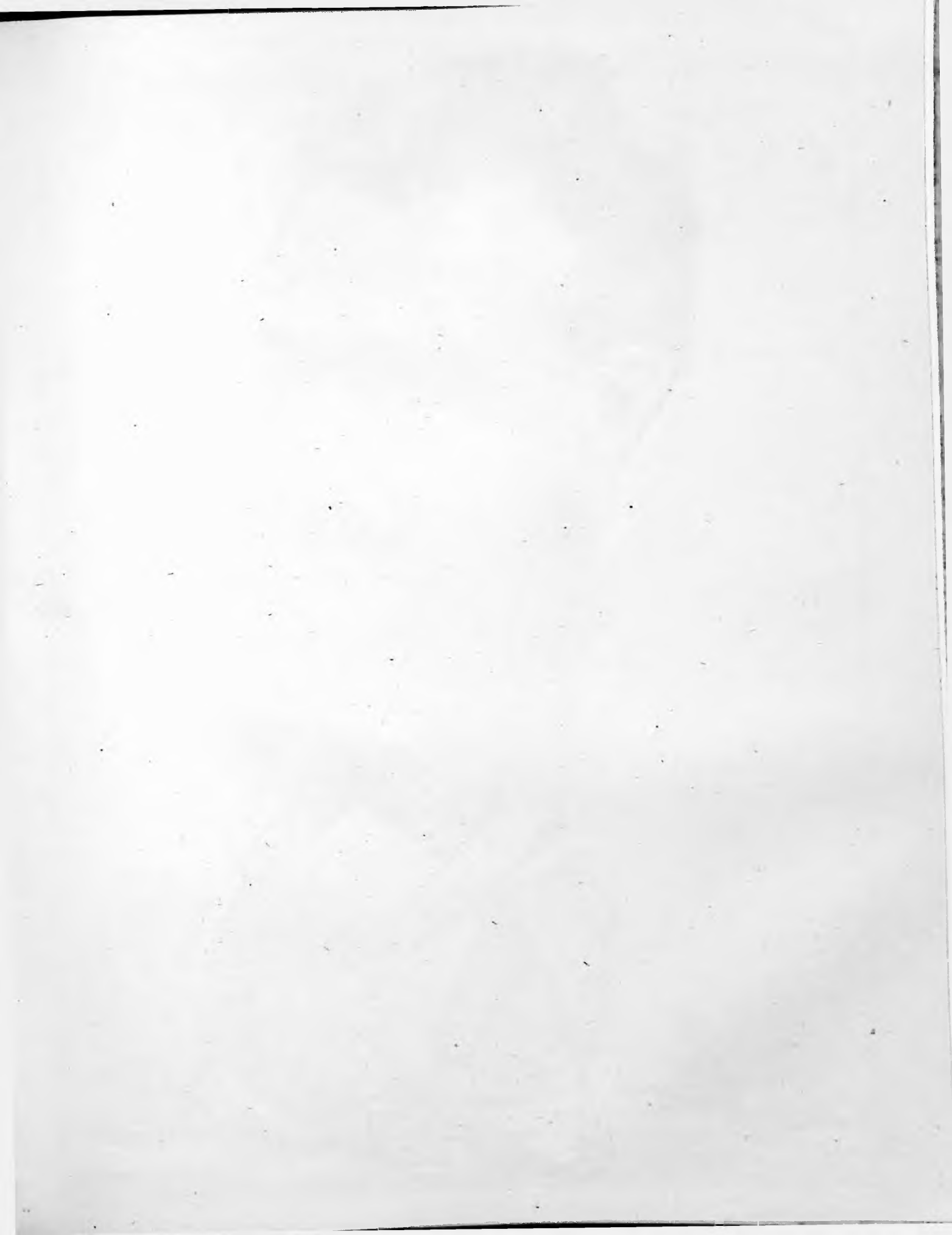
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# The Bailie.

“MY CONSCIENCE!”

No. 355. Glasgow, Wednesday, August 6th, 1879. Price 1d

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 355.

WIRRA, wirra; hurroo, musha; hev at ye Pat Murphy; och, och; bedad—and all the rest of it. When the BAILIE read Misther JOHN FERGUSON'S bould bit ov writin' in the *Herald* of Thursday, why he conceaved that he was nowhere else than in the House of Commons on the College Green of swate Dublin city, and that a Parliament ov pathriots was in full blast. All the ould ruction was goin' on. The mimbers were busy callin' one another names, or they were sellin' their votes to the highest bidder, or they were gethin' gloriously drunk on “Jamieson” or “Kinahan.” The humour of Mr FERGUSON'S communication is too amazing for this generation. It belongs to the pre-Union period. No one but an Irishman could have written it, and as there are Irishmen and Irishmen, its author, as can be seen at a glance, must belong to the more amusing section of his countrymen. The BAILIE has been informed that in private life, and when he can forget what he calls his politics, Mr FERGUSON is a kindly, well-meaning man, and that in business matters he shows he is possessed of a mind which is both shrewd and active. When he dons his war-paint, however, and comes on the stage, shillelagh in hand, to annihilate the Saxon oppressors, he is as good as a farce. Had the BAILIE been a Liberal as he is a Tory, the threat of the Home Rule chieftain would have troubled him not one jot or tittle. He would have enjoyed a hearty laugh, and had he thought seriously at all of the matter, it would have been to console himself with the reflection that his party was well rid of a bad bargain. As it is he cannot help thinking that the long face pulled by the *Herald* over the letter is a singular illustration of the weakness of

Liberalism in Glasgow. It is difficult to read Mr FERGUSON'S prelection without grinning (he is a member of the party of Cobden and Milton—Cobden, and Milton, and Ferguson, hooray!) but it has been taken in all seriousness by the *Herald*. Speaking as the typical Liberal, the old lady has accepted a slap on the face from the Home Ruler, and has meekly borne the blow. She would rather not be slapped again, but rather than Mr FERGUSON and his 8000 bhoys should betake themselves to the Tory camp, she is quite willing to undergo a further modicum of correction. “FERGUSON chastising Granny”—what a subject for an artist! Of course there is another side to the question, and that is the great accession of strength the Constitutional party are likely to get from the “new departure” of the Home Rulers. Had it been the other way, there would have been unbounded jubilation at the head-quarters of Radicalism. Our destructive friends are far from nice in their choice of associates. All is fish that comes into the Liberal net. Speaking, however, as a Tory, the BAILIE refuses to have anything to say to Mr FERGUSON and his crew. He declines to march through Coventry with such a ragged regiment. Constitutional principles are mighty, and must prevail, but they will never be forwarded one step by such assistance as that which Mr FERGUSON is able to give. Why, the whole thing is a joke. It may turn out a sorry joke, it is true, for our three, so-called, happy-go-lucky representatives in Westminster, but no man in his senses, no one who is not blinded by mere faction feeling, can fail to appreciate the fun of the situation. We must cherish Mr FERGUSON in the days to come. Our unconscious humourists are too scanty for us to allow of one of them to come and go unnoticed and unknown. Hither-to the beams of his wit have been confined to

a comparatively limited circle. We have been too prone to regard him as a Home Ruler and nothing more. The "Benburd House" manifesto, has, however, changed all that. "JOHN FERGUSON, per T. M'B.," is now a notoriety among Saxons as well as Celts. His next proclamation will be eagerly looked for. He has already determined on the annihilation of the Liberals; let the succeeding task he undertakes be equally arduous and equally praiseworthy. Then, indeed, will his name live among those of the great and gifted of his native land. Future generations will place him beside Brian Brohime, Meagher of the "cabbage garden," and the heroine of the "low-backed car." Nay, he may even become the hero of one of the little volumes stitched in green paper, and devoted to the patriots of Ireland, issued by Messrs Cameron & Ferguson, the publication of which is such an important department of their by no means unremunerative business.

#### Blushes for Finger-Tips.

OUR local dailies being generally written—put it mildly—*moult tristement*, it gives the BAILIE genuine pleasure when he comes across a bit of real fun. In order that his readers may share in his latest "find," he takes the liberty of reproducing a bit from an article in last Friday's *Herald*, where it is incidentally suggested that "henna, used by the women of the East to give a blush-tint to their finger-tips, might be of service among company promoters and givers and takers of 'double commissions!'" Even that cynical and supercilious critic the Ass admits with a gracious smile that this is "no sae bad."

#### POPULAR LITERATURE.

*Young Glasgow* (aged 14 years) who is paying his first visit to "The Mitchell Library," inquires, "Whit a lot o' books. D'ye think they've volumes o' the BAILIE?"

A MAD WORLD, MY MASTERS!—At a meeting of the Govan Combination Parochial Board the other day, reference was made to "the gradual increase of lunacy that is taking place." The BAILIE is requested to say that no reference was intended to the members of the Board.

Wingate Words—Our Miner Poet's.

"Lily Neil"—No, kneel to Lily.

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK is the best present from Edinburgh. 1 Melbourne place, near the Castle.

#### Asinus Winketh with his Ears for Lack of Argument.

HOW now to make up for the wit-capp'd column

Enough of matter of the kind and quality?

When all's so stale, or silly, slow or solemn,

How point the pen with "jest and youthful jollity

When Painting, Sculpture, shut are for the season—

"MacGilp" belike unto Lochgilphead shunted;\*

His space to fill up—that's another reason

Why *we* "material" out from nought must hunt it.

And Music all is out of time, and dumb are

In consequence the high-ton'd notes of "Quavers —

And thus as music's out of place in summer

Must *we* be in't—to fill the space with—*hazers*.

"Society's" out of town, its homes are shut up,

In Sauchiehall Street there's no strolling Fashion,

No howling swell or ead's now left to cut up,

Or other "idle hands" to lay the lash on.

We can't perpetually be making puns on

The names of Tennant, Widdows, Long, or Swallow;

These have already had such lengthen'd runs on,

Lengthy and tortuous, only clear when shallow.

"The Weather"—well, that's pretty well writ out now;

"The War," "Macrae"—our pen has play'd a part in

Them both; and no thing's left to write about now—

TABLEAU! and *enter Councillors Neill and Martine*.

\*Come back has Mac, as fresh as pent;

Whose space on art spares our invent.

The BAILIE—who was, it is scarcely necessary to say, one of the most honoured guests at last week's opening ceremonial of the new Caledonian station—hereby congratulates Mr Watt, the contractor, on his extremely neat and interesting speech. His description of the architectural and other "finds" made in the course of operations was curious and amusing to a degree, and adds something like a new chapter to the "romance of engineering."

Somebody advertises "A Going Colliery for Sale." Would it not be well to state where the colliery is going to, otherwise if it migrated too far away, like certain birds, all the value might get "swallowed" up. Hee-haw!

THE VICTORIAN AGE.—The iron has entered its soul, and the outcome is that triumphal span (not arch) that "the Caledonian," meet nurse for an artistic child, has thrown across Argyle Street. Macaulay's New Zealander will likely reproduce the Queen Victoria style as we are doing the Queen Anne. The one is about as well worthy as the other. And won't our age look grand through the telescope of the future!

THE OLD FLAME.—When A. B. discovered his wife to be somewhat light in her behaviour he believed that his marriage must have been a Lucifer match.

A Canny—"da"—The Governor-General's

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the bakers have raised the price of the loaf.

That the state of the market doesn't warrant the increase.

That the bakers are taking advantage of the season between the going out of the old potatoes and coming in of the new.

That if our housewives were to take the baking of bread into their own hands, the "batchies" might be circumvented.

That John Ferguson has sent a flutter of excitement through the Liberal camp.

That the "hon. secretary" of the Glasgow Liberal Association "rushes in where angels would fear to intrude."

That Mr McDougall is doing his level best to make the United Liberal Association a dis-united Liberal Association.

That his cackle over the fact that the "hon. secretary" and his society were allowed to return a member at a bye election threatens to be unending.

That at the coming general election neither "Mac" nor his ragged regiment will be heard of.

That the Govan ratepayers have had their assessment increased.

That this Board is far from being the model and economical body it assumes itself to be.

That the religious world is divided into Macraeites and anti-Macraeites.

That the battle wages "fierce and far."

That Dr James Brown printed a pamphlet and is sorry for it.

That he would rather his enemy had printed that pamphlet.

That the flute band nuisance is still rampant.

That some well-administered stripes with a birch rod on the persons of the flutists would put a stop to the playing of party tunes.

That the Glasgow tramways are feeling the frost of the hard times.

That the directors are sorry they withdrew the Sunday cars.

That the Magistrates and Council had a rare outing at the Waterworks' inspection.

That the drive was good, the sail was good, the lodgings was good, and the Tallisker was good, too, whatever.

That some of the members were "unco happy."

That two days was too short a period for the quantity of work undertaken.

That a Water-works trip is quite as enjoyable as a Light-house inspection.

Bread-stuff—Harvest (very far from) Home

FOLLOWING up the intimation of an advance of a halfpenny on the loaf, the BAILIE observes that the Lammis Court of Bakers is advertised to be held in the Trades' Hall, on Friday next, when the "qualified roll" will be made up. This he presumes is a sort of fixing of a standard. Whether the qualifying of our rolls is to be in weight or quality does not yet appear, but the Magistrate hopes that the clerk—who is appropriately a Miller—will shortly let a depressed public have such "light" on the subject as will not be used to qualify "weight."

"MIXED UP."

(Scene: Music shop in Buchanan Street.)

*Dramatis Personae:* Grocer's wife (well-to-do, but not literate); and shop assistant.

*G. W.* (to assistant)—Eh, it wiz about that piana that we got from ye here at the term. Oor Janet says that there's two o' the wires is broke, and she would like ye to send up somebody to sort it as soon as possible.

*Assistant*—Certainly, ma'am; what is the address, please?

*G. W.*—The address is No. 4 Kilwinning Terrace.

*Assistant*—All right ma'am (takes a note of it). By the way, ma'am, is it a "cottage" or a "grand?"

*G. W.*—O, it's no a cottage at a'—it's in a big laund o' hooses.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

"Great"-Britain hasting to its doom,  
Its place with Egypt, Greece, and Rome;—  
Though they in ruin left some trace  
In art of greatness, grandeur, grace,  
While we bequeath but from the past  
That iron-y of art—the "cast."  
(That's if it may so longwhile last).

Kinning Park is to be congratulated. It has an inspector of police who is possessed of "discretion." True, this rests solely on his own assertion; but how many Glasgow inspectors could lay their hands on their hearts, and say the same?

Mill-due—A man can scarcely be expected to grind his wild oats until he gets his wisdom molars.

Heavy Crop of Strawberries this Season. Please leave your Preserving orders at Campbell's Fruit Shop, 18 Gordon Street.

## Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE—Mr T. W. Robertson and his "Caste" company appear this evening at the Gaiety Theatre. Mr Robertson is still a comparatively young man, but he possesses not a little of the talent that seems hereditary in his family—besides being the son of the author of "Caste" and "School" and "Play," he is nephew of Mrs Kendal, and of the late Mr Craven Robertson. Of course he may be said to have still his spurs to win in the profession he has adopted, but he is doing his best to win them by hard, honest work, and every one must wish him well at this the outset of his career.

Mr Robertson's company includes numerous old friends. The *Eccles* of "Caste" is Mr Richard Younge—who was so excellent as the *Butterman* in "Our Boys;" Mr E. D. Ward and Mr Herbert Jenner are the "walking gentlemen;" while the female *roles* of the various pieces represented will be filled, among others, by Miss Maude Brennan, Miss E. Brunton, and Miss Fanny Robertson.

Mr Sidney is determined to supply his friends with a succession of novelties. "Formosa," a piece that has always drawn at the Prince of Wales Theatre, will this evening replace "That Lass o' Lowrie's," and will, I have no doubt, prove as attractive now as of old.

Among the novelties promised us by Mr Sidney are a version of "L'Assommoir"—won't there be a rush to see it?—and the two London Prince of Wales successes, "Peril" and "Diplomacy," both of which will be played by special companies.

Mr Toole—accompanied of course by his *fides Achatas* Mr George Loveday—begins his autumn tour this evening in Dublin. I believe that, when "Johnny" next appears in Glasgow, it will be at Mr Knapp's new house in Sauchiehall Street.

Mr Newsome's comfortable circus in Ingram Street continues to be crowded night after night by delighted audiences, who split their sides with "Little Meers" and his amusing *confesors*, and are thrilled by the "daring feats" in the ring. The entertainment provided is an unequalled treat for the young, and may be warranted to "renew the youth" of the oldest.

One of the rarest species among the folk you and I know, a really self-made man, and one, moreover, who owes not a little of his success in life to the training he got in evening classes, is on view this week at the meeting in the Corporation Galleries of the Institute of Engineers and Shipbuilders. This is Mr Robert Mansel, of Messrs Aitken & Mansel. Mr Mansel was born in 1826 on the banks of the classic Molendinar, and was apprenticed to the trade of wire-making when he was no more than eleven years of age. His early education was acquired at evening classes in the Mechanics' Institution and the Andersonian University.

As he grew older, and his wages increased, he was enabled to matriculate at the University—working at his trade all the time—and in the session of 1846-47 he took a high place in the senior mathematical class. In the following session Sir William Thomson, who had been recently appointed to the chair of Natural Philosophy, selected Mansel as his experimental assistant. He now chose shipbuilding as his profession, and entered the yard of Messrs Napier & Sons, remaining in their employment as their chief draftsman and naval architect till 1863, in which year he joined Mr James Aitken of Cranstonhill, thus constituting the existing firm. Mr Mansel, by the bye, holds with great credit the post of President of the Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders in Scotland.

Signor Giorgio Valcheri (Mr George Walker), Glasgow people will be interested to learn, is engaged by the Trebelli & Behrens opera troupe for their Norway and Sweden tour. At the Royal Opera-House, Stockholm, the company will play "Carmen," "Favorita," and "Trovatore," three lyrical productions which include *roles* very suitable to our friend.

I announced, last week, that Mr and Mrs George S. Knight, two popular American actors, were about to make their *debut* in this country. Their first appearance took place on Monday night, in the Prince of Wales Theatre, Birmingham, and was an out-and-out success. They play in a piece named "Otto," Mr Knight personating a good-natured, rather stupid German, who speaks charming broken English, while his wife takes the part of a mischievous, merry, good-natured American girl, a character she renders to the life.

"Otto," which is to be produced to-night in Edinburgh, is under the direction of Mr Frank Clements, who may be recollected as one of Mr Irving's company on the occasion of his first visit to Glasgow.

Among the members of the company appearing along with Mr and Mrs Knight is Mr A. Lindsay, who, when he appears in "Otto" at the Gaiety, will be warmly welcomed by his friends.

Talking of Mr Lindsay reminds me that his old brother-in-arms, Mr Charles Groves, is now on the staff of the London Royalty. He appears as a rich, elderly merchant, in the comedy, by G. R. Sims, entitled "Crutch and Toothpick."

One of the best known and most useful institutions in the west country is the training-ship "Cumberland." Really, my Magistrate, this old two-decker serves a very excellent purpose. Visiting it the other day I found a collection of city Arabs and other waifs and strays being operated upon to excellent advantage. There were full 400 youngsters all busy feeding, drilling, bathing, sky-larking, and "tunding," and their nautical bearing and pert politeness pleased me greatly. They are well bestowed and cared for on board; but the officers—with the exception of the captain, of course—are wretchedly put up. Their mess-room is a caution to land-lubbers. Don't you think, BAILIE, that with an allowance of 6s per head per week from the Treasury, and 1s 6d similarly from Glasgow ratepayers, the directors of "the ship" might manage to make both ends meet, without passing round the hat for annual largesse?

I had a run to Dublin last week, BAILIE, and when in the pleasant city on the river Liffey I dropped in one evening to Hengler's Cirque—which is fixed among the sylvan shades of the Rotundo Gardens, calling on our mutual friend "Ye people's William." The house was crowded in every part, the great draw being the "Carnival on the Ice"—one of the most brilliant spectacles I ever saw, and one that is bound to "fetch" the Glasgow public when it is brought out in the West Nile Street house in the beginning of November.

Paisley Road district, I understand, will shortly know Provost Wilson, of Govan, no more. The worthy man has become the owner of Bantaskine, near Falkirk, and Trinidad Villa—porter's lodge and all—is in the market.

Turn in to-morrow, or on Wednesday, my Magistrate, to "The Mart" at 7 West Nile Street. On these two days Messrs Hutchison & Dixon will dispose of a collection of articles of *vertu* quite out of the common. The collection, which consists of spoils of the Paris Exhibition, includes works of art in bronze and china, and tempting "curios" in the shape of musical boxes, mechanical singing birds, and so on. I fully intend to be "there," and have no doubt I shall return to the bosom of my family a poorer but a happier man.

The Rev. Dr Gordon, of St Andrew's Episcopal Church, who delights in curiosities, is the proprietor, he informs me, of the hypotheec of the "beggar's benison!"

*Truth* the other day published an apocryphal anecdote regarding Wilkie. I am not much concerned as to the authenticity of the silly story, but I must protest against the dialect put into the great painter's mouth. If Mr Labouchere can prove that Wilkie ever said, "Hey, mon!" why, I'll cat Mr Labouchere—there!

Dr Story of Roseneath has an eminently useful family. In the General Assembly, when the reverend gentleman waxes eloquent, they serve to point a moral and adorn a tale, and they have lately been brought into requisition as "bugaboos" where-with to frighten intruders off the sacred area of the ducal grounds of Roseneath. The other evening, so the story goes, two gentlemen, oblivious of the threatening placards so liberally exhibited at every turn of the grounds, had wandered into the neighbourhood of the kennels. An officious underling warned them off, and, when the strangers ventured to remark that the Argyll family could not be disturbed as they were all from home, retorted with "That's vera true, but ye might meet some o' Dr Story's family." This is simply delicious. If the members of Dr Story's household are really of aspect so terrible that the public cannot look upon them and survive the sight, surely out of respect for the wellbeing of the lieges he ought to confine them strictly to the house.

They are instituting a "Rabelais Club" in London. There ought to be a sufficient number of Pantagruelists in Babylon to make the new organisation a success.

Mr Bernard begins his campaign at the Princess's Theatre, Manchester, this evening, with *La Soldene* and *Leli* in an English adaptation of "*Carmen*."

ABSIT OMEN!—It seems that the congregation of the Queen's Park Established Church, Edinburgh, is "considerably outnumbered by the crows on the roof, which can be seen through an aperture in the building." Is this an omen? and do we behold in these birds prototypes of the black-coated fowls of Dissent "crowing" over a dilapidated and deserted Establishment?

It was with pain the BAILIE observed that the other evening the band of the 3rd L.R.V. performed on the Green a piece called, "Drink, puppy, drink." Our puppies are already quite sufficiently talented drinkers without being musically incited to further efforts of a bibulous nature.

In glancing over the last "Unemployed" subscription-list, the BAILIE came across a curious illustration of the tastes of "the general." A football-match on the Green realized £233—Mr Frederic Archer's lecture on Mendelssohn, £15! *O tempora, O—Moses!*

The Ass has just finished the perusal of a tempting pamphlet called "Drinks, and How to Make Them," which has inspired him with such a violent thirst that he is anxious to make the acquaintance of some trustworthy work on "Drinks, and How to Get Them."

A machine is advertised, warranted to "pump almost anything"—whereanent Asinus vain-gloriously declares that he would defy it to "pump" him. (Be not too sure, O Animile! What dost *thou* know of pumps?)

The Latest Thing in Divinity "Halls"—The Reverend Newman.

The Press's Laws the Press's Patrons Give.

THE newspaper bills always big type an "execution," and the result of a "cup" stops the press for the sake of another edition. 'Twould perhaps be difficult to say whether the latest of a murderer or of betting is most interesting; the Press however is esteemed one of our principal teachers, indeed it so esteems itself, and consequently it gives to society only what it considers best fitted towards the sustaining, if not the making, of its moral tone and characteristics.

AMENITIES OF THE "FAIR" TIME.

(Scene: Gourock; a crowd of excited sympathisers surrounding a half-drowned and wholly drunk excursionist, who has just been dragged from the water.)

*First Sympathiser*—"Haud him up by the heels!"

*Second Do.*—"Tickle his throat!"

*Woman* (elbowing her way through the crowd)—"What are ye makin' sic a wark about? Div ye think I've no eneuch siller to bury ma ain maun?"

"JOHANNES I., HIBERNIE REX."—Our friend John Ferguson has become such a very great man that he cannot write his own letters. And he is not satisfied with one private secretary, like a common Duke or Prime Minister. We have "T. M'B.," and we have also "A. L." Such dignity doth hedge John in his lordly, if incuphoniously-named, retreat of Benburb House.

A BAD SPELL.—On Saturday one of the daily papers devoted an article to the Loch Awe district, in the course of which the writer is terribly down on "the rapacious Campbells," who are, or were, he hints "not very well up in their spelling." Too bad, wasn't it, to seize the opportunity of Wee Colin's being at home to rake up unpleasant reminiscences?

ASSURANCE, INDEED!—Professor Blackie has published a sonnet, in order, he says, "to get him some assurance." What, *more*, Professor?

"Local Option" at the Shows—You pays your money and takes your choicc.

Ancient Rum'-uns—Romulus and Remus. Modern Rum'-uns—Neil and Martin.

Ferguson's "Rock"—The Home-rule Scylla.

Ansell's Beefsteak Grill, 88 Virginia Place (Rear of Union Bank). Steaks, Chops, Kidneys, &c., cooked in large room.

## Our Dominies.

THE school holidays, in most cases, are at length over.

The re-opening of the schools has been devoutly longed for by parents.

Though all work and no play may make Jack a dull boy, still all play and no work makes Jack a mischievous and unmanageable boy.

The head dominies under the Brod had from £25 to £50 to pocket on their return.

It's nice to be so handsomely paid for one's hours of idleness.

Arran was the grand holiday rendezvous of the Dominie Sampsons.

The consumpt of the "Auld Kirk" on the island was consequently "prodigious!"

The poor assistants are as badly off as ever.

The fresh blood on the Brod has done nothing as yet for the real workers of the schools.

Platform promises are easily made, and—easily broken.

\*\*\*  
VERY BAD.

*Highland Clergyman* (to parishioner)—Well, how is your sick brother?

*Parishioner*—Ah poor Tonalt, poor Tonalt, I was sorry to say he was shoost as healthy as effer, poor Tonalt!

\*\*\*  
"Found, a White-faced Puppy."—What a dust about nothing! The Cuddie would undertake to find you them by the dozen in Sauchiehall Street on any dry day. The lucky finder had better turn his treasure-trove loose at once. A sale wouldn't pay expenses, unless the youngster's mamma could be got to bid.

"Feeling" the Wrong—Getting a steamer's "cast" line thrown in one's teeth at Rothesay Pier.

To Screw Up your Courage—Use a corkscrew. To Pluck Up Spirit—Liquor up.

A New Name for Walter Wilson's—The "Call-an'-see-'em"—"Special Attractions. Return of Mr Wilson from the Markets," *vide* daily press.

It is a circumstance worthy of note that the amount of work turned out of the Clyde ship-building yards during July has been in direct inverse ratio to the number of workmen turned out during the month.

A Grave Peer—Lord Bury.

"Men come in their millions, and thousands, and tens Demanding Macniven & Cameron's Pens."

## More to Follow.

THERE'S a toonie on the Clyde  
Where a youth did lang reside,  
With his name at present folks are makin' free-e;  
Gourock Davie, a' folks ken,  
Is a kittle chiel 'mang men,  
Wi' white chokers, e'en tho' sportin a D.D.  
Staun' ye firm, Davie lad,  
Staun' ye firm, Davie lad,  
Staun' ye firm, Davie lad,  
An' mair will follow thee.

There is learned Doctor Broom,  
O' Paisley's ancient toon,  
A pamphlet on the sly wrote he-e,  
That agreed wi' Davie's views,  
Yet in public he'd refuse  
Tae let Davie hae the wecht o' his D.D.  
But staun' ye firm, Davie lad,  
Staun' ye firm, Davie lad,  
Staun' ye firm, Davie lad,  
An' mair will follow thee.

Noo, Fergus lad, tak' heart,  
Up an' tak' bauld Davie's part,  
An' dinna lat the Presbytery see-e  
That the orthodoxy leek  
Lies sae sappy in your cheek,  
Spit it oot an' sing tae Davie in your glee—  
Staun' ye firm, Davie lad,  
Staun' ye firm, Davie lad,  
Staun' ye firm, Davie lad,  
An' I will follow thee.

A New School of Humouristic Illustration—  
That of the pork-butcher and buttermen's window advertisements.

The London correspondent of a local contemporary asserts that when Mr Alexander Macdonald calls Mr W. H. Smith "the Noble First Lord," the latter gentleman is unable to tell whether or not the former is "indulging in some high-class chaff." It is sincerely to be hoped that Mr Smith is not such a fool. He has surely discovered by this time that Sandy is incapable of *anything* "high-class."

Eminent Worth—High prices.

\*\*\*  
HAPPY EGOTISM.

(Scene—Cuchullin Hills, Skye.)

*Stalwart Guide* (to very small pony)—Hup, Jean!

*Stout Englishman* (on pony, pityingly)—Will she not be tired with such a long tramp?

*Guide*—Hoots! no. Her legs is lang an' she's used t'it. Put she wouldna mind takin' a sup o' whusky if yer honor was willin'.

*Englishman*—Whisky! Good gracious, you don't mean to say the brute—(here a light breaks in on the bewildered tourist)—Oh! to be sure—ha, ha!—not bad that! Here y'are, Donald, but "she" must be "canny" with the liquor!

A "We" at Home:

"PARTNER Wanted (of literary ability) to join advertiser in carrying on an Established Weekly Newspaper. Capital, £50." Such was the alluring advertisement which, striking the eye of the BAILEY'S very youngest "young man," set the heart of that ambitious *litterateur* going like the handle of a dairy pump with the excitement of anticipated editorial power. He is a very prolific author, and times without number has he fallen beneath his Worship's mahogany into the fatal basket, or writhed under the torture of the fatal shears; and now!—here was an opportunity for pitching into other fellows, and, *we-we-weeing* the world in the grandest and least responsible way.

It was not to be resisted. He hadn't the money, but he had a fond mother who had, and who would have staked her hymn-book, her spectacles, or her head, on the "literary ability" of her Benjamin.

So Benjie wrote a note begging the favour of an interview with the unknown "we," and hinting, in a casual way, that a literary volcano, ready for eruption through the columns of a weekly newspaper, was pent up in "Yours truly."

The answer was prompt:—"Would Mr Benjamin call at the office of the *Scottish Turfite* at ten to-morrow; if that wasn't convenient, the distinguished sportsman would be happy to call on Mr Benjamin." Ye gods! Drag an editor from his sanctum! It was not to be thought of; so Benjie, arranged to represent Genius, set out next morning to interview the *Turfite*.

After some little trouble, he stood before a little dingy, glass door, behind which, if the inscription upon it spoke true, the *Scottish Turfite* lay *perdu*. The journal stood apparently very high—quite *au cinquième*, among that class of dirty, little counting-houses which just saves the occupant from falling into the clutches of the law as "having no visible means of subsistence."

Benjie turned the handle and nervously entered "the presence." This was what he saw and heard—a very small, very dirty room, pervaded by the "Immense circulation of the *Turfite*," which, in every stage of dirt and dilapidation, was circulating all over the shop, under the counter and over the counter, under the desk and on the desk, on the floor and even on the ceiling, where it had been pasted over a large hole in the plaster. A very small man with a very red face, very dirty hands, and *not* a very white hat on the back of his head, sat on a heap of the

circulation, feeling with both hands the outside of two empty trouser pockets, to make sure that nowhere about the lining of his "well-shrunk" unmentionables was the sum of six shillings and two-pence to be found, wherewith to silence the sharp tongue of the small boy behind the counter who "worn't goin' back 'thout it"—which (alas, for human mendacity!) he was.

On perceiving his carefully groomed visitor, the *Turfite*—for it was he!—deepened in hue to the verge of apoplexy, quickly disposed of his relentless creditor by the collar, swept the circulation from a three-legged stool, and invited the capitalist to soil his breeches thereupon.

Then he launched into business. He explained that the *Turfite* was an *established* paper; and he said it as though it would be easier to dis-establish the Church of Scotland than to shake a single column of the many that lay strewed around. He laid great stress on the prospects of his journal; he said they were *immense*; as was the circulation, if only it could be got to flow more into the hands of the public and less over and under the office counter. This, a young man of energy might manage. The advertising department was also capable of extension; there being only three in the last issue—two of which were gratis. He could not maintain that the *Turfite* had paid anybody else, but it had always paid him. The "literary ability" required was for the selection of suitable par's and leaders from other sporting papers. He did the reporting himself. No—the fifty pounds was not required to carry on the paper. It was to be paid for the share. He wanted it now to meet a bill. "Good morning," said Benjie, "we'll see"—and he did see the *Turfite* in next week's *Gazette*.

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECTION.

*Sandy* (delighted with his countrymen for having won the Elcho shield)—Oh aye, I was quite share they wid get it this time.

*Pat*—An sure an we wid bate you clean if we had volunteers in Ireland an' got practice.

*Sandy*—I'm share ye needna complain o' want o' practice, ye get plenty o' that shittin' landlords.

"PROTECTION."

A pat on the Museum's back  
Now back to the Museum's Paton:  
For home no foreign goods you'd pack,  
And seats of British skill see "sat on."

Mitchell's Old Irish Whisky, Belfast, is famed over the World  
Agent, David Mitchell, 20 Hope Street, Glasgow.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.  
**HENRY THOMSON & CO'S**  
 OLD  
**IRISH WHISKY.**

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—  
 ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

**SHELDON'S**  
**HAIR RESTORER**

**RESTORES** Grey Hair to its Youthful Colour. **SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER** Causes a New Growth of Hair. **SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER** Removes Dandriff and all Impurities from the Hair. **SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER** Prevents the Hair from falling off or turning Grey.

May be had of any Chemist or Perfumer.

Price, 3s 6d.

DEPOT, 121 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

*Note.—The Special Realising Sale, at Great Reductions in Prices, will be continued during June, in order to reduce Stocks, as they are still much in excess of what they should be, compatible with the safe and proper working of a Cash Business.*

**FURNITURE.**

DINING-ROOM, DRAWING-ROOM,  
 BED-ROOM, PARLOUR, KITCHEN,  
 OFFICE, LIBRARY, AND LOBBY  
 FURNITURE; ALSO, MIRRORS,  
 CARPETS, LINOLEUMS, RUGS,  
 BEDDING, NAPERY, CRETONNES,  
 CURTAINS, WINDOW POLES, &c.,

AT UNPRECEDENTED PRICES  
 DURING THE MONTH OF JUNE.

**A. GARDNER & SON,**  
 CABINETMAKERS AND UPHOLSTERERS,  
 36 JAMAICA STREET.

**LADIES'**  
**REGINA UNDERCLOTHING.**

IT is no exaggeration to say that Ladies' hail with delight the re-establishment of our Baby Liner and Ladies' Underclothing Department. It is well known that in manufacturing the "UNIQUE" SHIRT, we have facilities amongst the best class of Sewers for producing High-Class Underclothing not possessed by any other firm in the City. We know, therefore, that much will be expected from us, and we are determined that nothing will stand in the way of making this Department a complete success. The facilities we possess will be used to the very utmost, and we need scarcely say that the old reputation for choice goods will not only be maintained, but if possible surpassed. As the "UNIQUE" SHIRT has steadily superseded all other Shirts in the market, we look forward to the "REGINA UNDERCLOTHING" taking precedence in the estimation of Ladies for elegance of style, neatness, cheapness, and perfection of work.

**RILEY, WEBSTER, & BORLAND,**  
 86 AND 88 ARGYLE STREET.

SINGLE BOXES OF CIGARS  
 AT WHOLESALE PRICES,  
 AT 83 QUEEN STREET.  
**HENRY CLAY CIGARS; FLOR FINA; NON PLUS**  
 ULTRA, 27s 6d per 100; Sample Packet, 7 for 2s.

**ANDREW MACUBBIN.**  
 TOBACCONIST & CIGAR MERCHANT.

Meerschaum and Briar Root Pipes, finest qualities, at very moderate prices. Allens, Wills, Copes' and other Tobaccos.  
 SMOKING ROOM. HOT COFFEE.  
 83 QUEEN STREET.

**SPECIAL BARGAINS FOR THE COAST.**

*SPECIAL BARGAINS FOR TOURISTS.*

**SPECIAL BARGAINS FOR MARRIAGE OUTFITS**

AT THE

**CALEDONIAN HOUSE.**

**M**ESSRS COPLAND & LYE have now to announce the Sale of Special Bargains for Parties going to the Coast, for Tourists, for Marriage Outfits, and for the Public generally, all of which has been brought under the peculiar exigencies of the times at the lowest possible prices (inspection and comparison invited). We have confidence in recommending our Customers to Buy now, as Goods were never before so cheap, and probably never will be as cheap again as at the present time.

**COPLAND & LYE,**

CALEDONIAN HOUSE, 165 AND 167 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.



WALTER WILSON & Co.,  
70 JAMAICA STREET.

GREAT EXTENSION OF PREMISES.

See Separate Advertisement.

DAVISON'S  
CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE  
GINGER BEER.

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE  
YEAR ROUND; WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC.  
As Supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

THOMAS DAVISON,  
DISPENSING CHEMIST,  
126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

# The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6th, 1879.

THERE are few classes of the community upon whom the late unexpected rise in the price of bread will not press very sorely at the present time; and the question which all are asking is—Was the rise justified? A correspondent of the *Citizen* answers this question, as it seems to the BAILIE, very satisfactorily in the negative. He shows clearly that, in spite of the somewhat gloomy harvest-prospects, the present state of the markets does not justify the rise, while the prevalent low wages and long hours of the operative bakers are in the masters' favour. In short, these same masters are now deriving a return of nearly 50 per cent. on their sales. Leaving the wages-earning classes out of the question, how many well-to-do dealers in other commodities, the BAILIE would like to know, are nowadays making a fraction of this profit? Verily, if the old saw, "Pull devil, pull baker," should ever be realised before his Worship's eyes, he would be inclined to bet on the baker!

MIXED!—The Earl of Loudoun must be a bold man—not simply because he is about to plunge into the sea of matrimony, but because of the peculiar circumstances attending his plunge. His Lordship is to marry a Miss Howard, who "is first cousin to the Duke of Norfolk, whose wife is sister to the Earl of Loudoun, and Miss Howard's elder sister is married to Lord Bute, who is cousin to Lord Loudoun." My conscience!

"The Coming K—"—Jeems's next.

## What's in a Name?

THE members of the Clydesdale Horse Society are no doubt very eminent authorities on the subject of horseflesh and all things thereto pertaining, and deserve excellently of their country, but they certainly seem sadly deficient in originality. In christening their animals, they go on repeating old appellations, until horses bearing some favourite name—such as "Lofty," or "Prince of Wales"—may be counted by the score. This subject was gravely considered at the Society's Perth meeting of last week, and one gentleman having hesitatingly suggested the use of Scriptural names, another triumphantly declared that he had already carried out that idea by calling one of his horses "'Etam,' the rock to which Samson went for refuge." To the non-agricultural mind this bold stroke seems, again, more original than appropriate; but it's impossible to please everybody.

## Gratuitous Advice.

AT a Radical convention held last week at Wishaw, Mr Hamilton of Dalzell was good enough to say that "he had no fault with Sir Windham Anstruther further than his being a Tory, and if he (Sir Windham) would just follow the example of one of the members for Aberdeenshire, and cross to the other side of the House, he was sure his seat would be in no danger." Sir Windham is doubtless much obliged to Mr Hamilton for his kind patronage; but the latter gentleman ought to be aware by this time that the former's seat is not in the slightest danger, and that he is not the stuff of which "rats" are made.

OPULENCE FOR ALL!—If there is any impecuniosity in our midst, it seems clear that the impecunious have themselves to thank for it. Every day the most tempting offers are made in the columns of the local press. Last week the BAILIE called attention to the philanthropist who places "£10 to £20 per week" at the disposal of all who choose to take it, and now appears another benevolent personage dying to tell you "how to make money without experience or risk." And yet some folks would have it that the Golden Age has departed!

A "Brown" Study—Dr James's of "The Standards."

BICYCLES.—The West of Scotland Bicycle Co. have opened a Show-Room at 104 Renfield Street, where the rising generation can supply itself with any make of two-wheeler.

## Union for Jack.

WHILE the BAILIE, remembering what too much of their history has been, is disposed to look upon trade-combinations with a somewhat suspicious eye, he is fully alive to the benefits of such movements when properly carried out. It was, therefore, with pleasure he read the report of the seamen's meeting held in Glasgow last week. If the proposed Union be, as it seems, a genuine one—if it is to exist in the interests alike of the sailors, the owners, and the general public—then it deserves the hearty support of all. Properly and honestly carried out, the movement should do much to clear great ports, like that of Glasgow, of the crimps and the loafing, blackguardly sham-sailors, who are their curse, and to increase the security of all who, in any capacity, “go down to the sea in ships.” The BAILIE wishes the Seamen's Union all success.

## De Mortuo—Justum.

“*DE mortuis nil nisi bonum*” is an excellent saying, but some hold that “*De mortuis nil nisi justum*” is a better. The BAILIE is but giving voice to public sentiment when he expresses surprise and disappointment at the provisions of the late Mr Whitelaw's will. Every man has, no doubt, a perfect right to do as he likes with his own, whether during his lifetime or by testament, and if he chooses to “found a family,” with the surroundings of entailed property and all the rest of it, the BAILIE, for one, would not interfere with him; but surely, when he has built up a colossal fortune on the labour of his fellow-men, it is not unreasonable to expect that a fair modicum of that fortune should find its way to the public and charitable institutions of his district. While it will be felt that this is a painful subject to refer to, it must at the same time be admitted that it is well some one should have the courage to refer to it.

## A MISTAKEN O-PINION.

*Dugald*—Hev you read Black's “White Wings,” Tuncan?

*Duncan*—No, Tougal, I hev'n't read that black wings are white wans, ant I wouldn't pelieve it even if I tid read it, mirofer.

UP TO TIME.—The member of the Council that we would expect to find ostent “upon the watch” is Mr Jackson.

Havana Cigars, La Flor De Aroma, First-Class Brand, 4d each. D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram St., and 121 Buchanan St

## “Alone I Did It—Boy!”

“When the names of the winners of the Elcho shield were called, Lieut. M'Kerrell, being the only representative of the Scottish team present, boldly marched forward and bore off the ponderous trophy on his shoulder.”

THANK you, M'Kerrell; you're a Scot to th' heels;  
That feat of yours made these same Southrons wonder;  
'Tis but another instance this, one feels,  
Of how the Scots can carry off the plunder.

We will not flatter you—although 'tis hard  
From this Herculean trick of yours to shift;  
And yet from praising you we're now debarred—  
You're not the sort of man that needs a lift.

You've proved this much—'tis not too much to say—  
In truth the sequence seems quite plain and rational—  
That had the Scottish Twenty had their way,  
You'd quite as easy ta'en the International.

Last year the Irish won this Elcho Shield,  
And with the victory got quite elated;  
This year the Scottish lads have cleared the field—  
'Tis clear the English Eight are overrated.

We've no ambition now to loudly crow,  
But still our little pride can't well be hid;  
We'd like our worthy English friends to know  
That Scotland stands exactly where it did.

This they forget betimes; and so to prove  
That ne'er to England we the palm will yield,  
Some bold M'Kerrell quietly makes a move,  
And claims our independence—and our Shield.

## The Knout for a Naughty Newspaper.

NOT one of the BAILIE'S numerous duties is more trying than that of guiding his daily contemporaries in the way they should go. He has not only to put their grammar right, and correct their (un)familiar quotations, but he also frequently finds it necessary to remonstrate with them on their general tone. This latter function he has now to exercise in the case of the oracle of Union Street. The *Mail* has of late been “going on dreadful.” Within the last week or two it has endeavoured to curry favour with one section of society by kicking David Macrae while he is temporarily “down;” has angled for a cheap popularity with another section by casting unmerited slurs upon the officials of a useful public department; and has largely developed its traditional policy of pandering to the tastes of the vulgar. This is a serious indictment, but the bill is a true one, and his Worship trusts that this touch of the Magisterial lash will have the desired effect.

A “Flourish”-ing District—Pollokshields.

A Ure of Purest Water—The Washington Street Bailie.

LONDON SCOTTISH RESORT, 3 Water Lane, Ludgate Hill, London, the only House for “Real Johnny” Scotch Whiskies of all Brands, Scotch Ales, &c. Neil Mackay, Proprietor.

Achray at the Shows.

WEEL, BAILIE, perhaps a man's no more whateffer the worse for his trade or whateffer business he is for I am a polisman—always ceevil and obleegin', and can get my referin' carrickter from the Councillor if it is not require to obtain. I have been always steady while walking on the forse, and neffer before or efter anysing was known that I was intoxicate.

I consider before I write about my holiday to reform you that I have a fery bad neeber on the beat; not that I would spoke about any man's face before his back, but I sink a man that is profane as to drink on the sly and tell a lie that black was white, forbye, and go in the Sunday boat, is fit for anysing short of the deepest dye. In fact he is almost as bad as an eenfidel, or next door to him whateffer.

Weel, I was sinking that Mr Kaye makes a gran' spoke about many a sing as well; and sinks I, her nainsel who has got a gran' skolin dedication fery superior, forbye, will do worse and write her holiday to the BAILIE.

As was always my custom before in the future, since I left my native lant of Mull to be a Glesca' polisman, I went to the shows at Cam-lachie Vinegar, and being on a nicht beet I was undressed wisout my braw clothes, but of course I had decent sings on. It would be shocking, forbye, if I was not. When I got to the great stir I had a foundation of hot peas, and being whateffer a believer in ghosts—for manys a soosan and soosan I hef seen over and over again—I went to the show at once where the ghost delusion is, immediately wisout putting off more, procrustation being the sief of time. A great calamity was to happen to me whateffer. The show was fery dark, with two ply of clouts above to keep in the dark from going outside, and some prig put his fingers in my coat jacket and stole my money, an' me a polisman, forbye. Of course when my siller was invisibly dstracted from this ghost delusion in my coat jacket, I could not go on straight wis my holiday, the funds being scampered the teevil knows where. When I was pass by the boxing gloves, bull-dog, Jemmy M'Turk pavillion, I was so irritate because this money, I nearly inteed bashed down, raged, and smash the entire box and dice of this bull-dogged and shavet ugly crew.

To sink a poor man who works inteed all the whole entire night through fery hard on the beat toiling for his wages, was mirover to be the sad victim of a ruffian prig! It is most boiling on the conscience to sink about, and he

is no credit inteed to the Crownpoint Vinegar forse.—Yours fery much inteed,

ACHRAY MAC TAVISH XXX. 71

An Emphatic Contradiction.

THE statement that the managers and elders of the Gourock U.P. Church joined hands in front of the "steekit" door on that memorable Sunday when they barred out the Synod's messenger and gleeefully sang—

"Ye canna get within the yett,  
Ye'd better Boyd a wee!"

is false and calumnious in the extreme. It is quite a mis-statement of facts; they neither danced nor sang!

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE.

The Magistrate thinks the following good, but unlikely:—

*Examiner* (to hopeful student)—Who was the first King of Israel?

H. S.—Saul.

*Ex.*—Quite right, sir, quite right.

H. S. (elated by success)—Also called Paul!

This abundant knowledge was, however, out-rivalled by our ancient relative on the 29th inst.:—"If Mr Macrae chose to appeal to Cæsar, we have no doubt the Synod would have to pay a 'great sum,' like St. Paul, 'for this freedom.'" Oh, Grannie, Grannie, says the Animile, don't quote Scripture from memory. It wasn't *St. Paul*, he adds, who invested; just look at Acts xxii. 27, 28, and you'll get put right.

LOOKING AT THE BRIGHT SIDE.—If every cloud has a silver lining, this season there must be *in nubibus* quite an Argentine Republic, and, if the silver is to be taken from lead, the sky has been sufficiently leaden for the purpose.

T H E G A I E T Y .

Proprietor and Director,.....Mr C. BERNARD.

To-Night, and Following Evenings,

MR T. W. ROBERTSON'S

"CASTE" COMPANY.

MONDAY and WEDNESDAY, August 4 and 6, "CASTE."

TUESDAY and THURSDAY, August 5 & 7, "SCHOOL."

FRIDAY, AUGUST 8, "HOME."

SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, "OURS."

Doors Open at 6.30, Curtain rising at 7.30.

W. S. VALLANCE,

The Most Popular Elocutionist of the Day, Will give his famous Recitals in Lerwick (Shetland), Kirkwall (Orkney) this week.

Mr VALLANCE will re-commence Teaching Privately and in Class early in September. Prospectuses may be had from Messrs D. Bryce & Son, Buchanan Street.

To-Day (Tuesday) and Wednesday, at the Mart, 7 West Nile Street, commencing each Day at 12 o'clock Noon.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT SALE  
OF  
MAGNIFICENT FOREIGN ART  
PRODUCTIONS

FROM THE  
PARIS EXHIBITION,  
COMPRISING  
ARTICLES of VERTU, NOBLE BRONZES,  
DRESDEN and SEVRES CHINA,  
Elegantly-Cased PIANOFORTES by Philippi Freres  
& Erard, of Paris, &c. ;  
Splendid TIMEPIECES by Godebske, of Versailles (who is  
renowned for his productions),  
Handsome DRAWING and DINING ROOM SUITES,  
MUSICAL BOXES with Bell and Drum and Flute  
Accompaniments and Stops, in Inlaid Cases :  
MECHANICAL SINGING BIRDS,  
Magnificent BRONZES in Groups and Figures,  
Real BRONZE CLOCK with Singing Bird,  
LOUIS XIV. DRESDEN CANDELABRA.  
Elegant BLACK and GOLD BOUDOIR,  
PIANOFORTE by Erard, of Paris,  
Superb EBONY and GILT HALL CLOCK,  
Pair of Beautifully-Modelled BRONZES, "IRIS" and  
"MERCURY."

And Works of the highest order of Artistic Merit, together  
with a Costly and Magnificent Assemblage of Miscel-  
laneous Art Property.

HUTCHISON & DIXON will Sell, by  
Auction, as above, commencing at Twelve o'clock  
each day.

As it is impossible to convey even in a Catalogue however  
descriptive anything like a fair idea of this important Collection,  
the Auctioneers respectfully and urgently request all who intend  
purchasing to personally inspect it. It is undoubtedly by far  
the finest and most extensive that has ever been exhibited in the  
city.

On View Morning of Sale, with Catalogues.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE,  
Under the Management of MR SIDNEY.

Immense Attraction  
Grand Revival of the Great Drury Lane Drama,  
FORMOSA,

OR THE RAILROAD TO RUIN.  
By Dion Boucicault.

Powerful Company, New Scenery and Effects.  
Preceded by (at 7-30) the Musical Vaudeville,  
LOVE AMONG THE ROSES.  
FORMOSA, TO-NIGHT.

GREAT FOOTBALL (CHARITY) MATCH.

QUEEN'S PARK V. RANGERS,  
PUBLIC PARK, ROTHESAY,  
SATURDAY, 23RD AUGUST, 1879,  
On behalf of the Poor of Rothesay.

Under the Patronage and Presence of the Convener of the  
County, A. B. Stewart, Esq., Provost M'Kechnie, and  
Magistrates of the Burgh of Rothesay, &c., &c.  
Kick-off, 4-30.

Admission, 6d. Grand Stand, 1s.  
Special Trains and Steamers will be run on this occasion.

ECONOMY AND COMFORT IN THE  
HOUSEHOLD.

SAVE YOUR MILK, CREAM, WINE, AND BEER FROM TURNING  
SOUR!

SAVE YOUR BUTTER FROM RANCIDITY!

COLLECT YOUR EGGS WHILE CHEAP, AND KEEP THEM UNTIL  
PRICES RISE!

KEEP YOUR BEEF AND MUTTON FRESH AND TENDER by using

GLACIALINE,

The Unfailing Preservative.

Colourless! Tasteless! Odourless! Harmless!

Analysed by Eminent Professors and Doctors, and Certified to  
be HARMLESS and thoroughly EFFECTUAL.

In the Paris Exposition of 1878 it was acknowledged to be  
THE BEST PRESERVATIVE.

GLACIALINE

Effectually prevents Milk, Cream, Beer, Cider, Hock, Claret,  
and all Fluids liable to Ferment from Souring. Unfail-  
ingly preserves Meat, Fish, Poultry, Game,  
Butter, Eggs, and all Perishable  
Foods free from Taint  
or Decay.

To be obtained, Retail, in Quart Bottles,  
at 1s 6d, in Glasgow, of

The Old and New Apothecaries' Companies, Fraser & Green,  
General Supply Association, and other Chemists and  
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Strengthens the whole muscular System, rouses into action the Physical Energy of the human frame, restores the long-lost Complexion, gives brilliancy to the Eye, a delightful fragrance to the Breath, and brings back sound and refreshing Sleep.

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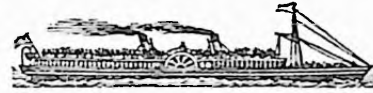
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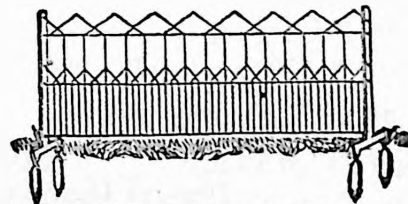


awe, Lochiel, Lochness, Cygnet, Plover, Inverary Castle, Sail during the Season for Islay, Oban, Fort-William, Inverness, Staffa, Iona, Glencoe, Lochawe, Tobermory, Portree, Gairloch, Ullapool, Lochinver, and Stornoway, affording Tourists an opportunity of visiting the Magnificent Scenery of Glencoe, the Coolin Hills, Loch Coruisk, Loch Maree, and the famed Islands of Staffa and Iona.—Time Bills with Maps, free by post, on application to the Proprietor, DAVID MACBRAYNE, 119 Hope Street, Glasgow. (The Columba or Iona Sails Daily at 7 a.m., conveying Passengers as above.)

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Millinery Bonnets. Millinery Hats. Trimmed Mourning Bonnets.  
Infants' Hoods and Hats. Flowers, Feathers, Ribbons, and Laces.

Never before in Scotland was there such a High-Class Stock of HATS AND BONNETS thrown into the market. An opportunity such as this should not be missed, as the like may never occur again. We do not offer a Lot of Rubbish got for an occasion (as seems to be too often the case), but a valuable Midsummer Stock unreservedly.

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Now an Immense Stock of LADIES' and MISSES' Black, White, and Brown STRAW and Country. Special Line of LADIES' Black Rough STRAW HATS for 4½d each; to be sold in a few days. This Week we also Show all the New Shapes (in real) which will be worn at Brighton and other fashionable watering places in England. Muslin SUN HATS, Latest Novelties, full size, for 1s each; Trimmed 9d.

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**MILLINERY HATS.**—Hundreds of Beautifully Trimmed Hats, in White Chip, White Whole Straw, Black and White Rough Hats, Trimmed Tartan Straw Hats, Satin Hats, &c., &c. Really Splendid Trimmed Hats for the Coast for Ladies for 4s 6d. See them.

**CHIP HATS—CHIP BONNETS.—BARGAINS! BARGAINS!**

DRAB and FAWN CHIPS, the new shapes, for 2s 11½d each; these are worth 10s.

IMITATION CHIPS (5000), very fine, frequently sold in Glasgow as real Chip, from 10½d to 1s 9d.

Special Line in Beautiful FANCY BONNETS for 5½d each; these cost from 1s 9d to 3s 6d.

Beautiful DRAB and FAWN FELT HATS for Infants, Fresh from the Maker, for 7d each. Fine WHITE FELTS for INFANTS for 1s each.

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LADIES' DRESS CAPS at less than cost. MOB CAPS, Newest Designs.

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These Departments are entirely separate from the Ladies' Departments, being on different floors of the Establishment.

FELT HATS, SATIN HATS, TWEED HATS, STRAW HATS.  
NOVELTIES IN LINEN HATS, NOVELTIES IN COAST AND COUNTRY HATS.

SPECIAL DESIGNS CONFINED TO THIS ESTABLISHMENT.

Our Stock of Gentlemen's Felt Hats at present is superior to any out of London. To Gentlemen who really want a High-class and Fashionable Hat, they cannot be suited better than with us; and no extra profit is taken on any of our goods, no matter how expensive.

*All our Hats are guaranteed Fast in the Colour.*

BOYS' AND YOUTHS' HATS. Immense Variety.

**ALL GOODS AT WHOLESALE PRICES.**

WALTER WILSON & CO., The Leading Hat House, 70 JAMAICA STREET.







# The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 356. Glasgow, Wednesday, August 13th, 1879. Price 1d

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 356.

THE BAILIE is never censorious. He is optimist in his leanings, ready to sing with Browning, "All's right with the world," to be very kind to its virtues, and—occasionally—a little blind to its faults. There are some faults, however, to which the kindest eye cannot be altogether closed, and one which is particularly characteristic of the present time is the undue haste with which many promising authors crowd their books upon the world. No sooner does your writer achieve some slight success, be it history, poem, or novel, than he feels impelled to keep his name before the public by producing his volume or two a year; nay, in some instances, by the Ducrow-like feat of running two or three novels at the same time in different serials. The result of this feverish haste is the production of a vast quantity of crude, immature, and, in many cases, perfectly worthless literature. And the saddest part of it all is that this is done by men who are capable of accomplishing good honest work, could they but possess their souls with patience. As a praiseworthy exception to this crying evil the BAILIE has much pleasure in introducing to his readers the Man you Know, Mr DAVID WINGATE, who, after a silence of twelve years, again appears as an author. Mr WINGATE was born in 1828 in Cowglen, near Pollokshaws, where his father held some charge as manager of a pit belonging to the late Sir John Stirling Maxwell of Pollok. The father was killed in the pit when the poet was quite a child, and a life of cheerless toil awaited him from his tenth year. Up to 1861 this life of toil was a continual struggle for existence, brightened only by his dreamland visits to the upper world of love and light, and his constant longing for something better than the pit. But the dawning of that

better day was near; he had awakened interest in many minds by his splendid lyric of "Avon Braes," and other exquisite poems, and his "Deein' Fisher" clearly established the fact that a new singer had arrived whose notes were as true and tender as any since the days of Burns. In 1862 a feeling of lively anticipation was aroused in literary circles by the announcement that Messrs Blackwood of Edinburgh had in the press a volume by a poet sprung from the ranks, a worthy successor to the great peasant bards of the past. The Scottish muse who flung her mantle over Burns as he held the stilts of the plough, who met Hogg on the moor by Douglas Burn, and inspired Tannahill while he bent over the loom, had touched one who toiled for bread in the depths of the mine, and whispered that his lot, too, was to sing. This was followed by the appearance of Mr WINGATE'S first volume, and the enthusiasm it awakened more than justified the anticipations of the most sanguine. The expectation was that the poems would be coarse, black, and burly as the miner himself, but they were found to have a grace and finish worthy of the most cultivated writer in the land. There was a manly, independent ring about the book that took the world by surprise. This was the work of no whining rhymester who begged the critics to consider his circumstances and have mercy on him, but of a poet who had spoken the word that was in him, and was willing to accept the verdict of his readers, whatever it might be. With a touch of almost scornful independence he exclaims in his preface: "God save me from that charity which refrains from calling me a blockhead because my face is covered with coal-gum!" It is needless now to say that the book was a success. All the reviews and papers, from the *London Thunderer* down to the *Cockaleekie Advertiser*, sounded the praises of the hitherto unknown poet. But it

brought more to its author than mere fame. It did what very few books of poetry do—paid, and the result was that the Messrs Blackwood were able to hand over a tidy little sum in hard cash. Like a prudent Scot the Man you Know expended his capital in attending the Glasgow Mining School, and qualified himself for the position of colliery manager. After a turn at newspaper work, he accepted a situation as manager in the firm of Merry & Cunningham, which he afterwards left to undertake the charge of the Flemington Coal Company's pit near Cambuslang, a position which he still holds. The saying that a poet usually makes a poor man of business has, in his case at least, proved false, for he has demonstrated the fact that the closest attention to business is by no means incompatible with the pursuit of the highest kind of literature. In 1866 appeared "Annie Weir and Other Poems," a volume which fully sustained his already high reputation. Like all true artists, Mr WINGATE never needs to go far afield for his subjects. He can see a mystery and a glory in the lowliest objects. The sickly spriglet shooting in the damp and darkness of the coal-pit suggests the splendours of the autumn woods. The death-bed of a poaching fisher is as pregnant of meaning to him as the end of a five act tragedy dealing with the fate of kings and queens. His "Collier's Ragged Wean," trudging through the sleet in the dark winter morning, reveals a kinship of soul to her who wrote "The Cry of the Children." And here and there throughout his poems we have glimpses of a quiet humour, not of the ill-natured sort, but kindly, provoking a ripple of laughter before the reader is aware that he smiles. Mr WINGATE'S latest volume is his most ambitious attempt. It is in English and blank verse—always a perilous medium. For there is truth in the Ettrick Shepherd's saying that when he wrote blank verse he never knew whether it was poetry or prose. The BAILIE, however, predicts that there will be no dubiety in the mind of the reader of "Lily Neil." Written in pure and vigorous Saxon, the wonderful music of which will surprise many; a simple tale with here and there touches of pathos that bring the lump to the throat and tears to the eyes; and interspersed with dew-drops of song, it is bound to make its way. The Magistrate leaves his readers to try its effect on themselves, and concludes by informing the Man you Know that while he deprecates undue haste in the production of literary work, he will consider other twelve years quite too long

a period to wait for another volume from the poet of the mine.

The BAILIE has been "honoured"—ma conscience!—by one of the University professors (whose name, of course, he may not give) sending him the following "lines"—the modesty of the sender will not allow him to call them "verses;" and as they happen to be pat to the subject of our cartoon this week, and also fairly express the Magistrate's own enthusiasm on the subject, he willingly gives them a place, albeit their slight smell of "the shop."

TO THE AUTHOR OF "LILY NEIL."

When flowers are rarer than their wont,  
And bank and bield are drenched with wet,  
It is indeed a joy to find  
The year has still a "Lily" yet.

A "Lily," too, of homeliest grace,  
And simple stateliness of form;  
Born, you can see, of sun and shade,  
And not untouched by blighting storm.

No southern flower imperial,  
Tinct with the choicest hues of Time;  
No flower to charm Athena's eyes,  
Or be of note in Tuscan clime.

A "Lily" as by Avon's stream,  
By Clutha's and by bonnie Doon,  
Has been, ere now, a darling joy—  
A village boast—a country's boon.

As such, I thank thee for it—sure  
'Twill have a length of happy years,  
For, looking close between its leaves,  
I own its power to move to tears;

And, moving, lift to higher heights;  
And slowly grows before mine eye  
A picture, such as angels love,  
Of strong and meek-eyed Sanctity.

"WAIT A LITTLE LONGER."—The saut-water-going community will feel "high elate" at the news of adequate accommodation at the harbour for steamboat passenger traffic. That is to say, Mr Deas, engineer to the ClydeTrust, "hopes" that by next year this will be provided. So, at least, he said at a meeting of the Trustees last week; but when he gratuitously added that "no time was being lost over the matter," the BAILIE began to think of heads he knew now grizzled enough that did not show a grey hair on them when this "matter" was first urged and urgent.

"About 8 cwt. waste-paper for sale; two qualities."—*Vide Citizen*. Another newspaper conspiracy! Observe the "two qualities!"

August Travellers—This month's,

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK  
is the best present from Edinburgh. 1 Melbourne place,  
near the Castle.

Another Tip for Darwin.

"VISITORS to the Royal Botanic Gardens," says the *Herald*, "have now an opportunity of seeing the 'night-flowering cactus,' which produces flowers of great beauty and sweetness. They are very evanescent, not lasting for more than six hours. They begin to open about six or seven o'clock in the evening, are fully blown by eleven, keeping perfect for an hour, then gradually fading away, so that before the sun has risen they present quite a shrivelled appearance, never opening again when once closed." "At length," thought the BAILIE, on perusing this eloquent description, "have I discovered a vegetable analogue to the Animile! He, too, is a night-flowering cactus—or cracked-Ass—blooming towards eve, and being 'fully blown' by Forbes-Mackenzie-time. That he keeps 'perfect for an hour' it were rash to assert, but that he 'gradually fades away,' and 'presents quite a shrivelled appearance' before sunrise, is undoubted. Darwin, old man, here is a great fact, 'all a-blowing and a-growing,' at your service!"

AN UNSOCIABLE ANIMAL.

*Old Country Minister* (fond of the good things of this life, to quiet young licentiate, who has been filling his pulpit for the day)—You'll tak' a little spirits and water, Mr Semple?

*Quiet Young Licentiate* (meekly)—Oh no! thank you, I never drink intoxicating liquors.

*O. C. M.*—No! Then come into my study and have a smoke with me.

*Q. Y. L.*—Thanks, no, I never indulge in tobacco.

*O. C. M.* (after a pause and in a tone of disgust)—Do ye eat grass?

*Q. Y. L.* (expressing astonishment)—No!!

*O. C. M.*—Then gang awa' hame, man, for ye are fit company for neither man nor beast.

Somebody advertises the loss, the other Sunday, "between Mount Pleasant and Elysium, Rothesay," of a gold locket. Between Mount Pleasant and Elysium! My conscience! Under such blissful circumstances one would be justified in losing one's head, to say nothing of a trumpet-locket.

A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.—Bauldy confessed to the Ass that he didn't know what was meant by "rising to a point of order;" but he knew about ringing to order a pint.

Heavy Crop of Strawberries this Season. Please leave your Preserving orders at Campbell's Fruit Shop, 18 Gordon Street.

In Pastures Green.

"JAMES MORTON, manager" of the "Public Dairy Supply," in issuing circulars this week amongst the inhabitants of Govan and Renfrew, imitates the Parisian dairymen by requesting his patrons to see that their milk is drawn *direct* from the taps of the gigantic milk pyramids of shining block tin that issue—four in a cart—from the gates of Elderslie House, morning and evening. Mr Morton intimates that these tins are "hermetically sealed" under *his own supervision* before leaving the depot, a guarantee of purity which he evidently believes it would be out of all good taste on the part of the public to call in question. It may be, however, that Mr Morton thinks people "once bitten are twice shy," and considers this additional assurance positively necessary when dealing with the citizens of Glasgow. Of course taking a safe view of the matter, as is his wont, there is no reason why he should suppose that his agents are honest, hence the sealing process, which, like the tramway punch, keeps virtuous men out of temptation, and in his new line of business insures the public against the wicked and weakening influence of the cow with the iron tail. The adage about being "Wise ahint the haun'" has never been applicable to a single action in the career of Mr Morton, and the BAILIE feels certain that no shadow of incompetency will be allowed to eclipse what at present is, without doubt, the brightest constellation in the "Milky way."

To My Lady in a New Dress.

I COULD rhyme on for days and days,  
And praise my lady's peerless beauty;  
So sweet a subject for my lays  
Would make the task a happy duty.

Those eyes! a volume might be filled,  
Nor half their charms be there recorded;  
The sweetest song e'er minstrel trilled,  
By her bright smile were well rewarded.

Venus herself was not more fair;  
How blest the man whose luck's to woo her!  
What wonder I to love her dare,  
When ev'n her skirts cling closely to her!

The Trongate Wax-work and Menagerie is now being advertised daily as "the largest exhibition in the *known* world." This, of course, is to be "without prejudice," as the lawyers say, to anything of the kind there may be "running" in *unknown* worlds.

MULLEN'S, 5 Gordon Street—Havannah, Indian, Manilla, and British Cigars; French, Spanish, Algerian, Russian, and German Cigarettes.

## Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—The performances at the Gaiety for the coming few nights include "Home," "Ours," "Caste," and one or two others of Mr Robertson's plays. In spite of the warm weather the house was quite filled all last week.

I looked into the Gaiety the other evening, to "assist"—is that the word?—at the performance of "Home" and "Stage-struck." My main inducement of course was to witness the *debut* of Mr T. W. Robertson; and this, I must say, impressed me very favourably indeed. Mr Robertson has a capital stage face, he is as "cool as a cucumber," and he possesses plenty of talent, especially the kind of talent that our French neighbours term *nous*. What I liked, too, about Mr Robertson, was the quietness with which he acted. He made no attempt to shine over his comrades. There was nothing loud, or pronounced, or stagey about his appearance.

The *habitus* of the Gaiety have already made the acquaintance of Mr S. H. Austin, late manager of the "Sorcerer" and "Pinafore" companies. Well, Mr Austin, they will be glad to know, has been engaged by Mr Bernard as secretary; and while his duties will take him at times both to Newcastle and Manchester, his head-quarters, for the present at all events, will be in this city. Mr Bernard could not have made a better selection. Although only out of his teens a year or two ago, Mr Austin has had a wide theatrical experience. He was long at the London Criterion with Mr Charles Wyndham, and he has travelled the length and breadth of the country, over and over again, with the "Sorcerer" and "Pinafore." Easy and genial in his manner and disposition, Mr Austin is sure to make hosts of friends in Glasgow.

—o—  
Mr Sidney plays "Formosa"—how well that piece draws to be sure—till Saturday at the Prince of Wales, on which night he withdraws it in favour of "L'Assommoir."

I find that I blundered when I said that when Mr Toole next visits Glasgow it will be under the auspices of Mr Knapp. He comes to the Prince of Wales Theatre, having concluded an engagement some time ago with Mr Sidney. When friend "Johnny" last appeared at Mr Sidney's house, he introduced us to "Wig and Gown," to "John Lockwood," and to "Off the Line." It is needless to say that the theatre was packed every night of his visit.

—o—  
As entirely novel and delicious sensation was experienced last week by the gentlemen engaged in the coal trade. They went to bed on Wednesday night believing, as well they might, that coal was but a poor thing to live by, but they woke up on Thursday morning to find, on the authority of a newspaper paragraph, that the coal market was excited and very lively. Everybody accordingly resolved to hold on to his coals and pocket the rise in price, but the improvement, somehow, never came at all. Instead of it there came a dismal suspicion that the paper had been sold, and this was confirmed by a statement in an opposition paper, supposed to be learned in coals and iron, which was to the effect that the temporary excitement had been the result of an impudent hoax. In the meantime the poor coal people had lost their chance of selling, and they consoled themselves with using strong language about the press and the author of the paragraph, whose name has at length leaked out.

—o—  
I hear that the vacancy in the English department of the High School is virtually, though not yet "officially," settled. The sixpenny advertisement of the Board inviting applications "with sixteen copies of testimonials" was a mere formality. Dr Collier of the Park School was in the eye of the Teachers' Committee all along, so if this gentleman chooses to accept, no others need apply. As author, teacher, and scholar, Dr Collier's has always been a name to conjure with. His selection, I should think, would give general satisfaction. When the High School was outwith the Board the English mastership was worth £1200 per annum, but £600 is the "thus far and no further" under the present regime.

I notice that the annual gathering of the British Medical Temperance Association—that contingent of the profession which deprecates almost if not altogether the use of alcohol as a remedial agent—was held in Cork last week under the presidency of Dr. Norman Kerr of London. Dr. Kerr, you may remember, BAILIE, is an old Glasgow press man. Twenty years ago, concurrently with studying medicine here, he was on the reportorial staff of the long defunct *Daily Bulletin*. He was, I may add, the original *Colonel Mannerling* of the "Press Amateur" dramatic corps, when "Guy Mannerling" was produced at the old Princes Theatre in West Nile Street for the benefit of the widow and family of the late Hugh Macdonald. Uncommonly uncomfortable he looked, as I well remember, when the curtain rose and he found himself confronted with the sea of faces in the pit and boxes; and the consequence was that, to adopt the language of Truthful James, the subsequent performances of the Press Amateurs "interested him no more"—in so far, that is to say, as taking any personal share in them.

—o—  
Mr E. L. Knapp, who had been in London for eight or ten days, came home at the end of last week. The arrangements for the opening of his new theatre in December, with the opera of "Madame Favart," are now complete.

—o—  
Here is the gentle manner in which the *Notes* lets down the *Celtic Magazine* for August:—"The 'padding' is not altogether uninteresting, and the number makes up in variety what it lacks in literary excellence." I would like to know the Highland oracle's opinion of his Lowland critic.

I notice that the *Saturday Review* points out that the illustrations to American books are much finer than those provided for works published at home. The fact has long been known to everybody interested in art, but hitherto we have carefully abstained from saying it in public.

A new novelist has appeared in the person of a Mr M'Laren Cobban, whose first book, "A Cure of Souls," published the other day by Messrs Chatto & Windus, of London, is described as recalling, on its one side, Emily Brontë's "Tenant of Wildfell Hall," and on its other the "Far from the Madding Crowd" of Mr Hardy. Mr Cobban belongs to what may be termed the "impressionist" school. He draws directly from life, and his pictures have the directness and the fascination that belong to all realistic work.

Any one at all interested in out-of-the-way lives and characters should read the sketch in the *Saturday Review*, of Saturday, of Andrew Jervise, the Scottish antiquarian. The *Saturday* compares him to "Old Mortality," but he had as much of *Jonathan Oldbuck* in him as of William Paterson. An air of every-day romance, or is it every-day pathos is given to the figure of Jervise by the circumstances of his birth and early life. The book of which the *Saturday Review* article is a criticism, is a posthumous volume by Jervise—who died last year—of "Epitaphs and Inscriptions from Burial Grounds and Old Buildings in North East Scotland." It is published by Mr Douglas of Edinburgh.

One of the pleasantest and most genial of recent volumes is "A Yachtsman's Holidays," by "The Governor," or, to give him his every-day patronymic, Mr John Inglis, of the firm of Messrs Anthony Inglis & Son. Mr Inglis has abundant humour, and his style is spirited and lively. He possesses, besides, the faculty of seeing, and the ability to describe what he sees in vivid and appropriate language.

What, I suppose, may be accepted as the bursting of the William Black bubble, has been accomplished by the romance of "White Wings," now publishing in the *Cornhill*. Even the *Spectator* has given up Mr Black. It informs him in the issue of Saturday last that he is "dull," that "his mannerisms grow tiresome," and that his "tiny sovereign lady" has "developed into a bore."

—o—  
That "old man (facetiously) eloquent," Walfett, the Queen's Jester, appears this week at Mr Newsome's Circus. If only for the sake of old times, you should go and hear him.

"Leeze me on Drink."

"AS drunk as a lord," is an old aphorism; but this must now be changed into "as drunk as a gentleman." A policeman at a police-court "informed the magistrate that in consequence of numerous complaints made of robberies from gentlemen who were passing through the neighbourhood under the influence of drink, extra constables had been placed on duty." This must surely be the road to ruin—blue ruin, we suppose. It is not stated whether the drunken gentlemen who swarm in this neighbourhood are burdened with the expense of the extra constables, or whether the sober ratepayer pays his share of the piper.

"The Weather."

(Asinine Office Report),

Forecast of Weather for most of the Days of Any Week, Issued by Asinus.

- 0.—7 a.m.—Cloudy; dull; hot; very dry.
- 1.—9 a.m.—Cool; fair.
- 2.—12 noon.—Same as No. 1.
- 3.—1 p.m.—Moderate to fresh; pretty fair.
- 4.—3 p.m.—Breezy; fresh.
- 5.—6 p.m.—Very fresh.
- 6.—8 p.m.—Cloudy; dull; moist.
- 7.—9 p.m.—Stormy.
- 8.—10 p.m.—Same as No. 6.
- 9.—11 p.m.—No report.
- 10.—12 p.m.—Same as No. 9.

They are an amusing people in the little burgh on the Pudzeoch. At the meeting of their Worshipful Toon Council on Tuesday last, one of the members, a certain Mr Anderson, "defied Mr M'Queen, or any other man, to decide what was right and what was not." Hey diddle-diddle! what a twopenny cynic this fellow must be to be sure. Right and wrong have no meaning for him. Like a late famous Member for the Airdrie Burghs he has abjured the Decalogue and all its belongings. The BAILIE honestly hopes, however, that Mr Anderson's practice is better than his principles. If it be not—well the powers that be had better look to him, that's all.

Speaking, at a recent meeting, of the quantity of water contained in human tissue, Dr Lyon Playfair observed that there were then present some 25,000 gallons of *aqua pura*. Thus is the problem of the watery nature of the oratory at most public meetings scientifically solved.

BICYCLES.—The West of Scotland Bicycle Co. have opened a Show-Room at 104 Renfield Street, where the rising generation can supply itself with any make of two-wheeler.

Ancell's Beefsteak Grill, 88 Virginia Place (Rear of Union Bank). Steaks, Chops, Kidneys, &c., cooked in large room.

A Much-Flattered Painter.

IF the saying be held good that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, Mr T. Sidney Cooper, R.A., can with safety say that he has had his own share of the latter. In giving evidence at the trial of a "picture case" at Bury St. Edmunds, a few days ago, he deposed that, in the course of his career, he had had submitted to him no fewer than 153 paintings to examine and declare whether they were his own handiwork, and that out of that number only *eleven* were so. Thus, in no fewer than 142 instances, at least, has homage been done to the reputation of the English Cuypp in this "sincere," if otherwise somewhat objectionable, fashion.

KNOWLEDGE FOR THE MASSES.—The printed index to the names of the plants forming the two finest circular plots in the West-end Park is about as readable and instructive to ordinary mortals as a list of Russian counts or Zulu braves. The honey bee may extract the sweets of these curiosities, but a "spelling bee" would find them a caution. There may be a world of meaning to the botanical mind in *Echeveria glaucum*, *Pachyphytum bracteosum Hookerii*, *Cacalia ficoides*, *Antinnaria tomentosa*, &c., &c., but surely in simpler guise these plants would still smell as sweet, would be equally pleasant to the eye, and much more acceptable to the popular ear.

THE PATH OF PROGRESS.—As a man and a Magistrate, the BAILIE hails with joy every step in the march of civilization, especially when the step takes place in some remote and unsophisticated spot. His Worship, therefore, congratulates that pleasant little village, Kilchattan Bay, on its acquirement of such an important addition to its "amenities"—that, he believes, is the correct expression—as a police-station. A Town Council, a work-house, a "sensation preacher," and a Circuit Court must soon follow. *Macte, nova virtute: sic itur ad astra!*

YEA, ALL WHICH IT INHERIT SHALL DIS-SOLVE.—The Liberals are perpetually talking about a dissolution. With Lord Beaconsfield at the head of affairs, they may rest assured that the time and circumstance chosen for a dissolution will be alike Jew-dish-us.

The President of the Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders in Scotland—In early life his motto was "Wire in;" in later it has been "Launch out."

## Merry Mechanics.

CAPT. LOUSADA made a "great spoke" in presence of the Mechanical Engineers in the Corporation Galleries last Thursday. For modesty, and regard for public interests, it would be impossible to beat it. The Captain considers that the Tramway Company have done everything for the public that could be expected of them, and more, and that all the public have to do is to put money into the Tramway Company's pocket. As to "his own haulage engines, which have been so successfully worked in Glasgow," if people object to their noise, why, people must be "educated up to bearing it." The idea that horses are frightened by these engines is a mere "bogey." Captain Lousada's characteristic remarks were, of course, greeted with approving laughter and applause, while another gentleman, following in the same line, declared that any accidents arising from the use of traction engines "were due to carters leaving their horses, and going into the public-house—a thing which it was impossible to prevent. (Laughter.)" All this is, no doubt, very pleasant and amusing for Mechanical Engineers, but the poor public, who are to be "educated" into familiarity with tramway inconveniences and the terrible traction engine, fail to see exactly where the laugh comes in.

## TUGALT'S LATEST.

(Scene—An office in town; enter commercial traveller who addresses Highland porter).

C. T.—Is your master in?

H. P.—Yes, she'll pe in?

C. T.—Can I see him?

H. P.—Na you'll won't.

C. T.—Is he engaged?

H. P.—What you'll mean, sir, askin' sooch taft langwich for, and him's peen *marrit* ta thirty year nor more, whateffer!

"HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS."—The *Bute-man's* own droll was over at Tarbert fair the the other day, and, as a matter of course, inspected the public-houses of the village. He was therefore in a position to report that, in these, "every available corner was utilised, even from cellar to kitchen." He doesn't seem to have got beyond the kitchen; and so we are left in ignorance as to whether there was anything doing in the rooms, or up-stairs on the roof.

"Men come in their millions, and thousands, and tens Demanding Macniven & Cameron's Pens."

## The Lay of Turnerelli.

"I am that he, that unfortunate he."—*As you like it.*

I BORED him well with letters, until at last we met,  
His arm was in another's, whose name I didn't get;  
His foot had lost its lightness, so I ran with all my might  
And tapped him on the shoulder with, "Beg pardon—think I'm  
right?"

I saw him but a moment, yet methinks I see him now,  
With no wreath upon his forehead, but a wrinkle on his brow.

"That wreath," says I, "is lying in Hunt and Roskell's store,  
And should you like to see it, we're not far from their door";  
He blandly smiled, and took my hand, and shook it well—he  
did;

Says he, "You've got what you desired"—and then he quietly  
slid:

I saw him but a moment, with hardly time to bow,  
But I know that wreath would sit serene upon his manly brow.

Yet once again I'll see him, and mean to speak him fair—  
O would I had, last week, been in that good Lord Mayor's  
chair;—

For Tracy is a gentleman—you must have noticed that;  
When next I meet him on the street I'll simply lift my hat;  
You think it of no moment—but this you must allow,  
I've done my best to plant that wreath upon his honoured brow.

## "Dietetic Reform!"

WE seem to be fairly in for a sort of dietetic millennium. Already we have grown so used to our "sugar for nothing" that the boon is regarded not only with familiarity, but with familiarity's proverbial offspring. Now, however, we have a fresh bounty thrust upon us. The Campbeltown fishermen have taken to giving "herrings for nothing." It is true that a diet of herrings and sugar is scarcely an attractive or satisfying one, but it does not do to be too particular in these hard times. If we content ourselves in the meantime with our eleemosynary sugar and fish, who knows but in time we may get bread, beef, and beer on the same easy terms?

"Share boots wanted for ——'s Hotel." Now, what *is* the meaning of this? Looks as if some economical Boniface desired to get his *chaussure* "on the cheap," eh?

Somebody has for sale a Skye terrier, which is a "perfect gentleman." He would be a valuable acquisition for some household of puppies, where his good communications might correct evil manners.

Railway Sleepers—Travellers by the night "Pullman."

The British Nation—politically, commercially, and agriculturally—Stagnation!

"A Continual Round of Sunshine"—Old sol.

Graham's London Dining Rooms, 56 Jamaica Street. Diner of Three Courses, One Shilling. Breakfasts and Teas.



Multum in Parvo.

THAT brevity is the soul of wit, especially in the fixing of dramatic titles, was clearly accepted as gospel by the late T. W. Robertson. "Caste," "School," "Play," "Ours," "Home," "Dreams," "War," and "Birth" proclaim the popular author's monosyllabic mania. Following up this Robertsonian trait, one of the BAILIE'S Thespian devotees shows, as under, that the idea is capable of indefinite extension in the case of dramas, either ancient or modern. What's in a name? Look here, upon this picture and on this, and see:—

- "The School for Scandal"—"Tea."
- "A New Way to Pay Old Debts"—"Fail."
- "The Man of the World"—"Boo."
- "Much Ado about Nothing"—"Fuss."
- "Measure for Measure"—"Quits."
- "London Assurance"—"Cheek."
- "The Mock Doctor"—"Quack."
- "Romeo and Juliet"—"Spoons."
- "Love's Labour Lost"—"Jilt."
- "High Life Below Stairs"—"Jinks."
- "Meg's Diversion"—"Flirt."
- "Merchant of Venice"—"Jew."
- "The Turnpike Gate"—"Toll."
- "L'Assommoir"—"Drink."
- "The Queen's Shilling"—"Bob."
- "Pink Dominos"—"Smut."
- "Raising the Wind"—"Pledge."
- "The Iron Chest"—"Safe."
- "The Lord of the Manor"—"Squire."
- "A Bold Stroke for a Husband"—"Pop."
- "Nos Intimes"—"Chums."
- "Une Cause Célèbre"—"Hall."
- "Romulus and Remus"—"Twins."
- "The Bold Burglar"—"Peace."
- "Le Pari d'une Grande Dame"—"Gloves."
- "Cryptoconchoidsyphonos-tomato"—"Sauce."

RATIOCINATION.

(Scene—The Caledonian bridge at the Broomielaw.)

*Tourist* (to Celtic policeman)—I say, my man, can you tell me what this bridge is intended for?

*Celtic Policeman*—For ta watter to run through, av coorse.

The BAILIE'S readers will not be surprised to hear that the envelope in which the following was enclosed bore the Gartnavel post-mark:—  
"If a Havannah cigar made a man ill, would two make a manilla?"

Mitchell's Old Irish Whisky, Belfast, is famed over the World.  
Agent, David Mitchell, 20 Hope Street, Glasgow.

Another "Respectable" Criminal.

ONCE more an attempt has been made in this city to get up a maudlin sympathy with a "respectable" criminal. This time the "distressing case" is that of a gentleman who happened to combine the profession of burglary with the office of an elder in the U.P. Church, and it is not even alleged that his crime had the excuse of poverty. Surely, in the interests of religion, it is undesirable to flaunt such humiliating incidents as this before the public, and ask sympathy for the "highly respectable" thief. We have had enough, and to spare, in Glasgow of pious and felonious elders.

An Unparalleled Discovery.

THE BAILIE desires to draw the attention of Captain M'Call to a paper read by a Mr John Smith before the Geological Society last week. Mr Smith announces that in his researches he has been the happy finder of a number of "beautifully polished Celts." Since none but Highlandmen can be induced to wear the uniform of the "Glesca Polis," and as the specimens hitherto imported are, to put it mildly, pretty rough diamonds, would it not be a judicious investment to relieve this Kilwinning *savant* of the few "polished" specimens he has on hand, and by treating him handsomely make it worth his while to go in for another and more extended hunt. Think of it, captain, think of it!

At the opening meeting of the Mechanical Engineers last week, a gentleman from Loughborough was terribly down on our friend Walter Macfarlane, against whom he brought a vague, but awful, charge of wanting to "connect flats" in some way or other. Loughborough may remain tranquil. "Sharps" are more in Mr Macfarlane's line than "flats." Ask his *employés*!

When will this plague of journalistic "fine English" abate? Why should a poor woman who has talked of killing herself be said to have "indicated to her relatives her desire to take her life?" Possibly because the reporters know no better; but when *will* they know better?

When the Ass saw from the newspapers last week that the amount coming in from fines at the "Central" during the year 1878-9 was over £3,604, he gave a whistle and exclaimed—  
"Jee-rusalem! £70 a week—all but! Who wouldn't keep a good-going police office?"

The Athenæum Dining Rooms, 110 Ingram St. Breakfasts, Luncheons, Dinners & Teas. Plain Tea, 6d. W. Fyfe, Propr.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.  
**HENRY THOMSON & CO'S**  
 OLD  
**IRISH WHISKY.**  
 SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—  
 ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

**SHELDON'S  
 HAIR RESTORER**

**R**ESTORES Grey Hair to its Youthful Colour. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Causes a New Growth of Hair. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Removes Dandruff and all Impurities from the Hair. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Prevents the Hair from falling off or turning Grey.  
 May be had of any Chemist or Perfumer.

Price, 3s 6d.  
 DEPOT, 121 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

*Note.—The Special Realising Sale, at Great Reductions in Prices, will be continued during June, in order to reduce Stocks, as they are still much in excess of what they should be, compatible with the safe and proper working of a Cash Business.*

**FURNITURE.**

DINING-ROOM, DRAWING-ROOM, BED-ROOM, PARLOUR, KITCHEN, OFFICE, LIBRARY, AND LOBBY FURNITURE; ALSO, MIRRORS, CARPETS, LINOLEUMS, RUGS, BEDDING, NAPERY, CRETONNES, CURTAINS, WINDOW POLES, &c.,

AT UNPRECEDENTED PRICES DURING THE MONTH OF JUNE.

**A. GARDNER & SON,**  
 CABINETMAKERS AND UPHOLSTERERS,  
 36 JAMAICA STREET.

**LADIES'  
 REGINA UNDERCLOTHING.**

**I**T is no exaggeration to say that Ladies' hail with delight the re-establishment of our Baby Liner and Ladies' Underclothing Department. It is well known that in manufacturing the "UNIQUE" SHIRT, we have facilities amongst the best class of Sewers for producing High-Class Underclothing not possessed by any other firm in the City. We know, therefore, that much will be expected from us, and we are determined that nothing will stand in the way of making this Department a complete success. The facilities we possess will be used to the very utmost, and we need scarcely say that the old reputation for choice goods will not only be maintained, but if possible surpassed. As the "UNIQUE" SHIRT has steadily superseded all other Shirts in the market, we look forward to the "REGINA UNDERCLOTHING" taking precedence in the estimation of Ladies for elegance of style, neatness, cheapness, and perfection of work.

**RILEY, WEBSTER, & BORLAND,**  
 86 AND 88 ARGYLE STREET.

SINGLE BOXES OF CIGARS  
 AT WHOLESALE PRICES,  
 AT 83 QUEEN STREET.  
**HENRY CLAY CIGARS; FLOR FINA; NON PLUS  
 ULTRA, 27s 6d per 100; Sample Packet, 7 for 2s.**

**ANDREW MACUBBIN,**  
 TOBACCONIST & CIGAR MERCHANT.

Meerschaum and Briar Root Pipes, finest qualities, at very moderate prices. Allens, Wills, Copes' and other Tobaccos.  
**SMOKING ROOM. HOT COFFEE.**  
 83 QUEEN STREET.

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AT THE

**CALEDONIAN HOUSE.**

**M**ESSRS. COPLAND & LYE again invite Strangers and Tourists to visit the CALEDONIAN HOUSE, not only as being the Finest Drapery Warehouse in the Kingdom, but being particularly noted for Special Bargains at all Seasons, and at this time, in consequence of the universal depression, many Rare and Extraordinary Bargains have been secured which cannot fail to make a visit to this Popular Warehouse both interesting and profitable. Specimens of the many Bargains will be laid out for Sale To-Day and during the Week.

**COPLAND & LYE,**

CALEDONIAN HOUSE, 165 AND 167 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

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GREAT EXTENSION OF PREMISES.

See Separate Advertisement.

COOPER & CO.'S FRUIT SYRUPS,  
SEASON 1879.

LEMON and GINGER Especially Recommended.

1s 9d Bottle for 8½d,

3s 6d " " 1s 3d,

A Tablespoonful of the above in a Tumblerful of Cold Water,  
makes a most refreshing and inexpensive Summer Drink.

To be had only from the Makers,  
COOPER & CO., 10 and 12 Howard Street, and Branches.

DAVISON'S  
CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE  
GINGER BEER.

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE  
YEAR ROUND; WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC.  
As Supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

THOMAS DAVISON,  
DISPENSING CHEMIST,  
126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

# The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13th, 1879.

THE Conservative candidate for the representation of the city at next general election has now been declared, and the BAILIE hopes that Tories of every shade will give Dr JAMES A. CAMPBELL an undivided vote when the contest comes round. Dr CAMPBELL is in every respect worthy of the suffrages of his fellow citizens. A clear-headed man of business, an able speaker, and intimately conversant with all the needs and all the wishes of Glasgow as a distinct entity, we could have no better representative. And the BAILIE says this irrespective altogether of party feelings or party claims. Dr CAMPBELL, the Magistrate would further like to point out, is no nominee of a parcel of Radical tectotallers, people who are willing, in the interests of their favourite shibboleth, to support any or everybody who will vote for the Permissive Bill, and just as little is he the representative of a knot of Orange fanatics, only one degree removed from the condition, so far as sense and education are concerned, of their Rib-bon rivals. Some time must yet elapse before the dissolution of Parliament, but the interval

would be worthily employed by the chiefs of the Conservative party in the city were they to spend it in clearing the ground for the Doctor. Any opposition to him from a so-called constitutional side would be nothing less than rank treason, and the mutterings of personal ambition, which of late have been heard in a somewhat notorious quarter, ought to be extinguished at once and that effectually.

## Jeems the Athletic.

JEEMS MARTIN has become quite a muscular Christian—though perhaps some of his ruthless foes might deny the Christianity. It was but the other day that he patronised a walking match; and last week he took the chair at a "swimming gala"—"whatever the nature of that refreshment may be"—and—only think of it!—"openly avowed his sympathy with all manly and athletic sports." He further "stated that his own son had been once saved from drowning, and counselled all present to learn the useful art." This last remark is somewhat ambiguous, leading to the impression that drowning is a "useful art," but Jeems doubtless referred to swimming; and there can be no danger of "manly and athletic sports" not flourishing evermore, since he has now deigned to "openly avow"—openly, mind you!—his sympathy with them.

## "Recipe."

THE Ass presents his compliments to the genial and ingenious author of "A Yachtsman's Holiday." Verily "The Governor" is a man after the asinine heart, were it on account of nothing but his judicious directions for the use of that "valuable therapeutic agent," whisky. "It is difficult," says the Governor, "to lay down absolute rules;" but, he goes on to say, the "agent" may be taken with advantage "about noon," "before dinner," "during dinner," "after dinner," "between meals," "at the evening chat," and as a "nightcap." Asinus longs to grasp the gubernatorial hand, and to share the gubernatorial coggie.

## "TRUTH."

(Scene—Blythswood Square; Tuesday last,  
11-30 a.m.)

1st Small Boy—Come awa', Jock, the sodjers 'ill rin ower ye.

Jock (indignantly)—D'ye ca' thae sodjers? Aw', mun, they a' keep whuskey shops. Ma faither kens the maist o' them.

## A Veteran Jester.

IT is pleasing to behold the magnanimity with which, at a moment of need, your true philanthropist leaps, Curtius-like, into the gulf, and proceeds to furnish innocent amusement for his fellow-men. When autumn days are "dark, and cold, and dreary," instead of bright and mellow—when we writhe under the last gasps of a dying session and a moribund Parliament—when even Jeems Martin has shrunk temporarily into his shell, in preparation for his next "turn" in the ring—in short, under circumstances like the present—that is the time when we can appreciate the disinterested conduct of a humorist like Mr Councillor Craik, of Forfar, who gallantly steps forward to tumble, and grimace, and make sport for the Philistines, regardless of "appearances" and his own feelings. Monday last was by no means the first occasion of Mr Craik's appearance as—shall we say?—a public humorist. He is a tried veteran who has done yeoman's service in the cause, and the BAILIE thanks him. It must be very painful for a gentleman of some position, both public and private, to bring himself to hurl at his fellow-dignitaries such epithets as "liar" and "low skunk," to challenge them to mortal combat, and to indulge in other practical pleasantries of a similar kind; but he did not hesitate to follow whither duty beckoned him. On the whole, it seems to the BAILIE that, considering his past services, he has fully earned the right to retire on his laurels. It were ungenerous to ask for more. Farewell, Craik! You have deserved well of your country.

"BUT STILL KEEP SOMETHING TO YOURSEL'."

"It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,"  
Or gems like Koh-i-noor—  
Who lives within his means is rich,  
Who lives beyond is poor.

Owing to the special construction of the bridge spanning the Clyde opposite the foot of South Portland Street, the strongest-minded passengers are kept in a state of suspense from the moment of putting their foot on it until arriving at the other side.

Why, enquires Bauldy, is a toper so fond of his companions?—Because, the creature adds, they are his booze-um friends.

A Flat Race—Greenhorns.

An Annual Outing—The old year's.

LONDON SCOTTISH RESORT, 3 Water Lane, Ludgate Hill, London, the only House for "Real Johnny" Scotch Whiskies of all Brands, Scotch Ales, &c. Neil Mackay, Proprietor.

## Ferguson Out-Fergusoned.

MISTHER BAILIE,—Sor,—Oi obsarved be yer paiper iv last week—an', be the same token, it's the only paiper Oi'd see mesilf radin'—that that spalpeen John Ferguson, bad loock to him, purtinds he can git all the bhoys to vote wid him, an' putt wan Mills, or Milton, in Parlymint. Now, d'ye see, Misther BAILIE, the crathur's just tryin' his blarney wid ye. Eight thousan' bhoys, bedad! Troth, he wouldn't git eight; an' eight, d'ye moind me, doesn't make wan tailor, an' a tailor Oi am mesilf, be the same token. Now, what Oi'm dhroivin' at is this, yer Honour. There are thousan's an' thousan's iv tailor-bhoys in Glasgow, an' if it's yersilf would shpake the worrd, sure ivery man-Jack iv the same bhoys would vote for Barney Moriarty—an' that's me, savin' yer Honour's prisence. An' if yez want to know me politics, Oi'm a pol'tician iv the shchool iv St. Patrick—rist his sowl!—an' Brine Boroihme, an' the Jook o' Well'nton, an' Misther O'Connell, an' Tommy Moore, an' Misther Burke, an' Misther Hare, an' all the rist iv the noble Oirish pathriots, an' haroes, an' marthys. Now, d'ye moind me, Misther BAILIE, sor, putt this in yer paiper, an' say a worrd for Barney, an' it's many's the good dhrop iv the crathur you an' that dhronken baste the Ass—savin' his prisence—will git from

BARNEY MORIARTY,

Tailor to the Quane (d'ye moind!).

Note by the BAILIE.—The above is suspiciously like an attempt at bribery and corruption; but if the choice lies between Mr Ferguson and Barney, the BAILIE has no hesitation in giving Barney his "worrd."

## SEASONABLE WORDS.

Tam—Hey Jock, man, are ye gaun doon the watter this year, or no'?

Jock—Ou ay, as shune's the simmer's ower an' the warm weather sets in.

A NEEDED EXPOSURE.—It is the BAILIE'S frequent duty to rebuke, but it always affords him more pleasure to praise. Last week he was compelled to say some sharp things concerning the *Mail*, and he is all the more rejoiced on that account to be able to congratulate his contemporary on its exposure of certain nefarious doings in connection with sequestration sales. He hereby recommends *his* readers to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the *Mail's* article.

The Best of Ends—Large dividends.

Havanna Cigars, La Flor De Aroma, First-Class Brand, 4d each. D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram St., and 121 Buchanan St.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT there was no meeting of Council last week.

That the excuse was that there was no business.

That several of the members were quite unfit for business after the "exertions" of inspecting the Waterworks.

That Councillors Neil and Martin are going to make their speeches double the usual length at next meeting.

That the Mechanical Engineers have been holding "high jinks" in the city.

That reading papers is wonderfully dry work.

That the next driest work is the discussion of papers.

That inventors seem to be about as jealous of each other as if they were "professionals."

That they occasionally vary this by forming themselves into a "mutual admiration society."

That the trips were the most interesting portions of the proceedings.

That they were largely taken advantage of.

That Glasgow hospitality has become proverbial.

That there has been an attempt to "rig" the coal market.

That the attempt has only been partially successful.

That Sir James Bain is determined to "fecht for his ain han'."

That Sir James is a determined body when he takes it into his head.

That he will either "mak' a spoon or spoil a horn."

That the Glasgow bowlers had their outing last week.

That they were wonderfully hospitable to the visitors.

That this kindness met with its due reward.

That every bowler plays best on his "ain green."

That a few fanatics are proposing to abolish the quay pennies at the Coast.

That they may save themselves their pains.

That quay proprietors know too well when they've got a good thing.

That steamboat proprietors have enough to do this season to make both ends meet without buying up the coast quays.

That the Incorporation of Bakers met on Friday last.

That the "qualified roll" was made up.

That the Miller produced some *queer stuff*.

That a City Bank Director was thrown in for *seasoning*.

That it gave it rise to some sair *chaffing* before it was *laid-up*.

That it will require the warm side of the oven.

Megilp.

MR J. D. TAYLOR is at Killin. Mr W. Young painted for a month in the Jedburgh district, and afterwards spent a week or two on the Gareloch. He intends to go to Loch Carron, near Strome Ferry. Mr T. M'Ewan is at Selma.

Mr Hamilton Macallum has been for some time at the Kyles of Bute. I hear he purposes going to Tarbert.

I am sorry to learn that Mr Robert Greenlees is far from well. He is at present in Arran, but his condition is such that he is laid altogether aside from the exercise of his profession.

Any one who wishes to see what can be done in the way of decoration when genius is allowed full scope, and unlimited paint, should visit the dining and refreshment rooms at St Enoch Station. "Dear me, I didn't know there had been so many colours in the world," was the exclamation of an innocent Paisley man when, the other day, he beheld the place for the first time. The decorators should have been asked to exercise their powers on the new Caledonian Bridge across the Clyde.

I hear that Mr M'Whirter's work done at Lake of Menteith is very fine. His hawthorn studies are said to be beautiful. There is at present a bright careful picture by this artist in Messrs Laurie's Fine Art Galleries.

The *Illustrated London News* intimates the return of its "esteemed special artist" (and Glasgow's distinguished son), Mr William Simpson, from Afghanistan. Of Mr Simpson the *Illustrated News* remarks that "his experience of European battlefields, of the operations of great armies, and of the sieges and capture of renowned fortresses, which will occupy the historical students of ages to come, is scarcely less remarkable than his zeal and predilection for Oriental antiquities, more especially those relating to the history of religion in its three principal developments, outside of our Bible—the Hindoo, the Buddhist, and the Mohammedan." The *Illustrated News* adds that "the architecture and sculpture of Eastern temples and shrines, both in Asia, and in the neighbouring parts of Europe and Africa have been explored *con amore* by this diligent travelling archaeologist, as well as the remains of other ancient buildings in Greece, Asia Minor, Palestine, and Syria, Abyssinia, India, and China," and that "it is not unlikely that Mr Simpson may soon be invited to lay the results of his observations before an audience disposed to take interest in subjects of this kind."

Towards the end of last week I met in Sauchiehall Street a well-known artist and author, who, like Mr Simpson, is a native of Glasgow and resident in London, Mr Moyr Smith. Mr Smith was on his return on a holiday-excursion from London to Lerwick.

T H E G A I E T Y .

Proprietor and Director,.....Mr C. BERNARD.

LAST SIX NIGHTS.

TO-NIGHT AND FOLLOWING EVENINGS,

MR T. W. ROBERTSON'S

"C A S T E" C O M P A N Y.

TO-NIGHT (Tuesday), HOME.

Doors Open at 6.30, Curtain rising at 7.30.

Prices from 6d to 5s.

WESTERN BOOK CLUB, Established 1841.

All the Best Books of History, Biography, Theology, Travels, Sport, Poetry, and Fiction are added immediately on Publication, and in large numbers. Catalogues of the recent additions to the Library, and of all the books in circulation may be had post free on application. Boxes of Books sent to all parts of the Country by Rail or Steamer. List of terms, &c., may be had on application. New Catalogues of Surplus Books for SALE, now ready.

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SAVE YOUR MILK, CREAM, WINE, AND BEER FROM TURNING SOUR!

SAVE YOUR BUTTER FROM RANCIDITY!

COLLECT YOUR EGGS WHILE CHEAP, AND KEEP THEM UNTIL PRICES RISE!

KEEP YOUR BEEF AND MUTTON FRESH AND TENDER by using

**GLACIALINE,**

The Unfailing Preservative.

Colourless! Tasteless! Odourless! Harmless!

Analysed by Eminent Professors and Doctors, and Certified to be HARMLESS and thoroughly EFFECTUAL.

In the Paris Exposition of 1878 it was acknowledged to be THE BEST PRESERVATIVE.

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Effectually prevents Milk, Cream, Beer, Cider, Hock, Claret, and all Fluids liable to Ferment from Souring. Unfailingly preserves Meat, Fish, Poultry, Game, Butter, Eggs, and all Perishable Foods free from Taint or Decay.

To be obtained, Retail, in Quart Bottles, at 1s 6d, in Glasgow, of

The Old and New Apothecaries' Companies, Fraser & Green, General Supply Association, and other Chemists and Family Grocers,

Or, Wholesale of the Sole Manufacturers and Patentees:

THE ANTITROPIC CO.,

Analytical and Manufacturing Chemists, Glasgow.

*\*\* Send for Prospectuses, Scientific and Medical Reports, and Opinions of the London and Provincial Press, Company's Office, 126 Renfield Street, Two Doors above Central Halls.*

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Supply of Pure and Unadulterated MILK, CREAM, and BUTTER, produced under best Sanitary conditions for preventing Infection, all as approved by Dr Fergus. A trial will prove that no expense or other precaution is spared to ensure richness and purity. All Milk and Cream refrigerated during hot season. HEAD OFFICE—42 GARNETHILL STREET, GLASGOW. West-End Branch—201 Victoria Street, Hillhead. Farm—Flemington.

*\*\* All Butter made on the Premises untouched by the hands and on the most approved system, unsurpassed in quality. Families may rely upon all Orders being attended to with the utmost punctuality and care. Address:—Manager, 42 Garnethill Street, Glasgow.*

**GREAT FOOTBALL (CHARITY) MATCH.**

QUEEN'S PARK V. RANGERS,  
PUBLIC PARK, ROTHESAY,  
SATURDAY, 23RD AUGUST, 1879,  
On behalf of the Poor of Rothesay.

Under the Patronage and Presence of the Convener of the County, A. B. Stewart, Esq., Provost M'Kechnie, and Magistrates of the Burgh of Rothesay, &c., &c.

Kick-off, 4-30.

Admission, 6d. Grand Stand, 1s.

Special Trains and Steamers will be run on this occasion.

**QUEEN'S PARK FOOTBALL CLUB, HAMPDEN PARK, MOUNT FLORIDA, GLASGOW. ANNUAL AMATEUR ATHLETIC MEETING, SATURDAY, 6th SEPTEMBER.**

TWO MILE BICYCLE RACE.

Preliminary Heats in Confined Events and First Ties in Football Competition on the Saturday previous.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Wednesday, 20th August, at One.

**EXTENSIVE PUBLIC SALE OF HIGH-CLASS WINES AND SPIRITS, IN BOND.**

- 3 Casks James Simpson's BANFF WHISKY.
- 2 Hhds. Mitchell's CAMPBELTOWN Do.
- 2 Quarter-Casks SHERRY.
- 1 Do. PALE RUM.
- 4 Octaves SHERRY.
- 4 Hhds. Tambowie WHISKY.
- 7 Quarter-Casks BRANDY, Hennessy's, Renault's, Lucien Bellot's, &c.

DUTY PAID.

CLARET—St. Emilion, 1868 Vintage, corks branded; Old St. Estephe, Coteaux Frere's St. Julien, Superior Old Rousillon, Le Larque, Volnay.

SHERRIES—Fine Old Solero, Golden Sherry, Gonzal's, Domecq's, Mackenzie's Old Solero, Duff Gordon's Amon-tillado.

PORTS—Graham's 4 and 2 Diamonds, Fonseca's Old, Superior Old Tawny, Vintage 1863; Fenerheerd's, Almeda's, Offley, Cramp & Co.'s.

CHAMPAGNE—Chateau Lorraine, Le Forestier, La Motte Fils, Dumas, and Donnor.

WHISKIES and BRANDIES—Old Talisker Blended Whisky, Old Scotch Whisky, Old Blended well-matured Whisky; Suilent & Co.'s Cognac Brandy.

**ROBERT M'TEAR & CO.** will Sell the above, by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North Court, St. Vincent Place, on Wednesday, 20th August, at One o'clock prompt.

Samples may be tasted day prior to Sale.

Catalogues on application, or post free on request.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 12th August, 1879.

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East Ingram Street, Glasgow,

To-Night, Doors Open at 7-15. Commencing at 7-45

IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENT for SIX NIGHTS ONLY, and Farewell Appearance of the Queen's Jester, W. F. WALLETT.

FRIDAY NIGHT, AUGUST 15,

BENEFIT of the QUEEN'S JESTER, W. F. WALLETT. A host of Novelties too numerous to mention.

MID-DAY PERFORMANCE, SATURDAY, AUG. 16.

At which the QUEEN'S JESTER will appear.

Doors Open at 2-30. Commencing at 3.

**MINERAL WATERS.****SELTERS WATER,**  
A most refreshing and wholesome drink.

Manufactured according to Dr Struve's Analysis by the BRITISH & FOREIGN MINERAL WATER COMPANY.

Sold by the leading Chemists, Grocers, and Wine Merchants, also supplied at the principal Hotels, Clubs, Restaurants, and Railway Refreshment Rooms.

Customers are cautioned against the many Spurious Imitations now offered under the names of Selters or Seltzer Water, the Chemical Constituents of which do not in the least correspond with those of the Natural Spring.

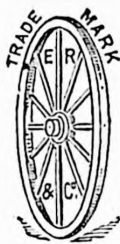
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**SELTERS WATER**

OF THE

**BRITISH AND FOREIGN MINERAL WATER COMPANY, GLASGOW.**

**A FAIR FIELD AND NO FAVOUR.**

“THERE are nae bairns like our ain bairns” is an old Scotch saying, and of course advertisers in bringing their goods before the public naturally maintain that their respective specialities are unequalled. Now without going so far as to say that our “bairns” (Aerated Waters) are the best in the world, we hold that they are at any rate unsurpassed in those qualities which render Aerated beverages popular. All our goods are prepared with the best and purest materials at the Cromac Springs, Belfast, the water of which is peculiarly adapted for the manufacture of Aerated Waters, and having had over a quarter of a century’s experience in preparing those beverages, we challenge comparison with any goods of the same class. We merely ask consumers to take our Waters (all kinds) and compare them, bottle for bottle with those of other makers, and we will stand or fall by the result. Test to the utmost, dilute our Ginger Ale and Lemonade with Water, and it will be found that no other will stand this test to the same degree as ours. Let us have “a fair field and no favour” and we are satisfied that our goods will soon be in universal demand. Retail, from Chemists, Grocers, Wine Merchants, Restaurateurs, &c., and Wholesale at our Scotch Depot, 147 STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW.



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SINCE offering to the Public in 1850 these delicious and unrivalled Aerated Beverages, the sole and lasting aim to which Messrs CORRY & Co. have directed all their efforts has been, not to force sales by venturesome and questionable efforts, but by the real fact of the superiority of the Beverages they offer to merit universal patronage. Judging from the world-wide favour, which they find yearly increasing, and the unprecedented success which has attended their efforts at all the Universal Exhibitions, or wherever they have competed, this aim (so far attained, and which their experience has proved to be a fundamental principle of success) will be steadily pursued. Since 1850 many mere imitators have come and gone, and many still remain; but the Public are requested to insist on having CORRY'S Waters, not imitations.

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 Immense Success. Four Nights Longer.

Dion Boucicault's Great Drama.

FORMOSA,

OR THE RAILROAD TO RUIN.

Preceded by the Musical Vaudeville,

LOVE AMONG THE ROSES.

L'ASSOMMOIR; or the CURSE of DRINK. Saturday Next.

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WE have much pleasure in informing our numerous Customers and the General Public that, in addition to our already Established Business, we have OPENED Large and Elegant SHAMPOOING and HAIR-DRESSING ROOMS, which, in regard to comfort and elegance, are fitted in a style equal to any in the city. They are under the direct superintendence of a most experienced Manager, and the Assistants are from the Best Houses in the Trade.

In introducing this New Department of our Business, we may explain that though it is the first attempt of the kind in Glasgow, yet it has been carried on with great success by the most celebrated Hosiers and Glovers in the Cheapside and Strand, London, and we feel quite confident that with your kind patronage, and our strict attention, this novelty cannot fail to be a great success.

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On SATURDAY FIRST, 16th August, 7 to 9-30.  
Annual Subscription—Family Tickets, £1 1s; Single do., 10s 6d;  
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This Hotel has recently undergone extensive Improvements under the personal superintendence of the Lessee. A large and elegant Dining Saloon and Ladies' Drawing Room, comfortable Sitting Rooms and airy Bedrooms, all furnished in the most modern style; also, Spacious Billiard and Smoking Room. *Table d' Hote* daily.

Coaches to and from Killin and the West Highlands daily during the season. Tourists, in order to secure seats, are advised to pass the previous night at this Hotel.

Omnibus waits every train. Posting in all its branches. River trout fishing free.

Orders by post or telegraph for rooms or conveyances punctually attended to.

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Scale of Charges—Breakfasts and Teas, 1s 6d, 2s, and 2s 6d; Dinners, 2s 6d, 3s, and 3s 6d; Bedrooms, 1s 6d, 2s, and 2s 6d; Attendance, 1s. Ladies' Drawing-Room.

A First-Class Hall for Marriage Dinner [and Supper Parties. Charges, from 3s each.

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THE NEW SHAPES, THE NEW COLOURS, HARD AND SOFT MAKES.

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EXTREME SIZES CAN BE FITTED AT ONCE. Special SMART SHAPES for "YOUNG MEN," LADS, and BOYS' wear. We guarantee our FELT HATS to retain their Shapes and Stand Fast in the Colour.

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*Commodious Smoking Room.*

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*N O W O P E N.*

Luncheons, Dinners, Teas in the best style.

Wines and Liquors of best quality only.

"Bass" and "Allsopp" on draught.

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AND

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**S U M M E R C L A R E T.**

Vintage 1874 and 1875,

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**W. S. VALLANCE,**

The Most Popular Elocutionist of the Day, Will give his famous Recitals in Shanness (Orkney), Thurso, Castletown, John O' Groats, and Wick, this week.

Mr VALLANCE will re-commence Teaching Privately and in Class early in September. Prospectuses may be had from Messrs D. Bryce & Son, Buchanan Street.



VITALINE.



The most wonderful discovery of the age, and the marvellous Vegeto-Tonic treatment for the cure and prevention of Biliousness, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Tic Doloroux, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Giddiness, Scrofulous Affections, Ague, Debility, Spasms, and all derangements of the Stomach. By its administration the natural appetite is revived, and the functions of digestion and assimilation are improved, re-animated, and regulated; and when its use has been steadily persevered in, its peculiar Tonic and Nutritive Powers have entirely restored Health and Strength to the most feeble and Shattered Constitutions.

VITALINE.

Unless the secretions of the liver be healthy it cannot assimilate, and produce fit sustenance for the general support and preservation of the body, take what nutriment you will, even the best the world can afford. The liver is the most important organ in the whole body, and when its action is imperfect, all others suffer with it. Vitaline almost immediately produces by direct action, a healthy effect upon the liver, and is a never failing remedy for nervousness, wakefulness, restlessness, sinking sensation in the stomach, irregular appetite, and fulness after meals.—Vitaline is manufactured only by JOE TODD, Chemist, Carlisle, and is sold in bottles at 2s 9d, 4s 6d, and 11s each, by all Chemists.

VITALINE

Strengthens the whole muscular System, rouses into action the Physical Energy of the human frame, restores the long-lost Complexion, gives brilliancy to the Eye, a delightful fragrance to the Breath, and brings back sound and refreshing Sleep.

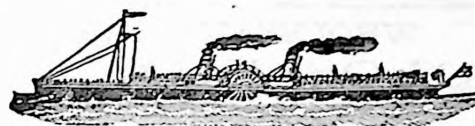
VITALINE

Is sold by R. M'DONALD, 150 Trongate; THE APOTHECARIES' COMPANY, Virginia Street; THE NEW APOTHECARIES' COY., Glassford Street; BROWN BROTHERS, Trongate; and all Chemists.

QUININE WINE.

Every medical man readily acknowledges the inestimable value of the Quinine Wine manufactured by Joe Todd, Chemist, Carlisle, for its invigorating, renovating, and sustaining qualities. It is equally suitable to the invalid, the convalescent, the child, and the adult, from its palatability, fine flavour, intrinsic purity, and great strength.

NEW ROUTES TO THE WEST HIGHLANDS.



GLASGOW, INVERARAY, AND OBAN

Via WEMYSS BAY and KYLES OF BUTE,  
Per Splendid Saloon Steamer LORD OF THE ISLES,  
From Wemyss Bay at 9-15 A.M., Train from Glasgow (Bridge Street) at 8-5 A.M.

Via GREENOCK AND LOCH ECK,

Per Splendid Saloon Steamer LORD OF THE ISLES,  
From Greenock at 8-15 A.M., Train from Glasgow (Bridge St.) at 7-30 A.M. : or per Steamer VIVID at 8-45 A.M., Train from Bridge Street at 7-35 A.M.

For full Particulars as to Steamers, Coaches, Fares, Circular Tours, &c., see Time Bills, to be had on board Steamers, at Railway Stations; from JOHN RODGER, Inveraray; GEORGE STIRLING, Dunoon; and from

M. T. CLARK, Manager, 17 Oswald St., Glasgow.

Royal Route via Crinan and Caledonian Canals.

GLASGOW AND THE HIGHLANDS.

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS, Columba,

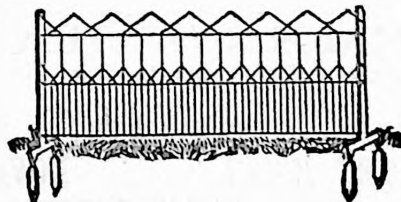
Iona, Chevalier, Mountaineer, Pioneer, Clansman, Clydesdale, Staffa, Islay, Glencoe, Queen of the Lake, Gondolier, Glengarry, Linnet, Lochawe, Lochiel, Lochness, Cygnet, Plover, Inverary Castle, Sail during the Season for Islay, Oban, Fort-William, Inverness, Staffa, Iona, Glencoe, Lochawe, Tobermory, Portree, Gairloch, Ullapool, Lochinver, and Stornoway, affording Tourists an opportunity of visiting the Magnificent Scenery of Glencoe, the Coolin Hills, Loch Coruisk, Loch Maree, and the famed Islands of Staffa and Iona.—Time Bills with Maps, free by post, on application to the Proprietor, DAVID MACBRAYNE, 119 Hope Street, Glasgow. (The Columba or Iona Sails Daily at 7 a.m., conveying Passengers as above.)



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FAMILY GROCERS, WINE MERCHANTS,  
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JOHN M. SIMPSON, Furniture Warehouse and Show-rooms, 60 GREAT CLYDE STREET (Corner of Maxwell Street), Glasgow. One of the largest Stocks in the City. New Illustrated House Furnishing Guide to be had Free on application. The Cheapest Establishment in the City for Really Good Substantial Furniture of Artistic Design and Superior Finish. Quality Guaranteed.

# WALTER WILSON & CO.,

WHOLESALE MILLINERS AND HAT MANUFACTURERS,  
COLOSSEUM, 70 JAMAICA STREET.

EXTRAORDINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

GREAT EXTENSION OF PREMISES.

*Entire Stock to be Sold Regardless of Cost, to Make Room for the Tradesmen.*  
Unheard of Bargains in Boys' Sailor Hats. Wonderful Bargains in Misses' Sailor Hats.

**BARGAINS! BARGAINS! BARGAINS!**

Millinery Bonnets. Millinery Hats. Trimmed Mourning Bonnets.  
Infants' Hoods and Hats. Flowers, Feathers, Ribbons, and Laces.

Never before in Scotland was there such a High-Class Stock of HATS AND BONNETS thrown into the Market. An opportunity such as this should not be missed, as the like may never occur again.

Remember, we do not offer a Lot of Rubbish got for an occasion (as seems to be too often the case), but will sell our Valuable Midsummer Stock unreservedly.

**HATS FOR COAST AND COUNTRY.**

This Week we show an Immense Stock of LADIES' and MISSES' Black, White, and Brown STRAW HATS for the Coast and Country. Special Line of LADIES' Black Rough STRAW HATS for 4½d each; worth 1s 6d. These will be sold in a few days. This Week we also Show all the New Shapes (in real English Whole Straw) that will be worn at Brighton and other fashionable watering places in England during August and September. Muslin SUN HATS, Latest Novelties, full size, for 1s each; Trimmed with Lace, &c., 2s 3d and 2s 9d.

**MILLINERY! MILLINERY! MILLINERY!**

TRIMMED BONNETS, TRIMMED HATS, FOR LADIES AND MISSES.

The most elegant Stock of Millinery ever offered in Glasgow. Fourteen Hundred Handsome Millinery Bonnets must be sacrificed at any price, as it will not be possible to save them from the dust and lime attending the Extensions.

This week we have brought forward the better class of Goods, and Ladies who wish a really handsome Bonnet should not fail to visit us at once,

MILLINERY HATS.—Hundreds of Beautifully Trimmed Hats, in White Chip, White Whole Straw, Black and White Rough Hats, Trimmed Tartan Straw Hats, Satin Hats, &c., &c. Really Splendid Trimmed Hats for the Coast for Ladies for 4s 6d. See them.

**CHIP HATS—CHIP BONNETS.—BARGAINS! BARGAINS!**

DRAB and FAWN CHIPS, the new shapes, for 2s 11½d each; these are worth 10s.

IMITATION CHIPS (5000), very fine, frequently sold in Glasgow as real Chip, from 10½d to 1s 9d.

Special Line in Beautiful FANCY BONNETS for 5½d each; these cost from 1s 9d to 3s 6d.

Beautiful DRAB and FAWN FELT HATS for Infants, Fresh from the Maker, for 7d each. Fine WHITE FELTS for INFANTS for 1s each.

Splendid Stock of MOURNING MILLINERY BONNETS, now from 1s upwards.

LADIES' DRESS CAPS at less than cost. MOB CAPS, Newest Designs.

TIN BONNET BOXES, in Oak or Brown, good size, for 8½d each. PADLOCK and KEY for One Penny.

## GENTLEMEN'S HAT DEPARTMENTS.

These Departments are entirely separate from the Ladies' Departments, being on different floors of the Establishment.

FELT HATS, SATIN HATS. TWEED HATS. STRAW HATS.  
NOVELTIES IN LINEN HATS. NOVELTIES IN COAST AND COUNTRY HATS.

SPECIAL DESIGNS CONFINED TO THIS ESTABLISHMENT.

Our Stock of Gentlemen's Felt Hats at present is superior to any out of London. To Gentlemen who really want a High-class and Fashionable Hat, they cannot be suited better than with us; and no extra profit is taken on any of our goods, no matter how expensive.

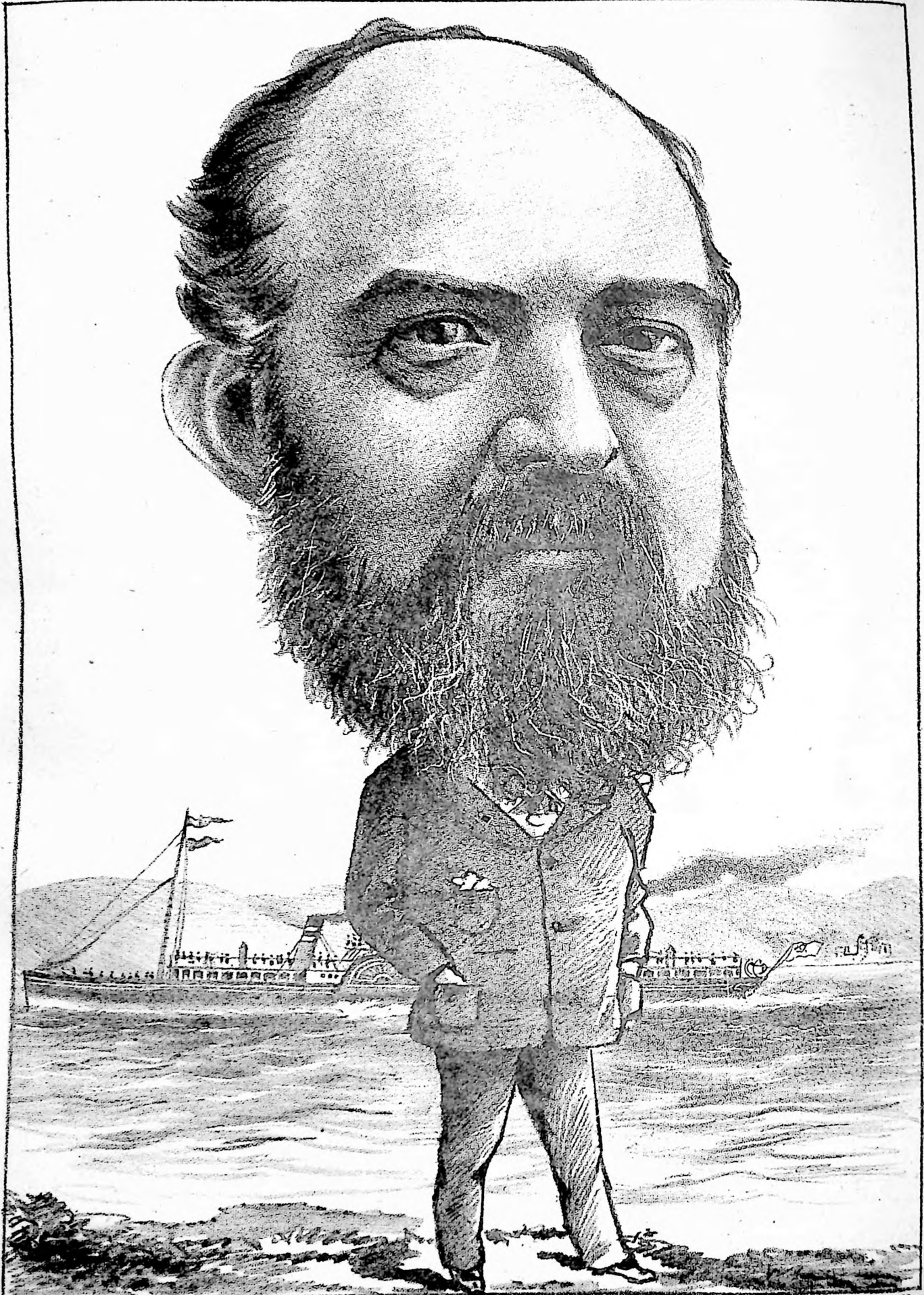
*All our Hats are guaranteed Fast in the Colour.*

BOYS' AND YOUTHS' HATS. Immense Variety.

**ALL GOODS AT WHOLESALE PRICES.**

WALTER WILSON & CO., The Leading Hat House, 70 JAMAICA STREET.





# The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 357. Glasgow, Wednesday, August 20th, 1879. Price 1d

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 357.

SUMMER is on us at last. The warm, misty atmosphere of noon, the clear, sharp, morning light, the gorgeous sunsets that we are accustomed to associate with late June and early July, have this year withheld themselves till mid-August. Late as they are, however, and mainly, perhaps, because they are late, they are all the more welcome. "Out-of-doors" was never more fascinating than now. Go where you will, to the inland hedge-rows and hay-fields, or to the weathered rocks and sandy paths of the sea shore, there is everywhere joy and rejoicing. It has been the custom from old of the BAILIE, in the height of the season, to introduce to his readers some type of out-of-door sport and pastime, some one whose face will be at once familiar to those who have gone a-field in search of enjoyment, and will serve, at the same time, to recal, to *les autres* in populous city pent, some pleasant, holiday hours passed in the open air. This year his summer hero is Mr DAVID SUTHERLAND of the "Lord of the Isles." It is impossible, somehow or other, to think of Mr SUTHERLAND apart from the vessel; while, on the other hand, whenever the swift, graceful, yachtlike craft heaves in sight, you are reminded, in spite of yourself, of the Man you Know. Mr SUTHERLAND has sunk his identity, so to speak, in the ship. "She," or in this instance is it "he?" is, in a great measure, his own creation. For something like forty years our friend has pursued "the sea" as a calling. He is familiar with vessels of every size and every rig, from a Highland "wherry" to a "White Star" liner, and "The Lord" is the result of his manifold experience. A "big man" in every sense of the term, with a grave, kindly, but somewhat masterful face, which, however, is lighted up by a pair of

merry, dancing eyes, Mr SUTHERLAND began his work-a-day life when he was twelve years of age as "the poy" on a Hebridean smack. Twelve months later he joined the "Toward Castle" of Messrs Thomson & M'Connell, the managers of the City of Glasgow Steam Packet Coy., as an apprentice sailor, and religiously served out his "time." At the expiry of his apprenticeship he started as a steward and the wandering spirit being strong in him, he made a voyage to Brazil in a sailing ship. So well did he enjoy the blue water that, before he had completed his twenty-third year, he had crossed the Atlantic three or four times, one of his latest trips having been made on board "The City of Manchester," the first steamer built by Messrs Tod & M'Grigor for Richardson Brothers, the founders of the well-known Inman line. In 1852 Mr SUTHERLAND made what he regards as one of the most fortunate "moves" of his life. This was entering the service of Messrs David Hutcheson & Coy., a service in which he remained for something like a quarter of a century. While in the employment of the Messrs Hutcheson he became one of the best known figures on the Highland route. Naturally of a "cracky" disposition, and possessing a retentive memory and a keen eye for character, he made friends everywhere. All who went by "the boats," from Sir James Matheson to the Easdale quarrymen, had a liking and a respect for Mister DAUVIT. And it must not be supposed that he confined his observation of men and things to the section of the world that lay between the Clyde and Stornoway. Year after year, as the late autumn melted into winter, and the crowds of pleasure-seekers fled southward from their happy hunting-grounds in the Hebrides, the Man you Know gratified his taste for wandering—which was still as great as when, a lad in his teens, he first crossed the line—by a trip to the

Continent, visiting, in this way, all the more famous districts in Switzerland, Germany, Italy, France, and the Low Countries. In the "fall" of 1876, however, he saw fit to make another "move." A few enterprising spirits, Greenock men for the most part, and some of them, it is surmised, not unconnected with the Caledonian Railway, conceived the notion of opening up the "Inverary route." The more northern reaches of Loch Fyne, they argued, were practically unknown, not only to the great tourist world, but even to the swarming populations of Lanark, and Renfrew, and Ayrshires. This district, it was further urged, contained some of the finest mountain and loch scenery in broad Scotland, and if it could only be brought within reach of folk in Glasgow and Paisley and Coatbridge, not to speak of Greenock and Ayr, it would necessarily become one of the most popular resorts, especially for a day's outing, in the Western Highlands. To take people to Inverary, moreover, would interfere with no existing arrangement. Enterprising as were the promoters of the scheme, they recognised from the outset that it was hopeless to make any incursion on the field already occupied by Mr David M'Brayne and his firm. But this was not the only compliment they paid to the world-renowned company of Messrs Hutcheson & Co. It was felt that, if the new undertaking was to succeed, a thoroughly practical man must be enlisted, and when looking round for such an one, they settled, almost as a matter of course, on DAVID SUTHERLAND. His experience in the "Clansman," the "Clydesdale," and the "Staffa;" the favour with which he was regarded by everybody who knew him; and his personal shrewdness and *bonhomie*—this was a combination of qualifications such as they could not hope to meet with elsewhere. Mr SUTHERLAND, on his part, was fully alive to the success with which the new project was likely to be attended; and although loath to break his connection with the Messrs Hutcheson, he ultimately resolved, after considerable deliberation, to cast in his lot with the promoters of the "Inverary Route." One of the secrets of Mr SUTHERLAND'S success is that he never does things by halves. Once therefore having made up his mind to join the new undertaking, he threw himself into it heart and soul. In order to secure that the boat to be built by the company should be as perfect as it could be made, he undertook a special journey across the Atlantic in the depth of winter, for the purpose of studying the build

and fittings of Canadian and American lake and river steamers. He superintended the construction of the new vessel on his return, so much so, indeed, that the "Lord of the Isles," as it sails to-day, is, to all intents and purposes, his own boat. Were it not "too late a week," the BAILIE could find plenty to say in praise of this unique steamer. Her elegance, both fore and aft—the steerage of the "Lord" is much more elegant than the cabin of the usual river steamer; her unequalled speed; the wonderful culinary arrangements by which an entire ship-load of passengers can be dined without crowding or annoyance; and the general air of comfort by which she is pervaded—these of themselves might form the text of an entire article. But the Magistrate must content himself with recommending his friends—while the season still lasts—to make a voyage in the "Lord" for themselves. They have the choice, either in coming or going, of sufficiently diversifying the route, since, besides the usual Loch Fyne voyage, they can approach or leave Inverary by Dalmally, by Glencroe, by St. Catherine's, and by Strachur. But however tourists go or come, it should never be forgotten that the "Lord of the Isles" must be joined either in coming or going, and that a visit to the vessel will be robbed of half its charm if the acquaintance be not made of the Man you Know.

#### PLAYING ON A NEW PLAY.

(Scene—City Bar-room. Youth trying to take home inebriated companion.)

*Youth*—Come along, Tom. By Jove! The first night I catch you sober I'll have you up to see "L'Assommoir" at the Prince of Wales.

*Tom*—Cert'nly, ole f'la, let's ha' some more, hic! b' all meansh.

LAPSUS LINGUÆ.—At a recent meeting of the School Board Mr Martin said "he never was on the platform with the late Mr Whitelaw but once, and he thought this was due more on account of the length of his purse than of his ability." But perhaps Mr Martin's measure of ability is the length of the tongue.

Why was David Macrae not allowed to finish running his course with the U.P.s? Because they couldn't agree about the "final heat," to be sure.

#### Training Ships Ashore.—Scholarships.

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK is the best present from Edinburgh. 1 Melbourne place, near the Castle.

Home Rule.

"The devil knew what he did when he made man politic."—  
*Timon of Athens.*

HOME Rule! now come, boys, tell the truth—  
For of your zeal we're somewhat doubting—  
Is this same promenade, in sooth,  
Not meant as just a good day's outing?

Home Rule! whatever that is, boys;  
Perhaps you know, perhaps you don't;  
We think *you'd* do without this noise,  
But then we know your leaders won't.

Home Rule! and sure the same a "trate" is;  
Such leaders are poor Ireland's traitors;  
Come, turn your "parties" into "praties,"  
And weed you out these Agi-tators.

Home Rule! of course—stick up, my boys!  
And how to gain it, let's consider;  
What is't completes all married joys?—  
Make Bidy do just what you bid her!

Home Rule! augh, sure you're well content?  
You would not care to leave our city;  
By "Home," remember Ireland's meant—  
And then belike you'd have to slit-eh?

Home Rule! and that's your little plan—  
The smallest of small foolish plays;  
"Saint Patrick was a gentleman"—  
But faith we see "bhoys" will be "bhoys."

Home Rule! no, hearties, not in your day—  
Nor ours—a hat we'll freely bet it;  
We wish not Ireland such a poor day—  
Home Rule? Go! long you'll never get it!

Home Rule! 'tis getting stale the shout;  
Long live the Queen! come, wet your throttle;  
It is not every day you're out—  
Then "Faugh a ballagh!"—you've the bottle!

MAYPE AY ANT MAYPE IMPHM.

*Donald*—Well, Alister, you hev shust been a witness in ta court. Tid you answer tat shudg in ta affirmative when he ast you wass you a native of Styornoway?

*Alister*—Oh yiss, yiss to pe sure I tid affirm that I wasn't from Styornoway whateffer, not a born native from there, only pelonging to it by right of birth on ta mother's side. Azackly.

AN EXTINCT RACE.—From a cursory glance at Messrs Bryce's "Educational Guide," the BAILIE is forced to the conclusion that boys and girls no longer exist in Glasgow—among the "genteel" classes at least. "Academies" and "Seminaries" *et hoc genus omne* are altogether filled with "young ladies" and "young gentlemen." Vulgar little boys and girls are either extinct or beneath the notice of "high-class educational institutions."

The Largest "Faction" in Ireland.—Dissatisfaction.

Heavy Crop of Strawberries this Season. Please leave your Preserving orders at Campbell's Fruit Shop, 18 Gordon Street.

They are Eleven!

AT the recent meeting at Dumfries, Colonel Walker, the Conservative candidate for the county, observed that "to those who knew his domestic circumstances it would be sufficient to say" that his grounds for hitherto objecting to stand "were eleven in number;" and this tragic announcement was actually received with "loud laughter." In the discharge of his future duties, should he be elected, the gallant Colonel need expect but little mercy at the hands of constituents who can treat his private woes with such shocking levity.

TO BE WRITTEN, NEXT TIME, ON A "YOKE"  
WINDOW-PANE.

Those fare may worse who farther seek  
Their outing than Kilmalcolm,  
Who in Laird's hostelry antique  
Can't find life's warmest welcome.

The unexpected has happened at last. A number of articles on the Cunard line of steamers have been published in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and not a single extract from them has appeared in any of the Glasgow papers! What does Mr John Burns say to this? He, as we all know, is the poor man's friend, and as the *Pall Mall* articles are descriptive of steerage life in a Cunarder, Mr Burns must naturally be anxious to see them reproduced in order to show his fellow-citizens how well he carries his principles into practice.

A BENEFACTOR TO HIS "COUNTRY."—Our shores, Asinus remarks, are pretty well provided with Capes, and now the proprietor of the Colosseum is supplying "Hats for the Coast." These, the Animile adds, with a he-haw! will crown the Capes, and become as well-known features of the landscape as the "Cool" which the "Cobbler" puts on before wet weather.

WEATHER WISDOM.—The BAILIE'S thermometer having by some accident run out, Asinus, failing to discover Mercury, thought that during the cold he must have hibernated, and now forgotten to wake up.

STRAIT-LACED.—Although the style of dress may be scarcely decent, it certainly cannot be said of the girls of the period that their habits are loose. They are perhaps even too stay-ed.

Hired Transports.—The uproarious plaudits of the "Claque."

Mullin's, 5 Gordon Street, Havannah, Indian, Manilla Cigars; Cigarettes—French, American, Algerian, Russian, German.

## Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Surely the best advertised piece of the day is “H. M. S. Pinafore.” The directors—or is it the members?—of the Opera Comique Company, say they have paid its joint authors, Messrs Gilbert and Sullivan, £3000 on account of it, while Mr Richard Barker, the stage manager of the Opera Comique, avers that the work has enabled the Opera Comique Company to put at least £6000 into their own pockets. Then the two parties—*i.e.*, the authors and the members of the Company—get up a little scrimmage over the success of the vessel, and rushing into the law courts, announce to the world how great its success has been. What a pleasant, innocent little game!

We in Glasgow are already familiar with the “Pinafore,” but in this instance the old saw does not apply, as the more familiar we have grown with the piece, the better we have liked it. It will be re-introduced at the Gaiety this evening, and I can promise Mr Bernard crowded houses during the fortnight of its run, with every certainty that my promise will be fulfilled.

The *Sir Joseph Porter* of the cast that will appear to-night is Mr W. S. Penlev, a gentleman who has already appeared with success on the Gaiety stage; our old friend Mr J. H. Rogers is the *Captain Corcoran*; and Mr Henry Walsham is *Dick Deadey*; while Miss Elinor Love is the *Josephine*, and Miss Barnett the *Little Buttercup*.

Why don't Lord Provost Collins, Mr Robert Mackay, and Bailie Torrens, appear every night in a stage box of the Prince of Wales Theatre, in all the glory of their chains and bibs? “L'Assommoir” is a Temperance play from beginning to end. Talk of Mr Gough as an “awful example,” why the wildest story ever told by “J. B.” is mere child's-play compared to Mr Beecher's “d. t.” scene; while as for the “moral snail”—or stories of the Yankee, they are not in same street with the sermons of *Gouget*, otherwise Mr J. B. Gordon.

For my own part I can't say I like “L'Assommoir.” It is the “sensation” of the season in London, and it has drawn all France to the Paris Ambigu for over a twelvemonth, but for all that art is one thing, and “L'Assommoir”—well, “L'Assommoir” is another.

At the same time Mr Sidney deserves every credit for his production of the piece. People in Glasgow were naturally anxious to learn something for themselves of M. Zola's work—Zola, “the Caliban of French literature,” as *Blackwood* terms him—and the manager of the Prince of Wales gives us another instance of his energy and his intelligence in being the first in the field with this famous piece.

Mr Sidney's coming arrangements include, in addition to Mr Toole, the London comedies of “Peril” and “Diplomacy,” and a visit from the Madame Beatrice comedy-drama company.

Since his return to Paris, M. Got, of the Comedie Francaise, has written a long letter to a friend in England who had asked him for his opinion on the English stage. One sentence, Mr Magistrate, in this gave me “pause”—indeed, put me on the earnest self-questioning, did I sleep? did I dream? did I wander and doubt? Were things what they seemed? or was visions about? It was this:—“If after rendering justice to the (English) actors I now ventured to go farther and hazarded some judgments on the *moral side* and the tendencies of your stage, I should then, without doubt, be more exclusive in *our own favour*.” My conscience! Up till now I had always been in the belief that the one thing which could be said in favour of the British as against the French stage was its greater respect for morality, and that as a matter of fact a considerable proportion of the great number of pieces which we borrowed “from the French” were utterly unrepresentable on this side the Channel, until they had been denuded of that naughtiness and immorality which, in the eyes and ears of Parisian playgoers, gave them their special piquancy. M. Got, however, declares, as above, that the boot is on the other leg; and, all bewildered as I am, I can only reflect upon the much virtue there is in the old aphorism—“Live and learn.”

Being in Kilmarnock on Saturday, I of course visited the Burns' Monument in the Park. Mr Stevenson's statue is exceedingly fine; but I can scarcely agree with one of the speakers at the “Demonstration” dinner, who said that the building in which it stands is “as a monument to the memory of Burns unsurpassed—he might venture to say, unequalled—in the world.” In this country it is surpassed by at least two buildings having a similar purpose, one at Bridge-of-Doon, and another in Edinburgh. Each has been designed in the most perfect of all styles of architecture, and by an architect of the highest culture.

The capital “Yachtsman's Holiday” of Mr John Inglis (The Governor) that I mentioned last week, is published by the famous London house of Pickering, an establishment that has now, West Country folk will be interested to learn, has passed into the hands of one of the Demmys of Dumbarton.

Mr W. S. Vallance, who is on a reading tour through the far north, appears to-night at Golspie, to-morrow at Tain, on Thursday at Dingwall, on Friday at Beauly, and on Saturday at Strathpeffer. His “business” among our hyperborean cousins has been exceedingly good.

The “Caste” Company perform this evening in Belfast. Mr T. W. Robertson, its young and accomplished manager, was exceedingly well pleased, I understand, with the reception he and his friends received in this city.

Our football players—who contrive to combine charity, if not instruction, with amusement—are to give Rothesay a “turn” on Saturday first, when a match will come off between the Queen's Park Club and the Rangers, “on behalf of the poor of Rothesay.” The affair is under what the reporters call “distinguished patronage,” and will, no doubt, attract many visitors to the pleasant island of Bute.

Mr J. C. Scanlan resumes his tour with “Les Cloches” to-night, at Brighton.

Does anybody, either in or out of the theatrical profession, work harder than Mr Toole? He concluded an exceedingly successful engagement at Cork on Saturday, he appears at Swansea to-night and to-morrow night, at Cardiff on Wednesday, at Newport on Thursday, and at Weston-Super-Mare on Friday and Saturday. Call you this playing?

The worshipful Incorporation of Hammermen have their annual outing on Thursday; going, on this occasion, to Inveraray. They go by the steamer Athole, while their material wants will be supplied, as usual, by Mr John Forrester, who has attended to them for seven consecutive years. At dinner the chair will be occupied by Deacon John Young of the Phoenix Foundry, while Collector David Kinghorn, of the London and Glasgow Shipbuilding Coy., will officiate as croupier. “Hammermen's weather,” like the “Queen's weather,” is proverbially brilliant, and Thursday promises to be as bright as its predecessors.

SOLD AGAIN!

*Tourist*—Can you give one a drink of milk?

*Celt*—She'll wasn't got a a sinkle milk, or a cow whateffer.

PALMAM QUI, &c.—How is the competition of architects for the new Municipal Buildings, Greenock, like to a horse-race? In the end those have come in “no-where” that in the beginning had been written up “favourites.”

“Men come in their millions, and thousands, and tens Demanding Macniven & Cameron's Pens.”



What the Folks are Saying.

THAT oor Jeems isn't always "there" when the unemployed are seeking subscriptions.

That some of his relations come occasionally to the rescue with a "mitc."

That this keeps Jeems square with the Green orators.

That Bailie Young said he would make the St. Vincent Tournament a success.

That he is keeping his word.

That the next Parliamentary contest promises to be a sharp one.

That it will test the strength of parties.

That the colliers are swelling the ranks of the unemployed.

That their strike won't help to make trade better.

That those coalmasters who have "bings" on the bank will realise a "pile."

That the School Board are proposing to reduce the dominies' salaries.

That the dominies don't approve of the proposal.

That the class struck at should be the ornamental head masters, and not the hard-worked assistants.

That Maryhill is getting all the good things.

That the burgh has already a Cavalry and Infantry barracks, and several "homes."

That it is now to have a splendid new prison planted in its midst.

That there is nothing like being in luck.

That the visitors to Paisley races were favoured with beautiful weather.

That there were more than the usual number of "games of chance" on the course.

That a great deal of Glasgow money was left in the "suburb" last week.

That it isn't lost what a friend gets.

That these swimming masters dearly love each other.

That the irrepressible Glen Collins has got himself put on another Exhibition Committee.

That this time it is needlework.

That railway shareholders won't grow fat over their dividends this half-year.

That the Home Rule demonstration was a sorry business.

That the assemblage was tame, the procession was tame, and the speeches were tame.

That John Ferguson puffed the editor of the *Herald*.

That the editor of the *Herald* had already done the same thing for John,

That it was a simple matter of "claw me an' I'll claw you."

That the 8,000 men in buckram were were again shaken in the face of the Whigs.

That the Tories will neither have John nor his votes.

Bold Bad Bowlers.

THE BAILIE has another "sporting" grievance. He did think that the votaries of so sedate and sober a pastime as bowling might have been trusted to express themselves intelligibly and in a manner not calculated to startle weak nerves; but no! We hear of one player being "tied to" an opponent; of another "getting hold of the green;" of a third "stripping" in public; and so on. Now, there may not be anything objectionable in these performances, but it must be confessed that the phrases sound peculiar, to say the least. Unless some explanation be forthcoming, folks will begin to think that there may have been more ground than was believed for our virtuous Council's raid upon the Queen's Park Club.

DOUBLY DISTILLED.

*Bauldy Junior*—Faither, whit div ye unnerstaun' by "the spirit o' the press?"

*Bauldy Senior*—Weel, ma callan', it's no' exactly a skailleton in a cubbort, but it's a wee drap o' whuskey at the back o' a shelf.

THE-M-ASSES. — Guthtavath, who affecth a lithp, wanth to know, you know, if the thound that followth the tunth on the Cathedral organ ith'nt the aftermath. No, Gustavus; within the kirk there may be stained-glass, reredosses, and kists-o'-whistles, and much more of that sort of nonsense, but it is to be hoped that old "*Non tamen*" is yet a long way off from masses, either "before," or "after."

The BAILIE has another little remonstrance to make with his friends the reporters. There may be some doubt as to the best plural form of "octopus;" but don't, my good fellows, don't say "octopi!" It's excruciating.

A MOVING SPECTACLE.—Asinus, on reading that at last meeting of the Trades Council, "Mr Battersby moved," remarked that this "working man" must be the most moving creature going. He would be all there at a moonlight flitting.

Graham's London Dining Rooms, 56 Jamaica Street. Dinner of Three Courses, One Shilling. Breakfasts and Teas.

## Our Boys and their 'Baccy.

LORD SHAFTESBURY wants to put down what he calls "juvenile street smoking"—meaning, presumably, smoking by juveniles in the streets. His Lordship's object is, no doubt, a highly benevolent one, but he will find obstacles in his way. Where, for instance, would he draw the line as to age? and why is smoking in the street any more immoral or injurious than smoking within-doors? Why, for instance, "run in" Master Tommy, aged fifteen-and-a-half, for puffing his vile cigar on the Buchanan Street flagstones, and allow Master Billy, aged sixteen, to suck his pipe with impunity in the Café des Bonnes Sœurs? In either case he is a little nuisance, who is doing his best to stunt his growth and shorten his days; but if Tommy falls under the lash of the law, so should Billy. No, my Lord; it's a pity, but it won't do.

## "AUGUST" PERFORMANCES.

First murder all the "innocents,"  
And then prorogue the House,  
That Members all may, in a sense,  
(Or out), go murder grouse.

## CANNIBALISM AT THE COAST.

(Scene—Non-temperance hotel at a well-known watering place).

*Plausible and Prepossessing Visitor* (to bland and obliging chambermaid)—Can I have a bed here to-night, my good girl?

*B. and O. C.*—Well, sir, ye're jist in the nick o' time, for a' the beds are full 'ceptin' yin.

*P. and P. V.*—Oh! I won't be any trouble, as I intend having my meals with a friend who resides at hand.

*B. and O. C.* (confidingly)—Deed then, sir, ye'll better no' tell *her* (anthropophagous landlady) *that*; for she doesna' care to *sleep* them, if she doesna' *eat* them.

[*P. and P. V.* appreciates and "accepts" the *sub rosa*.]

THEY A' DO'T.—*The Police News?* Faugh! Yes, but just let a respectable family paper "catch" (as Mrs Glasse hath it) a full-flavoured divorce case—"warm, reekin', rich"—and how it *will* work it, big-type it in the "bills," and long draw out the linked sweetness in the co'umns. Perhaps the time may come when a divorce court will be as shut to "the representatives of the Press" as is an "execution," and then, "for this relief, much thanks."

Mitchell's Old Irish Whisky, Belfast, is famed over the World, Agent, David Mitchell, 20 Hope Street, Glasgow.

## "Jeems" at Paisley Races.

FORTY and nine thousand, and nine hundred and ninety-nine people attended Paisley Races on Friday last, and our well-known Councillor, School Board member, and to-be M.P., completed the fiftieth thousand. Not only did "Jeems" go to the races, but he actually had the courage to tell a number of his colleagues on the Board, at the opening of a new public school the self-same evening, that he was there. Jeems was not ashamed to own he had been; not he. He rejoiced in the fact rather, and drew a beautiful allegorical picture of himself in the shape of a bee (fancy oor Jeems as a bee) skipping about from flower to flower, extracting the honey without inhaling the poison. Whether this graceful and appropriate metaphor had any reference to Athole brose or not, Mr Martin did not tell us. He said enough, however, to furnish every boy who played truant that day with a capital excuse. Boys in certain directions make capital arithmeticians, and no doubt the following problem has been already solved in many a youthful mind:—If a member of the School Board can leave his regular employment and go to Paisley Races, how is it that I should not leave school and, like the little busy bee, go and do likewise? Take a Magistrate's advice, Jeems. Either leave the Board, or don't go to the races; or, if you do, always remember to "aye keep something to yersel' ye'd hardly tell to ony."

## THE B. W. AGAIN.

(Scene—Greenock Esplanade.)

*Passer-by* (to dilatory employee pointing (plastering) outside of Esplanade)—Are you doing this job by "estimate" or "time and stuff?"

*Employee*—Na, na! It's fur the Polis Board.

"Why have grey hair?" asks the vendor of a "restoring" fluid; to whom the Ass promptly and emphatically replies: Because my motto is "never say *dye*." Consequently, they don't "trade."

SUCH IS FAME.—One of the competitors in the St. Vincent Bowling Tournament, hailing from Armadale, adopts the *nom de guerre* of "Turnerelli." In the BAILIE'S opinion, by just so much as this may be meant as a compliment to the hero of the "wreath," does it show "a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it."

Ancell's Beefsteak Grill, 88 Virginia Place (Rear of Union Bank). Steaks, Chops, Kidneys, &c., cooked in large room.

Paterfamilias's Farewell to Arran.

ON board once more, and homeward bound!

We're glad, although 'tis raining—  
So long as we are drenched, not drowned,

There's not much need complaining.

But, Brodick, now a long farewell

To all your hills so barren,

Let's steam away from grim Goatfell,

That's steaming still in Arran.

That mist-cap from his grizzly brow,

Has never been uplifted

For all these weary weeks—and now

But further down it's shifted.

We hoped upon his top to scan

The fertile shores of Larne,

But rain and mist so long have reigned,

We missed our view from Arran.

The Sannox glens anew we'd greet!

The thought had made us happy;

But we, in "loopholes of retreat,"

Were forced to drink our drappie.

And sadly, while the rain down poured,

And Lachie spun his yarn,

We vowed we'd never more be bored

By board-ing here in Arran.

Those cliffs that seem to cleave the sky,

These hills of blooming heather,

Are fine—that's if the clerk would try

To give us finer weather.

But in such blinding mists and rains

To thread through mountain tarn.

Alas! recalls forgotten pains

In dull room-attic Arran.

Some other foot may brush the dew

From Sannox' deep recesses,

Another get the bird's-eye view

That tourists all impresses;

But we our due for once have got,

And will our weather Fahren-

Heit see ere we cast our lot

Upon the heights of Arran.

"COOL!"

(A fussy old gentleman enters a railway carriage at Prince's Pier Station, and, without consulting any of the other passengers, at once lets down both windows.)

*Old Gentleman* (looking round complacently)—A cold morning this, but I must say *I* like air!

*Fellowpassenger* (gruffly)—It seems to me, sir, that under the circumstances it might probably suit you better, and would certainly be more comfortable for us, if you would get out and sit on the roof!

[The old gentleman glares and subsides.]

Why is a grocer who gives short measure like an ambuscade?—Because he "lies-in-weight," to be shure. He-haw!

BICYCLES.—The West of Scotland Bicycle Co. have opened a Show-Room at 104 Renfield Street, where the rising generation can supply itself with any make of two-wheeler.

Our First Day Feeding School.

The story goes,

THAT the latest fad in the education craze is the launching of a Day Feeding School.

That the sections of the Juvenile Delinquency Board were at daggers drawn as to the expediency of entering on such a scheme.

That the theorists and visionaries outnumbered the practical and common-sense members.

That the hope of being able to squeeze 2s a week out of the parents of waifs and strays will prove a delusion and a snare.

That the long-suffering ratepayer will, as usual, be called on to pay for this expensive education whistle.

That many parents are already too prone to foist their children on charity schools.

That the Feeding School will greatly add to this pauperising tendency.

That this free schooling and training will be worth to the pupils about as much as it costs them.

That it's a blessing the Delinquency Commissioners cannot levy more than 1d per pound of rental for their various schemes.

CANNIBALISM.—A local print is giving its readers some able articles on "Curiosities of Diet." Its latest curiosity is the cooking and delicacy of the flesh of the monkey. Asinus says that he has never been cannibal enough to dine off monkey; but in several restaurants he could name he has often seen monkeys dine. Hee-haw!

Just listen to this—"The only private bills passed during the session which need be mentioned were the Habitual Drunkards Bill of Dr Cameron and Mr Anderson's Racecourses Regulation Bill." Ma conscience! Glasgow supplies the only two practical legislators who sit in St. Stephen's. At least so says the *Mail*, and it ought to speak authoritatively and impartially. Eh!

According to a London paper, there will shortly be produced by "one of the Scotch theatres" a piece called "Scenes from Scotch Clerical Life." The BAILIE, of course, looks forward to the production with intense interest; but, after all, in view of recent savoury revelations, wouldn't "Scenes from *English Clerical Life*" be more edifying still?

A Suspended Sitting—A swing at the Fair.

The Athenæum Dining Rooms, 110 Ingram St. Breakfasts, Luncheons, Dinners & Teas. Plain Tea, 6d. W. Fyfe, Propr.

**"UNIQUE" SHIRTS.**

The "UNIQUE"—the only perfect SHIRT—is Designed and Cut on our own Premises. The Sewing is done by Seamstresses who have been trained specially for our own Trade. The "UNIQUE" occupies the enviable position of being the model on which all other Shirts are based, and the nearer they approach it in form, the nearer they are to perfection.

Present Price List, 30/, 39/, 45/ per Half-dozen from Stock. Special Qualities Made to Order.

RILEY, WEBSTER, & BORLAND,  
86 AND 88 ARGYLE STREET.

**SHELDON'S****HAIR RESTORER**

RESTORES Grey Hair to its Youthful Colour. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Causes a New Growth of Hair. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Removes Dandruff and all Impurities from the Hair. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Prevents the Hair from falling off or turning Grey.

May be had of any Chemist or Perfumer.

Price, 3s 6d.

DEPOT, 121 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

SINGLE BOXES OF CIGARS

AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

AT 83 QUEEN STREET.

HENRY CLAY CIGARS; FLOR FINA; NON PLUS  
ULTRA, 27s 6d per 100; Sample Packet, 7 for 2s.

ANDREW MACUBBIN.

TOBACCONIST & CIGAR MERCHANT.

Meerschaum and Briar Root Pipes, finest qualities, at very moderate prices. Allens, Wills, Copes' and other Tobaccos.

SMOKING ROOM. HOT COFFEE.

83 QUEEN STREET.

WALTER WILSON & Co.,  
70 JAMAICA STREET.

GREAT EXTENSION OF PREMISES.

See Separate Advertisement.

**COOPER & CO.'S  
FRUIT SYRUPS.**

LEMON and GINGER Especially Recommended.

1s 9d BOTTLE FOR 8½d,

3s 6d " " 1s 3d,

A Tablespoonful of the above in a Tumblerful of Cold Water makes a most refreshing and inexpensive Summer Drink.

To be had only from the Makers,

COOPER & CO., 10 and 12 Howard Street, and Branches.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

HENRY THOMSON & CO'S

OLD

IRISH WHISKY.

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—

ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

DAVISON'S

CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE  
GINGER BEER.

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND; WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC. As Supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

THOMAS DAVISON,

DISPENSING CHEMIST,

126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

**SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS**

AT THE

**CALEDONIAN HOUSE.**

MESSRS. COPLAND & LYE, owing to the prolonged depression in Trade, have been enabled to secure several large Lots of Goods at, in many instances, one half the cost of production, and it is their determination to sell the same at the smallest possible profit; they therefore recommend all who can to take advantage of this rare opportunity of laying in a stock of High-Class Drapery at the present extreme low prices, thereby effecting a saving of very nearly 50 per cent. Specimens of the many Bargains will be laid out for Sale To-Day and during the Week.

COPLAND & LYE,

CALEDONIAN HOUSE, 165 AND 167 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

# The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20th, 1879.

PASTIMES, like persons, have sometimes cause to wish to be saved from their friends. The respectable and sedate game of bowls is seemingly approaching this plight, through the restless ambition and craving for notoriety of some busybodies whose souls can only find scope for adequate expansion in what is called a tournament. Hitherto these competitions have, like church bazaars, been got up for the purpose of liquidating the debt due by clubs which were unable or unwilling to pay the cost of their own recreation; but now they are occasionally all but devices for exciting the cupidity of those who, in their conceit, fancy themselves crack bowlers, or those who have so much "tow" on their heads that they can make a business of their pleasures. It is money all round: entry money, gate money, several pounds a day from a purveyor, money prizes, and money bets. For much longer than such competitions last they are a nuisance to those who appreciate the finer traits of the game; and as for the play itself, it is not better, and very frequently worse than is to be seen any evening on any good bowling green in the City. Of course there are no crowds there, no excitement, no half-'uns, and no everlasting calling of "Bailie" and other nicknames. But with all this, even the patronage of a teetotal and non-card-playing Lord Provost and Magistrates has been unable to convince more than a fraction of the competitors in the St. Vincent Tournament that it is "good form" to have their names known in connection with it. When anything gets overdone it usually rights itself, and this is now likely to be the case with bowling tournaments.

## Ye Wicked Baronet and ye Virtuous Peasant.

WHAT a terrible fellow is Sir Hew Pollok! and what awful lives his gamekeepers lead! He actually makes them drink whisky whether they will or no; and it is a well-known fact that—next, perhaps, to a Glasgow policeman—your gamekeeper is the most ardent teetotaler going. It is difficult to realise the existence of such a state of things in a Christian land; but it is merely another example of the manner in which our bloated aristocracy grind down the faces—and the principles—of the poor.

## A Sheriff's Definition of Life.

"LIFE is but a vapour," said the Psalmist; "Life is real; life is earnest," said the poet Longfellow; and the other day Sheriff Balfour told a litigating fireman that life is all "girling." His lordship's definition of the problem of existence is undoubtedly original, and is expressed in the most expressive Doric, yet one would have thought that life perceived from the bench might have presented a somewhat different aspect. His lordship, however, knows, or at least ought to know better, and so we must e'en "girn" and bear it.

## "In the Dark."

SOME editors possess a lively wit, but this can hardly be said of our friend in Union Street. Here is one of his noblest last week:—"The Staffordshire Collieries Stipendiary Magistrate sent a miner to prison yesterday for 14 days, without the option of a fine, for unlocking his Davy lamp in a fiery mine, and, commenting on the recklessness of colliers, announced his determination to imprison every man 'charged with negligence calculated to cause explosions.' *If he had only said 'every manager,' he would have indicated a new departure in judicial procedure.*" Peter has been trying to discover if the joke lies in the statement that managers are not men, or whether our contemporary is once more going in for taking the part of the "weak and feeble against the high and mighty." Being a bad hand at conundrums he "gives it up."

## The Shooting Season.

LAST week, young M'Allister was once more early amongst the grouse—at Lang's. On the opening day no fewer than three brace (of sandwiches) fell to his own "unbounded stomach;" and then he said he was *game* for as many more, if his youthful friend, Bob White, who was along with him, would pay for them. It didn't come off, however. Bobby is only the junior at the desk round in St. Vincent Place, with no salary as yet, and he didn't see his way to make such a hole in his week's pocket-money merely to see Mac play the glutton.

LUCID.—Highland foreman to apprentice who is going off for a holiday—Now, you was sail in the "Lord o' the Isles" to Inferarry, an' then you'll sail to Dalmally in the Coach, d'ye see? The apprentice sees.

The Great Ventilator—The thunderstorm.

## Megilp.

MR ALEXANDER FRASER has been painting at Inverarnan, Mr C. E. Johnson is in Iona, and Mr W. D. Mackay at Moffat.

Mr Robert Macgregor has a kindly heart for the red-tiled villages of Fife. He is now at Largo. Mr Robert Noble, brother of Mr J. C. Noble, and himself a very promising artist, is working at Buckhaven.

Mr Duncan Mackellar and Mr Alex. Davidson have returned from London, and the good effects of their study there will be seen in our next exhibitions. Mr Mackellar has gone to the Lochgoil and Inveraray district. Mr Davidson, with Mr J. D. Taylor will take up his quarters at Ardtalnaig, on the shores of Loch Tay.

Mr John Grey has returned to his old painting ground, Auchmithie, near Arbroath.

A step that is sure to be attended with excellent results is about to be taken in Glasgow. The success of the charming exhibition of Art needlework lately held in Messrs Alexander & Howell's St. Vincent Street, has stimulated the promoters of that exhibition to set about the establishment here of a regular School of Art Needlework for the whole of Scotland—as a branch in connection with South Kensington. All the preliminaries have been arranged and an influential committee appointed, the list of which, I am glad to say, includes the names of Messrs A. B. Stewart and John M'Gavin. Mr Edward Howell, will act as Secretary, and to celebrate the opening of the school an exhibition will be held early in October. The proposed school is certain to do good, and not the least satisfactory anticipation we may form regarding it is that through its instrumentality, ladies will learn that truly artistic work with the needle is not only pleasant and graceful employment, but can be made also a source of considerable money profit, and in these times, when, "What are we to do with our girls?" is a pressing question, this is no slight matter.

## HOBSON'S CHOICE.

(On board Gareloch steamer.)

*English Tourist*—Is the next pier Shandon?

*Highland Sailor*—The next pier's a sma' boat, sir.

"DEAD FOUR MONTHS AND NOT FORGOTTEN YET."—A daily contemporary informed us on Saturday that "last night the Caste Company appeared in the comedy of 'M.P.' the occasion being the benefit of the gifted author, Mr T. W. Robertson." As, unfortunately, the "gifted author" joined the majority a decade ago, it would be difficult to say how a benefit on Friday night could be of much advantage to him—pecuniarily or otherwise.

A CERTIFICATE OF CHARACTER.—On Professor Huxley's authority we have it that "it is as well Mr Irving Bishop is an honest man, for with his gifts, he might have been the greatest rascal among us." The BAILIE wonders what Mr Johnston of the Western Infirmary and Professor Gairdner say to the "might have been."

A "Serious" Situation—A mute's.

## More Bawbees for Sandy!

IT seems that those generous creatures "the delegates from the Northumberland district" "consider Mr Macdonald's services in the House of Commons deserve the substantial recognition of the entire (*sic*) working men of the country," and they "recommend that he be paid by the National Union at the rate of one halfpenny per member, or £250 per annum, as long as he remains a representative in the Commons House of Parliament, and that an appeal be made to the working men of the country to subscribe a small sum annually towards this object." Why this particular moment should be chosen to suggest the swelling of Sandy's ample revenues by a sum about sufficient to keep him in cigars, the delegates from the Northumberland district only know. Possibly the delegates from the Northumberland district have a turn for sarcasm, and intend a sly allusion to the approaching dissolution, and its probable effect on the representation of Stafford, by the phrase, "as long as he remains a representative in the Commons House of Parliament."

MORE "IRISH" THAN "NICE."—"An Irish Protestant gentleman" announces in the *Herald* his desire to marry "a nice, sensible English or Scotch girl . . . of refined taste." The idea that ladies "of refined taste" are in the habit of answering matrimonial advertisements is certainly very Irish indeed.

CAN IT BE "TRUTH?"—*Truth* tells us that Mr Macdonald, M.P., "will disappear from the House at the dissolution;" but, alas! *Truth* has been too often proved "to be a liar" for this joyful intelligence to carry conviction on its wings. However, let us hope—let us hope!

Last Thursday Mr Carnegie did his suburban police inspections—contriving, by the way, to get through two or three cake-and-wine "feeds" as he went the round—and, of course, "expressed satisfaction with all he had seen." What a pity the honourable gentleman does not see "all!"

"Down among the Coals"—The mysterious "privileged" Peer.

They want somebody, down at Dumbarton, qualified to "hammer and punch." Looks like an opening for an active wife-beater, eh?

A "Capital" Trip—An excursion to Edinburgh.

LONDON SCOTTISH RESORT, 3 Water Lane, Ludgate Hill, London, the only House for "Real Johnny" Scotch Whiskies of all Brauds, Scotch Ales, &c. Neil Mackay, Proprietor.

Havana Cigars, La Flor De Aroma, First-Class Brand, 4d each. D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram St., and 121 Buchanan St.

“Rogues and Vagabonds.”

WE have grown painfully moral all of a sudden. The idea of a national lottery being got up for a charitable object is an abomination, and even those mild gambling transactions which, under the name of raffles, take place at bazaars, are now denounced by the Church and frowned upon by the Legislature. Grave Presbyteries have decided that Edwin in buying, and Angelina in selling, a shilling ticket for a smoking cap, are engaged in a most immoral performance, and, did the practices of the good old times still hold sway, those young persons would doubtless be called upon to do public penance for their sin in presence of the congregation. Happily—or, if you choose, reverend sir, unhappily—those particular branches of “use and wont” which included the white sheet and the cutty-stool are out of date; but a secular danger menaces our young friends. It has been declared in Parliament, on high legal authority, that they are liable to prosecution as—rogues and vagabonds! Think of it, Miss Angelina! Put that in your pipe, Master Edwin! Miss A. has, doubtless, no objection to being called a “little rogue” by papa when she coaxes a new bonnet out of him, and Master E. would complacently hear himself dubbed a “young vagabond” by the ferociously benevolent millionaire uncle who is so common on the stage and so rare in real life; but used technically the terms are not so pleasant. Flirt to your heart’s content—rig the market till all’s blue—but don’t try to help on a good cause in an innocently pleasant way if you don’t want to be branded as—rogues and vagabonds! What a funny volume, to be sure, is the statute-book!

A WET DAY IN WALES.

*Glasgow Youth*—I’m fair tired o’ this country, it’s no’ a bit like Scotlan’.

*Welsh Cousin*—Why, Charlie, I’m surprised to hear you. This rainy weather ought to prevent home sickness; why it’s almost wet enough to make a Scotchman feel quite at home!

**T H E G A I E T Y .**  
Proprietor and Director,.....Mr C. BERNARD.  
TO-NIGHT and Following Evenings, Mr D’OYLY CARTE’S  
COMEDY OPERA COMPANY.

H.M.S. PINAFORE.

Preceded each Evening at 7-30 by

AFTER ALL.

Doors Open at 6.30, Curtain rising at 7-30.  
Prices from 6d to 5s.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.

Under the Management of MR SIDNEY.

THIS EVENING,

L’ASSOMMOIR; or the CURSE OF DRINK.

Produced under the Personal Superintendence of Mr SIDNEY, to whom the Piece is Licensed by the Lord Chamberlain.

NEW SCENERY! NEW MUSIC!

NEW PROPERTIES and EXTENSIVE MACHINERY!

NOTICE.—In consequence of the Length of the Drama, it will constitute the Entire Evening’s Entertainment.

WESTERN BOOK CLUB, Established 1841.

All the Best Books of History, Biography, Theology, Travels, Sport, Poetry, and Fiction are added immediately on Publication, and in large numbers. Catalogues of the recent additions to the Library, and of all the books in circulation may be had post free on application. Boxes of Books sent to all parts of the Country by Rail or Steamer. List of terms, &c., may be had on application. New Catalogues of Surplus Books for Sale, now ready.

JAMES MACLEHOSE, 61 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.

REGISTRATION OF PARLIAMENTARY AND MUNICIPAL VOTERS.

CITY AND ROYAL BURGH OF GLASGOW.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO OCCUPIERS OF DWELLING-HOUSES AND OTHER PREMISES WHO ENTERED THEIR PRESENT OCCUPANCIES AT WHITSUNDAY LAST.

The Assessor has made a Special Survey at these Premises to ascertain if the Occupants had been in Possession of OTHER PREMISES in GLASGOW previous to WHITSUNDAY LAST, in order to see if such Occupants had the requisite Twelve Months’ Qualification; but in numerous instances, he failed to obtain any information, and accordingly issued Schedules in such cases to these Occupants to be filled up by them with the necessary information. Such Occupants as have not returned these Schedules to the Assessor are requested to do so without further delay, otherwise the Assessor will not be in a position to enter their names in the List of Voters.

W. CAMPBELL, Assessor.

24 Ingram Street,  
Glasgow, 16th August, 1879.

BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC ROOMS,

202 HOPE STREET, CORNER OF SAUCIEHALL ST.

B. WOHLGEMUTH.

CARTES from 5s PER DOZEN.

MANN’S RAINBOW HOTEL AND RESTAURANT,

BRIDGE STREET STATION, GLASGOW,

Three Minutes’ Walk of St. Enoch’s Station and Highland and Coasting Steamers.

This HOTEL has undergone extensive Alterations and Improvements. Has been Refurnished throughout. Visitors will find every comfort, combined with moderate Charges. Night Porter in attendance. Smoking-Rooms, Baths, and Billiards.

J. MAITLAND, Manager.

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28 GREAT WESTERN ROAD, HILLHEAD.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, £1 IS.

MUSIC LENT BY THE WEEK.

Catalogues, 2s 6d.

Prospectus Free.

R A E B R O W N & C O.,

AUCTIONEERS AND VALUATORS,

116 ST. VINCENT STREET, GLASGOW.

**ECONOMY AND COMFORT IN THE HOUSEHOLD.**

SAVE YOUR MILK, CREAM, WINE, AND BEER FROM TURNING SOUR!

SAVE YOUR BUTTER FROM RANCIDITY!

COLLECT YOUR EGGS WHILE CHEAP, AND KEEP THEM UNTIL PRICES RISE!

KEEP YOUR BEEF AND MUTTON FRESH AND TENDER by using

**GLACIALINE,**

The Unfailing Preservative.

Colourless! Tasteless! Odourless! Harmless!

Analysed by Eminent Professors and Doctors, and Certified to be HARMLESS and thoroughly EFFECTUAL.

In the Paris Exposition of 1878 it was acknowledged to be THE BEST PRESERVATIVE.

**GLACIALINE**

Effectually prevents Milk, Cream, Beer, Cider, Hock, Claret, and all Fluids liable to Ferment from Souring. Unfailingly preserves Meat, Fish, Poultry, Game, Butter, Eggs, and all Perishable Foods free from Taint or Decay.

To be obtained, Retail, in Quart Bottles, at 1s 6d, in Glasgow, of

The Old and New Apothecaries' Companies, Fraser & Green, General Supply Association, and other Chemists and Family Grocers,  
Or, Wholesale of the Sole Manufacturers and Patentees:

THE ANTITROPIC CO.,

Analytical and Manufacturing Chemists, Glasgow.

\*\* Send for Prospectuses, Scientific and Medical Reports, and Opinions of the London and Provincial Press, Company's Office, 126 Renfield Street, Two Doors above Central Halls.

**THE GLASGOW DAIRY COMPANY.**

Supply of Pure and Unadulterated MILK, CREAM, and BUTTER, produced under best Sanitary conditions for preventing Infection, all as approved by Dr Fergus. A trial will prove that no expense or other precaution is spared to ensure richness and purity. All Milk and Cream refrigerated during hot season. HEAD OFFICE—42 GARNETHILL STREET, GLASGOW.  
West-End Branch—201 Victoria Street, Hillhead.  
Farm—Flemington.

\*\* All Butter made on the Premises untouched by the hands and on the most approved system, unsurpassed in quality. Families may rely upon all Orders being attended to with the utmost punctuality and care. Address:—Manager, 42 Garnethill Street, Glasgow.

**GREAT FOOTBALL (CHARITY) MATCH.**

QUEEN'S PARK V. RANGERS,

PUBLIC PARK, ROTHESAY,

SATURDAY, 23RD AUGUST, 1879,

On behalf of the Poor of Rothesay.

Under the Patronage and Presence of the Convener of the County, A. B. Stewart, Esq., Provost M'Kechnie, and Magistrates of the Burgh of Rothesay, &c., &c.

Kick-off, 4-30.

Admission, 6d. Grand Stand, 1s.

Special Trains and Steamers will be run on this occasion.

**QUEEN'S PARK FOOTBALL CLUB,**

HAMPDEN PARK, MOUNT FLORIDA, GLASGOW.

ANNUAL AMATEUR ATHLETIC MEETING,

SATURDAY, 6th SEPTEMBER.

TWO MILE BICYCLE RACE.

Preliminary Heats in Confined Events and First Ties in Football Competition on the Saturday previous.

**MINERAL WATERS.****S E L T E R S W A T E R,**

A most refreshing and wholesome drink.

Manufactured according to Dr Struve's Analysis by the BRITISH & FOREIGN MINERAL WATER COMPANY.

Sold by the leading Chemists, Grocers, and Wine Merchants, also supplied at the principal Hotels, Clubs, Restaurants, and Railway Refreshment Rooms.

Customers are cautioned against the many Spurious Imitations now offered under the names of Selters or Seltzer Water, the Chemical Constituents of which do not in the least correspond with those of the Natural Spring.

ASK FOR

**S E L T E R S W A T E R**

OF THE

**BRITISH AND FOREIGN MINERAL WATER COMPANY, GLASGOW.**

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Wednesday, 20th August, at One.

PUBLIC SALE OF

HIGH-CLASS WINES AND SPIRITS,

IN BOND.

- 3 Casks Simpson's BANFF WHISKY.
- 2 Hhds. Mitchell's CAMPBELTOWN Do.
- 2 Quarter-Casks SHERRY, ex "Coreyra."
- 1 Do. PALE RUM.
- 4 Hhds. Tambowie WHISKY.
- 5 Hhds. Graham's PORT.
- 5 Hhds. and 4 Quarter Casks Fenerheerd & Co.'s PORT.
- 2 Pipes C. M. Kopke's PORT.
- 4 Quarter Casks J. C. Gordon's SHERRY.
- 3 Hhds. Wisdom & Water's SHERRY.
- 7 Cases Hennessy's BRANDY.
- 10 Cases Martell's BRANDY.

DUTY PAID.

CLARETS, SHERRIES, PORTS, CHAMPAGNE, WHISKIES, and BRANDIES.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above, by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Wednesday, 20th August, at One o'clock prompt.

Samples may be tasted day prior to Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 18th August, 1879.

**TOBACCONIST'S STOCK of 200 BOXES**

FOREIGN and BRITISH CIGARS, by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Wednesday first, at Two o'clock.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO., Auctioneers.

Royal Exchange Sale Rooms, 18th August, 1879.

**VISITING CARDS** IN 5 MINUTES  
WHILE YOU WAIT

**50** BEST QUALITY **1/6**

THE ONLY MACHINE OF THE KIND IN THIS COUNTRY.

**LYON 389 SAUCHIEHALL ST.**

**T H O M A S S O M E R S,**

ARTIST AND PHOTOGRAPHER,

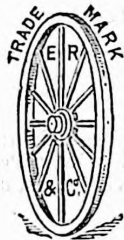
15 GORDON STREET.

Late of 98 WEST GEORGE ST. (Successor to W. White.)



**A FAIR FIELD AND NO FAVOUR.**

“THERE are nae bairns like our ain bairns” is an old Scotch saying, and of course advertisers in bringing their goods before the public naturally maintain that their respective specialities are unequalled. Now without going so far as to say that our “bairns” (Aerated Waters) are the best in the world, we hold that they are at any rate unsurpassed in those qualities which render Aerated beverages popular. All our goods are prepared with the best and purest materials at the Cromac Springs, Belfast, the water of which is peculiarly adapted for the manufacture of Aerated Waters, and having had over a quarter of a century’s experience in preparing those beverages, we challenge comparison with any goods of the same class. We merely ask consumers to take our Waters (all kinds) and compare them, bottle for bottle with those of other makers, and we will stand or fall by the result. Test to the utmost, dilute our Ginger Ale and Lemonade with Water, and it will be found that no other will stand this test to the same degree as ours. Let us have “a fair field and no favour” and we are satisfied that our goods will soon be in universal demand. Retail, from Chemists, Grocers, Wine Merchants, Restaurateurs, &c., and Wholesale at our Scotch Depot, 147 STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW.



**WHEELER & CO., CROMAC SPRINGS, BELFAST.**

**CORRY & CO.'S AERATED WATERS.**

SINCE offering to the Public in 1850 these delicious and unrivalled Aerated Beverages, the sole and lasting aim to which Messrs CORRY & Co. have directed all their efforts has been, not to force sales by venturesome and questionable efforts, but by the real fact of the superiority of the Beverages they offer to merit universal patronage. Judging from the world-wide favour, which they find yearly increasing, and the unprecedented success which has attended their efforts at all the Universal Exhibitions, or wherever they have competed, this aim (so far attained, and which their experience has proved to be a fundamental principle of success) will be steadily pursued. Since 1850 many mere imitators have come and gone, and many still remain; but the Public are requested to insist on having CORRY'S Waters, not imitations.

To be had at all the First-Class Hotels, Restaurants, and from Family Grocers, Wine Merchants, Chemists, &c., &c.  
**JOHN MERCER & CO., YORK STREET, GLASGOW, AGENTS FOR SCOTLAND.**

**GLASS AND CHINA AT M'DOUGALL & SONS, 77 & 79 BUCHANAN STREET.**

DEPOT FOR MINTON'S, COPELAND'S, WORCESTER, AND DRESDEN PORCELAIN.—Discount for Cash.

Owing to special arrangement with several leading makers we are enabled to sell our Goods considerably under usual prices, and many of our best Patterns are reserved entirely for ourselves. Free Promenade through our Show-Rooms. The Stock is one of the largest and best selected in the kingdom. Suitable for all Classes, comprising an endless Variety of Useful and Ornamental Goods, Novelties being daily added. Sole Depot for Glasgow for the Beautiful Belleek Porcelain, of which we have just to hand a very Choice Selection, consisting of Dejeuner Sets, Tea Sets, Ornamental Shells, Card Baskets, Figures, &c.

AND AT 8 TO 14 JAIL SQUARE.

ESTABLISHED OVER FIFTY YEARS.

**LAST WEEK BUT TWO OF THE SEASON.  
 NEWSOME'S HIPPODROME  
 AND CIRCUS,**

East Ingram Street, Glasgow,

To-Night, Doors Open at 7-15. Commencing at 7-45.

GRAND STEEPLECHASE,

Introducing Thorough-bred Race Horses, Ridden by Jockeys in Colours.

MID-DAY PERFORMANCE ON SATURDAYS.

Doors Open at 2-30. Commencing at 3.

**H. & P. M'NEIL.**

WE have much pleasure in informing our numerous Customers and the General Public that, in addition to our already Established Business, we have OPENED Large and Elegant SHAMPOOING and HAIR-DRESSING ROOMS, which, in regard to comfort and elegance, are fitted in a style equal to any in the city. They are under the direct superintendence of a most experienced Manager, and the Assistants are from the Best Houses in the Trade.

In introducing this New Department of our Business, we may explain that though it is the first attempt of the kind in Glasgow, yet it has been carried on with great success by the most celebrated Hosiers and Glovers in the Cheapside and Strand, London, and we feel quite confident that with your kind patronage, and our strict attention, this novelty cannot fail to be a great success.

21 AND 23 RENFIELD STREET, GLASGOW.

**THE CIGAR OF THE FUTURE.**

A REAL LUXURY TO SMOKERS.

XAYMACA BRAND.

The *Court Circular* says, “Lovers of the fragrant weed cannot do better than try ‘The Cigars of the Future, which are grown in Jamaica, and are certainly superior to numbers of cigars which come from Havanna.”

Imported by

J. MATHESON, TOBACCONIST, 48 JAMAICA STREET.





# ISLAY WHISKY.

W. & J. MUTTER,  
BOWMORE DISTILLERY,  
COUNTING-HOUSE, 41 ANN STREET, CITY, GLASGOW.

## ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS AND CRYSTAL PALACE.

Open Daily from Nine a.m. till Dusk. Admission 6d.

GRAND PROMENADE CONCERTS

On SATURDAY FIRST, 23rd August, 7 to 9-30.

Annual Subscription—Family Tickets, £1 1s; Single do., 10s 6d;  
to be had at 155 West George Street, and at Garden Gate.

## BREADALBANE ARMS HOTEL, ABERFELDY, PERTHSHIRE.

**FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL AND  
POSTING ESTABLISHMENT** (one minute's walk from  
the Railway Station), situated close to the romantic Falls of  
Moness, the Birks of Aberfeldy, and on the direct route to Tay-  
mouth Castle, Loch Tay, Killin, the West Highlands, Rannoch,  
and Glenlyon, the scenery of which is unrivalled.

This Hotel has recently undergone extensive Improvements  
under the personal superintendence of the Lessee. A large and  
elegant Dining Saloon and Ladies' Drawing Room, comfortable  
Sitting Rooms and airy Bedrooms, all furnished in the most  
modern style; also, Spacious Billiard and Smoking Room.  
*Table d' Hote* daily.

Coaches to and from Killin and the West Highlands daily  
during the season. Tourists, in order to secure seats, are advised  
to pass the previous night at this Hotel.

Omnibus waits every train. Posting in all its branches.  
River trout fishing free.

Orders by post or telegraph for rooms or conveyances  
punctually attended to.

ARCHIBALD DAVIE, Lessee.

## THE BALMORAL HOTEL,

Opposite Caledonian Railway, Buchanan Street, Glasgow.  
Charles Macrae, late of Macrae's Hotel, Bath Street, and Royal  
Hotel, George Square, has the pleasure of informing his Friends  
and the Public that he has Leased this Hotel.

Scale of Charges—Breakfasts and Teas, 1s 6d, 2s, and 2s 6d;  
Dinners, 2s 6d, 3s, and 3s 6d; Bedrooms, 1s 6d, 2s, and 2s 6d;  
Attendance, 1s. Ladies' Drawing-Room.

A First-Class Hall for Marriage Dinner [and Supper Parties.  
Charges, from 3s each.

## FAST IN THE COLOUR. FELT HATS.

THE NEW SHAPES, THE NEW COLOURS, HARD  
AND SOFT MAKES.

The Prices range from 4s 6d to the Finest made.

EXTREME SIZES CAN BE FITTED AT ONCE. Special SMART  
SHAPES for "YOUNG MEN," LADS, and BOYS' wear.  
We guarantee our FELT HATS to retain their Shapes and Stand  
Fast in the Colour.

## MILLAR & CO.,

FAMILY HAT WAREHOUSE,  
QUEEN STREET CORNER, Established Half a Century.

WASTE PAPER, Ledgers, Letters, Books,  
Ropes, Bagging, Tailors' Clips—bought at PAPER  
MILL STORE, 98 MAXWELL STREET.

ADVERTISEMENTS received for all Papers,  
by A. F. SHARP & Co., 14 Royal Exchange Square.

## T O S M O K E R S.

The Best Place to secure Real Value in Foreign and British  
Cigars, Tobaccos, Snuffs, Meerschaum and Briar Root Pipes,  
Pouches, etc., is at No. 2 GLASSFORD STREET, 1st door  
from Trongate. Trial solicited.

*Commodious Smoking Room.*

## THE BATH HOTEL LUNCHEON BAR,

143 WEST CAMPBELL STREET,  
(Off Sauchiehall Street), Glasgow.

NOW OPEN.

Luncheons, Dinners, Teas in the best style.

Wines and Liquors of best quality only.

"Bass" and "Allsopp" on draught.

## MAX GREGER & CO.'S HUNGARIAN WINES.

CHIEF AGENTS IN SCOTLAND—

ADAMS & HODGE,

63 ST. GEORGE'S PLACE, GLASGOW.

Carlowitz and other Wines supplied in Hhds., Quarters, or  
Octaves.

## PHOTOGRAPHERS TO THE QUEEN.

RALSTON & SONS,

141 SAUCHIEHALL STREET 141

AND

311 BYARS ROAD, (Opposite the Burgh Hall), HILLHEAD.

## ROBERT M'TEAR & CO., AUCTIONEERS AND VALUERS, ROYAL EXCHANGE SALE-ROOMS,

## THE ROYAL RESTAURANT,

10 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET,

C. WILSON & SON, Proprietors.

## S U M M E R C L A R E T,

Vintage 1874 and 1875,

14s, 16s, 18s, and 20s per Dozen.

J O H N F O R B E S,

WINE MERCHANT,

261 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, and  
3 BUCKINGHAM BUILDINGS, HILLHEAD.

## W. S. VALLANCE,

The Most Popular Elocutionist of the Day,  
(Now meeting with the most unqualified success on his Northern  
Tour) will give Readings and Recitals in Golspie, Tain, Inver-  
gordon, Dingwall, Beaully, and Strathpeffer this week.

Mr VALLANCE will re-commence Teaching Privately and in  
Class at 9 Cambridge Street early in September. Prospectuses  
may be had from Messrs D. Bryce & Son, Buchanan Street.

VITALINE.



The most wonderful discovery of the age, and the marvellous Vegeto-Tonic treatment for the cure and prevention of Biliousness, Sick Headache, Indigestion Loss of Appetite, Tic Doloieux, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Giddiness, Scrofulous Affections, Ague, Debility, Spasms, and all derangements of the Stomach. By its administration the natural appetite is revived, and the functions of digestion and assimilation are improved, re-animated, and regulated; and when its use has been steadily persevered in, its peculiar Tonic and Nutritive Powers have entirely restored Health and Strength to the most feeble and Shattered Constitutions.

VITALINE.

Unless the secretions of the liver be healthy it cannot assimilate, and produce fit sustenance for the general support and preservation of the body, take what nutriment you will, even the best the world can afford. The liver is the most important organ in the whole body, and when its action is imperfect, all others suffer with it. Vitaline almost immediately produces by direct action, a healthy effect upon the liver, and is a never failing remedy for nervousness, wakefulness, restlessness, sinking sensation in the stomach, irregular appetite, and fulness after meals.—Vitaline is manufactured only by JOE TODD, Chemist, Carlisle, and is sold in bottles at 2s 9d, 4s 6d, and 11s each, by all Chemists.

VITALINE

Strengthens the whole muscular System, rouses into action the Physical Energy of the human frame, restores the long-lost Complexion, gives brilliancy to the Eye, a delightful fragrance to the Breath, and brings back sound and refreshing Sleep.

VITALINE

Is sold by R. M'DONALD, 150 Trongate; THE APOTHECARIES' COMPANY, Virginia Street; THE NEW APOTHECARIES' COY., Glassford Street; BROWN BROTHERS, Trongate; and all Chemists.

QUININE WINE.

Every medical man readily acknowledges the inestimable value of the Quinine Wine manufactured by Joe Todd, Chemist, Carlisle, for its invigorating, renovating, and sustaining qualities. It is equally suitable to the invalid, the convalescent, the child, and the adult, from its palatability, fine flavour, intrinsic purity, and great strength.

NEW ROUTES TO THE WEST HIGHLANDS.



GLASGOW, INVERARAY, AND OBAN

Via WEMYSS BAY and KYLES OF BUTE,  
Per Splendid Saloon Steamer LORD OF THE ISLES,  
From Wemyss Bay at 9-15 A.M., Train from Glasgow (Bridge Street) at 8-5 A.M.

Via GREENOCK AND LOCH ECK,

Per Splendid Saloon Steamer LORD OF THE ISLES,  
From Greenock at 8-15 A.M., Train from Glasgow (Bridge St.) at 7-30 A.M. : or per Steamer VIVID at 8-45 A.M., Train from Bridge Street at 7-35 A.M.

For full Particulars as to Steamers, Coaches, Fares, Circular Tours, &c., see Time Bills, to be had on board Steamers, at Railway Stations; from JOHN RODGER, Inveraray; GEORGE STIRLING, Dunoon; and from

M. T. CLARK, Manager, 17 Oswald St., Glasgow.

Royal Route via Crinan and Caledonian Canals.

GLASGOW AND THE HIGHLANDS.

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS, Columba,

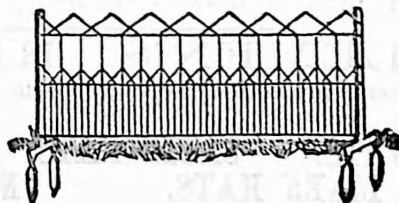
Iona, Chevalier, Mountaineer, Pioneer, Clansman, Clydesdale, Staffa, Islay, Glencoe, Lochawe, Lochiel, Lochness, Cygnet, Plover, Inverary Castle, Sail during the Season for Islay, Oban, Fort-William, Inverness, Staffa, Iona, Glencoe, Lochawe, Tobermory, Portree, Gairloch, Ullapool, Lochinver, and Stornoway, affording Tourists an opportunity of visiting the Magnificent Scenery of Glencoe, the Coolin Hills, Loch Coruisk, Loch Maree, and the famed Islands of Staffa and Iona.—Time Bills with Maps, free by post, on application to the Proprietor, DAVID MACBRAYNE, 119 Hope Street, Glasgow. (The Columba or Iona Sails Daily at 7 a.m., conveying Passengers as above.)



SHOOTING LODGES AND YACHT STORES SUPPLIED.

JOHN WALKER & CO.,  
FAMILY GROCERS, WINE MERCHANTS,  
AND ITALIAN WAREHOUSEMEN,  
42 WEST NILE STREET, GLASGOW.  
List on Application.

Established Upwards of Half-a-Century.



ORNAMENTAL WIRE FENCING.

WM. HUME,  
195 Buchanan St.

JOHN M. SIMPSON, Furniture Warehouse and Show-rooms, 60 GREAT CLYDE STREET (Corner of Maxwell Street), Glasgow. One of the largest Stocks in the City. New Illustrated House Furnishing Guide to be had Free on application. The Cheapest Establishment in the City for Really Good Substantial Furniture of Artistic Design and Superior Finish. Quality Guaranteed.

# WALTER WILSON & CO.,

WHOLESALE MILLINERS AND HAT MANUFACTURERS,  
COLOSSEUM, 70 JAMAICA STREET.

EXTRAORDINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

GREAT EXTENSION OF PREMISES.

*Entire Stock to be Sold Regardless of Cost, to Make Room for the Tradesmen.*  
Unheard of Bargains in Boys' Sailor Hats. Wonderful Bargains in Misses' Sailor Hats.

**BARGAINS! BARGAINS! BARGAINS!**

Millinery Bonnets. Millinery Hats. Trimmed Mourning Bonnets.  
Infants' Hoods and Hats. Flowers, Feathers, Ribbons, and Laces.

Never before in Scotland was there such a High-Class Stock of HATS AND BONNETS thrown into the Market. An opportunity such as this should not be missed, as the like may never occur again.

Remember, we do not offer a Lot of Rubbish got for an occasion (as seems to be too often the case), but will sell our Valuable Midsummer Stock unreservedly.

**HATS FOR COAST AND COUNTRY.**

This Week we show an Immense Stock of LADIES' and MISSES' Black, White, and Brown STRAW HATS for the Coast and Country. Special Line of LADIES' Black Rough STRAW HATS for 4½d each; worth 1s 6d. These will be sold in a few days. This Week we also Show all the New Shapes (in real English Whole Straw) that will be worn at Brighton and other fashionable watering places in England during August and September. Muslin SUN HATS, Latest Novelties, full size, for 1s each; Trimmed with Lace, &c., 2s 3d and 2s 9d.

**MILLINERY! MILLINERY! MILLINERY!**

**TRIMMED BONNETS, TRIMMED HATS, FOR LADIES AND MISSES.**

The most elegant Stock of Millinery ever offered in Glasgow. Fourteen Hundred Handsome Millinery Bonnets must be sacrificed at any price, as it will not be possible to save them from the dust and lime attending the Extensions.

This week we have brought forward the better class of Goods, and Ladies who wish a really handsome Bonnet should not fail to visit us at once,

**MILLINERY HATS.**—Hundreds of Beautifully Trimmed Hats, in White Chip, White Whole Straw, Black and White Rough Hats, Trimmed Tartan Straw Hats, Satin Hats, &c., &c. Really Splendid Trimmed Hats for the Coast for Ladies for 4s 6d. See them.

**CHIP HATS—CHIP BONNETS.—BARGAINS! BARGAINS!**

DRAB and FAWN CHIPS, the new shapes, for 2s 11½d each; these are worth 10s.

IMITATION CHIPS (5000), very fine, frequently sold in Glasgow as real Chip, from 10½d to 1s 9d.

Special Line in Beautiful FANCY BONNETS for 5½d each; these cost from 1s 9d to 3s 6d.

Beautiful DRAB and FAWN FELT HATS for Infants, Fresh from the Maker, for 7d each. Fine WHITE FELTS for INFANTS for 1s each.

Splendid Stock of MOURNING MILLINERY BONNETS, now from 1s upwards.

LADIES' DRESS CAPS at less than cost. MOB CAPS, Newest Designs.

TIN BONNET BOXES, in Oak or Brown.

## GENTLEMEN'S HAT DEPARTMENTS.

These Departments are entirely separate from the Ladies' Departments, being on different floors of the Establishment.

FELT HATS, SATIN HATS, TWEED HATS, STRAW HATS,  
NOVELTIES IN LINEN HATS, NOVELTIES IN COAST AND COUNTRY HATS.

SPECIAL DESIGNS CONFINED TO THIS ESTABLISHMENT.

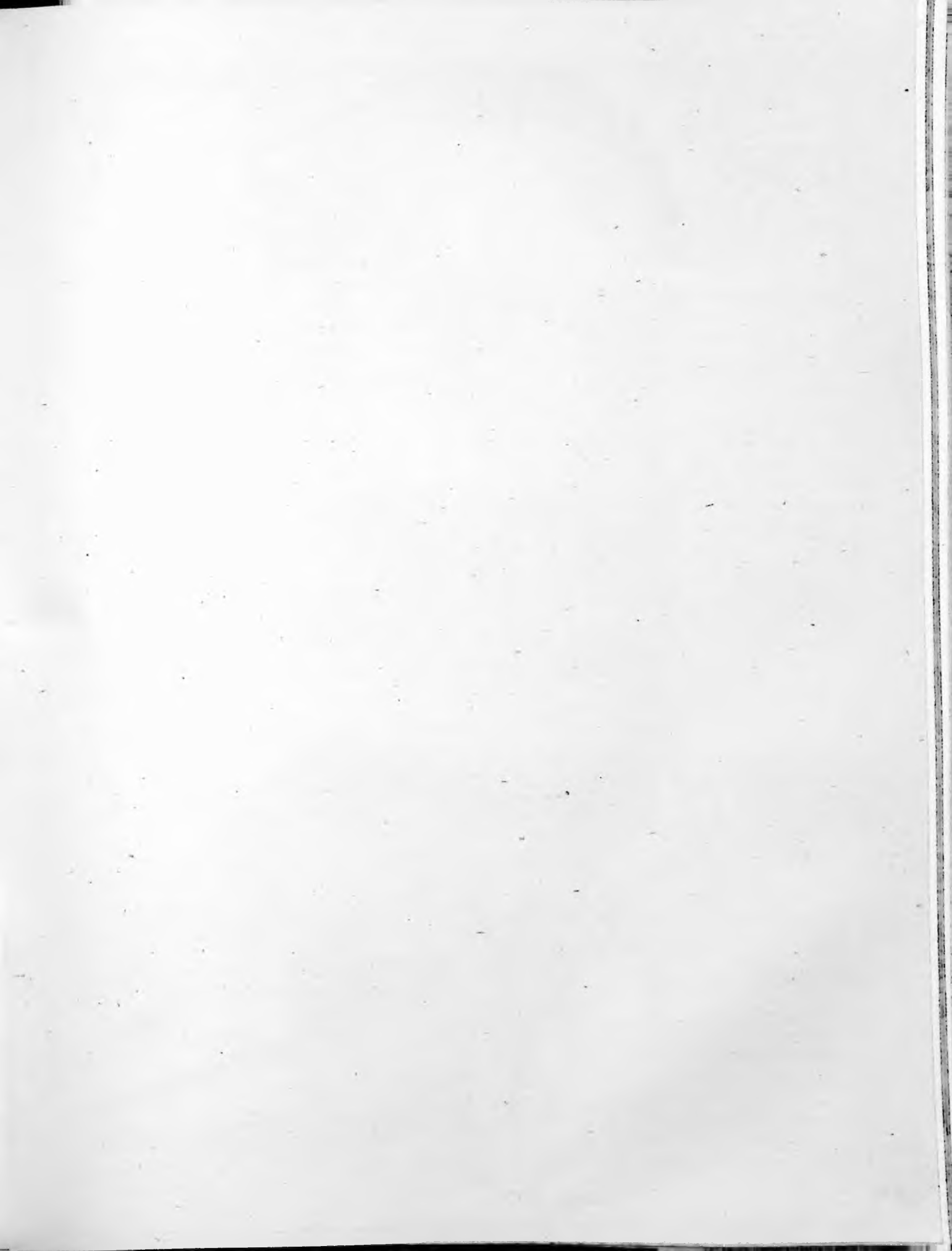
Our Stock of Gentlemen's Felt Hats at present is superior to any out of London. To Gentlemen who really want a High-class and Fashionable Hat, they cannot be suited better than with us; and no extra profit is taken on any of our goods, no matter how expensive.

*All our Hats are guaranteed Fast in the Colour.*

**BOYS' AND YOUTHS' HATS.** Immense Variety.

**ALL GOODS AT WHOLESALE PRICES.**

WALTER WILSON & CO., The Leading Hat House, 70 JAMAICA STREET.





# The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 358. Glasgow, Wednesday, August 27th, 1879. Price 1d

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 358.

THERE are other qualities besides those associated with some intellectual force for which a man may deserve to be known. He may, for instance, inherit a name identified with the commercial progress of the country. He may also be the fortunate inheritor of estates vast enough to make their owner a notable personality; and to these happy incidents of existence he may have succeeded in obtaining a sequence of failures which should constitute in themselves a right to be recorded amongst the "Men you Know." This is the case of Mr JOHN WILLIAM BURNS of Kilmahew and Cumbernauld. He is son of one of the great house of J. & G. Burns; he was born to own an estate which he has gradually enlarged till it has at last become notable even in Dumbartonshire; and to these hereditary distinctions he has added the achievement of two decisive defeats in attempting to get into Parliament. His history, so far as it can be of any interest to the public, is nearly summed up in this brief record. To those, however, who believe in what may be termed the guide-book species of biography, it may be of some interest to know that the father of our friend was James Burns of Bloomhill, a younger son of the celebrated Dr Burns of the Cathedral, and the founder, along with Messrs Cunard & M'Iver, of the famous Cunard Company. The Man you Know was born in 1837, and educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated as B.A. in 1860, in which year he was called to the Scottish Bar. In 1871 he succeeded, on the death of his father, to the estate of Kilmahew, and he acquired the estate of Cumbernauld in 1875, at a cost of £160,000. Mr BURNS'S career, it will thus be seen, is probably still before him. His first struggle

for a seat in Parliament was in 1868, when he stood for Buteshire, his second in 1874, when he contested Dumbartonshire against Mr Archibald Orr Ewing. On neither of these occasions did he succeed in making such an impression on the public mind as rendered the contests in any way memorable. Mr BURNS means, however, to try again. He appears now in the van of the combatants whom Mr Gladstone has threatened to hurl at once upon the Conservative flanks, and force the great election battle. Animated by the Gladstone spirit, Mr BURNS may display new prowess. His late appearance at Kilcreggan certainly did not promise much accession of oratorical power to the cause of Liberalism in the country. Mr BURNS is an amiable and unassuming gentleman in private, and he has hitherto carried his flexible amiability into his platform appearances. But since he spoke Mr Gladstone has sent round the fiery cross. The inspiration may give something more of vehemence, decision, and even lucidity to Mr BURNS'S utterances. He has in his opponent, Mr Orr Ewing, a man of recognised tact, and skilled in electoral tactics. If Mr BURNS'S campaign be conducted with equal skill, the contrast which the two men present in social circles may assist in making the result a surprise. The BAILIE has no doubt, however, as to what the result will be. Mr Ewing's services have already secured for him the support, not of the Conservatives of Dumbartonshire only, but the hearty goodwill of the Liberal voters also. It is not all, or nearly all, of the Liberal voters who will care to vote for a man who wishes to see our historic Church extinguished. Mr Orr Ewing's persistent adherence to the Establishment is one of the strong factors that will tell in the Election. His watchful opposition to the yearly attacks made upon a leading business interest of the country—no other, indeed, than the

manufacture of "Scotch drink"—has also secured to him many friends in the Liberal ranks, who think less of Kinahan and Jamieson, than of Tallisker and Glenlivet. Lastly, many Liberal voters who have benefited by the impartial and generous way in which Mr Orr Ewing has exerted his Parliamentary influence, will think twice before they assist in the return of a man whose influence in Parliament is certain to be of the most flaccid kind. The Man you Know can be of most service to the county by continuing in the fulfilment of the functions of a private landed proprietor, which he discharges so well. He's much too amiably nice for St. Stephen's.

### Outrage upon "the Fife Family."

SIR GEORGE GRANT was hissed on his appearance at Lossiemouth last week—whereupon the chairman indignantly remarked that "it was the most base ingratitude for any one present to hiss" a gentleman belonging to the same political party as "the Fife family." Some of those present, however, not having the fear of the Fife family before their eyes, nor the feudal principle rooted in their hearts, were rude enough to laugh at this remonstrance. It is to be hoped, for the sake of the dignity of "our old nobility," that the Fife family will in future take steps to "spot" and castigate such basely ungrateful scoffers.

A REWARD FOR HIS HEAD.  
(Scene—Highland Farmyard.)

*Travelling Ratcatcher* (to Landlord)—I see you've an awfu' lot o' vermin about, Laird.

*Laird*—Yis! yis! the rats are running apoot in sousands.

*T. R.*—Hoo much wull ye gie to clear them aff the farm?

*Laird*—I'll told you, I will be give you twopence a head for every tail.

WHICH IS WHICH?—In reporting a suicide, a local daily says:—"The shed where the body was found stands near the canal bank, which is much frequented, but it is rarely entered by any one, and had it not been thus accidentally discovered, it might have hung for a considerable period." Perhaps so; but if the author of the above sentence had devoted a more "considerable period" to its composition, he might have succeeded in producing a piece of intelligible English.

A Knowing Dog—"Purvis." A Retriever—Chelmsford.

### Frae Tugal.

DEAR PAILIE,—I'm Tugal; she's writin' to you,  
An' she'll ask shust a pit o' your page;  
For she's sad news to tell—though it's maype no true—  
They're reducin' the polisman's wage.

She was sair put aboot whan she heard o' that same,  
An' she got intill sic a pig rage,  
That she's grippit the pen—an' she'll signed wi' her name—  
Shust to ask if they're lowerin' oor wage.

Yes, an' also besides too, and maype forpye,  
Her nainsel did puir Flora engage  
To come through here frae Mull to be mairit—hooch aye,  
An' they speak noo o' lowerin' oor wage.

I tell't her my pay when I sent her my letter,  
An' I said she was shust the richt age;  
An' she'll sune pe a sergeant—she couldna do petter—  
But what if they're lowerin' my wage?

Mind, PAILIE, she's serious; she'll take your advice,  
An' she'll think you could pass for a sage;  
She'll shust leave them at wance, an' she'll no wait till twice,  
If she catches them lowerin' her wage.

She kens what she'll do—for she'll keep her blue claes,  
An' her nainsel will tike to the stage,  
For there's polisemen noo in a wheen o' the plays—  
It's no richt to be lowerin' oor wage.

So the public can do shust for me what she likes,  
For she'll flee like a bird out a cage;  
An' they'll see it's no safe whan a polisman strikes—  
That's what comes through reducin' oor wage.

Then, PAILIE, you'll do what you can for the force,  
An' she'll aye gie your door a bit shougle;  
An' she'll trink your goot health as a matter of course,  
An' she's yours most respectfully, TUGAL.

### Something New in "Centenaries."

ONE ought not to be surprised nowadays at any development or modification of the mania for "centenary celebrations;" but certainly the oddest thing we have heard of in that line is the "happy thought" of wee Bailie M'Lachlan, of Paisley, who last week let off an offender with an admonition, on account of its being his hundredth appearance before the Court! Having once established the principle, surely the Bailie need not have contented himself with so meagre an acknowledgment of his friend's deserts. It would have been but consistent and seemly to have there and then instituted arrangements for a public banquet, and started subscriptions for a statue.

JUG-GLERY.—They go in for tall things in the crockery line out Provanmill way. A fellow has been sent to prison for stealing 57 gallons of whiskey there, "in a jug." It must have been almost as capacious an article as the stone jug in which he now reposes.

ONE FOR DAVID.—A man in France professes to have discovered everlasting fire. What has Mr Macrac to say to this?



What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the *Herald* went in for amateur short-hand reporting last week.

That a report of a meeting extending to nearly four columns is not bad work for a novice.

That there must be some rare stenographers among the members of Council.

That Bailie Morrison and Councillor Jackson's speeches were given *verbatim*.

That the other speakers' addresses were very much summarised,

That this may account for the "milk in the cocoa-nut."

That the policemen have beaten their masters.

That the bold front displayed by the bobbies caused the Police and Statute Labour Committee to abandon the contemplated reduction of their wages.

That the Glasgow Charlies are never afraid to "strike."

That the miners are still "agitating."

That Sandy Macdonald is at present "located" in the Hamilton district.

That Sandy may be pulling the strings.

That he will make the collier "dance to a tune on his ain fiddle" before all's done.

That the population of Glasgow is decreasing.

That empty houses are still crying out for tenants.

That there are also a goodly number of shops unoccupied.

That the return of brisk trade is long a-coming.

That our claim to be the Second City in the Empire may soon be seriously disputed.

That the unemployed have been "demonstrating."

That some of the leaders believe in drowning their grief in a bowl.

That many a good cause has been bowled over by such injudiciousness.

That the demonstrators have taken to hooting their best friends.

That this is not the way to obtain employment from the Town Council.

That the two local premier football clubs had a grand day at Rothesay on Saturday.

That Mr A. B. Stewart never does things by halves.

That a good many halves were consumed at the outing.

That there's simply no end to the good things in store for Maryhill.

That, besides a new prison, the burgh is to be favoured with a brand new reformatory for girls.

That a group of "cottage homes," *à la* Dr Barnardo, is also to be planted there for industrial school cases.

That Mr Mitchell's pet scheme of a day industrial school is already in a fix.

That Mr Mitchell and the Home Secretary don't see things in quite the same light.

That the refusal of a Government certificate is a bitter pill to swallow.

That Tonalt and Tugalt agreed most marvellously over the smoke case at the Central last week.

That Mr Assessor Young considered the "unity" of the "brethren"—or "neebors"—neither "good" nor "becoming well," but rather "remarkable" and "most extraordinary."

That the Fiscal thought "it would be demoralising to the police to distrust their evidence because it agreed, and to trust it because it disagreed."

That—"shust so!"

Megilp.

MR George Lawson, the London sculptor, was in Glasgow last week. His charming "Dominie Sampson" is at present being reproduced by a first-rate Parisian firm. Of course, copies will be for sale.

Mr Colin Hunter has been in Glasgow and Helensburgh. Mr Leiper was lately painting at Elie, in Fife. Mr M'Laren, of Capri, has been on a visit to Scotland. Mr Hamilton Macal-lum, and, I understand, also Mr Dennistoun, who has been living for some time in the South of England, are going out to Capri.

Mr Tom Donald is at Brig o' Turk; Mr Brydall at Corrie; Mr M'Glashan at Sannox; and Mr W. Y. Macgregor at Stonehaven; Mr D. Fulton and Mr D. Mackinlay have been in the Ballintrae district, the latter has also been painting on Loch Long side.

Mr David Murray will go this week from Langbank to Tarbert. I hear that that grand old painter, Mr J. C. Hook, has been at Iona.

Mr John Miller is still at Oban, and Mr William Young at Loch Carron.

Mr Glover has lately painted two pictures at Bernice, on Loch Eck side, which surpass anything he has yet done.

Among the noteworthy pictures at present in Glasgow are a Tissot, in Messrs Lawrie's, which to those that admire Tissot,—of whom I am not one—will be interesting, and several foreign pictures brought by Mr A. Wells from London. Among the latter is a beautiful example of A. Neuhuys, a cottage interior with figures, very tender in feeling and careful in execution, altogether a delightful picture; a clever scene of sheep in snow, by Ter Meulen; "On the Meuse," by Seghers, excellent in quality; and examples of de Bock, Hoppe, &c.

HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF.—Councillor Selkirk writing off "ten per cent." reminds the BAILIE of *Punch's* little boy that wrote up "No Popery!" and then—*ran away!*

A-*vowals* of Debt—I.O.U.

Sugar for "Nothing?"—Just try "Cash."

The Hair at Law—The wig's.

## Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—“H. M. S. Pinafore” has been a marvellous success at the Gaiety. The powers of Mr S. H. Austin, Mr Bernard’s new manager, have been taxed to the utmost, not only to find seats, and even standing-room for those who were fortunate enough to get inside the theatre, but also to dispose of the crowds who, unable to gain admission, have had to turn nightly away.

The “Pinafore” will be played all this week. The booking of seats, however, has already proceeded at such a rate that the management have arranged for a morning performance. This will be given on Saturday at 2 o’clock, a day and an hour which, while they will suit our cousins from the country, will also be taken advantage of by many townfolk who have hitherto found it impossible to “assist” at the production.

Not a little fun was created among the members of “H. M. S. Pinafore” while they were crossing the other day from Holyhead to Dublin. Although the sea was anything but boisterous during the passage, *Captain Corcoran* (or, to call him by his every-day title, Mr J. H. Rogers) suffered, in no small measure, from an attack of *mal de mer*. When night came, and the *Captain* asseverated—

“I’m never, never sick at sea!”—

the members of the chorus, with the recollections of the morning in their minds, fairly grinned as they returned,

“What, never?”

and the climax came with *Corcoran’s* rejoinder,

“Well, hardly ever!”

They do say that the feelings of the *First Lord* grow anything but comfortable on board ship, but this of course must be mere scandal. The position of Mr Penley is far too exalted for him to be at all affected by the motion of a vessel.

Miss Ellen Terry, accompanied by her husband, Mr Charles Kelly, the Got of the English theatre, and a selected London company, will make her first appearance in Scotland on Monday next, when she will play the part of *Miss Vavasour* at the Gaiety, in the Taylor-Dubourg play of “New Men and Old Acres.” The *Samuel Brown* of the cast will of course be Mr Kelly.

I needn’t say a word, at this time of day, in explanation of the position occupied by Miss Terry on the national stage. Her *Olivia*, her *Ophelia*, her *Lilian Vavasour*, are unequalled in contemporary art.

Mr Sydney’s “*L’Assommoir*” is still drawing crowds to the Prince of Wales Theatre. Indeed it is one of the plays that you must see if you are to be abreast of the time. I’ve already said that I’m not in love with the piece, but whatever may be one’s private opinion, it is something to be seen, just as the novel of M. Zola is something to be read. Admirers of the realistic drama should not miss the sensational “fall from the house-top,” which is the biggest thing in its way since Mr Sothorn’s famous “leap for honour,” in the adaptation of Octave Feuillet’s “*Romance of a Poor Young Man*.” Altogether, “*L’Assommoir*” is as hot and strong as a glass of your Worship’s favourite toddy—if I may be pardoned the somewhat inappropriate comparison.

The “Peril” Company of Messrs Strathmore and Paget appear on Monday next at the Prince of Wales, and therefore the public had better go in for their “Drink” while it’s going. “Peril,” I may add, is Clement Scott’s adaptation of “*Nos Intimes*” which was produced with so much success at the London Prince of Wales by Mr Bancroft.

All lovers of Charles Dickens—and surely these are many—will prize the carefully compiled and most interesting Bibliography of the famous novelist, the work of Mr James Cook, of Paisley. It abounds in information regarding not only Dickens’s best known books, but also about his occasional contributions to literature—the illustrations to his novels, the pictures they have suggested, and the poetical tributes that have been paid to Dickens by such men as Father Prout, Talfourd, and Hood. Mr Cook has done his part with skill and discretion.

“Snowball,” the farcical comedy by Sydney Grundy, which

met with considerable success when produced at the London Strand Theatre, has been secured by Messrs Ryley and Austin, and will be played at the Princess’s, Edinburgh, on the 8th prox., the leading comedy part, that of *Felix Featherstone*, being sustained by Mr J. H. Ryley.

I hear, my Magistrate, that the dominies and officers “under the Board” are in a pretty ferment anent the proposal to cut down their salaries. The head masters, at all events, need not be seriously alarmed. Their stipends, although reduced, will still be the highest in Britain. Not even “the ratepayers’ candidates” can find it in their hearts to fix the maximum at less than £500 per annum, with a minimum of £250. The school-mistresses and other ill-paid officials will, of course, be severely let down. The raising of male assistants to be “heads of departments” as in Edinburgh, is mooted. This would be a move in the right direction, and would improve the status of the hardest worked and worst paid servants of the Board.

Mr Lambeth’s Choir will give a selection from their Balmoral programme in Crieff on Tuesday evening next, on the occasion of the re-opening of the Masonic Hall, which has been enlarged recently. There has been no concert hall in Crieff of decent dimensions till now, and few concerts of any note.

The very pleasant organ recital given last week in the St. Andrew’s Halls, by Dr Peace, and the few by which it will be followed, may be regarded as introductory to the coming musical season, which we will be in the height of before we know where we are.

Mr T. S. Drummond, of Glasgow, gave an organ recital lately in Moffat Episcopal Church, in presence of an appreciative audience. Some vocal selections were included to vary the programme.

Let me call your attention, my Magistrate, to a new venture in the shape of the Royal Albert Music Hall, Bridgeton Cross, which is to open on Monday first under the management of Messrs A. B. Sutherland and Bruce Miller. With a strong company, including every variety of *artiste* from baritone vocalists to “miniature bicyclists,” the new hall should prove a formidable rival to the older establishments in the city.

The startling poster which appears on every blank wall in the city, and bears the legend, “Jezebel’s Daughter,” relates to the new story in the *Weekly Mail*. It is the work of Wilkie Collins, and it will be published simultaneously in some dozen or so of different papers, an arrangement which, while it pays the author, reduces the fee to be paid by each separate newspaper to a *minimum* rate.

“Jezebel’s Daughter” will be followed, in the *Mail*, by a novel from the pen of William Black.

An exceedingly appreciative criticism of Joseph Irving’s “*Book of Dumbartonshire*,” appears in the *Academy* of Saturday. It is from the pen of J. L. Chester. Mr Irving’s “*Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen*” is now in the hands of the printer, and will be ready for publication in the course of the present season. As your Worship knows the chief source of information hitherto, regarding the personal history of Scotsmen, has been the excellent work of the late Robert Chambers, and its supplemental volumes. It is now, however, forty-five years since the original book was issued, and many names within that time have come to the front in the different departments of enterprise and study. That work, besides, valuable as it is, has been found too bulky for handy reference, while the scale on which it was proposed precluded the insertion of many names, requiring only a line or two of mention. While Mr Irving’s Dictionary is to be brief and handy, it will yet include hundreds of names not hitherto mentioned in any professed Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen, and many, including scores of living celebrities, not to be found in any book of reference whatever.

A “*Book of Renfrewshire*,” similar in character to the “*Book of Dumbartonshire*,” has been undertaken by the Earl of Glasgow. Mr Irving will supply the archaeological portion of the work.

The G(u)ilded Age.

IT is proposed, according to a London paper, to form a religious guild for persons connected with the press, "from the editor to the stoker's boy at the engine," who shall pledge themselves to go to church, "to be temperate in dress, speech, and food," and, in short, to be good boys generally. This is a most excellent movement, upon which the BAILIE begs to place the stamp of his approval. He looks forward with hope to a day when sub-editors shall take the chair at teetotal meetings—when printing-managers shall not be provoked even by the most utter dearth of "copy" to let their angry passions rise—and when "devils" shall establish at least a bowing acquaintance with soap and water. Nay, he does not despair of even the Ass being at some future date persuaded to join the guild. Such is the Magistrate's faith in the reclaimability of his fellow-creatures.

HOW TO MAKE BOTH ENDS MEET.

First take this end—Reduce the pay,  
And then this other—Raise the rate:  
What better rough and ready way?  
How easiest "ways and means" create?

SUGGESTIVE.—At a recent "Unemployed" meeting, one of the speakers remarked, *propos* of the proposed deputation to the Lord Provost, that the deputies should go sober, "as his Lordship was a teetotaller"—a suggestion which was received with "laughter." That it should have been considered necessary to address such an admonition to starving men is, to say the least of it, curious and instructive. How is it, by the way, that your average "Unemployed" always has tobacco to smoke? It may be replied that he picks up cigar-ends and puts them in his pipe; but he is frequently to be seen cutting up a very respectable roll of "twist." These are things which require explanation.

REVIVAL OF TRADE.

(Scene—Graveyard in flourishing suburb; Visitor accosts Gravedigger.

Visitor (looking on)—Beautiful day this!

Gravedigger (plying his spade)—Gran' day, sir.

Visitor (thoughtlessly)—Are you busy just now?

Gravedigger (straightening up)—Daurna compleen, thank ye. We were gey dull i' the spring a while, but we've been a heap brisker since the new tauties cam' in.

(Collapse of visitor.)

"Thorough."

THE Moray election has assumed a phase at once instructive and amusing, so far as the Liberal candidate is concerned. Asked at Nairn last Thursday what section of the Liberal party he belonged to—surely a most natural question under present circumstances—Sir George Grant replied vaguely, and after consideration, that he belonged to "the thoroughgoing section!" Asked, further, to define the thoroughgoing section, he came to the remarkable conclusion that it was represented by "the electors of these counties!" And if it be thoroughgoing to applaud ignorant scurrility, and to receive with "great laughter" profane applications of Scripture, then must we admit that the electors of "these counties" present at this meeting *were* thoroughgoing.

HAY-HO!--If Councillor Martin objects not to the selling of hay while the sun shines, he a-parent-ly objects to the Young man purchasing hay from his father. A man may not marry his mother-in-law, and perhaps a civic official may not make a purchase from even a "fortisecont kizen." Would the Councillor therefore kindly define the degree of kinship, or other propinquity, within which it would be fair and honourable for a public servant to make merchandise.

THE HOUSE OF "BRUNSWICK."

With metal they're macadamising  
The streets 'ie Council Hall about,  
To still, 'tis said, the noise arising—  
The noise within, or noise without?

A Great Returning Officer.—Lord Chelmsford.

A New Way to Pay Old Debts—Reduce the Wages. Another—Sell Kirks.

"LET GLASGOW FLOURISH"!—By putting a penny on the rates, and taking ten *per cent.* off the wages.

Thou Tea-chest.—Mr Moir in his lesson to Mr Martin.

'TIS JUST THE FASHION—*As you like it.*—Pinafore may be all right enough with ship's husbands and other mates, but with young ladies in court-ship and on the look-out, in the stays and other rigging, it's all pin-behind.

It is officially intimated that the Maternity Hospital has been closed until further notice. One for Donald!

To be recovered—A tattered umbrella.

James Kaye goes a-Sailing.

SAE faur as I can gaither frae reading and personal observation, BAILIE, folk oot in a boat wi' a sail hae jist tae go vera much whaur the win' likes tae drive them. Certainly ye can "tack," but I raither think ye hae often tae "gie" as much as ye "tack." And it's no vera dignified tae see a boat that intends tae go frae Goorock tae Wemyss Bay tae be the tae meanit fleeing awa ower by Kilcreggan, and the next wi' her neb straight for Sandbank—I say it's no vera dignified, for ye canna tell whether the folk aboard o' her are "fou," or extra guid "tackers." Noo, wi' a steamboat it's different—awa ye go, let the win' be frae the east, west, north, or sooth—feint a bit o' difference it maks. A wee boat wi' oars may be likened tae a steamboat—yer oars are the paddles, and ye go whaur ye like; and if, when the win's against ye, it maks a harder pull, there's ae blessin'—yer back's tae the win'. Ye see there's aye something tae be thankfu' for.

Plenty o' respectable folk wha, like mysel', ken little about wee boats farther than seeing them crossing frae Clyde Street tae Springfield Sheds, are unco concerned about the dangers o' sailing boats. Weel, I'm no inclined tae dispute wi' them; I dinna set mysel' up as an authority at a', but I've one great guiding principle that I lay doon, whether I'm oot in a boat wi' sails or without them, and it's this—and I never depairt frae't—I sit weel in the middle o' the boat and haud on by baith sides, so' that if it whummles tae the tae side I can lean ower tae the tither—of course when I'm oaring I canna dae this, but even then I aye hae the tail o' my ce fixed on some bit o' the "gunnill"—I think they ca' it, tae mak' a grab at in case o' us being coupit. As a rule, I vera seldom oar ony: I'm weel up in years, and I prefer tae direck whaevers at the hin'-en' hoo tae steer—"east-be-east," "twa pints tae the nor'ard," and sae on. Anither thing: I aye set my face against going oot in ony o' thae kin' o' skiffs whaur in an unguarded meanent, if ye sneeze ower hard, the hale affair tumbles ower, and ye're in for a watery grave. A fine big, roond, roomy boat—sae that even if ye should be richt in the middle o' the ocean atween Dunoon and the Cloch, ye hae a feeling o' security as ye pull oot yer pipe tae hae a smoke, or eat a sandwich—is the word for me.

Hooever, being doon at Millport this year, a brither-in-law cam' on a visit tae us, and he having ance stoppit a fortnicht at Lamlash, coontit himsel' a great haun at boats—boats wi' sails, he

gaed in for. 'Deed, ye wid hear him taukin' by the oor about "shooter-o'-mutton sails," "jibs," and "mainsails." Whiles, when I wid be taking my nap at the fireside, I heard sae much through my sleep that I used tae imagine I was oot in the Atlantic in a gale o' win', and us jist about tae foonder.

Yae afternoon Mr Jamieson proposed a sail, and awa we gaed doon tae the shore, whaur aifter a bit argle-bargle we chartered a wee yellow boat wi' a black strip alang baith sides, and a bit mast the size o' a crutch, wi' an auld dish-cloot hanging doon frae the tap that Mr Jamieson said was a sail. I examined it wi' a critical e'e, and then remarked, "Weel, it may be as ye say, but I'm afraid it'll be mair a 'float' than a 'sail' we'll get if we trust tae that tae blaw us." Oot-side at the hin'-en' was pented "Maggie Millport." "Gudesake," says Betty, "that's a droll name. 'Maggie Millport,' I dinna think I ever heard o' a lassie o' that name afore." But I explained, "Maggie, ye see, is the name o' the boat, and Millport is the port where she's registered. The custom hoose at Millport keeps a register o' a' the vessels belonging to the toon, ye see, wi' their tonnage."

Aifter a wee, we got the boat lashed. "Awa' you an' sit in the forecastle," says Mr Jamieson tae me. "What castle," says I; "segs I'm ga'ing tae sit in nae castle. As I said I wid pay hauf o' the expenses, I intend tae hae my sail." He then explained the "forecastle" was the sea-faring term for the neb o' the boat, so I crept awa up, an' sitting doon in the bottom wi' my heed jist up ower the side, I surveyed wi' a plesant smile on my face the preparations for oor voyage tae the Wee Cumbrac. Betty an' ane o' the bairns an' Mr Jamieson were in the hinmost sate, Mr Jamieson wi' the tae haun grippin' the helm, and the tither hauding a rape tied tae the sail tae keep it frae being blawn awa'—and I think nae wunner, for it wis an auld raggit thing. Twa laddies gied us a bit shove oot, and awa' we gaed crunching ower the chuckie stanes till I thocht the bottom wid be in—indeed Betty declared it wis faur liker a "hurl" than a "sail." Hooever, when Mr Jamieson got his coat buttoned, and his "sea legs" on, as he said, and a bit wauf o' win' in the sail, we tore awa' maist extrornar; dod, the waves wid hit us first on the tae side, then on the tither, tae kin' o' balance affairs, making my heart jump intae my mooth every time; then whiles me at the neb wid be awa' up in the air looking doon at the rest, and then I wid be awa' doon in the

trough o' the sea, wi' the rest awa up abin my heed ; then the boat wid stand still and shake ; then aff again. A' this time the water wid come washing over the neb o' her and doon on me, sae much that in a wee I wis fairly drookit. If there had been ony kin' o' cabin or flat below that I could creep intae, I wid hae been glad, but there wis nane, so I had jist tae sit still—and min' ye the pint o' an anchor is no' a very easy sate tae sit on—and haud on, wi' the waves landing first on my hat, and then drappin' on tae my broo, and then doon my nose. I wis, as I may sac, the man on the look-oot, although maybe I wis lookin' mair "in" than "oot." I had got my pipe lichted when a' o' a sudden I hears Mr Jamieson crying, "Haul in the painter." I sprang up. "Whaur's the penter till I grup him? Puir fellow, has he fa'en oot o' some ither boat?" Hooever, as it turned oot it wis a bit rape he ca'd the penter—what a like name—I settled doon tae the pipe again, when Mr Jamieson cries, "Haul in the taffrail jib." "What kin' o' thing's that?" I says. Then he cries, "Belay there." "Guidsake, wha's layin' noo?" I says, as I got up tae see, when oor vessel gaed a dip doon, and another one up, that sent me heeds our heels amang a wheen auld causeway stanes lying in the bottom. If it hadna been for the stanes I believe I wid hae been dinging the bottom oot o' her ; as it was I gied my head a gey sair clour.

"Mr Jamieson," I says, "this is a maist extor'nar way o' enjoying yersel', at least tae me. I ance went tae Belfast richt across the ocean, but hang me if I got such a dauding as I hae got the day."

"Avast there ! avast," says Mr Jamieson.

"I thocht ye were going tae the east," I says, "but it matters vera little tae me what airt ye go—east, west, north, or sooth—but I may say it will gie me great plesure tae see ye turning her neb tae Millport Quay. Recollect we're oot in the ocean noo—at least if it's no' the ocean, it's deep enouch tae droon us, and if she wis tae tummel whaur wid we be? It wid be sma' satisfaction tae me, tae ken my body wid be trawled for and when got, towed in behin' the boat tae the quay."

"If we upset ye could catch the buoy," Mr Jamieson says.

"I'm no sae sure o' that," I says ; I'm nae great soomer mysel', and I'm afraid the boy wid need tae look aifter himsel', puir wee lamb ; I wid be thankfu' if I could save mysel', and as for Betty, wha wid save her?"

Here baith Betty and the laddie began tae greet at the near prospect o' a watery grave, and as I wis a wee uneasy mysel', Mr Jamieson gied the jib a bit whirl roun', and we made stracht for Millport. It wis nae sma' work steering in amang a' the rocks, but wi' me being on the "fore-watch," as Mr Jamieson ca'd it, we managed finely till aboot six yards frae the shore, when, jist as I wis getting up tae superintend oor landing, Mr Jamieson let go the sail, and it grippit me roun the neck, and hauled me richt intae the water ; and that wisna a', min' ye, for in my desperation I got a haud o' Betty, and she grippit Mr Jamieson, and the hale boat tummled ower, and we were a' landed intae the water. It wis a mercy it wis near land, and weel in amang the chuckie-stanes, and no in deep water.

BAILIE, where a' that crood cam' frae I kenna—a' the bairns o' Millport were there in a jiffey, besides lots o' big folk, and between them a' Betty and me and Mr Jamieson and the bairn got an awfu' sair dauding in the drawing o' us ashore. I thocht my ribs were staved in, and I wis thankfu' when I discovered nae greater damage wis done than ane o' the tails o' my coat torn aff, and my Sunday hat knockit flat on my heed. Puir Betty wis like a draggled sparrow, her bonnet wis in pieces, and her tippet twisted roon her neck, nearly choking her ; her specs were lost for ever, an' the last that wis seen o' her parasol wis it floating awa' peacefully oot by the big Allan. Mr Jamieson and the bairns were safe enough, but gey sair drookit.

The next time I hire a boat I'll get ane o' yon wee roon kin' o' washing bynes—punts I think they ca' them. They're no vera speedy I believe, but there's little fear o' them tumbling, and that's the great object tae a man wi' a family—particularly a young family. But I've got enough o' boats for one summer.—Yours,

JAMES KAYE.

Sheriff Spens thought fit the other day to inform a horse-stealer that his offence was still legally punishable by death. This sort of pompous pedantry is too common on the Bench. If the statute-book is still disgraced by obsolete penalties, it is surely unnecessary to parade the humiliating fact. A man like Sheriff Spens should know better.

A Sea Gull.—The Serpent.

Hung for Roguery—Grocers' scales.

Something in the wind—Dust,

**"UNIQUE" SHIRTS.**

The "UNIQUE"—the only perfect SHIRT—is Designed and Cut on our own Premises. The Sewing is done by Seamstresses who have been trained specially for our own Trade. The "UNIQUE" occupies the enviable position of being the model on which all other Shirts are based, and the nearer they approach it in form, the nearer they are to perfection.

Present Price List, 30/, 39/, 45/ per Half-dozen from Stock. Special Qualities Made to Order.

RILEY, WEBSTER, & BORLAND,  
86 AND 88 ARGYLE STREET.

**SHELDON'S  
HAIR RESTORER**

RESTORES Grey Hair to its Youthful Colour. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Causes a New Growth of Hair. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Removes Dandruff and all Impurities from the Hair. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Prevents the Hair from falling off or turning Grey.

May be had of any Chemist or Perfumer.

Price, 3s 6d.

DEPOT, 121 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

MORNING WHIFFS. CIGARS. MORNING WHIFFS.

9s 6d per 100; Sample Packet, 10 for 1s.

BEST VALUE IN THE CITY.

One trial solicited. To be had only from

ANDREW MACUBBIN,  
TOBACCONIST & CIGAR MERCHANT,  
83 QUEEN STREET.  
SMOKING ROOM. HOT COFFEE.

WALTER WILSON & Co.,  
70 JAMAICA STREET.

GREAT EXTENSION OF PREMISES.

*See Separate Advertisement.*

**COOPER & CO'S  
FRUIT SYRUPS.**

LEMON and GINGER Especially Recommended.

1S 9D BOTTLE FOR 8½D,

3S 6D " " 1S 3D,

A Tablespoonful of the above in a Tumblerful of Cold Water makes a most refreshing and inexpensive Summer Drink.

To be had only from the Makers,  
COOPER & CO., 10 and 12 Howard Street, and Branches.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

HENRY THOMSON & CO'S  
OLD

IRISH WHISKY.

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—

ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

DAVISON'S  
**CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE  
GINGER BEER.**

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND; WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC.  
As Supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

THOMAS DAVISON,  
DISPENSING CHEMIST,  
126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

**SPECIAL REDUCTIONS IN COSTUMES**

AND

GOODS OF PASSING FASHION

AT THE

**CALEDONIAN HOUSE.**

MESSRS. COPLAND & LYE, announce to their numerous patrons the Special Sale of French Costumes, Silk Velvet Jackets, Skirts, &c., and other Goods of passing fashion at the following reductions, which at first sight may appear almost incredible; but Messrs C. & L. recognise the extraordinary depression in Trade throughout the length and breadth of the land and the scarcity of money, and feel that extraordinary inducements must be offered in order to clear out this stock. It has always been the system adopted at the Caledonian House to clear out all Goods of Passing Fashion at the close of a season at any loss rather than carry them over to another year. Hence the Stock in this Warehouse is always New, Fresh, and Fashionable. The Goods at the Special Reductions will be laid out for inspection and Sale This Day and during the Week.

COPLAND & LYE,

CALEDONIAN HOUSE, 165 AND 167 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

# The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 27th, 1879.

IT appears that Mr Selkirk's proposal to slightly reduce the salaries of our police-officials has been, or is to be, knocked on the head. This was of course, to have been expected. It is no exaggeration to say that the incomes of the working and commercial classes have, under the pressure of the present "bad times," fallen off some 20 or 30 per cent. on an average; but it is deemed preposterous by the powers that be that a well-paid official—whose position and income, be it remembered, are not precarious like those of most of us—should share the general depression to the extent of 10 per cent. This, the BAILIE repeats, was to have been expected; but perhaps the ratepayers may have something to say on the subject in November. One of them, writing to the *Herald*, points out that there are "hundreds"—he might have said "thousands"—"in this city at present, as respectable, more civil, and better educated than the common run of the Force, who would be glad in these times" to earn less than what the said "Force" turn up their rubicund noses at. This, it will be admitted, is a very moderate statement of the case. A striking commentary on this question, by the way, is afforded by the correspondence now going on, in the journal already referred to, on the subject of the payment of needlewomen.

## A MEAT REPLY.

Scene—Cattle Market. Time—Wednesday last.

*1st Butcher.*—Weel, John, are ye gaun tae the Provost's dinner on Tuesday, at the new Meat Market?

*2nd Butcher.*—Ou aye! I'll be gled tae meet wi his Lordship an' a' the Bilies.

JEEMS IN THE STABLE.—Our friend Jeems's trip to Paisley Races seems to have inspired him with a knowledge of horseflesh, which he aired at last meeting of Town Council. Pedestrianism—aquatics—horseflesh! One almost trembles to think of what Jeems's next "departure" may be. Perhaps Mr Moir's thundering rebuke was timely.

ONE WAY OF GETTING OUT OF THE FINANCIAL DIFFICULTY.—Sell (not kirks) but the South-side Park. Why should Glasgow keep it up for the benefit of Crosshill?

Stands Scotland where it did.  
WE all remember with what mingled feelings of awe and veneration we gazed in our earlier days on that ponderous relic of ancient warfare, Wallace's sword, in Dumbarton Castle, and how we pictured to ourselves the huge blade in the hands of the Knight of Elderslie, flourishing in the air and slashing off the heads of his English foemen like so many cabbages. In an evil hour those bright fancies were scattered to the winds by the unwelcome intelligence that the weapon never belonged to Wallace at all. We might have survived that, but now an attempt is being made to deprive us of the Knight himself, and, what's worse, it is the *Mail* that does this, the Union Street luminary having last week endeavoured to make out that he was a Welshman. What is still worse, a rumour is afloat that the President of the Home Rule Association, Mr John Ferguson to wit, is a Scotchman. There is but one ray of comfort left. Mr Battersby, the oracle of the Trades Council, is (thank goodness!) an Englishman.

## WONDER A WOMAN KEEPS A SECRET.

The meeting kept private, and out of the Press,  
For meanwhile the Public should scarce get a guess  
Of what in financing's the Council's intent—  
Or on with one penny, or off ten *per cent.*  
But somehow auld Granny, who's aye wide-awake,  
Long-ear'd though "short-handed," was able "to take"  
The speeches and figures, what each had to say,  
And give to the Public three columns next day!  
The meeting was "private" (though doors were not lock-it),  
And Granny her honour put past in her pocket.

HERBERT SAT UPON.—Dr Story caught a Tartar when he tried to bully the Highland parson at Oban the other day. "Come to hear me," said the Celt, "and I will give you a sermon that will knock all the Ritualism out of you!" The countenance of the "superior" and haughty Herbert must have been a pleasing study.

SI MONUMENTUM?—Monuments to Burns promise to be as plentiful as to Prince Albert. What a chance for the hand-book writers! and each hand-book to be illustrated.

A RARE CHANCE.—Here is a "good thing" which does not occur every day:—"Party about to Publish Novel of considerable interest is prepared to Insert Advertisements cheaply." Now, my enterprising advertisers, pray don't all speak at once!

LET THE CANNIKIN CLINK.—After the discussion on the wages question, did any of the interested (interest at ten *per cent.*) drink the Lord Provost's jolly good health?

## "The Admiral."

THERE is something irresistibly funny about the public appearances of that fine old tar, Sir William Edmonstone. He is a joy for ever in the House of Commons, and he is more amusing still when he gets among his tenantry. Last week's meeting at Kilsyth was no exception to the rule. "The Admiral" seems to infect those about him with something of his own spirit. He is not only comic himself, but he is also the cause of comicality in others. Thus, the gentleman who proposed his health on this occasion, with an evident desire to be complimentary, said in substance that he did not know much about Sir William; that his (Sir W.'s) "voice was compared to that of the night bird;" that he was inoffensive; and that he "had not a tongue to speak." Subsequently "the Admiral" emphatically declared it to be within the knowledge of Providence that the House of Commons was no place for a gentleman—a statement received with an approving "Hear, hear!"—while the rest of the proceedings were equally droll. Bless you, Sir William! we should all be duller dogs without you!

## "THE GIFTIE."

(Scene—Steep street in hillside village, down which an unhappy youth is careering on the top of his runaway bicycle).

Voice from "Entry."—Come aff, an' tak a luk at yersel!

BONA FIDE.—Somebody advertising an Argyllshire hotel for sale, adds, "None but *bona-fides* need apply." Can it be that the present proprietor has received so many favours at the hands—and throttles—of these interesting gentry as to have determined to be succeeded by none but one of them?

AN ASS'S NEST.—The Ass professes to have discovered a new branch of commercial rascality in various advertisements of "wooden cheeses," wanted and for sale. He says that this is worse than the "wooden nutmegs" of Transatlantic fame, and has just gone out to give information to the Procurator-Fiscal.

A contemporary which prides itself on its "chess column," proudly publishes the following testimonial:—"This problem has given me a sore head." R. H.—"Tastes may differ; but, for his own part, the BAILIE would be rather inclined to avoid a column whose study is productive of consequences so very unpleasant.

## Where was he "Raised?"

IT is often objected, with some truth, that your average theatrical critic is too much inclined to assume the lofty air, and to judge a performance from a somewhat ideal standpoint; and it is therefore gratifying to meet with really practical, matter-of-fact commentary on things dramatic. As an instance of what is meant, take the remark of a local critic, who, objecting to the costume worn by Miss Smythe as *Gervaise* in "L'Assommoir," observes that it includes "a pair of shoes on which she could have raised half-a-crown in five minutes, and bought bread for her starving child." Now, there's some sense in that. It is unfortunate, however, that not every critic has had the advantage of the professional training necessary to enable him to determine, with such promptitude and accuracy, the amount "advanceable" on the various items of a lady's attire.

"Wanted," runs an advertisement in an evening paper, "2 amateur niggers and a comic for entertainment." Amateur "niggers" and "comic!" How awful! Who is this fiend in human shape with designs upon his friends' sanity?

"BRITHER SCOTS!"—At the recent Home Rule convention in London, Mr John Ferguson asserted that all the Parliamentary representatives of Scotch constituencies were Scotchmen. The BAILIE has been waiting for Messrs Jenkins, Harrison, &c., to deny the soft impeachment; but as they remain silent, he feels it his duty, on behalf of his countrymen, to repudiate them in the most emphatic manner possible.

The Athenæum Dining Rooms, 110 Ingram St. Breakfasts, Luncheons, Dinners & Teas. Plain Tea, 6d. W. Fyfe, Propr.

Graham's London Dining Rooms, 56 Jamaica Street. Dinner of Three Courses, One Shilling. Breakfasts and Teas

Ancell's Beefsteak Grill, 88 Virginia Place (Rear of Union Bank). Steaks, Chops, Kidneys, &c., cooked in large room.

Heavy Crop of Strawberries this Season. Please leave your Preserving orders at Campbell's Fruit Shop, 18 Gordon Street.

Mullin's, 5 Gordon Street, Havannah, Indian, Manilla Cigars; Cigarettes—French, American, Algerian, Russian, German.

Havana Cigars, La Flor De Aroma, First-Class Brand, 4d each. D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram St. and 121 Buchanan St.

Mitchell's Old Irish Whisky, Belfast, is famed over the World. Agent, David Mitchell, 20 Hope Street Glasgow.

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK is the best present from Edinburgh. 1 Melbourne place, near the Castle.

LONDON SCOTCH RESORT, 3 Water Lane, Ludgate Hill, London, the only House for "Real Johnny" Scotch Whiskies of all Brands, Scotch Ales, &c. Neil Mackay, Proprietor.

BICYCLES.—The West of Scotland Bicycle Co. have opened a Show-Room at 104 Renfield Street, where the rising generation can supply itself with any make of two-wheeler.



Too Far Afield.

ONE of the members of the Greenock Town Council observed the other day that "if Captain Orr carried out the Police Act to the letter, they would require, the next time they went to Parliament, to purchase two bailies." That may be so; but his Worship begs to assure the worthy Councillor that he need not go so far as Westminster for "BAILIES." Mr Sharp, of Exchange Square, will be most happy to supply him with any quantity on the usual terms.

"TOO LATE A WEEK."

Dugald—Was you at ta Paisley races, Tonalt?

Tonalt—She was, but they was a' by afore she got oot.

**T H E G A I E T Y .**

Proprietor and Director,.....Mr C. BERNARD.  
 LAST WEEK (at 7.30 Nightly)  
 H.M.S. PINAFORE.  
 The Most Remarkable Success on Record.  
 To Conclude with AFTER ALL.  
 Doors Open at 6.30, Curtain rising at 7.30.

**PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.**

Under the Management of MR SIDNEY.  
 Great Success of Mr Sidney's Grand Dramatic Romance,  
 LA-SOMMOIR; OR THE CURSE OF DRINK.  
 Received Nightly with Storms of Applause.  
 THE FALL FROM THE HOUSE-TOP.  
 "The most realistic and exciting scene ever placed on the stage."—*Vide* the entire Press.  
 Box Office Open at the Theatre, from 11 to 4 o'clock.

LAST WEEK BUT ONE.

**N E W S O M E ' S H I P P O D R O M E**  
**A N D C I R C U S ,**  
 East Ingram Street, Glasgow,  
 To-Night, Doors Open at 7.15. Commencing at 7.45.  
 NEW ENGAGEMENTS.  
**T H E W O N D R O U S B I C Y C L I S T S .**  
**T H E B R O T H E R S L A N E .**  
**T H E G R E A T S K A T E R S .**  
 100 HORSES AND ARTISTES.  
 MID-DAY PERFORMANCE ON SATURDAYS.  
 Doors Open at 2.30. Commencing at 3.

**G R E A T F L O W E R S H O W .**

PUBLIC HALLS.

WEDNESDAY, 3D SEPTEMBER.  
 FRANC GIBB DOUGALL, Secretary.  
 Glas. & W. of Scotland Horticultural Society.

**Q U E E N ' S P A R K F O O T B A L L C L U B ,**

HAMPDEN PARK, MOUNT FLORIDA, GLASGOW.  
 ANNUAL AMATEUR ATHLETIC MEETING,  
 SATURDAY, 6th SEPTEMBER.  
 TWO MILE BICYCLE RACE.  
 Preliminary Heats in Confined Events and First Ties in Football Competition on the Saturday previous.

**ROYAL ALBERT MUSIC HALL,**  
 BRIDGETON CROSS.

MANAGERS,..... { A. B. SUTHERLAND,  
 and  
 { BRUCE MILLER.

**T H E** above Magnificent New Hall, seated for 2000, will be opened on the 1st September. The plans have been prepared, and the whole work carried out, under the superintendence of James Thompson, Esq., Architect. The Painting and Decorations by Mr John Brydson, Bridgeton, and the gorgeous New Scenery by Charles Milne, Esq., R.A.

Engagements have been made with the following celebrated artists:—EDWIN BALE'S Great Combination Company of Bicycle Riders, Acrobats, Jugglers, Hat Throwers, &c (6 in number), including LA PETITE FRANCES, the Marvellous Miniature Bicyclist, only 4 years of age, together with TROUPE OF MONKEY BICYCLE RIDERS. The Famous PARADISE BALLET TROUPE, from Covent Garden Theatre, and the South London Palace, London.

First Appearance in Glasgow of CYRUS WALLING and TED RUSSELL. MORGAN APP WILLIAMS, from the Royal Aquarium, London. PETE DWIGHT, first appearance in Glasgow for eight years, and a host of other Star Artists.

Musical Director—Mr GEO. HENDERSON, late Leader at Theatre-Royal, Glasgow, and an Efficient Band of First-Class Instrumentalists.

The Managers will spare no expense, and will exert themselves to the utmost to make the ROYAL ALBERT worthy of the patronage of the citizens of Glasgow.

**W E S T E R N B O O K C L U B ,** Established 1841.

All the Best Books of History, Biography, Theology, Travels, Sport, Poetry, and Fiction are added immediately on Publication, and in large numbers. Catalogues of the recent additions to the Library, and of all the books in circulation may be had post free on application. Boxes of Books sent to all parts of the Country by Rail or Steamer. List of terms, &c., may be had on application. New Catalogues of Surplus Books for Sale, now ready.

JAMES MACLEHOSE, 61 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.

**T H E S C O T T I S H**  
**C I R C U L A T I N G M U S I C A L L I B R A R Y ,**  
 28 GREAT WESTERN ROAD, HILLHEAD.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, £1 1s.  
 MUSIC LENT BY THE WEEK.  
 Catalogues, 2s 6d. Prospectus Free.

**T H E R U S S I A N T E A S .**

The Russian Tea Company are now selling a parcel of Extra Fine First Crop New Seasons Tea at 2s 6d per lb.

N.B.—A Tea equal to this is seldom to be met with under 3s per lb.

PROPRIETORS—CROMBIE & FLINT,  
 457 SAUCHIEHALL STREET,  
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**B E R L I N P H O T O G R A P H I C R O O M S ,**  
 202 HOPE STREET, CORNER OF SAUCHIEHALL ST.

B. WOHLGEMUTH.  
 CARTES from 5s PER DOZEN.

**T H O M A S S O M E R S ,**

ARTIST AND PHOTOGRAPHER,  
 15 GORDON STREET.  
 Late of 98 WEST GEORGE ST. (Successor to W. White.)

**ECONOMY AND COMFORT IN THE HOUSEHOLD.**

SAVE YOUR MILK, CREAM, WINE, AND BEER FROM TURNING SOUR!

SAVE YOUR BUTTER FROM RANCIDITY!

COLLECT YOUR EGGS WHILE CHEAP, AND KEEP THEM UNTIL PRICES RISE!

KEEP YOUR BEEF AND MUTTON FRESH AND TENDER by using

**GLACIALINE,**

The Unfailing Preservative.

Colourless! Tasteless! Odourless! Harmless!

Analysed by Eminent Professors and Doctors, and Certified to be HARMLESS and thoroughly EFFECTUAL.

In the Paris Exposition of 1878 it was acknowledged to be THE BEST PRESERVATIVE.

**GLACIALINE**

Effectually prevents Milk, Cream, Beer, Cider, Hock, Claret, and all Fluids liable to Ferment from Souring. Unfailingly preserves Meat, Fish, Poultry, Game, Butter, Eggs, and all Perishable Foods free from Taint or Decay.

To be obtained, Retail, in Quart Bottles, at 1s 6d, in Glasgow, of

The Old and New Apothecaries' Companies, Fraser & Green, General Supply Association, and other Chemists and Family Grocers, Or, Wholesale of the Sole Manufacturers and Patentees:

THE ANTITROPIC CO.,

Analytical and Manufacturing Chemists, Glasgow.

\* \* Send for Prospectuses, Scientific and Medical Reports, and Opinions of the London and Provincial Press, Company's Office, 126 Kenfield Street, Two Doors above Central Halls.

THE  
**ST. ENOCH STATION HOTEL,**  
GLASGOW.

(Glasgow and South-Western Railway Terminus.)

This FIRST-CLASS HOTEL, erected by, and conducted under the Management of the Glasgow and South-Western Railway Company, is NOW OPEN for the reception of Visitors.

It is situated in the centre of Glasgow, at the Terminus of the Glasgow and South-Western Railway, Midland Railway, and other connecting lines; adjacent to the Steamboat Wharfs of Clyde Sailing Steamers; and within easy distance of other Railway Stations. The Hotel is unquestionably one of the Finest and Largest in Europe, containing over Two Hundred Visitors' Bed-Rooms, numerous Private Suites of Apartments and Sitting-Rooms, magnificent and comfortably furnished Public-Rooms—such as Restaurant, General Coffee-Room, Ladies' Coffee-Room, Family and Music-Room, Drawing-Room, Reading, Smoking, and Billiard-Rooms.

Hydraulic Elevators for Passengers and Luggage.

Hotel Porters attend the arrival of all Trains, and Luggage is conveyed to and from the Hotel Free of Charge.

The attention of Visitors is specially invited to the Moderate Tariff, which includes in the charge for Apartments, all attendance, and the entire service of the Hotel.

E. W. THOM, Manager.

"MANY a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore," at Ye Auld Buik Shop, 62 West Nile Street.

**MINERAL WATERS.****SELTERS WATER,**

A most refreshing and wholesome drink.

Manufactured according to Dr Struve's Analysis by the BRITISH & FOREIGN MINERAL WATER COMPANY.

Sold by the leading Chemists, Grocers, and Wine Merchants, also supplied at the principal Hotels, Clubs, Restaurants, and Railway Refreshment Rooms.

Customers are cautioned against the many Spurious Imitations now offered under the names of Selters or Seltzer Water, the Chemical Constituents of which do not in the least correspond with those of the Natural Spring.

ASK FOR  
**SELTERS WATER**

OF THE

**BRITISH AND FOREIGN MINERAL WATER COMPANY, GLASGOW.****THE GLASGOW DAIRY COMPANY.**

Supply of Pure and Unadulterated MILK, CREAM, and BUTTER, produced under best Sanitary conditions for preventing Infection, all as approved by Dr Fergus. A trial will prove that no expense or other precaution is spared to ensure richness and purity. All Milk and Cream refrigerated during hot season. HEAD OFFICE—42 GARNETHILL STREET, GLASGOW. West-End Branch—201 Victoria Street, Hillhead.

Farm—Flemington.

\* \* All Butter made on the Premises untouched by the hands and on the most approved system, unsurpassed in quality. Families may rely upon all Orders being attended to with the utmost punctuality and care. Address:—Manager, 42 Garnethill Street, Glasgow.

**THE CIGAR OF THE FUTURE.**

A REAL LUXURY TO SMOKERS.

**XAYMACA BRAND.**

The Court Circular says, "Lovers of the fragrant weed cannot do better than try 'The Cigars of the Future, which are grown in Jamaica, and are certainly superior to numbers of cigars which come from Havanna.'"

Imported by

J. MATHESON, TOBACCONIST, 48 JAMAICA STREET.

**MANN'S RAINBOW HOTEL AND RESTAURANT,**

BRIDGE STREET STATION, GLASGOW,

Three Minutes' Walk of St. Enoch's Station and Highland and Coasting Steamers.

This HOTEL has undergone extensive Alterations and Improvements. Has been Refurnished throughout. Visitors will find every comfort, combined with moderate Charges. Night Porter in attendance. Smoking-Rooms, Baths, and Billiards.

J. MAITLAND, Manager.

**THE GRAND HOTEL, CHARING CROSS, GLASGOW.**

Acknowledged by all. "The Finest Hotel in the Kingdom." Five Minutes' Ride (Fare 1s) from principal Railway Stations.

N.B.—See that Cabby does not take you elsewhere.

Full Description forwarded Gratis on Application.

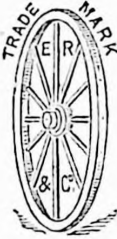
ALL LANGUAGES SPOKEN.

LEWIS JEFFERIS, Proprietor.

**R A E B R O W N & C O.,**  
AUCTIONEERS AND VALUATORS,  
116 ST. VINCENT STREET, GLASGOW.

**A FAIR FIELD AND NO FAVOUR.**

"THERE are nae bairns like our ain bairns" is an old Scotch saying, and of course advertisers in bringing their goods before the public naturally maintain that their respective specialities are unequalled. Now without going so far as to say that our "bairns" (Aerated Waters) are the best in the world, we hold that they are at any rate unsurpassed in those qualities which render Aerated beverages popular. All our goods are prepared with the best and purest materials at the Cromac Springs, Belfast, the water of which is peculiarly adapted for the manufacture of Aerated Waters, and having had over a quarter of a century's experience in preparing those beverages, we challenge comparison with any goods of the same class. We merely ask consumers to take our Waters (all kinds) and compare them, bottle for bottle with those of other makers, and we will stand or fall by the result. Test to the utmost, dilute our Ginger Ale and Lemonade with Water, and it will be found that no other will stand this test to the same degree as ours. Let us have "a fair field and no favour" and we are satisfied that our goods will soon be in universal demand. Retail, from Chemists, Grocers, Wine Merchants, Restaurateurs, &c., and Wholesale at our Scotch Depot, 147 STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW.



**WHEELER & CO., CROMAC SPRINGS, BELFAST.**

**CORRY & CO.'S AERATED WATERS.**

SINCE offering to the Public in 1850 these delicious and unrivalled Aerated Beverages, the sole and lasting aim to which Messrs CORRY & Co. have directed all their efforts has been, not to force sales by venturesome and questionable efforts, but by the real fact of the superiority of the Beverages they offer to merit universal patronage. Judging from the world-wide favour, which they find yearly increasing, and the unprecedented success which has attended their efforts at all the Universal Exhibitions, or wherever they have competed, this aim (so far attained, and which their experience has proved to be a fundamental principle of success) will be steadily pursued. Since 1850 many mere imitators have come and gone, and many still remain; but the Public are requested to insist on having CORRY'S Waters, not imitations.

To be had at all the First-Class Hotels, Restaurants, and from Family Grocers, Wine Merchants, Chemists, &c., &c.  
**JOHN MERCER & CO., YORK STREET, GLASGOW, AGENTS FOR SCOTLAND.**

**GLASS AND CHINA AT M'DOUGALL & SONS, 77 & 79 BUCHANAN STREET.**

DEPOT FOR MINTON'S, COPELAND'S, WORCESTER, AND DRESDEN PORCELAIN.—Discount for Cash.

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 WHILE YOU WAIT  
**50 BEST QUALITY 1/6** THE ONLY MACHINE OF THE KIND IN THIS COUNTRY.  
**LYON 389 SAUGHIEHALL ST.**

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**GILLESPIE BROTHERS**  
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**H. & P. M'NEIL.**

WE have much pleasure in informing our numerous Customers and the General Public that, in addition to our already Established Business, we have OPENED Large and Elegant SHAMPOOING and HAIR-DRESSING ROOMS, which, in regard to comfort and elegance, are fitted in a style equal to any in the city. They are under the direct superintendence of a most experienced Manager, and the Assistants are from the Best Houses in the Trade.

In introducing this New Department of our Business, we may explain that though it is the first attempt of the kind in Glasgow, yet it has been carried on with great success by the most celebrated Hosiers and Glovers in the Cheapside and Strand, London, and we feel quite confident that with your kind patronage, and our strict attention, this novelty cannot fail to be a great success.

**21 AND 23 RENFIELD STREET, GLASGOW.**

**THE CHALLENGE WATERPROOF PATENT**  
*Guaranteed Steam Vulcanised and suitable for all climates.*  
 THOROUGHLY WATERPROOF, PERFECTLY VENTILATING.  
**THORNTON, CURRIE, & CO.,**  
**WATERPROOFERS,**  
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**GLASGOW.**



# ISLAY WHISKY.

W. & J. MUTTER,  
BOWMORE DISTILLERY,  
COUNTING-HOUSE, 41 ANN STREET, CITY, GLASGOW.

## ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS AND CRYSTAL PALACE.

Open Daily from Nine a.m. till Dusk. Admission 6d.  
A GRAND PROMENADE CONCERT  
On SATURDAY FIRST, 30th August, at 6-30,  
By BAND of FIRST REGIMENT, L.R.V.,  
Conducted by Mr R. J. ADAMS.  
Annual Subscription—Family Tickets, £1 1s; Single do., 10s 6d;  
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### BREADALBANE ARMS HOTEL, ABERFELDY, PERTHSHIRE.

**FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL AND  
POSTING ESTABLISHMENT** (one minute's walk from  
the Railway Station), situated close to the romantic Falls of  
Moness, the Birks of Aberfeldy, and on the direct route to Tay-  
mouth Castle, Loch Tay, Killin, the West Highlands, Rannoch,  
and Glenlyon, the scenery of which is unrivalled.

This Hotel has recently undergone extensive Improvements  
under the personal superintendence of the Lessee. A large and  
elegant Dining Saloon and Ladies' Drawing Room, comfortable  
Sitting Rooms and airy Bedrooms, all furnished in the most  
modern style; also, Spacious Billiard and Smoking Room.  
*Table d' Hote* daily.

Coaches to and from Killin and the West Highlands daily  
during the season. Tourists, in order to secure seats, are advised  
to pass the previous night at this Hotel.

Omnibus waits every train. Posting in all its branches.  
River trout fishing free.

Orders by post or telegraph for rooms or conveyances  
punctually attended to.

ARCHIBALD DAVIE, Lessee.

## THE BALMORAL HOTEL,

Opposite Caledonian Railway, Buchanan Street, Glasgow.  
Charles Macrae, late of Macrae's Hotel, Bath Street, and Royal  
Hotel, George Square, has the pleasure of informing his Friends  
and the Public that he has Leased this Hotel.

Scale of Charges—Breakfasts and Teas, 1s 6d, 2s, and 2s 6d;  
Dinners, 2s 6d, 3s, and 3s 6d; Bedrooms, 1s 6d, 2s, and 2s 6d;  
Attendance, 1s. Ladies' Drawing-Room.

A First-Class Hall for Marriage Dinner and Supper Parties.  
Charges, from 3s each.

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THE NEW SHAPES, THE NEW COLOURS, HARD  
AND SOFT MAKES.

The Prices range from 4s 6d to the Finest made.  
EXTREME SIZES CAN BE FITTED AT ONCE. Special SMART  
SHAPES for "YOUNG MEN," LADS, and BOYS' wear.  
We guarantee our FELT HATS to retain their Shapes and Stand  
Fast in the Colour.

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The Best Place to secure Real Value in Foreign and British  
Cigars, Tobaccos, Snuffs, Meerschaum and Briar Root Pipes,  
Pouches, etc., is at No. 2 GLASSFORD STREET, 1st door  
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*Commodious Smoking Room.*

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*N O W O P E N.*

Luncheons, Dinners, Teas in the best style.

Wines and Liquors of best quality only.

"Bass" and "Allsopp" on draught.

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CHIEF AGENTS IN SCOTLAND—

ADAMS & HODGE,

63 ST. GEORGE'S PLACE, GLASGOW.

Carlowitz and other Wines supplied in 1lhd's., Quarters, or  
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## PHOTOGRAPHERS TO THE QUEEN.

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141 SAUCHIEHALL STREET 141

AND

311 BYARS ROAD, (Opposite the Burgh Hall), HILLHEAD.

## ROBERT M'TEAR & CO.,

AUCTIONEERS AND VALUERS,  
ROYAL EXCHANGE SALE-ROOMS.

## THE ROYAL RESTAURANT,

10 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET,

C. WILSON & SON, Proprietors.

## S U M M E R C L A R E T.

Vintage 1874 and 1875,

14s, 16s, 18s, and 20s per Dozen.

J O H N F O R B E S,

WINE MERCHANT,

261 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, and  
3 BUCKINGHAM BUILDINGS, HILLHEAD.

READINGS AND RECITALS.

## W. S. VALLANCE,

The Most Popular Elocutionist of the Day,  
Now on Tour in the North.

5th Week—Inverness, Fort-William, Ballachullish, &c.  
ELOCUTION AND ORATORICAL Gesticulation.  
Mr VALLANCE will recommence at 9 Cambridge Street, early  
in September. Prospectuses may be had from D. Bryce & Son  
Buchanan Street.

**VITALINE.**



The most wonderful discovery of the age, and the marvellous Vegeto-Tonic treatment for the cure and prevention of Biliousness, Sick Headache, Indigestion. Loss of Appetite, Tic Doreux, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Giddiness, Scrofulous Affections, Ague, Debility, Spasms, and all derangements of the Stomach. By its administration the natural appetite is revived, and the functions of digestion and assimilation are improved, re-animated, and regulated; and when its use has been steadily persevered in, its peculiar Tonic and Nutritive Powers have entirely restored Health and Strength to the most feeble and Shattered Constitutions.

**VITALINE.**

Unless the secretions of the liver be healthy it cannot assimilate, and produce fit sustenance for the general support and preservation of the body, take what nutriment you will, even the best the world can afford. The liver is the most important organ in the whole body, and when its action is imperfect, all others suffer with it. Vitaline almost immediately produces by direct action, a healthy effect upon the liver, and is a never failing remedy for nervousness, wakefulness, restlessness, sinking sensation in the stomach, irregular appetite, and fulness after meals.—Vitaline is manufactured only by JOE TODD, Chemist, Carlisle, and is sold in bottles at 2s 9d, 4s 6d, and 11s each, by all Chemists.

**VITALINE**

Strengthens the whole muscular System, rouses into action the Physical Energy of the human frame, restores the long-lost Complexion, gives brilliancy to the Eye, a delightful fragrance to the Breath, and brings back sound and refreshing Sleep.

**VITALINE**

Is sold by R. M'DONALD, 150 Trongate; THE APOTHECARIES' COMPANY, Virginia Street; THE NEW APOTHECARIES' COY., Glassford Street; BROWN BROTHERS, Trongate; and all Chemists.

**QUININE WINE.**

Every medical man readily acknowledges the inestimable value of the Quinine Wine manufactured by Joe Todd, Chemist, Carlisle, for its invigorating, renovating, and sustaining qualities. It is equally suitable to the invalid, the convalescent, the child, and the adult, from its palatability, fine flavour, intrinsic purity, and great strength.

**NEW ROUTES TO THE WEST HIGHLANDS.**



**GLASGOW, INVERARAY, AND OBAN**

Via WEMYSS BAY and KYLES OF BUTE,  
Per Splendid Saloon Steamer LORD OF THE ISLES,  
From Wemyss Bay at 9-15 A.M., Train from Glasgow (Bridge Street) at 8-5 A.M.

Via GREENOCK AND LOCH ECK,  
Per Splendid Saloon Steamer LORD OF THE ISLES,  
From Greenock at 8-15 A.M., Train from Glasgow (Bridge St.) at 7-30 A.M. : or per Steamer VIVID at 8-45 A.M., Train from Bridge Street at 7-35 A.M.

For full Particulars as to Steamers, Coaches, Fares, Circular Tours, &c., see Time Bills, to be had on board Steamers, at Railway Stations; from JOHN RODGER, Inveraray; GEORGE STIRLING, Dunoon; and from  
M. T. CLARK, Manager, 17 Oswald St., Glasgow.

*Royal Route via Crinan and Caledonian Canals.*

**GLASGOW AND THE HIGHLANDS.**

**THE ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS, Columba,**

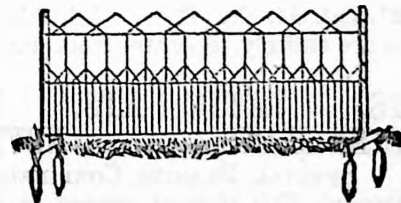
Iona, Chevalier, Mountaineer, Pioneer, Clansman, Clydesdale, Queen of the Lake, Gondolier, Glengarry, Staffa, Islay, Linnet, Lochawe, Lochiel, Lochness, Cygnet, Plover, Inverary Castle, Sail during the Season for Islay, Oban, Fort-William, Inverness, Staffa, Iona, Glencoe, Lochawe, Tobermory, Portree, Gairloch, Ullapool, Lochinver, and Stornoway, affording Tourists an opportunity of visiting the Magnificent Scenery of Glencoe, the Coolin Hills, Loch Coruisk, Loch Maree, and the famed Islands of Staffa and Iona.—Time Bills with Maps, free by post, on application to the Proprietor, DAVID MACBRAYNE, 119 Hope Street, Glasgow. (The Columba or Iona Sails Daily at 7 a.m., conveying Passengers as above.)



**SHOOTING LODGES AND YACHT STORES SUPPLIED.**

**JOHN WALKER & CO.,**  
FAMILY GROCERS, WINE MERCHANTS,  
AND ITALIAN WAREHOUSEMEN,  
42 WEST NILE STREET, GLASGOW.  
List on Application.

Established Upwards of Half-a-Century.



**ORNAMENTAL WIRE FENCING.**

**WM. HUME,**  
195 Buchanan St.

**JOHN M. SIMPSON, Furniture Warehouse**  
and Show rooms, 60 GREAT CLYDE STREET (Corner of Maxwell Street), Glasgow. One of the largest Stocks in the City. New Illustrated House Furnishing Guide to be had Free on application. The Cheapest Establishment in the City for Really Good Substantial Furniture of Artistic Design and Superior Finish. Quality Guaranteed.

16 *The Baitie for Wednesday, August 27th, 1879.*

Every Hat and Bonnet must be Sold out by Saturday First.

# WALTER WILSON & CO.,

WHOLESALE MILLINERS AND HAT MANUFACTURERS,

COLLOSSUM, 70 JAMAICA STREET.

EXTRAORDINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

GREAT EXTENSION OF PREMISES.

*Entire Stock to be Sold Regardless of Cost, to Make Room for the Tradesmen.*  
Unheard of Bargains in Boys' Sailor Hats, Wonderful Bargains in Misses' Sailor Hats,

BARGAINS! BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

Millinery Bonnets. Trimmed Mourning Bonnets.  
Infants' Hoods and Hats. Flowers, Feathers, Ribbons, and Laces.

Never before in Scotland was there such a High-Class Stock of HATS AND BONNETS thrown into the Market. An opportunity such as this should not be missed, as the like may never occur again.

Remember, we do not offer a Lot of Rubbish got for an occasion (as seems to be too often the case), but will sell our Valuable Midsummer Stock unreservedly.

HATS FOR COAST AND COUNTRY.

This Week we show an Immense Stock of LADIES' and MISSES' Black, White, and Brown STRAW HATS for the Coast and Country. Special Line of LADIES' Black Rough STRAW HATS for 4½d each; worth 1s 6d. These will be sold in a few days. This Week we also Show all the New Shapes (in real English Whole Straw) that will be worn at Brighton and other fashionable watering places in England during August and September. Muslin SUN HATS, Latest Novelties, full size, for 1s each; Trimmed with Lace, &c., 2s 3d and 2s 9d.

MILLINERY! MILLINERY! MILLINERY!

TRIMMED BONNETS, TRIMMED HATS, FOR LADIES AND MISSES.

The most elegant Stock of Millinery ever offered in Glasgow. Fourteen Hundred Handsome Millinery Bonnets must be sacrificed at any price, as it will not be possible to save them from the dust and lime attending the Extensions.

This week we have brought forward the better class of Goods, and Ladies who wish a really handsome Bonnet should not fail to visit us at once,

Several Hampers full of Misses' and Ladies' White Hats, slightly out of condition, for One Penny each.

CHIP HATS—CHIP BONNETS.—BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

DRAB and FAWN CHIPS, the new shapes, for 2s 11½d each; these are worth 10s. Last day, Saturday

IMITATION CHIPS (5000), very fine, frequently sold in Glasgow as real Chip, from 10½d to 1s 9d.

Special Line in Beautiful FANCY BONNETS for 5½d each; these cost from 1s 9d to 3s 6d.

Beautiful DRAB and FAWN FELT HATS for Infants, Fresh from the Maker, for 7d each. Fine WHITE FELTS for INFANTS for 1s each; will not be sold after Saturday.

Splendid Stock of MODERN MILLINERY BONNETS, now from 1s upwards.

LADIES' DRESS CAPS at less than cost. MOB CAPS, Newest Designs, 1s to 20s.

TIN BONNET BOXES, in Oak or Brown. PADLOCK and KEY for One Penny.

## GENTLEMEN'S HAT DEPARTMENTS.

These Departments are entirely separate from the Ladies' Departments, being on different floors of the Establishment.

FELT HATS, SATIN HATS, TWEED HATS, STRAW HATS,

NOVELTIES IN LINEN HATS, NOVELTIES IN COAST AND COUNTRY HATS.

SPECIAL DESIGNS CONFINED TO THIS ESTABLISHMENT.

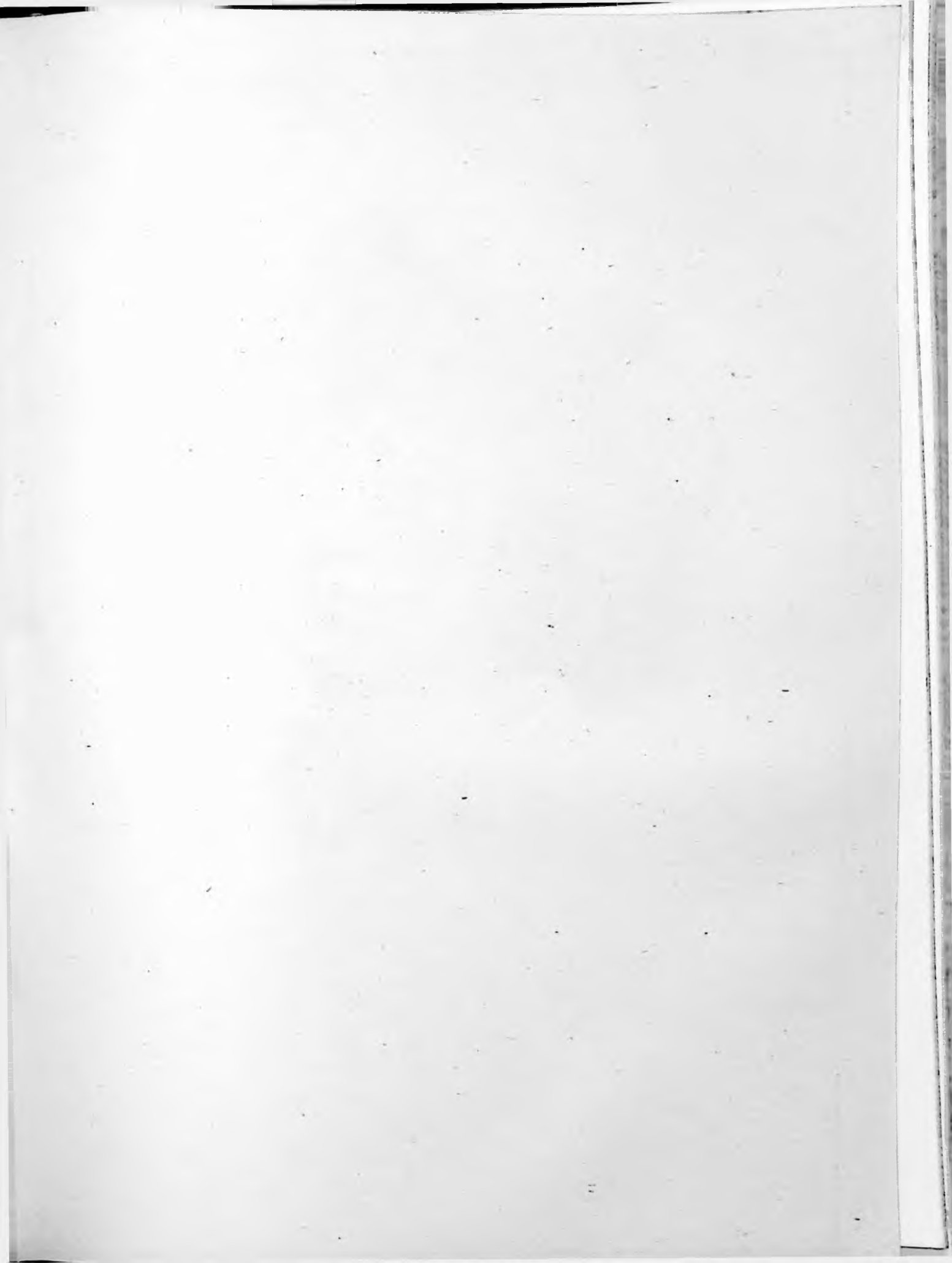
Our Stock of Gentlemen's Felt Hats at present is superior to any out of London. To Gentlemen who really want a High-class and Fashionable Hat, they cannot be suited better than with us; and no extra profit is taken on any of our goods, no matter how expensive.

*All our Hats are guaranteed Fast in the Colour.*

BOYS' AND YOUTHS' HATS. Immense Variety.

ALL GOODS AT WHOLESALE PRICES  
WALTER WILSON & CO., The Leading Hat House, 70 JAMAICA STREET.

GLASGOW : Printed by WILLIAM MURRO at his General Printing Office, 80 Gordon Street; and Published for the Proprietors by A. F. SHARP & Co. (who will Receive Advertisements for the Baitie), 14 Royal Exchange Square.







# The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 359. Glasgow, Wednesday, September 3rd, 1879. Price 1d

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 359.

THERE is a fashion in things theatrical, just as there is a fashion in things social. Styles come and go, and what pleases to-day will be voted out of date a dozen years hence. In the good old times, when Plancus was Consul, we were all for idealism in stage art. To be stilted was to be popular, to be natural was to be unknown. How our actors used to rant and our actresses mouth in those halcyon days! The Pre-Raphaelite movement, however, of a score of years back, which has been so potent in the worlds of painting and literature, has not been all unfelt in the theatre. There are instances in plenty of people who still affect what may be termed the "bow-wow" method of acting, but of recent years a marked change has come into operation in things dramatic, and while of old the aim was to be as striking as possible, the endeavour, now-a-days, even with some of our foremost players, is to speak and move as closely as may be after the fashion of every-day life. But it is just possible, when seeking to avoid one evil, that the more extreme members of the natural school are falling into another. While we attend the theatre in order that we may witness the manifestation of vivid, highly strung feeling, the drawing-room school provides no more than a replica of ourselves, and of the people with whom we are constantly in contact. It is necessarily commonplace. The conditions of its existence forbid it to be otherwise. Happily, however, for us, happily, too, for the drama, there exists a third style which is neither "bow-wow" nor trivial. This possesses, upon occasion, all the vigour of touch and expression which distinguished the acting of a quarter-of-a-century ago, but it is as simple, at the same time, and as unaffected, as that of the

most Robertsonian player of them all. To borrow an illustration from the sister art of painting, the actors of this stamp may be said to occupy a position on the stage, similar, in some measure, to that held by Mr Boughton and Mr Leslie on the walls of the Academy. Their methods are somewhat archaic, their air, at the outset, has a certain old-fashioned flavour, but their manners interest you in spite of yourself, and there is a sweetness and a pathos, and at times a note of thrilling passion in their style, for which you look elsewhere in vain. The most eminent member, out of all question, of this school, is Miss ELLEN TERRY, a lady who is at present fulfilling a short engagement at the Gaiety Theatre. Miss TERRY is still young in years, but over a couple of decades have gone by since she made her original entry to the theatre, and she has had abundant opportunity in the interval to think out and mature her own ideas of the mimetic art. Her life, short as it has been, has been prolific of experience as strange as that of any heroine she ever depicted on the stage. While she now occupies the foremost place among emotional English actresses, she was regarded, strangely enough, at the outset of her career, as a *comediennne* to whom power of pathetic expression had been altogether denied. Speaking of her so long ago as 1866, when she was still comparatively new to the stage, the *Spectator* described her "extraordinary success" as *Helen*, in the play of "The Hunchback," going on to say that she "acted her part with admirable brightness and impertinence." In proceeding, however, the writer "detected in the graver portion of the earlier scenes, when her face was in repose, a certain heaviness and deficiency of expression," and he "doubted much whether she could act parts of pathos and emotion, as she could certainly act parts of saucy vivacity tinged with slightly shrewish vexation."

The particular performance criticised by the *Spectator* took place at the Olympic Theatre, and was advertised, so far as Miss TERRY was concerned, as being for "this night only." Seven years elapsed before she again appeared in public. Some time or other the story of these seven years will be told—a travesty of them has been attempted in a recent work of fiction—but it is sufficient now to record that she returned to the theatre in 1873, when she created the part, at the Adelphi, of *Philippa Chester*, in the "Wandering Heir." From the Adelphi she went to the Prince of Wales, where her performance of *Portia*, of *Clara Douglas*, and of *Mabel Vane*, fairly took the Londoners by storm. Her next migration was to the Court Theatre, and here her *Lilian Vavasour*, and especially her *Olivia*, gave her a place among the queens of the English stage. With a vivid recollection of her *Olivia*, and of the tears he shed over the sorrows of that most unhappy of women, the BAILIE could not repress a grin as, turning over, the other evening, an 1866 criticism of Miss TERRY, he read, "There is sweetness, but no sign of tenderness, in her acting!" In the autumn of last year, when Mr Irving re-organised the Lyceum Company, he selected Miss TERRY as his leading actress. That he in no way miscalculated her powers has been proved by the additional fame she has secured, first, as *Ophelia*, and afterwards, as *Pauline*. When criticising the *Ophelia*, the *Saturday Review*, by no means the most optimist print in the world, remarked that "every word seemed spoken, every gesture made, from the emotion of the moment. The pathos of the mad scene was not more thought out or more natural than the emotion shown in the scene where *Polonius* dismissed *Laertes* to his ship, a scene of which Miss TERRY relieved the possible tedium by exhibiting, during *Polonius's* speech, the interest which a sister would naturally feel in her brother's prospects. Miss TERRY's performance began by striking a note of nature, and was natural and complete throughout." And she was not less successful as *Pauline* than as *Ophelia*. Indeed, the effect she created as Lord Lytton's commonplace, uninteresting heroine is perhaps the best possible testimony to the breadth, and the power, and the engaging character of her style. Until now our local playgoers have had no opportunity of judging of Miss TERRY for themselves. Thanks however, to Mr Bernard, this can no longer be said. On Monday, as already mentioned, Miss TERRY made her *debut* at the Gaiety appearing as *Lilian Vavasour* in "New

Men and Old Acres." Her engagement is one that must not be lost sight of by all who value the highest qualities of the histrionic art.

### Polismans Wanted.

DEAR BAILIE, I write you these two times wance more,  
Though she's not fery much for to say,  
But she'll thoct when you tike her wee letter afore,  
You would also tike this one to-day.

I was noticed they said in the papers last week  
That they wanted ten polismans strong  
For to leave this pig toun and their fortunes to seek  
In a far awa' place called Hong-Kong.

And I says to mysel', says I, Tugal, my man,  
You'll not formost pe first for to go,  
For you're very snug here, and you'll do what you can,  
When the Captain says "Tugal"—say No.

She was used to her parridge each mornin' she rose,  
So I says, this will not do for me  
For to leave this goot place—this goot land of goot brose—  
An' pe prought up on nothing but tea.

And I was not much care for these Chinamans too,  
Wi' lang fingers to steal a man's watch,  
An' maype, pesides too, perhaps they'll nail you—  
An' then run awa' at the scratch.

But we've sent oot praw polismans twice noo at wance,  
And a letter frae Tonal M'Phail  
Has said that the way he maks these rascals dance,  
Is to screw up their head py the tail.

Still I'm fery content for to stay where she was,  
For her peat's in the Crescents you see,  
And I says, Agus, yes too, and also becass,  
They may go to Hong-Kong for me.

But I'll tike *deoch an doruis* wi' all lads that go,  
And I'll see them awa' from our shore,  
And I'll tell them to write when they land safe—shust so,  
*Oiche bha lat*,\* I'm yours, TUGAL MHOR.

\* "Oiche bha lat" — pronounced Oy-ke va lat — means,  
"Good night with you."

CUTTING.—How dreadfully sarcastic your yachting reporter can be when he really gives his mind to it! A competitor in a recent regatta having allowed his craft to get ashore, the chronicler remarks that "with quite unusual self-sacrifice and generosity he brought his boat to anchor on the stones of Noddsdale Point, till young Paton in the *Trident* could get past and be safe for first prize." It is to be hoped the generous and self-sacrificing one appreciates the irony of the "sporting" scribe.

Mrs M'Kinlay has heard that medical men strongly recommend chloral as a means of inducing sleep. She says she can quite believe it. She attended a concert given by a Chloral Society last winter, and slept all through the performance.

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK  
is the best present from Edinburgh. 1 Melbourne place,  
near the Castle

The Mutual Supply Association,  
Limited (*very*).

IT is the opinion of those who know absolutely nothing about the matter, that the shop-keepers of Glasgow are having much too good a time of it. This story has been "told to the marines," and these credulous gentry have lent a willing ear to it. So, from the smoking-room of the United Service Club, Edinburgh, has issued a Most Worshipful Company of Grocers, which proposes to show us that the "Royal Navee" has, since its fighting days were over, turned its attention to the production of shop-keepers and old women instead of officers and gentlemen as formerly.

Ma conscience! Fancy a rear-admiral in rear of the counter; a major-general-grocer; a gallant commander "walking the shop" with his telescope under his arm; and a dashing captain cutting his way through the heart of a Cheddar cheese! It is the romance of shop-keeping, and, as such, it will no doubt be appreciated by the "young things" who enliven Sauchiehall and Buchanan Streets from twelve till two daily. A man-milliner is always a sweetly-wicked creature, so is a lady's tailor, but when that person to his sex adds the irresistible attraction of epaulets, what damsel could resist his appeal for her custom?

But it may appear to papa and mamma that although we are a nation of shop-keepers the army and the navy—since the abolition of purchase—don't turn out the keenest buyers and sellers in the world; and that honest David Shirtsleeves, who has been, man and boy, a grocer these fifty years, fairly earns by his knowledge of good "victual," and by his keen and experienced "buying," the ten per cent. with which he has raised his family's social standing from nothing to a villa at Bearsden and the inevitable gig.

Assuredly the profits of Glasgow drapers and grocers are not what the "swells" think them. If Commander Bayly-Jones—the "Managing Director" of the new departure—means to hop on the narrow ledge of profit on which our hard-working shop-keepers stand or fall, he will need to keep his sea-legs well under him, or a visit to his friend and namesake *Davy-Jones* will be the inevitable result.

Seriously, times are hard enough for the workers already, without the drones cutting in to still further reduce their slender stock of honey. "Live and let live" is his Worship's motto. Gentlemen are not tradesmen; and

when they force their way into the hive, the sooner they are stung out of it the better. Meanness is not synonymous with profit.

Foals, Puppies, and "Kids."

A CONTEMPORARY, which is nothing if not "sport"-ive, characteristically opens an educational review by referring to Dandiac Dinmont, and his "regularly entered" terriers. "Though we have long recognised," proceeds the reviewer, "that to have them 'well entered' is all-important in the case of our dogs and horses, it is only recently that we have begun to recognise the fact in regard to our children." If we have "recognised the fact," we scarcely seem to have acted on the recognition. The rising generation of human foals and puppies are by no means so "well broke" as were their dams and sires at the same age.

CONSOLATION (a fact.)

(Scene—Inn at Skipness.)

*Hungry Tourist* (to Girl)—Can I have some bread and cheese?

*Girl*—No, we'll have no bread and cheese.

*Hungry Tourist*—Have you any bread then?

*Girl*—No, we'll have no bread.

*Hungry Tourist*—Have you nothing to eat in the house?

*Girl*—Oh yiss! we'll have plenty of putter, and we'll be expectin' biscuits by the poat.

"The unwashed fair sex" is the latest "re-portorial" "happy thought" in describing a dirty crowd; and the phrase must be admitted to be "very excellent good."

LYRE OR LIAR?—Young Pindar Brown sent to the *Penny Prevaricator* the other day an ode beginning, "Thou awful lyre!"—which the indignant editor consigned forthwith to the waste-paper basket as a gross personality aggravated by bad spelling.

"THE ACTIVE AND INTELLIGENT."—An active and intelligent Wishaw "bobby" the other day came upon the body of a man, "who, he supposed, was suffering from an overdose of drink," and whom he incontinently "ran in." In the meantime, the supposed inebriate was inconsiderate enough to die, but "no blame is attached to the officer." Of course not!

Bicycles and Tricycles, all Makes, New and Second-Hand, for Hire, repaired, exchanged. Patent Saddles, Oil, Wrenches, Fittings. West of Scotland Bicycle Co., Show Rooms, 104 Renfield Street.

Beveridge's Guaranteed Mixed Pickles, Red Cabbage, Mushroom Ketchup, Sauces and Table Condiments, unrivalled for purity and flavour.

## Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE.—I understand that you have taken, this week, to de cribing Miss Terry yourself, and I have nothing therefore left me in connection with the Gaiety, but to chronicle the fact that this accomplished actress, together with her husband, Mr Charles Kelly, will appear to-night and during the week at Mr Bernard's house in "New men and Old Acres." Before they conclude their visit to Glasgow, however, Miss Terry and Mr Kelly will produce a one-act drama in which the lady will play a part not unlike that of the hapless heroine of "Frou-Frou." The writer of the new piece is Mrs Comyns Carr, wife of the celebrated art critic, and the author of a pleasant volume entitled "Pleasant Life in North Italy."

Mr Kelly has already appeared in Glasgow, although not at the Gaiety. He was a member of the Court Company when, under the direction of Mr John Hare, they fulfilled a fortnight's engagement with Mr Glover, at the Theatre Royal, some four years ago.

Among the members of the company by whom Miss Terry and Mr Kelly are accompanied is our old friend Mr Harry Kemble, who plays Buckstone's old part of *Bunter* in "New Men and Old Acres." Miss Fanny Pitt, whilome leading lady of the Theatre Royal, is another member of Miss Terry's company.

—o—

Mr Sidney has had to withdraw "L'Assommoir" from the "boards" of the Prince of Wales, not because it had failed to draw the public, or on account of Mr Charles Reade's epigram anent a "razor's edge and the eighth commandment, but for the very simple reason that he had engaged Miss Carlisle and her "Diplomacy" company several months ago to appear on Monday, the 1st of September.

Miss Carlisle is one of the several ladies who graduated in the admirable dramatic school of the late Mr Charles Calvert. When Mr Coleman produced "Handsome is that Handsome does," some ten years ago, at the Prince of Wales Theatre, with Mr Compton in the part of the Cumberland school-master, the leading female *role* was supported by Miss Carlisle. Since then she has appeared with much success at several of the West-End London Theatres, and she now comes back to us therefore, stamped, as it were, with the hall-mark of Metropolitan approval.

The leading male part in *Diplomacy* is sustained by Mr J. D. Beveridge, at one time a popular member of the stock company of the old Theatre Royal in Dunlop Street.

—o—

I hear that the members of the 1st L.E.V. are making arrangements for their annual social gathering. Has it never occurred to the powers that be to get up a dramatic entertainment? I happen to know that there is plenty of histrionic talent in the corps.

—o—

By Saturday night "the revels" in Mr Newsome's house in Ingram Street will be "ended" for the present. Our friend has had an excellent season. He gives the public the worth of their money, and this, after all, is the secret of success. The Circus will, I understand, re-open in November. I hereby invite your readers to speed our parting guests, and to give them a hearty welcome when they come again.

—o—

A selection from the ecclesiastical "leaders" of the late Alexander Russel of the *Scotsman* is about to be published. It will be made by Mr Findlay, the proprietor of the paper, a man of fine and cultivated taste. It is easy to forget, and especially to forget newspaper men, and the fame of Sandy Russel is already growing dim to the younger generation. The coming book, however, will do something towards keeping his memory green. No such wild, *riant* fun, no such cutting sarcasm, has been known to the Scottish press, as that with which Russel assailed his ecclesiastical foes—and every ecclesiastic, be the peculiar cut of his coat what it might, was regarded by Sandy as legitimate game.

The volume of verse, by Mr J. H. Stoddart, editor of the *Herald*, will be published next month by Mr Maclehose. This is Mr Stoddart's first adventure into the regions of rhyme.

Mr Gardner, of Paisley, who is gradually coming to the front as a publisher, announces, as almost ready for issue, the first volume of a new edition of Dr Jamieson's "Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language." This work, the original edition of which was published over seventy years ago, will occupy four quarto volumes, and is being supervised by Dr Longmuir, of Aberdeen. When completed it will not only be a lexicon of the "auld Scots tongue," but a perfect, and indeed the only storehouse of the proverbial philosophy, and the traits and anecdotes of the Scottish people.

Among the announcements by Messrs Blackwood, is the early appearance of the 6th Volume of Kinglake's "Crimea." This work was begun, my Magistrate, when you and I were, if not exactly "boys," at least a good deal younger than we are now. In point of fact, if my memory serves me rightly, Mr Kinglake's first volume—the one that contains the terrible indictment of the third Napoleon—was published so far back as 1863. The fifth volume of the "Invasion of the Crimea," saw the light four years ago.

The September magazine is usually a dull one. Publishers and editors—I always place the publisher before the editor—have a notion that the folk who read are off for their holidays in September, and they accordingly reserve their clever stories and sparkling articles till later on in the season. A glance I had this forenoon through our current serials showed that they are neither better nor worse than those for the corresponding September of any other year.

From this criticism, however, I might except *Blackwood*, which stands out above all its fellows by reason of Laurence Oliphant's account of his visit, in April last, to the Druses of the Lebanon, and of a clever, racy sketch, entitled "Rufus Hickman of St. Botolph's," which possesses so much *vraisemblance* that one would almost think its hero was drawn from life.

*Scribner's* for September contains an interesting notice of W. S. Gilbert, the dramatist.

"They" do say that Mr Irving and Mr Hawkins, the editor of the *Theatre*, are very good friends. The September *Theatre* contains one article on "The Iron Chest," which is to be the next revival at the Lyceum, and another on Lord Byron's "Werner," a drama for which Mr Irving is having scenery painted.

"J. Kinnaird Rose," known in press and sporting circles as "Rose of the Scotsman," whose flaming red beard is reported to have fairly frightened Suleiman Pasha and his Turkish legions out of their wits, has found a place in the current *Fortnightly* with an article on "Macedonia." Mr Rose will be the Home Rule candidate for the Kilmarnock burghs at the general election.

People interested in art should read Vernon Lee's "Renaissance" article in the *Contemporary*, and the paper in the *Cornhill* on "The Dance of Death in Italy."

The Du-Marier illustration in the *Cornhill* is probably the most wooden, Noah's-Ark looking picture ever seen in a high-class serial. Its artistic guests, however, is only on level with the fictions now running in the magazine which gave to the world "Framley Parsonage" and "The Adventures of Philip."

—o—

Rumour has it that Jeems surpassed himself on Tuesday night at the close of the dinner in the New Meat Market. Never before, so "they say," has his eloquence been so striking, never before has he created such an impression. He even made the Lord Provost look lively, while, as for Bailie Morrison, the style of argument adopted by Jeems was one to which the Convener of the Improvement Trust found it fairly impossible to reply. The company, however, were quite convulsed with laughter when he assumed his final *hatitude*. Hurroosh!

CURIOUS FACT FOR FINANCIERS.—Michael Cassio was a famous arithmetician; but he wasn't a tectotaller.

Great Truths.

THE BAILIE has sometimes poked fun at the "scientists" of the British Association, and for this he now begs to cry, "Peccavi!" After the great results of the meeting which has just closed, he feels that it would be unworthy of him to refer to the operations of this distinguished body in any terms but those of awe and veneration. What other terms are applicable to an Association, two of whose members have informed us that "cannibalism is one of the first steps towards civilisation," and that we must scrub our floors "on scientific principles?" To Commander Cameron and Miss Becker his Worship tenders his most respectful thanks for two of the greatest truths of the day.

BY FLOOD AND FIELD.

The rain it raineth every day,  
Heigho the wind and the rain;  
The wind that winnoweth not the hay,  
The rain that ruineth roots and grain;  
And fruits are flavourless, scarce and small,  
For the reign of the rain is over them all.

A PEEP INTO FUTURITY.

Little Boy (who is deputed to go and inquire for Grandmother daily)—Hoo are ye the day, granny?

Grandmother—No that ill, my callan.

L. B.—An' hoo are ye gaun to be the morn, an' the next day, an' a' week, for we're a' gaun down the watter?

AN OLD FOX.—The "unlicensed grocers," being without "tails," or licenses, of their own, wish all their brethren mutilated down to the same proportions as themselves. Mr Gladstone thinks "the principles of equality and freedom which they announce are sound." Does he? The old fox!—but he hasn't a tail, himself, just now, each joint appears to have gone off on its own account. This may account for the milk in the cocoa-nut.

"DO YOU SEE ANY GREEN?"—*Shakspeare*.—Is it true? Can it be true? Did a certain ex-Bailie as he wended his way home, full of triumph and—ahem!—from a certain place of keen play and royal festivity burst, for the first time in his life, into song, and deliver himself in capital style of the appropriate and jovial ballad—"Tom Bowling."

"The Domestic Policy of the Peruvians"—Their "bark" is worse than their bite.

Actions that Come Out "in Relief"—The duties of a Parochial Board.

I Wonder.

"'Tis the rarest argument of wonder."—*Shakspeare*.

I WONDER why the authorities of the Royal Exchange should find it necessary to place intimations in the wash stands, in the lavatory, to the effect that gentlemen are requested to turn on the waste pipe after using the basons, seeing that gentlemen might be expected to do so without being asked.

I wonder what the young man in light tweeds, who washed beside me on Thursday afternoon, thought of himself when he deliberately finished his toilet and went on his way rejoicing, without attending to the aforesaid injunction, though it was placed directly under his nose and consequently in full view all the time he was performing his ablutions.

I wonder why the police do not capture and run in the wretch who haunts the west-end and performs "There was a lad was born in Kyle," alternately by means of his vocal powers and the flute he carries, to the utter distraction of all listeners.

I wonder why ladies are so fond of travelling in the first-class smoking carriages attached to the train which leaves Dundas Street for Helensburgh daily at 4-5 p.m., and what they think of themselves for so manifestly violating an unwritten but well-known law of railway etiquette.

I wonder why the young men who take luncheon in John Forrester's first help themselves and then persistently lean back upon the counter, ignoring the circumstance that other hungry people would willingly get near the buns and coffee thus inhumanly shrouded from view.

I wonder why the last man who enters a tramway car on a wet day, vainly expecting to find a seat, scowls upon the other passengers as if they and not he were the intruders.

I wonder why people so frequently illustrate the saying that "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."

I wonder why everybody in the world isn't as wise as the BAILIE.

"AWFULLY JOLLY!"—At the inauguration of the Dead Meat Market there was a dinner—the Lord Provost, chairman, Councillor Torrens, croupier. The poor fieshers! What must have been their feelings thus placed between the deil and the deep sea? "Water, water, everywhere!"

A local scribe talks of "an awfully ludicrous concurrence of circumstances." This style of composition is quite too ludicrously awful.

## Parliamentary Football.

MR DALRYMPLE, M.P., says that "the only connection he can establish between football and Parliament is that the representatives always take a part in popular national sports and games throughout the country." Surely Mr Dalrymple's ingenuity is at fault. Has he never given or taken kicks in the House? Has he never missed his goal? Has he never witnessed a scrimmage? In the BAILIE'S opinion a modern Parliamentary debate is uncommonly like a football match—and a very rowdy football match "at that."

## Sir George Again.

THAT amusing candidate Sir George Macpherson Grant had another funny meeting at Lhanbryd last Thursday. Having been favourably received, the champion of "the Fife family" declared that this reception was "very unexpected, and it was all the more gratifying that it was unexpected." Hereupon an ingenuous elector ejaculated, "Without pay, too!" and Sir George became almost incoherent through delighted astonishment that anybody could be found to cheer him without being bribed. But Sir George should really not allow his feelings to carry him so far as to say "between he and I," or to "beg at once and *in toto* to deny a proposition entirely." Tautology and bad grammar "don't become a young"—candidate.

## CURIOSITY CURIOUSLY EXPRESSED.

*Hamish*—The postman has shust procht a letter.

*Lachie*—Ay, an' to whom was it from?

The Man we Know—The newspaper reporter.  
The Man we Don't — The "short-handed" Councillor.

City Improvement—The Shows were wont to be on the Green; now there is a "Circus" in the "Park."

Harmony Restored in the East—By the re-opening of the Brighton Music Hall.

"WITH CLOSED DOORS."—When what passed at the "private meeting" was heard outside, it must have been before the "deafening" macadamising was laid.

Turning Over a New Leaf—Tugal in taking a spell of "ta Fors" Clavigera.

The Athenæum Dining Rooms, 110 Ingram St. Breakfasts, Luncheons, Dinners & Teas. Plain Tea, 6d. W. Fyfe, Proptr.

Graham's London Dining Rooms, 56 Jamaica Street. Dinere. of Three Courses, One Shilling. Breakfasts and Teas.

## A Stitch from the Sewing Machine.

See recent letter in *Herald*.

WHO wear the shirts that are underpaid?

And where are the firms that give  
One penny three farthings per ninety yards?

And how do the poor souls live?  
Instead of the thimble, instead of the thread,  
How can poor women earn their bread?

For they work with eye, and work with hand,  
And the treddle machine it dare not stand,  
And, this, O God, is a Christian land!

Who wear the shirts that are underpaid?

And where do the profits go?  
The merchant says they are all home-made,  
When the markets here are low.

It is toil, toil, toil, with the midnight oil,  
And the lying merchants reap the spoil,  
And pay their pittance with niggard hand,  
While on Sabbath day at the plate they stand,  
And smile like saints of the happier land.

Who wear the shirts that are paid this wise?

And why can women not get their due?  
There is one who hears their midnight cries,  
Whose judgment is just, and wise, and true,  
Ye have robbed the poor, God's heritage—  
But supply and demand is the axiom sage,  
Buy cheap, in the cheapest mart you can buy,  
Sell dear, though for twenty years you try,  
And the tears of the widow all run dry.

Oh for the glorious gospel of right,  
When man to man shall be staunch and true;  
When payment is made not by dint of might,  
But when honest work gets what is due;  
When women for working their daily toil,  
Receive a reward for their midnight toil;  
Then the world will near a brighter day  
And the reign of King Self will pass away,  
And avarice ashamed like a worm decay.

Observing that one of the papers read before the British Association last week was devoted to "The influence of domestication on brain growth," young Wildotes says that that influence is most deleterious. Ever since his friend Sobersydes got "domesticated" he's been the dullest dog going.

"The self-accused Stockwell murderer" has got into trouble again. The self-accused Stockwell murderer is a decided nuisance. Why doesn't the self-accused accuse himself of some Southern murder, and get transported back to the place whence he came?

A SIDE-CRACKER.—It is said that certain West Coast cottagers paper their walls with the Glasgow weekly press; but the BAILIE does not figure among the material. Naturally. Folks don't want the sides of their rooms cracked.

A Call to Arms—A Wail from the Cradle.

Ancell's Beefsteak Grill, 88 Virginia Place (Rear of Union Bank). Steaks, Chops, Kidneys, &c., cooked in large room.

Heavy Crop of Strawberries this Season. Please leave your Preserving orders at Campbell's Fruit Shop, 18 Gordon Street.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the row in the Council fell very soft. That "oor Jeems" was anxious to be "the front of the offending."

That the cap didn't fit.

That the farce of private meetings is now exploded.

That reporters won't be excluded from any more conclaves.

That if they are, the reports will fill double the space in the papers they would otherwise occupy.

That nobody cares a brass farthing under which statute the extra taxation is imposed.

That there is to be no reduction in the assessment is quite sufficient.

That there is a demand for policemen in China.

That the Glasgow force may "go to Hong-Kong" if they choose.

That a recent police case showed how anxious a few of our local writers are to do business.

That, like Dodson & Fogg, they were willing to take the case of the young heiress on "spec."

That they were quite willing, moreover, to hand over a retaining fee in order that they might get the job.

That all Glasgow is laughing consumedly over the diddling of the three lawyers.

That they will be more careful on a future occasion.

That the playing of pianos and harmoniums in Glasgow on Sundays has become quite an institution.

That Davie Macrae and Councillor Neil are off to the north on "white wings."

That the Lighthouses inspection took place last week.

That the event was wont to supply a rare outing for the Council.

That they are now deprived of the feast of salmon and the flow of champagne.

That the Greenock Bailies, assisted by Mr John Burns, managed that little affair.

That Sandy Macdonald is still fomenting discontent among the miners.

That the School Board officers are getting over-zealous in the matter of education.

That they are driving a good many widows and others on the parish by depriving them of their only assistance.

That a little forbearance and tact might save the ratepayers' money, and the feelings of many a respectable widow.

That the champion of economy at the School Board has had a fall.

That people thought if he knew about anything it was about printing.

That the Board have found out their mistake.

That the Board will in future give him "powers" to deal with estimates for printing when they again wish to accept the highest instead of the lowest offer.

That the public are anxious to know how the Board are to get out of the mess.

That the interminable Bowling Tournament has come to an end.

That it is to be hoped the Bailie enjoyed his holiday.

That the Queen's Park Bowling Club scandal has cropped up once more.

That the "president and secretary" of the Club ought to let "sleeping dogs lie."

MORE AMERICAN WEATHER.

(Scene—St. Enoch Square, Wednesday last.)

*Free Church Minister* (to one of his farming elders)—Well, David, I intend having prayer-offering services next Sunday for more propitious weather.

*Farmer* (doubtfully)—Dae ye, ser? Wad it no be better tae pit it aff for a Saubath? They confoondit Yankee bodies hae predicit anither storm for the 30th and 31st.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS.—Talk about our not being a musical people! It seems there was an organ recital given last Wednesday evening in Rothesay, in the new Parish Church, when (*vide Herald* of Friday) "the programme included the compositions of Mendelssohn, S. S. Wesley, Henry Smart, Lefévre Wely, Haydn, Roeckel, Rossini, Bach, and Ergmann!" My conscience! There's a programme for you. None of your paltry selections from the works of this, that, or the other composer, but holus-bolus, Mendelssohn, &c., &c., What a treat it must have been to be present. When the BAILIE wishes his money's worth after this, he will go to Rothesay.

A "sporting" contemporary devotes a melancholy paragraph to the "death of a noted Clydesdale." Happy thought! Why not supplement the daily list of human "hatches, matches, and despatches" by a similar record devoted to "stock?"

Mitchell's Old Irish Whisky, Belfast, is famed over the World. Agent, I. and J. Mitchell, 20 Hope Street, Glasgow.

LONDON SCOTCH RESORT, 4 Water Lane, Ludgate Hill, London, the only House for "Real Johnny" Scotch Whiskies of all Brands, Scotch Ales, &c. Neil Mackay, Proprietor.

**"UNIQUE" SHIRTS.**

The "UNIQUE"—the only perfect SHIRT—is Designed and Cut on our own Premises. The Sewing is done by Seamstresses who have been trained specially for our own Trade. The "UNIQUE" occupies the enviable position of being the model on which all other Shirts are based, and the nearer they approach it in form, the nearer they are to perfection.

Present Price List, 30/, 39/, 45/ per Half-dozen from Stock. Special Qualities Made to Order.

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86 AND 88 ARGYLE STREET.

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HAIR RESTORER**

RESTORES Grey Hair to its Youthful Colour. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Causes a New Growth of Hair. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Removes Dandriff and all Impurities from the Hair. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Prevents the Hair from falling off or turning Grey.

May be had of any Chemist or Perfumer.

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**COOPER & CO'S  
FRUIT SYRUPS.**

LEMON and GINGER Especially Recommended.  
1S 9D BOTTLE FOR 8½D,  
3S 6D " " 1S 3D,

A Tablespoonful of the above in a Tumblerful of Cold Water makes a most refreshing and inexpensive Summer Drink.

To be had only from the Makers,  
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Select Stock of Meerschaum and Briar Root Pipes, Finest Qualities and Newest Shapes.

CHOICEST TOBACCOS,  
CIGARS OF THE FINEST BRANDS.  
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AND

GOODS OF PASSING FASHION

AT THE

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**M**ESSRS. COPLAND & LYE, announce to their numerous patrons the Special Sale of French Costumes, Silk Velvet Jackets, Skirts, &c., and other Goods of passing fashion at the following reductions, which at first sight may appear almost incredible; but Messrs C. & L. recognise the extraordinary depression in Trade throughout the length and breadth of the land and the scarcity of money, and feel that extraordinary inducements must be offered in order to clear out this stock. It has always been the system adopted at the Caledonian House to clear out all Goods of Passing Fashion at the close of a season at any loss rather than carry them over to another year. Hence the Stock in this Warehouse is always New, Fresh, and Fashionable. The Goods at the Special Reductions will be laid out for inspection and Sale This Day and during the Week.

**COPLAND & LYE,**

CALEDONIAN HOUSE, 165 AND 167 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

**SUPERB TEA at 2s 4d Per Lb.**

**F**AMILIES who are being supplied at "Wholesale Rates" (so called) by Wholesale Grocers and West-End Co-Operative Stores, should compare what they are buying at 2s 6d, 2s 8d, and 3s per lb. with the above Tea. There is nothing like it in Scotland. Note the value of our Sugars, and compare.

FINE WHITE, 2½d; LARGE CRYSTALS, 3d; FINEST LOAF, 3d.

**STUART CRANSTON & CO.,**

TRAINED TEA-TASTERS,

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**HENRY THOMSON & CO'S**  
OLD  
**IRISH WHISKY.**  
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ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

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**CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE**  
**GINGER BEER.**

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE  
YEAR ROUND; WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC.  
As Supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

**THOMAS DAVISON,**  
DISPENSING CHEMIST,  
126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

# The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3rd, 1879.

THERE was a small tempest in a teacup at last Tuesday's meeting of Town Council over the *Herald's* great "report." Various were the terms applied to the said report and its author, but they were all, with one exception, more or less abusive. The LORD PROVOST considered the publication "neither customary nor courteous;" another gentleman "deprecated" it; a third thought it "very imprudent;" a fourth characterised it as "most dangerous;" while the top of the gamut was reached by the "intense" NEIL, who declared that the reporter "deserved to be repudiated by every one as obnoxious, and his company shunned." As an offset to this terrible ban, it should be mentioned that Mr COLQUHOUN declared the obnoxious one entitled to "the thanks of the whole community of Glasgow." Those thanks were immediately claimed by Mr MARTIN, who avowed himself to be "the party referred to." At this there were cries of "No!" from a chorus of jealous Councillors, unwilling to see JEEMS'S head decked with fresh laurels, and Mr DICKSON removed the self-assumed wreath, adding insult to injury by declaring Mr MARTIN "not fit" to give the report in question. The distinction was afterwards claimed by Mr JACKSON; and, after due deliberation of the claims of the rivals, the BAILIE is inclined to think that GEORGE, not JEEMS, is the personage who deserves to be "repudiated" or thanked, according as you look at it. Mr MARTIN may be a sound judge of horseflesh and a distinguished athlete, but even

the humblest paths of literature are scarcely his to tread. We have not forgotten a genuine "report" from his hand. It is doubtless galling to have his laurels transferred to the head of a "wee cratur," but he may console himself with those that remain to him. Slightly to alter a famous rebuke, the BAILIE would say to his vivacious friend—

"A ester, JEEMS, should rest in jest,  
And waive a little of his claim.  
'Report' who will, *you'll* find it best  
To write no more than just—your name!"

## Creditable Happiness.

MR JOHN PAGE HOPPS has just paid Glasgow one of his angel's-visits, in order to inform us that he considers "recent events in Scotland" to be "a call to courage and good cheer." The BAILIE was not "there;" but John Page must be a smarter man than his Worship takes him for if he made out his case. The most important "recent event in Scotland" was the great bank smash; "events" still more recent are a terrible winter, a frigid and rainy summer, and the failure of houses and harvests. If J. P. can suck courage and good cheer out of these "events," he must be more ingenious in a jovial way than the late M. Jaques in the opposite direction, and he would have been the admiration of Mr Mark Tapley.

The *Gazette* notice anent the writ for the Morayshire Election is dated on a Sunday. What new onslaught on our rights and liberties does this argue on the part of Beaconsfield the Diabolical?

Monday's *Mail* informs us that a Meeting of gentlemen favourable to the construction of a New Line of Railway between the West of Scotland and Dumbartonshire is called for Wednesday first. Pray, Mr Editor, where is Dumbartonshire situated if not in the West of Scotland?

"Three Glasgow Lawyers Defrauded by a Young Woman" was the startling heading to a report in Saturday's *Herald*. And this is what the legal profession has come to!

SOMETHING LIKE A MONKEY.—Some fuss is being made over a gorilla which has lately arrived in London; but Glasgow possesses a curiosity as good—if not better—in the shape of a "monkey," which some fellow advertises in the *Herald* as able to "carry six tons."

Diving-Belles.—The ladies in the Greenhead swimming-match.

## Megilp.

MR DAVID MURRAY occupies a leading place on the walls of the newly opened Liverpool Fine Art Exhibition. Another Glasgow artist who is capitally represented in the Exhibition is Mr Wellwood Rattray—a gentleman, by the bye, whose recent work in Arran and at Roseneath will astonish not a few of the folk who have regarded him, up till now, as something of an artistic amateur.

The Kirkcaldy Fine Art Exhibition is now open.

Mr M'Taggart is at Kilkerran near Campbeltown. I understand that two young artists are also there—Messrs Orchar and C. Lodder.

Mr J. C. Lauder has been painting shipping scenes on the Clyde. Mr Robert M'Ewen is in the neighbourhood of London.

Mr A. K. Brown and Mr A. S. Boyd have returned to the district they visited last year—Crowland in the Fen country. I saw a "neatly turned" paragraph in the local Peterborough paper of about ten days ago, which must have referred to them, and which clearly shows that they have managed to get into the good graces of the people of the place. The writer speaks highly of the two young artists. At first it seems the natives, not accustomed to painters and their unusual ways, were a little suspicious of the strangers, but now our Glasgow friends are quite at home and favourites with everybody.

## SWEET SIMPLICITY.

(Scene—Argyle Street; hot day; cart watering Street).

1st Celt—Hi, trifer, trifer, you was losin' all your watter, whateffer,

2nd Celt—Whisht, whisht, Tonalt, ton't show your igorance that way. That's a infention to keep the bairns from holtin' on to the back of the cart.

## "WEAK, WASHY, EVERLASTING FLOODS."—

Airdrie has been visited by one of those water-spouts which—like the sea-serpent and the big gooseberry—turn up so opportunely in the silly season; and Airdrie is duly proud of the distinction. The BAILIE, however, is prepared to bet his boots that the Airdrie affair was nothing compared to the water-spouts with which a dreadful person, signing himself "R. Mackay," has been deluging the readers of the *Herald*.

"LATEST YACHTING."—Here is the latest perpetration of Granny's ingenious yachtsman:—"The rain was regular and abundant, and at times would have hurried Noah at his work; but the wind was in streaks like a bit of good bacon." One hardly knows which to admire more—the Liptonian comparison, or the graceful allusion to the patriarch.

WORTH TRYING.—Some hundreds of police having vainly pursued the "Kelly gang" for months, it is said that the Government intend to withdraw them. What effect would a similar policy have upon the order of our good city?

Mulla's, 5 Gordon Street, Havanna, Indian, Manilla Cigars; Cigarettes—French, American, Algerian, Russian, German.

## A Momentous Question.

WHEN the BAILIE finds public bodies at home frittering away their time in the discussion of trifles he looks abroad for good examples, and generally finds them. For instance, when our Cooncillors show a trivial disposition, his Worship would bid them take a hint from their Inverkeithing brethren, who occupy their great minds with subjects of such importance as the material of "the facings on the burgh officer's coat." The question is whether that material shall be gold or silver. One gentleman contended that gold was "far more loyal in appearance" than silver—an opinion in which another declined to concur. In the end, a third dignitary left the room, remarking that "after what he had heard on that occasion, he would scorn to sit there." Whether he was for *or* or *argent* does not appear; and the BAILIE waits, in a painful state of suspense, to learn whether the Inverkeithing "Jeems Broon" is to be "loyally" arrayed, or to content himself with the trappings of a common militia officer.

## NOW IS THE AUTUMN OF OUR DISCONTENT.

Now September, are you come, or  
Are we still in dreary Winter?  
Has there been, or not, a Summer?  
With you is the ruddy tinter  
Of leaf and flower, of fruit and grain,  
Rich pencilling, yet the pensive, sober  
Staid Autumn; or, is't all in vain  
To hope—we'll see, when comes October.

A German doctor professes to have discovered a "cure" for hydrophobia—which consists in administering to the patient a fatal poison. Asinus suggests that a good "cure" for the poison would be to get bitten by a mad dog.

HOME RULE.—In the House of Commons, England, if it chooses, can always outvote Scotland. Then why further weaken Scotland by giving it *English* representatives? Mr Gladstone, instead of being "returned" for Mid-Lothian, ought to be returned to England.

A PENNY FOR HIS THOUGHTS.—The BAILIE proposes a national monument to Sir Rowland Hill by penny subscription, the money to be collected by all the Post-Offices.

QUITE CAP-ABLE.—When Councillor Dickson was speaking on the "private" meeting matter, how readily the "cap" was bid for. And yet there were no "bells" upon it.

## Outdoor Game for the Season—Grouse.

Havanna Cigars. La Flor De Arom., First-Class Brand, 4d each. D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram St., and 121 Buchanan St.

"El Dorado."

WE hear every now and then of gold being discovered in unexpected places. The latest happy hunting-ground is Dundee; and the best of the new "diggings" is that the precious metal is not found in the shape of troublesome dust or nuggets, but in a manufactured state. Several good hauls have been made lately; and though one or two of the gold-hunters have been so careless as to come into collision with the law, others have retired in safety to enjoy their earnings. The BAILIE begs to recommend Dundee as an excellent field for our surplus and troublesome population.

The Liberty of the Press—From the "private" ear to the public voice.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.

Under the Management of Mr SIDNEY.

IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENT.

By Special Arrangement with Mr and Mrs BANCROFT, of the Prince of Wales Theatre, London, of the

DIPLOMACY COMPANY,

Under the direction of

MISS CARLISLE.

FOR THIS WEEK ONLY.

Mr SIDNEY begs to announce to his Patrons that the

Greatest Play of the age,

DIPLOMACY,

Will be placed on the Stage with

ENTIRELY NEW SCENERY,

And every attention to Detail.

The New and Successful Play,

PERIL,

Will be produced on MONDAY NEXT, by a Specially Organized Company.

THE GAILETY.

Proprietor and Director,.....Mr C. BERNARD.

SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT OF

MISS ELLEN TERRY, (Mrs CHARLES KELLY), and Mr CHARLES KELLY.

To-Night and following Evenings, at 7-30,

NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES.

Doors Open at 6.30. Curtain rising at 7-30.

GREAT FLOWER SHOW.

PUBLIC HALLS.

WEDNESDAY, 3D SEPTEMBER.

FRANC GIBB DOUGALL, Secretary.

Glas. & W. of Scotland Horticultural Society

READINGS AND RECITALS.

W. S. VALLANCE,

The Most Popular Elocutionist of the Day, Oban, Tobermory, Lochgilphead all this week.

Mr VALLANCE returns to town on the 6th September, when he will resume his Public Classes and Private Teaching. Prospectuses may be had from D. Bryce & Son, Buchanan Street.

LAST WEEK OF THE PRESENT SEASON. NEWSOME'S HIPPODROME AND CIRCUS,

East Ingram Street, Glasgow,

To-Night, Doors Open at 7-15. Commencing at 7-45.

THE BROTHERS LANE.

THE WONDROUS BICYCLISTS.

EVERY EVENING.

100 HORSES AND ARTISTES.

LAST MID-DAY PERFORMANCE, SEPTEMBER, 6th.

Mr NEWSOME having made Arrangements to Visit Edinburgh with his Establishment has much pleasure in announcing that he will RE-OPEN his GLASGOW CIRCUS for the Winter Season in NOVEMBER.

ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS AND CRYSTAL PALACE.

Open Daily from Nine a.m. till dusk. Admission 6d.

BAND OF FIRST REGIMENT L.R.V.,

Conducted by Mr R. J. ADAMS, will give a

GRAND PROMENADE CONCERT

On SATURDAY FIRST, 6th September, at 6-30,

WHIINS OF MILTON BAND ON SATURDAY, 13TH.

Annual Subscription—Family Tickets, £1 1s; Single do., 10s 6d to be had at 155 West George Street, and at Garden Gate.

ROYAL ALBERT MUSIC HALL, BRIDGETON CROSS, GLASGOW.

MANAGERS,..... { A. B. SUTHERLAND, and BRUCE MILLER.

Immense Success. Enthusiastic Reception of the following Talented Company, who will appear EVERY EVENING during the WEEK.

Mr EDWIN BALE and his Great Combination Company. LA PETITE FRANCES, the Marvellous. MDLLE KATE PARADISE and her Famous BALLET TROUPE, first appearance in Scotland. CYRUS WALLING and TED RUSSELL, Great Negro Comedians and Burlesque Actors. Sisters MURRAY, Celebrated Duetists. PETE DWIGHT, Negro Grotesque. Miss LIZZIE WATSON, the Electric Gem. Mr HARRY BRAHAM, Characteristic Vocalist. Miss LAURA HONEY, Premier Ballad Vocalist. MORGAN APP WILLIAMS, Great Welsh Baritone. Miss SARAH BERYL Character Vocalist and Dancer.

Musical Director—Mr GEO. HENDERSON, late Leader at Theatre-Royal, Glasgow.

WESTERN BOOK CLUB, Established 1841.

All the Best Books of History, Biography, Theology, Travels, Sport, Poetry, and Fiction are added immediately on Publication, and in large numbers. Catalogues of the recent additions to the Library, and of all the books in circulation may be had post free on application. Boxes of Books sent to all parts of the Country by Rail or Steamer. List of terms, &c., may be had on application. New Catalogues of Surplus Books for Sale, now ready.

JAMES MACLEHOSE, 61 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.

THE GLASGOW DAIRY COMPANY.

Supply of Pure and Unadulterated MILK, CREAM, and BUTTER, produced under best Sanitary conditions for preventing Infection, all as approved by Dr Fergus. A trial will prove that no expense or other precaution is spared to ensure richness and purity. All Milk and Cream refrigerated during hot season. HEAD OFFICE—42 GARNETHILL STREET, GLASGOW. West-End Branch—201 Victoria Street, Hillhead.

Farm—Flemington.

\*\* All Butter made on the Premises untouched by the hands and on the most approved system, unsurpassed in quality. Families may rely upon all Orders being attended to with the utmost punctuality and care. Address:—Manager, 42 Garnethill Street, Glasgow.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Thursday and Friday,  
4th and 5th September.

**PUBLIC SALE OF  
JEWELLERY AND TRINKETS:**

Very Fine Diamond Cluster Ring,  
Silver Plated Articles of first quality, which were supplied by  
Messrs D. C. Rait & Son, Buchanan Street.

(The Property of a Gentleman going Abroad.)

**ROBERT M'TEAR & CO.** will Sell the above,  
by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on  
Thursday and Friday, 4th and 5th September, at Two o'clock  
each day.

On View Mornings of Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 1st September, 1879.

**MINERAL WATERS.**

**S E L T E R S     W A T E R .**

A most refreshing and wholesome drink.

Manufactured according to Dr Struve's Analysis by the  
**BRITISH & FOREIGN MINERAL WATER COMPANY.**

Sold by the leading Chemists, Grocers, and Wine Merchants,  
also supplied at the principal Hotels, Clubs, Restaurants, and  
Railway Refreshment Rooms.

Customers are cautioned against the many Spurious Imitations  
now offered under the names of Selters or Seltzer Water, the  
Chemical Constituents of which do not in the least correspond  
with those of the Natural Spring.

ASK FOR  
**S E L T E R S     W A T E R**

OF THE

**BRITISH AND FOREIGN MINERAL  
WATER COMPANY, GLASGOW.**

**T H E   R U S S I A N   T E A S .**

The Russian Tea Company are now selling a parcel of  
Extra Fine First Crop New Seasons Tea at 2s 6d per lb.

N.B.—A Tea equal to this is seldom to be met with under  
3s per lb.

PROPRIETORS—CROMBIE & FLINT,  
457 SAUCHIEHALL STREET,  
GLASGOW.

**QUEEN'S PARK FOOTBALL CLUB,  
HAMPDEN PARK, MOUNT FLORIDA, GLASGOW.  
ANNUAL AMATEUR ATHLETIC MEETING,  
SATURDAY, 6th SEPTEMBER.**

**TWO MILE BICYCLE RACE.**

Preliminary Heats in Confined Events and First Ties in Foot-  
ball Competition on the Saturday previous.



On View To-Day, Sale To-Morrow (Tuesday) and Wednesday,  
in the City Sale-Rooms, 41 West Nile Street.  
Two Days' Important Sale of  
**HIGH-CLASS OIL PAINTINGS**

AND

**WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS.**

A Fine Work, "LANGDALE PIKES," WESTMORELAND,

by F. W. Hayes;

A Pair of Original ENGRAVED PICTURES, by E. T. Paris;

A Beautiful Example, "A HEALTH TO THE KING,"

by Daniel Passmore; and others of Merit.

BY AUCTION.

Sold under instructions of Mr E. Banner, of Birmingham, whose  
former collections have given such universal satisfaction.

**J. & R. EDMISTON** will Sell the above, in  
the Saloon of the City Sale-Rooms, 41 West Nile Street,  
To-Morrow (Tuesday), and Wednesday, 2d and 3d September,  
at 12 Noon each Day.

Catalogues forwarded on request.

The whole on View To-Day.

**J. & R. EDMISTON, Auctioneers.**

**THE  
ST. ENOCH STATION HOTEL,  
GLASGOW.**

(Glasgow and South-Western Railway Terminus.)

This **FIRST-CLASS HOTEL**, erected by, and con-  
ducted under the Management of the Glasgow and  
South-Western Railway Company, is **NOW OPEN**  
for the reception of Visitors.

It is situated in the centre of Glasgow, at the Ter-  
minus of the Glasgow and South-Western Railway,  
Midland Railway, and other connecting lines; adjacent  
to the Steamboat Wharfs of Clyde Sailing Steamers;  
and within easy distance of other Railway Stations.  
The Hotel is unquestionably one of the Finest and  
Largest in Europe, containing over Two Hundred  
Visitors' Bed-Rooms, numerous Private Suites of  
Apartments and Sitting-Rooms, magnificent and com-  
fortably furnished Public-Rooms—such as Restaurant,  
General Coffee-Room, Ladies' Coffee-Room, Family  
and Music-Room, Drawing-Room, Reading, Smoking,  
and Billiard-Rooms.

*Hydraulic Elevators for Passengers and Luggage.*

Hotel Porters attend the arrival of all Trains, and  
Luggage is conveyed to and from the Hotel Free of  
Charge.

The attention of Visitors is specially invited to the  
Moderate Tariff, which includes in the charge for  
Apartments, all attendance, and the entire service of  
the Hotel.

**E. W. THIEM, Manager.**

**THE CIGAR OF THE FUTURE.  
A REAL LUXURY TO SMOKERS.  
XAYMACA BRAND.**

The *Court Circular* says, "Lovers of the fragrant weed cannot  
do better than try 'The Cigars of the Future, which are grown  
in Jamaica, and are certainly superior to numbers of cigars  
which come from Havanna.'"

Imported by

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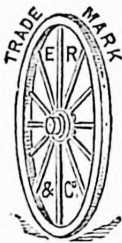
**THE SCOTTISH  
CIRCULATING MUSICAL LIBRARY,  
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ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, £1 IS.  
MUSIC LENT BY THE WEEK.**

Catalogues, 2s 6d.

Prospectus Free.

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“THERE are nae bairns like our ain bairns” is an old Scotch saying, and of course advertisers in bringing their goods before the public naturally maintain that their respective specialities are unequalled. Now without going so far as to say that our “bairns” (Aerated Waters) are the best in the world, we hold that they are at any rate unsurpassed in those qualities which render Aerated beverages popular. All our goods are prepared with the best and purest materials at the Cromac Springs, Belfast, the water of which is peculiarly adapted for the manufacture of Aerated Waters, and having had over a quarter of a century’s experience in preparing those beverages, we challenge comparison with any goods of the same class. We merely ask consumers to take our Waters (all kinds) and compare them, bottle for bottle with those of other makers, and we will stand or fall by the result. Test to the utmost, dilute our Ginger Ale and Lemonade with Water, and it will be found that no other will stand this test to the same degree as ours. Let us have “a fair field and no favour” and we are satisfied that our goods will soon be in universal demand. Retail, from Chemists, Grocers, Wine Merchants, Restaurateurs, &c., and Wholesale at our Scotch Depot, 147 STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW.



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**CORRY & CO.’S AERATED WATERS.**

SINCE offering to the Public in 1850 these delicious and unrivalled Aerated Beverages, the sole and lasting aim to which Messrs CORRY & Co. have directed all their efforts has been, not to force sales by venturesome and questionable efforts, but by the real fact of the superiority of the Beverages they offer to merit universal patronage. Judging from the world-wide favour, which they find yearly increasing, and the unprecedented success which has attended their efforts at all the Universal Exhibitions, or wherever they have competed, this aim (so far attained, and which their experience has proved to be a fundamental principle of success) will be steadily pursued. Since 1850 many mere imitators have come and gone, and many still remain; but the Public are requested to insist on having CORRY’S Waters, not imitations.

To be had at all the First-Class Hotels, Restaurants, and from Family Grocers, Wine Merchants, Chemists, &c., &c.  
**JOHN MERCER & CO., YORK STREET, GLASGOW, AGENTS FOR SCOTLAND.**

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DEPOT FOR MINTON’S, COPELAND’S, WORCESTER, AND DRESDEN PORCELAIN.—Discount for Cash.

Owing to special arrangement with several leading makers we are enabled to sell our Goods considerably under usual prices, and many of our best Patterns are reserved entirely for ourselves. Free Promenade through our Show-Rooms. The Stock is one of the largest and best selected in the kingdom. Suitable for all Classes, comprising an endless Variety of Useful and Ornamental Goods, Novelties being daily added. Sole Depot for Glasgow for the Beautiful Belleek Porcelain, of which we have just to hand a very Choice Selection, consisting of Dejeuner Sets, Tea Sets, Ornamental Shells, Card Baskets, Figures, &c.

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ESTABLISHED OVER FIFTY YEARS.

**VISITING CARDS IN 5 MINUTES**  
 WHILE YOU WAIT  
 50 BEST QUALITY 1/6 THE ONLY MACHINE OF THE KIND IN THIS COUNTRY.  
**LYON 389 SAUCHIEHALL ST**

**H. & P. M’NEIL.**

WE have much pleasure in informing our numerous Customers and the General Public that, in addition to our already Established Business, we have OPENED Large and Elegant SHAMPOOING and HAIR-DRESSING ROOMS, which, in regard to comfort and elegance, are fitted in a style equal to any in the city. They are under the direct superintendence of a most experienced Manager, and the Assistants are from the Best Houses in the Trade.

In introducing this New Department of our Business, we may explain that though it is the first attempt of the kind in Glasgow, yet it has been carried on with great success by the most celebrated Hosiers and Glovers in the Cheapside and Strand, London, and we feel quite confident that with your kind patronage, and our strict attention, this novelty cannot fail to be a great success.

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**WALTER WILSON & Co.,**  
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**GREAT EXTENSION OF PREMISES.**

See Last Week’s Advertisement.

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CARTES from 5s PER DOZEN.

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11 WEST NILE STREET, Corner of Gordon Street,  
 Rembrant Busts, 12s 6d per Dozen.



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W. & J. MUTTER,  
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**THE BATH HOTEL LUNCHEON BAR,**  
143 WEST CAMPBELL STREET,  
(Off Sauchiehall Street), Glasgow.  
*NOW OPEN.*

Luncheons, Dinners, Teas in the best style.  
Wines and Liquors of best quality only.  
"Bass" and "Allsopp" on draught.

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**FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL AND  
POSTING ESTABLISHMENT** (one minute's walk from  
the Railway Station), situated close to the romantic Falls of  
Moness, the Birks of Aberfeldy, and on the direct route to Tay-  
mouth Castle, Loch Tay, Killin, the West Highlands, Rannoch,  
and Glenlyon, the scenery of which is unrivalled.

This Hotel has recently undergone extensive Improvements  
under the personal superintendence of the Lessee. A large and  
elegant Dining Saloon and Ladies' Drawing Room, comfortable  
Sitting Rooms and airy Bedrooms, all furnished in the most  
modern style; also, Spacious Billiard and Smoking Room.  
*Table d' Hote* daily.

Coaches to and from Killin and the West Highlands daily  
during the season. Tourists, in order to secure seats, are advised  
to pass the previous night at this Hotel.

Omnibus waits every train. Posting in all its branches.  
River trout fishing free.

Orders by post or telegraph for rooms or conveyances  
punctually attended to.

ARCHIBALD DAVIE, Lessee.

**THE BALMORAL HOTEL,**  
Opposite Caledonian Railway, Buchanan Street, Glasgow.  
Charles Macrae, late of Macrae's Hotel, Bath Street, and Royal  
Hotel, George Square, has the pleasure of informing his Friends  
and the Public that he has Leased this Hotel.

Scale of Charges—Breakfasts and Teas, 1s 6d, 2s, and 2s 6d;  
Dinners, 2s 6d, 3s, and 3s 6d; Bedrooms, 1s 6d, 2s, and 2s 6d;  
Attendance, 1s. Ladies' Drawing-Room.

A First-Class Hall for Marriage Dinner and Supper Parties.  
Charges, from 3s each.

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RESTAURANT,**

BRIDGE STREET STATION, GLASGOW,  
Three Minutes' Walk of St. Enoch's Station and Highland and  
Coasting Steamers.

This HOTEL has undergone extensive Alterations and Improve-  
ments. Has been Refurnished throughout. Visitors will find  
every comfort, combined with moderate Charges. Night Porter  
in attendance. Smoking-Rooms, Baths, and Billiards.

J. MAITLAND, Manager.

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Acknowledged by all, "The Finest Hotel in the Kingdom."  
Five Minutes' Ride (Fare 1s) from principal Railway Stations.

*N.B.—See that Cabby does not take you elsewhere.*

Full Description forwarded Gratis on Application.

ALL LANGUAGES SPOKEN.

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The Best Place to secure Real Value in Foreign and British  
Cigars, Tobaccos, Snuffs, Meerschaum and Briar Root Pipes,  
Pouches, etc., is at No. 2 GLASSFORD STREET, 1st door  
from Trongate. Trial solicited.

*Commodious Smoking Room.*

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WINES.**

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ADAMS & HODGE,

63 ST. GEORGE'S PLACE, GLASGOW.

Carlowitz and other Wines supplied in Hhds., Quarters, or  
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## S U M M E R C L A R E T.

Vintage 1874 and 1875,

14s, 16s, 18s, and 20s per Dozen.

J O H N F O R B E S,

WINE MERCHANT,

261 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, and  
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10 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET,

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ROYAL EXCHANGE SALES-ROOMS.

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## FAST IN THE COLOUR. FELT HATS.

THE NEW SHAPES, THE NEW COLOURS, HARD  
AND SOFT MAKES.

The Prices range from 4s 6d to the Finest made.

EXTREME SIZES CAN BE FITTED AT ONCE. Special SMART  
SHAPES for "YOUNG MEN," LADS, and BOYS' wear.  
We guarantee our FELT HATS to retain their Shapes and Stand  
Fast in the Colour.

**MILLAR & CO.,**

FAMILY HAT WAREHOUSE,  
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WASTE PAPER, Ledgers, Letters, Books,  
Ropes, Bagging, Tailors' Clips—bought at PAPER  
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The most wonderful discovery of the age, and the marvellous Vegeto-Tonic treatment for the cure and prevention of Biliousness, Sick Headache, Indigestion. Loss of Appetite, Tic Doloreux, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Giddiness, Scrofulous Affections, Ague, Debility, Spasms, and all derangements of the Stomach. By its administration the natural appetite is revived, and the functions of digestion and assimilation are improved, re-animated, and regulated; and when its use has been steadily persevered in, its peculiar Tonic and Nutritive Powers have entirely restored Health and Strength to the most feeble and Shattered Constitutions.

VITALINE.

Unless the secretions of the liver be healthy it cannot assimilate, and produce fit sustenance for the general support and preservation of the body, take what nutriment you will, even the best the world can afford. The liver is the most important organ in the whole body, and when its action is imperfect, all others suffer with it. Vitaline almost immediately produces by direct action, a healthy effect upon the liver, and is a never failing remedy for nervousness, wakefulness, restlessness, sinking sensation in the stomach, irregular appetite, and fulness after meals.—Vitaline is manufactured only by JOE TODD, Chemist, Carlisle, and is sold in bottles at 2s 9d, 4s 6d, and 11s each, by all Chemists.

VITALINE

Strengthens the whole muscular System, reuses into action the Physical Energy of the human frame, restores the long-lost Complexion, gives brilliancy to the Eye, a delightful fragrance to the Breath, and brings back sound and refreshing Sleep.

VITALINE

Is sold by R. M'DONALD, 150 Trongate; THE APOTHECARIES' COMPANY, Virginia Street; THE NEW APOTHECARIES' COY., Glassford Street; BROWN BROTHERS, Trongate; and all Chemists.

QUININE WINE.

Every medical man readily acknowledges the inestimable value of the Quinine Wine manufactured by Joe Todd, Chemist, Carlisle, for its invigorating, renovating, and sustaining qualities. It is equally suitable to the invalid, the convalescent, the child, and the adult, from its palatability, fine flavour, intrinsic purity, and great strength.

Royal Route via Crinan and Caledonian Canals.

GLASGOW AND THE HIGHLANDS.

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS, Columba, Iona, Chevalier, Mountaineer, Pioneer, Clansman, Clydesdale, Staffa, Islay, Glencoe, Queen of the Lake, Gondolier, Glengarry, Linnet, Lochawe, Lochiel, Lochness, Cygnet, Plover, Inverary Castle, Sail during the Season for Islay, Oban, Fort-William, Inverness, Staffa, Iona, Glencoe, Lochawe, Tobermory, Portree, Gairloch, Ullapool, Lochinver, and Stornoway, affording Tourists an opportunity of visiting the Magnificent Scenery of Glencoe, the Coolin Hills, Loch Coruisk, Lech Maree, and the famed Islands of Staffa and Iona.—Time Bills with Maps, free by post, on application to the Proprietor, DAVID MACBRAYNE, 119 Hope Street, Glasgow. (The Columba or Iona Sails Daily at 7 A.M., conveying Passengers as above.)



NEW ROUTES TO THE WEST HIGHLANDS.



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Via WEMYSS BAY and KYLES OF BUTE, Per Splendid Saloon Steamer LORD OF THE ISLES, From Wemyss Bay at 9-15 A.M., Train from Glasgow (Bridge Street) at 8-5 A.M.

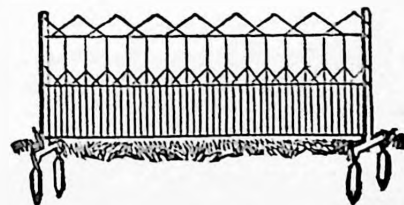
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*Written at a Dinner Party,*

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1879.

WHEN THE

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 Warming or cooling as we need :  
 Better than yields of France or Spain,  
 It harms no stomach, heart, or brain :  
 A genuine treat at little cost,  
 Where much is gained and nothing lost :  
 It shines and sparkles in the glass :  
 A glass no drinker wills to pass :  
 Where memories warm have grateful birth :  
 With harmless wit, decorous mirth :  
 No irksome word, no word of pain,  
 The speaker would have back again :  
 The great law "Rule thyself" obeys,  
 And banquets with thanksgiving-praise.  
 "Unmuddled" here we talk and think :  
 Are rightly moved to rightly thinking :  
 We drink "The Queen ;" her health we drink :  
 And do not risk our own in drinking.

S. C. HALL.

~~~~~  
 EIGHT GOLD AND PRIZE MEDALS have been awarded at the various International Exhibitions held all over the World to CANTRELL and COCHRANE, for their Ginger Ale, Lemonade, Soda Water, Seltzer Water, Kali Water, Lithia Water, &c., &c.







# The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 360. Glasgow, Wednesday, September 10th, 1879. Price 1d

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 360.

THE story of the Jewish people supplies the element of romance in the history of the world. Beside it the wildest imaginings of the poet grow commonplace; the most extravagant dreams of science seem possible. It possesses, moreover, all the direct interest of a personal narrative. The sojourn in Egypt, the Exodus, the settlement in Palestine, the grandeur of Solomon, the Babylonish Captivity, the re-building of the Temple, the cruelties of Antiochus Epiphanes, the Maccabæan wars, Bar-Cochba's insurrection, the establishment of the Jews in Arabia, in Spain, in France, in Germany, in England, their expulsion from Spain, the frightful cruelties to which they were subjected in Germany and in France, their persecution by the English, their gradual emancipation from penal laws, and the ascendancy they have at length gained in the politics of Europe—why, the chronicle is as connected and as thrilling as are the acts of a great drama. In all the years that have passed since the desolation of Judæa and the dispersion of the Jews early in the second century, their national characteristics have been preserved untouched. They have lived in, but have not been of the Gentile races among whom their lot has been cast. The Jew you meet in our own city to-day is as much a Jew as was his ancestor whom Zerubbabel led back to Jerusalem when Cyrus the Persian had completed the overthrow of the Babylonish power. But if the Gentile influence has been unable to modify the habits and customs of the Jews, the Jews, on the other hand, have assisted, and that largely, in moulding the life and character of the Gentiles. And especially has this been the case in these islands. As has been pointed out, the "life and property of England

VOL. XIV,

are protected by the laws of Sinai. The hard-working people of England are secured in every seven days of a day of rest by these same laws. Is not the sweet singer of Israel the most popular of all our poets? It was the 'sword of the Lord and of Gideon' that won the boasted liberties of England; chanting the same canticles that cheered the heart of Judah, and the Scotch, amid their glens, upon their hillsides, achieved their religious freedom." The Jewish community of Glasgow are to-day renewing their attachment to the principles of their fathers. A new synagogue, built at a cost of over £12,000, is being opened this afternoon, with all the pomp of the rich and mystic ceremonial introduced by Moses during the long years of wandering in the desert. Something like half-a-century has gone by since the Glasgow Jews formed themselves into a distinct community, but the Congregation only dates from 1840. Their first place of worship was in Nelson Street, they next removed to the close of the old Post Office, after that to the Andersonian University, and then, in 1859, they erected a synagogue at the corner of George and John Streets. It is from this building that they are now removing to a new and stately place of worship in Hill Street. The seat-holders in the synagogue—which is altogether self-supporting, is governed by two wardens, and ministered by two clergymen—are one hundred and sixty in number, and the entire community of Jews in Glasgow averages something like seven hundred souls. Among the more marked features of the Necropolis is the Jewish place of sepulture, which was obtained in the year after the great cholera visitation, and the gates of which were a present from the Merchants' House. It is now, however, closed for interments, and the Congregation have secured a burial place in Janefield Cemetery. Kindly, pleasant men, with a certain Oriental

grace of manner, and a nimbleness of intellect engendered by their national habits of abstinence and self-control, the Jews of real life are as different as possible from the Fagins and Mosses of fiction. Indeed the dispensing of charity is one of their prevailing characteristics. Not only do they attend to the poor and the needy of their own race, but they are free givers to every charity, other than those of a denominational character, that obtains in the countries where they live. Dr HERMANN ADLER, who presides to-day at the opening of the new Synagogue, and whom the BAILIE has selected as his Man you Know for the present week, is a scholar of European reputation. Though only in his fortieth year, he is one of the chief instructors of the Jews' college in London, and minister of the Bayswater Synagogue. He is one of the most advanced thinkers of his race. The BAILIE has already alluded to the part played in English life by the laws and literature of the Jews, and when closing he would like his readers to remember that, although the Children of Israel are mainly known, not in Britain alone, but all over Europe, as usurers and money-lenders, this is the direct result of the cruel and unjust laws under which they lay for so many centuries, and which made it penal for them to buy or hold property in houses or lands, or to adopt any of the liberal professions. Now, however, that these laws are everywhere, or nearly everywhere annulled, the Hebrew race is rapidly taking the position it is entitled to in public affairs. Their clear, piercing, and yet rich intellectual natures—some of the most famous thinkers, statesmen, and artists of modern Europe are men of the Jewish race; their keen sense of the beautiful; and the earnestness with which they engage in any enterprise that has the promotion of culture and charity for its aim, all this shows that the claim set up for them by one of their own writers, of being among the chief promoters of the development of humanity and civilization, is no more than just and due.

## KILT.

*Laird* (to Highland servant)—You should ha come for the cow yesterday, Archie.

*H. S.*—Hooch aye, sir, but I was come the day to get ma wages, too, forbye, and kill a bird twice wi' wan stone.

A Proper Watering-place for the Animile—Bray, ass uredly. (Hec-haw!)

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK  
is the best present from Edinburgh. 1 Melbourne place,  
near the Castle

## Paupers and Pubs.

AT a meeting last week in Edinburgh of the "United Temperance Association" it was stated that in a certain village, where there were formerly two public-houses and twelve paupers, "the friends of temperance had taken action, and made a representation to the proprietors, with the result that now there were neither public-houses nor paupers in the place." What the BAILIE wants to know is, *What has become of those paupers?* Has the abolition of the public-houses caused them to pine prematurely away, or have the "friends of temperance" smuggled them elsewhere? Also, did the paupers support the public-houses, or the public-houses the paupers? We ought to know these things.

## ENTERING INTO THE SPIRIT OF IT.

(Scene—On board the "Clansman" with Islay in the distance.)

*Lady Passenger*—See, Reginald, how yonder dimly beautiful land rises grandly in the golden sunset haze. 'Tis surely an "Isle of the Blest!"

*Reginald*—Ah yes, it seems like a glimpse of another world. One might well be pardoned fancying that the spirits of the good might there be kept!

*Sailor* (shoving in his oar unexpectedly)—Yiss, yiss, it was ferry goot speerits they will keep in Isla', no petter whusky in ta whole unifersal worlt, nor on ta mainlant of Scotlan' pesites, than iss kept at Bowmore.

[Tableau.]

## Bar (A) One.

WHO says we haven't a local Bar? Why, there's Mr Alexander Macdonald—"not Iscariot"—alone, whom the BAILIE will back to argue the head off the biggest bigwig of the Parliament House, Edinburgh, or the C.C.C., London. What could have been finer than his noble defence, last week, of that distinguished and pious polemic, Mr John M'Intyre, whom he compared successively to Mr Gladstone, ex-Bailie Morrison, and Dr Glancy, and brought off at last with flying colours? Could Balfour, Asher, and the rest of them touch that?

ALL SMOKE.—At a recent meeting of the Town Council a prominent question was "Who cut the pipe?" As there appeared much uncertainty on the subject our well-informed friend, Bauldy, has no hesitation in answering that "it was the man who gave up smoking."

"The Law and the Lady."

POETIC justice has from time immemorial declared itself on the side of the lovers, but ordinary mundane law-courts have too often taken a painfully prosaic view of cases in which the affections are involved. It is the more gratifying to read, then, that in Illinois, of all places in the world, the golden age seems to be returning. According to the judgment of a court in that distant but enlightened region, a father has no right to enter a room in his own house if that room is occupied by his daughter and her sweetheart, and if he persists in doing so, the irate lover is quite justified in ejecting his future father-in-law forcibly. Now as justice, like beauty, is of no particular clime, the decision is equally applicable on both sides of the Atlantic, and it behoves Glasgow lovers to assert their rights. Why should the ardent youth continue to expose himself to the message boy's scorn, the street Arab's contumely, and the slings and arrows of outrageous policemen, by hanging furtively at street corners to catch a glimpse of the beloved object, when he may boldly march into the enchanted palace itself, and demand the use of the best room, with the calm air of one who is strictly within his legal rights? Why should he snatch the fearful joy of a sweet but uncomfortable and inconvenient interview on a stair, in a passage, or at a door, when the drawing-room sofa and easy-chairs are legally at his service? There are cases, however, in which this new arrangement might inflict a very serious hardship on Paterfamilias. If, for instance, there were several daughters in the family, and the fancy of a like number of young men should lightly turn to thoughts of love on the same evening, the unhappy father might be driven successively from the drawing-room, the dining-room, the parlour, and the spare bed-room, to take refuge ultimately in the kitchen or on the lobby table. Nay, in extreme cases it might be that the sorely-tried author of the young ladies' being would at length be forced to seek rest on the door-step or the window-sill of the outside staircase. It would then be almost necessary that the nearest magistrate should have power to interfere, and by arranging the young men in relays, secure a certain amount of comfort for the head of the household. Social economists will doubtless watch with interest the result of this new departure in courting customs, and if matrimony is not encouraged and bachelordom finally extirpated by its kindly aid, it will indeed be surprising.

Infant Depravity in Paisley.

THE members of the Paisley Presbytery are greatly exercised in their minds over the awful depravity of the juvenile population, who are, it seems, in the habit of spending on "sweeties" pennies intended for "the plate." This practice on the part of the young *gourmets* is, doubtless, most reprehensible, but it is not easy to suggest a remedy, since it is difficult to inculcate the youthful mind with the relative importance of flannel waistcoats for the infant Africans, and toffy-balls for the infant Briton. Perhaps the difficulty might be met by instituting a "Sweetie Fund" in connection with the various churches, whereby the young sinners' sweet teeth might be gratified, and their pennies preserved for the legitimate destination. The Presbytery should think over this.

STEPS *versus* STAIRS (A FACT).

(Scene—Carstairs Station.)

*Scotch Gudewife* (just arrived from Glasgow)

—Is there a Mrs Service bides about here?

*Station-master*—No one of that name hereabouts that I know of.

*S. G.*—She telt me she stayed a stane-thraw frae the station, an' I was to get my tea wi' her.

*S.M.*—Can't help it—nobody o' that name known here.

*S.G.*—What station's this? Sharely I'm richt?

*S.M.*—Carstairs.

*Porter* (who has overheard the conversation)—There's a Mrs Service leeves at the Steps.

*S.G.*—An' is this no Stepps?

*S.M.*—No—this is Carstairs.

*S.G.*—Confoond yer Stepps and Stairs—I thocht they were a' the same.

MONITORY—MONETARY.

When Greek's met by Goth at the entrance to the Park,  
Which church, U.P. or "Free," will make the greatest mark?  
Is't the arch, or is't the lintel, that's the really orthodox?  
Is't crockat, or is't honeysuckle the artist worship shocks?  
Is the narthex, or the portico, the column, or the pillar,  
The best on which a Scottish Kirk should ware its precious siller?

BAD HABITS.—A report describes a procession of Foresters as "dressed in the habits of their order." Considering the guys those worthy people make of themselves when they turn out in masquerade, it must be admitted that some, at least, of the habits of their order are very silly habits.

Mullin's, 5 Gordon Street, Havannah, Indian, Manilla Cigars; Cigarettes—French, American, Algerian, Russian, German.

Havanna Cigars, La Flor De Aroma, First-Class Brand, 4d each. D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram St., and 121 Buchanan St.

## Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—As it seems to me, the Gaiety people are using us badly. We had "New Men and Old Acres" all last week at Mr Bernard's house, and we are to have "New Men and Old Acres" all this week again, or at all events up till Friday evening. Now, I protest against this. Certainly the Taylor-Dubourg comedy is a very charming piece, and as certainly is it very charmingly acted by Miss Terry, Mr Kelly, Mr Kemble, and their friends. *Toujours perdue* can, however, be applied to things theatrical as well as to things gastronomic. Besides, we want to see Miss Terry in some other part than that of *Lilian Vavasour*. Why, for instance, should not the management put up the "Trial Scene" from the "Merchant of Venice," or the fourth act of "Hamlet," or the cottage scene from "The Lady of Lyons," and give us an opportunity of enjoying her performance of *Portia*, of *Ophelia*, or of *Pauline*? It may be objected that these are only "bits" of plays, but they are the bits in which Miss Terry is seen to the greatest advantage. As for the pieces themselves, every playgoer is already familiar with Shakespeare and Lord Lytton.

"Butterfly," the adaptation of the "Frou Frou" of MM. Meilhac and Halevy, made by Mrs Comyns Carr for Miss Terry, has been in rehearsal for some days at the Gaiety, and will be produced, for the first time on any stage, on Friday night. "Frou Frou" has already been twice adapted for the English theatre, one version being the work of Sutherland Edwards, and the other that of Benjamin Webster, Jun. Both gentlemen possess an intimate acquaintance with stage art, and it is just possible that Mrs Carr, whose knowledge of the drama has been confined to an occasional visit to the theatre, may fail in those little points that look so unimportant to an outsider, but are really so vital to the success of a piece, and the knack of dealing with which can only be acquired by familiarity with the "boards."

Should the translation, however, of the Meilhac-Halevy play be a good one, there is no question that Miss Terry will make it largely popular. Hitherto the one *Gilberte* has been poor Aimée Desclée, by whom the part was created at the Paris Gymnase just ten years ago, and of all our English actresses Ellen Terry alone possesses the peculiar qualities, as well of disposition as of style, that made Desclée famous.

I scarcely think, BAILIE, sufficient attention has been given by our local critics to the very excellent acting, in "New Men and Old Acres," of Mr Charles Kelly. The reserve and delicacy and tenderness of Mr Kelly's style are altogether masterly. We have no other actor who can manifest keen and yet subdued passion so well as this accomplished gentleman. Mr Henry Kemble is another member of the company who has not had full justice done him by the press on the present occasion. The third act of the comedy is in a great measure Mr Kemble's own, and he acts up to its various situations with a degree of humorous breadth that astonishes even his friends.

"Peril" will be played to-night at the Prince of Wales Theatre for the first time in Glasgow. It is, as I need hardly remind your readers, a translation of the "Nos Intimes" of M. Victorien Sardou, made by Mr Clement Scott for Mr and Mrs Bancroft, and produced by them at the London Prince of Wales in the end of the September of 1876. Among the members of the original company was Mr Henry Kemble, who is at present fulfilling an engagement with Mr Bernard at the Gaiety.

The very successful run of "L'Assommoir" at the Prince of Wales, which has been interrupted, first by the introduction of "Diplomacy," and now by that of "Peril," will be resumed on Monday next, the 15th inst.

Of course, like the rest of us, you have laughed, my Magistrate, over Mr Charles Reade's furious letter, in which he cries down every version of "L'Assommoir" but his own. The letter, however, appears to me to be more amusing than correct. As I understand the case, Mr Walter Gooch, the lessee of the London Princess's Theatre, bought "L'Assommoir" from MM. Busnach and Gastineau, the two Frenchmen by whom the novel was turned into a drama. He then employed Mr Reade to translate and adapt the piece for the English stage, with what

results we know. But where, in all this, may I ask, does M. Zola come in? Mr Gooch deals with the French play-wrights, and Mr Reade deals with Mr Gooch, and I'm afraid the author of the story—he has distinctly said he has nothing to do with the drama—can't have been a very great gainer by either transaction.

As for Mr Reade's appeal to the eighth commandment, and his claims to be better than his fellows in the matter of literary morality, I think the letter of Mrs Frances Burnett, descriptive of the treatment she received from him when he turned her novel of "That Lass o' Lowrie's" into a play, pretty well settles the matter.

Should any further testimony, however, towards the peculiar proclivities of Charles be necessary, it will be found in his "adaptation" of Mr Trollope's "Ralph the Heir," under the title of "Shilly-Shally," and in his ingenious dove-tailing of a passage from Swift into his "Wandering Heir." It will be remembered that when Mrs Mortimer Collins showed him up in the *Athenaeum* for the latter, the modest author of "Foul Play" cleared his performance to be not plagiarism but "jewel-setting!"

"They say," by-the-by, that Mr Henry Neville, who translated and adapted "L'Assommoir" before Mr Gooch or Mr Reade thought of it, and who called his piece "Drink," will yet have something to say to Mr Reade for his appropriation of the title.

I understand that Mr A. D. McNeill, of the Edinburgh Princess's Theatre, will shortly bring out Mr Neville's play—which is now termed "The Drunkard."

Mr Sidney's version of L'Assommoir was played to crowded houses all last week at Kilmarnock.

The date of Mr Toole's appearance at the Prince of Wales Theatre is Monday the 6th of next month.

I hear whispers of a coming performance at Mr Sidney's house of the "Two Roses" by a *corps* of lady and gentlemen amateurs, all of whom have already appeared with great success in another popular comedy.

—o—

Mr Boucicault's new play, "Mount Audley," which was produced on Thursday at Booth's Theatre, New York, of which the illustrious Dion has become lessee, served to introduce his son-in-law, Mr John Clayton, to an American audience. "Mount Audley" is an English, not an Irish play, the scenes being partly laid in London, and partly in the country. It will be played at the London Adelphi in some three weeks' time.

Mr Toole has been charged at the rate of something like £60 per week for the little "Folly" Theatre in King William Street, Strand. His tenancy will begin about Christmas, and will last till 1882.

—o—

Mr James Martin, so the story goes, will shortly be presented with a colleague, in the representation of the Second Ward, fairly after his own heart. Bailie Clark has made up his mind to retire in November, and a certain Alexander Godfrey, of Green notoriety, is said to be the favourite, with the majority of the electors, for the vacancy. If I might presume to give Mr Godfrey a hint, it would be to recommend him, in the event of his being returned, to get over the dread of soap and water, with which, to judge from his outward appearance, he is at present afflicted.

—o—

I learn that William Black is not to follow Wilkie Collins with a story in the *Weekly Mail*. There are several strong reasons that weigh with Mr J. R. Manners, the editor, in cutting the connection with Mr Black. The readers of the *Mail* don't lose much thereby. Mr Black gets £1000 for his "White Wings" in Cornhill.

I hardly know, BAILIE, whether I am more amused or disgusted by the reviews of Mr Trollope's "Thackeray"—surely the weakest specimen, so far, of a weak series—which have appeared in the local dailies. Mr Trollope is credited with having done full justice to his glorious subject, and the ludicrous air of patronage, which he has thought fit to adopt here and there, is spoken of with approval. I wonder if these precious reviewers have read Thackeray. If so, they have certainly failed to understand him.

The "days at the coast" for this summer—save the mark—are numbered. One favourite steamer, indeed, went into the usual hibernating quarters at Bowling a week ago. Hard times and soft weather have been the factors in the poor financial product of the present season. "The Lord of the Isles" holds on its way till the 20th inst. Those, therefore, who wish to enjoy a September survey of the Frith, the Kyles, and Loch Fyne should stand not upon the order of going but go. The Man you Know—the sunny Sutherland—is a charming guide, philosopher, and friend.

—o—

An old friend of yours and mine, BAILIE, and a well-known Glasgow man to boot, is about to leave the city for South Africa. I refer to Mr W. C. Thomson, than whose face none has been more familiar or more welcome in volunteer, theatrical, and social circles for many years. As a volunteer, he was distinguished, up to the time of his recent retirement, by his zeal and his popularity; and he took an active part in organising the Volunteer Officers' Dramatic Association. As an amateur actor, it is no exaggeration to say that Mr Thomson could give "points" to many a "pro." of experience. With so many claims upon the goodwill of us all, there can be little doubt that our friend's leave-taking will be a hearty and a gracious one. "May we be there to see!"

### A Court Comedy.

THE mind of the BAILIE is sorely disquieted within him. Things are coming to a pretty pass indeed when the "professional beauty" craze—harmless enough when only silly Cockneys and chattering fashion-mongers were touched by it—actually led the other day to the introduction into the proceedings of a Scotch law court of an interlude quite in keeping with the burlesque of "Trial by Jury." When Mrs Langtry got the white gloves at Aberdeen, did the Sheriff sing as he presented them, did the Judge kneel and let his voice go off in rapturous quavers, did the court officials join in a mad chorus—and if they did not, why didn't they, when they were so very enthusiastic as to think of giving the gloves at all?

### "To the Unemployed."

WHY will those obstinate "Unemployed" of ours refuse to accept the good things which philanthropists in every part of the kingdom are constantly thrusting under their noses? The latest offer comes from a benevolent Manchester firm, who appeal "To the Unemployed" through the columns of the *Herald*, imploring them to make "£1000 a year certainly." "No capital" is required—there is "no risk." And yet people complain that they have no chance of making a living!

"Far from the Madding Crowd"—In quod.  
The Schoolmaster Abroad—At Dunse.  
Overland Route—Cheyne's balloon project.  
Water Rates—Harbour dues.

### Miss Ellen Terry.

May I make bold my humble praise rehearse  
In sonnet form—supposing I can string  
Sufficient rhymes together as will bring  
Sonnet-complete this poor acrostic verse—  
Eulogium?—and yet, I fear, I've scarce  
Left room enough to let me have my say—  
Lines linked and all be-fettered in this way  
Exact a careful working—pointed, terse  
Needs must the matter be; 'tis cruel—very,  
To think that paltry fourteen lines would seem  
Enough of space when one has such a theme  
Ready to sing as this left margin shows!—  
Really my rhymes have failed me, sweet Miss Terry,  
Yet "gods" can nod betimes—I'm one of those.

SUPREME in ease and tender grace,  
With art's perfection hiding art—  
High soul and purpose in thy face—  
Thou dost not seem to act a part!  
A blithesome maiden, true and sweet,  
Whose young heart knows no thought of wrong—  
A noble woman, made complete—  
Through sorrow bravely growing strong.  
Before our eyes, we see thee move,  
'Mid joy and grief, through smiles and tears;  
And long to aid thee in thy love,  
And soothe thy trouble and thy fears.  
Our hearts responsive to thy spell  
Their every thought and impulse yield;  
We own, what words are poor to tell,  
The charm that grace and genius wield.

### A Chance for Stracathro.

MR JAMES A. CAMPBELL need no longer have any hesitation in offering himself as a candidate for the representation of Glasgow. At a Good Templar convention holden last Friday, Dr Fergus Ferguson was good enough to speak of Mr Campbell as "a real respectable man," and to offer him his support on certain conditions. These are, that Mr C. shall promise to vote for the Permissive Bill, and that "the other candidates" shall refuse to do so. So now, Mr C., your path to Westminster is clear, if you but choose to tread it.

### HOW SCANDAL GROWS.

Original Statement—Mr A. is away for a few holidays.  
1st Repeat—Mr A. is off on the flutter, holidaying.  
2nd do.—Mr A. is away at Rome on the flutter.  
3rd do.—Mr A. was carried home on a shutter (!)

As everything, now-a-days, eatable, drinkable, and wearable—besides tea—is "guaranteed," "down," of "rare," and "extra value"—who dare say that we live in a state of adulteration or extortion?

## Flower-show Proverbial Philosophy.

A ROSEBUD in the button-hole is worth two on the exhibition table.

A *pentstemon lycopodium* by any other name would smell as sweet.

Dog Latin is the soul of high-class gardening.

Misfortunes and double pansies never come singly.

It's a wise child that knows the *Valotta purpurea*.

All that glitters is not marigold.

Indifferent potatoes are the root of all evil.

Good cut flowers need no bush.

A flower-show at night is the spoony couple's delight.

Flowers that live in glass houses never throw stones.

The tree fern's bark is worse than the dog-rose's bite.

Of two cauliflowers choose the biggest.

## A TAILOR OF TOOLEY STREET.

(Scene—Clother's shop on the South Side; the tailor is out, of course, and a party has called to see "when he intends to settle that small account.")

Boy (in full charge)—Aye ye see he has-na time ta mine the wee accounts. I heard him speak about the thousan's their gaun tae save in the toun's cleanin' department!

TELLING TALES OUT OF SCHOOL.—Mr W. R. W. Smith has apparently sworn an oath of extermination against the pastimes of his neighbours. Having been partially successful in his raid upon the Queen's Park Bowling Club, he now turns his attention to the Alexandra Park Golf Club, whose members he accuses of keeping "drink" on their premises. It is to be presumed that Mr Smith does not speak without knowledge; but, even if this terrible charge be well-founded, is it not rather "bad form" to upbraid the club for their hospitality?

THE TWO J. M.S.—Councillor Martin promises it hot for Councillor Morrison. When Greek meets Greek who'll eat the leek?

Latest Fashion for the Dress Circle—Terry velvet.

Bicycles and Tricycles, all Makes, New and Second-Hand, for Hire, repaired, exchanged. Patent Saddles, Oil, Wrenches, Fitting. W. of Scotland Bicycle Co., Show-rooms, 104 Renfield St.

Beveridge's Guaranteed Mixed Pickles, Red Cabbage, Mushroom Ketchup, Sauces and Table Condiments, unrivalled for purity and flavour.

## Sandy's Rhetoric.

MR MACDONALD'S Hamilton oration of last Thursday proves that he has lost none of the logical and vigorous turn of thought and expression for which he has so long been renowned. Space forbids a detailed criticism of Sandy's latest eloquence; but the following may be taken as a fair sample of the gems with which it abounds:—"It is unnatural that men should starve, and I say it advisedly that they ought to take every legal, lawful, and every constitutional means, no matter whether philosophers, poets, or dreamers sit within their *sanctums sanctorum* with their reaming swats or glass of water, and tell them to rest content." As an undeniable proposition, tersely and gracefully put, it would not be easy to match this.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH HIM?—Something must be done with Mr James Martin. He's getting "fair ootrageous." Not satisfied with his demonstration of Tuesday week, he went on the rampage again at Thursday's meeting of Town Council, "going for" Mr Morrison, hurling unfounded accusations, and vilifying those "beggarly, mean wretches," the ministers and people of the Established Church. Will you have a strait-waistcoat, Jeems, or what?

PUNCH'S PILOT.—Mr Burnand writes to *Punch*—"I am in the country of two celebrated individuals, Rabbie Burns—pronounced 'Burrns'—and Ben Lomond." "Pronounced 'Burrns'—but by whom? Cockneys perhaps. What if somebody should some day write to the BAILIE from the country of Tommie Taylaw, and that other, and no less "celebrated individual," Big Ben himself?

MIXED.—"Lord Beaconsfield," says a local leader-writer, "is now suffering . . . the penalty of being found out; and it would not surprise us although the monster which he so recklessly and so heedlessly created should, like another *Frankenstein*, turn and rend him." The italics are the BAILIE'S. Perhaps the ingenious scribe will inform us on what authority he calls Frankenstein a "monster"—also, who was rent by the young gentleman.

"LOW, MEAN WRETCHES."—Councillor Martin—Those who regularly attend Church without paying seat rents certainly give heed more to the spirit than to the letter.

"Green" Hands—The unemployed.

Mitchell's Old Irish Whisky, Belfast, is famed over the World. Agent, David Mitchell, 20 Hope Street, Glasgow.



What the Folks are Saying.

THAT last meeting of Council was a lively one.

That next meeting promises to be still livelier.

That ex-Bailie Morrison is to be smitten hip and thigh.

That the Convener of the City Improvement Trust will give as good as he gets.

That W. R. W. Smith has run a-muck at the Golf Club.

That the many-initialed Councillor has become quite a free lance of late.

That he ought to stick to sewage.

That oor Jeems got severely snubbed last week over the music in the Parks.

That all the same there was more in his story than was allowed to come out.

That the music in the Parks is this season costing nearly double what it did on many previous years.

That we all want to know where the money has gone.

That the Corporation are large property proprietors.

That they are getting the "baby to hold" at the present time.

That the unfeued ground is to be kept up till there is a revival of trade and a return of prosperous times.

That some of the builders who have erected property on the Corporation lands would rather the ground were still unfeued.

That the Directors and Medical staff of the Maternity Hospital have evidently lost their wits.

That their proposal to treat patients in the Fever Hospital is monstrous.

That it is a case of exchanging Scylla for Charybdis.

That the wife of a Glasgow bankrupt is usually a lady with lots o' siller.

That settling a sum on your wife before you send out your letters is one way of providing against a rainy day.

That several of the "better halves" were ignorant of the wealth they possessed until it came out in the examination of their husbands before the Sheriff.

That a private conference of the Liberal Association was held last week.

That the reporters were asked to withdraw.

That there was a full report of the secret conclave in next morning's *Herald*.

That Fortune favours the brave—and the *Glasgow Herald*.

That "oor Jeems" assumed a new rôle last week.

That he bloomed as a Conservative electioneering agent.

That he patronised Lord Beaconsfield.

That he wants another letter of thanks.

That Jeems began life as a Radical.

That he is now a Tory of the Tories.

That this is all since he acquired "a stake in the country."

That this accounts for Sir Jeems and "oor Jeems" hobnobbing together so much recently.

That the unemployed plant is to be disposed of at half price.

That the Corporation will require to purchase it over again soon.

That this is the way our Council does business.

That the Established Clergy had a bad quarter of an hour when they read the report of last meeting of Council.

That the Dumbartonshire Railway meeting wasn't a very enthusiastic one.

That there is no railway mania just at present.

That the restricted dividends and the fall in stocks are making our speculators cautious.

That the *Mail* had the straight tip about the Hogganfield reservoir scheme.

That our Water Commissioners never do things by halves.

That their latest gigantic project is only on paper, and is likely to remain so.

That the Day Industrial School has not yet got "the necessary certificate" from Government.

That Mr Mitchell will proclaim the fact in the *Herald* and on the house-tops when it does come.

That no magistrate has committed a child to this precious project.

That the reason is obvious.

A LUNATIC POST.—In these rasping times it is pleasant to see that industry and ability do not go unremunerated. Here's a rare chance:—

"Joiner Wanted to Job about Property, Assist in Spirit Shop, and make himself generally useful. One with knowledge of Bottling preferred. None need apply unless well recommended and strictly temperate. Wages to commence, 23s per week."

Cleaning the windows, tutoring the children, temperance lecturing to the customers, and preaching to the family might fill up the joiner's spare time—if he had any.

EYE-TEETH.—An American lady is said to be able to extract teeth by "a glance of her eye." "And my wife," comments Jones, "can make my teeth chatter by a glance of *her* eye!"



## RE-OPENING OF THE SCHOOLS.

With the close of the Holiday Season, Parents and Guardians will be preparing for the return of their Boys to School. Along with other requirements that of good durable SUITS will not be the least important. We have long made SCHOOL OUTFITS a specialty in our business, so that Every Requisite for Boys' Wear, including HOSIERY, SHIRTS, TIES, &c., as well as UNIFORMS for SCHOOL GAMES, can be had in great Variety, on the Shortest Notice, and at the most Moderate Cash Prices.

**FORSYTH,**  
CLOTHIER AND  
ACADEMICAL OUTFITTER,  
5 AND 7 RENFIELD STREET.

**WALTER WILSON & Co.,**  
HAS THE LARGEST STOCK OF  
LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S HATS  
IN THE KINGDOM,  
70 JAMAICA STREET.

## SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER

RESTORES Grey Hair to its Youthful Colour. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Causes a New Growth of Hair. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Removes Dandruff and all Impurities from the Hair. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Prevents the Hair from falling off or turning Grey.

May be had of any Chemist or Perfumer.  
Price, 3s 6d.

DEPOT. 121 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.  
**HENRY THOMSON & CO'S**  
OLD  
IRISH WHISKY.

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—  
ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

## DAVISON'S CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE GINGER BEER.

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND; WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC.  
As Supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

**THOMAS DAVISON,**  
DISPENSING CHEMIST,  
126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

# The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10th, 1879.

**MR GLEN COLLINS** has been saved, against his will, from an enormous load of unpopularity. He brought forward a motion at Monday's meeting of the School Board, anent

the supervision of children, which, if it had been carried, and an attempt had been made to put it in practice, would have produced nothing short of a riot. Mr COLLINS, in his youthful—shall we say boyish?—enthusiasm, would make the persecution by the School Board inquisitors ten times more galling than it is at present. Upon people of the lower classes, and especially people with a scanty purse and a large family, this persecution already presses hard enough; but if our reckless "educationist"—who was only released the other day from the school-room himself—had his way, their lives, and those of their children, would simply be a burden, and a burden they would soon sink under. Happily, however, there are older and wiser heads than that of Mr GLEN COLLINS at the School Board, and the scheme of the juvenile zealot was on Monday promptly knocked on the head. The education mania must have its limits. An English bishop declared not long ago that if the choice lay between England free and England sober, he would rather see England free. In like manner the BAILIE would say that if the choice were to lie between Glasgow free and Glasgow "highly edncated," he would infinitely prefer the former alternative to the latter.

### A Remonstrance.

**THE Herald's** reporter, who seems to have got jostled at the Flower Show last Wednesday, delivers himself thus:—"The stream of ladies and gentlemen, if at all possible, should be made to pass on in one given direction, circumnavigating the exhibits so that none need be missed, but in a manner that will be altogether free from collisions, which are very apt, even in the presence of Nature's beautiful offspring, to shake the equanimity of nicely-balanced temperaments." It is to be hoped that, after this graceful and dignified remonstrance, arrangements will be made at the next show to enable our friend to circumnavigate the exhibits without having the equanimity of his nicely-balanced temperament shaken in the presence of Nature's beautiful offspring.

LANG HEE'LAN' MILES.

(Top of the Lochaw coach.)

*Yankee Tourist* (to driver)—I say, driver, I gess you aint got no milestones on these roads.

*Driver*—Oh yes, sur, you'll see, the last milestone we pass it was a pig tree, the next one she'll pe a public-house whar they'll sold a tram.

"Here we are Again!"

THERE was a man called Bishop, who diddled our wise men, one might almost say—so infantile was their deportment—on his knee. He coaxed them, hoaxed them, chaffed them, and larfed at them.

All that was sharp in our midst chuckled over the adventurer's smartness, and laughed heartily at science and religion nailed up for once in the same box.

Many a time since then has the question been asked—"What has become of Irving Bishop?"

Like an evil spirit he came upon the scene, like an eviller one he departed from it, no one knew whither.

He has turned up again. The happy hunting-ground of Scotland is too good to be exhausted in one *battue*.

He was at the same old game last week in Dundee.

A "Startling Exposure." "The Lord Provost in the Chair." The same romantic story circulated about the unhappy Damon and the devoted Pythias. By special invitation of LL.D.'s, M.D.'s, J.P.'s, and all sorts of civil and religious gullibilities.

But the cheekiest thing this cheeky young gentleman has yet done came out in the concluding part of his Dundee advertisement.

It is too good to cut short. He said—"The same as given at the request of the Principals and Professors of Universities; the Nobility; Leading Divines; and other Distinguished Citizens before the Largest and Most Distinguished audience ever gathered in Scotland!"

Hard that on the Glasgow big-wigs. The terrible infant. Not content with making them the mediums of his delightfully remunerative practical joke, he trots out our conscript fathers all over the country as so many advertising mediums.

Oh Ichabod! Ichabod!

When your average reporter takes to meddling with the dead languages he generally succeeds in making a "sorry sight" of them. One of Granny's young men the other day converted a familiar legal phrase into "*in meditationae fugue*," and was so pleased with his version that he insisted on repeating it more than once.

Dancing Daze—Giddiness after a waltz.

The Athenæum Dining Rooms, 110 Ingram St. Breakfasts, Luncheons, Dinners & Teas. Plain Tea, 6d. W. Fyfe, Proptr.

Graham's London Dining Rooms, 56 Jamaica Street. Diner of Three Courses, One Shilling. Breakfasts and Teas.

The Renfrew Little Fishes.

EIGHT pounds, seven shillings, and sixpence was the sum spent by the Magistrates and Town Council of Renfrew over the two unfortunate trout caught at the recent "inspection" of the "burgh fisheries." Money is plentiful in the little town on the Pudzeoch, or else the rate-payers are possessed of quite an abnormal stock of good-nature. It would be interesting to know, by the bye, what became of the "dear" little fishes. Did Bailie M'Kenzie have them home for breakfast? or were they cured on behalf of Bailie Gardner? To an outsider like the BAILIE it seems that they ought to have been embalmed and preserved for all time to come, as a memorial of the piscatorial skill possessed by the average Renfrew Town Councillor in the year of grace 1879.

L' ASSOMMOIR.

(Scene—Trongate, Saturday night, 10 o'clock.)

*Tugald*—Hech! Hech! Whan'll the Glasca folk drap the whusky?

*Tonal*—Ay! Ay! Tugald, it's fair lamentable; a body canna find a sober cheil among a dizen drunk anes!

The Press and the "Pugs."

IT is interesting to observe upon what pleasantly familiar terms those lively lads the reporters are with the heroes of "the Ring." There was an "assault-at-arms" in Glasgow last week, and the various "sparrers" are introduced to us as "Jim" This, "Jack" That, "Pete" T'other, "Tim" What's-his-name, and "Pat" Somebody-else. This sort of thing gives us an exalted idea at once of the dignity of the Press, and of the affability of the distinguished public characters who permit their names to be thus made free with.

For a striking, if hardly successful, attempt to make the best of both worlds, commend the BAILIE to the performance of the Ross-shire youth, who is reported to have gone twice to church on a certain Sunday, and to have enjoyed a little quiet poaching between services. Let us hope the "recording angel" will be more lenient than the judge before whom the young man was tried.

A Yankee is reported to have paid 250 dollars the other day for "a mad-stone." Was it the stone that was mad, or "t'other fellow?"

Ancell's Beefsteak Grill, 88 Virginia Place (Rear of Union Bank). Steaks, Chops, Kidneys, &c., cooked in large room.

Megilp.

MR JAMES A. AITKEN has returned from Ireland. He will be at Brig o' Turk in the autumn.

Mr Hall Maxwell, who has already paid one visit to Brig o' Turk, is at present at St. Andrews, and will later on again be in the Trossachs district.

Mr Andrew Black is at Ardrishaig. Mr John Macrae has gone to Ullapool.

Mr Calvert has been working in the north at Plockton.

Mr Goodwyn Lewis's picture of "The Baptism of Christ in Jordan," which has attracted great attention in London, will be on view in Mr Yuille's Galleries in Union Street about the 22nd of this month.

Mr Colin Hunter and Dr Blatherwick are going to paint on the Berwickshire coast. Mr Alexander Finlay is at Carradale.

Mr Carlaw still continues to improve in health, but the doctors will not yet allow him to touch a brush.

Mr Denovan Adam is at Dunach near Oban. Messrs Pettie and M'Whirter have been at Skye.

Everything promises fairly for the success of the School of Art needlework. The Secretary, Mr Howell, has received from all quarters assurances of support and letters inquiring about the details of the scheme. A very influential committee of patrons and patronesses is now being organised, and arrangements made for the forthcoming exhibition in October, which will be held in the Central Room of the Corporation Galleries. The South Kensington people, who are interesting themselves in the matter, have issued circulars to all whom they know to possess noteworthy examples of art needlework, asking for a loan of these examples for the exhibition.

The other day I had the pleasure of seeing, in the house of a well-known Glasgow gentleman, how beautiful decoration can be made when the decorator is an artist in the true sense of the word. On this house, Mr A. Wells has spared neither thought nor skill, and, in the result, it is hard to say whether grace of design or harmony of colour is more to be admired. The work on the hall, in the dining-room, and on the drawing-room ceiling is especially worthy of notice. The colour is everywhere cool and chaste, and the drawing spirited and suggestive. I never before felt envious of a fine house. I would we had a few more like it in Glasgow. If we had, strangers would cease to talk of our vulgarity and want of taste.

AND THAT'S THE REASON WHY.

(Scene—Interior of Glasgow Cathedral Nave ; Time, Sabbath, close of forenoon service.)

English Tourist (to man in attendance)—My good man, why can't we see the Crypt to-day ?

Man in Attendance (horror struck)—Shure, sir, isn't all the other places of amusement in the town shut on Sundays ?

[Collapse of tourist who retires.]

SOMETHING NEW IN "NOVELTIES."—Somebody advertises in a local paper, as an "extraordinary novelty," a timepiece "designed and used by Napoleon I. at St. Helena." An "extraordinary" novelty, and no mistake !

A Bann'd Nuisance—Playing party tunes in the streets.

A Cutler's Speech—"Scissors to grind !"

LONDON SCOTTISH REPORT, 3 Water Lane, Ludgate Hill, London, the only House for "Real Johnny" Scotch Whiskies of all Brands, Scotch Ales, &c. Neil Mackay, Proprietor.

"Drunk."

A CORRESPONDENT calls the BAILIE'S attention to the appearance, in a recent number of the *Weekly Mail*, of a "poem," signed "Tom M'Lachlan," and entitled "Drunk." The correspondent further suggests that this is a clear case of infringement of the rights of Mr Charles Reade. So it is ; and Tom had better look out for "thunderbolts," as he is clearly doing "the rogues' march on a razor's edge." By the way, Tom, the BAILIE hopes your "poem" is the result of witnessing a performance of "L'Assommoir," and not of personal and practical experience. Thus doth Thomas depict the awful results of intemperance :—

"He'll gang hame tae his wife an' weans  
When drunk ;  
He may fa' an' break his banes  
When drunk ;  
When morning comes he'll not get up,  
Except it's for the whisky cup ;  
He'd lea' them wi'oot bite or sup  
When drunk."

ON DRAUGHT(S).—"The Herd Laddie" is, it seems, about to start a cabinet-making and upholstering business in Dundee, and the BAILIE wishes him every success. Mr Wyllie's designs, at all events, ought to be good, for he has proved himself the best of draughts-men.

"DRINK."—A contemporary says of a woman who jumped overboard a steamer after drinking a bottle of champagne, that it was "a case of unrequited affection." Might it not rather have been a case of requited affection—for the bottle ? or, in other words, a case of D.T. ?

The proprietor of a notorious qu—the BAILIE begs pardon—patent medicine is responsible for rather a neat thing in bulls. After requesting the public to notice that certain words are affixed to each box of the nostrum, he adds, "If not on, they are a forgery !"

Sea-serpents, earthquakes, and showers of frogs being pretty well played out as silly-season stimulants, Fifeshire has gone in for something of a novelty in the shape of a shower of seaweed. This is creditable, but rather mild for a sensation. The inhabitants of "the Kingdom" must try something spicier if they wish to rival Oban, Comrie, and other choice factories of "paraglyphs."

The Rock upon which the U.P.'s are likely to Split—Gou-rock.

Green Gages, best variety for Preserving, 4d per lb., at Campbell's Fruit Shop, 18 Gordon Street.

**PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.**

Under the Management of MR SIDNEY.

IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENT OF

THE "PERIL" COMPANY,

Under the Management of Mr GEORGE STRATHMORE.

THIS EVENING AT 7-30,

A New Comedy, in Four Acts, called

P E R I L,

By Mr SAVILLE ROWE and Mr BOLTON ROWE,

(By Special Arrangement with Mr and Mrs BANCROFT, Prince of Wales Theatre, London.)

NEW SCENERY, NEW MUSIC, HANDSOME AND ELABORATE MOUNTING.

Box Office Open Eleven to Four, at the Theatre.

L'ASSOMMOIR; OR, THE CURSE OF INTEMPERANCE, Mr SIDNEY'S Great Moral Drama, withdrawn in the height of its Success owing to the above arrangements, will be REPRODUCED on MONDAY FIRST, SEPTEMBER 15.

**T H E G A I E T Y.**

Proprietor and Director,.....Mr C. BERNARD.

UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS OF

Miss ELLEN TERRY, (Mrs CHARLES KELLY), and Mr CHARLES KELLY.

To-Night and following Evenings, at 7-30,

NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES.

Doors Open at 6.30, Curtain rising at 7-30.

**ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS AND CRYSTAL PALACE.**

Open Daily from Nine a.m. till Dusk. Admission 6d.

THE CELEBRATED WHINS OF MILTON BAND,

Conducted by Mr J. JENKINS, will give a

GRAND PROMENADE CONCERT

On SATURDAY FIRST, 13th September, at 6 p.m.

Annual Subscription—Family Tickets, £1 1s; Single do., 10s 6d to be had at 155 West George Street, and at Garden Gate.

**ROYAL ALBERT MUSIC HALL, BRIDGETON CROSS, GLASGOW.**

THUNDERS OF APPLAUSE NIGHTLY.

GREATEST COMBINATION OF TALENT in the CITY.

NEW and IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENTS:

ROSE CLARENDON, the Celebrated Soprano.

JOLLY JACK KENDAL, Original Comic and Author.

THE KATE PARADISE BALLET.

Last Week of the BALE COMPANY (7 in Number.)

Sisters MURRAY, "Creme de la Creme,"

And a Host of other Celebrities.

**W. S. VALLANCE,**

The Most Popular Elocutionist of the Day,

Will give READINGS and RECITALS, Callendar, 12th; Campbeltown, 15th; Dunkeld, 22nd; Aberfeldy, 23rd; and Killin, 24th Sept.

ELOCUTION and ORATORICAL Gesticulation.

—Mr Vallance has resumed Teaching Privately and in Class this Week.

Popular ELOCUTION and DRAMATIC CLASSES commence on Thursday Evening First, 9 Cambridge Street.

ATHOLE ARMS HOTEL,

13 and 21 DUNDAS STREET, GLASGOW.

**A**ALEXANDER GOW, having resumed possession of this favourite Hotel, has had it thoroughly renovated and made complete in comfort and convenience. Dinner and Supper parties receive his special personal attention, and they are invariably satisfied.

Charges moderate. Viands superb!

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All the Best Books of History, Biography, Theology, Travels, Sport, Poetry, and Fiction are added immediately on Publication, and in large numbers. Catalogues of the recent additions to the Library, and of all the books in circulation may be had post free on application. Boxes of Books sent to all parts of the Country by Rail or Steamer. List of terms, &amp;c., may be had on application. New Catalogues of Surplus Books for Sale, now ready.

JAMES MACLEHOSE, 61 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.

**THE GLASGOW DAIRY COMPANY.**

Supply of Pure and Unadulterated MILK, CREAM, and BUTTER, produced under best Sanitary conditions for preventing Infection, all as approved by Dr Fergus. A trial will prove that no expense or other precaution is spared to ensure richness and purity. All Milk and Cream refrigerated during hot season. HEAD OFFICE—42 GARNETHILL STREET, GLASGOW.

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\* \* All Butter made on the Premises untouched by the hands and on the most approved system, unsurpassed in quality. Families may rely upon all Orders being attended to with the utmost punctuality and care. Address:—Manager, 42 Garnethill Street, Glasgow.

**MINERAL WATERS.****S E L T E R S W A T E R,**

A most refreshing and wholesome drink.

Manufactured according to Dr Struve's Analysis by the BRITISH &amp; FOREIGN MINERAL WATER COMPANY.

Sold by the leading Chemists, Grocers, and Wine Merchants, also supplied at the principal Hotels, Clubs, Restaurants, and Railway Refreshment Rooms.

Customers are cautioned against the many Spurious Imitations now offered under the names of Selters or Seltzer Water, the Chemical Constituents of which do not in the least correspond with those of the Natural Spring.

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**BRITISH AND FOREIGN MINERAL WATER COMPANY, GLASGOW.****T H E R U S S I A N T E A S.**

The Russian Tea Company are now selling a parcel of Extra Fine First Crop New Seasons Tea at 2s 6d per lb.

N.B.—A Tea equal to this is seldom to be met with under 3s per lb.

PROPRIETORS—CROMBIE &amp; FLINT,

457 SAUCHIEHALL STREET,  
GLASGOW.**JOHN M. SIMPSON, Furniture Warehouse**

and Show-rooms, 60 GREAT CLYDE STREET (Corner o Maxwell Street), Glasgow. One of the largest Stocks in the City. New Illustrated House Furnishing Guide to be had Free on application. The Cheapest Establishment in the City for Really Good Substantial Furniture of Artistic Design and Superior Finish. Quality Guaranteed.

THE SCOTTISH

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ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, £1 1s.

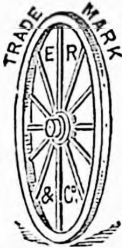
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Prospectus Free.

**A FAIR FIELD AND NO FAVOUR.**

“THERE are nae bairns like our ain bairns” is an old Scotch saying, and of course advertisers in bringing their goods before the public naturally maintain that their respective specialities are unequalled. Now without going so far as to say that our “bairns” (Aerated Waters) are the best in the world, we hold that they are at any rate unsurpassed in those qualities which render Aerated beverages popular. All our goods are prepared with the best and purest materials at the Cromac Springs, Belfast, the water of which is peculiarly adapted for the manufacture of Aerated Waters, and having had over a quarter of a century’s experience in preparing those beverages, we challenge comparison with any goods of the same class. We merely ask consumers to take our Waters (all kinds) and compare them, bottle for bottle with those of other makers, and we will stand or fall by the result. Test to the utmost, dilute our Ginger Ale and Lemonade with Water, and it will be found that no other will stand this test to the same degree as ours. Let us have “a fair field and no favour” and we are satisfied that our goods will soon be in universal demand. Retail, from Chemists, Grocers, Wine Merchants, Restaurateurs, &c., and Wholesale at our Scotch Depot, 147 STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW.



**WHEELER & CO., CROMAC SPRINGS, BELFAST.**

**CORRY & CO.'S AERATED WATERS.**

SINCE offering to the Public in 1850 these delicious and unrivalled Aerated Beverages, the sole and lasting aim to which Messrs CORRY & Co. have directed all their efforts has been, not to force sales by venturesome and questionable efforts, but by the real fact of the superiority of the Beverages they offer to merit universal patronage. Judging from the world-wide favour, which they find yearly increasing, and the unprecedented success which has attended their efforts at all the Universal Exhibitions, or wherever they have competed, this aim (so far attained, and which their experience has proved to be a fundamental principle of success) will be steadily pursued. Since 1850 many mere imitators have come and gone, and many still remain; but the Public are requested to insist on having CORRY'S Waters, not imitations.

To be had at all the First-Class Hotels, Restaurants, and from Family Grocers, Wine Merchants, Chemists, &c., &c.  
**JOHN MERCER & CO., YORK STREET, GLASGOW, AGENTS FOR SCOTLAND.**

**GLASS AND CHINA AT M'DOUGALL & SONS, 77 & 79 BUCHANAN STREET.**

DEPOT FOR MINTON'S, COPELAND'S, WORCESTER, AND DRESDEN PORCELAIN.—Discount for Cash.

Owing to special arrangement with several leading makers we are enabled to sell our Goods considerably under usual prices, and many of our best Patterns are reserved entirely for ourselves. Free Promenade through our Show-Rooms. The Stock is one of the largest and best selected in the kingdom. Suitable for all Classes, comprising an endless Variety of Useful and Ornamental Goods, Novelties being daily added. Sole Depot for Glasgow for the Beautiful Belleek Porcelain, of which we have just to hand a very Choice Selection, consisting of Dejeuner Sets, Tea Sets, Ornamental Shells, Card Baskets, Figures, &c.

AND AT 8 TO 14 JAIL SQUARE.

ESTABLISHED OVER FIFTY YEARS.

**VISITING CARDS in 5 MINUTES**  
 WHILE YOU WAIT  
**50 BEST QUALITY 1/6** THE ONLY MACHINE OF THE KIND IN THIS COUNTRY.  
**LYON 389 SAUCHIEHALL ST.**

**H. & P. M'NEIL.**

WE have much pleasure in informing our numerous Customers and the General Public that, in addition to our already Established Business, we have OPENED Large and Elegant SHAMPOOING and HAIR-DRESSING ROOMS, which, in regard to comfort and elegance, are fitted in a style equal to any in the city. They are under the direct superintendence of a most experienced Manager, and the Assistants are from the Best Houses in the Trade.

In introducing this New Department of our Business, we may explain that though it is the first attempt of the kind in Glasgow, yet it has been carried on with great success by the most celebrated Hosiery and Glovers in the Cheapside and Strand, London, and we feel quite confident that with your kind patronage, and our strict attention, this novelty cannot fail to be a great success.

**21 AND 23 RENFIELD STREET, GLASGOW.**

**Nº EIGHT BUCHANAN ST.**  
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W. & J. MUTTER,  
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THE BATH HOTEL LUNCHEON BAR,  
143 WEST CAMPBELL STREET,  
(Off Sauchiehall Street), Glasgow.  
NOW OPEN.

Luncheons, Dinners, Teas in the best style.  
Wines and Liquors of best quality only.  
"Bass" and "Allsopp" on draught.

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FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL AND  
POSTING ESTABLISHMENT (one minute's walk from  
the Railway Station), situated close to the romantic Falls of  
Moness, the Birks of Aberfeldy, and on the direct route to Tay-  
mouth Castle, Loch Tay, Killin, the West Highlands, Rannoch,  
and Glenlyon, the scenery of which is unrivalled.

This Hotel has recently undergone extensive Improvements  
under the personal superintendence of the Lessee. A large and  
elegant Dining Saloon and Ladies' Drawing Room, comfortable  
Sitting Rooms and airy Bedrooms, all furnished in the most  
modern style; also, Spacious Billiard and Smoking Room.  
*Table d' Hote* daily.

Coaches to and from Killin and the West Highlands daily  
during the season. Tourists, in order to secure seats, are advised  
to pass the previous night at this Hotel.

Omnibus waits every train. Posting in all its branches.  
River trout fishing free.

Orders by post or telegraph for rooms or conveyances  
punctually attended to.

ARCHIBALD DAVIE, Lessee.

## THE BALMORAL HOTEL,

Opposite Caledonian Railway, Buchanan Street, Glasgow.  
Charles Macrae, late of Macrae's Hotel, Bath Street, and Royal  
Hotel, George Square, has the pleasure of informing his Friends  
and the Public that he has Leased this Hotel.

Scale of Charges—Breakfasts and Teas, 1s 6d, 2s, and 2s 6d;  
Dinners, 2s 6d, 3s, and 3s 6d; Bedrooms, 1s 6d, 2s, and 2s 6d;  
Attendance, 1s. Ladies' Drawing-Room.

A First-Class Hall for Marriage Dinner and Supper Parties.  
Charges, from 3s each.

MANN'S RAINBOW HOTEL AND  
RESTAURANT,

BRIDGE STREET STATION, GLASGOW,  
Three Minutes' Walk of St. Enoch's Station and Highland and  
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This HOTEL has undergone extensive Alterations and Improve-  
ments. Has been Refurnished throughout. Visitors will find  
every comfort, combined with moderate Charges. Night Porter  
in attendance. Smoking-Rooms, Baths, and Billiards.

J. MAITLAND, Manager.

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¶Acknowledged by all, "The Finest Hotel in the Kingdom."  
Five Minutes' Ride (Fare 1s) from principal Railway Stations.

N.B.—See that Cabby does not take you elsewhere.

Full Description forwarded Gratis on Application.

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The Best Place to secure Real Value in Foreign and British  
Cigars, Tobaccos, Snuffs, Meerschaum and Briar Root Pipes,  
Pouches, etc., is at No. 2 GLASSFORD STREET, 1st door  
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Carlowitz and other Wines supplied in Hhds., Quarters, or  
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XAYMACA BRAND.

The *Court Circular* says, "Lovers of the fragrant weed cannot  
do better than try 'The Cigars of the Future, which are grown  
in Jamaica, and are certainly superior to numbers of cigars  
which come from Havanna.'"

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FAST IN THE COLOUR.  
FELT HATS.

THE NEW SHAPES, THE NEW COLOURS, HARD  
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EXTREME SIZES CAN BE FITTED AT ONCE. Special SMART  
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We guarantee our FELT HATS to retain their Shapes and Stand  
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**VITALINE.**

Unless the secretions of the liver be healthy it cannot assimilate, and produce fit sustenance for the general support and preservation of the body, take what nutriment you will, even the best the world can afford. The liver is the most important organ in the whole body, and when its action is imperfect, all others suffer with it. Vitaline almost immediately produces by direct action, a healthy effect upon the liver, and is a never failing remedy for nervousness, wakefulness, restlessness, sinking sensation in the stomach, irregular appetite, and fulness after meals.—Vitaline is manufactured only by JOE TODD, Chemist, Carlisle, and is sold in bottles at 2s 9d, 4s 6d, and 11s each, by all Chemists.

**VITALINE**

Strengthens the whole muscular System, rouses into action the Physical Energy of the human frame, restores the long-lost Complexion, gives brilliancy to the Eye, a delightful fragrance to the Breath, and brings back sound and refreshing Sleep.

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Is sold by R. M'DONALD, 150 Trongate; THE APOTHECARIES' COMPANY, Virginia Street; THE NEW APOTHECARIES' COY., Glassford Street; BROWN BROTHERS, Trongate; and all Chemists.

**QUININE WINE.**

Every medical man readily acknowledges the inestimable value of the Quinine Wine manufactured by Joe Todd, Chemist, Carlisle, for its invigorating, renovating, and sustaining qualities. It is equally suitable to the invalid, the convalescent, the child, and the adult, from its palatability, fine flavour, intrinsic purity, and great strength.

Royal Route via Crinan and Caledonian Canals.

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THE ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS, Columba, Iona, Chevalier, Mountaineer, Pioneer, Clansman, Clydesdale, Queen of the Lake, Gondolier, Staffa, Islay, Glencoe, Linnet, Lochawe, Lochiel, Lochness, Cygnet, Plover, Inverary Castle, Sail during the Season for Islay, Oban, Fort-William, Inverness, Staffa, Iona, Glencoe, Lochawe, Tobermory, Portree, Gairloch, Ullapool, Lochinver, and Stornoway, affording Tourists an opportunity of visiting the Magnificent Scenery of Glencoe, the Coolin Hills, Loch Coruisk, Loch Maree, and the famed Islands of Staffa and Iona.—Time Bills with Maps, free by post, on application to the Proprietor, DAVID MACBRAYNE, 119 Hope Street, Glasgow. (The Columba or Iona Sails Daily at 7 a.m., conveying Passengers as above.)



**NEW ROUTES TO THE WEST HIGHLANDS.**



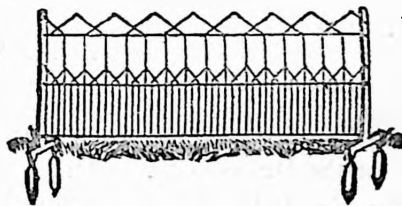
**GLASGOW, INVERARAY, AND OBAN**

Via WEMYSS BAY and KYLES OF BUTE, Per Splendid Saloon Steamer LORD OF THE ISLES, From Wemyss Bay at 9-15 A.M., Train from Glasgow (Bridge Street) at 8-5 A.M.

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Bearing INTEREST at Five per Cent. per Annum. Carrying a Bonus (in Goods) of Ten Shillings per Share.  
Entitling the Holders to participate in the Division of Profits.

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The List for Shares of this Issue will CLOSE on

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 12,

when Allotments will be made according to Priority of Application. The remaining Shares will afterwards be issued, but with them no Bonus will be given.

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This Company has been formed for the purpose of Supplying on Co-operative Principles Groceries, Provisions, Wines, Spirits, Drapery, Millinery, Dress, &c., &c.

PREMISES admirably situated and adapted to the purpose have been leased on very favourable terms in GLASGOW and EDINBURGH.

In EDINBURGH, at 88 GEORGE STREET, for the GROCERY, PROVISION, DRAPERY, &c., DEPARTMENTS; and 35 CASTLE STREET, for the DRESSMAKING, MILLINERY, &c.

In GLASGOW, at 130, 132, 134, 136, and 136A SAINT VINCENT STREET.

The DRESSMAKING and MILLINERY DEPARTMENTS of the EDINBURGH ESTABLISHMENT are NOW OPEN; all other Departments in both Cities will be opened during October.

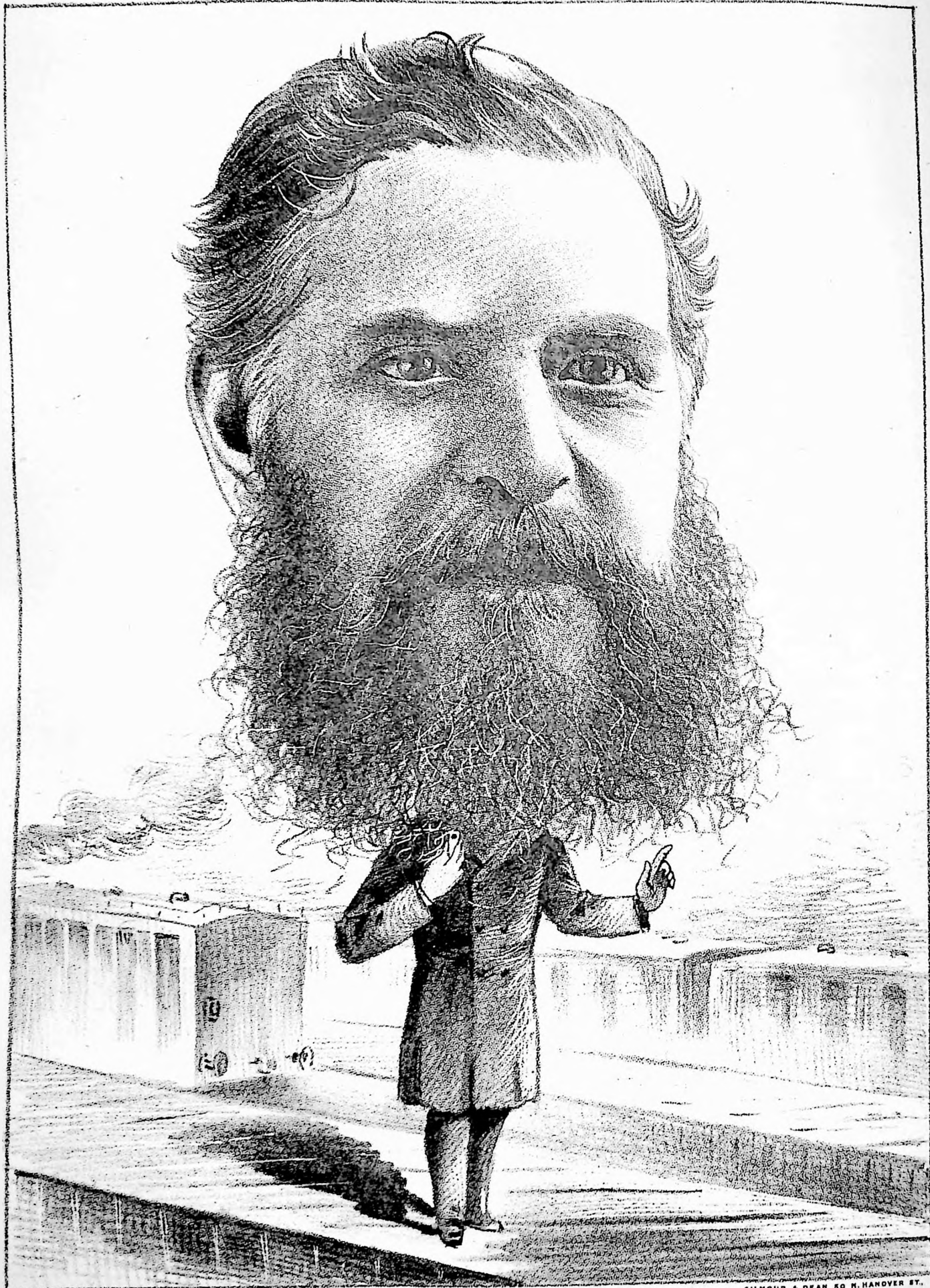
As soon as possible PREMISES will be OPENED in ABERDEEN, DUNDEE, GREENOCK, and other large towns.

The Association will enjoy advantages over all similar Companies in effecting Purchases for Cash direct from Producers, Growers, and Manufacturers, through the medium of the most experienced Buyers in the Home and Continental Markets, *whose services have been secured*, by which means a considerable percentage will be saved on the purchase of many articles of daily consumption, and thus *insuring to the Consumers pure and genuine Commodities*.

The only Agreement entered into is dated June 13, 1879, between the said Directors on behalf of the Association on the one part, and J. G. Laing and others of the other part.

Prospectuses, Forms of Application for Shares, and full particulars of Memorandum and Articles of Association may be obtained from the SECRETARY, 1 North St. David Street, Edinburgh; and from MESSRS AIKMAN & GLEN, C.A., 101 Saint Vincent Street, Glasgow.





# The Bailie.

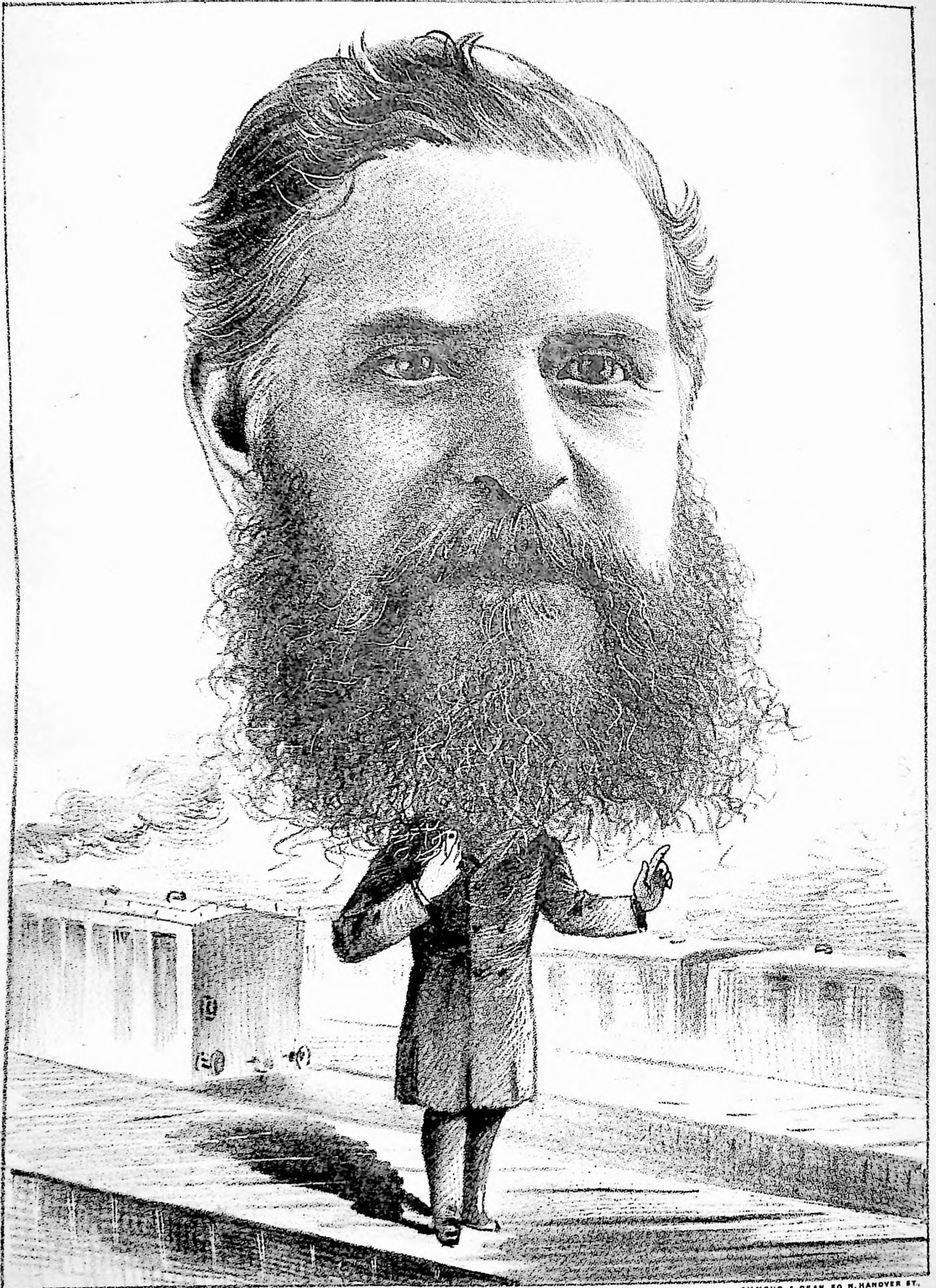
"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 361. Glasgow, Wednesday, September 17th, 1879. Price 1d

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 361.

HAD Dr Johnson lived now-a-days, he would have fixed his head-quarters in the neighbourhood of a railway terminus. "The great lexicographer," as Miss Barbara Pinkerton, of the Mall, Chiswick, was wont, according to Mr Thackeray, to term him, delighted, above all things, in the study of his fellows. When Boswell once declared that Fleet Street was more delightful than the Vale of Tempe, "Aye, sir," rejoined Johnson, "but let it be contrasted with Mull!" Neither the fabled beauty of the Classic valley, nor the stern grandeur of the Hebridean island, weighed with him for a moment when the stir and bustle of the London streets were placed in the opposite scale. If you would gain some insight now-a-days, however, into the minds and characters of the people round about you, no hunting-ground will supply you with so much material as a railway platform. The constant stream of travellers—some arriving and some going away, the stacks of luggage, the appearance at intervals of a stalwart, blue-coated guardian of the peace, the rumble of cabs, the shouting of porters, the screaming of steam, the rush of trains—why, no other where in all the world can you witness so many "scenes," nowhere else is there such an exhibition of vital energy, nowhere else is there so much apparent confusion and so much real, definite arrangement and order. To an outsider, and especially to an outsider who sees it for the first time, the platform of a terminus is confusing beyond measure. Its appearance fairly bewilders him. To say that his "head is turned" is to use a colloquialism which, in this instance at least, has a meaning that every one can appreciate. None of our Glasgow terminuses—indeed no terminus out of London—presents such a striking spectacle as

that at Gordon Street. We are only too accustomed to undervalue the things close at hand, and to regard as of moment those a great way off, but no one, be he a stay-at-home bird, or a monkey who has seen the world, is likely to misprize the new Central Station of the Caledonian Company. Its vast size—somewhere about 600 feet long by 215 feet wide—its nine platforms—six for departure and three for arrival—the bustle which goes on from early morning till close on midnight, make it one of the chief features of the city. Many heads have assisted to regulate the course of traffic at the "Central," but the organiser-in-chief, as he is the controller and director of the whole, is Mr GEORGE FARQUHARSON, the gentleman who rejoices in the title of Station-Master. Mr FARQUHARSON'S is a familiar figure in Glasgow. Tall and buirdly, with a brave, kindly face, and a pair of open, courteous eyes, he is one of those men who, once seen, are seldom forgotten. "GEORGE," as he is termed among his intimates, understands the secret of popularity. He is never flurried, or excited, or in a hurry; he is everybody's body, let his interlocutor be "gentle or simple." One of his phrases, when speaking of himself—though, like all capable men, he is averse to speak either of himself or of his affairs—is that he has served under three of the best-liked station-masters in the country, these being Boyle of Aberdeen, Chalmers of Perth, and Stewart of Glasgow. The BAILIE, however, feels sure that, as the matter of popular favour is up, he is only echoing public opinion when he adds the name of FARQUHARSON to any list of railway officials who are both widely known and widely liked. Mr FARQUHARSON, who is "Aberdeen-awa" by birth, has been connected with railways for over twenty years. Somewhere about 1858 he entered the service of the Scottish North-Eastern Company—a line which was



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amalgamated with the Caledonian Company in 1866—as a carriage cleaner, and passed through the grades of porter and pointsman, then did duty as a goods guard, officiating occasionally as a spare passenger guard. After three years of this service our friend was transferred to Perth, where he became a ticket-collector, acting in this capacity for both the Highland and the Scottish North-Eastern Companies. When the amalgamation already referred to had been concluded between the last-named concern and the Caledonian Company, the Man you Know was installed as Inspector at Perth for the Caledonian, taking charge of their guards and looking after their interests generally, but continuing to work, at the same time, for the Highland Company as well. So excellently did he acquit himself in this double position that, in 1869, on the Caledonian people seeing fit to break up their arrangement with the North British Company, and to bring their northern traffic—which they had previously sent into Dundas Street, working it with their own engines, carriages, and guards—into Buchanan Street station, Mr FARQUHARSON was selected as the best man to organise the new service. He was accordingly brought to Glasgow, and placed second in command to Mr Stewart, a position he continued to occupy till some five and a half years ago, when, on the retirement of that much respected gentleman, he received the appointment of station-master in chief. Of his personal popularity mention has been made above; with regard to his success as an administrator, the BAILIE may remind his readers that the entire northern traffic is now in the hands of the Caledonian Railway, the North British Company sending their trains no further north than Stirling. What Mr FARQUHARSON has already done for the Central Station is patent to everybody. Over one hundred and eighty passenger trains arrive and depart daily from Gordon Street, but the work proceeds easily and smoothly—so smoothly, indeed, that in spite of the continual stir and bustle, people and things fall into their places without either crowding or inconvenience. Mr FARQUHARSON can both direct and control. He is never fussy, however, or unduly anxious or meddlesome. If he uses a hand of iron, it is covered with a glove of velvet. According to wise old Jack Falstaff, “There is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death,” and it was accordingly in no leap year that the Man you Know first saw the light.

“Drink !”

“DRINK !—there’s a precious title for a play!—  
Your worship says you’ve been to see’t, I think?—  
I haven’t; but some other day I may;  
Whose is’t, again—this “drink?”

Ah yes, ’tis from the French—a moral play  
And from the French—of moralists, the pink;  
Of course—quite right—who was it, did you say,  
Wrote this same English “Drink?”

There’s some dispute—I’ve got confused, indeed,  
With letters, bills, and such a flow of ink  
O’er such a simple “he-who-runs-may-read”—  
Reade!—that’s the man claims “Drink!”

Is it? Oh! I’d better watch my eye  
Or he’ll be on my top ere I can wink;  
And does he wish none other to supply  
The nation with its “Drink!”

Ay, ay; and is it “ighly” moral—chaste?  
Was it got up for virtue’s sake—or chink?  
Does it not most unquestionably taste  
Of “smallest ale”—this “Drink?”

And must we fly abroad for all our plots?  
Is there no genius left would nobly shrink  
From seeking fire in France and tavern-pots,  
To find a theme in “Drink?”

Besides, your worship, this I can’t see through—  
Why flash across our eyes their moral link  
Censors, indeed!—they make too much ado  
About this subject, “Drink!”

The stage once gave us intellectual food—  
It now to weak Parisian tricks must sink;  
’Tis pity, sir, to see so many good  
Play-writers take to “Drink!”

#### GENEALOGIC DISTINCTION.

(Scene—Dunvegan Pier, Skye; adjoining Dunvegan Castle, the seat of “the MacLeod of MacLeod.”)

*Tourist* (to Native)—Seems a very old place; is there anything interesting in it?

*Native*—Iss it anysing interestin’? Oo aye, they wass hev the fairies’ flagg, and they also wass hevving Prins Chairlie’s waiscoat. The MacLeod he will hev Prins Chairlie’s ponnett, too before, but the other MacLeod he will hev it noo in Glesco, in his wax works.

“TO WHAT BASE USES!”—At a recent maiden Assize “the beautiful Mrs Langtry” was presented with a pair of gloves. Last week the readers of *The Police News* were presented with her portrait. “To this favour she must come?” And why? What has she done worthy of her receiving either the one honour, or the other?

A New Way of doing Business.—Expecting the custom of the Glasgow public, but getting London tradesmen to fit up the shop!

FERGUSON’S EDINBURGH ROCK  
is the best present from Edinburgh. 1 Melbourne place,  
near the Castle



Reflections on the Entry of the Lords of Session.

WHY should the crowd at the opening of a Circuit Court be dirtier, rowdier, and more uniformly villanous than an ordinary crowd at a fire or a circus procession? Is it possible that the trappings of justice have the same attraction for the criminal classes that a lighted candle has for a moth, or a rattlesnake for a little bird? Whatever the explanation may be, it is a patent fact that the majority of the crowd that jostles and rushes to catch a glimpse of their lordships' coach is composed of individuals who have appeared at past, or who will appear at future, Circuit Courts in the capacity of prisoners at the bar.

It is given to no man under the rank of a peer of the realm to look dignified in ermine robes. Ordinary mortals enveloped therein are simply ludicrous. It is not surprising, then, that our worthy municipal authorities, in their official garments, forcibly remind the irreverent spectator of the jovial but impecunious baron in a pantomime.

The attempt to manufacture a postilion out of an ordinary cabman by the aid of top-boots and a fancy jacket is doomed to utter failure—

"You may boot, you may spur him as much as you will,  
But the scent of the cab stand will hang round him still!"

The Glasgow policeman is a marvellous creature. Under all circumstances he is great, but sometimes he becomes positively sublime. Perhaps he reaches his apotheosis when, leaning his massive form gracefully on the court-house gates, he waves back the trembling crowd with one portentous white-gloved hand, saying the while, "Co away, you peoples! What for will you hang about there? Did I not told you there iss no more room whateffer?"

COMPARISONS ARE ODIIOUS.

(Scene: Deck of steamboat off Pittenweem coast; gentleman on the bridge scanning the horizon with large double field-glass).

Lady (on deck, observing him)—Eh, na, there's a man wi' twa bottles, an' he's drinkin' oot o' them baith!

A "Spokes"-man—Mr Wheelwright.

HOUR AN' HOUR.—Betty says her man's on the "strike" reg'lar—ev'ry week at the pay jist an echt-day knoc'.

Mullin's, 5 Gordon Street, Havannah, Indian, Manilla Cigars; Cigarettes—French, American, Algerian, Russian, German.

Kinning Park "Amenities."

THE Kinning Park Commissioners continue to maintain their ancient reputation as a remarkably lively lot. The mastery of slang evinced at their last meeting would do credit to a London costermonger or an Eton boy. Mr White accused Bailie Leckie—greatly to that gentleman's indignation—of making "flukes," while another gentleman, who ought to offer his services at Christmas to Mr Bernard or Mr Sidney, observed, "In regard to Bailie Leckie's boldness, it hits very well with some, but I should just like to see him 'bowled' in the right way." Finally, Bailie Leckie retorted that "if people were so long in the nose as to always take up things, he could not help it." For refined and telling badinage, there is, after all, nothing like a municipal meeting.

THE AULD KIRK'S QUESTION.

Is Glancey's slantendicular  
Authority oricular,  
A sanity particular  
That's governed by the moon?  
Or is it just his jokery,  
Holding reason up to mockery,  
For absurdity and Popery,  
His tricky *coup de plume*.

"TEMPERANCE."—At a miners' meeting last week one of the "agents" is said to have "put the large assemblage in favourable humour by singing a temperance melody"—a truly remarkable feat—and to have then proceeded to call the ironmasters "abominable liars" and other pretty things. It is a pity that some folks cannot be temperate in speech as well as in song.

A correspondent of the *Herald* makes the odd remark that "many of the members of our City Churches are now resident at too great a distance from these churches to make attendance impracticable." Is your average City Church member so constituted that the further he is from his destination the easier he finds it to get there, or what?

Horticulture is usually considered to be rather a refining pursuit—one of those occupations which "soften our manners and do not permit us to be ferocious;" but this does not seem to be the case at Springburn. Local botanists would do well in future to cultivate, along with their other blossoms, the "flower of courtesy."

Always in Time—"T."

Ancell's Beefsteak Grill, 88 Virginia Place (Rear of Union Bank). Steaks, Chops, Kidneys, &c., cooked in large room.

## Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Those clever people the Billingtons open at the Gaiety this evening, their engagement lasting till Saturday night. I hope, during their stay, that Mrs Billington will recite "The Little Hero." There isn't much in the poem, but I never hear this clever lady repeating it without feeling inclined to cry.

Miss Soldene appears this night week at the Gaiety in the opera of "Carmen." This will be the first time that Bizet's passionate work has been produced in Glasgow in English, and I rather think that Mr Austin, the manager of the Gaiety, will have his house quite as full as he had during the visits of the "Pinafore" of Miss Ellen Terry.

Talking of Miss Terry, those interested in things theatrical will have already noted that this accomplished lady does not rejoin Mr Irving at the London Lyceum. I suppose this means that his scheme for the coming season does not include "Hamlet." No other *Opuscula* is possible after Miss Terry; indeed there are one or two points in her delineation of the fourth act of the play that are finer than all else in the theatrical art of our generation.

Mr Kelly and Miss Terry, who have been both much gratified by their visit to Glasgow, return here next year. Among the plays they will then represent will be "Much Ado about Nothing."

Those who were present at the afternoon performance in the Gaiety on Saturday must have been struck by the *Slylock* of Mr Henry Kemble. Mr Kemble is an old favourite here, but none of us, not even his most intimate friends, were prepared for the excellence of his performance. His make-up and his bye-play were especially admirable.

Mr Kemble, I understand, will appear as *Slylock* at the Crystal Palace Theatre morning performance in the course of the coming season. He now rejoins Mr and Mrs Bancroft at the London Prince of Wales, which re-opens on the 27th inst. with a piece named "Duty," an adaptation of the French play "Le Bourgeois de Pontarcy."

"L'Assommoir" will be re-produced to-night by Mr Sidney at the Prince of Wales. The success of this clever drama is assured in Glasgow. It took better, on its previous run, than any piece played at the theatre for years, and I haven't the slightest doubt that every one who went to see the original production will go back to see the piece now. I think I mentioned last week that "L'Assommoir" drew crowded houses at Kilmarnock, where it was performed while the Prince of Wales' stage was occupied by travelling companies.

The Glasgow Select Choir, of whose appearances last year we have all very pleasant remembrances, begin their session at Callender on Friday first, following (in the country) with Uddingston on the 26th inst., and Busby on the 1st October. They give their opening Glasgow Concert in the St. Andrews Halls, on Saturday, the 27th inst., under the conductorship of Mr Archer. The programme of this last-mentioned concert will embrace some pieces not previously heard, as "The Lark now leaves" (Calcott), and "The Fairy Ring" (Lemmens), and some favourites, as "The Cuckoo Song" (Macfarren), and "Tell me Flora" (Pinsuti); also a new part song by Mr Archer, "Night," who will, of course, be heard on the splendid organ of the Halls.

The erection of the new Theatre at the junction of Renfield and Sauchiehall Streets is proceeding in a most satisfactory manner. Thanks to the energy and foresight of Mr E. L. Knapp, the lessee and manager, all those matters which, if left to any non-theatrical builder, would take a lengthened space of time for their completion, are got out of hands at once, and this arrangement has had no small influence in the general celerity which has marked the progress of the structure.

"Madame Favart," the piece with which the new house will open, has already reached the 150th night of its run at the London Strand Theatre, and expectations are entertained that it will see at least as many nights longer. When produced in the

provinces, at Manchester and elsewhere, its reception has been most enthusiastic. The provincial company, I may add, is under the direction of Mr J. C. Scaulan.

A friend at my elbow "wonders why the Kendals aren't coming to Mr Bernard this season." I think I can tell him. Were Mr Bernard, or Mr Sidney, or Mr Knapp—when the new theatre opens—to engage Mr and Mrs Kendal, they would certainly please the public, but it would be at a serious cost to themselves. William Henry, and his clever lady, are certainly very accomplished actors, but by dint of puffing, advertising, and other legitimate (?) means of gaining celebrity, they have come to regard themselves as "the whole waggon, and the dog under it" as well. Their terms are such that no manager, were he to fill his house every night of their stay, could hope to make his own money. "The Kendals," however, have a notion that their appearance lends an *clat* to a provincial theatre for which a manager ought to be very willing to pay. Happily for their pockets, the provincial managers haven't come to look at the matter exactly in this way.

By-the-bye, BAILIE, we are about to be favoured with an addition to the Daily Press of the city. "The more the merrier," I think I can hear you say as you read my news. The coming aspirant for public favour is—what do you think? a "bawbee" morning paper! Well, well, wonders will never cease. Ah! but this isn't the best of it. Unless Dame Rumour be even a bigger story-teller than she is usually regarded, the "man at the helm" of the embryo print is—who do you guess? why, no less a personage than Mr James Morton! Only think, a daily commercial article by Mr Morton! What a bait to catch gudgeons with? And then Mr Morton might diversify his commercial articles with little papers on Church matters—Sabbath Schools for young girls and such like. The success of the various speculations in which Mr Morton has hitherto engaged is the best possible assurance regarding the fortunes of his new venture.

What a desirable guest Mr F. C. Burnand is, to be sure! He recently paid a visit to an Ayrshire gentleman, and he is now engaged in the pleasant and reputable task of ridiculing, in the pages of *Punch*, his host, his fellow-guests, and everybody with whom he came in contact during his stay. To speak seriously, this sort of thing is one of the curses of modern journalism. Cannot Mr Burnand perceive that it is possible to be at the same time a "comic (!) writer" and a gentleman?

The concerts of the Glasgow Abstiners' Union, under the directorship of Mr Airlie, re-commence on Saturday evening. I understand that the Union will this season confine their attention to the City Hall.

As I predicted the other week, the new music-hall at Bridgeton Cross is a great "hit." Its enterprising conductors, Messrs Sutherland and Miller, deserve their success, since they give their patrons a capital entertainment for their money. This week's bill of fare is exceptionally strong, and I am glad to see that it includes the name of an old Glasgow favourite—Mr Thompson Wellesley.

Tannaker's famous "Temple of Japan" will be opened to the Glasgow public in Newsome's Circus, Ingram Street, on Thursday evening. The priests of the temple are represented by those remarkable personages, "Tommy the Wolf," "Little All-Right," and others, while the rites performed are as remarkable as the performers.

Those admirable entertainments, the concerts and soirées of the Good Templars' Harmonic Association, began on Saturday evening in Gorbals, College Street, and Calton. I am not a Good Templar, but I intend to treat myself to a "concert and soiree" one of these nights.

The First Aquagraph—The portrait seen by Eve in the Fountain.

A Dangerous Precedent.

THE statement that "Mr Sankey's voice in 'Hold the Fort,' phonographically preserved on a piece of tinfoil," has been placed under the foundation-stone of a new school-house in America, is alarming. Mr Sankey's notes are, perhaps, worthy of transmission to posterity, but there is no saying where this sort of thing may end. Just fancy preserving the cacophonous tones of some of our local orators! The BAILIE forbears to mention names, which can be easily supplied by his readers. We can't help enduring those "robustious" rhetoricians ourselves, but we have no right to inflict torture upon our descendants. We must really draw the line at Sankey.

More Obstinacy—"The mule spinning jennies have again struck." For "mule" the BAILIE read *ass*.

Mr Neil complains that the height of certain houses in the Gorbals "is far more than the middle of the street." What does he want? Surely he would not have the houses lower than "the middle of the street?"

Your reporter gets an enormous amount of work out of the unfortunate word "inaugurate." He "inaugurates" an organ, he "inaugurates" a statue, and last week he made the Queen "inaugurate" a cairn. That scribe who "inaugurates" an expression with a little more meaning in it will deserve well of his fellows and the public.

Old Fusby got a "presentation" the other day, and remarked grandiloquently that he would "preserve it for time immemorial!" He has not yet discovered "where the laugh came in."

NOT FAR WRONG.—According to a Mr Steele, of Govanhill, Policeman M'Hardy "has stated that to increase the 'force' would increase the crime in the burgh." Policeman M'Hardy is evidently waking up.

A MYSTERY SOLVED.—The BAILIE has at last discovered the *raison d'être* of the "missing links" in would-be nautical costumes whom one encounters in such profusion about our watering-places during the summer and autumn. It is, it seems, a superstition among yachtsmen that it is lucky to have monkeys on board their craft!

Hardly Done yet Overdone—Hard-boiled eggs.

Rare Sight in the City—Oranges growing at a Fruit Merchant's door. See CAMPBELL'S, 18 Gordon Street.

The Man at the Elms.

A PERSON of weak intellect, with whom at one time the Ass had a slight acquaintance, wrote to the latter from his place of seclusion, last week, for his opinion with reference to what he (the writer) had been told by a fellow-inmate, namely—that Mr Gladstone renders himself liable to a charge of high trees-on when he cuts down tall elms without axe-ing their leaves. Having a post-card handy (for a wonder) Asinus promptly despatched this brief reply—"He has been oaks-ing yew, that's plane—but what fir did he do it?"

A CASE FOR THE "BROD."

(Scene—The road to Wishaw Station; Thursday last; Com. Traveller is proceeding to the 4-11 p.m. train in company with a boy he has engaged to carry his samples.)

Com. Trav.—How long have you been at school?

Boy—Three 'ears!

C.T.—What book is that you've got in your pocket?

Boy—The wan an' sexpenny!

C.T.—And what sort of book is that?

Boy (emphatically)—The aichteenpence!

C.T.—Is it lessons in English, or is it history?

Boy (wondering at C. T.'s ignorance)—No, it's the Royal Reader.

C. T. drops the subject, lights a cigar, and thinks of the days that are gone.

UP HIGHER YET MY BONNET!—Baillie Morrison's services must not be lost to the community. The other J. M. has been spoken of for the House of Commons; might not the Convener of the Improvement Trust also aspire?

EAR-SAY.—It is perhaps not generally known that "the golden grain" which the poets rave about is descended from that variety of oats—the gilt—upon which the Roman emperor fed his favourite charger, and "rogues in grain" from the Oates that all cornycopyists have named Titus. "Tight as oats" was a proverbial expression before the repeal of the Corn Laws. Cornucopia is cultivated solely upon the Pharmacopia. The specialty, Corney Grain, is celebrated for most excellent "chaff." The pedal corn is of a different family, and is cut otherwise than with the sickle.

"Make Hay while the Sun Shines"—Ay, that's in your hay-day.

Events on the Wing—News by carrier pigeon

Circuit Court Proverbial Philosophy:  
**B**EING summoned for a juryman is the thief of time.

An *alibi* in time saves nine months' imprisonment.

Faint heart never won a seat on the magistrates' bench.

A horse-hair wig is the soul of wisdom.

Bullying is the soul of cross-examination.

A witness who breaks down is worse than none.

Contrition is the best policy—for a prisoner.

The nearer conviction the farther from liberty.

He who lives in a court-house will die of suffocation.

Justice is blind, and judges are deaf.

It's a long sentence that has no ending.

He who robs and goes away—to penal servitude—may live to rob another day.

What a policeman witness says must be true.

#### GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

(Scene—Broomielaw Bridge.)

*Policeman* (to Highlandman, who is lying over the parapet watching a dredger at work)—Come aff ta wa! dis she want tae fa' ower and be trooned? Whit's she daein' there, moreofer?

*Highlandman*—Hech! sirs, she's been watching that poat this twa hours or more, whateffer, to see what an awfu' sicht the man that's fooin' ta buckets 'll be when she comes up.

ANTIQUARIES AND "AULDWIVES."—It seems that among the "objects of interest" lately visited by the members of the Glasgow Archæological Society were "the curious Druidical remains on Craigmaddie Muir known as the 'Auld Wife's Lifts.'" A utilitarian scoffer suggests that this visit was highly appropriate, "auld wife's lifts" being altogether in the archæologists' line.

"Nobody," observed Lord Deas last week, "said *they* agreed with him." Fie, my Lord! We expect a judge to be at least grammatical.

At last Wednesday's meeting of the Trades' Council one of the speakers remarked that it was difficult "to get the bakers up to anything like white heat." Why not try baking them?

Seeking a "Bauble" Reputation—*The Mace.*

Bicycles and Tricycles, all Makes, New and Second-Hand, for Hire, repaired, exchanged Patent Saddles, Oil Wrenches, Fittings. W. of Scotland Bicycle Co., Show-rooms, 104 Renfield St.

Beveridge's Guaranteed Mixed Pickles. Red Cabbage, Mushroom Ketchup, Sauces and Table Condiments, unrivalled for purity and flavour.

Another Chance for "the Unemployed."

**T**HE BAILIE continues to draw the attention of the needy to their neglected opportunities. Wealth lies within the reach of all, and yet the "Unemployed" continue to "demonstrate," and to put forth sinister hints as to turning their attentions to the bakers' shops. The latest philanthropist hails from Brighton, and offers his "agents" £20 weekly. In this case "agencies are limited" in number; so the "Unemployed" had better look sharp, or they will be obliged to fall back on the pittance of £400 or £500 *per annum* offered by less generous capitalists.

#### A RHYME FOR THE TIME.

The time is out of joint; of broken time

Our mills and mines have been for months complaining;

And broken weather, which a changeful clime

Will only change from less to more of raining,

Our crops retards, or blights; or overwhelms

By current-cy its banking overflowing—

In town and country, all throughout our realms,

To wreck and ruin every class seems going.

At last the landlord cannot get his rent,

For there's no money when there's nought for selling;

And when the land's reduced say ten *per cent.*

There's proof how "times" on every class is telling.

When at their worst 'tis said that things may mend,

The darkest cloud hath oft a silver lining,

The longest trial hath at last an end;

Then let us patience with resolve be twining,

And live in hope—what gain we by repining?

G(U)ILT-eh?—In describing the new synagogue the reporters talk of "solid gilt." Now, the BAILIE can understand such solid g(u)ilt as Lords Deas and Mure have been dealing with, but solid gilt puzzles him. If "gilt," why "solid?" If "solid," why "gilt?" Is there such a thing as hollow gilt? and if not, why not?

HOW'S THAT FOR "HIGH?"—A discussion has been going on of late regarding the distinction between "high" and "putrid" meat. It is rather a curious commentary upon modern taste that the *gourmand* pronounces his haunch of venison to be just fit for use when it has reached a condition which would, in the case of beef or mutton, bring down the hand of the law upon the vendor.

A Mr Macrone has issued a pamphlet advocating the principle of "Free Railways"—a principle which is, briefly, that everybody should pay everybody else's travelling expenses. Doesn't Mr Macrone wish he may get it?

Mitchell's Old Irish Whisky, Belfast, is famed over the World Agent, David Mitchell, 20 Hope Street, Glasgow.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the retirement of Councillor Morrison has taken us all by surprise.

That there isn't a longer-headed chap in the Council.

That the highest civic post was his for the accepting.

That Lord Deas has once more come and gone.

That his Lordship is a credit to the bench.

That his intellect is as clear as a bell and his tongue as sharp as a knife.

That Mr Kidston and Mr Glen Collins have fallen-foul of one another at last.

That Mr Kidston thinks Mr Collins a most changeable being.

That Mr Glen Collins hasn't changed his opinion of Mr Kidston.

That the spring vans are still knocking over their victims on the Glasgow streets.

That a regulation pace ought to be laid down for the youthful drivers by the Corporation.

That Sir James Bain is determined to have a seat in Parliament.

That like Hal o' the Wynd he'll "fecht for his ain han'."

That Sir James is all things to all men—at present.

That his chief electioneering agent is "oor Jeems."

That Jeems is "nae great han' wi' the gun or he micht been doun shootin' fools at Sundrum."

That he has mony a bit pap at fools nearer hame.

That Glasgow's Home Rule leader is to get a presentation.

That this is to provide the sinews of war to help John Ferguson to a seat in Parliament.

That the assessors and the villa proprietors in the suburbs have had their annual tussle.

That the latter have come off second best.

That they generally do.

That the football season has fairly begun.

That the roughs managed to kick up a row in Garscube road last week.

That some of the papers dignified it by the title of a "bread riot."

That the mob was composed of the residue who never work.

That the Maryhill Captain of Police displayed considerable tact in getting the unruly lot out of his burgh with comparative quietness.

That the Maryhill ratepayers have been spared some expense by Captain Anderson's forethought.

That Mr A. G. Collins has published a pamphlet on school attendance.

That there's something in his figures.

"Greatly Daring—Danced."

THE members of the Stewarton Bowling Club are bold men—at least they have done a bold thing. The other day they held a conversation and assembly on the occasion of the opening of their new bowl-house, at which "dancing commenced at four o'clock *afternoon*, and was continued with much spirit till about *ten* o'clock in the evening." What will become of society if such an inversion of the order of nature—in other words, flying in the face of fashion—should prove "catching?"

H.R.H., AND THE THREE FEATHERS IN HIS CAP.

"The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,  
And those who live to please must please to live"—  
'Tis now the Public and the Press that sway  
The stage, and stamp the dramas "good to pay;"  
No swearing now—unless it be "in jest."  
Nor play on words to give suggestive zest;  
The only license soug'it now by the stage  
Is license letting heart and art engage  
By playwrights' morals to reform the age.  
The drama's "granted," but the dram you seek  
Was known to neither Roman, nor to Greek—  
Strong drink's not needed—if the play's not weak.

CRAB-BED.—A paragraph went the rounds last week, recording the "Curious Capture of a Crab" at Greenock. Curious as it was, however, there have been many crabs still more curious caught by boating excursionists during the season.

The Ass, noticing in a contemporary a series of articles entitled "Among the Rocks Round Glasgow," hopes that the position is more pleasant than being *on* the rocks round Glasgow—which is the normal asinine state.

BUT HE WASN'T!—"Riches often take to themselves wings and fly away," remarked a very original friend of the Cuddie. "Ah," sighed that sagacious quadruped, "would I were a bird, that I might fly with them!"

Dramatic Paradox—"An entirely new play . . . adapted from the French."

A Man of Mettle—He who goes in for stealing, and is put in irons to begin with.

Flying off at a "Tan"-gent—Mr Drummond to Bailie Burt.

Smokers, Wallach's Mixture is the best you can smoke, 6 l per oz.; only to be had from D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram Street, and 121 Buchanan Street.

WALTER WILSON & Co.,  
HAS THE LARGEST STOCK OF  
LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S HATS  
IN THE KINGDOM,  
70 JAMAICA STREET.

This Day, from all News-agents,

**P**OLICY AND OPERATIONS of the  
GLASGOW SCHOOL BOARD, with results on School  
Attendance, 1873-79.

By A. G. COLLINS.

"To reckon every child whose name happened to be on a school roll as a child receiving education would be absurd. A child's name may be on the roll of a school one week and off it the next; or it may appear on the roll of one school this month, and on that of another next month, in which case it would count as two enrolments, that is as two children, in the aggregate of the city. It cannot be denied that it would be an improvement if enrolments, when specified, were used for their proper purpose—that is, for the purpose of comparison with average attendances—and not, as is too generally the case, for the purpose of indicating actual progress. Of this, Mr Collins's plan of comparing average attendance with population would be a more trustworthy guide, if it were generally adopted."—*Scotsman*.

WILLIAM LOVE, 226 ARGYLE STREET.

Price One Penny.

## COOPER & CO'S FRUIT SYRUPS.

LEMON and GINGER Especially Recommended.  
15 9D BOTTLE FOR 8½D,  
35 6D " " 15 3D,  
A Tablespoonful of the above in a Tumblerful of Cold Water  
makes a most refreshing and inexpensive Summer Drink.

To be had only from the Makers,  
COOPER & CO., 10 and 12 Howard Street, and Branches.

## ANDREW MACUBBIN,

TOBACCONIST & CIGAR MERCHANT,

83 QUEEN STREET.

Select Stock of Meerschaum and Briar Root Pipes, Finest  
Qualities and Newest Shapes.

CHOICEST TOBACCOS,  
CIGARS OF THE FINEST BRANDS,  
SMOKING ROOM. HOT COFFEE.

## SPECIAL REDUCTIONS IN COSTUMES

AND

GOODS OF PASSING FASHION

AT THE

## CALEDONIAN HOUSE.

**M**ESSRS. COPLAND & LYE, announce to their numerous patrons the Special Sale of French Costumes, Silk Velvet Jackets, Skirts, &c., and other Goods of passing fashion at the following reductions, which at first sight may appear almost incredible; but Messrs C. & L. recognise the extraordinary depression in Trade throughout the length and breadth of the land and the scarcity of money, and feel that extraordinary inducements must be offered in order to clear out this stock. It has always been the system adopted at the Caledonian House to clear out all Goods of Passing Fashion at the close of a season at any loss rather than carry them over to another year. Hence the Stock in this Warehouse is always New, Fresh, and Fashionable. The Goods at the Special Reductions will be laid out for inspection and Sale This Day and during the Week.

COPLAND & LYE,

CALEDONIAN HOUSE, 165 AND 167 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

**SUPERB TEA at 2s 4d Per Lb.**

**F**AMILIES who are being supplied at "Wholesale Rates" (so called) by Wholesale Grocers, and West-End Co-Operative Stores, should compare what they are buying at 2s 6d, 2s 8d, and 3s per lb. with the above Tea. There is nothing like it in Scotland. Note the value of our Sugars, and compare.

FINE WHITE, 2½d; LARGE CRYSTALS, 3d; FINEST LOAF, 3d.

**STUART CRANSTON & CO.,**

TRAINED TEA-TASTERS,

76 ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW.

UNSHRINKABLE  
WOOLLEN SHIRTS.

WE are not aware that anyone in Scotland has devoted so much time and careful attention as ourselves to the production of Woollen Shirts. We are satisfied, at all events, that Gentlemen cannot procure elsewhere so large a Variety of Choice Styles, so High-Class Materials, or so Perfect-Fitting Shirts.

This Season we have introduced a NEW WOOLLEN SHIRTING, perfectly unshrinkable, and guaranteed to wear well. We may state that all our Woollen Shirtings are prepared so as to shrink as little as possible in the washing; but this is the first time we have been able to produce perfectly Unshrinkable Woollen Shirts. We have no doubt but that our efforts in this branch of the Shirt Trade will meet with due appreciation.

RILEY, WEBSTER, & BORLAND,  
86 AND 88 ARGYLE STREET.

RE-OPENING OF THE SCHOOLS.

With the close of the Holiday Season, Parents and Guardians will be preparing for the return of their Boys to School. Along with other requirements that of good durable SUITS will not be the least important. We have long made SCHOOL OUTFITS a speciality in our business, so that Every Requisite for Boys' Wear, including HOSIERY, SHIRTS, TIES, &c., as well as UNIFORMS for SCHOOL GAMES, can be had in great Variety, on the Shortest Notice, and at the most Moderate Cash Prices.

FORSYTH,

CLOTHIER AND  
ACADEMICAL OUTFITTER,  
5 AND 7 RENFIELD STREET.

SHELDON'S  
HAIR RESTORER

RESTORES Grey Hair to its Youthful Colour. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Causes a New Growth of Hair. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Removes Dandruff and all Impurities from the Hair. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Prevents the Hair from falling off or turning Grey.

May be had of any Chemist or Perfumer.  
Price, 3s 6d.

DEPOT, 121 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

HENRY THOMSON & CO'S

OLD

IRISH WHISKY.

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—

ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

DAVISON'S

CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE  
GINGER BEER.

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND; WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC. As Supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

THOMAS DAVISON,  
DISPENSING CHEMIST,  
126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17th, 1879.

THE salaries paid to our Board School Teachers have long been a sore point with the public. The duties of these gentlemen are known to be of the lightest, and their acquirements are not of the heaviest. While £300 per annum is regarded as a capital income by middle-class folk throughout the City, these gentlemen turn up their noses at £500, and some are not content, it is whispered, with half as much again. Verily this is not the day of small things with the dominies. The BAILIE is the last man in the world who would grudge the labourer his hire, but he has a distinct objection to pay the labourer more than he is worth. Every thing nowadays, whither it be brains or beef, has its market value. It is quite time that the teaching afforded in the Board Schools should find its proper price. This may seem a coarse way of putting the matter, but it is the correct one, and it is the one, moreover, which seems to recommend itself to everybody, now that we are recovering from our educational craze.

ARCHIE-BOLD.—Miss Evangelina Evergreen, who hears that the Caledonian Railway Company is advertising "Arches to Let," enquires—What is Archy like, and where is Archy to be seen?

"TIGHT."—Asinus says he has never solved the meaning of the expression "water-tight." "A fellow can't get tight on water," he says. Perhaps he has never tried.

A HINT TO THE GLASGOW INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS.—Let its gold medal prize be for the best design for an interurban railway bridge. That's what's wanted.

A PRACTICAL COLLIER.

Missionary (addressing Collier)—You'll have heard, my good friend, about the poor prodigal who left his father's house and went away to a far country, and spent all his money?

Collier—Na, Sir, I never heard o' him.

Missionary—Well, then, he became so poor that he was compelled to herd pigs, and so hungry that he was glad to fill his belly with the husks on which the swine lived.

Collier (sneeringly)—Man, he was an awfu' fule. If I had been in his place I'd ha' killed yin o' the pigs!

## Interesting to Antiquaries.

ARCHÆOLOGISTS and others have been much exercised in their minds by the discovery of a coffee-pot in a Roman tumulus in the North, and it is certainly interesting to learn that the ancients were acquainted with the use of Mocha—and chicory—a use which is not mentioned by any classical writer. The case is, however, by no means exceptional. For instance, one of our J.P.'s told us last week that the Greeks and Romans had no bars in their theatres, and yet the BAILIE is credibly informed that there have been picked up in the ruins of those establishments black bottles, bearing the familiar device of a red pyramid and the equally familiar name of "Bass." It is not safe, therefore, to generalise on insufficient grounds. It seems more than probable that Julia and Fulvia were acquainted with the rite known as "five-o'clock tea," and that those gay young *equites* their brothers were—whatever Mr Clark may say—wont to treat one another to glasses of Falernian during the pauses in the performance of the "Adelphi."

## NATIVE ELOQUENCE.

(West Bay, Dunoon; time, evening; gent. who apparently has been out fishing, lands and jumps out of boat; several well-known boatmen on the beach.)

Neil—Weel, sir, have you had good luck the night, sir?

Gent.—Good luck! confound it; no, how could I; when I hired your boat and lines you said I would be sure to make more than my own out of them, but I have never had even a nibble; there is your hire. (Hands Neil sixpence.)

Duncan—Well, well! did you heard that? How much did you got, Neil?

Neil—Just a saxpence, just a saxpence, it'll no' pay for the bait.

Watty—Where does he belongs to?

Neil—I doesent know, likely Paisla.

Watty (slowly and thoughtfully)—Well, I never thought he would do—what he would do, after he pretends to be—what he pretends to be.

Another Good Man Gone Wrong—Bailie Morrison in retiring from the Council.

The Lord Provost says he never heard of "immoral figures." What about "music-hall improprieties," my Lord?

The Athenæum Dining Rooms, 110 Ingram St. Breakfasts, Luncheons, Dinners & Teas. Plain Tea, 6d. W. Fyfe, Proprietor.

## Megilp.

THE artist clan, in anticipation of the fall of the year, are gathering at Brig o' Turk. The band there at present, includes Messrs J. J. Bannatyne, Tom Donald, P. Buchanan, Rattray, Walton, Shaw, and a German lady artist, Miss Rohl. Autumn's "fiery fingers" have not yet touched the foliage: the wet summer we have had makes the green linger long on the trees.

Mr George E. Ewing has, of course, fairly started work in New York. He lately sent home the model of his first commission to be cut in marble under the superintendence of his brother, Mr James Ewing. It is an alto relievo of a lady and daughter. Last week a few friends had the privilege of seeing, in the Bath Street studio, this work, completed as far as it could be in this country. There are much force of expression and grace in the faces and arrangement of the positions, and the success of the composition must be both a great encouragement and a powerful assistance to Mr Ewing in his new field of labour. The alto relievo was despatched to New York on Thursday, and will be finished there by Mr Ewing himself, from sittings to be given by the subjects.

The French know how to get up books upon art—their typography, illustrations, and binding are all delightful. I lately saw a magnificent example of this in Messrs Kerr & Richardson's: a work on Holbein, published by Quantin, of Paris, and edited by Mantz. The printing is perfect in its clearness and sharpness, and the illustrations—especially the etchings—superb. Among the many etchings are the famous portrait of Erasmus, and the series of Passion pictures. To the art collector this book—for its completeness—will be invaluable.

Another important French art book is "La Renaissance en France," published also by Quantin, edited by Leon Palustre, and illustrated under the direction of E. Sadoux. This book will be issued in thirty parts, each part (devoted to a province) containing illustrations—principally etched—of the buildings dating from what is at once one of the most brilliant and one of the most suggestive periods in the history of art—a period when a fresh new life gushed through the languid veins of art—and the quickened and liberated imaginations of men embodied themselves in creations of exquisite grace and daring yet tender originality. Architects will find, in "La Renaissance en France," hints and helps that they cannot afford to neglect.

AN UN-FOUND-ED REPORT.—In answer to numerous inquiries, the Animile wishes it to be understood that the advertisement, "Found in Thornliebank . . . an Ass," does not apply to him. He never was in Thornliebank, and as for being found, he has to "find himself."

A daily paper says of the new Jewish Synagogue, "If we mistake not, this is the first regularly built tabernacle which has been reared by the body in Glasgow," and adds, "At all events, it is the first in Glasgow." There's nothing like making sure of a statement.

At the Play—"Drink" on the stage is enough without being in the "refreshment" room.

From East to West—From the "Orient" to the Western Infirmary—£112 10s 6d.

"Rough and Ready"—The Garscube Road rioters.

LONDON SCOTTISH RESORT, 3 Water Lane, Ludgate Hill, London, the only House for "Real Johnny" Scotch Whiskies of all Brands, Scotch Ales, &c. Neil Mackay, Proprietor.



A Storm Warning.

THE BAILIE considers himself as well supplied with the virtues of patience and meekness as most men in post-patriarchal times, but a Moses or a Job himself could not stand with equanimity the dismal iteration of these American weather prophets. What with business calamities, disastrous wars, disturbing rumours of wars, and blatant electioneering speeches, our newspapers are irritating enough reading at the best; but what can be said of the stereotyped American telegram which announces an impending storm of wind and rain some three times a week? It is nothing short of a wanton insult to the mother country from her ungrateful western child. Not only must we submit to the fury of the elements, but our enjoyment of any stray intervening blink of sunshine is utterly ruined by the foreknowledge that another fearful tempest is hastening across the Atlantic to burst upon our unhappy shores. There would be some compensation if the occasional good days were foretold with the same disgusting pertinacity and success; but no such luck is ours. The Yankee seers are prophets of evil, pure and simple. Now, the BAILIE can submit to this treatment no longer, and he hereby calls upon all whom it may concern either to foretell the sunshine as well as the shower, or else to leave us and our weather alone! As Tennyson puts it—

“Foretell us all in all, or not at all!”

If this solemn warning be disregarded, his Worship vows to lodge a claim with the Washington Government, in name of his outraged and weather-beaten country—a claim so immense that the Alabama award shall be insignificant in comparison. Avaunt, ye Yankee croakers, avaunt! The Magisterial blood is up!

DOUGHTY.—A contemporary speaks of “what is dignified in some quarters by the title of a ‘bread-riot’ being simply the outrageous conduct of a parcel of loafers.” Asinus says it must have been a “row” rather.

“MUSIC” HATH CHARMS.—Why are band nuisances permitted? Why is Protestant or Papist allowed to be insulted by sounding brass and tinkling cymbal? It is more than enough that our thoroughfares are taken possession of, and that our ears are outraged. Prevention is better than cure; and it might be more easy for the police to apprehend a riot than to apprehend a rioter.

Pressing Business—A printer's.

A Libel on Tea.

THAT incorrigible Animile is never at a loss to excuse himself for his evil courses. His reasons for continuing to pursue the uneven tenor of his way are more plentiful than blackberries, and he is ready to give them either on compulsion or without it. His latest excuse for refusing to confine himself to the non-inebriating cup he finds in a cock-and-bull story about Lord William Beresford's charger having been killed by a dose of tea. “If,” observed the beastie, assuming an air of the most profound humility, “If the constitution of my noble kinsman, the horse, is not proof against this terrible drug, what can you expect of a poor Ass?” Then, without pausing for a reply, he made tracks in the direction of the Bodega.

INFORMATION.

(Scene—On board the “St. Magnus” nearing Kirkwall.)

*Curious Passenger* (pointing to Balfour Castle, to Highland sailor)—Can you tell me what house that is?

*Highland Sailor*—That's Belfor Castle.

*C. P.*—Ah! To whom does it belong?

*H. S.*—Ta castle'll pelong to ta proprietor, she'll suppose.

[Intense enlightenment of curious passenger.]

The BAILIE desires, in the meantime, to take no part in the Dunoon Convalescent Homes dispute, but he may suggest to the directors that it would do no harm to issue their next manifesto in English. To talk about inmates “desiring out” is to make use of a meaningless vulgarity.

CRUEL.—Somebody advertises in the *Citizen* a writing-table as suitable for a “gentleman or lawyer.” The distinction seems rather unkind, especially when we consider that large-hearted members of the legal profession are constantly advertising in the same paper their desire to bestow their “advice gratis” upon all and sundry.

The receipt of so many Sim'la' telegrams is rather annoying to eager seekers after news from Afghanistan.

Report has it that the dominies of Glasgow would fain teach the “young idea how to shoot”—the “five ratepayers' candidates.”

Somebody advertises for a “lying press.” Why not try any daily paper?

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Proprietor and Director,.....Mr C. BERNARD.  
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Shields Road at 9.20 a.m. Paisley at 9.35 a.m., and by which  
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Returning from Ayr at 6.10 p.m.

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, 1. That the Assessor of the City and Royal Burgh of Glasgow has, in terms of the Statutes, made up, (1) a LIST of all PERSONS who, he conceives, are entitled to VOTE in the ELECTION of MEMBERS to serve in PARLIAMENT for the BURGH of GLASGOW, arranged in Wards, and in the Alphabetical Order of Streets, Squares, Lanes, and other places in each Ward; (2) a LIST of all PERSONS who, he conceives, are entitled to VOTE in the ELECTION of TOWN COUNCILLORS for the portion of the CITY and ROYAL BURGH of GLASGOW beyond the Parliamentary Burgh, arranged as above mentioned; and that Copies of such Lists will, on the Fifteenth September current, be affixed to the Steeple at the Cross of Glasgow, situated at the corner of High Street and Trongate Street, Glasgow, for Public perusal; and also, that Copies of such Lists will be open to perusal by any person without payment of any Fee, within the Lands Valuation and Registration of Voters' Office, 24 Ingram Street, Glasgow, at any time between the hours of Ten o'clock in the Forenoon and Four o'clock in the Afternoon of each day, except Sunday, from the Sixteenth to the Twenty-second days of September current, both inclusive.

2. That Persons whose Names have been omitted from the said Lists, and who are qualified to Vote, and Persons desirous of being Registered for a qualification different from that for which their names appear in such Lists, may, respectively, lodge claims with the Assessor, on or before the Twenty-second day of September current.

3. That Persons desirous of being Registered as Voters in respect of the occupation of Lodgings, under the Act 31 and 32 Victoria, cap. 48, may lodge their claims with the Assessor, on or before the Twenty-second day of September current.

4. That the Claims above-mentioned must be made, according to the Statutory Forms, Copies of which may be had on application at the Office of the Assessor, 24 Ingram Street, Glasgow.

5. That Persons whose Names have been inserted in the said Lists of Voters may object, according to the Statutory Form, to any Person, as not having been entitled, on the last day of July, 1879, to have his Name in the said Lists; such objections to be lodged with the Assessor, 24 Ingram Street, Glasgow, on or before the Twenty-second day of September current.

In terms of "The Municipal Elections Amendment (Scotland) Act, 1868," Section 6; "The Glasgow Municipal Act, 1872," Section 14; and the Glasgow Municipal Act, 1878," Section 12, the foregoing Lists of Voters made up for the Burgh of Glasgow, under "The Glasgow Municipal Act, 1872," and "The Glasgow Municipal Act, 1878," with the List of Persons entitled to Vote in the Election of Members to serve in Parliament for the said Burgh, together form the List or Roll of Persons entitled to Vote at the next ensuing Election of Town Councillors for the City and Royal Burgh of Glasgow.

WILLIAM CAMPBELL, Assessor.

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Strengthens the whole muscular System, reuses into action the Physical Energy of the human frame, restores the long-lost Complexion, gives brilliancy to the Eye, a delightful fragrance to the Breath, and brings back sound and refreshing Sleep.

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Every medical man readily acknowledges the inestimable value of the Quinine Wine manufactured by Joe Todd, Chemist, Carlisle, for its invigorating, renovating, and sustaining qualities. It is equally suitable to the invalid, the convalescent, the child, and the adult, from its palatability, fine flavour, intrinsic purity, and great strength.

Royal Route via Crinan and Caledonian Canals.

GLASGOW AND THE HIGHLANDS.

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS, Columbia, Iona, Chevalier, Mountaineer, Pioneer, Clansman, Clydesdale, Queen of the Staffa, Lake, Gondolier, Glengarry, Islay, Linnet, Lochawe, Lochiel, Lochness, Cygnet, Plover, Inverary Castle, Sail during the Season for Islay, Oban, Fort-William, Inverness, Staffa, Iona, Glencoe, Lochawe, Tobermory, Portree, Gairloch, Ullapool, Lochinver, and Stornoway, affording Tourists an opportunity of visiting the Magnificent Scenery of Glencoe, the Coolin Hills, Loch Coruisk, Lech Maree, and the famed Islands of Staffa and Iona.—Time Bills with Maps, free by post, on application to the Proprietor, DAVID MACBRAYNE, 119 Hope Street, Glasgow. (The Columbia or Iona Sails Daily at 7 a.m., conveying Passengers as above.)



NEW ROUTES TO THE WEST HIGHLANDS.

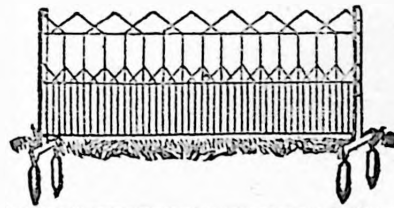


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Via WEMYSS BAY and KYLES OF BUTE, Per Splendid Saloon Steamer LORD OF THE ISLES, From Wemyss Bay at 9-15 A.M., Train from Glasgow (Bridge Street) at 8-5 A.M.

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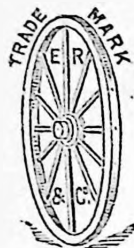
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## A FAIR FIELD AND NO FAVOUR.

“THERE are nae bairns like our ain bairns” is an old Scotch saying, and of course advertisers in bringing their goods before the public naturally maintain that their respective specialities are unequalled. Now without going so far as to say that our “bairns” (Aerated Waters) are the best in the world, we hold that they are at any rate unsurpassed in those qualities which render Aerated beverages popular. All our goods are prepared with the best and purest materials at the Cromac Springs, Belfast, the water of which is peculiarly adapted for the manufacture of Aerated Waters, and having had over a quarter of a century’s experience in preparing those beverages, we challenge comparison with any goods of the same class. We merely ask consumers to take our Waters (all kinds) and compare them, bottle for bottle with those of other makers, and we will stand or fall by the result. Test to the utmost, dilute our Ginger Ale and Lemonade with Water, and it will be found that no other will stand this test to the same degree as ours. Let us have “a fair field and no favour” and we are satisfied that our goods will soon be in universal demand. Retail, from Chemists, Grocers, Wine Merchants, Restaurateurs, &c., and Wholesale at our Scotch Depot, 147 STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW.



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SINCE offering to the Public in 1850 these delicious and unrivalled Aerated Beverages, the sole and lasting aim to which Messrs CORRY & Co. have directed all their efforts has been, not to force sales by venturesome and questionable efforts, but by the real fact of the superiority of the Beverages they offer to merit universal patronage. Judging from the world-wide favour, which they find yearly increasing, and the unprecedented success which has attended their efforts at all the Universal Exhibitions, or wherever they have competed, this aim (so far attained, and which their experience has proved to be a fundamental principle of success) will be steadily pursued. Since 1850 many mere imitators have come and gone, and many still remain; but the Public are requested to insist on having CORRY'S Waters, not imitations.

To be had at all the First-Class Hotels, Restaurants, and from Family Grocers, Wine Merchants, Chemists, &c., &c.  
**JOHN MERCER & CO., YORK STREET, GLASGOW, AGENTS FOR SCOTLAND.**

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DEPOT FOR MINTON'S, COPELAND'S, WORCESTER, AND DRESDEN PORCELAIN.—Discount for Cash.

Owing to special arrangement with several leading makers we are enabled to sell our Goods considerably under usual prices, and many of our best Patterns are reserved entirely for ourselves. Free Promenade through our Show-Rooms. The Stock is one of the largest and best selected in the kingdom. Suitable for all Classes, comprising an endless variety of Useful and Ornamental Goods, Novelties being daily added. Sole Depot for Glasgow for the Beautiful Belleek Porcelain, of which we have at hand a very Choice Selection, consisting of Dejeuner Sets, Tea Sets, Ornamental Shells, Card Baskets, Figures, &c.

AND AT 8 TO 14 JAIL SQUARE.

ESTABLISHED OVER FIFTY YEARS.

**VISITING CARDS IN 5 MINUTES**  
 WHILE YOU WAIT  
 50 BEST QUALITY 1/6 THE ONLY MACHINE OF THE KIND IN THIS COUNTRY.  
**LYON 389 SAUCHIEHALL ST.**

**H. & P. M'NEIL.**

WE have much pleasure in informing our numerous Customers and the General Public that, in addition to our already Established Business, we have OPENED Large and Elegant SHAMPOOING and HAIR-DRESSING ROOMS, which, in regard to comfort and elegance, are fitted in a style equal to any in the city. They are under the direct superintendence of a most experienced Manager, and the Assistants are from the Best Houses in the Trade.

In introducing this New Department of our Business, we may explain that though it is the first attempt of the kind in Glasgow, yet it has been carried on with great success by the most celebrated Hosiery and Glovers in the Cheapside and Strand, London, and we feel quite confident that with your kind patronage, and our strict attention, this novelty cannot fail to be a great success.

**21 AND 23 RENFIELD STREET, GLASGOW.**

**Nº EIGHT BUCHANAN ST.**  
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**PHOTOGRAPHERS TO THE QUEEN.**

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CARTES from 5s PER DOZEN.

**THOMAS SOMERS,**

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15 GORDON STREET.

Late of 98 WEST GEORGE ST. (Successor to W. White.)

**J. B. MACNAIR,**

Artist and Photographer,

11 WEST NILE STREET, Corner of Gordon Street,

Rembrant Busts, 12s 6d per Dozen.







# The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 362. Glasgow, Wednesday, September 24th, 1879. Price 1d

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 362.

WE have got so accustomed to regard the "Saturday Evening Concerts" promoted by the Glasgow Abstainers' Union as a settled institution—something like the "Auld Kirk" or the Police Court—that their origin, or the attention and trouble involved in their maintenance, is never taken into account. A whole generation has come into the world and grown up to manhood since they were first begun. To estimate what they have done for Glasgow, the BAILIE has only to go back for six-and-twenty years, and recal the old "Jupiter" and "The Oddfellows" in the Saltmarket, or the "free and easies" that were scattered so plentifully over the centre of the city. These were the accepted musical institutions for the masses in those days. We had occasional opportunities, it is true, of listening to great music and splendid musicians, but just as our present working-class public won't crowd to a pianoforte recital by Rubenstein, or a concert at which Christine Nilsson sings half-a-dozen songs, so, a quarter of a century ago, they allowed Thalberg to play, and Jenny Lind to sing, with an equal measure of indifference. As to the "saloons" and the "free and easies" which were then in vogue, perhaps the less said the better. They were not savoury at the best, while at the worst they were very bad indeed. To-day, mainly by the influence of the Abstainers' Union, we have changed all that. Their Saturday Evening Concerts have given both our working and our middle classes something of a musical training. Week after week, for six months out of every twelve, the City Hall is filled by an attentive and often an enthusiastic audience, the members of which are at once enjoying themselves to the top of their bent, and living, if only for an hour or two,

in a mental atmosphere which ought to contribute, in some slight way, towards the softening of their manners and the improvement of their dispositions. The resumption of these concerts on Saturday evening, for the five-and-twentieth season, has suggested to the BAILIE that the occasion was peculiarly appropriate for adding the likeness of their director, Mr AIRLIE, to his famous gallery of portraits. Mr AIRLIE'S is a familiar presence among us. Glasgow by birth, his early life was spent in the Vale of Leven, of the Temperance Association and Mechanics' Institute of which he was long an active and popular member. He returned to this city in 1857, and soon afterwards became connected with the Abstainers' Union, of which he has been secretary for seventeen years. The various schemes promoted by the Union have been largely benefited by his efforts. Of the Saturday Evening Concerts, as is well-known, he is the moving and guiding spirit. Several years ago he carried through, for two seasons in succession, a series of capital orchestral concerts. The Kilmun Sea-side Home, which, since its opening in 1867, has been taken advantage of by upwards of 8000 invalid poor, is almost entirely his individual creation. Originally suggested at a meeting of the Abstainers' Union, the idea was at once taken up by Mr AIRLIE, and in something like eighteen months he had succeeded in setting it a-going, and that too altogether free of debt. The old summer Saturday afternoon trips by rail to the country—only discontinued on account of the railway companies refusing the necessary facilities, alleging as their reason for doing so that they interfered with the regular traffic—and the annual Abstainers' excursions to London and the Continent, were Mr AIRLIE'S work. Your average teetotaler, and especially your average teetotal secretary, is too often impracticable, one-idea'd,

and intolerant. Fortunately, no one who knows either Mr AIRLIE, or what he has done, is likely to apply any such phrase to him. Shrewd and active, somewhat brusque in manner but kindly and obliging, he succeeds in placing himself *en rapport* with people of every way of thinking. As may be guessed, the direction of the Saturday Evening Concerts is one of his main concerns. Over the eight or ten different agencies and missions, however, in which the Abstainers' Union takes an interest, he exercises a general supervision and control. May his influence for good, and that of the Union of which he is the representative, never grow less.

AN EVASIVE ANSWER.

*Tourist*—I say, Pat, did you ever catch any salmon in this stream?

*Pat*—No, niver.

*Tourist* (remembering "Pinafore," and expecting Pat to finish the phrase)—What, never?

*Pat* (impatiently)—Och! Go to Blaysis!  
(*Tourist* collapses.)

LINES ON LOCOMOTIVES—LOCOMOTIVES FOR THE LINES

Of Neilson and "the North" sing the glorious day's renown  
Whose latest contract's worth so much wages to our town;  
May he himself have profit, although not all "the cream,"  
The men, too, something off it, their sharing of his steam.

"PRESTIGE."—We have heard a good deal of late about "national prestige," but the BAILIE had no idea that the "prestige" spirit had taken such a hold of the people as is implied by the following advertisement, clipped from the *Herald*:—"Gentlemen resident in, and with good private connections in provincial towns, may utilise the same without any loss of prestige, and add to their incomes considerably." A provincial gentleman jealous of his "prestige" must be a "kinder amosin' cuss."

THE GOSPEL OF IDLENESS.—Speaking at the miners' conference in this city last week, Mr Macdonald observed that "he might be told that he was preaching the gospel of idleness." Sandy, thou hast hit it! "We thank thee for that word." Henceforth accept, in addition to thy other dignities—as, "the King of the Colliers," "the Potters' M.P.," and so on—the style and title of "Apostle of Idleness."

An Orison to Morrison—"Better lo'ed ye canna be, O will ye no' come back again?"

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK  
is the best present from Edinburgh. 1 Melbourne place,  
near the Castle

The Fall of the Leaf.

I CANNOT for ever be grinning,  
Though my sorrow betimes I may cloak  
Just the pun in your ear to keep dinning—  
But to me it is often no joke.  
I've done my poor best, and you know it,  
With laughter to smother our grief;  
So forgive, sir, a poor comic poet  
Lamenting the fall of the leaf.

If you send up that inky-black devil  
With this manuscript "D.W.T.'t,"  
Though before he has found me most civil—  
I'll kick him out into the street!  
I know you should know what will answer,  
I know of the paper you're chief;  
But a joker at best's but a man, sir—  
Let me sing of the fall of the leaf.

It is sad to be forced to be funny;  
Look at nature—it shines and it showers;  
By turns it is cloudy and sunny—  
Nor all the year round have we flowers:  
But from me—and 'tis really too bad—  
You must ever have jokes—no! in brief,  
At times, if I wish, I'll be sad,  
And sing of the fall of the leaf.

I say, if I *wish*—but you see,  
Since I've used up so much of your space  
In proving how hard it would be  
To keep ever a smile on one's face,  
Perhaps I should leave off my say,  
Or, in sailor phrase, "take in a reef,"  
And bore you on some other day  
With my song on the fall of the leaf.

Let me think how the theme I could run on;—  
I could tell how the year's on the wane—  
On the wane! there's a good word to pun on,  
But you'll look for a pun all in vain—  
I could tell of bad weather, of slack times,  
Of the grain they can ne'er put in sheaf;  
Of the—no, sir! I'm sure I'll not lack rhymes  
In singing the fall of the leaf.

VICE AT A PREMIUM.—It would seem that in Arbroath and Strathaven *dishonesty* is the best policy. In the former town a liberal-minded personage announces that a certain "party who stole the beef" will be "rewarded" on application to him; while the "Strathaven Club" recently offered "£5 Reward" to "those persons who were seen catching trout in Avon with pock and drag nets"—illegal contrivances, be it understood. Should the BAILIE ever "conclude" to adopt ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, he will remember these happy hunting-grounds.

"CREAM."—This isn't the paper of which it is said that Mr Morton is to be editor.

A Great Liquid-dater—The clerk of the weather.

"Men come in their millions and thousands and tens  
Demanding Macniven & Cameron's Pens."

Smokers, Wallach's Mixture is the best you can smoke, 6d per oz.; only to be had from D. GARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram Street, and 121 Buchanan Street.

Reform for the Bench.

AMONG the proposals for the amelioration of mankind put forth by the Trades' Union Congress at Edinburgh last week, was a suggestion that magistrates should be required to pass an examination before being allowed to administer the law. The chief anxiety of the trades'-unionists appeared to be that our lawgivers should prove their ability to read and write, and to these acquirements the BAILIE would add the third "R"—namely, 'rithmetic up to, say, simple addition. Aspirants who succeeded in passing this preliminary examination might be further tested by some such questions as the following :

- What are the magisterial powers of a Bailie?
- Of a J.P.?
- Do they include the infliction of capital punishment?
- Of penal servitude?
- Is it correct to invoke mercy on the soul of a "drunk" whom you fine 5s?
- What are your views as to the wearing of wigs, scarlet, and ermine on the civic bench?
- Going by the law of averages, how many policemen does it take to tell the truth?
- How many "civilians" would you send to prison on the oath of one policeman?
- How many "civilians" would you require to testify against a policeman before feeling called upon to "admonish" him?
- Leaving out of the question such minor peccadilloes as perjury, assaults with violence, and the like, where would you draw the line, and impose a fine instead of an "admonition," upon a member of the "force"?
- Would you under any circumstances feel justified in committing a policeman to prison?
- What would you do with a court official who failed to laugh at your "jokes"?
- What is the best course to adopt in the case of a newspaper writer who presumes to criticise your decisions?
- Do you consider yourself a humbug, an anachronism, and a disgrace to civilisation?
- If not, why not?

These questions may be regarded as a model to frame examination papers upon. The examination would, of course, be competitive; and unsuccessful candidates might be allowed to come up again after an interval.

HELD AS READ.

As gold he said her hair did shine—  
At least as eighteen carrots fine.

"THE" TRUTH "CIRCUMSTANTIAL."

A.—I always speak the truth.  
B.—I've only your word for that.  
"And so they measured swords, and parted."

"Lay not the Flattering 'Uncion' to your Souls."—*Bailie Morrison*.—Once—twice—thrice,  
—going—

Malin's, 5 Gordon Street, Havanna, Indian, Cigars;  
Cigarettes—French, American, Algerian Russian.

Something Like a Motion.

LAST week's Glasgow and South-Western meeting was rather a lively affair. The ubiquitous Robertson was in full force, but for denunciatory eloquence he had to yield the palm to a Mr Shearer, who brought forward this tremendous "motion":—"That the capital account, income and expenditure, taxes, &c., of the Swindlees branch, and of the capital squandered unproductively upon blundered sidings and branches, and buildings at stations, and costly edifices, and docks, and the capital otherwise unproductively squandered on such as the Swindlees branch and siding at Kilbirnie Station, and other ruinous blunders, be stated separately, and marked 'unproductive,' and stating truly what the unprofitable squandered capital yields, and that the directors cease to make such blunders as the Swindlees and other branches and sidings as at Kilbirnie and other stations, and cease the reckless, lavish, ruinous squandering of unproductive capital or the ordinary shareholders' sustenance or profits, so as to cause widespread, alarming, injurious annoyance." This indictment, if slightly involved—not to say incoherent—is undeniably comprehensive, and it seems a pity that it should have been received with nothing but "laughter." Indeed, the majority of the shareholders present must have been a very frivolous lot, for on well-regulated minds such a "motion" could not fail to have a solemnising effect. It may, however, be some consolation to Mr Shearer that he has had an opportunity of, to use an appropriate metaphor, blowing off steam.

"Punch" Again.

Camlachie, Saturday.

DEAR BAILIE,—I'm a Scotchman an' a great admirer o' our countryman, Jamie Watt, and two years syne being in Birmingham I took a walk out to Auld Handsworth Church, got into the small chapel entering therefrom, and stood reverently uncovered on the slab covering his remains. What was my surprise to find from this week's *Punch* that Jamie lies in Westminster Abbey side by side wi' Rowland Hill! There's shurely a mistake somewhere. 'Deed I widna be at a' surprised, after this, tae learn, frae the same authority, that someither famous man is buried in the Poet's Corner, close by Rabbie Burns. Yours in doubt and perplexity, SAUNDERS WYLIE.

"GAS."—The Greenock Gas Exhibition closed last week. Happy Greenock! With us, what between Town Council, School Board, and the rest, the "gas" exhibition lasts all the year round.

An Ice Thing to "Skim"—"Cream."

Anchor's Bee Brand Grid, 88 Virginia Place (Rear of Union Bank), Steaks, Chops, Kidneys, &c., cooked in large room.

## Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—I know you don't go much to the play, but were I you I should look up this week to the Gaiety. Miss Soldene is appearing as "Carmen," and her impersonation is said by those who have witnessed it elsewhere to be wonderfully good. The music of poor Bizet suits her voice fairly, and she can throw abundant passion into the part of the ill-fated gipsy. As for "Carmen" itself, the day has gone by for singing the praises of that most musical, most thrilling opera. Those familiar with music grow eloquent over the scientific character of M. Bizet's writing, while we others, who are fain to content ourselves with the feeling expressed in a song, are sent into raptures by his notes of love or hate or despair.

Among the members of Miss Soldene's company are Signor Leli, Mr Henry Nordblom, and Messrs Farley, Wallace, and Rae, together with Miss Rose Stella—whose *Clairette* was so popular when she last appeared at the Gaiety.

Among the coming engagements at the Gaiety Theatre is that of Mr Charles Wyndham, who will appear once more in "Brighton." That catchword of his in this bright, bustling, Americo-English farce—for farce it is—"The only girl I ever loved," is still current in Glasgow, although some four years have gone by since he last appeared here.

Mr Bernard has underlined "Miss Fowler in Nell Gwynne" in his programme, and it may be of interest to your play-going readers, BAILIE, to know that "Nell Gwynne" is one of the latest pieces written by Mr W. G. Wills—poet, painter, and dramatist. It deals, as its title imports, with the fortunes of that *Mistress Nelly* for whose future the graceless Charles II. showed some anxiety when on his death-bed. Miss Fowler, who appeared at the Theatre Royal some eight years ago, in the "Elfie" of Mr Boucicault, plays the *title-role*, and is said to look marvellously fine, made-up in the costume of the period, after the portrait of *Nelly* by Sir Peter Lely.

Mr and Mrs Kelly (Miss Ellen Terry) are still at the Liverpool Prince of Wales Theatre. They appear this week in Charles Reade's "Dora," a piece constructed out of the Poet Laureate's charming idyll of the same name, but which, when produced some years ago on the London boards, met with but scant success.

They are playing "The Girls"—the Vaudeville piece that was meant to run as long as "Our Boys" but didn't—at the Edinburgh Theatre Royal to-night; while at the Princess's Theatre Mr M'Neil is putting up "Madame Favart," which is of course played by the company under the direction of Mr J. C. Scanlan.

Our old friend J. H. Ryley, who is now delighting the good people of Dundee with his admirable impersonation of Felix Featherly in the "Snowball," was on Thursday last the recipient of a very handsome gold locket bearing the following inscription:—"To Mr J. H. Ryley, with best wishes from the members of his company, Sept. 11th, 1879."

By the way, I don't think the unveiling of the Bruce statue at Lochmaben the other Saturday was a thing to make a great flourish of trumpets over. In spite of all the high-sounding names associated with the undertaking, less than half of the small sum required could be scraped together. It was not, perhaps, altogether out of keeping that the reverend chairman should have *misquoted* "Scots wha hae."

One day last week Mr Legros, the Slade Professor at London University, gave an exhibition, in the rooms of the Manchester Royal Institution, of his system of painting. A canvas having been prepared, he painted a portrait from life before the members of the Institution, the work having occupied an hour and twenty minutes. Could not Mr Legros be induced to give a similar exhibition in Glasgow?

The programme of the "Glasgow Science Lectures" for the forthcoming season, which has just been sent me, is somewhat of a staggerer. Science, to be sure, is all very good, and the *raison d'être* of the Association is the promotion of scientific lectures, but surely it would be well to give the Winter Course some slight flavour of popularity. In ~~other~~ years we had now Tyndall and now Huxley, now Stanley and again Caird. This season, however, the lectures are to be purely scientific. The

lecturers are certainly distinguished men, and their prelections, I have no doubt, will be interesting—in a way, that is, but really I think the Committee might have thrown in Froude or Forbes, or some similar speaker, by way of adding to the success of the course with "the general." The first lecture will be given on the 16th of November by Professor Roscoe, of Owens College, Manchester, and the last one on the 4th of March, by Mr G. J. Romanes, while the lecturers that come between the first and the last are Professors Sir Wm. Thomson, Schafer, and Tait, and the Rev. W. H. Dallinger.

Those of your readers, BAILIE, interested in Election matters—thank goodness I am neither a Whig nor a Tory—couldn't do better than invest a shilling in the "Scottish Election Guide," published by Mr Bartholomew, of Edinburgh. This contains everything that needs be known anent elections and electioneering, and its value is greatly increased by the addition of a political map of Scotland, which shows, at a glance, the exact position of the rival parties—the "ins" and the "outs."

Mr Daniel Brown, the new friend of the miners—"Codlin's the friend, not Short"—is asserted to divide his paternal interest in the pitmen with a fraternal enthusiasm for Sir James Bain. Are there any "wheels within wheels" here?

The eighty-first anniversary of the "Royal Renfrew Potatoe and Herring Incorporation" will be celebrated on the afternoon of Wednesday the 1st prox., in Miss Adams's Hostelry, Canal Street, Renfrew.

Wherever William Black's new story is to appear, it will be found that he has at length bid good-bye to the Western Highlands and Islands, and not a bit too soon. I hear he is going to don the mantle of the late G. P. R. James, and that his next novel will centre round some blood-and-thunder conspirators. If the conspirators are Fenians, then no doubt we shall have the old "fake" of "the Morven hills and Ulva's dark-green waters" doing duty on Irish land and sea-scapes. But possibly Mr Black may turn his continental experiences to account by giving us a glowing picture of Nihilism, not as it exists in Russia, but in his own fertile brain.

Wilkie Collins, "they say," gets £1000 for his story, "Jezebel's Daughter," from the *Weekly Mail*, *Newcastle Chronicle*, *Irish Times*, and two other hebdomadal sheets at Bolton and Birmingham, in which it appears simultaneously. Talking of the *Weekly Mail*, I learn "on authority" that its circulation is never—"well, hardly ever"—under 200,000!

Six weeks ago, my Magistrate, I told you, anent the vacancy in the English department of the High School, that "if Dr Collier choose to accept the appointment, no others need apply." It turns out, however, that this gentleman and the School Board can't "trade." Dr Collier elects to reign in Park School rather than serve in the High School—at the salary offered. Fancy an educationalist of the stamp of Dr Collier, a man, besides, of national repute as an author and a scholar, being offered smaller stipends than what have fallen to the lot of some of the veriest head duffers—beg pardon, dominies—of our elementary schools, whose names are unknown beyond their local habitation. The thing is absurd.

After two month's deliberation, the choice of the Board is understood to lie betwixt Dr Colville of the Glasgow Academy, and Mr J. R. M'Laren of Great King Street, Edinburgh.

The guid toon o' Dunfermline is promised a treat next Saturday. On that evening it will be visited by Mr J. L. Toole, who will appear in "A Fool and his Money," and "Ici on Parle Français." "Johnny" crosses the Forth on the following Monday (this day week) and plays at the Edinburgh Theatre Royal on Monday night.

"Our Village Life," Mr Stoddart's volume of poetry, of the early publication of which I gave you a hint some three or four weeks ago, has now been issued by Mr Maclehoose. Like its author it is keen and clever and kindly. Its lines are easy and polished, and yet they are instinct with flavour and grit.

Messrs Edmiston announce the sale by public auction, in the City Sale-Rooms, on Tuesday, the 30th inst, of the pictures belonging to the estate of Mr Salmond of Rankiston, one of the notorieties of the City of Glasgow Bank.

The Rivals.

A NEW and interesting version of the amusing comedy of "The Rivals" was played last Thursday in the neighbourhood of Glasgow. The leading parts were taken by those talented comedians, Messrs Alexander Macdonald and Daniel Brown, and the special humour of the performance consisted in the fact that each preferred to repudiate his part. Mr Macdonald's style, as might be expected of such a veteran, is the more broadly humorous of the two, but the younger actor exhibits great promise. His mock-heroic exit was perfect in its way. It is understood that the performance will be repeated at an early date.

"AND SO IT WAS BETWIXT THEM BOTH."

When Uncle Lean gat Auntie Fat,  
If "anti-fat" gat unco lean,  
Weel, noo they're baith. I weel-a-wat  
Ane flesh, whate'er afore they'd been.

COMPLIMENTARY BUCKS.—The BAILIE congratulates his native land. It was described last week by no less a personage than the Right Honourable the Earl of Beaconsfield, in presence of no less an assemblage than the Royal and Central Bucks Agricultural Association, as a "highly-civilized country." In name of self and fellow-countrymen, his Worship begs to return his "humble and hearty" thanks to the Royal and Central Bucks, collectively and individually, not forgetting that lively old buck their President.

"QUOIT" APPALLING.—The BAILIE does not know what our sports and pastimes are coming to. Some of them were sufficiently rough in his own young days, but they seem now to have become absolutely ferocious. It was only in last Friday's *Herald*, for instance, that his Worship read of a quoit-player who "completely broke his opponent's heart." Whether the expression is used literally or in a figurative sense does not appear, but in either case the matter-of-fact way in which the distressing incident is recorded reflects little credit upon what a sarcastic orator described as this "so-called nineteenth century."

What Steamship Company is like a Musical Instrument?—The P. an' O (piano) Company, to be sure.

"Apprehension" of a Thief—His fear of detection.

The Oldest Ragman—Auld Cloutie.

Famed 8d Dinner and 6d Tea Service, City Commercial Restaurant, 60 Union Street, Matthew Waddell.

A Demosthenes Come to Judgment

GREENOCK is no ordinary town. Its possessions are many and varied. It has ships, it has sugar, it has an "Esplanawd," it has the *Eve-nun' Tillygraft*—and it has an Orator. Thus did Mr Macmillan burst forth at last week's meeting of the Sugaropolitan Police Board:—"Notwithstanding, therefore, the pæan of praise so loudly proclaimed by their sanitary officials in demonstration of the salutary effects of their efforts in reducing the death-rate, which would lead us to believe in Ruskin's modern Utopia, it was patent to any unprejudiced person that, despite the combined efforts of the medical officer and the sanitary inspector, Greenock was not the Arcadian abode of bliss they would have us so fondly to imagine." There, good reader! Draw a long breath, and own that if Greenock is not a modern Utopia and an Arcadian abode of bliss—my conscience!—it is unique in its possession of a Macmillan.

ATTENTION, "TENTH"!

He leaves the Trust when most they need him,  
But if he must, who can succeed him,  
Who lead, direct, restrain, impel,  
Who better know how best to sell?  
A man of auction, and with "u"  
Left out, the meaning just as true—  
His action skill'd in "knocking down"  
All houses that disgraced the town,  
Their sites anew then laying out,  
With light and sweetness all about.

A Wrinkle for Johnny.

MR TOOLE often remarks to his friends that despite his attainment of this or that desired object, "still he isn't happy." The BAILIE commends to him the avowed experience of a Mr Williams, of Birmingham, who told the Trades' Conference at Edinburgh, last week, that "He never was unhappy—never to his knowledge—since he identified himself with a trades' union—now over forty years ago." The speaker, it will be observed, didn't qualify his averment with even a "hardly ever;" his soul having had "its content so absolute" during the long spell in question.

"A Hero and a *Marter*."—Cetewayo and his captor.

What Bauldy Looks Upon as a Hand-sum Business Transaction—When the sum's in hand.

Not easily Jelly-ous—Bramble berries.

Kitchen Fee.—A tip to the cook.

Damsons are now ready for preserving. M. CAMPBELL, 18 Gordon Street, will supply any quantity at lowest market prices.

## Quavers.

THE musical season having once more come round, the weekly report furnished to your Worship's columns and appearing under the above appropriate and familiar heading is now resumed, and, by the bye, as quavers are among the briefest of notes, one is reminded always with this title, the propriety of making one's observations of the kind as brief as may be.

From what one has noticed already there is not likely to be much falling off in musical interest and activity this winter. Indeed the new season seems rather impatiently waited for. We have had no summer, and consequently no summer attractions, and the winter is rather welcomed than otherwise.

One of the first in the field with the season's scheme was the Southside Tonic Sol-fa Choral Society conducted by Mr M'Kean. The society gave an introductory concert (by the elementary class) on the 5th instant, and have "put up" Handel's "Semele" for study, the work being what we should now call a secular cantata, and quite new to us all. The music is of that breadth and substance which should always be kept in view by the larger societies, while as in the present case, unhackneyed.

The St. George's Choral Union have likewise been early astir. This year they mean to confine themselves more to music of a lighter nature than hitherto, or briefer part-songs and glees will chiefly be studied, and considering the special aptitude of Mr Moodie, the conductor of the society, for developing the beauties of this delightful department of choral music, there seems no reason to doubt the success of the scheme.

It is intended, on the part of this society, now in its seventh year, to give a concert of ballad and part-song music on Wednesday, the 12th November, and another of somewhat similar character in January. At the former Miss Anna Williams and Mr Vernon Rigby, and at the latter Madame Emma Beasley and Mr Harry Seligmann will appear. The inducements to subscribers, it might be noted, are highly favourable.

To refer to the more private musical associations the Pollokshields Society have decided on "Haydn's No. 1 Mass, written, like his No. 16, in B flat, and in the master's more religious style, so to speak. The "Kyrie" and "Et incarnatus" are each especially lovely, while the "Quoniam" contains one of the most brilliant fugues ever written. Signor Zaverthal, senr., is conductor as before.

The Crosshill Musical Association have likewise issued their prospectus. They have reappointed Mr T. S. Drummond as conductor and an excellent selection of music has been made for practice—chiefly comprising Mozart's First Mass in C, broad and simple, yet attractively melodious (the latter quality, as a matter of course), next, Romberg's Ode "The Transient and the Eternal," which will be quite a fresh composition to most people. The music of this "Ode" is not unlike in character to the same composer's "Harmony of the Spheres," and like that work it contains an exacting, if brilliant, soprano solo, which has to be considered in selecting. By all means, however, let us have as much of the Haydn-Romberg cast as we can get, with its clearness, grace, ease, and melodiousness, if for no other purpose than as a set-off against the vagueness and pretentiousness of the modern German school, of which Max-Bruch would appear to be a typical composer.

The opening concert of the Abstiners' Union series was the model of what Saturday evening musical entertainments should be as a rule. The vocal party which appeared is an excellent one of its kind, and the instrumental assistance was not behind in quality. Mr Airlie, whom you are recognising specially this week, BAILIE, has much credit by his first engagement of the new season. There was a crowded house, of course.

A word in the way of reminder of the concert by the Glasgow Select Choir on Saturday first in the St. Andrew's Halls, Granville Street. It is understood that the choir is in excellent form. Mr Archer is to play selections from "Faust" and a march of his own composition.

Bicycles and Tricycles, all Makes, New and Second-Hand, for Hire, repaired, exchanged. Patent Saddles, Oil, Wrenches, Fittings. W. of Scotland Bicycle Co., Show-rooms, 104 Renfield St.

## Educate! Educate!! Educate!!!

WHATEVER may be thought of Mr Glen Collins' figures in his pamphlet on School Board affairs, there cannot be two opinions as to the grace and elegance of its diction. What, for instance, could be more lucid than his reason for opposing Mr Mitchell: "Because the Report attempts to defend instead of proposing a practical remedy for the present dilatory, ineffective, and costly system of dealing with irregulars and defaulters?" Here, too, are a couple of sentences in Mr Collins' happiest style: "Attraction is a preferable mode of improving the attendance of those children who are at school, and securing the co-operation of the parents, than by too much display at their doors of compulsory officers." And again: "But the man or woman who, instead of spending 2½d per week of his or her wages—in return for education which costs the public about a shilling—in educating *their* child, or by not giving *their* offspring food and clothing to enable them to attend school, but prefer to drink it, I would have firm, speedy, and severe dealing." Surely these examples of composition ought to satisfy even the most fastidious of critics that Mr Collins is quite qualified to conduct the business of the School Board, side by side with "oor Jeems" and the "hole forse!"

## AN ARTISTIC DIALOGUE.

(Scene—East Clyde Street.)

1st Knight of the Brush—Och, an shure did ye hear that Pat Murphy's dead? rest his sowl.

2nd K.O.T.B.—Musha, but he was the foine thradesman, and finished his work in matherly stoile entoirely.

1st K.O.T.B.—Bedad, thin, he was good enough at a plain jab; but when it came to foine work like swaping roun a lamph posht, or claneing out a siver, he was no better than the horse wid the machine entoirely.

At last week's meeting of the Liberal Association, Mr Campbell asserted that the BAILIE said the "Rambling Reporter" of the *Herald* was Mr Fortune. The BAILIE never said anything of the kind. He knew poor Allan when he was in the flesh, and would as soon think of comparing him and Mr Fortune as of comparing the electric light and a farthing dip.

Mitchell's Old Irish Whisky, Belfast, is famed over the World. Agent, David Mitchell, 20 Hope Street, Glasgow.

The Athenaeum Dining Rooms, 110 Ingram St. Breakfasts, Luncheons, Dinners & Teas. Plain Tea, 6d. W. Fyfe, Propr.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT Councillor Neil ought to be made Convener of the Improvement Trust, *vice* Councillor Morrison, retired in disgust.

That the schoolmasters are to have their salaries reduced.

That they must just "grin and bear it."

That the "unemployed" is a hard nut for the authorities to crack.

That the Parochial unemployed conferences were a case of "mickle din and little woo."

That certain Parochial Chairmen are more in their element when presiding over a bowling tournament lunch, than when endeavouring to direct meetings at which knotty social problems have to be solved.

That the Boards are only willing to furnish machinery wherewith to distribute Corporation funds.

That the Corporation would like the Boards to supply both funds and machinery.

That the Boards don't see it.

That the unemployed will fall between the proverbial two stools.

That Sewage Smith thinks the human body is the "dirtiest machine going."

That there may be some doubt anent his theory, but there is none regarding the refinement of his language.

That because W. R. W. is constantly in hot water, he would like everybody else to be par-boiled.

That railway meetings are growing as lively as Presbytery gatherings.

That the despised Wemyss Bay line is the only local railway paying a decent dividend to its ordinary shareholders.

That the Town-Clerk and Treasurer of the Burgh of Govan have taken 10 per cent. off their salaries owing to the depression of trade.

That it is to be hoped the Town-Clerk of Glasgow will see fit to follow this example.

That the great Liberal Association seems in a fair way of "bursting up."

That its hon.-secretary was richly snubbed by the Liberal Whip.

That such a whipping would have silenced a less persistent personage than "A. M'D."

That the members of the Vale of Leven Football Club have been defeated in their first cup tie.

That the Queen's Park and Rangers managed to make a "draw."

That there is much virtue in a "draw."

That it means another "big gate."

That next time the tie will be contested at Hampden Park.

That Friday last was the Annual Deacons' choosing day.

That the Bailies mustered in full force and excelled themselves.

That some "country members" thought that "plates and bandages" would be required.

That the services of a Surgeon and a Master Cutler were retained for the occasion.

Ichabod I

CAN such things be? Is it possible that the Lord Provost of Glasgow, who is nothing if not "virtuous" in every relation of life, has actually secured a faggot-vote for South Lanarkshire? One can hardly believe it, and yet, at last Wednesday's Registration Court for the district named, objection was made to his Lordship's being allowed to vote in respect of "a small property of the annual value of £12" which was acquired "on 31st January last, the last date for enrolment in the Court." Oh, William, William, the BAILIE would not have thought that you—a decent man, a Radical, and a teetotalter—could have acted even as one of those Tory publicans and sinners of Mid Lothian!

IS THY SERVANT A DOG?

(Scene—Village in Upper Ward; row in the distance.)

Wull—What's the matter down the road, Jock?

Jock—Oh it's jist a man an' a weaver fechtin'.

CHEERING.—The BAILIE is glad to notice symptoms of a revival of industry. In that great seaport and centre of shipbuilding, Paisley, contracts have been entered into for "an iron screw-steamer for the herring trade," and also for "two iron screw-lighters and an iron barge." The mechanics of the West of Scotland will thus have their hands full for an indefinite period.

A local leader-writer describes Mariana as "that helpless and spoon-struck young lady of the Laureate's, who . . . dwelt in a grange, and was on the outlook for a man." Graceful and appreciative, isn't it? The epithet "spoon-struck" seems peculiarly novel and happy. But why ignore Mariana's original creator, Mr Leader-writer.

A Dead Heat.—Cremation.

**RE-OPENING OF THE SCHOOLS.**

With the close of the Holiday Season, Parents and Guardians will be preparing for the return of their Boys to School. Along with other requirements that of good durable SUITS will not be the least important. We have long made SCHOOL OUTFITS a specialty in our business, so that Every Requisite for Boys' Wear, including HOSIERY, SHIRTS, TIES, &c., as well as UNIFORMS for SCHOOL GAMES, can be had in great Variety, on the Shortest Notice, and at the most Moderate Cash Prices.

**FORSYTH,**  
CLOTHIER AND  
ACADEMICAL OUTFITTER,  
5 AND 7 RENFIELD STREET.

**WALTER WILSON & Co.,**  
The COLOSSEUM, 70 JAMAICA STREET.  
We are now showing all the NOVELTIES for Autumn and Winter Wear in LADIES' and GENT'S HATS.  
Great Variety of LADIES' New BEAVER HATS.  
The Largest Stock of Hats in the Kingdom.

**COOPER & CO.'S  
FRUIT SYRUPS.**

LEMON and GINGER Especially Recommended.  
1S 9D BOTTLE FOR 8½D,  
3S 6D " " 1S 3D,  
A Tablespoonful of the above in a Tumblerful of Cold Water makes a most refreshing and inexpensive Summer Drink.

To be had only from the Makers,  
COOPER & CO., 10 and 12 Howard Street, and Branches.

**MORNING WHIFFS, CIGARS, MORN-  
ING WHIFFS.**  
10S 6D PER 100.

Highly recommended, Manufactured from Choicest Tobacco, possesses a delicate aroma and delicious fragrance.

Sold only by  
**A N D R E W M A C C U B B I N,**  
TOBACCONIST & CIGAR MERCHANT,  
83 QUEEN STREET.

Single Boxes of Cigars at Wholesale Prices.  
Meerschaum and Briar Root Pipes, Finest Qualities.

**SPECIAL REDUCTIONS IN COSTUMES**

AND  
GOODS OF PASSING FASHION

AT THE  
**CALEDONIAN HOUSE.**

**M**ESSRS. COPLAND & LYE, announce to their numerous patrons the Special Sale of French Costumes, Silk Velvet Jackets, Skirts, &c., and other Goods of passing fashion at the following reductions, which at first sight may appear almost incredible; but Messrs C. & L. recognise the extraordinary depression in Trade throughout the length and breadth of the land and the scarcity of money, and feel that extraordinary inducements must be offered in order to clear out this stock. It has always been the system adopted at the Caledonian House to clear out all Goods of Passing Fashion at the close of a season at any loss rather than carry them over to another year. Hence the Stock in this Warehouse is always New, Fresh, and Fashionable. The Goods at the Special Reductions will be laid out for inspection and Sale This Day and during the Week.

**COPLAND & LYE,**  
CALEDONIAN HOUSE, 165 AND 167 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

**SUPERB TEA at 2s 4d Per Lb.**

**F**AMILIES who are being supplied at "Wholesale Rates" (so called) by Wholesale Grocers, and West-End Co-Operative Stores, should compare what they are buying at 2s 6d, 2s 8d, and 3s per lb. with the above Tea. There is nothing like it in Scotland. Note the value of our Sugars, and compare.

FINE WHITE, 2½d; LARGE CRYSTALS, 3d; FINEST LOAF, 3d.

**STUART CRANSTON & CO.,**  
TRAINED TEA-TASTERS,  
76 ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW.



£3 : 3s.

WINTER TWEED SUIT.

PROBABLY one of the most perplexing things which we have to contend with is the difficulty of convincing Gentlemen, through the medium of a short advertisement of the *bona-fide* character of the new system which we originated and now advocate so strongly in connection with the Clothing Trade. Possessing, as we do, an intimate knowledge of the High-Class Trade as pursued in Glasgow and London, we know the extraordinary large profits which are necessary under the long credit system. On the other hand we know that under our system of *prompt cash payments* the same Goods are sold at about 20 per cent. less, and we often wonder why Gentlemen possessing the "where-with-all" can be induced to do business on any other terms. We say this in no complaining spirit, as our Summer Sales for the THREE GUINEA TWEED SUIT alone would in all likelihood exceed the whole returns of half-a-dozen ordinary Clothiers. However, the question we wish to solve is this:—Why were our Sales not twenty times greater; and what means must we take to bring this under the notice of every Gentleman, the £3 3s Suit being without a parallel in the trade for Style, Fit, Quality, and Good Value?

RILEY, WEBSTER, & BORLAND,  
86 AND 88 ARGYLE STREET.

ST. GEORGE'S CHORAL UNION.

Applicants for Membership will be enrolled on Monday evenings from Half-past Seven till 8 o'clock, in the Assembly Rooms, Bath Street. Vacancies in all the parts, especially in the Soprano and Alto.

SHELDON'S  
HAIR RESTORER

RESTORES Grey Hair to its Youthful Colour. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Causes a New Growth of Hair. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Removes Dandruff and all Impurities from the Hair. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Prevents the Hair from falling off or turning Grey.

May be had of any Chemist or Perfumer.

Price, 3s 6d.

DEPOT, 121 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

HENRY THOMSON & CO'S

OLD

IRISH WHISKY.

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—

ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

DAVISON'S

CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE  
GINGER BEER.

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND; WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC. As Supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

THOMAS DAVISON,  
DISPENSING CHEMIST,  
126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24th, 1879.

THE alarming depression of trade which Britain, in common with the rest of the world, is now groaning under, has been satisfactorily accounted for by various amiable and unamiable enthusiasts. Indeed, the wonder is, that with so many adverse influences at work, we are not involved in a still deeper commercial Slough of Despond. Some orators maintain that we are not supplying the universe with our wonted amount of cotton and iron because we are governed by a dastardly body of Conservative miscreants and traitors; others because our weather has been so abominable; others because we do not confine our potations to the salubrious water and the soul-inspiring tea, but consume instead countless gallons of Scotch whisky and other deleterious compounds; and others because the time of the non-observance of fast-days has come, and the voice of the profane swearer is heard in the land. But it has been reserved for a speaker at a Cumberland agricultural dinner to discover a fresh enormity of which we have been guilty, and for which we should assume the repentant sackcloth and the remorseful ashes. According to this worthy, whose fame as a social reformer should be handed down to a grateful posterity, in company with that of our well-beloved Dr Begg, the country is in a bad state because everybody eats far too much, and millions are thus wasted in gratifying a carnal appetite, instead of going to increase the national wealth. The idea is not only startling, but well worthy of consideration. If true, the duty of the patriot is clear. Trade depression and dinners of six courses are convertible terms; a state of chronic hunger and national prosperity go hand in hand. Could there be a more powerful motive for national abstemiousness? The citizen, when sorely tempted to gorge himself with an extra sandwich at Lang's, or a second helping of roast beef at home, will turn with stern resolve from the seductive viands, as he recollects that his weakness may mark another stage in the decline and fall of his beloved country. The citizeness, too, bracing herself for the mighty effort, will fly from the blandishments of hot muffins or buttered toast, resolved that no act of hers will impair the national resources. Self-denial like this will soon make us thinner and wiser men.

“Awa’ Hame!”

DR STORY and his fellow-“deputy,” who were appointed by the General Assembly to convert the Highland parishes to principles of sweetness, light, and liberality, are scarcely having what the Yankees call a “high old time.” In short, they are being very severely sat upon. The “facer” administered to Dr Story by an Oban parson is still fresh in our memories—and probably in his—and last week his youthful colleague came in for *his* share. At Dornoch “one of the members of the Presbytery compared the contributions to church purposes made by the Northern Presbytery with those of the two Presbyteries to which Dr Story and the other deputy belong, and argued that the deputies were more needed at home than at Dornoch.” Donald on his Highland hill, be he layman or cleric, is able to hold his own against even the most “superior” of parsons. The result of the present campaign will probably be that Roseneath will hear a milder Story, and that “W. W.” will return to Pollokshields a less effusive and Dundrearyish young man than he issued forth.

More “Unemployed.”

THUS runs an advertisement in the *Herald*: —“Addresses of offices or shops where licentiates (Established Church) or missionaries would preach for pay.” This is rather obscure, but it looks very like a fresh development of the “Unemployed” problem. Apparently the licentiates and missionaries, unable to find legitimate work, are on the look-out for offices and shops where they may be allowed—to use their own expressive phrase—to “preach for pay.” Suppose, instead, they were to try some less over-stocked field of labour—say, Central Africa or Burmah? The monarch of the latter happy land would alone give employment to any number of able-bodied licentiates and missionaries.

A young lady who offers her services as barmaid advertises that she possesses a “splendid style”—an expression which strikes the BAILIE as rather vaguely alarming than attractive. A “splendid style” of what? Of chaffing loungers, of ignoring thirsty customers, of dressing her hair, or what? The young lady ought really to be more explicit.

A Peal Case—A belfry.

Happy to Meat—Happier to drink.

An Interregnum—Between the rains.

A Model Teacher.

AN amusing and instructive letter on the teachers' salaries question appeared in last Tuesday's *Herald*. The writer signs himself “A.B.C.,” and declares himself a pedagogue; and thus doth his lucubration elegantly open:—“It is without doubt that nearly everybody, not teachers, live (*sic*) in a state of extreme ignorance regarding teachers and their work.” He then proceeds to dilate on the long and laborious studies which he has gone through in order to fit himself for his profession, and to whine over the low rate of his pay. It is unnecessary to comment upon such a performance as this; but it may be pointed out to our friend that *he* evidently “live” in a state of extreme ignorance regarding “the science of grammar, and that he might with advantage re-commence his “studies” by returning to the point where he has ended—namely, “A B C.”

“Peccavimus!”

THE BAILIE is sorry to learn that a large body of worthy people have had their feelings hurt by a little good-humoured chaff in which he lately indulged at the expense of the Ancient Order of Foresters. His Worship certainly fails to see anything admirable in some of the paraphernalia of Forestry any more than in some of the paraphernalia of Masonry; but nothing could be further from his thoughts than to underrate the importance of an association which has a membership of over 530,000, which possesses funds amounting to nearly £2,650,000, and which—last, but by no means least—boasts as one of its “Presiding Officers” the King of the Can—no, the Sandwich Islands!

A Skelp to the Czar.

“BRITANNIA needs no bulwarks” as long as Kirkintilloch stands where it does. The BAILIE is credibly informed that the other day the patriotic authorities of that burgh rang the town-bell in commemoration of the fall of Sebastopol, while the more enthusiastic of the inhabitants hoisted flags. Who can doubt that the echo of that bell and the shadow of those flags have by this time reached the Despot of the North, and caused him to drop like a hot potato any designs which he may have had upon “our Empire in the East?” “We don't want to fight, but, by jingo, if we do”—Kirkintilloch is “all there.” Tyrant, ter-r-remble!

The Silly Sea-season—Jack amid the land sharks.

Brown of Bogle's Hole.

THE miners of the west have got a brand new adviser in the person of a Mr Daniel Brown, who orated to them at a mass meeting last week, held at their favourite "pitch," Bogle's Hole, near Cambuslang, in a manner that, *inter alia*, showed likelihood of his proving a thorn in the flesh to Sandy. Like his namesake of Calaveras, "he is a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr Brown," as he soon evinced. "If Mr M'Donald, M.P.," he said, "thought that he wanted to rival him, he was greatly mistaken. He (Mr Brown) did not want to say a word against their leaders, but—he believed that the men who were at the head of their affairs were not capable of organisation. They had no capacity for such work. They imagined they were doing work when making speeches, and getting applauded for it." So powerfully did this new "Daniel come to judgment," pile it in this strain, that some forgetful ingrates among the audience cried out to let M'Donald "go." "No, my friends," immediately interposed the sarcastic one, "you must not let him go; you cannot afford to lose him. He has stood by you for 40 years, and -- he has left you 20 years farther behind than when he found you." When the BAILIE observed that a thrust so envenomed at a life-long, unselfish philanthropist had been received with "laughter and applause," it set him a-thinking for a space on the hollowness of what is called popular gratitude. But the sarcastic one had the Parthian shot still to deliver; and this is how he aimed it:—"Mr Brown concluded by asking them to be true to their leaders, to *their friend*, Mr M'Donald, and to themselves, and victory would be theirs." Then, amid "three hearty cheers," Brown retired from Bogle's Hole, with the self-complacent conviction, doubtless, that he had put a spoke in Sandy's wheel that time, at any rate.

THE CUT-AWAY CAUGHT.

The Zulu monarch, Cetewayo,  
An effort made to get away, O.  
But Major Marter set away, O,  
With quick despatch the king to catch.  
And when he caught him then he brought him  
To where it's likely will be taught him  
The British word for *ultimatum*,  
And where he'll, Marter'd, meet his match.

A Tail o' the Bank—The end of the imprisonment.

LONDON SCOTCH RESORT, 3 Water Lane, Ludgate Hill, London, the only House for "Real Johnny" Scotch Whiskies of all Brands, Scotch Ales, &c. Neil Mackay, Proprietor.

Megilp.

THOSE in Glasgow who are interested in art will before long have an opportunity of seeing in Mr White's North British Galleries a fine example of Turner, and a picture by Hook, who is without doubt in style and influence one of the healthiest and soundest of our living painters.

The classes in connection with the Royal School of Art Needlework will open on Monday, 6th proximo. The exhibition of needlework will be held during next month. Contributions intended for exhibition must be sent to the Secretary, 108 St Vincent Street, not later than 24th inst.

Messrs A. K. Brown and Duncan Mackellar are at Tayvallich, near Ardrishaig.

The Royal Scottish Academy recognising the absolute necessity to artists of thorough art instruction have resolved, during the coming winter, to have eight classes per week, instead of six as formerly. Any conscientious student who takes up the eight classes will find his time well occupied. The school of the Academy has not, since the days of the Lauders, been in such a state of efficiency as it is now.

The Haddock Shave.

HISTORY, remarks Peter, repeats itself. In my young days, he says, the Swell of the Period shaved so that his jowl would show the imprint of "Peter's thoom." By-and-bye this scriptural fashion wore out, and the full whisker became the rage. Now, however, the whirligig of time has brought up, once more, the ancient custom. Go where you will of an afternoon or evening the mark of "Peter's thoom" is plainly visible on the cheeks of our whiskered dandies. To be mathematically accurate, the method followed by the performing barber or his youthful assistant is this. An imaginary line is drawn from the tip of the nose to the lower part of the ear, and all south of this ellipse is cleared away. What remains after the said process is the mark of "Peter's thoom," a stunted, ugly, unnatural representative of a whisker. Goodness knows, Peter adds, where the beauty of this haddock shave lies. To his thinking the fashion is as unbecoming as it is antiquated.

THE PROPER ADJECTIVE.

(Scene—Cowcaddens; two girls are busy admiring a draper's window.)

1st Girl—Jist luck at that pretty wee bonnet  
2nd Girl—Oh my! That's horrid pretty!

The First Thing Towards "The Free Breakfast-Table"—"Sugar for nothing."

Review of the Season—Weakly summery.

The Very Paper for the Butterman—*Cream*.

To "The Mace"—Sir, come-*spiccy*.

Beveridge's Guaranteed Mixed Pickles, Red Cabbage, Mushroom Ketchup, Sauces and Table Condiments, unrivalled for purity and flavour.

## Gough "Going It."

MR J. B. GOUGH last week paid us another, and—may we hope?—a final visit. He grows, if possible, more pointed and logical day by day. On Tuesday evening his principal "points" were, (1) The Bible does not recommend the use of Scotch whisky; (2) Everybody should be a teetotaller because total abstinence "saved" Mr Gough; (3) "A glass of wine can by no possibility do anybody any good;" (4) If Mr Gough had a son he would rather introduce him to the lowest public-house than to respectable society where wine is used. The BAILIE feels that to comment on these truly remarkable utterances would be more "wasteful and ridiculous" than to gild refined gold.

## What's in a Name?

IN Greenock, if not in Verona, there is evidently something in a name. A member of the local Parochial Board who had proposed the sale of a certain brass plate "for the benefit of the poor," remarked that, though the market price of old metal was at present low, the value of the plate in question had been increased by the inscription upon it of Provost Lyle's name. Now, here's a tip for the Board. Inscribe on your plate the name of the BAILIE! It will out-value those of a hundred teetotal Provosts, and will make your old brass worth double its weight in gold.

## A CERTAINTY.

(Scene—Country road; two farmers meet.)

1st Farmer—Have ye got quat o' yon coo, yet?

2nd F.—No yet, but I'll sell her the morn.

1st F.—Dinna be sae share; there's only twa things certain noo-a-days.

2nd F.—What are they?

1st F.—Taxes and death.

## A Promising (?) Start.

THE Ass has taken an apprentice joker, and this is his maiden atrocity. Observing Mr Lambeth in his old seat at the City Hall on Saturday evening last, the afflatus descended, and he remarked to his Mentor that he was glad to see that the Abstainers' Union had made no organic change in their concert arrangements for the ensuing season!

Wherein are some firms like watches?—They go as long as the tick lasts and when that stops they need winding up.

## THE GAILETY.

Proprietor and Director,.....Mr C. BERNARD.  
FOR A LIMITED NUMBER OF NIGHTS  
SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT OF  
Miss EMILY SOLDENE and her ENGLISH and COMIC  
OPERA COMPANY.  
CARMEN.

Open at 6-30. Commence, 7-30. Prices, 6d to 5s.

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Under the Management of Mr SIDNEY.  
CROWDED HOUSES! RAPTUROUS APPLAUSE!  
FOURTH WEEK

Of Mr Sidney's Great Moral Drama,  
L'ASSOMMOIR;

OR, THE CURSE OF INTEMPERANCE.

The Whole of the Company called before the Curtain after each Act,

THE GREATEST SUCCESS

Ever achieved at the Prince of Wales Theatre.

THE SCENERY, PROPERTIES, and GENERAL  
MOUNTING EQUAL TO ANY

LONDON PRODUCTION.

Box Office Open Eleven to Four.

## BATH STREET ASSEMBLY ROOMS.

WEDNESDAY, 24th SEPTEMBER,

READINGS AND RECITATIONS

By JOHN P. O'HEALY,

GEORGE WALTER BAYNHAM, Esq., in the Chair.

Pianist—Mr A. NEWMAN.

Doors open at 7; Chair taken at 7-30.

Tickets—One Shilling each.

Tickets may be had at Door on night of Readings.

## W. S. VALLANCE.

The Most Popular Elocutionist of the Day,  
Will give READINGS and RECITALS, Aberfeldy 23rd,  
Killin 24th, and Inveraray 29th September; Auchterarder  
1st, Skelmorlie 3rd, and Peterhead 7th October.

READINGS arranged for with LITERARY and EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATIONS.

ELOCUTION taught Privately and in Class, 9 Cambridge St.

ST. ANDREW'S HALLS,  
(Late New Public Halls.)

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GRAND OPENING CONCERT.

NEW PROGRAMME.

SATURDAY, 27th SEPTEMBER, at Eight o'clock.  
Tickets—Balconies, 2s; and Area, 1s. From the Music-sellers.

N.B.—To avoid crush, Ticket-holders will be admitted by Kent Road entrance.

CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING  
CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 27th SEPT.,

GREAT SCOTCH NIGHT.

SCOTCH VOCALISTS—  
Miss AGNES STRUTHERS.  
Miss BESSIE KEAN.  
Miss WINNIE BRAMAH.  
Mr JAMES BOYD.  
Mr HOWIE CATHCART.  
Mr JAMES LUMSDEN.  
Mr F. W. BRIDGMAN.

Celebrated  
STRATHSPEY  
and  
REEL PLAYERS.

Celebrated  
HIGHLAND DANCERS  
AND PIPERS.

Prices—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats, 2s. Concert at a  
Quarter to 8. J. AIRLIE, Sec.

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EACH NIGHT AT EIGHT,

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**NEWSOME'S CIRCUS BUILDING,**  
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**TOMMY THE WOLF,**  
**LITTLE ALL RIGHT,**  
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**SOMETHING NEW!**

Every Night at 8. Mid-Day Representations at 3 o'clock each Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday.

NOTICE.—To Every Person who Visits this Entertainment will be Presented a Japanese Novelty, Curiosity, or some Useful or Ornamental Article, consisting of Works of Art, all manufactured in Japan.

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Every Evening till Further Notice.

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VEGO, the beautiful Lady Gymnast, the Lady with the Lion Jaw, wonderful ascent to the ceiling by the teeth; besides a host of Artistes appearing nightly. Overture at 7.

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**LANARK RACES.**

On TUESDAY, 23rd, and WEDNESDAY, 24th SEPTEMBER, 1879

Return Tickets at Reduced Fares will be issued by the following Special Trains to Lanark:—

From Glasgow (Buchanan Street) at 10.15 a.m.; Returning from Lanark at 6.15 p.m. each Day

On WEDNESDAY, 24th SEPTEMBER, 1879.

From Glasgow Central Station at 10.5, Bridge Street at 10.8, and Eglinton Street at 10.13 a.m.; Returning from Lanark at 6.30 p.m. same day.

FARES TO LANARK AND BACK—

From Glasgow—1st Class, 5s 6d; 3rd Class, 2s 6d.

Return Tickets at Reduced Fares will also be issued to Lanark by these Trains from Rutherglen, Coatbridge, Hamilton, Motherwell, and other intermediate Stations. For particulars see Bills.

The Tickets will be available for Day of Issue only.

JAMES SMITHELLS, General Manager.

Glasgow, September, 1879

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BY WHINS OF MILTON BAND.

On SATURDAY FIRST, 27th September, at 6 p.m.

Annual Subscription—Family Tickets, £1 1s; Single do., 10s 6d.

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The Russian Tea Company are now selling a parcel of Extra Fine First Crop New Seasons Tea at 2s 6d per lb.

N.B.—A Tea equal to this is seldom to be met with under 3s per lb.

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In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Tuesday, and Wednesday, 30th September and 1st October.

EXTENSIVE PUBLIC SALE OF A  
LARGE CONSIGNMENT OF NOTTINGHAM LACE  
CURTAINS of New and Rich Designs, for  
LACE TABLE and BED COVERS.

(Consigned direct from Nottingham for positive Sale.)

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Catalogues on application.

On View Morning of Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 22nd September, 1879.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Thursday, 25th Sept.

PUBLIC SALE OF A  
LARGE CONSIGNMENT OF MIRRORS,  
Handsomely Framed in Gilt Frames of the Finest English Gold, of various elegant Parisian designs, the whole being consigned for Absolute Sale.

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On View day prior to Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale Rooms, 22nd September, 1879.

On Tuesday, 30th September, in the City Sale-Rooms.

IMPORTANT SALE OF OIL PAINTINGS by  
Modern and Ancient Masters,  
BY AUCTION

(Including the Pictures removed from Rankinston, belonging to the Sequestrated Estate of Robert Salmon, and sold by order of the Trustee, J. T. Main, Esq., C.A.)

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| Hogarth,         | Sennet,        | J. I. Chalmers,  |
| Debusse,         | Kotell,        | R. Noble,        |
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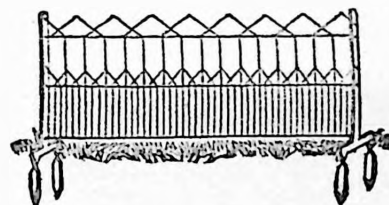
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# The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 363. Glasgow, Wednesday, October 1st, 1879. Price 1d

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 363.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON is one of the folk for whom the BAILIE has a thorough liking. He need hardly say that he has but scant sympathy with Sir WILFRID'S politics. The Cumberland baronet, as everybody knows, is not only a species of English Jacobin, but is the head and front of the faction who would make people sober by Act of Parliament; while the BAILIE, on the other hand, is a Royalist to the backbone, and though he would like to see his neighbours temperate, he is the last person in the world who would rob the poor man—or the rich man either, for that matter—of his beer. But in spite of these differences, and they are wide enough, in all conscience, the Magistrate thinks Sir WILFRID one of the best fellows going. There is so much physical vigour about him—such a hearty, healthy animalism—he enjoys life so well, and is always so ready either to give or take a rub, that it is fairly impossible to feel annoyed with anything he either says or does. Besides, you may usually take it for granted, when Sir WILFRID is most vehement, that a good deal of his vehemence is of the Pickwickian order. To read his speeches—and these are always better to read than to listen to—one might think the animosity he entertains towards Lord Beaconsfield is personal in its character, while all the time he is an intense admirer of the Premier. Just in the same way he has no very rabid feelings with regard to Mr Bass, although his denunciations of those who deal in fluids that gladden the heart of man, and the "big brewers" most of all, are usually as sweeping as even Mr Gough could wish. Sir WILFRID is one of that aristocracy, rather than lose which Lord John Manners would chuck our laws and learning, our commerce and

our trade, to the four winds of heaven. The Lawson family, of which he is the accredited head, dates from the time of Henry the Third. In point of fact, however, our friend is not a Lawson at all. In 1806, on the decease, without issue, of Sir Wilfrid, the tenth baronet of Brayton, in Cumberland, the estates passed to the nephew of his wife, Thomas Wybergh of Clifton Hall, Westmoreland, who thereupon assumed the name and arms of Lawson. Dying unmarried six years later, Thomas was succeeded by his brother Wilfrid, another of the Westmoreland Wyberghs, who likewise took the name of Lawson. This second lucky Wybergh—the family came over with William the Norman—was an eager Whig, and at the advent of Earl Grey to power, in 1831, his political services were rewarded with a renewal of the baronetcy that had fallen into abeyance in 1806. He survived till 1867, and it is his eldest son, the present Sir WILFRID, who appears in the City Hall this evening. The Man you Know was an early convert to teetotal principles. Professor Kirk, of Edinburgh, is credited with being one of the agents who were instrumental in his conversion, but looking at the vagaries of his brother William—the youngster who spent his substance in the establishment of a Westmoreland Phalanstery and got himself well laughed at by the rustics whom he endeavoured to benefit—it is just possible that some element exists in the Wybergh-Lawson character which predisposes it towards social Utopias. Be this as it may, there can be no question that Sir WILFRID has proved a most efficient champion of what most of us regard as intemperate temperance. The aim of his public life has been to restrict the sale of strong drink. If he did not invent the Permissive Bill—which gives two-thirds of the inhabitants of any parish or township an absolute veto upon all licences for the sale of intoxi-

cating liquors granted within their district—it is to him that the measure owes any vitality it may possess. He is the chief of the United Kingdom Alliance, and he will travel anywhere, and speak under any circumstances, so that he may assist in the spread of its principles. Sir WILFRID is not, as has already been hinted, very much of an orator. To the BAILIE'S mind, indeed, he has hardly any oratorical ability at all. He has plenty of humour, however, and his manner is so homely and direct that he never fails to make an impression on his audience. Nothing, besides, ever seems to put him out of temper. He enjoys life so well, there is so much vitality about him, that it seems an impossibility for him to grow angry at anybody. To be sure he scolds the publicans in season and out of season, but the scolding is done with so much good nature that nobody is one bit the worse of it. In the House of Commons Sir WILFRID is a general favourite, Lord Beaconsfield delights in his "gay wisdom," and supporters of the Ministry and the Opposition are equally amused by his sallies of wit. That he will ever carry the Permissive Bill is probably more than he expects himself. He originally introduced it to Parliament in 1864, and now, in 1879, the progress made by the measure is all but infinitesimal. It is usually difficult for "men with a mission" to know when they are beaten, and there is really no necessity for Sir WILFRID to abandon his annual custom of bringing in the Bill—only, of course, to see it defeated—but all the same the task must now lie heavy on his hands, and a good many of his witticisms must cost him not a little time and pain to elaborate. Some of Sir WILFRID'S hearers in the City Hall this evening may come away rather disappointed with his style. They ought to remember, however, that he is in no sense a great speaker. He does not aspire to this position. All he aims at, and he succeeds in his aim to admiration, is to talk well. He "chats" to his hearers. So pleasant is he withal, and so free from prejudices on any subject but the one, that his chatter is better to the purpose, it leaves a more toothsome flavour in the mouth, than the set oratory of all the other temperance advocates in the kingdom.

A Shrew'd Man of Business—A hen-pecked lawyer. He-haw!

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK  
is the best present from Edinburgh. 1 Melbourne place,  
near the Castle

### A Plaint.

I'VE wondered and pondered for days,  
Till I thought my poor heart would burst,  
To find out the means and the ways  
Of relief, for I'm poverty curst!

Through byeways and highways I've slunk,  
With tears streaming down from my eyes,  
And, to tell the plain truth, I've got drunk,  
Thus doubling my sorrows and sighs!

There's grocers, and butchers, and bakers,  
And tradesmen of every degree,  
Who go instantly into the shakers,  
Whene'er they a glimpse get of me!

And now the whole thing has burst up,  
The limbs of the law are set loose,  
My "tick's" gone for bite and for sup,  
And they've wrecked and destroyed my bit hoose!

Nay, far worse, and a shame you will say,  
To a Christian and civilized nation,  
When they found I had nothing to pay,  
They popped me in Duke Street plantation!

No matter, I'll play them a trick,  
I'll laugh at the hard-hearted quorum,  
For as sure as I walk with a stick,  
I'll go in for cessio bonorum!

And now to wind up my plaint,  
And finish this truthful narration,  
I'll stay here till the end of my days,  
But ne'er will I seek sequestration.

### IN THE FEEING MARKET.

Sandy—Weel, Dugald, are ye bidcin'?

Dugald—O aye.

Sandy—An fat wages is the grieve gaun tae gie ye?

Dugald—She offert her saventeen poun, but she said she was wirth mair, an' that she widna bide for less than saxteen guineas.

Sandy—So ye cam' tae terms.

Dugald (gleefully)—Yes, and goot terms too.

The BAILIE observes an advertisement addressed to "the whole creditors" of a bankrupt. Happy the creditor, in these times of "big smashes," who can regard himself as anything like "whole!"

There has turned up in Yankee-land a remarkable plant which bears "potatoes at the roots and tomatoes on the tops." If it could only be educated to produce mutton-chops in addition, it would be quite invaluable. Try what you can do, Jonathan.

Somebody advertises his "Hektograph, or hunder-fold (*sic*) copyist." It is to be hoped, for his own sake and that of his customers, that the article is more valuable than its name seems to promise.

"Men come in their millions and thousands and tens  
Demanding Macniven & Cameron's Pens."

Another Atrocity.

PERHAPS in no age of the world's history, from the mystic period when Tassie the traditional Welshman stole the leg of beef to the days when Charles Peace robbed and murdered at his own sweet will, have the criminal classes been more daring and adroit than they are at present. Burglary has been elevated to a science, and highway robbery and forgery are treated as fine arts. But even with our knowledge of the depravity of the nineteenth century heart, the announcement that the washing-house of Mr M'Donald, M.P., had been broken into the other night, and a quantity of wearing apparel therefrom theftuously extracted, must have sent a feeling of dismay through the civilized world. If the shirts and handkerchiefs of the eminent "apostle of idleness" (we thank thee, Sandy, for the word) are not safe from the hands of the pilferer, how can meaner mortals hope to preserve their linen? The only consolation is, that as the death of a bishop by a railway accident was all that was necessary, in Sydney Smith's opinion, to make railway travelling safe, so the robbery of Mr M'Donald may compel the legislature and the police to suppress crime in general by a determined effort. But stay! An idea! The eminent Alexander has enemies—bold bad men who malign him, and even denounce him at miners' meetings, much as Marat denounced Danton, and Robespierre Marat. May not an enemy have done this while Sandy slept? May not some envious rival have seized this dastardly method of, to use a slang but expressive phrase, "doing him Brown?" The suggestion is almost too awful, but it may be true. Who can tell? There are criminal mysteries in this wicked world which can hardly be solved even by a "Daniel come to judgment."

AN ANNIVERSARY.

Old Time again has wheel'd around,  
The sun of 1st October's risen,  
A day thus in the future found—  
"It closed a Bank and oped a Prison."

TONALD AND THE ARTIST.

Tonald (who has observed artist at work for some days on one picture)—It will be with ta brush you are dra-ing it.

Artist—Just so.

Tonald—Ay, ay, it will be more longsome as a potographer's shop, whatefer!

Mullin's, 5 Gordon Street, Havannah, Indian, Manilla Cigars; Cigarettes—French, American, Algerian, Russian, German.

Kay not O. K.

IT seems to the BAILIE as if the chairman at a Good Templar gathering in the City Hall, last week, had rather let the "fine frenzy" run away with him when he loudly asserted that "they" (*i.e.*, the Good Templars) "had succeeded in placing the brand of dishonour on the brow of the traffickers in strong drink." Here, as it seems to his Worship, the speaker would have us accept the will for the deed. No doubt your typical Templar leader would like to see the "traffickers" (a pet word with him) so stigmatised on the fore-front; but his power to do so he really has not yet demonstrated. Non-in-fatuated persons—of whom, "praise be blessed," there is yet a wholesome majority in the country—fail to see anything resembling a "brand of dishonour" on the brows of—say, your Basses, Allsopps, Guinnesses, Ramsays (Islay), or our local Grahams, Sandemans, &c., &c. For the BAILIE'S own part he will simply add that to make him believe that his friend "Long John" is no gentleman would take a trifle more than the mere dictum of the Rev. John Kay, albeit the latter does wear such a portentous handle to his name as G.W.C.T. of Scotland—whatever the meaning of that collocation of consonants may be.

ONE FROM ARRAN.

Native is looking into the parlour, and the maid, who is busy setting the table for dinner, places a vase of flowers in the centre—"Ay, it's rale bonnie, but Maggie, wha eats the flowers?"

AN AWKWARD PRESENT.—It appears that the Galashiels working men are going to present Mr Gladstone with a tartan plaid of their own manufacture on the occasion of his visiting Mid Lothian. A compliment is evidently intended, but in one view of the matter, it is rather a left-handed one. Does it not seem to the Galashiels intellect a little inauspicious to give a decided "check" to the enthusiastic statesman, just when he is entering on his arduous and uncertain conflict with the bold Buccleuch?

PLANTS OF PRICE.—The days of "tulipomania" are long past, but a similar insanity appears to have taken its place. At a sale of orchids in Edinburgh last week, prices were realised ranging from eleven to forty-one guineas. Botany, under such circumstances, must be a somewhat expensive pursuit.

Ancoll's Beetsteak Grill, 88 Virginia Place (Rear of Union Bank). Steaks, Chops, Kidneys, &c., cooked in large room.

## Monday Gossip.

**MY DEAR BAILIE.**—The concluding nights of "L'Assommoir" at the Prince of Wales Theatre are now announced by Mr Sidney. It must be withdrawn, indeed, on Saturday, to make room for Mr Toole, who comes to the house on this night week.

"L'Assommoir" can hardly be regarded as a satisfactory play. It possesses, nevertheless, abundant go, and several of the scenes have been arranged with much tact, and with a capital eye to stage effect. The conclusion, moreover, which shows us the death of *Coupeau* in a madhouse, supplies Mr Beecher with an opportunity for the display of some exceedingly powerful acting. He uses this to the very best advantage. On no former occasion, indeed, has he shown to so much purpose as in the last act of "L'Assommoir."

Among the engagements announced by Mr Sidney is that of the Madame Beatrice Company, which is now under the management of Mr Frank Harvey. Madame Beatrice, during her nine or ten years of management, succeeded in amassing a very substantial fortune, all of which she bequeathed to Mr Harvey, to whom she was engaged to be married at the time of her death.

The drama of "Queen's Evidence" will also be produced at the Prince of Wales Theatre in the course of the present season.

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No change of programme has occurred or has been wanted at the Gaiety, the English version of "Carmen" sufficing to fill the house, aloof and aloft, every evening. As the heroine of the piece, Miss Soldene is universally allowed to have made a palpable hit in her first departure from opera-bouffe; and she is fairly supported by Signor Leli and her other coadjutors both on the stage and in the orchestra. When I say that the mounting of the piece is in Mr Bernard's best manner, nothing more needs to be said on that head.

—o—

It is proposed to lay the "memorial stone" of Mr Knapp's new theatre, at the corner of Renfield and Sauchiehall streets, on Saturday week, the 11th of October. The ceremony, which will be quite a little event in local theatrical matters, will be performed by Mr Toole, and the double attraction of the "memorial stone" of a theatre, and our famous comedian in his every-day attire, is sure to attract an audience of those interested in Art. The theatre, by the bye, is rapidly approaching completion, and its elevation to the west and south is remarkably fine. Indeed, when finished, it will take rank among the more prominent architectural features of the city.

—o—

Tannaker's wonderful Japanese continue to delight the numerous patrons of the Cirque in Ingram Street. There is a novelty about the entertainment which "fetches" the public; and no doubt the gifts distributed to every member of the audience—all of the articles being curious, and some of intrinsic value—are an additional attraction.

—o—

The special attraction at the Botanic Gardens on Saturday Oct. 11, will be the performance of the Glasgow Select Choir, who will give a concert under the conductorship of Mr Frederick Archer. Additional interest will be lent to the occasion by the fact that this is Mr Archer's first appearance in Glasgow this season.

Mr Toole appears to-night at the Edinburgh Theatre-Royal as *Chawles* and *Tom Cranky*. He is accompanied, of course, by Mr George Loveday.

Our friend, Mr Dick, a "Man you Know," has just issued 11th "Scottish Football Annual" for the current year. Of course it is one of those books that every professor of the "dribbling game" must of necessity become possessed.

—o—

That pig-iron bubble is still being blown, I see, BAILIE. The buying of "warrants" has now extended itself to office-boys and hangers-on at public-house bars. Of course the stocks of iron in the hands of makers are more than equal to the present demand, and when the "ring" closes its account, and the prices fall, what a burst-up there will be,

An amusing correspondence is in progress in the columns of the *Scotsman* on the subject of the monies subscribed for the Wallace Monument, the writers being Mr Colin Rae Browne, formerly of this City, and the Rev. Charles Rogers, LL D., whose connection with the monument is a matter of public notoriety. In a communication which appears in to-day's issue of your contemporary, Dr Rogers solemnly avers that all the money he ever received in respect of his services towards the erection of the monument was £150—a round sum you will see, and one very much smaller than most folk supposed had fallen to his share. This, however, is only another instance of the way in which public report seeks to asperse the good name of our best and greatest men!

All Londoners are infallible of course—in their own estimation—yet they make funny blunders sometimes. "*Clachan of Aberfoyle*." Oh, shade of Sir Walter, dost thou recognise the word? In such a questionable shape does the name of the immortal clachan appear in the advertisement of "Rob Roy"—Miss Bateman's new spectacle—and in the columns of the *Times*, too. Poor ignorant bodies!

The halfpenny morning paper, of the appearance of which I gave you intimation some time ago, will be printed from a "Marinoni" machine. Mr Maclehorse—Robert Maclehorse, that is—in whose hands the mechanical arrangements for the new enterprise have been left, advertised, last week, for a machineman capable of working a "Marinoni."

The admirers of Keats—that is, all who truly love English poetry—must be numerous in Glasgow. I have no hesitation, therefore, in drawing attention to the fact that at present Professor Nichol of our University is engaged in collecting subscriptions for the benefit of John Keats's only sister and sole surviving relation, Madame Fanny Keats de Llanos, who through heavy family misfortunes, has been reduced to poverty. To the fund, which has been started in London, nearly all our living poets are contributors, and those among us, to whom Keats's words have become "a joy for ever" can afford a mite in support of the good object of the testimonial. All contributions, "great or small," will be welcome.

None of the October magazines offer any very exciting table of contents. Lawrence Oliphant continues his Syrian articles in *Blackwood*—this time he takes us "Round about Damascus," and one of "Maga's" young lions tells its readers all he knows about "Newspaper Offices," which is really a good deal, although cynical folk may be apt to suggest that the article, after all, simply amounts to a gigantic puff of the *Times*. The *Nineteenth Century*, which Mr Knowles, the architect-editor, directs with so much success, has articles by Mr Forbes—who discourses upon "Flogging in the Army," and by Professor Huxley and Mr Gladstone, "Recent Science" being the subject selected by the one, and the "Homeric System of the Planets" by the other.

Mrs Burnett's story entitled "Haworths," which is no more than a clever failure, is concluded in *Macmillan*, to which the Rev. Mr Horsley, the London parson who succeeded in shutting up the notorious Argyle Rooms, contributes "The Autobiography of a Thief." "Vivian the Beauty," Mrs Edwards's bright, sparkling novel continues the most readable of the contents of *Temple Bar*; the *Contemporary* is as dull and heavy as ever; and readers of the *Cornhill* will naturally turn from its pair of jejune stories to an article entitled "Some Aspects of Robert Burns." This is without a doubt the ablest and truest review of the man and his work that has appeared for many a year. Its strong and brilliant periods should act as a counteractive, if that were needed, to the feeble drivel of Principal Shairp in his recent contribution to Mr Morley's "English men of Letters." The writer is Mr R.L. Stevenson, already known by his description of a canoeing excursion in France, and his later "Through the Cevennes with a Donkey."

*Fraser* is as dry as ever, and the pair of serials owned by Messrs Chatto & Windus—*Belgavia* and the *Gentleman's*—are mainly noticeable for Mr M'Carthy's novel in the former, and "Under which Lord," the new story by Mrs Lynn Linton, in the latter.

## The Bailie for Wednesday, October 1st, 1879.

### A Few Friends.

No. 1.—MISS LILIAN VAVASOUR.

FAIR women are not uncommon in these blessed islands of ours, but it would be hard to find a prettier face or a more perfect figure than Miss Vavasour's anywhere. People turn and stare after her in the street. Impressionable young men heave preternaturally deep sighs as she passes, and mutter "Bai Jove!" in awe-struck tones. The effect upon young Fitz-altamont of encountering her suddenly on the threshold of a confectioner's shop, her lovely countenance radiant with the coming delights of chocolate creams or similar delicacies, was almost sufficient to make that gentleman's poetic intellect stagger on its throne. To use his own graphic language, he felt just like that fellow in Tennyson, you know, who saw the vision of the Holy Grail. Really, 'pon his honour, he did, you know. Those of us who are privileged to know her, point her out to the strangers within our gates with a modest but conscious pride, and an almost proprietary air, much as we show our Cathedral or our George Square statuary. Had her lines fallen in metropolitan places, she would undoubtedly have taken rank among the professional beauties of the day. The photographer's shop window, that more absolute leveller of social distinctions than the very grave itself, would have found room for her amongst its interminable rows of celebrated criminals, ballet dancers, and eminent clergymen; and society journals would have devoted paragraphs to the glorification of her charms. She is unquestionably fitted to shine in a higher sphere.

Still there are drawbacks. Miss Lilian's attractions, like those of the Dead Sea fruit, are entirely external. Indeed, a lengthened acquaintance with her almost makes one wonder if it is not possible for a human being to exist without a soul. If this were an age that believed in changelings, one would be tempted to imagine that a malign fairy had stolen the real Miss Lilian from her cradle, and left in her place a lovely wax doll of exceptionally clever manufacture. Her intellect is barely sufficient to enable her to wear a marvellously tight dress with easy grace, to waltz well, and to say that Rhoda Broughton and Ouida are "awfully jolly." Fortunately, a beneficent Providence, that tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, has placed her in a position where intellect is entirely unnecessary. Miss Lilian's mission in life is purely decorative, like old china, ivory carvings, or paintings on satin.

After all, even decorative objects have their uses, and one should not be too hard on poor Miss Lilian. No doubt she is not foolish from choice; she probably would be clever if she could. Farewell, then, sweet maid! May thy fortunes ever be as fair as thy face, and thy cup of happiness never as empty as thy head!

### "Unpaid Wisdom."

TRULY the mind of the "great unpaid" is fearfully and wonderfully made. One day last week Bailie Laing passed the following sentences—"For stealing 2s 11½d, 30 days;" "For stealing £1 6s 11d, 60 days;" "For attempting to steal, 30 days." So far so good. The day previous, however, the Bailie had before him a most sorrowful case of ill-treatment of children. One little creature was got crawling in the street, having lost the power of the lower part of its body, while a companion in misery, still less in size, was too young and too helpless even to crawl along the street, and was found in the house, filthy and wretched, with its body covered with sloughing sores. Both children were brought into court to give ocular proof of the condition they were in, and looking at the touching sight they presented, and then turning to the brazen mother, Bailie Laing passed sentence of 30 days' imprisonment—the same penalty he inflicted, twenty-four hours later, on an unhappy culprit who had been caught attempting to steal!

### HIS "MEET KICK."

Scene—Hampden Park; Saturday afternoon Match between Queen's Park and Rangers.—Reporter of morning paper is inside the ropes busy taking notes; the excitement is running very high. On the ball going into "touch," the reporter, roused to enthusiasm, runs to give a "meet-kick"—misses the ball and falls flat on his back. Slowly rising he resumes his "notes," but just think of the "chaffing" and jeering the unfortunate youth has to endure from the crowd.

MORE WISDOM FROM THE EAST.—The *Scotsman*, in one of its many ebullitions over Russian simplicity, speaking of the Turcoman success, says:—"But a Russian Army could not march as the crow flies." Probably the editor is prepared to say that he knows of other armies that could.

Damsons are now ready for preserving. M. CAMPBELL, 18 Gordon Street, will supply any quantity at lowest market prices.

Family 8d Dinner and 6d Tea Service, City Commercial Restaurant, 60 Union Street, Matthew Waddell.

## Quavers.

OUR musical friends in Paisley mean to be very active this season. The Philharmonic Society (instrumental) began their practising a month ago, with an increased membership, and with, for an amateur society, a remarkably good representation of important instruments. Their programme is almost complete. It comprises the overtures "Don Juan" (Mozart), Lodoiska (Cherubini), and Kalliwoda in F, the Ballet music No. 2 from Schubert's "Rosamunde," the prelude to Reinecke's "King Manfred," and fragments from Schuman's "Manfred."

The last-mentioned is a musical setting of Byron's dramatic poem. The portions selected by the society from it include the "Ranz des Vaches" as a solo, unaccompanied, for the Cor Anglais, or alto hautboy as it may be described, the melancholy dreaminess of whose notes is admirably suited to the scene in which the Swiss rustic call is introduced. A novelty (to employ a word which seems out of place in art matters, though much in use therein, as one may observe), is a suite, unknown in Scotland as yet, by the clever if eccentric Saint Saens, consisting of prelude, saraband, gavotte, romance, and finale. A prominent part occurs in the romance, by the way, for the Cor Anglais, and the society, in its enthusiasm, will be able to show a perfectly new instrument for the special purpose—an enterprise of some little moment, considering the comparative rarity in the orchestra of this member of the hautboy class. The society intends giving its first concert of the season in December. The conductor is, as before, Mr W. T. Hoeck. Of the St Cecilia Society (choral), in the same town, more anon.

The Ayr Choral Union, whose performance of "Elijah" lately was so exceedingly creditable, have fixed on Haydn's "Creation," and will produce it probably at Christmas. Mr M'Nabb will have an easier task this time, but not a less grateful one, and there is no fear that the Union will not do every justice to the delightfully melodious, if comparatively simple, strains of the genial composer. "Judas Maccabæus" is the work intended for the second half of the session.

Still reserving reference to Glasgow, it affords pleasure to speak of an intended concert at Alexandria on the 9th October, by the Musical Union under Mr T. A. Ewing, a brother of Mr George Ewing, the sculptor. The Union consists of 26 voices, specially selected, and the programme of this concert includes Smart's "Curfew," Sullivan's "Echoes," and arrangements of Scotch and Irish melodies by Lambeth, Leslie, and others. Smart's "The Sea King" also finds a place. This spirited part-song has been strangely neglected. There are to be piano, harmonium, and harp accompaniments—to the solo songs, chiefly, no doubt.

The musical association in connection with St. Vincent Street U.P. Church (Mr M'Nabb, conductor) have taken up Haydn's "Passion" (or "Seven Words of our Saviour"),—the edition being the recently-published one with a translation of the Latin original. The music, it will be remembered, was at first purely instrumental, being of the nature of interlude, Haydn afterwards adding a text and vocal parts, by which the composition has in all probability been preserved from falling into comparative obscurity. These seven truly beautiful symphonic adagios show Haydn at his finest—grace, elegance, pathos, and intensity of religious feeling being among their characteristics. The "Passion" will, of course, be performed by the St. Vincent Street Society with the orchestral parts. It was last produced by Mr Robert Donaldson in Queen's Park Established Church, and previously to that by the St. Cecilia Society (with instruments), under the baton of Mr Seligmann, now a matter of a good many years ago.

Mr H. A. Lambeth's Choir will give a concert in St. Andrew's Hall on Saturday, 11th inst., the programme to contain selections from the pieces sung on the two occasions of the choir's appearance "by command" at Balmoral. We had the pleasure of hearing the choir sing the other week at Crieff, and were much pleased indeed. The voices are delightfully fresh, the ensemble singing being marked by great taste and easy, unforced expression.

The choir expect a busy and important season. This month they appear at Helensburgh, Stirling, and Dunfermline, and again at Glasgow at a Saturday evening City Hall concert, and on the Fast day evening in the Kibble Palace, for which latter occasion they have selected some very fine anthems by Bennett, Goss, Hiller, Mendelssohn, and others.

There was quite a large attendance at the concert by the Glasgow Select Choir on Saturday evening—showing that the taste for this class of entertainment is decided, and that the public have not at all forgotten the choir. Mr Archer was not present, through inability to obtain leave from his engagement at Nottingham, but there was really no reason to regret the circumstance, in one view at least, for Mr James Allan, as his deputy, filled the post of conductor admirably. Indeed it was but right that since Mr Allan has had the labour of training the choir during the summer he should have the honour accruing therefrom.

Of the part-songs at this concert Mendelssohn's "Hunting Song" was probably the most successful. It seemed to completely captivate the audience, both from the beauty of the music and the highly intelligent and appreciative style in which it was sung. Mr W. D. Swan accompanied the solos.

Dr Peace played on the organ in lieu of Mr Archer, and met with most cordial recognition. Dr Peace, through his perseverance and patience, has clearly established a liking for organ performances. A most wonderful advance indeed in our musical taste, when one thinks of it.

## WITHOUT MONEY.

*Bauldy*—Man, it's an unco sad thing that a man can dae naething in thae days without siller.

*Peter*—Hoots, man, ye dinna want siller tae rin in debt or gang into the Bankruptcy Coort wi'. There's twa things ye can dae without siller.

"ANGELS AND MINISTERS!"—At the Good Templar convention held in the City Hall last week, the Rev. Mr Harding, of Paisley, remarked, amid applause, that people "might bring down Gabriel and Michael and 2000 or 3000 angels and place them behind the public-house counters, and even then they would fail in the work of regulation." The Good Templar imagination is powerful. M. Coupeau himself never had a wilder fancy than this vision of angelic barmen.

A LAPSE OF MEMORY.—Mrs Booth told us in the City Hall last week that, "in regard to the 'Hallelujah Lasses,' the organisation had done a great work if it had done nothing else than knock the shackles for ever off women's lips in the Divine service." Has not the good lady forgotten a certain Scriptural injunction relative to "women's lips" and "the Divine service?"

We've heard, says Bauldy, a gey when stories about the airn coo, but what dae ye think, somebody's advertteezin in the *Glasca Herald* for "Railway milk." That cows the cuddie.

Bicycles and Tricycles, all Makes, New and Second-Hand, for Hire, repaired, exchanged. Patent Saddles, Oil, Wrenches, Fittings. W. of Scotland Bicycle Co., Show-rooms, 104 Renfield St.



What the Folks are Saying.

THAT all the good men in the Council are retiring.

That this is the result of the manner in which the proceedings have been conducted for some time back.

That to be subjected to personal attack at the Council Board and in a portion of the local press is a poor return for labouring devotedly for the public good.

That the majority of these attacks have no ground of any kind.

That an unbridled pen is as great an annoyance as an unbridled tongue.

That were the Town Council presided over by an abler Provost, two-thirds of the scenes that have taken place during the last two years would not have occurred.

That the *matériel* of the Town Council is deteriorating.

That Jeems Martin, Junior, is anxious for a seat beside his "fayther."

That surely it hasn't come to that yet.

That the Good Templars held their annual "oratorical dissipation" last week.

That the Chairman told his hearers to "give no sleep to their eyes, nor slumber to their eyelids, till the legalised curse was banished from the land."

That the audience will be "Aye wauken, O" if his advice is taken.

That an attempt has been made to add a new parasitical suburb to Glasgow.

That the proposed burgh is to be called Pollokshields East.

That the overwhelming number of 18 householders have appended their names to the petition in its favour.

That when Provost, Magistrates, and Commissioners are appointed there wont be many of the 18 left out in the cold.

That faggot votes are not confined to Midlothian.

That some folk not very far from home are determined to vote in the city, although they reside "furth" of its boundaries.

That in their eyes a "shake down," a chair, and a "creepy" are all that is necessary to constitute a "residential qualification."

That the fight over the lodgers' votes promises to be sharp and bitter.

That the City Bank Directors will be released from their troubles this week.

That it will be many years before the poor shareholders are released from their troubles.

That the crime of wife-beating is growing painfully prevalent in Glasgow.

That idleness, whisky, and wife-beating gang thegither.

That the unemployed rather put their foot in it by their strike.

That they did not expect the authorities would act so firmly.

That the City Hall was "occupeat" last Tuesday evening.

That Mrs Booth, though only a "lassie," is a better "general" than her husband.

That she managed to get a Bailie for the chair, and a Councillor to move her a "vote of thanks."

That both the Bailie and the Councillor are going to turn "Hallelujah Lasses."

That Sir James Bain is to speak at the Permissive Bill meeting.

That some folk wonder what he will say for himself.

#### "THE UNEMPLOYED" LOCK-OUT.

An afternoon they fain would shirk,  
And have it, 'stead of wrought, enjoy'd;  
'Tis money that they want, not work,  
Be paid it—while they're "unemploy'd."  
"Short time" that had its day, has left  
Such love of laziness, that now  
E'en these won't of it be bereft:  
What's left's "their right"—or there's a row,  
Who from another's outstretch'd hand partake  
Are scarcely those that should conditions make.

"GUILD" FRACTIONS.—The authorities of the Trades' House, in advertising one of their burseries, add, "Guild Brothers, or the sons of Guild Brothers of the Craft Rank, being a student of philosophy in the University of Glasgow, are alone qualified." The BAILIE would like to know how many Guild brothers, or their sons, it takes to make one student of philosophy.

A WARM RECEPTION.—"A woman was fined £1 1s 1d, including costs, by the Gainsborough magistrates on Tuesday, for striking with a heated poker the collector who called to receive her rates." The BAILIE congratulates himself that there were no Gainsborough magistrates in the neighbourhood of Aberfoyle when the hot poker proved such a formidable weapon in the heat and stir of the combat in the Inn, or he might have had to pay for his gallant behaviour. Asinus joins in with the remark that the Gainsborough woman for "using de poker in de house became de-fender" in the court.

#### Fiercer than the Sea-serpent—The equine-ox.

Smokers, Wallach's Mixture is the best you can smoke, 6d per oz.; only to be had from D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram Street, and 121 Buchanan Street,

UNSHRINKABLE  
WOOLLEN SHIRTS.

WE are not aware that anyone in Scotland has devoted so much time and careful attention as ourselves to the production of Woollen Shirts. We are satisfied, at all events, that Gentlemen cannot procure elsewhere so large a Variety of Choice Styles, so High-Class Materials, or so Perfect-Fitting Shirts.

This Season we have introduced a NEW WOOLLEN SHIRTING, perfectly unshrinkable, and guaranteed to wear well. We may state that all our Woollen Shirts are prepared so as to shrink as little as possible in the washing; but this is the first time we have been able to produce perfectly Unshrinkable Woollen Shirts. We have no doubt but that our efforts in this branch of the Shirt Trade will meet with due appreciation.

RILEY, WEBSTER, & BORLAND,  
86 AND 88 ARGYLE STREET.

WALTER WILSON & Co.,

The COLOSSEUM, 70 JAMAICA STREET.  
We are now showing all the NOVELTIES for Autumn and Winter Wear in LADIES' and GENT'S HATS.  
Great Variety of LADIES' New BEAVER HATS.  
The Largest Stock of Hats in the Kingdom.

COOPER & CO.'S  
FRUIT SYRUPS.

LEMON and GINGER Especially Recommended,  
1S 9D BOTTLE FOR 8½D,  
3S 6D " 1S 3D,

A Tablespoonful of the above in a Tumblerful of Cold Water makes a most refreshing and inexpensive Summer Drink.

To be had only from the Makers,  
COOPER & CO., 10 and 12 Howard Street, and Branches.

MORNING WHIFFS, Cigars, Morning Whiffs.

10S 6D PER 100.

Highly recommended, Manufactured from Choicest Tobacco, possesses a delicate aroma and delicious fragrance.

Sold only by  
ANDREW MACUBBIN,  
TOBACCONIST & CIGAR MERCHANT,  
83 QUEEN STREET.

Single Boxes of Cigars at Wholesale Prices  
Meerschaum and Briar Root Pipes, Finest Qualities.

SUPERB TEA at 2s 4d Per Lb.

FAMILIES who are being supplied at "Wholesale Rates" (so called) by Wholesale Grocers, and West-End Co-Operative Stores, should compare what they are buying at 2s 6d, 2s 8d, and 3s per lb. with the above Tea. There is nothing like it in Scotland. Note the value of our Sugars, and compare.

FINE WHITE, 2½d; LARGE CRYSTALS, 3d; FINEST LOAF, 3d.

STUART CRANSTON & CO.,  
TRAINED TEA-TASTERS,  
76 ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW.

SPECIAL ATTRACTION

AT THE

CALEDONIAN HOUSE.

MR COPLAND'S RETURN FROM PARIS  
AND LONDON.

MESSRS. COPLAND & LYE announce the purchase of several important lots of Ladies and Misses' Costumes, Millinery Bonnets, Flowers, Feathers, Fur-Lined Cloaks, Rich Silk and Cloth Jackets, Seal Jackets, Rich Black Silks, Dressing Gowns, &c. &c., which it is expected will be ready for Inspection and Sale on Monday First, when Ladies are invited to see the choicest productions of the Season from Paris and London. Messrs C. & L. also announce the Sale this day of a Manufacturer's Stock of Ladies' Underclothing, at nearly half-price. Attention is also directed to the Sale of Velveteens and Black Alpacas, which are, without exception, the cheapest, qualities considered, ever offered for Sale.

COPLAND & LYE,

CALEDONIAN HOUSE, 165 AND 167 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

**SHELDON'S  
HAIR RESTORER**

RESTORES Grey Hair to its Youthful Colour. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Causes a New Growth of Hair. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Removes Dandruff and all Impurities from the Hair. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Prevents the Hair from falling off or turning Grey.

May be had of any Chemist or Perfumer.

Price, 3s 6d.

DEPOT, 121 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

**HENRY THOMSON & CO'S**

OLD

**IRISH WHISKY.**

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—

ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

DAVISON'S

**CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE  
GINGER BEER.**

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND; WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC. As Supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

THOMAS DAVISON,

DISPENSING CHEMIST,

126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

**The Bailie.**

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 1st, 1879.

LIBERAL Associations have never been conspicuous for common sense or business tact, but the Glasgow Liberal Association bids fair to excel even its kindred societies in incompetence and narrow-mindedness. It is now making arrangements to carry out its pet scheme of a Liberal Conference in Glasgow, notwithstanding the fact that some of the responsible leaders of the party have pointed out the inadvisability of the movement. The object of the Conference is to "promote the union of the Liberal party throughout the country," and accordingly the first step the Association has taken is to ignore the existence of all the other Liberal societies of the city and district. To any one but a committee-man of a Liberal Association, it would hardly be necessary to indicate the improbability of promoting union by such means. Even the inestimable privilege of sitting at the feet of a third-rate Gamaliel with the pronounced Radical opinions of Mr CHAMBERLAIN, will scarcely suffice to blot the memory of this insult from the minds of the older Associations. Indeed, it may be doubted

if anything short of the blood of a member of the offending body would be considered a sufficient atonement. The selection of the young Brummagem reformer to be the chief star of the Conference is in itself a blunder of the first magnitude. Mr CHAMBERLAIN, in spite of his undoubted abilities, is not a man in whom either his party or the country is inclined to place implicit faith. To be sure, if he does not enjoy the confidence of any considerable section of the public, he at least possesses his own to a most unlimited extent; but it would be hard to name a politician less likely to assist in uniting the Liberal party. No one but a man of moderate and conciliatory opinions need dream of accomplishing that more than Herculean task at present. But, in truth, the prospects of the Liberal party, with its nebulous leadership and its crotchety and untrustworthy following, never looked gloomier than they do now; and if the Glasgow Association could only realise this fact, it would spare itself much unnecessary pain and humiliation.

WORTH A TRIAL.

(The members of a prison committee who are busy examining testimonials from candidates for the chaplaincy of the jail have just come on an application from a clergyman who has preached a *quoad sacra* church empty.)  
*Leading Member of Committee*—I think we should tack this ane. He'll may-be toom the jail for us!

A FEEBLE "BARK."—The *Herald* waxes sarcastic over *Vanity Fair's* statement that "the Duchess of Montrose gave £2000 the other day for a yearling which she intends to keep *and run herself*." The italics are our contemporary's, and he adds, "This is the latest illustration of the proverb, 'keeping a dog and barking oneself.'" Is it really? And, pray, is it not perfectly correct to use the verb "run" in an active sense? If our clever friend takes to "running" his head against stone walls in this fashion, he—well he may expect to "bark himself."

WANTED, A CHANGE.—A young man who says he has been "six years in a bank" advertises in the *Herald* for "any straightforward occupation." The past year's revelations regarding the crooked ways of banks fully account for our young friend's phraseology.

Statute Labour—Making laws.

Correspondence columns—Pillar letter boxes.

## A False Position.

THE Lord Provost says that, though he is "the head of this municipality," "he values still more highly his position as the head of the temperance men of Scotland, and he hopes he will be able to do more good in the one position than in the other." His Worship offers no comment on this utterance beyond the suggestion that, under the circumstances, it might be as well if Mr Collins would confine his attention to "the one position," and leave "the other" to somebody capable of "doing good" in it.

## SAWNY ONCE MORE.

(Scene—The beach at Gourock; young gentleman meets Highland shepherd whom he happens to know.)

H. S.—Weel, Maister Cheems, and wherr will you haf peen come from?

Y. G.—Oh, I have just rowed across from Kilcreggan.

H. S.—You'll haf *rode* across, ma poy! And where is ta *horss*?

[Curtain.]

AN ELEGANT METAPHOR.—Undeterred by the sarcasms of his "rival," Mr Macdonald "orated" last Wednesday at Maryhill. That his natural force of language is by no means abated will be perceived from one sample of his eloquence, where he warned his hearers against "giving those vermin that liked to crawl up the sleeve of the manager an opportunity of getting his smile, and thereby getting on a long-sleeved shirt." This may sound vague to the uninitiated, but in its vagueness lies its strength. Its grace and delicacy are palpable.

AN OLD FRIEND.—The present "silly season" has been remarkably fertile in all the usual sensations, the latest being our old friend the live frog, which has turned up this time at Ardrossan, "embedded in solid whinstone at a depth of twelve feet." This is all very well; but are not these "novelties" becoming just a trifle stale? Our ingenious manufacturers of paragraphs might with advantage set their wits to steep for the rest of this season, and give us something original next year.

A Relief-Committee Difficulty.—To draw the line between the soup-er and the "loafer."

Airlie Out—The BAILIE last week.

Beveridge's Guaranteed Mixed Pickles, Red Cabbage, Mushroom Ketchup, Sauces and Table Condiments, unrivalled for purity and flavour,

## "How to Reply to an Advertisement."

THE Asshas of late observed an announcement from a public benefactor who professes to be able to teach his fellow-men "how to reply to an advertisement with some chance of success," and he thinks of investing in a little instruction, since it is clear that he is not a master of the art in question. For instance, he frequently finds people offering their services and more or less capital through the public prints, and though he has replied to many such advertisements, mentioning as an additional inducement that he would be willing to dispense with the "services" and content himself with the capital, he has not, so far, met with the slightest "success." It is evident that there is something amiss in his method of going to work.

## WHY WE GO TO THE COAST.

(Scene—Anywhere in Arran; Paterfamilias has had a pleasure sail with his family, and having omitted to fix the price of the craft before he went out is of course overcharged by the Celtic boatman.)

Paterfamilias—I suppose you folk here think we're made of money.

Celtic Boatman—Oh no, we'll no' think that. But if you did not make so much money as you can't spend in Glasco' you would not come here.

MORE "MOMENTOUS QUESTIONS."—A local firm of advertising drapers declare that "how to dress young misses neatly, gracefully, fashionably, and economically, has become one of the momentous questions of the day." Perhaps it has; but would it not have been more considerable to keep it in the background till such minor problems as the industrial and agricultural depression, and the Afghan difficulty, have been settled?

AN EGG-REGIOUS NUISANCE.—Housewives must have hailed with pleasure the appearance in a contemporary the other day of a letter directing the attention of the sanitary officials to the large quantity of rotten eggs which find their way into the market. The letter in question is written from the point of view of the retail dealer, but it is the consumer who is the greatest sufferer. Mr M'Leod and his staff will please "make a note on" this.

Bank Deposits—Due at Eight Months—The Convict Directors.

Mitchell's Old Irish Whisky, Belfast, is famed over the World. Agent, David Mitchell, 20 Hope Street, Glasgow.

Unrecognised Genius.

THE average reporter is, to the BAILIE, a source of perpetual admiration. He can seldom be conscientiously described as a thing of beauty, being commonly red about the nose and seedy as to his attire, but he makes up for that by being in most cases a joy for ever. His grandiloquence is awe-inspiring, and his novel views on the subject of his own and foreign languages refreshing in the extreme. Then, the ingenuity with which he rings the changes upon his set of stereotyped phrases cannot but command our respectful wonder and esteem. Take, for instance, the gentleman who "does" the Sheriff Criminal Court for one of the morning papers. An ordinary mortal who should find himself called upon to furnish a report of the proceedings would degenerate into monotony, but not so our friend. With him one offender "pleads guilty," another "admits" his fault, a third is "placed at the bar," a fourth is "charged." And in like manner with the various punishments, the ingenious chronicler makes this criminal "sent to prison," that one "ordered to be imprisoned," that other "ordered to be detained," the fourth is "sent to jail," the fifth "sentenced to imprisonment," the sixth "sentenced to suffer incarceration"—this is "excellent good"—the seventh "ordered to be kept in prison," while upon the eighth "sentence of imprisonment" is "passed." Then, we have fine distinctions drawn between having been "previously convicted," having "previous convictions libelled," and having been "in trouble before." All this argues a mind capable of nice discrimination, as well as a power of varied expression. The BAILIE trusts that, now that he has drawn attention to their beauties, these flowers of composition may no longer be allowed by "the general reader" to blush unseen.

ONE OR THE OTHER.

*Clergyman* (who is visiting a new district)—Yes, my good woman and is your husband a communicant?

*Parishoner*—Oh no, sir, he's a plaisterer.

"TOO LATE A WEEK."—An evening contemporary says that an *Autumn* session of Parliament may be opened in *November*. To be sure, the seasons have been backward.

The Retiring Councillors—Ure another.

LONDON SCOTCH RESORT, 3 Water Lane, Ludgate Hill, London, the only House for "Real Johnny" Scotch Whiskies of all Brands, Scotch Ales, &c. Neil Mackay, Proprietor.

Megilp.

I AM very sorry to have to record that the enterprising promoters of the Campbeltown Exhibition have no reason to be satisfied with the success of their experiment. The sales and the visitors have both been deplorably few in number. In fact the gallery was frequented principally by excursionists from Glasgow; the natives of Campbeltown, from the chief rulers of the place downwards, ignored it with what I can only call "brutal indifference." An exhibition of whisky samples would have been more in their way, and received from them more appreciative consideration. What is Art to a people who are learned in usquebaughs? The spirit of painting, hopeless of her influence at Campbeltown, flies from the Cantyre shores, jeered at and mocked by the spirit of the distilleries!

It was with sincere regret that we all heard of the death of Mr M'Glashan. He has been in indifferent health for some time, but few knew the end was so near. His powers were of no mean order, although I do not think I am unjust when I say that we expected more of him than he actually accomplished. His feeling was tender and his colours true, but he seemed to lose himself a little in uncertainty of aim. He was young, however; his best years were all before him, and with health and strength he would have done valuable work. Brusque in manner and outspoken in his criticisms, he was yet highly respected and esteemed by his brother artists and by all who understand how often true goodness of heart and straightforward principle are hid under a comparatively rough exterior.

The Exhibition of Fine Art Needlework is now open in the Corporation Galleries. The public will find a great treat awaiting them there. The subject is not one to be lightly approached or disposed of in a hurry, so I shall only say this week, that the Exhibition is one of the finest of the kind that has ever been held in this kingdom, and that very high credit indeed for the arrangements, &c., is due to Miss Higgin of the South Kensington School and the young ladies who have assisted her, and to Mr Howell, the Secretary in Glasgow.

Mr Goodwyn Lewis' picture of "The Baptism of Christ" is now on view in Mr Yuile's Galleries, Union Street. Crowds will be sure to visit it; the Baptists in special will believe it to be as valuable as a volume of polemics written on their side. My belief is that a great religious picture cannot be painted nowadays; an inspection of Mr Lewis' work has not given me cause to change my opinion.

Kirkcaldy is not like unto Campbeltown, and the Fine Art Exhibition at the former place, is a success. The notes to this exhibition, containing 75 illustrations and edited by Mr David Storrar, have just been issued. The letterpress is well done, and the illustrations, although deficient in clearness and delicacy, are generally good. The whole thing reflects honour on Kirkcaldy and its people.

Meetings of the Institute Committees are being held this week in order to make preliminary arrangements for next season's exhibition, which will take place in the new building in Sauchiehall Street.

Two of the engravings for next year's scheme of the Association for Promotion of the Fine Arts will be from pictures by Frère and Chalmers, both of which have been lent to the Association by Mr M'Gavin of this city.

Mr Norman Macbeth of London, Mr J. R. Reid, Mr R. Little, and Mr Grimmond, have been working at Helensburgh; Mr Robert Allan has been at Crail; Messrs J. C. Noble, Cooper and Mann at Buckhaven; Messrs Fraser and C. E. Johnson are at Glenfalloch.

Mr W. D. Mackay has been at Moffat, Mr George Reid at Coldingham, and Messrs W. G. Macgregor and Paterson near Stonehaven.

The Higher Education of Women—Head-dressing, to be sure.

The Athenæum Dining Rooms, 110 Ingram St. Breakfasts, Luncheons, Dinners & Teas. Plain Tea, 6d. W. Fyfe, Propr.

## ANOTHER REASON WHY.

(Scene—Outside Glasgow Cathedral; Group of strangers seeking admission to forenoon service, which has commenced.)

*1st Stranger*—Can't we wait in the nave?

*Attendant* (doggedly)—No!

*2nd Stranger*—Won't you let us into the church?

*Attendant*—No!

*1st Stranger*—Why?

*Attendant* (irritated)—Because!

*3rd Stranger* (striking in)—More full than nave.

A Satisfying Medicine—Podo-fillin'.

**T H E G A I E T Y.**  
Proprietor and Director,.....Mr C. BERNARD.

**CARMEN**

WILL BE REPEATED FOR A  
LIMITED NUMBER OF NIGHTS LONGER.  
FREE LIST TOTALLY SUSPENDED,

Public Press alone excepted, and to prevent disappointment intending patrons are earnestly requested to secure their Seats at the Box Office Open Daily from 10 till 4.

**PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.**

Under the Management of MR SIDNEY.

Last Six Nights of L'ASSOMMOIR;

Owing to the important Engagement with the most popular Comedian of the Age,

MR J. L. TOOLE,

WHO WILL APPEAR ON MONDAY FIRST, 6th OCT.

THIS EVENING AT 7-30,

A Grand Dramatic Romance of Real Life, entitled L'ASSOMMOIR; OR, THE CURSE OF INTEMPERANCE.

The Scenery and General Mounting of this Great Moral Drama is the talk of Glasgow.

Box Plan Open Eleven to Four.

**TANNAKER'S TEMPLE OF JAPAN**

EACH NIGHT AT EIGHT,  
IN THE CIRCUS BUILDING,  
Ingram Street, Glasgow.

A Most Wonderful Japanese Exhibition.  
TOMMY THE WOLF,

LITTLE ALL RIGHT,  
AND 12 OTHER ARTISTS.

SOMETHING NEW!

Every Night at 8. Mid-Day Representations at 3 o'clock each Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday.

NOTICE.—To Every Person who Visits this Entertainment will be Presented a Japanese Novelty, Curiosity, or some Useful or Ornamental Article, consisting of Works of Art, all manufactured in Japan.

Prices—6d, 1s, 2s, and 3s.  
Every Evening till Further Notice.



NOW ON VIEW,

AT J. JOHNSTONE VUILE'S GALLERY,  
89 UNION STREET,

**BAPTISM OF CHRIST IN JORDAN,**

BY E. GOODYN LEWIS,

Admission—10 till 6, 1s; 6 till 9, 6d.

**ROYAL ALBERT MUSIC HALL,**  
BRIDGETON CROSS, GLASGOW.  
EXTRA ATTRACTIONS FOR THIS WEEK.  
BIGGEST COMPANY IN GLASGOW.

Re-engagement for One Week only of the Renowned KATE PARADISE BALLET TROUPE, including KATE PARADISE, MINNIE BEZLEY, Bell Tester, Miss YOUNGMAN.

First Appearance of Professor CODMAN and his Royal Punch and Judy Show with Comical Dog Toby.

Mr and Mrs FRED. ALBERTO, refined and laughable Negroists and Dancers. Last Six Nights of the redoubtable JOHN BARNUM, the Great London Comique, besides a host of other Star Artistes.—See *Small Bills*.

**ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART**  
NEEDLEWORK.

The Committee of Management of the Royal School of Art Needlework has now organised CLASSES for TEACHING ORNAMENTAL NEEDLEWORK at the BRANCH SCHOOL, 116 ST. VINCENT STREET, GLASGOW, commencing MONDAY, 6th OCTOBER.

For particulars and terms, apply to the Secretary.

**ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART**  
NEEDLEWORK.

BRANCH SCHOOL FOR SCOTLAND,

116 ST. VINCENT STREET, GLASGOW.

LADIES wishing to become WORKERS in the SCHOOL will please apply to the Secretary, at 103 St. Vincent Street.

**ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART**  
NEEDLEWORK,

SOUTH KENSINGTON, LONDON.

## EXHIBITION.

The EXHIBITION of ANCIENT and MODERN NEEDLEWORK in connection with the Establishment of the Branch School for Scotland will be opened at the CORPORATION GALLERIES, on TUESDAY FIRST, the 30th inst.

Open from 11 till Dusk. Admission, 1s.

Open from 7 till 9-30. Admission 6d.

**WESTERN BOOK CLUB, Established 1841.**

All the Best Books of History, Biography, Theology, Travels, Sport, Poetry, and Fiction are added immediately on Publication, and in large numbers. Catalogues of the recent additions to the Library, and of all the books in circulation may be had post free on application. Boxes of Books sent to all parts of the Country by Rail or Steamer. List of terms, &c., may be had on application. New Catalogues of Surplus Books for Sale. now ready.

JAMES MACLEHOSE, 61 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.

**PATENT DOUBLE SPRING-TOP GLOVES**

FROM 2/11 PER PAIR.

**PROVAN & SMELLIE,**

120 TRONGATE, GLASGOW.

(A Few Doors West of Candleriggs).

At 12 Noon, on Wednesday, 1st October, in the City Sale-

Rooms, 41 West Nile Street

DUTCH FLOWER ROOTS;

HYACINTHS, CROCUS, SNOWDROPS, NARCISSE, &c.

Selected by H. De Lange, junr.,

BY AUCTION.

J. & R. EDMISTON, Auctioneers.

**MR H. A. LAMBETH'S  
CHOIR.**

**ST. ANDREW'S HALL (Berkeley St.),**  
(Late New Public Halls,)

SATURDAY, 11th OCTOBER, 1879.

**GRAND POPULAR CONCERT,**  
being the

First Appearance in Glasgow since the honour conferred by a  
SECOND COMMAND to appear before

**HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AT BALMORAL.**

The Programme will contain Selections from Pieces as sung by  
the Choir on each occasion of its appearance at Court.

MR LAMBETH will play Two Organ Solos.

MDLLE HETTA LIPPMANN will also play a Pianoforte Solo.

Doors open at 7 p.m. Concert at 8 p.m.

Tickets—Balconies, 2s. ; Area 1s. Admission—Sixpence.

May be had from the Musicsellers, or any Member of the Choir.

**CRYSTAL PALACE PROMENADES.**  
ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS.

BAND OF FIRST L.R.V. (Mr R. J. ADAMS),

On SATURDAY FIRST, 4th October, 7-30 to 9-30.

Admission, 6d. Subscribers (by Ticket), Free.

On SATURDAY, 11th October. at 8 p.m., A  
G R E A T P O P U L A R C O N C E R T  
Will be given by the

**GLASGOW SELECT CHOIR,**

MR FRED. ARCHER, Conductor, being his

FIRST APPEARANCE IN GLASGOW

This Season.

Admission (on this occasion), One Shilling.

**CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING  
CONCERTS.**

SATURDAY, 4TH OCTOBER,

Another Celebrated Party of LONDON ARTISTES

For this Night only! First appearance in Scotland.

The Patronage and Presence of  
Miss GUILA WELMI, Soprano  
Miss ELLEN MARCHANT, Contralto  
Madame TERESE LIEBE, Violinist  
Mr JOHN CHILD, Tenor  
Mr EGBERT ROBERTS, Bass  
Mr BRIDGMAN, Pianist

CHAS. TENNANT, Esq., M.P.

Prices—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats, 2s. Tickets at  
58 Renfield Street. Concert at 7-45. J. AIRLIE, Sec.

**ALL PROGRAMMES**

THE LATEST FROM LONDON & PARIS  
SPECIALITY for the Season—  
THE NEW AMERICAN DESIGNS,  
Unsurpassed in Novelty and Elegance.

**GILLESPIE BROTHERS, Eight Buchanan St.**

**T H E R U S S I A N T E A S .**

The Russian Tea Company are now selling a parcel of  
Extra Fine First Crop New Seasons Tea at 2s 6d per lb.  
N.B.—A Tea equal to this is seldom to be met with under  
3s per lb.

PROPRIETORS—CROMBIE & FLINT,  
457 SAUCHIEHALL STREET,  
GLASGOW.

**JAMES MUIRHEAD & SONS,**  
GOLDSMITHS AND JEWELLERS,  
WATCHMAKERS TO THE QUEEN,  
90 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

Respectfully intimate that they have no connection with, and are  
in no way related to, the Firm of JAMES MUIRHEAD & Co. Hardware  
Merchants, 49 Jamaica Street, whose Bankrupt Stock is at present  
advertised by Jos. Hutchison & Sons.

IN THE ROYAL EXCHANGE SALE-ROOMS, ON WEDNESDAY  
8th OCTOBER, AT TWELVE,  
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Catalogues may be had, and Goods Viewed on Tuesday, 7th  
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Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 30th September, 1879.

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MISCELLANEOUS PICTURES.

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Parties wishing Art Property included in above Sale should  
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Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 30th Sept., 1879.

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In introducing this New Department of our Business, we may explain that though it is the first attempt of the kind in Glasgow, yet it has been carried on with great success by the most celebrated Hosiers and Glovers in the Cheapside and Strand, London, and we feel quite confident that with your kind patronage, and our strict attention, this novelty cannot fail to be a great success.

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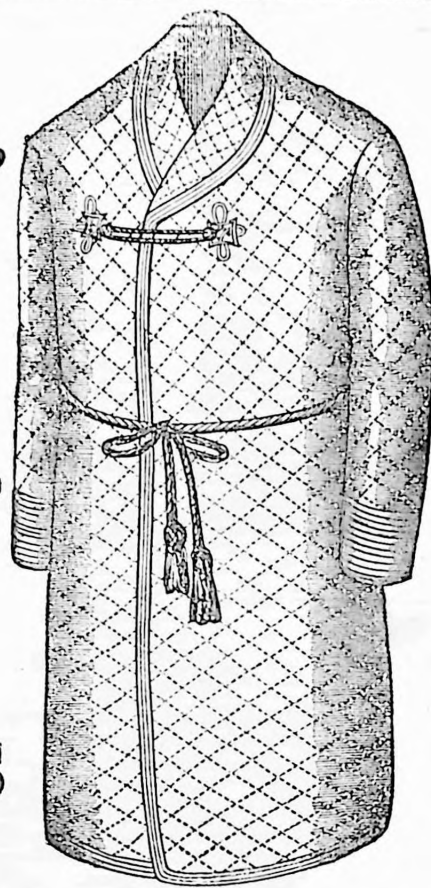
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Owing to special arrangement with several leading makers we are enabled to sell our Goods considerably under usual prices, and many of our best Patterns are reserved entirely for ourselves. Free Promenade through our Show-Rooms. The Stock is one of the largest and best selected in the kingdom. Suitable for all Classes, comprising an endless Variety of Useful and Ornamental Goods, Novelties being daily added. Sole Depot for Glasgow for the Beautiful Belleek Porcelain, of which we have just to hand a very Choice Selection, consisting of Dejeuner Sets, Tea Sets, Ornamental Shells, Card Baskets, Figures, &c.

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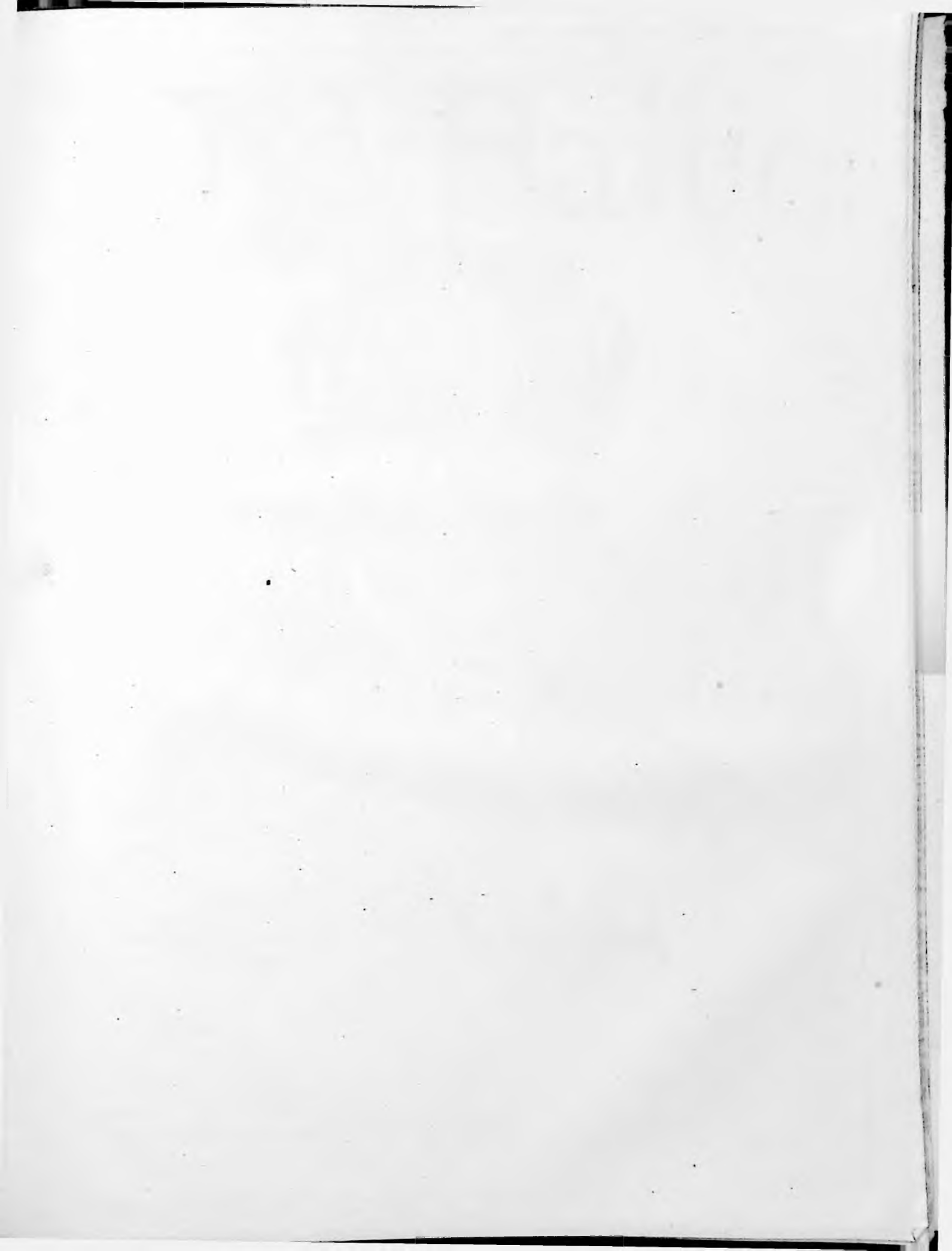
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## A FAIR FIELD AND NO FAVOUR.

“THERE are nae bairns like our ain bairns” is an old Scotch saying, and of course advertisers in bringing their goods before the public naturally maintain that their respective specialities are unequalled. Now without going so far as to say that our “bairns” (Aerated Waters) are the best in the world, we hold that they are at any rate unsurpassed in those qualities which render Aerated beverages popular. All our goods are prepared with the best and purest materials at the Cromac Springs, Belfast, the water of which is peculiarly adapted for the manufacture of Aerated Waters, and having had over a quarter of a century's experience in preparing those beverages, we challenge comparison with any goods of the same class. We merely ask consumers to take our Waters (all kinds) and compare them, bottle for bottle with those of other makers, and we will stand or fall by the result. Test to the utmost, dilute our Ginger Ale and Lemonade with Water, and it will be found that no other will stand this test to the same degree as ours. Let us have “a fair field and no favour” and we are satisfied that our goods will soon be in universal demand. Retail, from Chemists, Grocers, Wine Merchants, Restaurateurs, &c., and Wholesale at our Scotch Depot, 147 STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW.



**WHEELER & CO., CROMAC SPRINGS, BELFAST.**





27  
1879

# The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 364. Glasgow, Wednesday, October 8th, 1879. Price 1d

## MEN YOU KNOW—No. 364.

THIS week the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland has crossed the Severn for the first time, and is holding its annual meetings in Glasgow. The delegates number from seven to eight hundred ministers and office-bearers, representing for the most part the Baptists of England, who are greatly more numerous in proportion to other religionists than their brethren of Ireland and Scotland. As to the origin and fortunes of the Baptists, the curious in such matters may consult writers like Tertullian, Eusebius, Neander, and Mosheim. The BAILIE concerns himself only with the more recent doings and present position of the sect, which numbers Bunyan and Spurgeon among its celebrities. Like all dissenting churches, other than Presbyterian, the Baptists are not very numerous in Scotland. In England, however, they have 1880 ministers, 2650 evangelists, and upwards of 1,000,000 members and adherents, and they are still more numerous in the United States. The Baptists have always been noted for their eagerness in missionary work. The Missionary Society in connection with the body dates as far back as October, 1792, and its agents were the earliest sent from this country to the mission fields. Dr Carey, the famous pioneer of Indian missions, was the first missionary of the society, and the Rev. Andrew Fuller its first secretary. The works of Carey, Marshman, and Ward are well known—they translated the Scriptures for the first time into Bengali and the other native tongues, they planted churches and established schools, and other men and missions besides their own successors have enjoyed the advantage of their labours. The operations of the Baptist Missionary Society were gradually extended to

VOL. XIV,

Ceylon, China, Japan, Africa, Brittany, Norway, Italy, the West Indies, and Jamaica. In the latter island there are now 118 self-supporting Baptist churches. Altogether the society has about 100 European missionaries, besides a small army of natives, working in different fields, and in the course of the past year it expended upwards of £60,000 on its missions. This work, moreover, is quite independent of that prosecuted by the American Baptists, who had Dr Judson among the earliest of their missionaries. In connection with the present meetings, the BAILIE has pleasure in introducing to his readers one of the most venerable and highly-respected ministers of the body in Scotland, the Rev. JAMES PATERSON, D.D., senior pastor of Adelaide Place Church in this city. A native of Dumbarton, the Man you Know came to Glasgow in early life, and was for some time employed as a clerk in a lawyer's office. He then became a city missionary, and laboured in the eastern district of Glasgow with much success. His ambition at this time was to join the Baptist missionaries abroad, and in order that he might be more useful in this sphere he entered upon the study of medicine as well as theology. He was prevented, however, from carrying out his intention by a small party of Baptists, who formed a new church in the year 1829, and prevailed on him to become their minister. The congregation, who originally met in a hall in North Portland Street, grew and prospered. They erected a church in Hope Street, where they continued to worship until a few years ago, when they removed to the present building in Adelaide Place, Bath Street, which was erected at a cost of some £16,000. While devoting every possible attention to the interests of his congregation, Dr PATERSON engaged in a variety of work of a more general and public character. He was one of the earliest supporters of the Temperance League, and in

1850 he undertook the editorship of the *Scottish Temperance Review*. When, some years later, that periodical was discontinued in favour of the *Scottish Review*, "a quarterly journal of social progress and general literature," Dr PATERSON was again chosen as its editor, and numbered among his contributors Dr W. B. Carpenter and the Rev. George Gilfillan, the latter of whom enriched the first number with a characteristic article on the poet Burns. Dr PATERSON was likewise associated with the late Mr Robert Kettle, Mr A. H. M'Lean, Mr Rae (now of London), and a few others, in originating, in 1846, the Glasgow Commercial College, the object of which was to provide young men engaged in business with a commercial education as nearly as possible equal to that which their daily occupations prevented their getting in the University. The Man you Know conducted the class of Logic and Rhetoric, which had generally upwards of 100 students. A class of Political Economy, and classes for the study of other subjects, were afterwards added, and the Commercial College, which had its domicile in the Andersonian Buildings, ultimately became merged in the Athenæum, where classes for the benefit of young men employed during the day are still carried on. The Baptists in Scotland are much indebted to Dr PATERSON for superintending, for many years, the theological education of their students, whose Arts curriculum is taken at one or other of the Universities. He still continues to interest himself in this work, being relieved from the active duties of the pastorate of Adelaide Place Church by his colleague, the Rev. Dr Culross. The ministerial jubilee of the Man you Know occurs in November; and after a life of so much useful activity, he well deserves the rest he takes at Bridge of Allan for a considerable portion of the year.

#### THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

(Scene—West Bay, Dunoon; Lady and gentleman walking along shore.)

*Lady*—How far the sea is out to-night!

*Gentleman*—Yes, there's a spring tide just now.

*Lady*—Spring tide! Why this isn't *spring*!

Why is a composer of music necessarily conceited?—Because he is always giving himself "airs," to be sure.

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK is the best present from Edinburgh. 1 Melbourne place, near the Castle

#### Music of the Future.

THE POLICE BAND.

HER nainsel', as you'll a' can saw,  
Pelangs unto "ta force," man,  
An' wanst she'll leuk so ferry praw  
She'll nearly got a horse, man, \*  
But then the Lowlan' Glesco' folk  
Wull no sic nonsense stan', man,  
An' shust tae keep her nainsel' quate  
They'll gie us museek baun, man.

*Chorus*—Hye shu a hunal an a hunal shu a hye—e  
Camlachie, Ecclfechan, Auchtermuchty, and Mulgyc(?)  
Hye shu a hunal an a hunal shu a hye—e  
We're ta praw, praw, lats in ta offish.

Some Cowal lats, whan this they'll heard  
Sune har'd oot ter pipes, man,  
An' plew a plast will maistly fright  
Ta serjeant oot her stripes man;  
But when they'll tolt us in a spoke  
T'was museek maat of press man,  
She'll not be shust so ferry clat,  
An' call it a harass, man.

Into her haun they'll quickly stuck  
A twistet caunnle-stick, man,  
An' tell her shust to play awa'  
Altho' her mooth's like lick, man,  
An' whan she'll play her gootest pest  
Her chaws wull like ta crack man,  
Her nose wull no' be seen awa,  
Her face it wull grew plack, man.

An' aye she'll hae ta looter plaw  
Her pranes they wull turn sair, man,  
The very helmie on her heid  
Wull rose apove her hair, man,  
For when she'll walk ta paving-street  
Frae early nicht till morn, man,  
She raither snore upon her bed  
Than snore upon a horn, man.

No museek frae those chaw-pox pipe  
She'll no' can squeeze awa, man,  
But nixt she'll got a ponny flute  
The "tea-pot drum," they'll ca' man,  
An' then she'll rise ta "Deil's" taloo  
Wi' batons lang an' sma', man,  
The ferry same an' twice as more  
As ta "gallant Forty-twa," man.

Her nainsel' no wull say no more,  
Shust wait until you'll see, man,  
Oor Hielan' lats turn oot some day,  
Noo ferry praw she'll be, man,  
Ta Glasco' letties a' wull cry  
As py we merch so crand, man,  
They'll never saw pesince or fore  
Men like oor "Police Band," man.

\* The allusion here is to the proposed mounted force, thought necessary by some officials.

A POPULAR ESTABLISHMENT. —At last week's Valuation Appeal Court Duke Street Prison was described as "a large lodging-house — always full." In other words it is the most popular hotel in the city. Bonifaces who complain of dull times ought to take a leaf out of Mr Stirling's book.

Smokers, Wallach's Mixture is the best you can smoke, 6d per oz.; only to be had from D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram Street, and 121 Buchanan Street.

Our Latest Permissive Billite.

THE most astounding success which the Permissive Bill party has gained in this quarter of recent years, is the conversion of Sir James Bain to the principles of local option. It is doing no more than simple justice to that gentleman's character to say that hitherto his fellow-citizens had considered him rather of a jovial and festive turn than otherwise; and his appearance alongside of Sir Wilfred Lawson and Lord Provost Collins last week created almost as much surprise as did Saul's appearance among the prophets to the Israelites of old. The Permissive Billites were of course too delighted with the new-born zeal of their distinguished convert to doubt the sincerity of his philanthropic ardour, but dispassionate outsiders may be pardoned if they are somewhat sceptical of the sudden conversion of one of the shrewdest and most cool-headed men that ever occupied the Chief Magistrate's chair. There is no doubt but that, in the approaching Parliamentary election, Sir James, in his capacity of an independent Conservative candidate, would find it very convenient if he could secure a share of the teetotal vote; and it is not too uncharitable to suppose that the Permissive Bill Association is being made use of as a cat's-paw in this matter. Indeed, Sir James managed to open the electoral campaign rather cleverly at the Association meeting last Tuesday, by reminding his audience that the author of the Forbes Mackenzie Act was a Tory. This sort of pandering to the wishes of crotchety enthusiasts seldom, however, meets with any better success than it deserves, and Sir James will probably find that his position has not been improved by his most recently developed policy. Still, he has the melancholy consolation of knowing that nothing he is likely to do or say can possibly make his chance of becoming one of the City members much more slender than it is.

YOUTHFUL PHYSIOLOGY.

(Scene—River side; Two boys are witnessing the struggles of a drowning kitten.)

1st Boy—It's no drooned yet!

2nd Boy—No, but it's jist strachtin' its corpse.

"WHAT SAW THE STEER?"—George Francis Train's eagle eye is said to have completely cow-ed a steer which steered for him the other day. Did you *heifer*? Bull-y for George! But perhaps the story's only an 'o(a)x.

Mullin's, 5 Gordon Street, Havannah, Indian, Manilla Cigars; Cigarettes—French, American, Algerian, Russian, German.

Society Going to Grass.

THE BAILIE took occasion lately to refer to a remarkable discovery made by a gentleman on the other side of the Border—namely that all our national misfortunes are the result of our eating too much. His Worship now finds that similar views are entertained by persons nearer home. At a vegetarian dinner held in Glasgow last week Mr David Fortune declared that "the slavery of the table had become so thoroughly oppressive that bankruptcy and social ruin was (*sic*) the result;" also, that "when temperance and food reform principles went hand in hand they would purify the social life of our country." A subsequent speaker maintained that "flesh-eaters" were a dangerous nuisance, and that the eating of flesh produced smallpox and other diseases. "Vegetarianism," he continued, "was the one great radical reform that would at once put society upon a safe and permanent basis," and he hinted strongly that this "reform" should be enforced by law! So here's another electioneering "cry." According to our herbivorous—and, doubtless, ruminating—friends, good reader, if you want to avoid bankruptcy and social ruin, to purify your social life, to abolish disease, to be no longer a social nuisance, and to put society upon a safe and permanent basis, you must vote only for the man who will support a measure rendering illegal the eating of "flesh." It may be objected that if every one were to go on this tack, we should lose that important part of the Constitution, her Majesty's Opposition; but this can't be helped. *Fiat justitia, ruat*—everything!

ART IN THE NORTH.

(Scene—A room in Highland mansion: Associate of the Royal Academy, arrived to paint portrait of a lady, encounters butler.)

A. R. A. (to butler)—Perhaps you will kindly give her ladyship my card, and ask what hour will suit for a sitting.

Butler—Sittin'! Good gracious, her leddyship 'ill no sit and watch you pentin'.

A. R. A.—My good man, I am going to paint a portrait.

Butler (pointing to a portrait)—What! Like thae things on the wa'?

A. R. A.—Yes, just so.

Butler—Weel, weel, that bates a'. I'm thinkin' a big strong man like you would be far better pentin' houses.

Mitchell's Old Irish Whisky, Belfast, is famed over the World. Agent, David Mitchell, 20 Hope Street, Glasgow.

## Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—We are having "Madame Angot" "Genevieve," and "Chilperic," at Mr Bernard's house this week instead of "Carmen," and as changes are usually lightsome I expect the audiences will continue as large as they have been during the previous nights of Miss Soldene's engagement. Before she goes, however, "Carmen" will be put up once at least. I am glad of this, for though Lecocq, Offenbach, and Herve are charming writers, still "Carmen," besides being less hackneyed, brings the company better out, so to speak, than "Angot" or the other two pieces to be played.

In several passages in "Carmen," notably in the third and fourth acts, Signor Leli recalls Mr Henry Irving very vividly. His face is made up much after that of our famous tragedian, and his gestures and general style, while in no sense an imitation of Mr Irving, have many of the same peculiarities of tone and manner.

Signor Leli is Perthshire by birth, his parental surname being the by no means uncommon one of Lyle.

Next week Mr Bernard promises us two nights of Mr Sims Reeves, on one of which he will appear as *Tom Tug*, and on the other as *Captain Macheath*.

Miss Fowler comes to the Gaiety with "Nell Gwynne" on the 20th inst., this day fortnight.

I suppose it is quite unnecessary to say that Mr Toole is appearing this week at the Prince of Wales. All the world—that is, all the Glasgow play-going world—is already aware of the circumstance. At the same time, it can do no harm to remind the admirers of the great comedian that his visit is a somewhat limited one, and that, having now become the lessee and manager of a London theatre, at least a couple of years are likely to elapse before he is again seen in Glasgow.

The *Theatre* for October, by the bye, contains an admirable portrait of Mr Toole, together with a neat and appreciative notice of his life, and of the general style of his acting.

Mr Toole appears this evening, and to-morrow and Wednesday evenings, as *Charles* in "A Fool and his Money," and as *Tom Cranky*—one of his best parts—in "The Birthplace of Podgers." On Thursday he will support the chief part in "Artful Cards," and in "Ici on Parle Français," and, a word in your ear, BAILIE, you mustn't omit this performance. The fun Johnny makes with the trombone, in "Artful Cards," is fairly side-splitting.

Among the actors by whom Mr Toole is accompanied is a son of Mr Edmund Yates, the editor and proprietor of the *World*. This young gentleman takes the theatrical name of Edmund Smedley, suppressing his paternal surname in favour of that of Frank E. Smedley, the author of "Frank Fairleigh" and "Harry Coverdale's Courtship," who was one of his father's most attached friends.

The ceremony, on Saturday afternoon, of laying the memorial stone of Mr Knapp's Theatre in Sauchiehall Street, will be a more important event—important at least in the sense of attracting a numerous and fashionable audience—than I expected when mentioning it a week ago. Mr Toole, who will perform the ceremony of fixing the stone into its proper position, will naturally be the chief figure on the occasion. Besides looking after the stone, he will, I understand, give the theatre a title. Hitherto we have all wondered what name the house was to take, but our surmises will be answered on Saturday.

Mr Robert Sorley, goldsmith, of Buchanan Street, has prepared an elegant silver trowel, which bears a suitable inscription, together with a silver plummet and an ivory mallet and chisel, for the use of Mr Toole, who will of course retain them as memorials of the ceremony. The trowel is the gift of Mr Knapp, and the other articles that of the Directors of the company by whom the building has been erected.

The *Weekly Herald's* new story, "The Miser of Hazelhow," the opening chapters of which will appear on Saturday next, is from the pen of Mr David Wingate, the poet.

Mr Henry Kemble, who is back at the London Prince of Wales Theatre, has made quite a hit in "Duty"—the piece which Mr Dutton Cook, writing in the *World*, terms the "most disagreeable stage production of recent times." The part allotted to our old friend—that of *Tridewney-Smith*, a pushing, vulgar politician—was no more than a sketch when it left the hands of Mr Albery, the adapter of "Duty," but Mr Kemble has succeeded in giving it body, and life, and character.

I see that Mr Sala, in his "Echoes of the Week" in the *Illustrated London News*, has been giving some reminiscences of his old acquaintance and erst fellow-Bohemian, the late Thomas Lytton Holt. A good one which I heard long ago from his own lips, however, he does not give; and, as it is characteristic of Sala himself as well as of Holt, I may tell it you. Once upon a time, said George, I was left a legacy, of the princely sum of £50. How to invest a fortune so gigantic was of course a matter for careful cogitation, and I took counsel with Holt on the subject. The upshot was that we resolved to start a magazine—a monthly magazine—price sixpence. That being the figure it was to be published at we chose—I forget whether it was Holt or I who suggested it—we chose for our motto on the title-page the reply of the Friend of Humanity to the Needy Knife-Grinder's request for largesse—"I give thee sixpence? I will see thee—first!" Yes, and the best of the joke was, continued George (who seemed much tickled with the recollection), the public took us at our word—egad they *did* see us—first; it only ran to, I think, two numbers and a half.

We are promised the first instalment of a new novel from the pen of Mrs Oliphant in the November number of *Macmillan's Magazine*. It is just thirty years since this industrious and accomplished lady published her first book, the title of which was "Passages in the Life of Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside." At that time I rather think Mrs Oliphant had not entered the married state—she was still Miss Margaret Wilson.

The appointment of the Deacon Convener for the ensuing twelve months takes place on Wednesday. Councillor M'Onie is understood to be the choice of the several associated trades.

YARNS FOR THE SOUTHERN MARKET.—A local advertiser recommends English visitors to take home with them "a supply of Scotch yarns," and the BAILIE begs to second the commendation. A fresh supply of Scotch "yarns" is much needed across the Border, if we may judge by the stale and silly samples to which *Punch* and his *confrères* persist in treating us.

"Gardener Wanted, Married, no family; Wife to have Cows.—Apply," &c. Puir body, remarked Peter when he read this advertisement in his evening paper the other night, she's tae hae nae family; naething but coos. I wunner hoo she'll manage wi' them. Wull she nurse them hersel', or bring them up on the bottle?

The BAILIE notes an advertisement offering "good old bricks" for sale "cheap." This is wrong. Good old bricks should never be "sold." They should be respected and cherished. His Worship, being a good old brick himself, feels strongly on the subject.

A Tip-top Sawyer ("Full of Wise Saws") about to Cut his Stick—Bailie Adams.



Virtue Triumphant!

THE virtuous "W. R.W." has received an answer to his momentous question anent the Alexandra Park Golf Club. It appears that the members of that abandoned association do actually keep on their premises refreshment, in the shape of "some biscuits, a little cheese, and 'something else.'" The words quoted are Mr Osborne's—a fact which renders the allusion to "a little cheese" peculiarly pathetic. Mr Osborne went on to explain that if Mr Smith's ascetic principles were outraged by the orgies thus revealed, those orgies would be discontinued. Thus has "W. R. W." proved himself more potent than Malvolio of old. He is virtuous, and there shall be no more—biscuits, cheese, and "something else," which are apparently the modern equivalents of cakes and ale.

"Thae Eerish!"

IT is gratifying that convictions should have been obtained last week in the case of the Eastfield rioters; but one may be pardoned for suggesting that imprisonment without the option of a fine would have been a more efficacious deterrent than the one employed. The BAILIE has frequently protested against the intolerable nuisance of these party disturbances, and it is high time the roughs from across the Channel—whether they call themselves "Catholics" or "Orangemen"—should be taught to conduct themselves decently in the land of their adoption. We have quite enough black sheep of our own without being plagued by the Dochertys, Reillys, Quins, Flinns, O'Neills, and the rest of their countrymen who figured at Eastfield.

POPULAR "REPRESENTATION."

In calling p'rhaps a spade a spade,  
My mouth nor mim nor mealy,  
In speaking up and ne'er afraid,  
Belike I'm like Kennealy.

In the adjacent island of the Great Cumbrae many funny things occur during the season. In an account in the *Mail* of a presentation that took place the other evening in Millport, we are told that "the chairman was supported on the right by the guest of the evening, Messrs Young, Wardlaw, James Robertson, John Urquhart, J. Paterson, Archibald H. Robertson." That "guest of the evening" must be blessed with as many names as a Spanish grandee.

"Appropriate" Quotations—Plagiarisms.

Ancell's Beefsteak Grill, 88 Virginia Place (Rear of Union Bank). Steaks, Chops, Kidneys, &c., cooked in large room.

"Temperance" Harmony.

LAST week's "temperance" meetings were not quite so harmonious as their projectors doubtless desired. The "political" question is the rock upon which their concord splits, and which threatens to be a perpetual stumbling-block. While one section earnestly deprecates the introduction of the political element at all, another as vehemently refuses to exclude that element. Again, while some are willing to accept the smallest concessions, by way of instalment, others will listen to no talk of compromise; and the latter were sufficiently strong at the City Hall meeting to secure the rejection of a resolution in favour of the "general amendment of the licensing laws." In short, till the "temperance" brethren can contrive to dwell together in something like unity, "the poor man" need not fear being "robbed of his beer."

"Drink."

AT last week's meeting of the Barony Parochial Board there was an interesting discussion on the subject of whisky. One gentleman who objected to the price paid by the House Committee for this article as being too high was assured by another that the whisky "was not for the committee." Mr John Young, who was in the chair, observed, "I am told by parties who are judges of whisky that inferior whisky is a very nasty thing;" and the discussion was closed by a sententious "voice" remarking, "Whisky is bad, especially bad whisky." After this, of course, there was nothing to be said, and "the subject dropped." Would there have been more interest taken in the matter if the whisky had been "for the committee?"

WHICH?—Somebody, advertising for lodgers, adds, "Students preferred." Is this some landlady who wishes to do penance for her sins, or is she animated by a desire to revenge herself for former wrongs endured at the hands of the student race?

BOUNCE.—Nobody can brag like a specialist and especially an English specialist. This is what one of these wiseacres said at a vegetarian banquet the other day:—

"For 31 years he had never in any instance for one moment departed from strict vegetarian principles, and considering that he had done a good deal of hard work and was now 60 years of age, he thought there were few who could compare advantageously with him."

Cock-a-leerie-law!

Merry-flats—Festive paupers.

## Quavers.

THE Harmonic, a private musical society conducted by Mr Senior, organist of Elgin Place Congregational Church, intend this season practising Balfe's "Bohemian Girl," and Weber's "Preciosa." These operas are of a class very suitable for merely musical representation by societies, from their containing a sufficient proportion of interesting choral work. The Harmonic does not give concerts, otherwise we should have hailed it as filling the place left vacant by the demise of the Lyrical Society. Let us hope, however, that the members will yet come out of their seclusion, and afford occasional opportunities of our hearing the melodious class of musical works they are studying, in what to some would be as acceptable a form as on the stage.

Perthshire has long been famous for instrumental playing, for fiddling in particular, and one hears quite naturally of the existence of an amateur club in its capital. The Perth Amateur Orchestral Society came into existence some time ago, and will give its first concert for the season in the City Hall there on the 10th instant. The conductor and leader are the Messrs Bryson, and there is a goodly number of members, some of whom come regularly from long distances in the shire. The programme of this concert comprises the overtures to "Fra Diavolo" and "La Dame Blanche," and Foster's successful medley overture to "Rob Roy;" also, one of Haydn's symphonies, the Boccherini minuet for strings, and other favourite selections, instrumental and vocal.

A new musical society has been started in Greenock under promising auspices, and Mr J. Westwood Tosh, late of Glasgow, is to be its conductor. Mr Tosh was leader in one of the churches here for some time, and was a member of the Choral Union. He is well spoken of as a conductor.

Mr Lambeth's Choir have had very successful concerts, one hears, at Helensburgh and Stirling. At the latter town a number of items were included of an especially martial character, as seems to be *de rigueur* at the Rock. Bishop's "Hail to the Chief" and his Tramp Chorus, and Pearsall's "Ye Mariners of England," which appears likely to shove Calcott's simpler music to one side, were of these, and were enthusiastically received. At the concert by the choir in St. Andrew's Halls on Saturday evening, "John Anderson my Jo" will be sung by Mrs Smith, our leading local soprano, with, it is understood, a piano accompaniment of a novel and charmingly characteristic nature by Mr Lambeth. "Twickenham Ferry" and "Hans Sachs," rather in vogue at present, one notices, are also in the programme. There are also the special attractions of organ and pianoforte solos.

Among the very earliest of Mr Lambeth's model arrangements of Scotch music was the accepted national melody, "'Twas within a mile o' Edinburgh town." In the days when the Glasgow Choral Union was not quite so dignified as now, and miscellaneous programmes were frequent with them, this charming arrangement was often heard, and with special pleasure. One is glad to learn that Mr Lambeth intends reviving it again immediately at one of the concerts of his choir, for which also, by the way, Mr Channon Cornwall has harmonized (rather cleverly, it is said) Nathaniel Gow's air, "Wha'll buy Caller Herrin?"

The Directors of the Royal Botanic Institution act wisely in adding the attractions of music to those of the beautiful gardens under their care. Concerts are given on Saturdays, to which some of our best local instrumental bands have contributed, and next Saturday evening the Glasgow Select Choir appear. A capital selection from the fast-increasing repertory of this accomplished choir will be made. Among the pieces are the glees "Hail, Smiling Morn," "When winds breathe soft," the part-songs "In this hour of softened splendour" (which we should imagine the choir will make a feature of), "Afton Water," and "The Cuckoo sings." The "comic element" is not to be absent—for instance, "Poor Miss Bailey" and "The deil cam' fiddlin'," two of Mr Archer's best efforts. Mr Archer is to conduct, we notice, and will contribute two pianoforte solos.

The following paragraph, in this month's *Musical Times*, has a special local interest:—"Mr H. A. L. Seligmann, an English

tenor, will take a leading part in the solo portions of Haydn's 'Seasons,' to be performed this month by the Dusseldorf Musikverein, under the direction of Herr Julius Tausch."

Messrs Swan & Co. have nearly completed the publication of a series of part-song original compositions and arrangements by Mr Frederic Archer, of the Glasgow Select Choir. "Chant no more thy Roundelay" is one of the original pieces recently issued. It is in imitation of the olden style of melody and harmony, and is full of cleverly managed imitative melodic movement. We trust to hear it soon. Of the "arrangements" lately published may be mentioned "There was a lad was born in Kyle," "Bonnie wee thing," "Corn Rigs," and the old English song, "Come lasses and lads." With the first three especially the public are pleasantly familiar, and societies will welcome their appearance in print. We think, however, Mr Archer "scores" his greatest successes in songs of a jovial nature. "Bonnie wee thing," "Afton Water" (old set), and "She's fair and fause," are splendidly harmonised, but are slightly over-enriched to our mind, the treatment of the delicate melody, first mentioned of these three, being a conspicuous instance. The numbers yet to be issued include "Old King Cole"—the old melody, and not a new one, as the *Mail* told us the other day—"Mary Morrison," and "Poor Miss Bailey," the last mentioned being quite a hit. The series will doubtless be in extensive demand.

Messrs Swan have also lately issued Part I. of "The Academy Vocalist," sacred and secular songs arranged for one, two, and three voices. This is just such a book as must be needed in schools for boys and girls, for both of whom there is suitable provision. The music is in the old notation, but with sol-fa initials annexed, a plan as old as the sixteenth century, as we have before had occasion to mention. Generally speaking, the harmonic arrangements are all that could be desired. The same firm have also published a new song by Signor V. H. Zaverl, "To a Flower," the music being in the composer's own elegant style.

Another song newly published (B. Williams, London) may be mentioned. It is by John Sorley, words and music both, and is entitled, "The Gallant Host on Gillies' Hill," being, as it were, in glorification of the battle of Bannockburn. In the hands of a *tenore robusto*, Mr Sorley's composition should be effective.

THE LATEST TALE OF THE BANK.—The Ayr detachment of the City Bank directors have now been released after what was, if we may believe report, a very mild course of "punishment." If there was, as is confidently asserted, a distinct difference between the treatment of the directors and that of the other prisoners, that difference formed the climax of the gigantic scandal. After a sentence ludicrously inadequate, these men were, with the most tender consideration for their feelings, conveyed to a jail where they appear to have been looked upon as interesting martyrs, and treated accordingly. Verily the law seems to have more respect for the Tritons than for the minnows of crime.

Somebody the other day advertised the finding of "a useful article for the pocket;" and Asinus has ever since been in a state of excruciating curiosity to know whether the article in question is a five-pound note or a flask.

Bicycles and Tricycles, all Makes, New and Second-Hand, for Hire, repaired, exchanged. Patent Saddles, Oil, Wrenches, Fittings. W. of Scotland Bicycle Co., Show-rooms, 104 Renfield St,

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT oor Jeems was funnier than ever at last Town Council meeting.

That he trotted out his success at the School Board to confound his enemies.

That he rubbed up the Provost anent the siller it cost Glen Collins to secure a seat at the Board.

That after all there's far too much made of "oor Jeems."

That the great united Liberal party are growing more disunited every day.

That they are giving rare sport to the Philistines.

That the nobodies all want to be somebodies.

That Mr Secretary Macdougall is determined he will "rule the roast."

That Mr Secretary Battersby would also like to be "cock o' the walk."

That they are a pretty pair.

That if the happy Liberal family contrive to dwell in such blessed unity the Conservatives may run three candidates and win at next election.

That Sir James Bain made his first teetotal speech on Tuesday last.

That he was long ago intimate with "the spirits."

That he would as lief that flee should stick to the wa'.

That Fortune the favoured has broken out in a new place.

That he has become a vegetarian.

That some people are irrepressible.

That a new building is wanted for the Mitchell Library.

That Councillor Wilson thinks that, as the teetotallers have saved so much money by abstaining, they might provide the necessary funds.

That the water-drinkers don't see it.

That another attempt will shortly be made to introduce the Free Libraries' Act.

That we are taxed heavily enough already.

That the parochial authorities are making short work of the sham unemployed.

That the demonstration showed the outcry to which the papers have given so much space has mainly been made by a parcel of loafers.

That the Trades' House met last week to qualify the newly elected Deacons and Visitor.

That the protests referred to the Committee on Bye-laws have more under them than may be imagined at first sight.

That the House will do well to give the protests full consideration.

That certain of our steamboat "captains" are alleged to possess neither masters', mates', nor pilots' certificates.

That the Board of Trade should have something to say on the subject.

That the Rev. Robert Thomson made another attack on the Infirmary at last week's Presbytery meeting.

That he got satisfactorily sat upon.

That the amount of sitting-upon which Robert has of late endured would have annihilated any ordinary man.

That Robert is no ordinary man.

Great Water "Spout" in the City Hall.

"WATER, water, everywhere,  
Down hurling-o'er cask-aid,  
And low draw'd out hydraulic means,  
Pump'd up to swamp "the trade."

"Water, water, everywhere!"  
And Lawson's laws let's laud,  
Let water pour and torrents spout  
As junks of ice had thaw'd.

"Water, water, everywhere:"  
In water when they toast [Toast-and-water?]  
"Permissive Bills," may we be there,  
With witty Wilfrid, host.

"Police!"

WHAT a terrible fellow Mr Councillor Neil turns out to be! Who would have suspected that he is in the habit of prowling about at night "armed to the teeth?" Yet these were his words at last week's meeting of Town Council:—"I have to inform him (Mr Morrison) that he would be quite as safe, although I was to meet him alone on a dark road quite defenceless, I being armed to the teeth, as he is in his seat at this Council Board." "Marry, this is miching mallecho: it means mischief." Mr Morrison may be safe, but what of Mr Neil's other foes? Why, the BAILIE himself has occasionally given the Cooncillor a friendly dig; and must not his Worship venture forth after nightfall without the risk of receiving his quietus from a retired biscuit-baker in the guise of a Bashi-Bazouk? I'faith, John, this shall to Captain M'Call!

A BONNY BRAW JOHN HIGHLANDMAN.

Scene—Coffee shop, Jamaica Street; Enter three shaggy Celts: The best spokesman gives the order—"Coffee for tea, and two for one."

Beveridge's Guaranteed Mixed Pickles, Red Cabbage, Mushroom Ketchup, Sauces and Table Condiments, unrivalled for purity and flavour.

"Men come in their millions and thousands and tens  
Demanding Macniven & Cameron's Pens."

UNSHRINKABLE  
WOOLLEN SHIRTS.

WE are not aware that anyone in Scotland has devoted so much time and careful attention as ourselves to the production of Woollen Shirts. We are satisfied, at all events, that Gentlemen cannot procure elsewhere so large a Variety of Choice Styles, so High-Class Materials, or so Perfect-Fitting Shirts.

This Season we have introduced a NEW WOOLLEN SHIRTING, perfectly unshrinkable, and guaranteed to wear well. We may state that all our Woollen Shirts are prepared so as to shrink as little as possible in the washing; but this is the first time we have been able to produce perfectly Unshrinkable Woollen Shirts. We have no doubt but that our efforts in this branch of the Shirt Trade will meet with due appreciation.

RILEY, WEBSTER, & BORLAND,  
86 AND 88 ARGYLE STREET.

WALTER WILSON & Co.,

The COLOSSEUM, 70 JAMAICA STREET.  
We are now showing all the NOVELTIES for Autumn and Winter Wear in LADIES' and GENT'S HATS.  
Great Variety of LADIES' New BEAVER HATS.  
The Largest Stock of Hats in the Kingdom.

COOPER & CO.'S  
FRUIT SYRUPS.

LEMON and GINGER Especially Recommended.  
1S 9D BOTTLE FOR 8½D,  
3S 6D " " 1S 3D,

A Tablespoonful of the above in a Tumblerful of Cold Water makes a most refreshing and inexpensive Summer Drink.

To be had only from the Makers,  
COOPER & CO., 10 and 12 Howard Street, and Branches.

MORNING WHIFFS, Cigars, Morning Whiffs.

10S 6D PER 100.

Highly recommended, Manufactured from Choicest Tobacco, possesses a delicate aroma and delicious fragrance.

Sold only by  
ANDREW MACUBBIN,  
TOBACCONIST & CIGAR MERCHANT,  
83 QUEEN STREET.

Single Boxes of Cigars at Wholesale Prices.  
Meerschaum and Briar Root Pipes, Finest Qualities.

SUPERB TEA at 2s 4d Per Lb.

FAMILIES who are being supplied at "Wholesale Rates" (so called) by Wholesale Grocers, and West-End Co-Operative Stores, should compare what they are buying at 2s 6d, 2s 8d, and 3s per lb. with the above Tea. There is nothing like it in Scotland. Note the value of our Sugars, and compare.

FINE WHITE, 2½d; LARGE CRYSTALS, 3d; FINEST LOAF, 3d.

STUART CRANSTON & CO.,  
TRAINED TEA-TASTERS,  
76 ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW.

SPECIAL ATTRACTION

AT THE

CALEDONIAN HOUSE.

MR COPLAND'S RETURN FROM PARIS  
AND LONDON.

MESSRS. COPLAND & LYE announce the purchase of several important lots of Ladies and Misses' Costumes, Millinery Bonnets, Flowers, Feathers, Fur-Lined Cloaks, Rich Silk and Cloth Jackets, Seal Jackets, Rich Black Silks, Dressing Gowns, &c. &c., which it is expected will be ready for Inspection and Sale on Monday First, when Ladies are invited to see the choicest productions of the Season from Paris and London. Messrs C. & L. also announce the Sale this day of a Manufacturer's Stock of Ladies' Underclothing, at nearly half-price. Attention is also directed to the Sale of Velveteens and Black Alpacas, which are, without exception, the cheapest, qualities considered, ever offered for Sale.

COPLAND & LYE,

CALEDONIAN HOUSE, 165 AND 167 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.



**SHELDON'S  
HAIR RESTORER**

RESTORES Grey Hair to its Youthful Colour. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Causes a New Growth of Hair. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Removes Dandruff and all Impurities from the Hair. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Prevents the Hair from falling off or turning Grey.

May be had of any Chemist or Perfumer.

Price, 3s 6d.

DEPOT, 121 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

**HENRY THOMSON & CO'S**

OLD

**IRISH WHISKY.**

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—

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**DAVISON'S  
CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE  
GINGER BEER.**

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND; WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC. As Supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

**THOMAS DAVISON,**  
DISPENSING CHEMIST,  
126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

# The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 8th, 1879.

**H**OIGHTY-TOIGHTY! What a pretty kettle of fish is being cooked by our Town Councillors to be sure. All the old 'uns are going to strike are they? We are to be handed over to the tender mercies of Messrs Tag, Rag, Bobtail, & Co.; our municipal burdens are to be increased; and Glasgow is to become the laughing-stock of the country generally. And who is to blame for all this pray? It sounds very well no doubt to lay the burden of the scandal on the shoulders of the LORD PROVOST. Nobody knows better than the BAILIE that Mr COLLINS is one of the weakest of men. Fussy, with a feminine fussiness when he is among his own clique, he becomes as limp as a door-mat in the face of an impudent and determined opposition. But because Mr COLLINS is weak,

because he allows himself to be bullied by Mr NEIL and Mr MARTIN, is this any reason why he should be abandoned by people with better heads and firmer—if not more obstinate—natures than his own? Folk who have an inkling of what's what, and more than one shrewd guess has been made on the subject, allege that the general skedaddle is due to quite another cause than the weakness of Lord Provost COLLINS. The old saw about the rats and the sinking ship has been revived more than once of late. Some people even go so far as to declare that certain of the outgoing Councillors are afraid to meet the consequences of their own doings. Be that as it may the outlook for the coming elections is black enough. There will be vacancies in plenty, but where are the folk to fill these vacancies up? Hitherto the Town Council has been amusing enough; unless some of our better classes come to its aid will it be no more than amusing in the future? If any one would care to learn the result of placing the administration of municipal affairs in the hands of needy, ignorant tradesmen, and unprincipled, out-at-elbowed agitators, he has only to look across to New York, and observe the result of Tammany Hall rule in that ill-governed and over-taxed city.

RE-"WARD."—Diogenes sought with a lantern in daylight for an honest man; his Worship with the aid of an Edison is on the look-out for that wisdom which crieth in the streets—but will be so difficult to be got into the Town-Council.

A PHLEME FOR PHLEGM.—It has been said that a joke can't be got into the Scottish caput without the aid of a surgical operation. Now, the BAILIE knows just the very Toole for the performing of it.

EUPHEMISTIC.—Granny occasionally puts a thing neatly. In describing the recent vegetarian banquet, the old lady said:—"there was a general desire on the part of all to discover the merits of the various dishes presented to their notice." In common parlance this seems to mean that the company were so greedy that they insisted on being helped to every dish on the table.

HEAR, HEAR!—The acoustics of the Council Chamber are said not to be good. It's perhaps just as well.

October—And Asinus is hop-py.

Of a For-bidding Look—An auctioneer.

Reflections of a Gentleman  
ON EMERGING FROM TEMPORARY RETIREMENT,  
OCT. 1, 1879.

THANK goodness that little job is over, and off my mind!

Gracious powers! why can't people let by-gones be by-gones? What's the use of leaders in the papers about matters that happened a year ago?

Wonder if my hair is so *very* short after all?

There goes one of that scoundrel's milk-carts!

Should I nod to my old friends when I meet them in the street, or should I find something interesting in a shop window while they pass?

"Release of the Bank Directors!" Confound these news-boys! Get away, you little black-guard! I don't want a paper!

Another dividend of 3s 4d? Why, bless my soul, the business is turning out first-rate!

Wonder how a trip to Spain would do to recruit a fellow's health?

On second thoughts, "Chateaux en Espagne" are too suggestive of "Castles in the Ayr."

Won't I enjoy a late dinner and a cigar!

Just fancy those two poor beggars with ten more months still to do!

A COMMITTEE WITH "NOTHING TO DO."—The "Temperance Committee" of the Greenock Presbytery were reported last week to be "doing nothing"—a state of things with which the Moderator expressed himself "perfectly satisfied." Can it be that Greenock is, after all, in spite of Mr Councillor Macmillan, "a modern Utopia" and "an Arcadian abode of" temperate "bliss"?

A NEW WEAPON.—A portion of the Afghan expedition having been attacked by mangles—misspelt Mangals—Mrs M'Partington is very anxious to know whether these curious weapons were of the "patent" variety, and also how they were employed. Perhaps some member of the 1st L.A.V. can enlighten the good lady.

"AN' COMMON-SENSE HAS TA'EN THE GATE."—Why should Mr Martin look through his telescope to "next year when there is some common-sense in the Council." Has he (for once) forgotten *himself*?

The Athenæum Dining Rooms, 110 Ingram St. Breakfasts, Luncheons, Dinners & Teas. Plain Tea, 6d. W. Fyfe, Propr.

LONDON SCOTTISH RESORT, 3 Water Lane, Ludgate Hill, London, the only House for "Real Johnny" Scotch Whiskies of all Brands, Scotch Ales, &c. Neil Mackay, Proprietor.

Jeems's Torpedo.

OR Jeems—we have it on his own recent authority—puts his trust in Providence. But he does more. He follows up the sage admonition, and keeps his powder dry. For five long months he kept ready—hushed in grim repose—the torpedo which, when exploded at the fitting moment, was to hurl into space, and pieces, the disdainful, disrespectful, arrogant, scurrilous, uncalled-for-mannered, and contemptuously-head-shaking Convener of the Improvement Trust, with each separate fragment branded with the censure of the intelligence of the great majority of the citizens of Glasgow! That torpedo—to continue the metaphor—was retained by its deviser not in his vest-pocket, as he was careful to explain, no, nor in the crown of his hat, but in an inner and more sacred receptacle still—"here," within that dome of thought, his "glorious skull." At last came the hour and the man. Before the eyes of the world—*teste* Dunlop—the fearful engine was produced, the electric trigger touched, and—fizzle! puff! Nobody, as on a celebrated occasion in the city of Rheims, was "one penny the worse!" The much-adjectived Convener remained, and, according to latest bulletins, remains, in an unfractured condition, while, worse still, the deadly weapon was treated as a "comic" article—Mr Jackson, how could you?—a mere pantomime torpedo, which was not even "practicable!" If it had but "hoist" the engineer it would not have been so bad; but to die out with a "comic" fizzle! Jeems, you must change your torpedoist. There is evidently not stuff "here" explosive enough for enterprises of such pith and moment as yours.

HIS CUSTOM OF A PAY-NIGHT.

(Scene—Central Office, 9 p.m.; Saturday night.)

*Married Woman* (whose spouse invariably imbibes freely on pay-nights)—Is oor John in?

*Lieutenant*—No; but just take a seat, we are expecting him every minute.

"Found, on 24th, a Calf." Touching and suggestive advertisement! Alas, poor Calf! And has he lost himself? and does Buchanan Street know him no more? "To be sold," too, "in three days!" Sell him not, good finder, but restore him to the bosom of his family and to his accustomed haunts.

Damsons are now ready for preserving. M. CAMPBELL, 18 Gordon Street, will supply any quantity at lowest market prices.

Famed 8d Dinner and 6d Tea Service, City Commercial Restaurant, 65 Union Street, Matthew Waddell.

Megilp.

THE Exhibition of Art Needlework in the Corporation Galleries is deservedly a great success. All who have a love for fine colour and skilful arrangement will find much there to interest and delight them. The wonder is that the needle can be made to produce such marvels. Some of the simplest things are the most charming. The large figure pieces hung upon the walls are admirable in design and execution, but our eyes are apt to turn from them to rest with genuine pleasure on the dainty flowers embroidered with exquisite grace on screens and towels and cloaks. Everything about these is beautiful; grouping, colour, and form. The designs by Miss M. Gemmell and Miss Burnside may be especially mentioned for their excellence. Miss Stuart Wortley's fans—executed for Her Majesty—should have more than passing notice.

The exhibits lent by the Marchioness of Bute include some fine examples of church vestments. The work on these is rich and heavy. The specimens of ancient Italian embroidery lent by Mr Colin Hunter are admirable in colour.

The design, "Musica," by Mr Burne Jones, will commend itself strongly to those who love Mr Burne Jones' work. I do not much care for it. The drawing and grouping are good but the whole effect is lifeless and fantastic. I question much whether such compositions are adapted for rendering in needlework. I would not give the flowers on one of Miss Gemmell's screens for all Mr Burne Jones' decorative designs.

An inspection of the Exhibition will surely quicken the interest of Glasgow people—especially of Glasgow ladies—in the success of the Needlework School, which is now this week fairly established at 116 St. Vincent Street, under the charge of a very competent instructress Miss Lee from South Kensington. In the Exhibition we see what forms of beauty can be worked out by trained hands and brains. Let us hope that the example will not be lost on all in Glasgow who can use a needle.

Mr Joseph Henderson, after having spent two months at Loch Ridden, has now gone to Poltalloch to finish the presentation portrait of Colonel Malcolm which he began some time ago. In Mr Miller's in Sauchiehall Street I saw, the other day, an interior painted sixteen or seventeen years ago by Mr Henderson. It is a capital bit of work; good in drawing and luminous in colour. I rather think that the majority of the young artists in those earlier days devoted more time to serious study of the drawing of the human figure than their successors do now.

Mr M'Whirter has returned to London.

Mr John Grey has been painting near Arbroath, and is now going to the Holy Loch.

The *Building News* of this week contains a reproduction of the successful design ("Art and Science"), by Messrs H. & D. Barclay of this city, for the new Municipal Buildings in Greenock. The design is a graceful example of the Renaissance style.

There are some good pictures in Glasgow at present. Mr Craibe Angus has fine examples of Troyon and Lessore. Whoever wishes to see a beautiful sea piece should look at the little picture by Mr H. Moore in Messrs Lawrie's. The modelling of the waves shows admirable ease and insight into the subject.

In Mr White's North British Galleries there is a varied collection of pictures on view. A few of these I have seen in past Academy exhibitions: the majority are new to me. They include first-rate works by Messrs M'Whirter, Riviere, Pettie, T. Faed, Cecil, Lawson, Dobson, Solomon, Docharty, Stone, &c, and one or two delicate specimens of Mulready's handiwork. Mr White is also showing high-class etchings, and a complete set of the engravings by Mr Samuel Cousins, R.A., of Sir Joshua Reynolds' charming portraits.

The third autumn exhibition of Oil and Water colours in Mr Rodman's Fine Art Galleries, Belfast, will open early this month. Mr Miller, 137 Sauchiehall Street, is the Glasgow agent for transmission of pictures intended for exhibition there.

Sending-in day for the Water Colour Exhibition will be 28th November. The private view will take place on 12th December, and the Exhibition will be open to the public on the 13th.

The annual general meeting of the Institute, for the election of office-bearers and new members will be held on 10th inst.

Our Juvenile Delinquency Board.

The BAILIE learns on authority—

THAT the Day Industrial School, after two months suspense, is at length officially "certified"

That still Mr Mitchell, the head and front of the project, is not happy.

That his experiment is the first in Scotland, and will doubtless be the last.

That the Delinquency Commissioners have nearly reached the length of their financial tether.

That next Session they intend to apply for power to levy above the present limit of 1s per pound of rental.

That don't they wish they may get it?

That another of their "institutions" is in a parlous condition.

That with officials who can't lead, and with inmates who won't follow, they are landed in a pretty pickle.

THE UNTUTORED TASTE.

(Scene—Wednesday afternoon; M'A——'s restaurant.)

Jock—Hoo dae ye like ice cream?

Wull—Man, I wad like it better if it wis warm.

WORTH KNOWING.—The BAILIE is always anxious to acquire fresh information, and he is therefore glad to learn, on the excellent authority of Dr Adams, that heat is produced by "a vibratory motion of a luminiferous—or caloriferous—ether that pervades all space, and envelopes all particles of which matter is composed." When the Magistrate feels himself waxing unduly warm over some of the manifold abuses by which he is surrounded, the reflection that he is merely animated by a vibratory motion of his luminiferous ether will doubtless restore him to his wonted coolness.

Somebody has lost a gold locket, "of no value except to owner"—which is no doubt a correct description if possession constitutes ownership.

For Art-Needlework—A "drawing"—through needle.

T H E G A I E T Y.

Proprietor and Director, .....Mr C. BERNARD.

LAST SIX NIGHTS OF

M I S S E M I L Y S O L D E N E ' S

ENGLISH AND COMIC OPERA COMPANY.

TO-NIGHT (TUESDAY),

LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT.

Open at 6 30. Commence at 7-30. Prices, 6d to 5s.

Box Office Open Daily from 10 till 4.

**PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.**

Under the Management of Mr SIDNEY.

Mr SIDNEY has great pleasure in announcing the engagement  
FOR SIX NIGHTS ONLY.**LAST APPEARANCES IN GLASGOW**Prior to his occupancy of the Folly Theatre, London,  
The Most Popular Comedian,  
Mr J. L. TOOLE.TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, Oct. 7th and 8th,  
At 8 o'clock, a New and Original Comic Drama, in Three Acts,  
entitled,**A FOOL AND HIS MONEY,**  
Written by HENRY J. BYRON

Chawles,.....Mr J. L. TOOLE.

Played by him 200 consecutive nights at the Globe Theatre,  
London.To conclude with the Farce by JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, called  
THE BIRTHPLACE OF PODGERS,  
Tom Cranky,.....(his original Character).....Mr J. L. TOOLE.  
Supported by the Entire Company.

THURSDAY Evening, Oct. 9th,

For this Night only, the New Farical Comedy, in Three  
Acts, by F. C. Burnand, written expressly for Mr Toole,  
entitled—**ARTFUL CARDS.**Robert Spicer Romford (his original character), Mr J. L. TOOLE.  
(As played by him 200 Nights at the Globe Theatre, London.)  
For This Night Only to conclude with the most successful Farce  
of Modern Times,**ICI ON PARLE FRANCAIS ;**  
OR, FRENCH BEFORE BREAKFAST.Spriggins,.....Mr J. L. TOOLE.  
(His original Character, as played by him 3,000 times, five  
times by command of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and  
Princess of Wales.)

Supported by the Entire Company.

The Performance will Commence each Evening with the  
Comediatta, entitled,**THE MARRIED BACHELOR**In which Messrs BROWN, CARNE, SHELTON, SMEDLEY, and  
Misses LISHORE and SANTON will appear,

FRIDAY and SATURDAY,

BENEFIT OF Mr J. L. TOOLE.

Entire Change of Programme.

**CRYSTAL PALACE, BOTANIC GARDENS.**

SATURDAY FIRST, 11th October.

First Appearance in Glasgow, this Season, of

**MR FRED ARCHER.**GREAT POPULAR CONCERT  
by the**GLASGOW SELECT CHOIR.**Mr ARCHER will positively conduct the Choir on this  
occasion, and will also give several

SOLOS ON THE PIANOFORTE.

SEATS OR PROMENADE, - - - ONE SHILLING.

Doors open at 7; Concert at 8 p.m.

Tickets to be had from the Music-sellers; at 155 West George  
Street, and from Gatekeeper at Gardens. Seats reserved for  
Ticket-holders till 7-30.**T H E R U S S I A N T E A S.**The Russian Tea Company are now selling a parcel of  
Extra Fine First Crop New Seasons Tea at 2s 6d per lb.N.B.—A Tea equal to this is seldom to be met with under  
3s per lb.

PROPRIETORS—CROMBIE &amp; FLINT,

457 SAUCHIEHALL STREET,  
GLASGOW.**GLASGOW SCIENCE LECTURES**  
ASSOCIATION.

Honorary President,

Sir WILLIAM THOMSON, M.A., LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S.  
CITY HALL, SESSION 1879-80,

THURSDAY, 6th November, 1879.

Professor ROSCOE, LL.D., F.R.S.  
Subject: "The Chemical Action of Light."

THURSDAY, 27th November, 1879.

Sir WM. THOMSON, LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S.  
Subject: "Liquid, Gas, and Steam."

THURSDAY, 11th December, 1879.

Professor S C H Ä F E R, F. R. S.  
Subject: "The Relation of Structure to Function in Animal  
Organisms.,

THURSDAY, 29th January, 1880.

Professor T Ä I T, M. A.  
Subject: "Thunderstorms."

THURSDAY, 19th February, 1880.

Rev. W. H. DALLINGER, F.R.M.S.  
Subject: "The Latest Researches into the Origin and Develop-  
ment of the Least and Lowest Life Forms."

THURSDAY, 4th March, 1880.

GEORGE J. ROMANES, Esq., M.A., F.R.S.  
Subject: "Mental Evolution."Tickets for the Course, 1s, 2s 6d, and 5s; Reserved Seats  
(Numbered), 10s 6d.To be had from the principal Booksellers, and from the  
Secretary.N.B.—It is confidently anticipated that the whole sitting  
space of the City Hall will be let for Season Tickets. Members  
and Subscribers are therefore advised to secure their tickets early.

WILLIAM SMITH, Secretary.

114 Bath Street.

Doors Open at 7 p.m. Lectures at 8 p.m.

**TANNAKER'S TEMPLE OF JAPAN**

EACH NIGHT AT EIGHT,

IN THE CIRCUS BUILDING,

Ingram Street, Glasgow,

A Most Wonderful Japanese Exhibition.

TOMMY THE WOLF,

LITTLE ALL RIGHT,

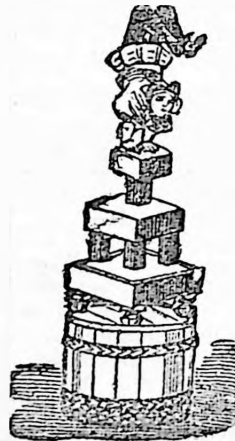
AND 12 OTHER ARTISTS.

SOMETHING NEW!

Every Night at 8. Mid-Day Repre-  
sentations at 3 o'clock each Monday,  
Wednesday, and Saturday.NOTICE.—To Every Person who Visits  
this Entertainment will be Presented a  
Japanese Novelty, Curiosity, or some  
Useful or Ornamental Article, consisting  
of Works of Art, all manufactured in  
Japan.

Prices—6d, 1s, 2s, and 3s.

Every Evening till Further Notice.



NOW ON VIEW,

AT J. JOHNSTONE VUILE'S GALLERY,

89 UNION STREET,

**BAPTISM OF CHRIST IN JORDAN,**

By E. GOODYN LEWIS,

Admission—10 till 6, 1s; 6 till 9, 6d.

**F A M I L Y H E R A L D.**  
SUPPLEMENT No. 42

containing

A Complete Story,

"LOVE LIES BLEEDING."

Price One Penny.



**BAPTIST UNION OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.**  
AUTUMNAL SESSION.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 7TH,  
BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.  
7-30 P.M.—ST. ANDREW'S HALL (late NEW HALLS).  
PUBLIC MISSIONARY MEETING. Chairman—  
JAMES A. CAMPBELL, Esq., LL.D., of Stracathro.  
The Secretary, A. H. BAYNES, Esq., will present an interim report. Speakers—Rev. ANDREW THOMSON, DD., Edin.; Rev. HUGH STOWELL BROWN, Liverpool; Rev. RICHARD GLOVER, Bristol; Rev. ALFRED SAKER, of the Cairneroons Mission; J. S. WRIGHT, Esq., Birmingham; FRANK T. LEWIS, Esq., Calcutta.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 8TH,  
BAPTIST UNION.  
7-30 A.M.—ADELAIDE PLACE CHURCH. DEVOTIONAL SERVICE. Rev. H. B. ROBINSON, Wisbeach.  
11 A.M.—ADELAIDE PLACE CHURCH. SESSION OF THE UNION. President's Address—Rev. GEO. GOULD, Norwich. Deputations. Reports of Home and Irish Mission.  
3-30 P.M.—ST ANDREW'S HALL. SERMON.—Rev C. H. SPURGEON. Admission by Ticket only. Collection for Mr SPURGEON'S New Orphanage for Girls at Stockwell.  
8 P.M.—SERMONS. Particulars in future Advertisements.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9TH.  
7-30 A.M.—HOPE STREET FREE GAELIC CHURCH. SERMON TO CHRISTIAN WORKERS—W. P. LOCKHART, Esq., Liverpool.  
11 A.M.—ADELAIDE PLACE CHURCH. SESSION OF THE UNION. Paper by the Rev W. MEDLEY, M.A., Rawdon College. Subject—"Our Attitude in regard to the prevalent unsettlement of Religious Opinion and Belief." Discussion thereon. H. M. BOMPAS, Esq., Q.C., Rev. F. W. GOADBY, M.A., Watford: Rev. C. M. BIRRELL, &c., to take part.  
7-30 P.M.—ST ANDREW'S HALL, PUBLIC MEETING. Chairman—HUGH ROSE, Esq. Edin. Speaker—Rev. J. T. BROWN, Northampton: Rev. J. G. GREENHOUGH, M.A., Leicester; Rev. WM. LANDELS, D. D., London; W. WILLIS, Esq LL.D., Q.C.

**CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.**

SATURDAY, 11TH OCTOBER, 1879.  
GREAT TANNAHILL NIGHT!  
TANNAHILL'S SONGS  
AND PASTORAL, ENTITLED—  
"THE SOLDIER'S RETURN."  
ARTISTES—

|                    |                  |
|--------------------|------------------|
| Miss MINNIE BELL   | Mr W. H. DARLING |
| Miss AGNES BARR    | Mr THOS. WALKER  |
| Mrs WM. GOURLAY    | Mr WM. GOURLAY   |
| Mr J. D. TURVEY    | Mr JAMES HOUSTON |
| Mr F. W. BRIDGMAN, | - - - Pianist    |

Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats on Side Galleries, 2s. Doors open at a Quarter to 7; Concert at a Quarter to 8.  
JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

**WESTERN BOOK CLUB, Established 1841.**

All the Best Books of History, Biography, Theology, Travels, Sport, Poetry, and Fiction are added immediately on Publication, and in large numbers. Catalogues of the recent additions to the Library, and of all the books in circulation may be had post free on application. Boxes of Books sent to all parts of the Country by Rail or Steamer. List of terms, &c., may be had on application. New Catalogues of Surplus Books for Sale, now ready.  
JAMES MACLEHOSE, 61 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.

**MR H. A. LAMBETH'S CHOIR.**

ST. ANDREW'S HALL (Berkeley St.),  
(Late New Public Halls),  
SATURDAY, 11th OCTOBER, 1879.

**GRAND POPULAR CONCERT,**

being the  
First Appearance in Glasgow since the honour conferred by a  
SECOND COMMAND to appear before  
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AT BALMORAL.  
The Programme will contain Selections from Pieces as sung by  
the Choir on each occasion of its appearance at Court.  
MR LAMBETH will play Two Organ Solos.  
MDLLE HETTA LIPPMANN will also play a Pianoforte Solo.  
Doors open at 7 p.m. Concert at 8 p.m.  
Tickets—Balconies, 2s.; Area 1s. Admission—Sixpence.  
May be had from the Musicsellers, or any Member of the Choir.

**ROYAL ALBERT MUSIC HALL,  
BRIDGETON CROSS, GLASGOW.**

Great Arrival of Fresh Stars this Week—WALTER WHITE, Great Speciality Artiste; Miss LIZZIE VILLIERS, Champion Pedestal Dancer; Miss ROSE VIVIAN, Characteristic; WYN HOWARD, Ventriloquist; FANNY SAUNDERS, SISTERS MACK, Professor CODMAN'S Punchinello, The ALBERTOS, FRED CAIRNS, Kickist; ANNIE SPARKES, Balladist; and others.

**FORTNIGHTLY ART SALE**

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Friday, 10th October.  
PUBLIC SALE OF  
MISCELLANEOUS PICTURES.  
Principally by Modern Artists of the Scotch and English Schools.  
Including Examples of

|                         |               |
|-------------------------|---------------|
| Sam Bough, R.S.A.       | Milne Donald. |
| Alex. Fraser, A.R.S.A.  | J. Chalmers.  |
| Jas. Docharty, A.R.S.A. | P. Munro.     |
| Jas. Cassie, A.R.S.A.   | A. Mauve.     |
| H. M'Culloch, R.S.A.    | J. B. Smith.  |
| Jno. Jack.              | G. W. Graham. |
| Jas. Greenlees.         | Mackenzie.    |

And other Eminent Artists.  
(The Property of various Collectors.)

**ROBERT M'TEAR & CO.** will Sell the  
above, by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms,  
North Court, St. Vincent Place, on Friday, 10th October, at One  
o'clock.

On View with Catalogues on Morning of Sale.  
Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 6th October, 1879.

**IMPORTANT UNRESERVED SALE.**

IN THE ROYAL EXCHANGE SALE-ROOMS, ON TUESDAY AND  
WEDNESDAY, 14th and 15th OCTOBER,  
PUBLIC SALE OF

**VALUABLE ITALIAN SCULPTURE,**

Consigned direct from Volterra for Positive and Unreserved  
Sale, of "ZENA," from Leghorn,

**ROBERT M'TEAR & CO.** have received  
instruction from Signor Del Colombo to sell, by Auction,  
without the Slightest Reserve, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms,  
on Tuesday and Wednesday, 14th and 15th October, at Twelve  
each Day.

From Italy expressly for this Sale.  
On View Mornings of Sale.  
Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 6th October 1879.



# ISLAY WHISKY.

W. & J. MUTTER,  
BOWMORE DISTILLERY,  
COUNTING-HOUSE, 41 ANN STREET, CITY, GLASGOW.

**THE BATH HOTEL LUNCHEON BAR,**  
143 WEST CAMPBELL STREET,  
(Off Sauchiehall Street), Glasgow.  
*NO W O P E N.*

Luncheons, Dinners, Teas in the best style.  
Wines and Liquors of best quality only.  
"Bass" and "Allsopp" on draught.

**ATHOLE ARMS HOTEL,**  
13 and 21 DUNDAS STREET, GLASGOW.  
**A**LEXANDER GOW, having resumed possession of this favourite Hotel, has had it thoroughly renovated and made complete in comfort and convenience. Dinner and Supper parties receive his special personal attention, and they are invariably satisfied.

Charges moderate. Viands superb!

**MANN'S RAINBOW HOTEL AND RESTAURANT,**  
*BRIDGE STREET STATION, GLASGOW,*  
Three Minutes' Walk of St. Enoch's Station and Highland and Coasting Steamers.

This HOTEL has undergone extensive Alterations and Improvements. Has been Refurnished throughout. Visitors will find every comfort, combined with moderate Charges. Night Porter in attendance. Smoking-Rooms, Baths, and Billiards.  
I. MAITLAND, Manager.

**THE GRAND HOTEL, CHARING CROSS, GLASGOW.**

Acknowledged by all, "The Finest Hotel in the Kingdom."  
Five Minutes' Ride (Fare 1s) from principal Railway Stations.  
*N.B.—See that Cabby does not take you elsewhere.*  
Full Description forwarded Gratis on Application.  
ALL LANGUAGES SPOKEN.  
LEWIS JEFFERIS, Proprietor.

**THE ROYAL RESTAURANT,**  
10 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET,  
C. WILSON & SON, Proprietors.

**THE GLASGOW DAIRY COMPANY.**

Supply of Pure and Unadulterated MILK, CREAM, and BUTTER, produced under best Sanitary conditions for preventing Infection, all as approved by Dr Fergus. A trial will prove that no expense or other precaution is spared to ensure richness and purity. All Milk and Cream refrigerated during hot season.  
HEAD OFFICE—42 GARNETHILL STREET, GLASGOW.  
West-End Branch—201 Victoria Street, Hillhead.  
Farm—Flemington.

\* \* All Butter made on the Premises untouched by the hands and on the most approved system, unsurpassed in quality. Families may rely upon all Orders being attended to with the utmost punctuality and care. Address:—Manager, 42 Garnethill Street, Glasgow.

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The Best Place to secure Real Value in Foreign and British Cigars, Tobaccos, Snuffs, Meerschaum and Briar Root Pipes, Pouches, etc., is at No. 2 GLASSFORD STREET, 1st door from Trongate. Trial solicited.  
*Commodious Smoking Room.*

**JOHN M. SIMPSON, Furniture Warehouse,** and Show-rooms, 60 GREAT CLYDE STREET (Corner of Maxwell Street), Glasgow. One of the largest Stocks in the City. New Illustrated House Furnishing Guide to be had Free on application. The Cheapest Establishment in the City for Really Good Substantial Furniture of Artistic Design and Superior Finish. Quality Guaranteed.

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AUCTIONEERS AND VALUATORS,  
ROYAL EXCHANGE SALE-ROOMS.

**R A E B R O W N & C O.,**  
AUCTIONEERS AND VALUATORS,  
116 ST. VINCENT STREET, GLASGOW.

## HOLMAN LIVER AND STOMACH PAD.

Cures without Medicine by Absorption.  
It Renovates the System by Absorbing all Poisonous Matter, and invigorates the Vitals by supplying them with a Natural Tonic. Pamphlet and full information free personally or by post.—Holman Liver Pad Company, 70 Glassford Street, Glasgow. Sold by all Chemists.

THE SCOTTISH  
**CIRCULATING MUSICAL LIBRARY,**  
28 GREAT WESTERN ROAD, HILLHEAD.  
ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, £1 IS.  
MUSIC LENT BY THE WEEK.  
Catalogues, 2s 6d. Prospectus Free.

**ECONOMY IN STATIONERY**  
Notepaper, good regular quality, 6d, 8d, and 10d. per 5-Quire Packet of 120 Sheets. Envelopes, 4d and 6d per 100; Court Shape, 6d per 100; Business Envelopes 2s 6d per 1000, at Adam M'Kim's, 102 Trongate (Candleriggs Corner).

**ALL PROGRAMMES**  
THE LATEST FROM LONDON & PARIS  
*SPECIALITY for the Season—*  
THE NEW AMERICAN DESIGNS,  
Unsurpassed in Novelty and Elegance.

**GILLESPIE BROTHERS, Eight Buchanan St.**

See our Gas-Cooking Ovens and Heating Apparatus in operation.  
**ARGYLE IRONMONGERY CO.**  
(MATTHEW WADDELL),  
Furnishing Ironmongers, 261B ARGYLE STREET.

VITALINE.



The most wonderful discovery of the age, and the marvellous Vegeto-Tonic treatment for the cure and prevention of Biliousness, Sick Headache, Indigestion. Loss of Appetite, Tic Doloieux, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Giddiness, Scrofulous Affections, Ague, Debility, Spasms, and all derangements of the Stomach. By its administration the natural appetite is revived, and the functions of digestion and assimilation are improved, re-animated, and regulated; and when its use has been steadily persevered in, its peculiar Tonic and Nutritive Powers have entirely restored Health and Strength to the most feeble and Shattered Constitutions.

VITALINE.

Unless the secretions of the liver be healthy it cannot assimilate, and produce fit sustenance for the general support and preservation of the body, take what nutriment you will, even the best the world can afford. The liver is the most important organ in the whole body, and when its action is imperfect, all others suffer with it. Vitaline almost immediately produces by direct action, a healthy effect upon the liver, and is a never failing remedy for nervousness, wakefulness, restlessness, sinking sensation in the stomach, irregular appetite, and fulness after meals.—Vitaline is manufactured only by JOE TODD, Chemist, Carlisle, and is sold in bottles at 2s 9d, 4s 6d, and 11s each, by all Chemists.

VITALINE

Strengthens the whole muscular System, rouses into action the Physical Energy of the human frame, restores the long-lost Complexion, gives brilliancy to the Eye, a delightful fragrance to the Breath, and brings back sound and refreshing Sleep.

VITALINE

Is sold by R. M'DONALD, 150 Trongate; THE APOTHECARIES' COMPANY, Virginia Street; THE NEW APOTHECARIES' COY., Glassford Street; BROWN BROTHERS, Trongate; and all Chemists.

QUININE WINE.

Every medical man readily acknowledges the inestimable value of the Quinine Wine manufactured by Joe Todd, Chemist, Carlisle, for its invigorating, renovating, and sustaining qualities. It is equally suitable to the invalid, the convalescent, the child, and the adult, from its altability, fine flavour, intrinsic purity, and great strength.

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