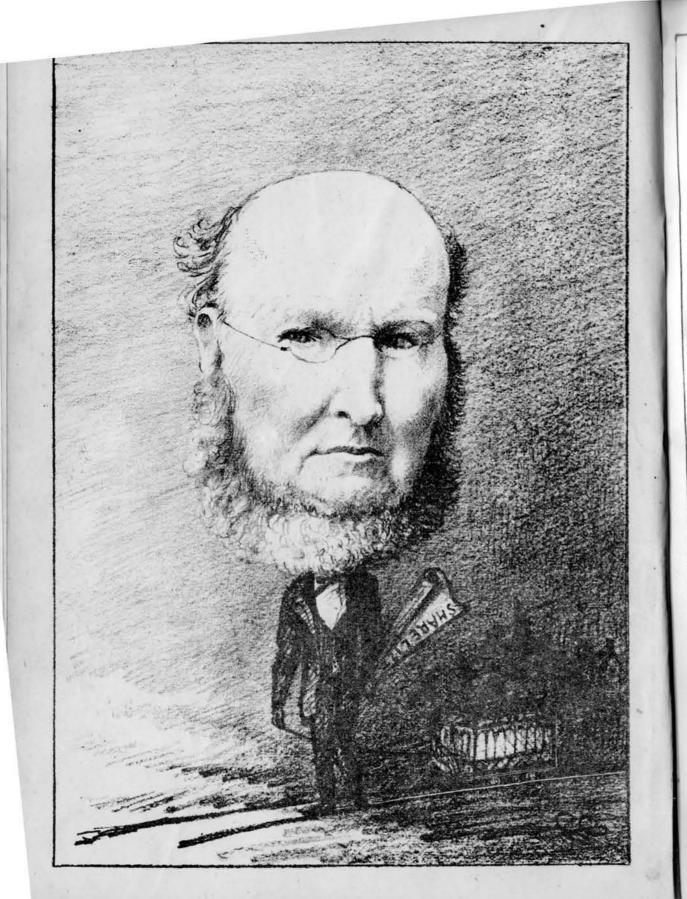
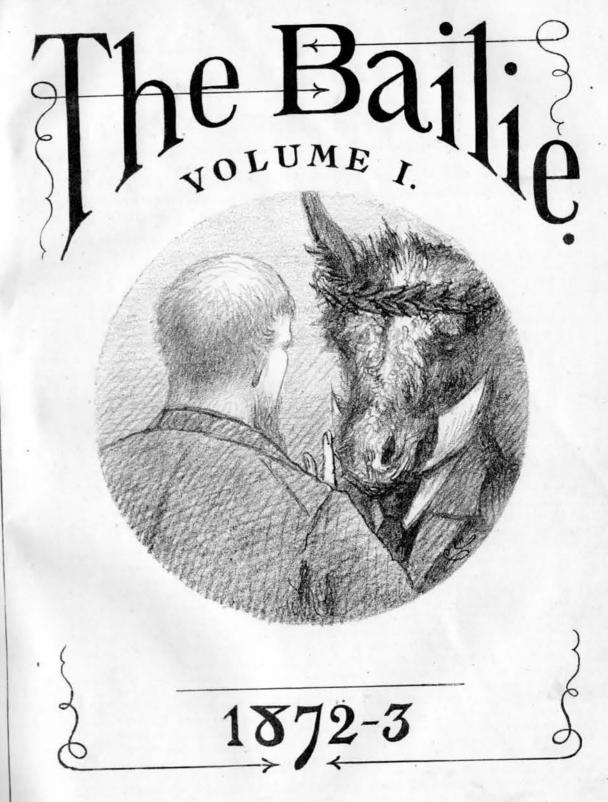
"MY CONSCIENCE!"

MEN YOU KNOW.-VOLUME I.

- 1. JAMES WATSON.
- 2. JAMES SALMON.
- 3. HENRY GLASSFORD BELL.
- 4. JAMES MOIR.
- 5. JAMES STEEL.
- 6. JAMES BAIN.
- 7. ROBERT DALGLISH, M.P.
- 8. ANGUS TURNER.
- 9. JAMES LEITCH LANG.
- 10. VINCENT EYRE.
- 11. WILLIAM GLOVER.
- 12. JAMES MARTIN.
- 13. WILLIAM GRAHAM, M.P.

- 14. GEORGE ANDERSON, M.P.
- 15. DANIEL MACNEE.
- 16. JAMES MORRISON.
- 17. HENRY A. LAMBETH.
- 18. JOHN NICHOL.
- 19. ALEXANDER M'CALL.
- 20. WILLIAM COLLINS.
- 21. JOHN CAIRD, D.D.
- 22. HENRY CAMPBELL BANNERMAN, M.P.
- 23. WILLIAM KIDSTON.
- 24. JOHN PAGE HOPPS,
- 25. HARRY ALFRED LONG.
- 26. JAMES TORRENS.





"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 1. Glasgow, Wednesday, 23rd October, 1872. Price 1d.

MEN YOU KNOW.

No. 1, Lord Provost Watson.

of Glasgow is neither mean nor inconsiderable, of the leading features in Mr WATSON'S career

Bridge one fine morning, with a tear in his eye, fourpence in his pocket, his way to make in the world, and not a friend to help him. He had a IN spite of Mr JOHN BURNS, who ought to University education and a fair start in life, and have been born great, and of some other people these advantages he turned to practical account with him who affect to despise such dignity as civic with the success which always attends industry and office can bestow, the position of Lord Provost integrity backed by a fair amount of ability. One nor has it ever been held by mean or inconsider- is the fact that he was the first stockbroker in able men. The history of the city, and its Glasgow, and the father, consequently, of that unparalleled progress, from an insignificant town blessing to the city, the Stock Exchange, which to its present lofty status, is intimately associated affords us all the pleasure of gambling, when we with the lives of its Chief Magistrates. It was have a mind, without inflicting on us the disagreewith these gentlemen as leaders that works able consciousness that we are doing anything were executed of which the Romans would so discreditable as backing the favourite, playing have been proud, and they were a race who unlimited loo, or shaking an elbow with a dicenever planted a standard where they did not box at the end of it. We cannot be too grateful leave an indelible mark. No one is entitled for the privilege of staking a trifle on the rise or to scorn as either feeble, incapable, or unworthy of place and power, men who astonished the a particle of respectability; while, if our friends world by making Glasgow a seaport, and con- became aware that we had called on Mr WEBSTER verting a lake in the depths of the Highland to invest a sovereign or two on the chances of fastnesses into the well of her citizens. We have, of the turf, they would kindly form the opinion course—as the French would say—Provosts and that poor Mr BLANK was going headlong to the Provosts. There has been Lord Provost LUMSDEN, who might have been called "James the Greater," and with upturned eyes. In benevolent work, and there is Lord Provost WATSON, who might Mr WATSON has ever been foremost. To him be titled "James the Less;" but not one of belongs the merit of establishing the Model their number can be pronounced undeserving Lodging Houses; he has had a leading share in of the elevation conferred on them by the voice the splendid project for improving slums out of of the inhabitants. It would be untrue to say the city; and, in short, there has been no scheme that the present possessor of the office is pre- for the benefit of the poor, or for the good of the eminently distinguished for administrative ability, town, in which he has not been found able and but it is no more than just to admit that he has willing to bear his part. Since he became Lord attended to the interests of the city with re- Provost, he has shown singular firmness and markable fidelity, and has represented his fellow force of character in dealing with the very difficitizens on public occasions with becoming, but cult matter of the Town Clerkship. Indeed, had not obtrusive dignity. Mr WATSON owes his he not been a man of more than usual determinaposition, both as Provost and as business man, tion, Mr ANGUS TURNER might still have to his own capacity. He never figured, certainly, been defying the city, and imagining that in in the character of the poor but virtuous little doing so he was discharging his duty. During boy who found himself on the Broomielaw his term tramways were introduced into our streets, after being "financed" in a style which has been regarded as slightly peculiar. Like most novelties, they encountered hostile criticism; and people were at a loss to pronounce whether or not they resembled Rob Roy, in being "ower ill for blessin', and ower gude for bannin'," but opinion seems now to be veering round into downright approval. When Mr WATSON was raised to the first place in the municipality, he was looked upon merely as "a safe man," of whom not much need be expected. He has vindicated his claim to office, by showing himself to be both safe and competent. If he lacked anything in popularity, the want has been more than made up since he became the subject of undeserved attack in a newspaper which aspires apparently to assume in Glasgow the place occupied by the *Herald* in New York.

Absence of Mind.

An old Philosophorum thought one day
Upon the secrets of the Milky Way,
And with what speed those thousand worlds flew,
That seemed so steady to our carnal view;
But, while he thought, his stomach asked an egg,
So taking one, and bending o'er his leg,
He dropped it in the pan where water boiled,
Then timed it with his watch, lest't would be
spoiled,

By being either made too hard or soft. Then, while he stood, his mind flew up aloft Among the stars, till some one op'd the door And there beheld him standing on the floor Timing his egg—his watch was in the pan, And in his hand the pretty egg so wan!

CASE SECOND.

An old Philosophorum thought one day,
"I wonder whether the world is green or gray,
Or by what steps man first invented fire,
And whether the first owl was the first sire
Of the first egg, or whether ere the owl
The egg was first." Then drawing on his cowl,
He spread his limbs before the coals new heaped
Upon the fire, and then his brains he steeped
In those deep problems, when the fire blazed red,
And brought out drops of sweat from foot to
head.

In agony at last he rung the bell,
The door was opened by the faithful Nell.
"O, Nell, push back the fire! I'm far too warm;
The sweat is pouring down my cheeks like barm."
Quoth Nell, "I see it, sir, it makes me stare,
But were't not better far to shift your chair?"
DAVIE GELLATLEY.

The New Conservative Journal.

ON DIT, that the new Conservative daily newspaper, regarding which mysterious rumours have so long been afloat, will burst from darkness into light at the Whitsunday term. The Tory magnates in the West are understood to subscribe capital sufficient—if judiciously employed—to place their organ at once in the front rank. Various assertions are made regarding the probable conductor of the journal: one of these hints that a "heaven born" editor is in waiting to take the chair with a well-known Magistrate of teetotal and Free Kirk proclivities as ghostly counsellor. Premises are stated to be in preparation not a thousand yards from Hope Street. The BAILIE congratulates the city on the prospect, and opines that if there should be as much lead in the columns of the new paper as there is said to be iron among its proprietary, there cannot be a moment's doubt as to its weight in the world.

Mr Stanley.

THE BAILIE salutes Mr STANLEY, on behalf of the inhabitants of Glasgow—welcomes him to the city, and begs to offer him all the comforts of the Sautmarket. He did his work, like a man in the wilds of Africa, if he spread a feather or two of the wings of that awful bird, the American Eagle, in his little exchange of compliments with the great guns of the Geographical Society. To use the playful similitude familiar to the journalists of nis native land, Mr STANLEY is "a hull team, a hoss to spare, and a dog under the waggon."

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

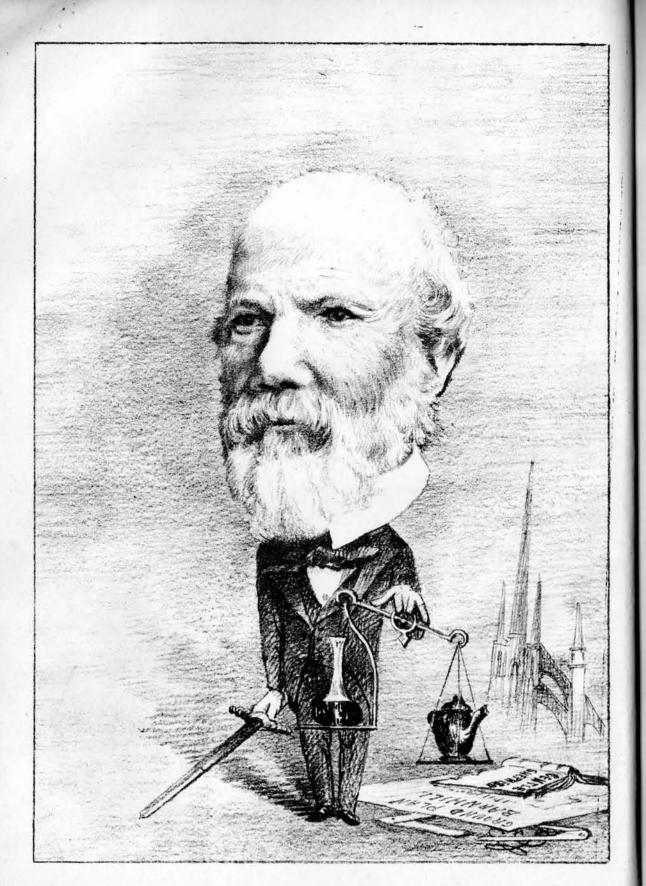
The Straight Tip for the Cambridgeshire.

(Special Telegram from our own Prophet.)

NEWMARKET, Tuesday, 3.30 p.m.—I have just seen the winning numbers put up, and can assure you that Playfair has triumphed, Finisterre and Pompudour being second and third. Rush immediately to the nearest bookmaker's, and back for a win and the other two for places. This is the straightest tip on record.

THE NOBBLER.

P.S.—Cheque wanted by return of post. I am cleaned out.



"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 2. Glasgow, Wednesday, 30th October, 1872. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW-No. 2.

O character delineated by DICKENS excites civic rights and liberties. The good man would our admiration so much as Mr PECKSNIFF know his own value as a judge, and in the best he was so eminently respectable. To use the great novelist's own words, "Mr Pecksniff was Mr Pecksniff, too, had he been a Bailie, would a moral man, a grave man, a man of noble senti- most certainly have sat in judgment on cases in ments and speech. . . . Perhaps there never was a which he was personally interested, for how could more moral man than Mr Pecksniff, especially a Magistrate, who was a stranger to the circumin his conversation and correspondence. It was stances until he heard the evidence, administer once said of him by a homely admirer that he justice so well as a man who knew exactly what had a Fortunatus's purse of good sentiments in to do before either charge or defence was heard? his inside. In this particular he was like the His notion of official merit would lead him to rely girl in the fairy tale, except that if they were not implicitly on the testimony of "two witnesses" actual diamonds which fell from his lips they in the garb of policemen, though contradicted by were the very brightest paste, and shone pro- half-a-dozen mere citizens, however respectable. digiously. He was a most exemplary man, Mr PECKSNIFF's sense of gratitude for favours fuller of virtuous precept than a copybook." conferred on himself was great, and being Mr PECKSNIFF was an architect by profession, good natured and generous to a fault, he and, if he had lived in a great town such as Glas- would remember long afterwards, any of his gow, he was just the person who would have constituents who gave him a turn. He would improved the city, and his circumstances, by have no hesitation in setting aside standing contriving to enrich it with a suburb, and to draw orders, or any trivial regulations of that kind, the plans himself, in order to prevent important in order to undertake work for the benefit work from falling into improper hands. He was of the community, and to protect the citizens successful once, Dickens tells us, in a competi- from the unprincipled. Aware of the uprightness tion with other architects for the erection of a and integrity of his motives, he would, if he were public building, an asylum, grammar school, or a commissioner or member of a Prison Board, some such institution. We can scarcely believe employ himself as architect without any of the it of such a worthy man, but he is represented hesitation which less eminently respectable having in this competition behaved rather persons might feel out of deference to the pro-habbily to a young man whose name we forget, prietors. People might object to transactions but we may call him X, like an unknown resembling jobs, but, proud in his conscious algebraical quantity. If in this transaction Mr rectitude, Mr PECKSNIFF would loftily put down PECKSNIFF did not adhere as closely as was all opposition. He would be sure to support the desirable to the lex non scripta it was doubtless Lord Provost and Magistrates against all owing to a momentary weakness, still it was too criticism by Councillors unprepared to take bad to build up his reputation on another archi- everything upon trust, and he would warmly tect's design. If Mr Pecksniff had been a reprove the critics for their impertinent curiosity. Bailie he would have been among the first to This is not the character of an ancient Roman, discover that stipendiary magistrates could not but it is such as we poor moderns are bound to be introduced without violating "the first great admire.

principles of the constitution of the country," without destroying the "pallawdium" of our

Professor Nichol's Hannibal.

THE "Hannibal" of Professor Nichol, published yesterday by Mr Maclehose, is the third important venture into the realms of poetry recently made by prominent Glasgow citizens. We had first the "Olrig Grange" of Dr Walter Smith, a rythmical study partly informed by Thackeray and partly by Browning; then Professor Veitch's "Hill side Rhymes," in which the pastoral scenery of Meggatdale and the Tweed valley was described and brooded over with much taste, and with a certain tenderness of feeling; and now the Professor of English Literature comes forward with an attempt to reproduce the wonderful history of the great Carthagenian—Rome's mightiest and most dan-Of the three ventures, that by Mr Nichol is certainly the most ambitious; but it would be wrong to say that it is also the most successful. Mr Nichol lacks the dramatic instinct. His style of thinking, moreover, is often meagre, and his language is deficient, both in freshness and in variety There is, however, a commendable degree of polish perceptible in every page of the new poem: its author has carefully smoothed out all crudities-whether of thought or of expression. On a whole, therefore, if Hannibal is not a great work, it is at least one executed with much conscientious care; and it will doubtless be read with considerable interesr in student and other circles where the Professot is personally known.

A telegram by special wire mentions that since hearing of the publication noticed above, Alfred Tennyson has fallen into low spirits, and is understood to be contemplating emigration, leaving his laureateship and annual butt of sherry to be fought for by the coming man, and that other distinguished aspirant to the bays, Robert Buchanan.

Special Inquiry concerning Whisky. VOUR Commissioner, as instructed, and specially provided with coin of the realm, proceeded last Saturday to investigate some of the mysteries of Glasgow whisky. He did not Having some respect for seek for bad whisky. his constitution, he sought good liquor, and he found it, under the guidance of a bibulous friend who goes to bed nightly in a condition which would warrant his seizure by a revenue officer. missioner entered a shop in a leading thorough- | do not follow his example.

fare when a trade, which was literally a "roaring" one, was in full blast. Getting into a box, and issuing the necessary instructions, two steaming tumblers of the national malady, disguised as toddy, were speedily on the board. The bibulous one sipped. "A' richt," he said, "gran' whusky." Fortified by this decisive opinion from a qualified expert your commissioner imbibed. A delicious sensation stole through every vein. He emptied his glass, and the eye of the bibulous twinkled with satisfaction as the bell was rung for more. The second brew was better than the first; and the third, which followed in due course, was solemnly pronounced to be superior to nectar. A Welsh rabbit—another tumbler—several more tumblers, and finally a tumble into the street;-Whitebait—John Muir in the distance, smiling benignly and surrounded by gems of the ballet; -Stout ;-Street music, "We wont go home till morning," and we didn't, for we couldn't ;-Row; -Officious Dogberry interrupting the private amusements of g'n'l'm'n and "comprehending vagrom men." Vision of police office interior; sensation of a couch not exactly of feathers ;blank;—next morning;—Oh! horrors!—your commissioner-here closes the record. You paid the fine, and he is a wiser man till—the next time.

Awful Consequences of Smoking-a second Counterblast.

ONE of our correspondents signing "Anti Tobacco," writes as follows:- "A certain Councillor, who makes a virtue of abstaining totally from intoxicating drinks, indemnifies himself to some extent by smoking like a chimney stalk unwatched by a policeman. Does he never reflect on what may be the awful consequences to others of his indulgence in this pernicious habit? Say that he puffs at the moderate rate of is. weekly, this would represent £2 12s. per annum. If that sum were expended, in the circulation of the League Fournal, or of temperance tracts, might, if not rescue many brands from the burning. It is terrible to think that money, wasted in smoke, may be expended at the cost of immortal souls." We have no sympathy whatever with our correspondent, but it is pleasant and improving to find a man who refrains from smoking reproving a man who refrains from drinking, much in the same way that the latter admonishes the publican and the In company with this obliging person, your com- sinner, in which classes he kindly places all who



"MY CONSCIENCE!"

Glasgow, Wednesday, November 6th, 1872. Price 1d.

MEN YOU KNOW-No. 3.

ANARKSHIRE, for the past two or three decades, has been fortunate in her possession of a coterie of literary celebrities. There was "Mr. WORDY," who, according to the new Rector of the University, "took twenty volumes to prove that Providence was on the side of the Tories in the great French war"; there was Mr. ADAM SIM, of Coulter-Mains, who gathered up all the "saut-backets" in use before the flood; a special paragraph which appeared in the Herald there is the venerable JANET HAMILTON, the blind adorer of GARIBALDI; and there is HENRY GLASSFORD BELL, sheriff of the shire, who has "changed the scene" so often with respect to that unfortunate woman, MARY, Queen of Scots. Mr. GLASSFORD BELL, who is the "Man you Know" on this occasion, is a personage whom we all like and esteem, not more for his admirable afterdinner qualities, than from his great professional is familiar with his chivalric defence of Queen and literary talent. He is a man of the time, both time past and time present; his name, like DAVID LINDSAY'S, is in "high account," and his verse possesses as distinct-although hardly as potent-a charm as that ascribed by WALTER SCOTT to the writings of the "Lord from a large experience both of men, of books, Lyon King at Arms."

the Calton Hill "by moonlight alone" with Mrs. FELICIA HEMANS; forty-three years ago Mr. Bell was editor of the Edinburgh Literary their sparkle to anything in Praed or Lockyer. Fournal, and was still poetic. After forty-three Is there no chance of Mr Bell favouring an years Mr. BELL is still poetic; in his latest expectant public with a further and more pervolume he sings as follows:-

"I've seen the day—but now no more,
Bright eyes glance brighter when I come;
By Jove! I'm almost thought a bore,
They curtsey, and grow staid and dumb. Or, whispering to themselves, they say, 'How old he looks, how old, dear me!' Then carelessly they turn away, And pass me by like ships at sea.

"I sometimes wonder what the deuce Such shocking want of manners means, And try to find some fair excuse For silly girls scarce in their teens. I've hardly got a grey hair yet, My teeth are nearly all my own, I am by no means heavy set-Indeed, I'm only fourteen stone!"

Now, the learned Sheriff does not wear motley but tweed; he has forgotten both his "forty-three years" and his "fourteen stone." The city was surprised and gratified one morning last July by announcing the marriage of Mr BELL, and the other day he alarmed the laity, and astonished an extensive legal constituency, by turning out at Lenzie with a blue necktie!

Perhaps the world does not recollect that Mr BELL is one of the thousand editors of Shakespere, and that his edition has been largely praised. by learned Shakespearian critics, but everybody Mary, whose character he has vindicated both in prose and in poetry. His latest contribution to literature is the volume of "Minor Poems," published by Macmillan some six years ago. This contains a series of exquisite verses drawn and of natural scenery. Reminiscences of "Chris-Forty-three years ago Mr. BELL walked round topher North," of lazy days on Ulleswater, of the vineclad slopes of Rhineland, are interspersed with vers de société equal in their daintiness and manent addition to the poetical literature of the country?

No mere layman like the BAILIE can do more than allude to the Sheriff of Lanarkshire on his professional side, but this, as everybody knows, is the side of the man which shows his capacity for hard and even fatiguing labour ! but in spite of all the hours devoted to this labour, he yet stands at the head of the principal literary and artistic circle in the city. No more frequent or more appreciated visitor enters the studios of George Ewing or Dan Macnee than Mr. BELL, and his correct, and even severe taste has rendered him one of the foremost arbiters in the field of polite letters in the West of Scotland. The BAILIE, therefore, when introducing this "man of the day" to his readers, salutes him with profound respect, and only hopes that in the cartoon the artist has done him the same equal justice which he deals out himself from the judicial bench.

"The Mysteries of Glasgow Whisky."

OUITE a storm in a tea-cup has been raised over the analysis of Glasgow whisky undertaken on behalf of the Mail by Dr. St. Clair Gray. That gentleman, Mr. Tatlock (by whom he was reviewed on behalf of the publicans-shall we add "and sinners"?), and Professor Anderson, have been going at it toothand-nail for the past few days in the columns of both the Mail and Herald, and nothing but strong language seems likely to result from their As if, however, the fray were not dispute, thick enough, the Herald now leaps into the arena, and in an article strongly flavoured by a spice of tittle-tattling personality, suggests that if Dr. Gray cannot do something or other-the writer does not seem very sure what-he, like "Mr. Angus Turner, should be allowed to retire into private life." Now, the BAILIE has a far better plan for settling the dispute than this. It is simply that a fresh collection of shebeen and other whisky samples should be procured, and that the three combatants, and the editor of the Herald too, if he cares to join them, should set to work, the victory falling to the first man who is under the table. The BAILIE sincerely hopes, in the interests of newspaper readers, that this suggestion may be taken, and that thereafter no more may be heard of a dispute which has become a nuisance.

GLASGOW SIGHTS.

No. 3, Argyle-street in a Shower.

S OME thirty years ago, or thereby—in fact, my dear Ballle, a good long time before you were elevated to the magisterial bench, which you so much adorned, partly by your "gaucy" presence, and partly by the wisdom and perspicacity of your decisions—that illustrious man, the late Lord Brougham, declared Argyle Street to be the finest street in Europe. Now,

I hardly agree with his lordship's dictum; I have visions of a certain Princes Street in Edinburgh, of the High Street of Oxford, the city of Colleges; of the London Fleet Street, the beloved of Dr Johnson and Charles Lamb; of the Rue de Rivoli in Paris, and of a lounge which I esteem infinitely before either, I mean the "Terrace" at Berne; and recollecting all these, and such sights as the Prado at Madrid, the Unter der Linden of Berlin, and the Milan Corso, all of which I only know by reputation, I rather guess that Argyle Street is hardly entitled to take the first rank in European streets. Still, Argyle Street, taken in its long stretch from the Gushet House at Anderston to the Cross-for Trongate is really no more than a continuation of the larger and more important street-is a sight of which no one need ever tire. Its hurrying crowds, the constant stream of traffic on its "causey-stanes," and its numberless variety of shops and stores, might supply any peripatetic philosopher with food for rumination for a baker's dozen of months at least.

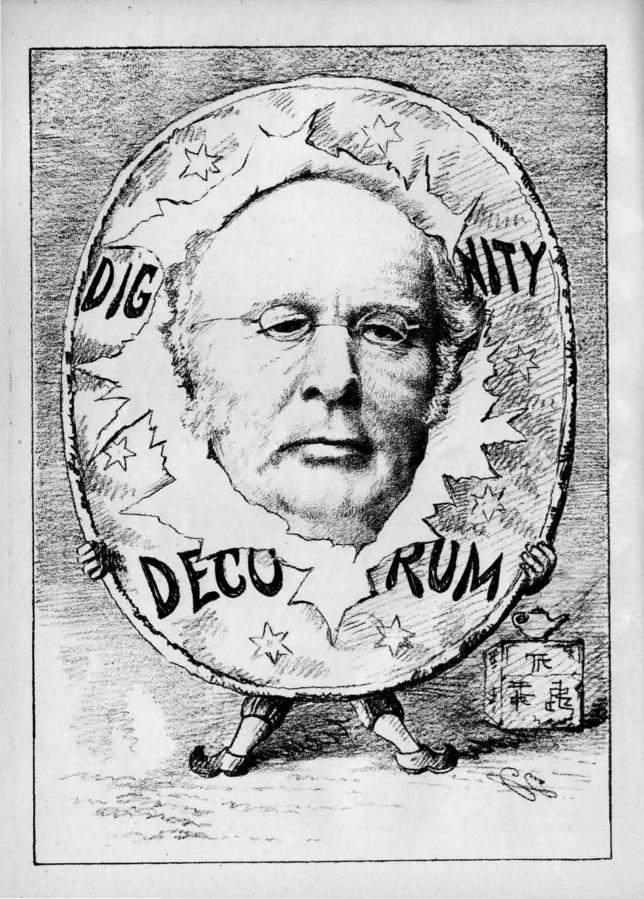
Argyle Street is good under all aspects; I like it both by day and by night. Even in the small hours, when its pavements are utterly deserted, and the gas-lights glimmer dim, I like to stroll up and down, and to hear the sound of my footsteps echoing along the deserted thoroughfare. I like it best, however, curiously enough, in a pouring wet day. I like to see the lieges hurrying along under dripping umbrellas, to see the Cross and Anderston busses crammed in a manner calling for the interference of every policeman who cares for promotion, or extra pay, and even to set the manvais suyets, female and male, creeping about with their wet garments looking damper and more unwholesome than usual, and suggesting that the furies had already begun their chase along the flag-stones, not even caring to await the appearance of their victims in that crowded haunt which is said to be paved with good intentions.

And, then, the brute life, in a wet day in Argyle Street, is quite a study by itself. The horses and dogs, especially the dogs, are objects particularly worthy of notice. How they trot or limp about, according to their kind. No better picture of misery could be drawn than one of the white, thinly coated bull-terriers which are the favourite companions of our Saltmarket friends, as he may be seen on a drizzly day, with cowering gait and dirty coat trudging miserably along at the heels of a master more villanous-looking, and not quite so respectable, as is the animal himself.

A wet day in Argyle Street to a shopkeeper, other than a publican, means a dearth of customers. To the publican it means a roaring flood, a wild invasion of the "spawning myrmidons," who take up coppers from every filthy sewer to procure the means of the intoxication which is to them a relief from the misery of life. Poor things! their condition is sad, and they take a sad relief. But what can they do? Their only choice is between the gill-stoup and the gutter. They are one of the necessities of the day, and Argyle Street is a street of the period.

Next time you are in a moralising mood try Argyle Street in a shower, and you will return to your club, or your comfortable West-end residence, eat your dinner, smoke your cigar, and thank the fates that you are not a wretched out-cast. You are well fed, well housed, and well clothed, and yet strip you of these—your surroundings—you are merely the forked radish after all. Behold! a Daniel come to judgment—the BAILIE has turned moralist, and begins to babble.

YOUR ODD MAN.



"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 4. Glasgow, Wednesday, November 13th, 1872. Price 1d.

MEN YOU KNOW-No. 4.

interfered with or moderated by a wag from a mercy on your soul" haunt his mind. He besought for in the days to which we refer, and the could be excelled by no Stipendiary. To give intoxication. At a still earlier epoch, when po- of his speeches, Rory O'Bore is a "good soul, and litical discussion was hot, the same Titan is said to a humorous"; and if he shows his face to the have had his nose ignominiously tweaked in public | public through a tea-bag, as Mr. Merriman does by a pocket Hercules who played a distinguished in the ring through a hoop, the fault is his own part as publicist an secret, and who, after helping and the humour of our artist. to make Vox populi vox Dei a truth, has earned, and now enjoys, an honourable and respected PILLS versus STEAKS .- The Fourth Ward, otium. Later in the day this giant and cloud- having taken a three years' course of Dr Neilson's compeller showed, as a wise man of the East, pills, finds itself sufficiently convalescent to ventreddle-hopping weavers how the world was to ture upon a three years' course of Flesher Thombe governed. He stormed and he roared on son's beefsteaks. Some of the uneducated numberless platforms; he jingled the cap and electors are of opinion that the change is just bells of a reforming clown; he even became, as from one butcher to another; while the more the "Jupiter Junior" has observed, a familiar of intelligent venture to hope that their bill for Satan, whom he called his father; and, with all, Pope's-eye chops, trotters, liver, sheep-heads, he put the leaf of China in paper bags, sold it pigs'-feet, tripe, &c., will be a great deal more for the shekel of the Gallowgate Jew, and pros- moderate than that which they have had to pay pered exceedingly. He throve and flourished, for blisters, eye-washes, tooth-pullings, salts, waxed fat, laughed, and grew rich. He shook senna, rhubarb, Gregory's mixture, jesuits' bark, the pagoda tree strongly, and never missed a and several species of "Hell broth" which have rupee. He was the father of the people and the well-nigh tortured all poetry and piety from the protector of the poor, and his children and de-timagination of the Ward. Farewell, Doctor; pendents were, and have remained, uncommonly welcome, Butcher!

ill-governed. For years he played the rôle of devil's advocate, and never made a saint. Today he has "changed all that." The Councillor SOME years ago—"by'r lady, perhaps a score" and Radical has been transformed into a Bailie, and Horace's well-worn Tempora mutantur et vigorous mien disported himself in a public park nos mutamnr in illis has become a "wise saw" of the city. Defying the police, he rolled his receiving a "modern instance." The Bailie huge bulk like a grampus on a portion of the "dines" now; he lives in Partick, and sees a people's property. He shook his fists in the face weaver at a distance with half-shut eye; he of law, and turned up his formidable heels at the carries a silk umbrella with framework of twelve duly constituted representatives of authority. ribs; he drives to business every day in his 'bus; He swaggered-whether he swore is not re- and he is altogether respectable. On the bench corded—and revelled and ruffled, elevating his his worship is "extra efficient." Traditions of horn, and declaring himself a man not to be "sixty days' imprisonment, and the Lord have policeman's baton. This was pretty strong from stows the "sixty days" and forgets the imprea seller of mild Bohea, but popular applause was cation with a precision and regularity which tea merchant may have had enough to produce him his due, however, as he gives the devil, in most

An Illustration from Shakespeare. WHEN King Lear disinherits Cordelia because she declines to tell lies by flattering his paternal vanity into the belief that she loves him-him altogether, and nobody else-Kent interposes to prevent the doited old Pagan from committing the hugest blunder of his life. Of course, Kent receives the reward of a just man. Lear breaks upon him like thunder, and makes to slay him. Then it is that Kent, who loves the gnarled monarch in spite of his folly, flings this bit of mild derision at his head :-

Kill the physician, and the fee bestow Upon the foul disease."

This is precisely what some of the Wards have been doing. A couple of physicians have been dismissed from the Council Board by King Mob, who has been suffering lately from a vicious attack of hydrophobia, caused by the bite of a big-mouthed water-cur, whose howlings have made all the cocks of the beer-barrels start from their staves, and crow as lustily as if they While Bantam crew "Bella's the girl for me!" had just brewed a peck o' maut, with J. L. L., and a host of other drouthy watermen come to see, and perhaps pree-for who can fathom the mysteries of the thirst of long leeches, pink-nosed salmon, modest single-finned garvies, and other Oh, lackaday! now curled up like a lizard, queer fish that flounder in the municipal pond? The First Ward especially ought to be ashamed for allowing King Mob to dismiss an experienced Councillor-Physician, merely because he would not condescend to soil his knees by kneeling in mobocratical mud. But Dr. Mac- Cock-a-hoops about "Chemical Analyzation." Intyre was wise not to put his dignity under the yoke of any such East-End-ian slavery, but to speak the unwatered and unsectarian truth red- To be chary in future when picking strange corn. hot, which he knew perfectly well would make the frowsy King howl like mad. However, the whirligig of time will be sure to bring its revenges; and very probably when the present attack of hydrophobia has run its course, and paying a swindling amount of fees to the foul will then be some consolation to the BAILIE to see the shinty-legged penitent go down upon his marrow-bones and beg his physician's pardon.

a Phaeton."

CONVIVIAL COCKS .- A Tale for the Times.

LET me tell you a tale that's perhaps rather droll,
Of a couple of Cocks that went out on the stroll; Don't ask when or where; 'tis enough if you know, It was somewhen and somewhere, exactly-just so.

Old Cocks they were both, so there's no need to tell,
Just the year and the day when they sprawled from the shell;
But when both were wee chicks, I suspect that each had,
A hen for his Ma', and a cock for his Dad.

One was shapely enough, and had decent long shins, The other was paunchy, and short were his pins; But short as they were, troth! he couldn't well want 'em, For much did he travel-that same Cocky Bantam.

Now it chanced that while met in a certain hotel, Where the pair had enjoyed their good-cheer mighty well, "Come on," said the tall cock, "come, visit with me, Some friends that I'm very desirous to see."

With a crow Cocky Bantam gave cordial consent, So off in a jiffey the friendly fowls went; And in making their calls here and there in the town, They had all sorts of "corn" to pick up and gulp down.

At sunset, when back to head-quarters they hobbled, Just tight enough both with the "grain" they had gobbled, Loud and long did His Highness crow "Cock-leery-lee,"

Having crowed themselves croaky, to roost they did go-How they reached, and got poised, on the perch, I don't know; But, alas! when their cockships awoke on the morrow, 'Twas to sense of dejection, sore sickness, and sorrow.

Cock Bantam lay gasping with pangs in the gizzard; And the kind-hearted hens look'd as if they would cry, For they thought Cocky Banty was going to die.

But, thanks to the virtues of powder and pill, Prescribed with nice judgment by Doctor Fowlskill, A cure was achieved, and now feathered creation,

Post-Scriptum-

It is said the two cocks have repentantly sworn

GAY,

"Hannibal was routed with great slaughter." This is an extract from an elaborate chronological work in the BAILIE's possession, and has no when the bemused numerical Majesty has been connection whatever with a recent tragic event sufficiently drenched with sectarian bitters, he for which a learned Professor has stood sponsor. will awake some morning and find that, having Murder is often committed by interpreters of the dismissed his physician, he has indeed been poetic muse. Shakespeare is grievously slaughtered as often as one of his dramas is produced. disease produed by ignorance and passion. It If anything, however, could reconcile one to the assassination of the famous Carthaginian leader -who was "the noblest Roman of them all"by a B.A. of Oxon, it is the really splendid work of the unfortunate bookseller who is made the A Black Business.—"Strange Adventures of, medium of putting bad words into good type, on nice paper, and in beautiful binding.

Are "Gods" Gentlemen?

GOOD deal has been written lately about theatre-going "gods," and much has been said to their disparagement. That they have been called a low set, notwithstanding their invariably exalted position, is small enough tipple. A single great idea working greatly in a "god' is sufficient armour against spite. Even the slander that "gods" are not men is not mortal in its venom. I have just heard an allegation, however, which, I fear, not even the "gods" will be able to bear with Olympian equanimity. On the last night but one of the Opera, I was in the stalls-fact!-when there sat behind me a being who looked very like a lady. She was at least dressed in the usual operatic jinglejanglery. She might have been the daughter of a Duchess or Town-Councilloress. There was something in her manner which gave one assurance that she was not without wit, that she had studied art, and that she had gone deep into the philosophy of the ill-conditioned. When, therefore, previous to the overture, the "squeezed gods" began to ease themselves by charging the English at the Battle of Bannockburn, I was suddenly electrified by hearing the bundle of lace and trinkery behind me exclaim in "h"-less English, that those "'artless wretches" could not possibly be "gentlemen!" Although not an ass, I pricked up my ears; and I thought to myself, "If the 'gods' are not gentlemen, what kind of oxen are we who sit easily in these stalls?" But, on second thoughts, I perceived that, as the lady was an Englishwoman, it was probably the pikes of Bruce's Bannockburn warriors that pierced her tender heart, and made her so unjust to the musical divinities singing aloft. Will the the girl who sat behind me. She asserted that the Police Act. such disgraceful conduct was never seen in a London theatre. Of course, it could never be Hold Hengland," or "Brown Hale," or perhaps more advantage on the staff of the "Social Re"Plum Puddin'." This is more likely to be former" than on the bench. true, as, when the "gods" of the Royal struck up the noble strain about "Good Rhine Wine,"

were not dead to meat and drink, she mentally conceded their claim to the name of gentlemen. You may guess that I was greatly pleased by the evident victory of the "gods"; and my concluding reflection was, that Shakespeare must have had such a scene in his eye when he

"One drop of Beer makes the whole world kin!" THE MAN IN THE STREET.

MOTTOES FOR LOCAL CELEBRITIES.

For a Town Councillor-Tincture of Steel.

For a Chemist-St Clair of the Oils.

For a Publican-Beerologist.

For a Teetotaller-Aquamaniac. For a Milkman-Pumpkin.

For a Republican-Jamie King.

For a Champagne Merchant-Gooseberry.

For a Lawyer-White Blackbird.

For a Greenock "Crow"-Goose.

For our last new Poet-'Anniebelle.

For a Musical Critic-Aikendrum.

For a would-be Suicide-One Mail a-day.

For a great Shipowner-A Red hot Poker,

For a Pork Butcher-Cats-and-Dogs. For a Bare-legged Poet-Mucklehose.

For a Moonless Night-Evening Star.

For Lovers of a Gallowgate D(r)am—Bailie St. James.

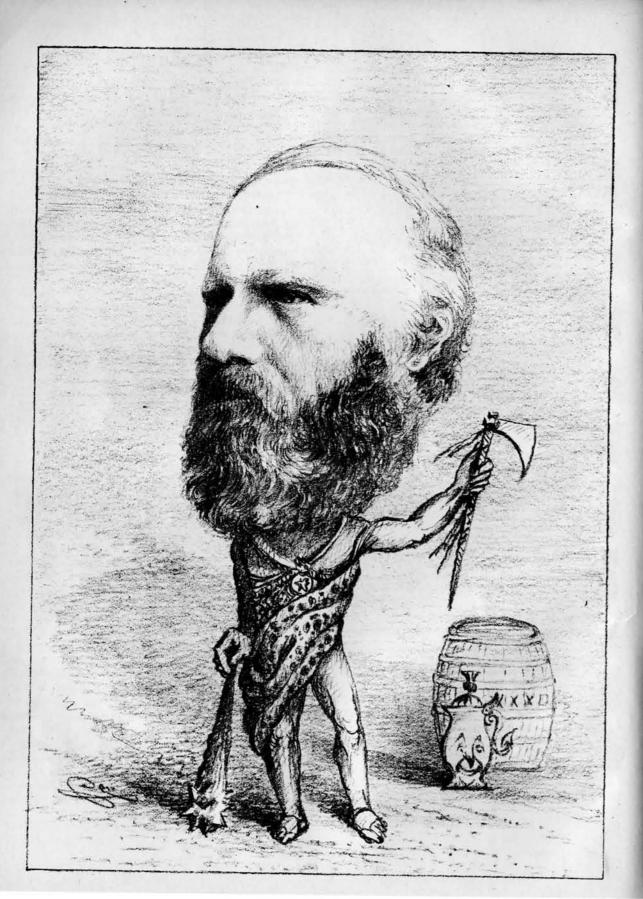
LUCIFER.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE (By Special Wire) -"Hunt on the Skin" (see publisher's announcement.—Exciting chase; much high leaping on the part of the hunted; good finish. Next meet to take place at Bolster Place, Blanketdale, Land of Nod.

A fearful rumour is abroad, to the effect that policemen are in future to be paid according to "gods" take a hint, and in future avoid the the number of cases they "run in." Riotous ungentlemanly habit of singing party tunes? persons generally, whether Good Templars or They should remember that Englishwomen otherwise, are earnestly enjoined to make a note have feelings. Another remark was made by of this-to them-important "new reading" of

There is a rumour-most likely untrue-that expected that the Cockney "gods" would sing a popular gentleman, connected with the legal "Scots Wha Hae." Their music would natu- profession, retires from the Council in prospect of rally be something about the "Roast Beef of a stipendiary appointment. He would figure to

Bringing forward one's dog is always a plucky I observed that my fair posterior critic was and agreeable operation. The Mail announced greatly soothed, at least, she made no other last week that Dr St. Clair Gray was to begin adverse remark; and I have an impression that a course of lectures on medical jurisprudence. when she discovered that the Glasgow deities So introduced, the course ought to succeed,



"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 5. Glasgow, Wednesday, November 20th, 1872. Price 1d.

MEN YOU KNOW-No. 5.

Council sorely wounded to the ground! Latterly abuses, at which he rushes blindly, like a mad he has taken to smashing lamps in Union Street, bull at a red rag. He and other East-enders are which is a police offence, and for which he ought always crying out about Municipal corruption to be brought before any of the "Mawgistrates" and belabouring the supposed perpetrators, but he may happen to have left alive. It is really a aimlessly apparently, and without definite purpity that so much energy and force, and a weapon pose. The shrewdest stroke he has received which might be such a formidable crusher of was that dealt the other day by the Lord Proabuses, should be so hopelessly wasted. Why vost, who interrupted a wild onslaught by asking does a man of strong mind and strong will- him to specify the misconduct he was denouncing. of dauntless courage, eager to do right, and The "Man you know," thus suddenly checked smite wrong and spare not-destroy his useful- in mid career, blundered and turned away. ness, by either misdirecting his efforts or nulli- 'Twould be "meat and drink" to the City to see a fying them outright by a violence of action from quiet job dragged to the surface and the cunning which people revolt-even those who think well operator exposed and soundly trounced. The of, and with him, that there are many abuses to jobber would, with pleasure, be handed over to reform. Since he has entered the Council he has the tormentors, and the "Man you know" would done nothing more than the silent man from the be cheered to the echo, by the citizens, as he East, who, poor creature, piteously explained the administered punishment. Still it is necessary, other day that he did not open his mouth, be- on the time-honoured principle of Mrs GLASSE, cause he had not learned what to say. The to first catch your abuse, and that, with all the reason is merely that he laid about him so hardly and furiously that he raised a feeling of opposi-know" once assailed the Teetotalers with such tion and mistrust. Had the hammer-bearer tremendous vigour that, to the great amusement struck wisely, he would have struck well. Let of the bystanders, he had scarcely an antagonist him employ the lighter strokes-wit, humour, left. Could he not oblige the city, and the Good and sarcasm—of which he has abundance at com- Templars among his constituents, by letting mand, with temper and moderation, and he will himself fairly loose-just for once-on the Wine

"railing Rabshakeh," with an ill word for everybody but himself and his clique, and for every-WHO is this who comes down from the North-East, from the stony terrace of Seton, and thing he does not understand. If the "artistic ape" is, as he said himself lately, "a somewhat from the land of the Salmon? Who is this who common animal among us," the unartistic boor comes upon us with a rush and a roar, shaking a is also to be found in no small numbers, and it tawny mane and shooting around terrible glances is as easy, and may be as just, to call the hammer like an angry Berserker? It is the mighty in- bearer by the latter epithet, as he finds the former heritor of the hammer of Thor-forged from the epithet come trippingly to his tongue with referhardest steel-and he swings the dread weapon ence to another. There is smartness in saying of a round his head, and brings it down with pon- man that he was "as wide awake as a Councillor derous and earth-shaking strokes. Now he waiting on a Bailieship," but it would be equally crushes a Lord Provost! now he makes a pan- clever to say, "as a publican waiting on a cake of a citizen Bailie! again he brings a whole licence." Then there are numberless, nameless lose the character he possesses of being merely a and Spirit Trade Association, and hit out freely

all round? There are considerations which render the thing impossible, perhaps; but if it were what an inextinguishable roar of laughter he could raise. As he exposed the dodges and flagellated the dodgers, every "Bung" in the city would "start" with fright. Like many savages, the "Man you know" is kindly and good humoured; and he may thank his stars that he is, or the cartoon would have shown him as Bacchus sitting on a barrel and "swearin' at lairge."

A Caledonian Pecksniff.

THERE be men "of noble sentiments and speech" on the hither as well as the further side of the Tweed. Such an one surely was old Broom, the contractor, although the profane vulgar used to call him "Old Besom." He had in his employment Geordie Wilson-most conscientious of hodmen that ever carried bricks up a ladder. Geordie had been with the firm for about ten years, when one melancholy day, when the finest building that old Broom had ever built was approaching completion, he fell with a load of bricks from the height of four stories, his chief concern, during the few minutes that he survived, being to know whether the bricks had got broken. The next day old Broom called upon the widow and children, there being five of the latter. The soothing way in which he talked to the poor woman did honour to his head, and on leaving, after distributing bawbees round to the weans, he said — "Ay he was a good an' faithfu' servant, Mrs Wilson, Geordie was. If he had leeved it was my intention to mak' him a pairtner in the concern.

At the last City feed the following toasts were ommited:-- Lord Provost. The Tramways, - Bailie Bain. Land of Spirits, - Councillor Steel. The Permissive Bill, -- Councillor Martin. The Club Houses, -- Bailie Salmon. Lunatic Asylums, -J. L. Lang. Beauty and the Bar, The Wine, Spirit, and Beer Councillor Torrens.

Association, -

The BAILIE has, in the public interest, employed an enthusiastic Latin scholar who will supply newspapers with accurate quotations on reasonable terms. This Latinist ought to earn a decent livelihood. His worst fault is his youth and the brevity of his stay in college, but at least he knows the rudiments.

Origin of the November Meteors.

TRS GALILEO LIGHTBODY is well known in Glasgow astronomical circles as a passionate student and an admirer of celestial things. Nothing delights her more than to sit in an observatory and look for an hour together through the "staur trumpet," as she facetiously describes the great telescope of Professor Gazeawa. I met her the other night going home from an astronomical tea, at which there had been a good deal of discussion, as she remarked, regarding the opinions of a "great man of science, named Matthew Matics," who believes that the origin of November meteors is owing to the "Parallaxatives" which the sun receives about this season every year from the constellation of "Zodiacal Cancer." Parallaxatives, it is thought, not agreeing with the internal economy of the "Solar dexterity," the "binocular profanity" of the "God of Day," is troubled with a sort of "duplicate diarrhœa," which results in the exfoliation of numerous indurated particles from the "Cancerial Corona of the Ptolemaic theory." These particles, as they flutter from the sphericity of Kepler and Tom Paine, form themselves into a "nebula vortex," and thence radiating towards Aldebaran along with the "procession of the orthodoxies," are then put through a series of Tropics, and ultimately, having received a slight mixture from the "Winter Poltice," flash upon the world as meteors, about the middle of November. Mrs Galileo Lightbody is, therefore, of opinion that, during the next three days, strict watch should be kept by all "registered householders" who pay poor-rates, and whose gas tax is not likely to be affected by meteoric showers, even of the most Palæozoic order, arising from the deepest cells of Protoplasm. I must confess that I was astonished at the immense learning of the scientific lady; and I hasten to communicate to the BAILIE, the most pungent of her sentences for the benefit of local students. One or two of the above points, however, slightly puzzle me, and I should be glad to hear the opinion of some learned Professor of Astronomy as to the general accuracy of my fair friend's statements.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—We are requested to state that, during the Claimant's visit to this city, he honoured Messrs Gardner & Co. with an order for a pair of their 13s. 6d. trousers.

GLASGOW SIGHTS.

No. 4-The Broomielaw.

A LWAYS, my dear BAILIE, on a summer afternoon, when I find myself too happytoo contented with my lot—I stroll down to the had any influence in working so much mischief Broomielaw, and watch the departure of the "Eagle" with her cargo of fortunate ones bound for that Elysium, "down the water." What airs and visions of the "infinite sea" come over me, as I watch the portly stockbrokers and sleek merchants stepping on board Captain Buchanan's crack steamer; and I turn away, an optimist no

longer. The Broomielaw, however, is a favourite resort of mine, whether I am in a pessimist or an optimist mood. How pleasant it is to stroll up and down-along the miles of granite quayagewatching the great ships with their forests of masts and their interminable puzzles of cordage, and glancing at the varied forms and kinds of life with which they abound-men of all nationalities and of no nationality-from our brother, the "coloured cuss from Africa," and his second cousin, the thin, copper-skinned Lascar, to Jan Steen, the Dutchman, and Captain Kyd of Portland, State of Maine-are to be found "knocking around" the Broomielaw. To a disciple-either of Lavater, or of Spurzheim, or even of our friend of the "origin of species"-a course of the Broomielaw would be quite invaluable. What arguments might be drawn from the squinting eyes and low forehead of this Kalmuc, who has shipped for a sail from Hong-Kong to Glasgow and back, and who has been as unruly as a monkey throughout the entire voyage? Even the Nigger is a step higher than the Kalmuc, but the Nigger, as we all know, has long exercised the souls of honest Maryland theologians, as to whether or no he is really a member of the "great human family."

But to return to our famous harbour, which is much more interesting than any physiological problem, I want you, my most sapient magistrate, to go down to it some summer evening, for an evening party, on the 11th inst., they were and watch the coming in of an excursion steamer. baulked at the last moment for want of a cab. If you could, by any possibility, pay your visit All the vehicles of that kind in Glasgow, she on the evening of a Fair Saturday, it would be so says, were on the occasion engaged in conveying much the better. The return of an excursion domestic servants from their old "places" to steamer is always a "sight," but, on the evening their new ones. The times have been that with of a Fair Saturday, you are treated to the return the assistance of "her lad" to take the other of some score of excursion steamers, and the handle of the "kist," or, failing him, a porter, "sight" is accordingly so much the more impos- Janet could accomplish that little migration on ing. We have all heard of the "British workman," foot; but, as the poet says-" When we're rich and have listened to his praises sung from un- we rides in chaises."

numbered platforms, but I rather fear that none of his patrons, who woo him with such lavish favours, know him as he returns from a day's excursion "doun the water." Talk of the influences of Nature! By my faith, if Nature has among men and women, who are tolerably decent and orderly all the rest of the year, as has occurred among the passengers of the Clyde steamer by the time she returns to the Broomielaw, on a Fair Saturday night, the sooner she retires into private life the better for her own reputation. Why, they are, for the most part, no better than wild animals. The light of reason has quite gone from them. Here and there some poor creature may be found with a faint glimmering of the sense which distinguishes her or him in the usual work-a-day world, but this glimmering only serves to make its possessor so utterly wretched, that, for my own part, I would rather be one of the majority and want it altogether, than own it with the sense of anguish which it brings.

What? my time is up do you say? Does the cock already proclaim the matin hour to be near? Well, then, my dear BAILIE, adieu!

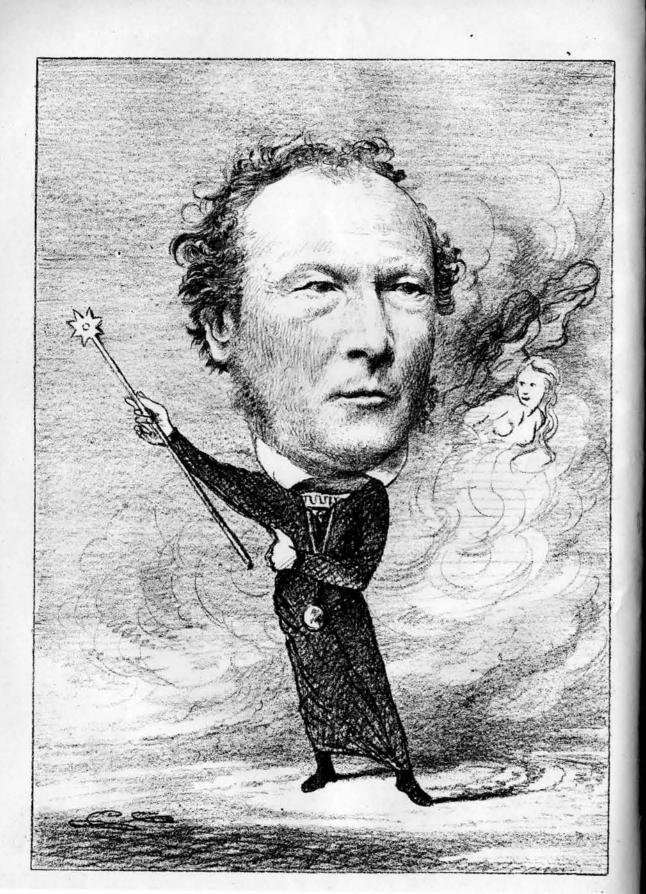
YOUR ODD MAN.

"MY LOW-BACKED CAR."

As I sat on the tramway car, My thoughts they wandered far, To that time so sweet, When the trams will meet; And every street have its car-For smooth runs the tramway car, But where is the Bridgeton car? The trams are laid, And the street is made, But where the deuce is the car? O when will we get that car?

Servant Gal-ism of the Period.

NRS BROWN sends a complaint that, after she and her daughter were fully "figged"



"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 6. Glasgow, Wednesday, November 27th, 1872. Price 1d.

MEN YOU KNOW-No. 6.

THERE are other Golcondas in the world only stretch forth his hand prudently and grasp adventurous traveller SINDBAD found the dia- theironmarket placed in his hands, and if he cannot monds, and removed them in the wonderful turn that piece of knowledge to account he ought fashion which has astonished and enchanted so to emigrate and try the backwoods, where there many generations of book-loving children, old is still some simplicity of character remaining. and young. England boasts of several; Wales If one knew as certainly as it is possible for any is similarly favoured; and Scotland has one of these things to be known, how prices were perhaps the most notable of all. There is so little of romance in either its situation or appearance that it would figure but poorly beside knowledge is to be had, and the thing can be the gorgeous landscapes of the Arabian Nights. done by clever folks in certain situations. The Grim and bare of aspect, it resembles a valley "Man you Know" did it, and did it well-so of desolation rather than of jewels. Its enor- well, that, after leaving the service of the great mous wealth, exceeding that of Golconda, lies Gartsherrie firm, he could start as ironbroker beneath the surface. The diamonds are black, here, on his own account, and spring suddenly and they are called by the unimaginative, coal into the front rank. Planted thus, a shrewd man and ironstone. The Scottish SINDBADS, who becomes rich of necessity. He goes rolling along, first penetrated these subterranean regions, be- growing as rapidly as a snowball tumbled over came enormously rich, and their descendants are and over by school-boys on a wintry day, and millionaires, with countless stores of silver and becoming bigger with each revolution. He gets gold, houses and lands. Have not the BAIRDS into all the "swims" where money is to be made, of Gartsherrie a name to conjure with on any and is actually solicited to cram more into Exchange in the world? Is not JAMES MERRY pockets bursting with coin. His very name as a a man who can lose half a million in a week, by operating in the ironmarket, to gratify a fit of and his purse is like the purse of Fortunatus, spleen in crushing some lesser speculators, and into which he cannot put his hand without findyet, can his wealth be said to have suffered per-ceptible diminution? He may have gone to bed "Man you Know," but it would not have been in the Western Club, from vexation of soul, but his had he not possessed the clear head and will he keep a race-horse the less, or screw down steady judgment, of which he gives proofs as his wine bill a little, or his establishment by a required in the conduct of the affairs of the City. single domestic? Not he. If he is hazy on the It was one of the oddest freaks of which we ever subject of the Decalogue, he knows perfectly heard, for a person of this strong type to give well that, to "recuperate," he has only to refrain way to the absurdities of spiritualism and the from flinging away his money and allow the chicane of table-rappers, and believe in any other black diamonds to refill his coffers, till they "medium" than the "circulating." The "coinagain become plethoric. The very servants of ing man"—for he is to be our next Lord Prothese great lords of iron and coal move in such a golden atmosphere that they gradually become of the "J. B.," who, many years ago, wrote a

gilt. A man who gets into a position of trustsuch as that of cashier or manager at Gartsherrie or Carnbroe-has his fortune made, if he can than the famous eastern valley where that opportunity as it arises. He gets the key to

pamphlet worth many less "raps" than its writer, in which he detailed his experience among the spirits. Did his familiars never hint that the gold chain would be round his neck in time future? Possibly it may have been some astute imp who suggested that agreeable mode of canvassing employed last year, when the "Eagle' was chartered, and an "influential" party taken down the river and magnificently entertained. Be that as it may, the "Man you Know" will make an excellent Lord Provost. He has the splendid talent of saying neither too much nor too little, and exactly what he means, in language unadorned, save by the eloquence derived from simplicity. He will support bravely the dignity of the City; and, if the ladies come to have votes, he ought to secure their suffrages, every one, for he is their gallant and constant admirer.

Anticipations of the coming Fine Art Exhibition.

THE following anticipations of next February's Fine Art Exhibition in the Corporation Galleries have been collected by our own eavesdropper in the studios. It is needless to add that in no single instance can they be relied on:-

Marble bust of Jas. Merry, Esq., M.P., subscribed for by iron "bears." Folly, R. A.

A corporation dinner party, in the style of Teniers' "Boors Drinking." Sir Vandyke Brown, P. R. A.

View of the coal under the green. Mr Moir-

Another view of the coal under the green. Mr Martin-M'Ewen.

Full length portrait of the President of the Glasgow Republicans in his official robes. Presented to his excellency by members of the Western Club. Sir Daniel Calcraft, R. S. A.

Mr John Burns dispersing the Clyde Trustees, after the well known picture of Cromwell dismissing the long Parliament. An important work. Leith, W.S.A.

The drawings for the cartoons of the Daily Mail before they were "prepared" for the public. Mr Purand Simple.

The cartoons of the Daily Mail as they were given to the public. Peter Wilkins Munchausen. Q. U. E. R.

A decided want on the Turf :- A moral.

The St. Enoch Square Nuisance.

EVERY Wednesday St. Enoch Square is infested by droves of stout agriculturists. lime-burners, brick-makers, coal-masters, seed and manure merchants, and other generally obnoxious persons. Their presence would be tolerable like that of some other nuisances, because we can't get on very well without them; but why don't they stand in the centre of the Square, and not render the pavement impassable? It can only be because an adjournment thence to "the Captain's," "John's," or "His Lordship's." would be too much trouble. Agricultural laziness must not interfere with the amenities. They must clear out, disperse, begone, and surround the fountain, where water may be had. They don't like that element, but by police regulation an adjournment might be allowed at stated intervals for the customary "wee gill." If they refuse compliance, after the appearance of this notice, they shall all be driven to the slaughter-house and made carcases of, by order of the

West-End News.

SIR FRANCIS FIRE and Baron Fuel Arranged last night to fight a duel, For why? Because their skin was thin, And let a jest too deeply in. Sir Francis from his horse alighted, But knowing that he was near sighted, Quoth he, "Now let each take his place, Each pull his pistol from its case. Each at the proper moment fire, And honour bright, though both expire! But fair play too must rule the roast, Fair play's a jewel worth all cost. I'm handicapped by this short sight. But here's my plan to set it right: You'll take a rule, our second 's there, And with that rule you'll measure fair My distance from the Baron Fuel, The regular distance for a duel: Then you'll allow that I will be Nearer to him than he to me, By-say a foot-no, the shoe pinches, By-that's it neat-just eighteen inches." "Agreed" the Baron cries, "Your hand!" Whereat the seconds schemed and planned, Measured and corded, and zig-zagged, Whispered and swore, and crouched and bragged. And groped and fumbled o'er the land, But haven't found where each should stand.

D. G.

How I Found Livingstone.

CHAPTER IV.

RESTED and refreshed, I determined on conback track to procure, if possible, additional in- a fine old whisky in a shop on the South-side, formation. In the neighbourhood of "Anderson's," at the Cross, I encountered a venerable sage, with Leave supplies-len' me tuppence, an' I'll p'r's'hoary locks, hooked beak, and inflamed visage. vere. Here's t'ye my boy. Take that confounded He had a note-book and pencil in his hand, and Ass with you—he's on'y a 'cumbrance." I heard him mutter angrily, "Central," "Auld Wull did him," and a few complimentary remarks the high souled adventurer from his task; and, to the "F Division." On asking him if he had rousing the Ass, we set out on our return. Our seen LIVINGSTONE, he gazed at me stonily, and, safe arrival I have now to report, and let me add bringing his stick down on the pavement with a that you ought to ask me to dinner. thud, said, through a fine aroma of alcohol and snuff, "Sir-r-r-! in the year eighteen hundred and"-. Instinct taught me that I had encountered a modern "Ancient Mariner," and I fled terror stricken.

CHAPTER V.

Escaping with difficulty from the aborigines of the Briggate, who live in caves and dens, after the manner of wild beasts, and rush out upon the passing traveller, I crossed the river with ease, on an appliance provided for the purpose. The region I now entered is chiefly remarkable for the numbers of its infant population. They overflow the houses and swarm and crawl on the path in such shoals that it is hard to walk without committing culpable homicide at every step. Putting the usual query, to the most intelligent looking native I could see, he replied, in the dialect of the country—"Did I see Livingstone or the Ass was ye speerin? 'Deed no. The only Livingstone that I ken is a verra decent man that keeps a geyan guid dram at the fit o' the street, an' gin ye like I'll tak' anither luik at him at your expense. As for the Ass, when ye gang hame, tak' a luik at the glass, an' I'm sair cheated if ye'll no see his pictur'." Rather embarassed by this sudden check, I was turning away, when, coming from a distance-

CHAPTER VI.

I heard a wild bacchanalian howl, accompanied by a tipsy "hee-haw." In a moment I recognised Irish labourer has already been hired, and prothe tones, and, grateful that my task was on the vided with a new barrow and a first-class spade. eve of being accomplished, I hurried to the spot. His working will be watched with much interest Livingstone at last! the lost wanderer found! by an anxious population. The Customs au-I discovered him seated in a box, with a variety of thorities are in search of feuing ground, we empty dishes on the table, a tobacco pipe in his understand, to erect buildings in which to promouth, and a wild glare in his eye. The Ass vide their officers with suitable accommodation, lay sleeping in a corner.

H' are ya, ol' fella," he cried. "Let's liquor-Waita, bring osh'ns Glenliv't."

"You are wanted at the office," I observed. "Hang the BAILIE," was the reply, "I'm not tinuing my journey, but first I took the going home till my m'shon's 'complisht. There's and I mean to taste it 'fore I return if I die for't.

CONCLUSION.

The BAILIE didn't ask him to dinner, but he made Mattie show him the way to the nearest fountain, where he could refresh himself without

The Slander Case.

OH Jabez, Jabez, what a scandal, Why give to scorning "bungs" a handle, T' assail with railing tongues and loud, Folks, of their virtues justly proud?

And you R. C. on t'other side, Whose zeal is strong to over-ride The common-sense of town and burgh, Why pull him up before the shirra?

A reaming pint o' some strong water. Had served to quite arrange the matter, If each his dignity had doffed, And spoken words full smooth and soft.

The next time, then, you disagree, Don't fight your fight where all may see, But have it out, in some sly change 'ouse, Where neither drink nor men are dangerous.

GOOD TEMPLAR.

FORIGN INTELLIGENCE.—PAISLEY.

Operations for the deepening of the Sneddon and the Cart are to begin immediately. An Glasgow is to be reduced to a second-class port,

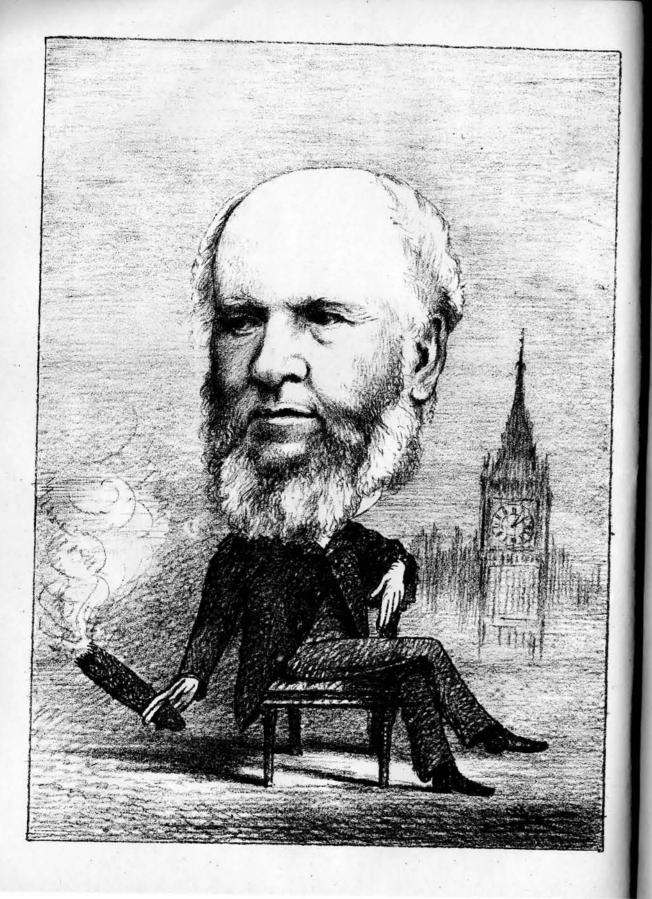
"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 7. Glasgow, Wednesday, December 4th, 1872. Price 1d.

MEN YOU KNOW-No. 7.

of his native city. Priggish persons think it GEO. ANDERSON, M.P., who is a pompous bore, vulgar to talk of "the right man in the right to Mr DALGLISH, who has nothing in common place," but the phrase is so apt in this case that with either, and does not afflict us with speeches we use it without misgiving, leaving the genteel to turn up the nose of contempt. Glasgow has brethren," or weary our souls with half-fledged better suited than by the genial, whole-souled this absence of boredom that much of Mr man who is their present senior representative, DALGLISH'S great personal influence in the nor could they send up one who would be more House of Commons, with Conservatives no less acceptable to the House of Commons. To some than with Liberals, must be attributed. Who people who think themselves clever, Mr DAL- indeed would not seek to associate and stand GLISH'S influence both in Glasgow and in well with a generous gentleman who to the Parliament is a puzzle too intricate for solution. virtues of an admirable Amphitryon adds pleasant He is not an orator; he never makes windy and easy converse, based on sound judgment, speeches about nothing in particular; he does and entirely free from either crotchets or not aspire to play a prominent part in debate; viewiness? Who would not be glad of the he detests fuss of every kind, and puts a resolute friendship of a man who knows men and affairs, foot down on the affectation of deep engagement and looks on them with a kindly but discerning in public business, which is the favourite hypocrisy eye, seeing and discriminating good from evil of the average M.P. He does not want to assist with justness of judgment, but without a particle Mr GLADSTONE with his eloquence, on the fre- of acrimony? Certainly not Her Majesty's quent occasions when that gushing Premier is Commons, for they show a very lively appreciaundergoing a change of principles, under the tion and respect for the "Senior Member." They scoffs of the gibing Israelite whose cheerful like himself, they like his dinners, they like his occupation it is to educate the squirearchy, and wines, and they like his cigars. Of course he to stick cruel pins now and then into WILLIAM's smokes—smokes as much as a member of quivering flesh. He refrains from thrusting him- FREDRICH WILHELM'S "Tobacco Parliament." self on the House in season and out of season in Where would be his bonhomie without the soothfrantic efforts to prove himself somebody. If he ing influence of the weed-where his shrewd has a hobby-and few are without that detestable estimate of human nature unless he became animal-he exercises the brute in private, and contemplative occasionally when watching the does not insist on parading him before an audi- curling wreaths of fragrant vapour. Precisely ence, and causing him to perform grotesque the same qualities that impress the legislators gambadoes in the hope of securing a round of applause. In short, Mr DALGLISH is not a bore, stituency. He attracts them, too, by the downright and when that is said the secret of his influence common sense of his speeches-for he can speak is revealed. People are, now a days, so worried and speak well, when occasion demands, in words

with bores both inside and outside of the House that they regard with an overpowering sense of M. DARWIN'S theory of "Natural Selection" must have been at work when ROBERT unhappy taint. What a relief it is to turn from DALGLISH entered Parliament as representative Mr GRAHAM, M.P., who is a solemn bore, or Mr had many members, but the citizens were never militia sort of criticism on the army. It is to



short, sharp, and to the point. He is not squeezthey cannot always find him, and the pluck and City Hall. self-reliance shown by Mr DALGLISH when he carried his seat in 1857 are not yet forgotten. His attention to the Parliamentary interests of the City has been beyond all praise, though the circumstance is, perhaps, not so widely known by one hundred and sixty "black Belgian" steeds, he indicated a wish to retire, but was induced to Epick." return once more to the duties he performs with so much acceptance. He is altogether too vigorous yet to be permitted to get out of harness. No man would be so much missed in "the best club in London," and no man could be found who would more adequately represent the interests of the City of Glasgow in the Parliament of the Empire.

Grand "Conservative Working Men's" Demonstration.

IN order that the "Working Men's (!) Conservative Association" might welcome the Tory Chief, in proper fashion, on the 18thglorious date-the BAILIE put himself into communication with the proper authorities, Sir Bernard Burke, the Somerset Herald, and the shade of the late Mr Toole-the London City toast-master; and, after carefully collating the several opinions of these eminent authorities, he devised the following arrangements for a procession, which he proposed should march from the University to the lordly "Conservative Hall" at the Cross. As "all the world and his wife" are aware, the leader of Her Majesty's Opposition has snubbed the "Working Men," but it does not therefore follow that the BAILIE should snub them likewise. He, accordingly, presents his procession programme to the world, in order that the friends of order everywhere may learn something of the few heroic men in Glasgow, who have devoted their evenings to the defence of the Queen, and of the British Constitution as by law ordained :-

THE PROGRAMME.

sacred banner of the Association.

number) marching in Indian file.

The children from the Ragged Schools. Mr William Russell, 18 Garden Street.

The BAILIE'S Ass (borrowed for the occasion) able either, as some members are, but possesses staggering along under the weight of Mr Russell's a sturdy independence of character which com- unpublished letters to the newspapers, and of the pels respect. Electors like a manly man, though speech he delivered to Lord Stanley, in the

Mr A. K. Murray; on horseback.

Three Policemen.

The Edinburgh Courant.

Mr Disraeli seated in a mourning coach, drawn among the electorate as it ought to be. In 1868 and distributing copies of his "Revolutionary

Mr George M'Leod, in his orange robes.

The beer, of which Sir George Campbell did not wish the "poor man" to be robbed.

Father Buckley, or any other recent convert, and Professor Macklin.

The "man in armour" (specially hired from his owners, the Black-Lead Cov.)

A German band—three in number.

A flute band—six flutes and twenty drums. The band of the Prince of Wales' Theatre.

Specimen copies of the "New Glasgow Conservative Journal."

Mr David Marshall Lang.

The "Conservative Reaction." The President of the Glasgow Republicans; in

chains.

Beadles from the City Churches. Numerous Water Carts. The Glasgow mob.

Thomas Carlyle.

DARAGRAPH-MONGERS have been recently informing the public that Mr Carlyle is in very ill health. We are happy to learn that all such reports are lies; and the least we can hope is that the vendors of them are not liars, but only fools. There are, no doubt, some creatures who could rejoice at the death of the immortal old man-just as rats, mice, vipers, and other vermin, would rejoice over the death of all cats, dogs, special reporters, and other detectives and scarifiers of cardinal and commercial sinners. Our feeling towards Mr Carlyle is neatly expressed by an old author-"O king, live for ever!" But, if not for ever, we hope that our great friend will live sufficiently long to leave Mr W. P. Dixon bearing proudly aloft the his mark on the backs of many of those daredevils and share-devils, who pollute alike Church The Tory representatives of Scotch Burghs. and 'Change with their daring blasphemies. We The Members of the Association (eleven in name nobody, though, we daresay, those upon whom our eagle-eye is fixed, know perfectly well that we mean them. Let them t-e-r-r-remble! Our poker is in the fire, and ready for the onset.

Definitions.

WHAT is a "hen?"—In England, an "N," and in Scotland, a fowl that lays eggs.

What is an "art?"-In England, a "heart, and in Scotland, a method of making haggis.

What is a "howl?"-In England, an "owl," and in Scotland, a mixture of drums, bagpipes, and Gaelic songs.

What is a "herring?"-Politically, the Democrat of the sea; Ichthyologically, a fish; Munici-

pally, a Glasgow Magistrate.

What is a "bear?"—Zoologically, an animal; socially, a beast; commercially, next-door neighbour to a "bull."

What is a "bull?"-Agriculturally, husband of a cow; astronomically, a sign of the Zodiac; commercially, next-door neighbour to a "bear."

What is a "B. A.?"—Sometimes, a Bachelor of Arts; frequently, a bloated aristocrat; oftenest,

a born ass.

What is a "pig?"—A species of quadruped, hated by the Jews, not despised by the Scotch, liked by the Irish, adored by the Americans; when living, a sow; when dead, pork; when eaten, nightmare; delphically, a pig in a pot; humanly, a sot: mythically, thecommerce, a pig is a bit of cast-metal, often so inordinately worshipped on 'Change that the idolaters themselves become pigs. This is why a local philosopher, during the "bulling" and "bearing," defines 'Change as the "Public Stye," "Pigs' Church," and "Commercial Piggery."

LUCIFER.

What are Folk Saying?

WHAT are folk saying about the City and its affairs?

THEY ARE SAVING :-

That Bailie Moir has a most amiable temper. That dabbling in the Stock Exchange is worse than backing horses.

That there are some respectable people among

the Stockbrokers.

That the jail will be mistaken for a palace when the new approach to the Green is finished.

you can't get any other.

That the Clyde is the purest river in Europe. Europe, if the Paisley and Greenock folks didn't

dirty it.

of view.

That Tennant's Chemical Works are a great boon to the public, in purifying the air of the

That the Tigress and Cubs in the West-end Park should be taken in out of the cold.

That whisky has not improved since the Mail informed the publican how to adulterate it.

That Mr John Burns does not intend giving a Banquet to the Clyde Trustees.

That Stanley found Livingstone.

That Stanley's book is not worth its weight in gold-whatever it may be worth in brass.

That we will not wash ourselves so often after the Water Commission introduce Meters,_

That the Police are strictly honest.

That there are a great number of dogs found in the city in a year.

That the Bell(e) of the Brae is not a female.

That they are "deaved wi' Knox."

That the city gas is little better than the fog. That a "tip" from the spiritual world induced Bailie Bain to sell his Pyrites stock.

That in smoke cases two policemen are only equal to one "credible witness" in the opinion of the "magistrates."

That each policeman should have a watch to time the issue of smoke.

Honest Jack's advice to letter-writing directors-"Were reasons as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man reason upon compulsion."

Can the bank of the Clyde between Glasgow and Lanark be, strictly speaking, called the Clydesdale Bank?

"Philalethes," in the Herald, advances some sweeping accusations against our great reformer, John Knox. If substantiated they would certainly go to show that the old Protestant champion must have been altogether a very (K)noxious individual.

Seeing that our late civic ruler operated a That Australian mutton is not so bad-when little on the Stock Exchange, our present Lord Provost is a share-broker, and our coming Chief Magistrate is an iron-broker, a correspondent That the Clyde would be the purest river in suggests that some other disciples of the noblegame of speculation should come forward for City honours. For this purpose, he thinks, That David Brown lowered his prices, not Messrs J. P. Craven, Webster, Musgrove, and from a pecuniary, but from a philanthropic point Gavin Black, ought to advance their claims in view of future vacancies.

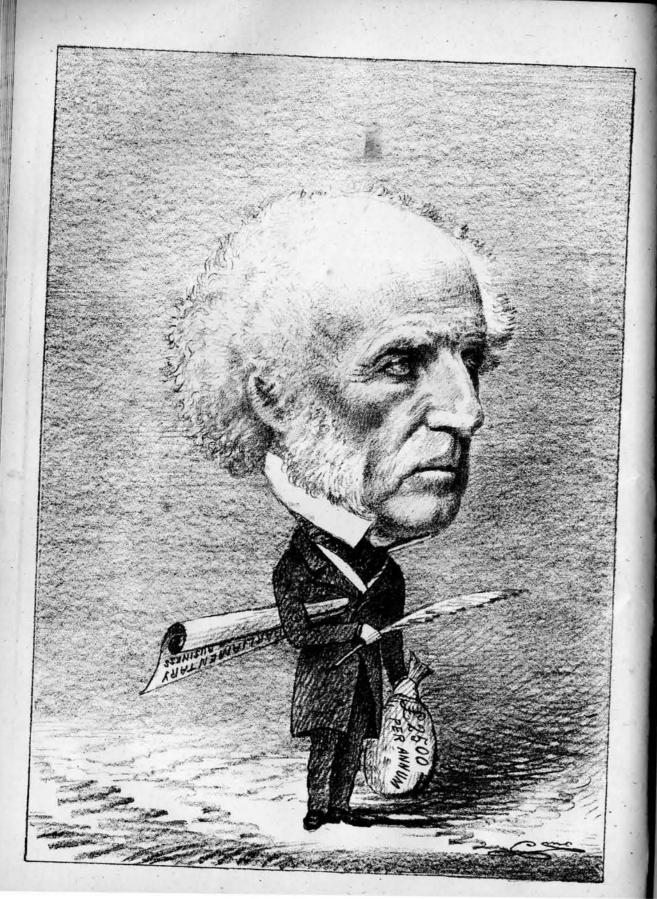
"MY CONSCIENCE!"

Price Id Glasgow, Wednesday, December 11th, 1872.

MEN YOU KNOW-No. 8.

QUAINT English proverb quoted by WASHINGTON IRVING says, "Some men are born with a silver spoon in their mouths, and others with a wooden ladle." Mr ANGUS TURNER was not born with the silver spoon, but he must have held in his tender gums a wooden ladle of such exceptional character as to be equally valuable. When, some forty or fifty years ago, he resigned those magnificent prospects of professional advancement in Edinburgh, of which we heard so much a month or two ago, and came to the Town Clerk's office here, he emigrated unconsciously from Ireland to California. Without at all underrating Mr TURNER'S capacity, it must be confessed that it was irresistibly droll to observe him gravely placing a money value on a ant country estate in the neighbourhood of Pityoung man's dreams of rising in the world. Donner und blitzen-there is, in the English language, a sad want of genteel expletives, polite remote chance of a seat in that highly respectable but strong—was there ever a green gosling of a asylum for old women, the College of Justice. youngster who did not build chateaux en Espagne and see before him a rosy future. Which of us ing Parliament House at this moment who would all, when his locks were ambrosial, has not beheld look carefully at the feet of any one who offered himself in time to come warrior, statesman, them good fortune equal to that of Mr TURNER. artist, poet, or some other "king of men;" but But, never mind, we do not grudge the retiring which of us all could, on reaching our grand Town Clerk the solatium he carries with him climacteric, imitate Mr TURNER in making our- from public life. His worst enemies-and he selves ridiculous by assuring people that the has provided himself with a few-cannot justly shadows of our visions had substance, and that deny that he has done the State some service. under certain circumstances they entitled us to He was, and still is, a man of considerable ability, compensation for giving up an imaginary chance and what he had of capacity he applied without of making them real! When Mr TURNER aban- stint to the management of the affairs of the doned Edinburgh and came to Glasgow, the City so far as they came within his department. change was from Arabia Petræa to Arabia Felix. Provosts, Magistrates, and Councillors came, and At the best his prospect of becoming a Lord of Provosts, Magistrates, and Councillors went, but Session was about equal to the chance of a horse ANGUS TURNER was always there, the conwinning the Derby against which the bookmakers tinuous thread which supplied a ready clue to are willing to lay a thousand to one. When he the intricate business of a great municipality. arrived here he entered a Western land of Goshen, His uprightness and integrity have never been flowing with that milk and honey on which Town questioned, and if now and then he was a little Clerks grow rich. He stepped at once into a cantankerous and stood upon his dignity, why

splendid salary, and being fortunate enough to catch Glasgow on the rise, he grew with the growth of the City, until he attained an income which eclipsed a Judge's, and rivalled that of an Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary representing Her Majesty at the most extravagant court in Europe. Every man who assisted in the rapid development of the Scotch Chicago added something to Mr TURNER'S revenue. We all helped him up the ladder, and it is really too bad in the comical old veteran to turn round now and despitefully use us, telling us that if he had not been foolish enough to leave that fossilized country town, Edinburgh, he might have been something much greater than he ispossibly Grand Panjandrum of the Court of Session. However, a handsome fortune, a pleaslochrie, and a retiring allowance of £2,500 per annum are not bad exchanges in their way for a There are scores of clever young advocates walk-



tell if they chose. Perhaps his worst fault was Juan. Brag freely about the matter next day, the feeling of contemptuous disdain he enter- when partaking of mid-day refreshments with tained towards the Town Council. He regarded your cronies. the elected of the sovereign people from much | Lodge as far West as you can afford. the same point of view as Mr John Burns. They respectable address goes a long way with presented themselves to his mind as a pack of tailors. illiterate shopkeepers, socially his inferiors, and incapable of deciding intelligently on the ques- Give your orders to several; and when one tions which came before them, and he allowed refuses credit, you can resort to another. this scorn to be seen. Naturally, the feeling, and especially its display, was resented by the chosen to change your "rooms"-never say lodgings, vessels who are not in the habit of undervaluing it is vulgar. Duns may thus be avoided. either themselves or their wisdom. In the latter days he was pursued with a severity amounting wear any. It is money thrown away. Abysto vindictiveness, by a majority of the members, sinian does quite well, and it is far more headed by the Lord Provost. So severely, indeed, showy. that a not ungenerous public were displeased at the way in which the old man was hunted down, and began to suspect a motive for all the bitterness manifested in chasing him from pillar to post. Some of these days when the new Town Clerk comes to be elected there may be a revelation on this point. But the question is not ripe, and though his retirement is arranged, and the No one can tell the difference, if you don't take terms fixed, Mr TURNER retains office until the off your coat. appointment of a successor, who is, as the citizens would rejoice to learn, to be singular and not letter "r," and acquire if you can the Cockney dual. If we get no worse than ANGUS TURNER has proved during nearly half-a-century's experi- funny in the ears of cultivated people; but you ence, we shall have no cause to complain. He won't meet many of these, and it passes current was wonderfully honest for a lawyer.

Maxims for Young Clerks.

of the sluggard to go early to bed.

is slow, and your rôle is to be fast. Go to the theatre, or to a music hall, or to a convivial party of your chums in a favourite "pub."

When you spend an hour or two in a music hall, sit near the chairman and cultivate his friendship. It looks knowing to be on terms of your own account.

familiarity with this potentate.

Brown. Call him "Davy," and show the snobs that you are a swell and know "the stout proprietor." Be cautious in this process, for "Davy" has been known to resent familiarity in a

"stand" to the professionals. Escort a "lady of will be raised to assist you to emigrate.

we have, most of us, tempers, as our wives could the ballet" home, and imagine yourself Don

Don't restrict your patronage to one clothier.

It will be well, for obvious reasons, frequently

As for expensive jewellery, neither buy nor

Never smoke a pipe in the street. You might be mistaken for a common working man.

Buy a penny cigar. If you only take a few whiffs now and then, in Sauchiehall Street, it will last for a week.

Paper collars, though they would suit your means, are low. Wear "Richards" and cuffs.

In speaking, ignore entirely the use of the drawl. The Scoto-English accent sounds very in Glasgow as an indication of superiority.

Speculate on the Turf. This is de rigueur. Select a tipster, and follow his advice. Tipsters are, as is well known, self-denying philanthro-KEEP late hours. This is important. It would be imitating the deplorable example people and scorn to follow it themselves. Remember that 5s judiciously invested at 50 to I Don't spend your evenings at home. Home may become £12 10s, which is, very probably, equal to a fourth of your year's income. Buy a pennyworth of Sporting Life now and then, and study it carefully. You will soon be able to talk as authoritatively on turf matters as if you kept a racing steed and could curse a jockey on

As for your your conduct in office, the rule is If possible, get acquainted with Mr DAVID simple: Do as little as you can. You are, of course, under-paid, and your employer is not so clever a man as yourself. It is clear, therefore, that you are under no obligation to be zealous.

In this way you may run easily down hill for a year or two. When you lose your situation Of course, you will go to the green-room and and become a shabby nuisance, a subscription What are Folk Saying?

WHAT are folk saying about the City and its affairs?

THEY ARE SAYING:-

That steamer accommodation on the river has become so scanty that the old Industry is being fitted for service.

That the Town Clerk question has been settled by "the inner circle," and that the public will

suffer from another job.

That the night policeman crying fire is an

awful nuisance. That the winner of next year's Derby will shortly be tipped.

That there's a large amount of animal life in

the Green. That some one is sure to get married on

Hogmanay.

since the cold weather set in.

working classes.

That ice cream is scarcely suited for this season. That this year's Pantomime will be the greatest ever produced in the City.

pot boiling at the present price of coals.

That Secretary to the Miners would be a good crib for some one.

That most people have more pocket money now that the racing season is over.

That Stanley might be employed to discover policemen when they are wanted.

That to witness Barry Sullivan in the last scene of the "Gamester" is equal to any two public hangings.

That the odour from the Clyde is much more agreeable in the winter than the summer.

That J. L. Lang will be the subject of the Bailie's cartoon next week.

That there are cases on record of money having been lost on the turf.

That snuffing is permitted in all railway carriages although smoking is not.

That Britons never never will be slaves.

That Disraeli's appearance will add no fewer than three members to the Working Men's Conservative Association, and thus double its

substance as his political opinions.

That the resident Hebrews are getting up a deputation to welcome the return of a member of one of the lost tribes.

That Mr Disraeli will remain over Saturday, the 21st, to attend the Synagogue.

That a petition would be offered up in his behalf were he not "past praying for."

The Chimney-Sweeper's Soiree.

THE BAILIE has heard it whispered that the Chimney-sweeps of the City are about to hold their Annual Re-union, which is to take the shape of a Soiree and Ball. Yes, Mrs B., a Soiree and Ball, and what for no? pray, what for no? Why shouldn't the Sweeps have their Soiree and Ball? You don't expect them to dance with their brushes and bags do you? Oh no; they shall wear broad cloth, and on the feet That street preaching has not been so brisk of many shall be patent slippers. Their wives in mushins of dazzling whiteness, and shall be That Trades Unions are a great boon to the comely and falr to look on. For my own part, among the Citizen advertisements. Will she, I wonder, be "the young lady in book muslin," or "the lady in pearl silk?" Black, of course, will That with many it's very difficult to keep the be the colour rigidly avoided, by the ladies, at that Ball. No woman who wished to find favour in the eyes of a Sweep would dress in black. I wonder, by the bye, whether the BAILIE will be invited to grace the festivities with his presence. As we all know-

"Golden lads and lasses must, Like Chimney-sweepers, come to dust,"

and the BAILIE, in common with every other mortal, is plagued with curiosity. He would certainly like to learn something of his friends, the Sweeps, with whom the great poet has thus coupled him and all his class.

NOT THE CHEESE.—A correspondent writes, in a jocular manner, of his having a good slice of luck last week, in the shape of three nightmares. As he is no friend of ours, we hope that next week he may have half-a-dozen mair.

It is asserted that a project is on foot for establishing a new Music Hall on the South-side. Why not a nice little Theatre? The latter enterprise would make the fortune of a man who would erect a comfortable house and entertain be impromptu, and as clever and devoid of his patrons with smart comedy and sparkling

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

Glasgow, Wednesday, December 18th, 1872. Price Id

MEN YOU KNOW-No. 9.

M OBS are notoriously blind and fickle, but these qualities are not confined to mobs. utes he would reduce a Highland constable, in the witness-box, to such a state of mental be-Canny Scotch citizens with votes, who plume themselves on their shrewdness, as well as their public spirit, are sometimes just as short-sighted and as changeable as the many headed beast. Mr GRIEVE, when Provost of Greenock, was the means of providing that ugly and malodorous sea-port with a magnificent esplanade, which would do credit to the bounty of an Emperor in want of popularity. This noble work is unsurpassed by any promenade in the world, and it is the one thing of which Greenock has graphs than that of any other lawyer in Glasgow, reason to be proud. Yet its author, instead of being awarded a statue by popular acclamation. was vilified, as if he had committed a crime. Mr JOHN BLACKIE, Junr., when Lord Provost of Glasgow, initiated that grand scheme of improve- in that way by quarrelling with his superior ment, by which the City is gradually being freed officer, getting into a newspaper controversy on from slums and transformed into a Scottish "City | the subject, corresponding with the War Office, of Palaces," with noble results as regards the and generally "exploiting" the name of J. L. moral and physical health of the citizens. His LANG. He became an ardent teetotal advocate reward was unrestrained abuse, from an ignorant electorate, and the deprivation of his seat in the were elastic enough to allow him to defend Town Council at the first opportunity. A French shebeeners. These illicit vendors of what he wit said that Admiral BYNG was shot "pour called on platforms," the accursed thing," he, many encourager les autres," and on the same principle a time and oft, piloted through a host of police Mr BLACKIE seems to have been refused a place shoals. Aided by his teetotalism, and Mr in the Council by the intelligent constituency, BLACKIE's unpopularity, he blustered his way whose suffrages he sought. Until he became into the Town Council with many loud-voiced the successful opponent of Mr BLACKIE, the promises of the general overturn he would cause "Man you Know" was chiefly celebrated as the when he got there. Respectable Glasgow looked champion in the Small Debt and Police Courts, aghast and wondered what the world - and of distressed damsels who thought they had especially the Council-was coming to, on bereason to sue their mistresses, and of jovial souls holding a Provost defeated by such a legal who had done overnight what they were sick and Ishmaelite. However, when Mr LANG became sorry for in the morning. He had a face of brass, one of the Conscript Fathers of the City, he did a shrewd wit, a loud tongue; and he used all not behave so badly after all. He refrained these unsparingly, in the interest of his clients. from hitting the stupidity which, we grieve to He could bully the Magistrates, overawe X24, and say, is to be found at that respected Board, too

treat with contempt even that tremendous functionary-a police superintendent. In five minwilderment, that the luckless Argyllshireman could not tell "her richt han' frae her left." Poor Dogberry would say to his neighbour VERGES, on escaping from the ordeal, "Tam her, she's a bad yin." This tormentor of the Courts was a favourite with the reporters-perhaps he rather cultivated the acquaintance of these useful scribes-for he was invariably obliging, and his cases were generally so conducted as to be really amusing. His name was oftener found in paraand so his fame spread-but the fame was not such as seems desirable in some men's eyes. Besides his professional work, he undertook a Captaincy of Volunteers and made some noise -especially in public-and yet his principles



hard, and prudently saw the propriety of doing at Rome as they do in Rome. Among sheep he grew to be, as poor Madame de SMOLENSK observed of General BAYNES, "a veritable mutton," and perfectly harmless. He roared at times, it is true, but it was as gently as a sucking dove. Indeed, he could do no better, for, although there is much softness of brain in the Council, there are a few strong men, and Mr LANG found his level. His most conspicuous blunder was the ridiculous motion he brought forward lately, in the teetotal interest; but his rashness was properly punished, for he was left with the pitiful following of three. Into this piece of stupidity he was doubtless forced by his party, for he has too much sense himself not to have been perfectly aware that he was committing himself to an absurdity. He has now retired, and it must be confessed that, on the whole, he has played his cards well. He wheeled round gradually from active opposition to the powers that be, to well drilled submission, and performed the difficult operation so adroitly that, while he entered as a black sheep, he leaves with a good coating of white wash and possibly eligible for any snug job which may come the way. Why Mr LANG should be a teetotaler is rather a puzzle. He is in private life a jolly, cheery companion, who dearly loves a joke and tells a droll story as heartily as if pottle deep potations were his nightly regimen. Your ordinary temperance man has something of the "soor saunt" about him, but there is nothing of this kind in the composition of J. L. LANG. He loves his pipe, and if he only liked his pot half as well, he might succeed some day to the Chairmanship of the Wine, Spirit, and Beer Trade Association—a post he would fill to much more advantage than the Presidency of a teetotal meeting. No man in Glasgow has been more abused; but, on looking him over, one finds that, like the father of lawyers and of liars, he is not half so black as he is painted.

We shall shortly be favoured with a modern example of the money changes in the Temple. The stockbrokers of the City are in treaty, it is said, for the purchase of St. George's Church.

Camlachie is a "populous place." It has got istrates, and Town Council, and the payment of of the extensive operations—at present in prosome extra taxes.

New Books.

THE book season this year has set in with unusual severity, and the BAILIE, like many other literary reviewers, is suffering from plethora of new works-re-issues of old works. &c., &c. Indeed he is almost inclined to pray for several years of famine, as the stock in hand would amply cover any deficiencies in the literary harvest for many years to come. A book in the hand may be worth two in the press, but in the present overflow the BAILIE would decidedly prefer a pressful to a handful. In short, the BAILIE'S hands are so full that he can do nothing more than simply refer to the titles of the works and the names of their respective authors. The following are a few selected at random:-

The Drunkard's Progress. By Philpot. The Wreckers of Character. By Mrs H. Beecher. Hints on Mining. By Coleman. The Dangers of our Coasts. By Baron Channel. The Giant Races of Patagonia. By Longfellow. Single Blessedness versus Conjugal Infelicity. By Felix

On the Evil Effects of Masticating Tobacco. By Chaucer. Ancient Cumuli. By Professor Cairns.

Electro-plating as a Substitute for the Genuine Article. By

Deep Studies. By Robert Browning. Twice Round the Clock. (Novel.) By Thomas Doubleday. Treatise on Corns. By Bunyan.

An Excursion to the Isles of Greece. By Cook.

A Beam in his Eye. (Novel.) By the Countess de la Motte. Rhymes on Secret Voting. By Poet Close.

A Sermon on the late Fires in Boston. By the Rev. J. Burns On the Staple Industry of Kent. By the Rev. J. Page Hopps A Tale of a Tub. By William Cowper (pronounced Cooper) A Roland for an Oliver. (Novel.) By Goldsmith.

Treatise on the Gender of French Nouns. By Mrs Hemans. Life of Southey. By Christopher North.

Papal Fallibility. By Alexander Pope. Only a Clod. (Novel.) By Melnotte.

Fast Life and its Victims. By Dean Swift. Ancient Conchology. By Percy Bysshe Shelley.

The Divine Right of Sovereigns. By Charles Kingsley. Hawking in olden Times. By A. Falconer.

Warp and Woof. (Novel.) By Richard Weaver. Modern Horology. By Charles Lever.

The Mysteries of Brewing. By Maltman. Mnemonics, or Aids to Memory. By Arthur Helps. Hand Book on Cricket. By Fielding.

A rumour has been current in the City for a Theatre and a Distillery. All that can now be some days that the Paisley authorities have sent wanting to complete the happiness of the in- to the Admiralty an invitation for the Channel habitants is the appointment of a Provost, Mag- Fleet to visit the Sneddon, upon the completion gress-for deepening the channel.

The Music Halls.

DEAR BAILIE,—I beguiled an "off-night" last week by doing a round of the music halls, commencing with the Royal in Dunlop Street. I do not know whether you have seen him lately; but if you have not, you will be glad to hear that Davie is looking well-"for an old man," as he says, and admits that the weather lately has been rather good than otherwise "for his business." Whilst we talked together an Irish comedian, Mr Fred. Power, came on the stage, and to him I gave my attention for the time being. He is good, Sir, in his way, beyond what I have heard for some years, and if he be not a bona fide son of the Green Isle, his brogue is remarkably successful as an acquisition. To him succeeded Mr Lloyd and Miss Lizzie Neilson, in a very clever comic duet scene. The gentleman is a son of the veteran low comedian of the Theatres Royal, Edinburgh and Glasgow, lop Street before the house there was removed to membrances called up by which of the days give place to the Union Railway. -Should you feel any desire, my BAILIE, to see one of the last of the Mohicans in the good old style of comic singing-which does not consist of or interfere with "legs and wings" nor "howling swell" business, you might go to the Whitebait, as I did, and see Peter Aiken, who is a star of the larger magnitudes there at present, and whose rising is looked forward to nightly with some interest. Although his reputation is throughout the kingdom, Peter, being looked upon as a "local" man, is a prime favourite in Glasgow, and it is but China, for a cargo of unpoisoned tea, he saw a natural that he should be so. He is a born humourist. By the way, on the night of my visit, and jump over the bowsprit. His ship happened John Muir, actually "obliged" with a Scotch to be passing the "Tail of the Bank," just when song. You must know that of late years, since he has waxed prosperous and rich, an exertion like this is a deed such as his soul abhors; and with reference to the Trusteeship of the Clyde he told me quietly that it was my visit which Cocklebeds and Musselbanks. At that very had roused him to the effort. Should you happen moment, Jack says that he distinctly saw the to be wandering your way eastward along the "Tail of the Bank" wag in a most demonstrative south side of Trongate any of these nights about manner. Jack's long voyage has detained this six o'clock, dear BAILIE, the chances are that important message from reaching the office of the some thirty or forty yards before reaching the BAILIE, earlier than Friday evening last. Our corner of King Street, you will be induced to Special Soothsayer is of opinion that the excesstep off the footpath on to the street. You will sive friskiness, displayed by the Tail in question, do so on account of the obstruction offered by a indicates that, whereas, formerly, there was some crowd assembled opposite the door of the Brit- chance of the Bank being removed, it is now cerannia music hall, and waiting for the opening o' tain that, under the new Cockledee-Musseldom the doors, now imminent. Should you pause for regime, it will be permitted to remain as one of the a minute to look at it, you may hear the sudden | chief beauties of the Sugaropolitan portion of the withdrawal of bolts, observe the flying open of Frith.

the said doors, and the rush of men, women, and boys to get inside and secure their places. I should like to light upon such another mine as the Britannia, with all rights reserved to myself. The people will come—they will buckle fortune upon the back of the proprietor, without a thought as to whether they are not overdoing it. I understand that the duties at the receipt of custom are positively becoming too much for him, that he 'gins to be aweary" of the perpetual shovelling in of coins. His patrons will not have it so, however. The cry is still they come; and, to avoid being overwhelmed, he must e'en face them in the breach yet a little longer. The programme of entertainments on the night I looked in last week was a long and varied one. I considered myself in luck at having, by pure accident, so timed my visit as to assist at the exhibition of Bailey's "Punch and Judy," an entertainment whereat I laughed, almost sans intermission, from beginning to end, and the reby the "Characteristic Serio-Comic Song," which was to follow. So I came away, I am, &c.,

Singular Phenomenon at the "Tail of the Bank."

TACK TAR, our Special Oceanic Correspon-J dent, writes to inform us that early in the present year, while proceeding in his ship to sight which made his quid start from his mouth intelligence was received that Greenock had gained a victory over Glasgow, in Parliament,

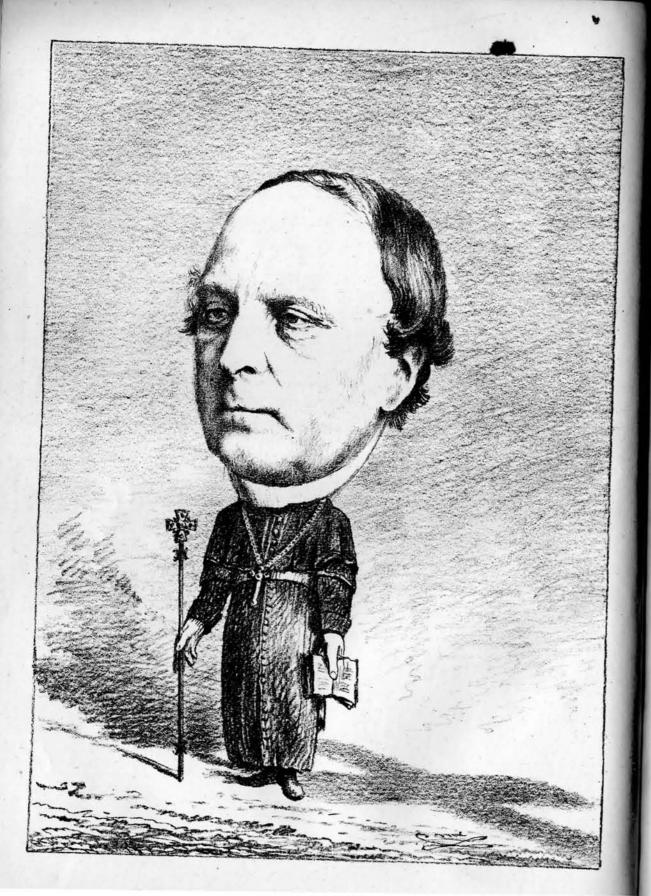
No. 10. Glasgow, Wednesday, December 25th, 1872. Price 1d

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

MEN YOU KNOW-No. 10.

have changed with them. The Glasgow of tothousand Catholics living peaceably in the midst of four hundred thousand Protestants, tolerating and tolerated. The lion is lying down with the lamb, but which is the lion and which the lamb might puzzle the wit of a sage to decide. Catholic and Protestant are good citizens alike, and in religious matters their differences are amicable. If any "dregs" of bitterness remain they are manifested only by the prejudiced and fanatical on either side, and these sections are happily Protestant or Catholic, possessed of the enlightened good sense which distinguishes Archbishop EVRE. This estimable prelate has won golden opinions from all parties since he came among us, some years ago, no less by the quiet dignity with which he has maintained his position, than rather unkindly attached to us by His Holiness, by the easy grace with which he has taken part, but we must submit on the principle that "Roma within his sphere as a dignitary of the church. was received by the Sovereign Pontiff with special To most people he is a "Man you Know" only marks of favour and interest. The Archbishop by name, and the BAILIE therefore thinks fit, returned to this country in March, 1869, and took addressing himself urbi et orbi, to say that by formal possession of his charge in May of the

EVRE of the old Derbyshire family of EVRE, and late Canon Penitentiary and Vicar General of the WHAT a change has come over the people Bishop of Hexham at Newcastle. His elder whose ter-centenary we were celebrating so of Kilkenny; and of other two brothers, one is the recently. When worthy Maister KNOX was alive Very Reverend Monsignor VINCENT EYRE, our Protestant ancestors, we fear, were but sin- missionary of Hampstead, London, and the other ners, as they had been sinned against, in the matter is Father WILLIAM EVRE of the Society of Jesus. of persecution. They showed amazing vigour in In September, 1868, the Right Reverend Mondoing to others as they had been done by, and, signor EYRE—a title he derives from his position having got into the saddle, displayed remarkable aptitude in riding rough shod over prostrate Holiness, the Pope—was nominated Archbishop opponents. But the times have changed, and we and Papal Delegate in Scotland. Proceeding to Rome he was consecrated there, in the Church of day exhibits the pleasant sight of a hundred St. Andrea della Valle, selected for the purpose on account of its being dedicated to the Patron Saint of Scotland. The ceremony of consecration was conducted by Cardinal REISACH, assisted by Archbishops MANNING and MERODE, and was attended by many highly distinguished personages, both church and lay, the latter including the Princesses SANTA CROCE, who are relatives of the Archbishop. This event was fraught with peculiar significance for Catholics in Scotland, for till then they had been without an Archbishop diminishing in numbers. For this result we are since the memorable era of the Reformation. No indebted in a great measure to clergymen, whether hierarchy having been proclaimed for Scotland, Dr EYRE did not receive a territorial designation from the district where he was to exercise archiepiscopal functions, but was titled Archbishop of Anazarba, in partibus infidelium—the latter epithet, we may remark by the way, is when possible, in things of local interest coming locutus est." While in Rome the new Prelate birth the Archbishop is an English gentleman of same year, when Bishop GRAV retired to Rothesay ancient lineage. He is the third son of Count in delicate health. Since then he has been



labouring among us, governing his clergy and people with a light but firm hand, and never weary in well doing. Devoted to the cause of education, he has taken a very active part in the guidance of the institutions of that class connected with his See, and the effects of his fostering care are manifested in their improved condition. To the clergy of the diocese he has made himself their midst. They are, however, too numerous singularly acceptable, winning their love and esteem, as well as their respect, without in any way sacrificing the authority of his rank. A man of cultivated intellect, of agreeable manner, a gracious gentleman no less than clergyman, he mingles occasionally in general society, charming all who have the good fortune to make his acquaintance. But we have a serious grievance burgh literary society of forty-five years since. to urge against the Archbishop. What right has he to upset all the convictions of honest Protestants by proving himself to be so very blameless? He has not caused a single young woman to be stolen away and converted into a nun, nor have we heard of either he or his clergymen seducing school boys into saying Aves instead of the Lord's Prayer. Why has he not about him some visible indications of the seven heads and ten horns? It would be a comfort to our sincere bigots if he could show the least bit of a horn or even a fragment of a hoof of "the Beast." He might confess that somewhere beneath his robe he is inscribed with the figures six hundred three score and six, and we should send for Dr CUMMING and die happy. What a pity it is that there are no penal laws in force under which Dr EVRE might be apprehended for the terrible imposture of compelling all the sensible people in a Protestant community to esteem a Romish Archbishop.

The Hillhead White Elephant.

THE good folk of Hillhead have saddled themselves with a white elephant. Not Betting Bill for Scotland. content with the farce of erecting their suburb into a burgh, and taking unto themselves a Provost (!) save the mark, they have gone to the expense of building an extensive tenement, containing what is by courtesy termed a burgh hall, together with several other apartments. The question now is, however, since they have got good cases have been rare in Glasgow of late. their burgh hall, "what will they do with it?" The local singing class have hired it for one night a week, but then it still stands empty for the other five nights. Is there no dancing master who will engage it for the winter quarter. The expense of keeping the building in repair must be met in some shape or other.

The "Bailie's" Christmas Boxes.

THE BAILIE has a number of particular friends, to whom, at this Christmas seaso he would like to make some suitable acknow ledgment, for the support and encouragement they have accorded him since his appearance i to thank in detail, and he therefore selects the following, as the better known among them, and each he makes the special award of which he fee certain the recipient stands most in need:-

To Mr Sheriff Bell, he proposes to give a com plete set of the Edinburgh Literary Fourna and various additional reminiscences of Edin

To Dr Walter Smith, a copy of the Shorte Catechism, and of the Westminster Confession of Faith, together with the "Institutes of Joh Calvin," with a hope that he will study then carefully, in order that he may become acquainted in some measure with the doctrines of the Free

To Professor Nichol, a Rhyming Dictionary and a copy of Dr William Smith's Handbook of the English Language.

To the Lord Provost, a Royal Visit to the City, and the order of Knighthood.

To the Rev. Donald Macleod, "one of Her Majesty's Chaplains for Scotland," some slight knowledge of the serial literature of the day, and a better coadjutor on Good Words than Mr Jaap.

To the Glasgow Bailies, less worldly wisdom, and a further measure of common sense.

To the next Town Clerk, an engagement, aut vitam aut culpam, and a pension of £2500 per annum when he cares to retire from office.

To the Shareholders of the Emma Mine, a payment of the February dividend.

To Messrs Webster, Musgrove, and Black, a

To the Glasgow Assessors, a thicker skin, and a less keen nose for scenting out grounds for Court of Session actions.

To the Glasgow Police Courts, a couple of Stipendiaries.

To Captain M'Call, another Greatrex case:

To the Members of the Wine, Spirit, and Beer Trade Association, the opening up of back-doors, and free trade in licences.

To the Good Templars, bigger bibs, and more faith in their principles.

To the Drivers of the Tramway Cars, a new set of whistles.

What are Folk Saying?

WHAT are folk saying about the City and its affairs?

THEY ARE SAYING:-

That it is not a proper marriage unless you have several carriages and pairs with out-riders.

That, after getting married, it's fashionable to leave the town for a few days, even supposing you only go to the suburbs-Paisley, for instance.

That some servants are good servants, but bad

masters.

That many a goose will escape being killed at Christmas.

That there will be more geese stuffed than killed at Christmas.

That King William, at the Cross, on Hogmanay, will have as many heads as there's days in the year.

That it isn't nice to sit in an omnibus, on a wet day, between an old man with a wet umbrella

and an old maid in a waterproof.

That everybody should be at the Cross on Hogmanay night to hurrah when the New Year comes in.

That, although Christmas comes but once a year, it can't be accused of always bringing good cheer.

That the best cheer it could bring this year would be a reduction in the price of coal.

That it is not yet known who has got the Town Clerkship.

That the Scotsman is going entirely to supersede the local dailies-by and bye.

That the popular taste might be propitiated by the introduction of some Scotch airs into the music of "Blue Beard"-such as "Wandering Willie," "Logan brays," &c.

That "Hobson's choice"—that is to say, the choice of Hobson by Government to be postmaster in Glasgow-is likely to prove a satisfactory one.

That the coal article in the Evening Citizen of last Thursday was written by Sandy Macdonald, Miner's Secretary.

That, in consequence of the high rate of wages and the price of coal, the Glasgow postmen need not expect any New-year's gifts from merchants and magistrates this year.

That wife beating won't be abolished until

husband flogging is established.

That there will be somewhat more than the average number of marriages on Tuesday evening first.

That the ministers' servant men and servant that he may reach the end of his tether.

maids will be wonderfully spruce and civil on Hogmanay night.

That the colliers, by their general strike, are only cutting off their noses to spite their faces.

That the Lord Provost has accepted an invitation to spend Christmas at the seat of Mr Angus Turner, near Pitlochrie.

A New Evangelical Mission.

N UMEROUS missions have been despatched to various parts of the world for the evangelisation of the heathen-Spaniards, Turks, Chinese, Hottentots, &c. It is now, we believe, proposed to send out missionaries for the conversion of another species of heathen nearer home-namely, the Blackfellows of Lanarkshire, or Colliers, who are fast degenerating into a state of rebellious cruelty. In declining to dig coals at less than 10s. a-day, they have practically resolved to extinguish the fires of the poor, whose porridge pots will remain thus unboiled. Starvation must then ensue, which is nothing less than murder. But while it is murder, it is also suicide; for if the community depend on the colliers for fuel, the colliers depend on the community for gruel. Once the people's grates are empty, the colliers must themselves go to the back of the fire or down the pit, which is their proper place. They are howling now for half-a-sovereign a day; the time may come when they will be glad to accept half-a-crown, particularly if, as we anticipate, some genius in the realms of chemistry discovers a substitute for black diamonds. We call upon all pious people in this city to subscribe to this mission of common sense, especially as their own salvation is bound up with the salvation of the poor heathenish fellows. King Coal can only remain a merry old sonl by continuing to make others comfortable and merry.

People who have manual labour to sell just now are willing to part with the commodity only at rates ruinous to the community. A wellknown gentleman residing at Hillhead-indeed. no less a person than a Bailie of that important burgh-bought a few hundredweight of coal the other day, and wishing them carried in, was asked some four or five shillings for the job. Utterly disgusted with the attempt at imposition, he doffed his coat on the spot, and put the fuel in the cellar himself. A few lessons such as this would teach the "horny-handed son of toil"

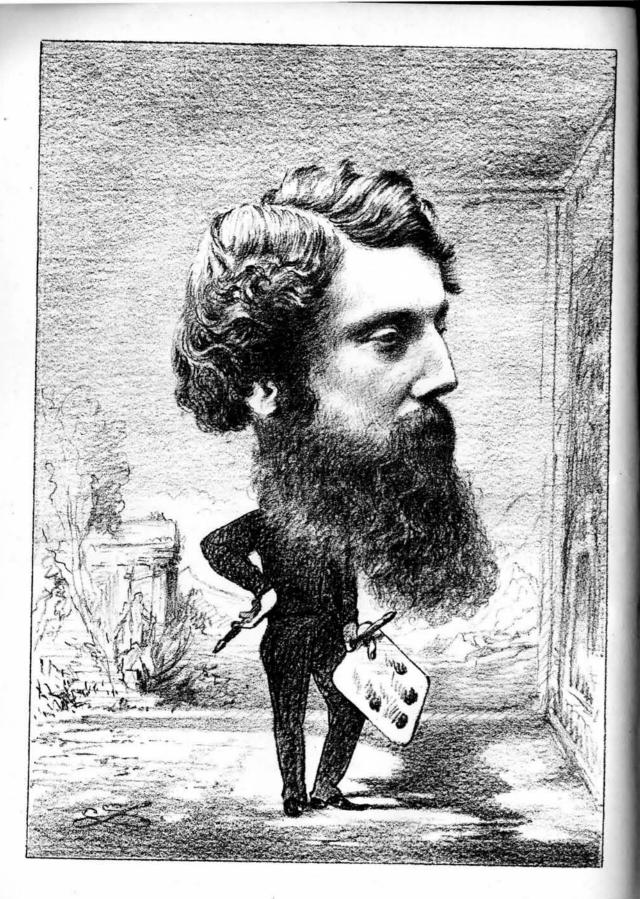
"MY CONSCIENCE!"

Price 1d No. 11. Glasgow, Wednesday, January 1st, 1873.

MEN YOU KNOW-No. 11.

citizens owe allegiance to the kingdom of world around. Bohemian Glasgow is toned down and subdued, and not to be recognised from conventionality, which betrays the wild blood of the gipsy realm. The Cluthan Bohe-"a position." They carry out Falstaff's half-

composition. These two, however, are Peers of the Bohemian Kingdom. There are scores of WOULD respectable Glasgow be surprised minor rank—painters, poets, sculptors, and litteto learn that many notables among the rateurs. Time was when a goodly muster of genuine Bohemians, who loved to hear the Bohemia? Not the out-at-elbows Bohemia of chimes at midnight, might be made from the which luckless HENRI MURGER was prophet, "gentlemen of the Press" connected with the priest, and king, but a staid Scotch Bohemia, yet local journals; but now-a-days only one or two distinctly enough defined from the Philistine of the band remain. The Press folks of to-day are intensely respectable, and, we grieve to say it, a little priggish. A prominent place in the save by the initiated. It shows wonderful power Bohemian roll of fame is occupied by Mr of self-restraint in submitting to the trammels WILLIAM GLOVER, who, as artist and manager imposed by the local Mrs GRUNDY, but now and of the Theatre-Royal, has a double claim to the then there becomes manifest a craving to escape position. A man could not be a clever artist and popular theatrical lessee—and Mr GLOVER is both—without being more or less of a Bohemian. mians are all more or less connected with litera- In his family, genius has certainly been herediture or art, and most of them have something of tary. His grandmother—the elder Mrs GLOVER -was one of the most celebrated actresses of a formed resolution to abjure sack and live cleanly, day when celebrity on the stage was not so but they can't help being a race apart, with tastes easily won as it is at present. His father was and likings beyond the comprehension of people an actor of unusual merit, a successful manager, whose principal aim is to make money and obey and a courteous gentleman, whose memory is the aforesaid Mrs Grundy. Sheriff Bell is a still cherished by every "old stager" in Glasleading man of the tribe. One has some diffi- gow. It is but plain truth to say that the culty in thinking of the learned gentleman apart "Man You Know" is in every way a worthy from the gravity of his official surroundings; but representative of the family honours. This, it the other evening he was present at an enter- must be confessed, is very high praise indeed, tainment which is supposed to banish dull care for the children of clever people, who were -laughing with the zest and heartiness of a boy favourites with the public, are seldom found at the drolleries of the entertainer, and aided and capable of sustaining the burden of comparison abetted in his mirth by a professorial Bohemian as with their predecessors. Mr GLOVER'S early learned as himself, and also poetic, but not likewise. proclivities took the direction of landscape paint-"DAN" MACNEE—he will excuse the popular ing, and, had circumstances permitted of his familiarity—is another born Bohemian, as is pursuing the career towards which he was led proved conclusively by his talent as a raconteur by inclination, he might now, in company with and his intense relish for genial society capable ARTHUR PERIGAL and WALLER PATON, be of mingling wine with wit. Indeed, he would rising into national fame, with the Royal Scotnot be called "DAN," and be liked by everybody, tish Academy in view. His long residence in if he had not a dash of untamed blood in his the neighbourhood of Loch Ard, in the midst of



some of the finest scenery in Scotland, imbued gives a point for the eye to rest on, and how him with the very spirit of Highland landscape, skilfully it is led up to by the colouring in front. and the pictures he exhibited as the fruit of Why, it is the very eye of the picture, and withhis studies here were not only of rare excellence out it the face would be dead. Accomplished as works of art, but full of still rarer promise. as an artist, efficient as a stage manager-for he But the march to eminence in this line was barred knows acting almost as well as painting—and by the Fates, which conferred on him the respon- thoroughly competent as director of the Theatre, sibility of important theatrical interests. After all, Mr GLOVER is, above all things, a man of culture, he has not much to regret, for art enthusiasm familiar with books. If to these qualities we add would not allow him to be manager alone, and that he is a genial companion in society, it will as scenic artist he has forced his way by sheer be evident that he is a "Man to Know," as well merit into a place which is cheerfully acknow- as the "Man You Know" through the likeness ledged by his compeers, and may be described given by the BAILIE, or otherwise. by the motto of the 1st Royals-"Second to none." Finer scenery was never placed on any stage than that magnificent panorama of the Loch Katrine district which accompanied the representation of "The Lady of the Lake." The drama was a gratifying success, but the triumph was entirely owing to the artist. People neither went to see nor hear the action or utterance of author, adapter, or actor, but to gaze enraptured on "GLOVER'S scenery." The same observation might justly be made regarding the adaptation of "Old Mortality," titled "1679," played last year. Play and acting were completely cast into the shade by the splendour of the scenic effects. A droll anecdote is told of a famous General, who, after witnessing theatricals at Hatfield House, was pressed by a lady to say whom he liked best of all the actors. Notwithstanding his usual bluntness, he evaded the question for some time; but, being importuned for an answer, he at length growled—"Well, hours a day and eight shillings pay. madam, if you will have a reply, I liked the prompter best, because I heard the most of him, and saw the least of him." In the Theatre-Royal we hear little of Mr GLOVER, but all we see bears, to an extent which few understand, the to ride in his carriage to and from the butcher's impress of his genius. Apart altogether from when buying his "bit of beef?" No one. the scenery, we owe to his correct taste and eye for effect the artistic groupings which we have all admired, and which elevate some of the spectacles he has produced to the level of works of ployer? The coalmaster. high art. One of the scenes in the present pantomime, if transferred to canvas, would form To work little and get much. a perfect picture glowing with brilliant and yet harmonious colours, so carefully are the figures What he asks. placed and the tints of the costumes and other accessories selected. If any one is curious to not matter. The earth, and the fulness thereof, know how much the tone of a single article of should belong to the poor collier. dress may tend to produce effect in a scene, let him observe how admirably the little bit of of cards, and nothing to pay. bright green worn by the suspended figure of What is misery? Plenty of work and only the girl heightens the transformation scene, and 8s. per diem.

Under the Mistletoe.

DY'R Lady, it would seem as if we had not reached the end of our cakes and ale yet. If the BAILIE be credibly informed, a sprig of mistletoe was hung up in certain restaurants of the city on Christmas Eve, and without as much as saying "by your leave," the girls in attendance kissed the customers-young and oldfrom the office boy of 16 to the portly stockbroker of 60. Hush, tell it not in Gath; even the BAILIE himself was—but no, this is a wicked world; certain things are best left unsaid. That Tuesday evening, however, will long remain a green oasis in the old man's memory.

The Colliers' Catechism.

WHAT do you mean by "low wages, long slavish hours, and starvation?" Eight

Who, after Mr Henry Malcolm, is the "guide," philosopher, and friend" of the "poor collier?" The editor of the Glasgow Herald.

Who has a better right than the "poor collier"

Who is the most intelligent and industrious workman under the sun? The poor collier.

Who is the most brutal and tyrannical em-

What is the chief end of a poor collier's life?

How much should a poor collier be paid?

What should other labourers be paid? It does

What is happiness? Whisky, tobacco, a pack

What are Folk Saying?

WHAT are folk saying about the City and its affairs?

THEY ARE SAYING:-

That the Lord Provost's victory in the Court of Session will be a seasonable windfall tor the charitable institutions of the city.

That there has been nothing like the present weather since Deucalion took shipping, to say nothing of Noah.

That, should the rain continue all week, the holidays will be unusually "wet" ones.

That the publicans will be in no way displeased should the rain continue all week.

That the show, on Wednesday afternoon, in Buchanan and Sauchiehall Streets will be rather mouldy, owing to the damp.

That parents and guardians may save a little money, since there can be no use in their charges getting "new things" until the weather favours exhibition.

That the country generally, up till the 12th or so, will be sodden and soaked with damp and drink.

the old style.

That it would be convenient at certain seasons of the year if the Police Office could be expanded like a concertina.

If any young gentleman should be loafing around in search of a fever, his best plan, to get what he wants, is to purchase a suit of clothes made by a sweater.

In reply to numerous inquiries the BAILIE wishes to state that he is not the stakeholder in the forthcoming set-to-"the Rev. Robt. Thomson against Mr Sandy Macdonald." He is not even sure whether the match will come off. Mr Macdonald recently received "hostages from fortune" in the shape of £620 from his friends, the miners, and it would therefore be nothing less than a tempting of fate to enter the lists against so redoubtable a champion as the Rev. Robt., with this tidy little sum in his trousers pocket, eves ready to trip him up into the hands of his adversary.

"Two of a Trade."

A CORRESPONDENT "at the Wings" who asserts that all sense of fun has not quite departed from the profession, sends the BAILIE the following little sketch. The titles he has selected for his interlocutors are "Tate Wilkinson," after, it is presumed, the famous manager of the York Circuit, and "Old Quay," in consideration that this second person has been intimately associated with broad-sheet ballads. What connection either the writing, printing, or singing of ballads has with a Quay, is one of the things the BAILIE can't make out.

SCENE.

The Manager's room at the Theatre Royal, Camlachie. TATE WILKINSON, the Manager, seated at a table. To him enters "OLD QUAY," the Manager of the Thespian Amateurs, who have recently given a performance in the Theatre.

Wilkinson.-Well?

Old Q .- I've come, Mr Wilkinson, about our late performance. I think you owe us some

Wilkinson.-Owe you money! Why you've the rent of the Theatre to pay; besides the gas and the wages of the supers.

Old Q .- But I left you £30 of tickets.

Wilkinson.-Tickets! Did you really mean I was to sell tickets for you! Did you ever That the New Year is kept pretty much in suppose any one in their senses would pay money

Old Q .- Well I don't know. Some of us played not so badly. I'm considered a very fair actor

Wilkinson.-Oh! ho! You act as well as manage do you? Pray what did you act?

Old Q.—Well sir, I acted "Jacques" or "Jaques." Some calls it by one name and some calls it by another. And my delivery of the speech about the "seven ages" was highly applauded.

Wilkinson.-I'm glad to hear that it was, because you'll have to pay for it. "Jaques" in "As you like it" is charged £2 at every Amateur Theatre in London; we always charge London prices here, so, besides the rent of the Theatre, you now owe us £2 on your own account! Exit "OLD Q" with his naturally lengthy visage

elongated by at least a couple of inches. Wilkinson .- (Quoting "Hamlet.")

tedious old fools.

A correspondent would like to know "What is the difference between the news columns of the New York Herald and the American correspondence of the Glasgow Herald?"

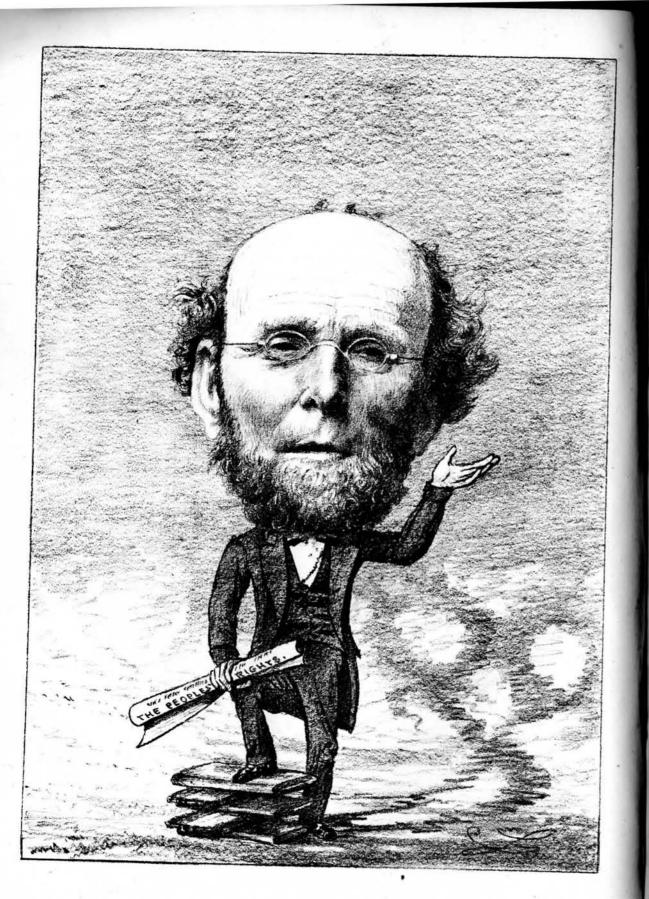
"MY CONSCIENCE!"

Price Id Glasgow, Wednesday, January 8th, 1873. No. 12.

MEN YOU KNOW-No. 12.

and negative poles; though with a different kind of antagonism from that which characterises the the benevolent object of cleansing the Augean sees, or imagines he sees-it is the same thing-

stable? But, what, alas! became of RORY? We MEN 100 KNOW—NO. 12. stable: But, what, and between Shall let that "shallow cynic," ARTHUR PENDENNIS tell the story. "I see," says this ill-bred person, "men who begin with ideas of universal East and West which seems to be one of the reform, and who, before their beards are grown, conditions of human existence. Europe is propound their loud plans for the regeneration camped against Asia in thought and action, of mankind, give up their schemes after a few Western Europe against Eastern, and, if we travel years of bootless talking and vainglorious atto America, we shall find in progress a gradually tempts to lead their fellows; and after they have increasing divergence between the seaboard found that men will no longer hear them, as in-States and the Great West, where lives the deed they were never the least worthy to be grand race whose splendid inheritance is a "young | heard, sink quietly into the rank and file,-acunwakened world." Even in City life, East and knowledging their claims to be impracticable, or West present themselves to observers as positive thankful that they were never put into practice. The fiercest Reformers grow calm, and are fain to put up with things as they are: the loudest greater masses. In Glasgow, as in London, the Radical orators become dumb, quiescent placehigher civilization gravitates westward, though men: the most fervent Liberals, when out of the rivers on which the capitals are built flow in power, become humdrum Conservatives, or different directions; and if some undefined but downright tyrants or despots in office." RORY! surely operating law were not at work we should De te fabula narratur. Then have we not expect to see either humble and manufacturing another "Man you Know" deputed by the East Glasgow in the West, or rich and comfortable to scourge the vices of the West, and poke a London in the East. The good folks who in- sharp needle into all the wind-bags deluding an habit the East End of Glasgow appear to be impressed with the tradition that the wise men innocent and too-confiding public. And does not Councillor MARTIN, who has not yet been originally came from the East, and to think that made a Bailie, nor gained admission into that what was true of time past is true of time pre- mysterious inner circle which somehow prevents sent. One of the great aims of their lives is to Glasgow from flourishing as it ought, perform his send representatives to the Town Council who duty to the admiration of all beholders in that shall correct the inherent folly and corruption favoured part of the city on which the sun shines of the West, by leavening the body with the sapi- first? Is he not instant, in season and out of ence which is the inheritance of the East. At season, in denouncing the d-we mean the this thankless task they have been labouring Provost and all his works, and all the works of time out of mind; and, strange to say, notwith- those who are with him. "Cry aloud and spare standing the sagacity of the labourers, without not" is his guiding principle when what he much effect, for, if we are to believe themselves, fancies to be a job is in the wind, and doesn't he the West is still the quarter where the jobber "speak to Buncombe" with an energy refreshing flourishes like the green bay tree. Did not they to witness? Yet the man is perfectly sincere, send that tremendous Rad., RORY O'BORE, with and full of the courage of his convictions. He



he declaims against the delinquents with that cloquence which is free and far from polite. He is quite unconscious that he is looking only on one side of the shield, and that when he becomes THE following Notices of Motion either are, or ought to be, "tabled" at next or an early a Bailie, or if he happens to shift his point of meeting of the Town Council. They are not observation, he will regard matters in quite a copyright, and any member of the Council, who different light. Councillors of this stamp have wishes a little extra notoriety and a possible their uses. We daresay the Greek warriors be- acquaintance with the inside of the Royal Lunatic fore Troy minded their duty none the less that Asylum, could not do better than bring them they had THERSITES to revile their shortcomings; forward seriatim:and it is possible that easy-going Councillors might become altogether too complacent towards shall be admitted to all meetings of the Council, official peccadilloes if they had not to guard and that they shall be supplied with pipes, against the watchfulness of the East End tobacco, and beer. "Tear 'em." There cannot be a doubt that "Oor JEEMS" means well, and that all his words not a resident in certain districts—to be hereinand all his acts are dictated by an honest desire after enumerated-of Hillhead and the Westto vindicate "the rights of the people." If he End of the City, shall, during certain hours of has his little vanities don't we know that other the day, be excluded from the West-End Park. men with greater pretensions are weak, and some of them not half so upright. Such oddities as he has are perfectly harmless, and they have the great merit of being amusing. He does much Wine, Spirit, and Beer Trade Association be towards the contribution of any element of fun appointed ex-officio members of the Town which is discoverable in the proceedings of the Council. Town Council. In fact, he may be gazetted "Jester" vice Moir retired into the serenity of a salary of £3000 per annum be attached to the Bailiedom, though the latter now and then loups office of Lord Provost. the dyke and indulges in an elephantine gambol suggestive of bygone days. He did yeoman's cillor be presented with a fee of five guineas by service for his friends "the people" not long Mr James Brown at the close of each Council ago in securing them a right of way in the direc- meeting. tion of the Alexandra Park, which was menaced in a way which good judges pronounced de- at once taken down, and the materials-stones, cidedly "fishy." There are "waur folk" in the old iron, MS. and printed sermons, broken slates, East than JEEMS.

Next to the I.O.G.T. there is no regularly constituted body in the city whom the BAILIE regards with half the interest he does the Conservative "Working-Men" (?). He would like payment of assessed taxes. to know, therefore, what has become of the Notice of a motion that conservative ones of late? Are the halls at the cross deserted? Is the indomitable P. W. Dixon losing heart? Where now be his views on European politics, or his schemes for dishing the Whigs, or for paying off the national debt? The Conservative ones were snubbed by Disraeli, it is true, but there were kings before Agamemnon, and there be leaders beside the Asiatic. Are there not among ourselves a M'Leod, and a Russell, and a M'Kirdy, all names of power and words to conjure with?

abuses and mismanagement on every hand, and Notices of Motion for the Next Meeting of the Town Council.

Notice of motion providing that the public

Notice of a motion proposing that each Coun-

cillor at once take the teetotal pledge.

Notice of a proposal that the members of the

Notice of a motion to the effect that in future

Notice of a motion bearing that each Coun-

Notice of a proposal that the city churches be &c.—be sold for the benefit of the poor colliers who have suffered by the recent strike.

Notice of a motion that in future every ratepayer be provided with a library, a swimming bath, and a skating pond, in consideration of his

Notice of a motion that the Green be opened

on Sundays.

Notice of a motion appointing a Commission to inquire into and inspect the general household and other arrangements of the dwellers in the district towards the west end of Bath and Sauchiehall Streets.

Notice of a motion that no one whose income exceeds £85 per annum be in future eligible for the office of Citizen Magistrate.

Notice of a proposal to abolish the Glasgow Press-with the exception of the BAILIE.

Glasgow Green

Is situated in the eastern quarter of the City. It occupies a level next the Clyde.

It is 140 acres in extent.

It extends from Jail Square on the West to near "Ru'glen Brig" on the East.

There are two portions.

These are High Green and Fleshers' Haugh. Above Fleshers' Haugh the Green is called King's Park,

In the last two portions the patriotic city warehousemen and cobblers gather occasionally

to play at soldiers.

There is a Gymnasium in the Green.

It is a noisy place.

It was presented by a philanthropist.

There is a monument in the Green to four celebrated men.

Their names are on the monument.

These are Aboukir, Copenhagen, Trafalgar, and Horatio, Viscount Nelson.

These were "heroes in many a brave sea fight." Shakespeare.

The dates of their deaths accompany their names.

The monument is 144 feet high.

Visitors should not rest on the grass adjoining the monument.

The grass is lively here.

There are some incautious persons who may

These will have abundant opportunity of studying an interesting branch of Natural History. Strolling in the Green is an enterprise fraught

with much danger.

Balls fly about. Crickets infest the Green.

There are, or used to be, springboards on the Clyde.

These are conveniences for swimmers.

There is coal under the Green.

So it is said.

I wish we saw some above it.

To the west is an extensive establishment.

Clothing constitutes its trade.

Hibernians are its chief business men.

merchandise.

"Howlers," commonly called debaters.

A suspension bridge spans the river at the Green.

There are few trees in the Green. More's the pity.

It is not in the slightest degree romantic. Neither is it picturesque. I don't know that it is even healthy.

PARK GUIDE.

What we could easily do without.

THE Volunteer Regiment minus the nether garments.

Howling temperance platform orators.

German bands, bagpipes, and amateur trombone players.

Cabmen who always charge double the regulation fare.

The farmers loitering in St. Enoch Square on Wednesdays.

Counter-loupers' "Anything else to-day?" Saturday Evening Concerts in the City Hall when the entire talent is procured for £14.

Waiters who always hang on until they are

Good Templars in their bibs of office.

Mock auction sales.

Policemen's officiousness.

Street preachers.

Colds, draughts, and water in our favourite

Plum-pudding, bile, nightmare, and delirium

Old maids and tom cats.

Literary Improvement Associations and Penny

Sheriff officers and rent days. Amateur theatricals and shebeens.

The "orating" working man.

Messrs Penny-a-yard, Rice, and all tax

Church collections for the Heathen Chinee.

"Cauld kail het again."

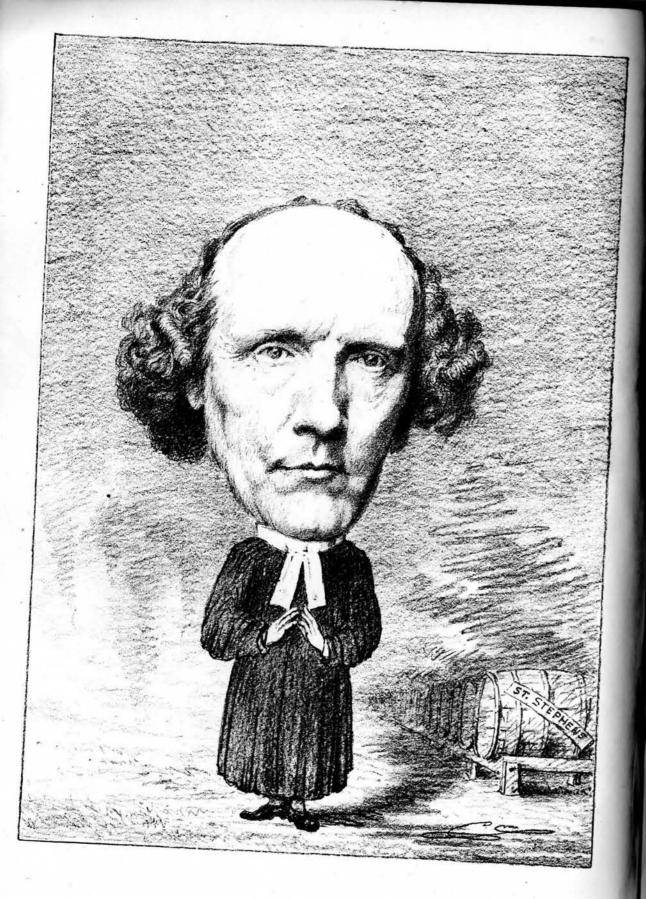
"NAME! NAME!!"-On seeing it announced that the Examiner, of London, was about to introduce the French system of "signed" articles, the BAILIE convened his staff and put it to them whether they should not do the same. It was necessary, however, that they should be unani-Here "ole clo" traders dispose of their mous; it would not do to have some contributions signed and others in which the principle of anony-East of this is the practising ground of the mity was preserved. The proposed change was at once agreed to by all but one-it fell through by the contumacy alone of the Ass. He maintained that so long as his discourse was a-Neddyfying one, it was no business of the public's to know that it was written by the V-c-r of Br-y.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

Glasgow, Wednesday, January 15th, 1873. Price 1d No. 13.

time, and by the world ever since, as "Single ble chief-was such a hopeless breakdown that he Speech Hamilton" and supposed by everybody fell at once from his enviable position of a possito be a plain easy-going man, with nothing in his ble coming man to a humble place among the head. He astonished the House one day-and ruck, from which he has never since emerged, most likely himself—by making a really brilliant though he has tried often. An admiring friend, and effective speech. This oratorical effort pro-cured him the epithet quoted above, but the idea the advocate and representative of the religious conveyed by the sobriquet was not quite accurate. and educational interests of the City in Parlia-Mr HAMILTON spoke again, and more than ment; and it was upon this basis he was returned," once; but somehow his later attempts to witch the world with eloquence produced no impression heathen, and Mr George Anderson the Emma whatever, and his reputation for eloquence rested Mine. There may be some truth in this writer's in a single speech. To this half-forgotten view. At least, it seems to be accepted by Mr celebrity, one of our City Representatives, Mr GRAHAM, for he preaches at the House, and WILLIAM GRAHAM, presents a parallel. When attempts to instruct honourable gentlemen on he was elected in 1866, it was popularly supposed the Education question in much the same way that he might say, with MARK ANTONY—"I am that a perky "dominie" lectures his class. But the no orator;" but he speedily proved the contrary. House does not like being preached at, hates Having had the honour of being selected to being lectured by instructors of doubtful comsecond the Address to the Throne, he delivered petency, and is apt, in a rude fashion, to regard what a friendly critic declared to have been, "a Members who preach and lecture as unmitigated singularly able and practical address, which was listened to with great attention by the House." bores. This may account for Mr GRAHAM'S failure to produce an overpowering effect upon Nor was this all. That truly admirable and the Legislature of his country; and possibly his influential journal, the *Daily Telegraph*, properliminary triumph as a speaker may be exnounced judgment, as follows, in its Parliamentary plained by the fact that he was preceded by Lord Summary: "Mr GRAHAM, the new Member for H. CAVENDISH, who moved the Address which Glasgow, spoke like an habitue of the House of Mr Graham seconded. Although not a Parliatwenty years' standing. He had caught the mentary success, there cannot be a doubt in the manner of the place, spoke fluently, almost mind of anyone who has considered his public eloquently, and exhibited both political and career, that he would form an excellent Member commercial knowledge. It was an undoubted of either of the General Assemblies, or make a success, and Mr GLADSTONE, who had listened praiseworthy Chairman of the Young Men's attentively, warmly congratulated him when he Christian Association. His taste for didactic

MEN YOU KNOW-No. 13. for elation? Alas, he became the victim of misplaced confidence, for a second oration-NCE upon a time there was a Member of Parliament known to his friends at the BAILIE remembers aright, in defence of his amiasat down." Was not this that "praise from Sir Hubert Stanley," which was "praise indeed," a more fitting sphere than it does among the and had not the "rising Member" some excuse wicked who assemble at St. Stephen's. Like so



many M.P.'s, Mr GRAHAM is that bête noir of "the working man," a capitalist. He is a cotton spinner and a wine merchant, and conducts the affairs of the very large concern, of which he is the head, with marked ability and enterprise. The ardent biographer, of whose work we have already made use, observes on this head-"Vintages of the choicest quality, and ports of the heaviest 'body,' are imported by the firm, direct from Lisbon and Oporto, where they have branch establishments; and so conspicuous for their excellence are the wines which they import, that, when paterfamilias wants to impress upon his guest that he is enjoying an unmistakeable treat, he announces that the grateful beverage under discussion was 'imported direct by William Graham & Co." The BAILIE himself even, in a moment of inspiration, couldn't pen anything more amusing than this announcement, which is made, in all seriousness, in a little book called "Western Worthies." In conclusion, he has only to remark, in the touching language of the second column of the Times, that, "should this advertisement meet the eye of W. G.," a brother Western Worthy, whose address may be had at 10 Royal Exchange Square, is open to receive a sample of any of the neat wines imported "direct"—special attention is desired to the word "direct," for the BAILIE likes his wine untainted by the breath of suspicion.

A Maternal Outrage.

(SCENE—A snug parlour; TIME—8.30 P.M.) WIFE (to husband, who is sitting opposite by the fire, immersed in the news of the day).- My dear, yet? I want to curl the child's hair and put her editorial arm-chair, and wrapped in the deep to bed.

Punch-will that do?

other end of the room.) Now then Nannie; come time, thank you." "What do you mean-you along here and have your head Punch-ed.

(Curtain falls on a horror-stricken husband.)

and "beared" Shotts, an infallible system for you see, when-a-I'm-a-hors(e) de combataking a fortune-or losing one.

What we could do very well with.

N estate in the Highlands and a big house in London.

Notice that the Miner's Secretary having been dismissed, we had been unanimously elected.

An advance of Fifty Pounds per annum to one's salary.

The entire drawings of all the public houses in Glasgow for the first three days of this year. A free pass for all the river steamboats.

A visit from our mother-in-law once a year, said visit not to exceed two hours.

Something to effectually cure the "next morning's" headache.

A nice quiet "crib," such as Treasurer to the Gas or Water Commissioners.

An entire holiday on Saturdays.

A Town Clerkship.

Not one more Irishman in Glasgow.

A few more articles in the Mail on the adulterations of our food, with illustrations, by special

Boots that will keep out the water during the present season.

Fewer slates in our coals.

Another way of expressing Malcolm versus M'Donald,—Diamond cut Diamond.

"BLESS THEE, BOTTOM! THOU ART TRANS-LATED."-The poet has said-" For long, long after the storm has passed, rolls the turbid, turbulent billow." So it has proved with the Ass. in re the New-Year holidays. Coming into the sanctum on Saturday morning last, the BAILIE have you quite done with any of these papers discovered the animal in question seated in the sleep of the inebriate. "How is this?"-quoth HUSBAND (fishing it out).—There's last week's the irate BAILIE, giving the derelict a shake that made him open his heavy eyes-"wake up, you WIFE .- Nicely, thank you. (To child at the Ass!" No, Guv'nor (hic), not Ass in the meanmost preposterous quadruped?" "Ah, well, quadruped if you like, dear, old, funny, ridicridiculous BAILIE—but not Ass, just at present. An aged female, with £46 at her credit in the I've been elevated." "I should say you had," Bank, and £1 14s. in her pocket, or something returned the BAILIE, "and very considerably, like £48 of capital, has been up before his honour too—the case speaks for itself." Oh—there—I at the Central Police Court on a charge of don't mean what you mean, my blooming old begging. Chaque a ses vertus, but the BAILIE guv'nor-but 'ave been elevated in the scale of rather thinks the Aged One was a fool. With quadra—quadru—quadre—now I've got it, qua-£48 she might have gone on the Stock Exchange drepadal creation. I—a—can't be—a—an Ass, d'ye see?"

What are Folk Saying?

WHAT are folk saying about the City and its affairs?

THEY ARE SAYING:-

That Lord Elcho won't become more popular on account of his letter regarding the Knox memorial.

That the national memorial to John Knox isn't progressing as favourably as the Citizen memorial to Robert Burns.

That the Citizen Burns memorial will be a real people's memorial.

That the Home Secretary's Glasgow visit wasn't much of a success.

That the Right Hon. Gentleman is Member of Parliament for Renfrewshire.

That Mr Bruce didn't meet many of his con-

stituents during his visit. That Glasgow—where his speeches were all

delivered—isn't exactly in Renfrewshire. That last week's Improvement Trust meet-

ing was a very quiet affair.

That Councillor Morrison rather disarmed the opposition by his "helpless innocent" speech in favour of the Committee of the Trust.

That the Mail indemnity fund is doing better

than could have been expected.

That it will take a long time before the subscriptions to the fund, at their present rate of increase, will be large enough to pay the expenses of the "Tammany Ring" action.

That the weather is rather damp for the

That the "Bears" are having it all their own way in the Stock Exchange.

That the new minister of the Barony will have a hard fight before he becomes as popular as his predecessor.

That it's a good thing coals are about to fall in price, now that the cold weather is setting in.

That, between one thing and another, Mr Alex. Macdonald, Miners' Secretary, must be a rich man.

That the street improvements (?) in Argyle Street, west of Jamaica Street, are a blessing (in disguise) to the shopkeepers in the vicinity. That the projected line of railway below St.

Vincent Street won't be much of a boon to the owners of house property in the street.

That the Sanitary Inspector's views, anent public-houses and public-health, are worthy the attention of the Wine, Spirit, and Beer Trade. That Sheriff Bell isn't Editor of the BAILIE.

New Multiplication Table.

OUR JUNIOR CLASS.

TWO times one are two,
The Colliers have a good screw. Two times three are six, We're very sore on our sticks. Two times four are eight, There's dross and stones in the grate. Two times five are ten, And a fire like the nest of a wren. Two times six are twelve, It's so wet we can't go delve. Two times seven are fourteen, Colliers are not so green. Two times eight are sixteen, Coal owners are awfully mean. Two times nine are eighteen, High priced food is making us lean.

OUR SENIOR CLASS.

Nine times one are nine, Colliers ought to get porritch and wine. Nine times two are eighteen, Pope's-eye steak and a roll on the green. Nine times three are twenty seven, In wet weather the sun gets up at eleven. Nine times four are thirty six, Coal owners are full of unscrupulous tricks. Nine times five are forty five, Work four hours a day if you wish to thrive. Nine times six are fifty four, For the rest of the time sleep, grumble, and roar. Nine times seven are sixty three, I've burned a stool and an apple-tree. Nine times eight are seventy two, A faggot for me and a peat for you. Nine times nine are eighty one, I'll invent a machine to get heat from the sun.

DAVIE GELLATLEY.

A correspondent sends the following conundrum, and is requested not to do so again :-My first is an evil propensity.

My second you see in grocers' windows. My third is a collection of houses inhabited. My fourth you find in counting-houses.

My whole is a man's name and "interim,"

Answer :- "Cunningham, Town Clerk."

UNPROFITABLE COMMERCE. - An English Clergyman "taking orders" in the Church of Rome.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 14. Glasgow, Wednesday, Fanuary 22nd, 1873. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW-No. 14.

another instance of the "Industrious Apprentice." and any quantity of "push." When the He belongs to the great "middle class," like his Volunteer movement began, he was again father before him; and though not born to on the surface, enthusiastic in "the cause," liberal education, and a fair start in life. The leader. From an early period of his career, he merit is his own, however, of putting his "talent" constituted himself "the guide, philosopher, and to prudent use, and acquiring for himself a com- friend" of the local working man; and when, in forms the object of many men's ambition. He the franchise, and Glasgow received the blessing has always shown a decided taste for coming to of a third representative, who so eligible for the the front and singling himself out from his fellows -having, in full measure, that self-confidence Parliament, and wrought hard to make an imwhich is such a powerful aid in elbowing people's pression and exhibit himself to "Buncombe" as way through crowds containing many as clever, a power in the State. Conceiving that, as an offibut few as conceited, men as he who pushes cer, and gentleman-in the Volunteers-he had himself into prominence. Mr Anderson was special qualifications as a military critic, did not an active member and promoter of all sorts of he pitch into "the Colonels" and the Duke of institutes and coteries, from the original Poly- CAMBRIDGE, in season and out of season, until technic Institution down to that distinguished he became rather a bore? Was he not instant and eminently useful body, the Philosophical always in supporting the radical measures of the Society, which seems to exist for no other end Government? and was he not assiduous in than the indulgence of its members in scientific striving to assume that desirable position which twaddle. He appears to have aimed at being a makes a supporter be regarded by the men in sort of "Townhead" Admirable CRICHTON, and power as dangerous, and to be conciliated. To he was really successful to some extent. A don outsiders, it looked as if "the Junior Member" of the West of Scotland Angling Club, he introduced the grayling into Scotland, which be mischievous, in order that he might fight his was a feat in its way. President of the Skating way into place. If that were his end, he failed Club, he published a little treatise on the art, -perhaps on account of a certain "bumptiouswhich is still a text-book. He wrote letters to ness" in his character, which is a fatal bar on the the newspapers and immortalised himself by road to office. His qualities, at all events, did fierce onslaughts on the Arrestment of Wages not serve him so well as did those of Mr HENRY grievance; he wrote pamphlets on this and other CAMPBELL; the Member for the Stirling Burghs, topics; and he became subject to the hallucina-tion that he knew all about the currency question, and "safe." The latter is already in office, with and could make others as learned as himself, an enviable reputation, and the prospect of

He read papers-waste papers, we suspect-to the Social Science Congress, which always MR GEORGE ANDERSON, Junior suggests to some folks, the "Shippe of Fooles." Member for the City, did not, as many He went in strong for education, and comported people suppose, "rise from the ranks," and supply himself generally like a man of some ability wealth, he had the considerable advantages of a and writing and speaking himself into place as a petence, and such a position in public life as 1868, that personage became entitled to exercise post as Mr GEORGE ANDERSON. He got into



The Bailie for Wednesday, Fanuary 22nd, 1873.

rising high, if he only justifies his early promise. Of late, Mr ANDERSON has taken to the business of "guinea pig," and combines Parliamentary duties with attention to the interests of speculative concerns. He is Chairman of the Emma Mine—a flourishing enterprise, which will doubtless make the fortunes of himself, and many of his constituents who are interested as shareholders. The "diggings" in question are located somewhere in the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains, but not far enough away to be beyond the reach of the indefatigable Chairman, who visited them not long ago, and transmitted therefrom telegrams which gladdened the hearts of all concerned. However this, that, or the other may be. Mr ANDERSON has not been a conspicuous failure as a public man. He has succeeded, as a Member of Parliament, in carrying out a dream of his youth and modifying the law regulating the arrestment of wages. How many of the gentlemen sitting in St. Stephen's can say the same?

"I Sing the Sol-fa."

MY curse on the Sol-fa Notation—
My curse from the depth of my heart! It is nought but a fool's innovation, And not worth the name of an art.

What are its thick-headed professors-String-pullers in music affairs? Incompetent-puffed-up aggressors, With nothing of music but airs.

If forwardness, bunkum, and bluster, With some stock expressions by rote. Are all that musicians can muster, Sol-fa has got many of note.

They need not go in for much knowledge-May ev'n sing the third out of tune, For the world-noted S.F.A. College Rose under a midsummer moon.

If only their tongues can go wagging-In season and out of it, then-They'll be licensed to go about bragging, And saying, they're musical men.

Why should they be troubled with learning The rudiments, even of song, So long as the power of discerning Is left them to know they'd go wrong.

While, as to the trifle of playing, To learn that alone they are free, They've only to go about saying-"They know how to teach Do-re-mi," The organ! "Confound it! Who cares for't? Let those who were bred to it play. Give us time, and we'll Sol-fa some airs for't: Of course, with the chords thrown away."

Piano! "Leave that to the ladies: For Tonic Sol-fa it won't suit : To the voice it a very poor aid is, But we'll tootle a scale on the flute."

"Just look what we've done for the masses-We don't mean those Catholic things That were written for asses by asses-But see, every message boy sings.

You may talk about Handel and Haydn, And Bach, and the rest of that lot: But what difficult stuff 'tis to wade in, And what nice simple music we've got.

We ne'er could get through the music Those obsolete writers composed: We know it has made a good few sick; But, thank goodness! their era is closed.

So, we'll stick to what's easy and pays well, Our fairy godmother, Sol-fa; And to each one who sings well or plays well, We'll bid a flat seventh ta-ta."

Oh! Vocalists, full of pretension. If I had my will, I would call For a hempen discord, by suspension, To put round the necks of you all.

Sic Vos non Vobis, &c.

WORKING MEN, by their strikes and short hours, have contrived to make most things dearer, and when the rise goes right round they will find themselves where they were. Proprietors of house property have taken a lesson from the labourer's book, and have just entered into a union of their own to increase house rents all over the city. The BAILIE has no pity for "the working man," under these circumstances. That personage is simply "paid in his own coin." But the Sage of the Sautmarket feels very strongly for the struggling clerks, shopmen, poor widows who live by letting lodgings, and the whole of this large class, who are "the working man's" victims. They will feel the landlords' grind bitterly, and remedy they have none.

When the BAILIE'S Ass proclaims himself "a great Ass," is it in humility, or is he blowing his own trumpet?

The Pace that Kills.

OFTEN sit and think, my boys, How pleasant it would be, If all the world was filled, my boys With such gay souls as we. If taxes were a thing unknown, And other plaguey bills, We'd wander slowly on, my boys, But 'tis the pace that kills.

Yes! 'tis the pace that kills, my boys, It is the pace that kills, We'd mould a different world, my boys, If we had but our wills.

We should have no such thing as care, Nor telegraph or rails, Why, steam itself should be put down, And back to coach and sails. We'd take the stream just as it runs, The breeze as heaven wills; But we are driven along, my boys, And 'tis the pace that kills.

The author daily racks his brain, To fill a teeming press, And many a golden chord is snapt, The strain is to excess. - We sigh for long-lost happy days, When 'mong green woods and hills, Men lived and wrote in blissful ease, But 'tis the pace that kills.

"Tis this wild whirlgig race of ours, That makes the head to swim-That makes the eagle eye of youth, To grow untimely dim. This is the frost-breath of our life, That all, aspiring, chills, And blasts the blossomy hope of spring, For 'tis the pace that kills.

The racer oft who wins the prize, Is kept a space behind; 'Tis well, boys, for the final "spurt, To keep a stock of wind. And in the harder race of life, Let's regulate our wills, And rein each passion in, my boys, For 'tis the pace that kills.

The Queen's Park

CCUPIES a gently rising ground to the south of the city. It is finely situated. It is upwards of 100 acres in extent.

The Bailie for Wednesday, January 22nd, 1873. It may be conveniently reached with the aid of the "Cars."

These stop at Eglinton Toll.

Here, prepare to wade the rest of the way.

You are now in Crosshill.

At Crosshill, scavengers are a rare commodity. Are they a luxury beyond the means of the Burgh?

You wade through "clabber" to a park (adapted)

You pass among tenements.

These belong to the shopocracy and small merchants of the city,

Taxes are heavy in Glasgow.

The chief entrance to Queen's Park fronts Victoria Road.

This entrance doesn't entrance. The gate is, or used to be, of wooden palings.

An infant avenue grows here. Further on is a flight of steps.

These are of granite. Observe the vases.

Ascend (in summer).

Expand your nostrils-delightful! salubrious! Flowers abound in beautiful profusion.

Ascend to the flagstaff.

Look around you.

Behold the lofty Ben Lomond, or some other

It is seen through a gap in a range of hills.

Behold Strathbungo.

Behold the mist-shrouded city.

Behold Cathcart—its church and castle. Its castle is "embowered in time-honoured trees."

And Langside!

Here the heartless Regent Moray blasted the

hopes of a Queen-"The noblest of the Stuart race-the fairest earth had seen." (Froude.)

Don't loiter at Langside.

Come back to the park. There are some rare and foreign trees here.

These are happily named (for all I know). There is a grassy playground adjoining the park.

There are unreserved seats here.

Cows, I think, pasture here.

Somebody proposed to present, or lend, the city a conservatory.

If it wasn't a conservatory it was some other animal.

Perhaps a Conservative. It was to reside in this park.

It didn't.

"Park Guide" was disappointed.

PARK GUIDE.

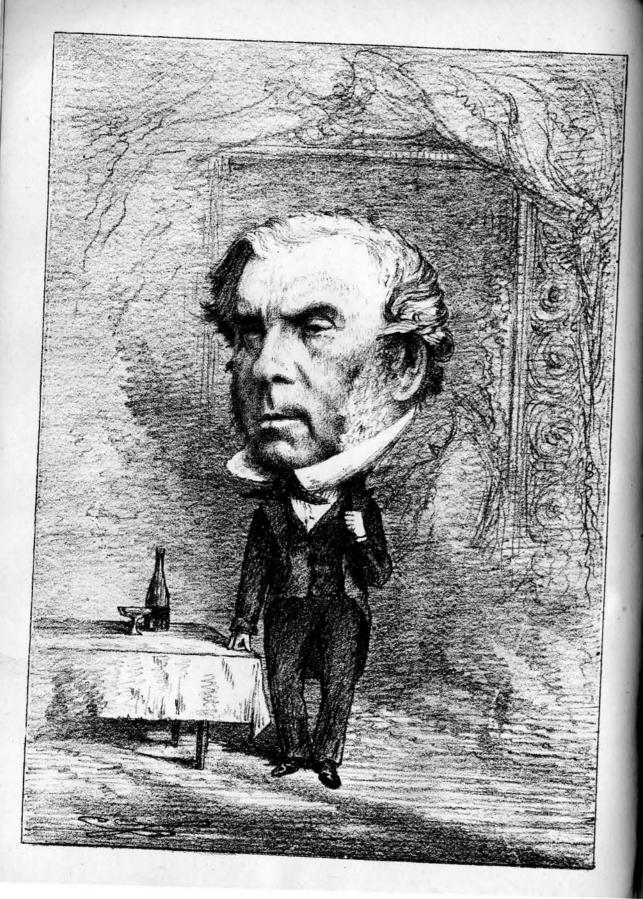
"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 15. Glasgow, Wednesday, January 29th, 1873. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW-No. 15.

him. His work is his pleasure, for no artist ever has very many known and unknown. It is quite succeeded who did not love art for art's sake. unnecessary to trace Mr MACNEE's progress to He delights in his toil, and there are but few the front—it was so rapid as scarcely to bear people in the world who can say the same. To record. He has never been in the rear indeed most of us work is work—the primeval punish- since he began to handle a brush, and none of ment rather than a labour of love; and we groan the present generation certainly can remember in spirit as we earn our bread by the sweat of him as anything but an artist of distinction. our brow. The successful artist is exempt from Bare mention of even his more important works this pain. His career is a source of constant would fill columns of the BAILIE, and the cataenjoyment, and it is this no doubt which makes logue of the Grecian ships does not strengthen clever painters such cheery companions. Their much the story of how Troy was taken. Mr ardent, loving pursuit of their profession brings MACNEE has captured his Troy, and that is them wealth and fame, and these are the keys sufficient, and he took the city too without any which open the doors giving access to good wooden strategem, but by honest exertion, backed society, and the means of living a refined and by native ability. As to his place in art, it may intellectual life. In this band of successful be said at once that his work need not fear comworkers must be enrolled in honourable place parison with that of Sir HENRY RAEBURN, Sir Mr DANIEL MACNEE, the prince of Scottish JOHN WATSON GORDON, or GRAHAM GILBERT, portrait painters. Like most other men who and these are names to conjure with. He cannot have won renown in their callings, Mr MACNEE be placed on a lower level, and possibly he was destined for some other avocation than that might stand even higher than he does if some of into which he was driven by the bent of his his portraits were free from a certain hardness genius. But the artistic instinct was so strongly which causes them to lack an indefinable charm displayed even in his school days that he was possessed by the finest examples of the art. wisely suffered to have his way. GIOTTO must Defects aside, there is substantial merit enough have been a very useless goat-herd, and we can in his painting to give him rank as we have inscarcely think of DANIEL MACNEE as a pros- dicated, and the place is one to be envied. As perous trafficker in merchandise. His artistic a "man of society," as the French say, Mr training was begun in Glasgow under Mr JOHN MACNEE is no less eminent than as an artist. KNOX, a landscape painter of some celebrity in He has in full measure the wit and humour his day, who likewise had the merit of teaching which gave such a piquant flavour to the Edin-HORATIO M'CULLOCH; and was completed in burgh society of a past generation. What Edinburgh under Sir WILLIAM ALLAN. Mr material he would have furnished for Lord MACNEE'S early years of independent profes- COCKBURN had the author of "Memorials of my sional work were passed in Edinburgh, but in Time" been on the list of his familiar acquaint-1832 he came to Glasgow, where he has since! He is no "rough, rude, ready-witted

remained, his great talent having been recognised and appreciated from the first, and placing A GENIAL painter who has made his mark him at last in a social position which must be as has many sources of happiness open to pleasant to himself as to his friends, of whom he



youth had bary call each a student should be a supportant of the s

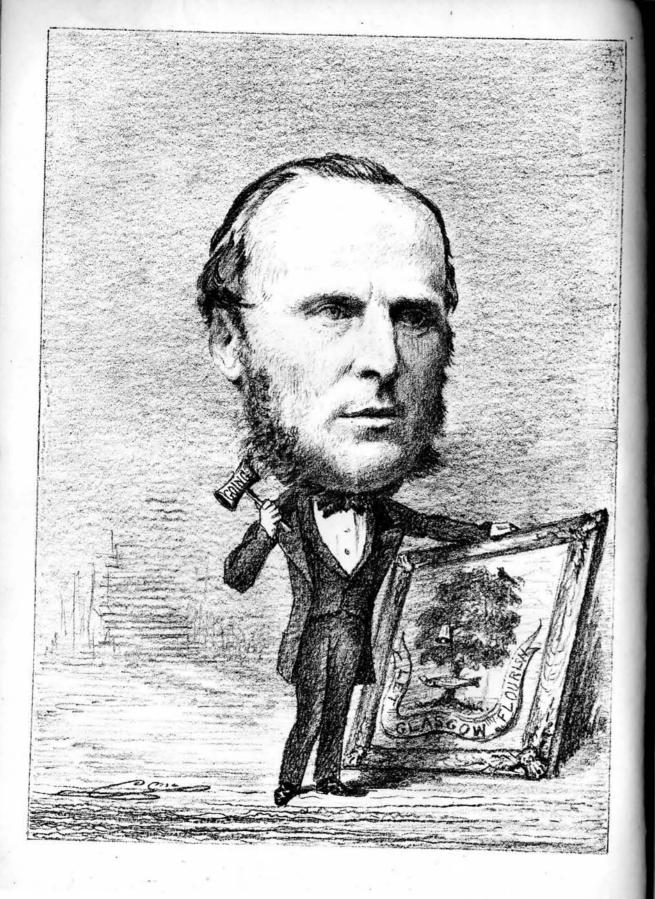
"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 16. Glasgow, Wednesday, February 5th, 1873.

MEN YOU KNOW-No. 16.

T is all very well for the great ones of the city to sneer at the cheesemongers, tea dealers, haberdashers, auctioneers, and other "common feel themselves some inches taller for the honour. without humour, and who brought civic honours into sore contempt at Westminster on a memorable occasion; and of other magnates who rank the Town Council is a most respectable institution, which ought not to be spoken of lightly or a seat at the Council board is anything but an selves by these tremendous Bailies are a source assured, and above any dignity which a fortieth something in the office after all, for it is regarded or fiftieth fraction of the direction of the city with positive awe by Policemen, and by most affairs could confer. His own business may be people who have reason to fear the "move on" as large or larger than that of the city. We of a constable. Then there are other desirable have merchant princes among us of infinitely things open to a man who gets into the Council greater real consequence than one half the band and who keeps his eyes open. We live in this of continental princelings and dukelets who country, as everybody knows, under a most imaffected all the trappings of state, kept Generals | maculate Government, to the members of which without commands, and Finance Ministers to the very name of jobbery is unknown. "Rememin the serene and illustrious money bags. Why PLANCUS was consul-PLANCUS will drop out should a man of this status bore himself with of use now that poor JAMES HANNAY is deadthe parish pump squabbles which set local and "the People's WILLIAM" is of an upright-Bumbledom by the ears, or interest himself in ness absolutely unassailable. Yet W.G. could the petty intrigues which agitate the innermost find nobody so worthy of being a Junior Lord souls of the decent shopkeepers who have this of the Treasury, with a salary of £1000 a year, or that small interest to serve? If he sacrifices as W.G., Junior, when that no doubt estimable

his leisure at all, he has open to his ambition, a wider field, and may aspire to a seat in Parliament and a share in the Imperial Councils. To a small man of the lower middle class grade a place in the Council does not seem, nor indeed is it, an unworthy object of ambition. When people" who get into the Town Council and he gains his end he acquires a handle to his name, a place on platforms previously unknown, But in spite of Mr JOHN BURNS, who is not and a generally increased consequence in the eyes of his fellows. His place is actually of use to him in his business, and gains him numberless advantages to which he was previously a stranger. themselves as "exclusives," we maintain that Among people of his own sort his social significance increases, and this is dear, inexpressibly dear, to the hearts of Madam his wife, the Misses scornfully. It must be a place of honour, there his daughters, and the young gentlemen his sons. is such a scramble to get into it among the Madam swells, Miss puffs, and the Junior struts honest folks of a certain class, when they have with an ineffable sense of superiority to the herd. accumulated a little hoard and feel themselves Then, once in the Council, is there not Bailieship "warm men." It may also be a place of profit, in prospect, and oh! Stars and Garters! what for, in this wicked world, honour is frequently earthly grandeur except a Provost's can surpass accompanied with profit. To a man of position a Bailie's. To some cynics the airs given themobject of desire. His rank in local society is of unfailing amusement. But there must be distribute the brass bodles which rattled thinly ber Dowb" was said when that desperate ruffian



youth had barely cracked the student shell, and knew as much of public affairs as my Lord TOM NODDY. Can it be wonderful then that a Councillor or a Bailie, when there is patronage to be advantage, particularly when that Councillor or of language. Bailie feels certain that his relative is the very Libellous language is as wide in its definition man to fill the vacant post with advantage to as the poles are asunder, as witness:himself and the public. It is impossible that | Call a fool by his shortest name and he will any public official should do wrong in following subject you to an action for damages, "for the example set by W. G., and to do public bringing his private character into ridicule." It officials bare justice they show not the slightest is of no use telling him he should keep his hesitation in this respect. Again, if a Councillor private character, like his wife and slippers at or a Bailie is a clever man with some brains in home. He will lug it into every controversy, his head, he may gratify a love of power in a and idiots are so numerous and sympathetic minor way, by influencing his fellows. Cases now-a-days, that it is ten to one an ordinary have been known in which a Provost became jury would side with the donkey. little better than a puppet which bobbed about in obedience to pulls on the wires held in the says in public. skilful fingers of some Deus ex machina. Bailies may be manipulated despite the wisdom which call an acquaintance "a man of strong common attaches to the office, and ordinary Councillors may be moulded like wax. But here we have been so common neither, and brought an action for maundering about the advantages and disadvantages of Councillorship, Bailiedom, and other great drowned himself down at Millport, a day or two dignities, and neglecting Councillor MORRISON, after, the BAILIE would have been a ruined who is the "Man you Know." Perhaps it is as gambler by this time. well, for the distinction between chaff and libel has become so fine in these latter days, that a free spoken man may find himself in the Court to it, would rather libel a la respectable tradesof Session in the twinkling of an "Owl steel pen." Surely there can be no harm in saying, however, The one pays: the other is a dead loss. that Councillor MORRISON follows the distinguished profession of the illustrious and magniloquent GEORGE ROBINS, with remarkable success. It must, also, be rather complimentary where up north, had a legacy of £2000 a year than otherwise to say, that he is a man of considerable ability, and that he employs all the make frequent purchases of tape, or calico, or influence he can command in a legitimate way. The BAILIE bows to Councillor MORRISON and invariably complimented her on her "taste." passes on to the next caravan.

To School Board Electors.—The Ass pendency, all the same. will be glad to be run as a candidate at the coming School Board elections. He is quite open to is all libel together. A man will say, unblushconviction. If he has a partiality, it is for either ingly-"Fine morning, isn't it?" when he of the pronounced parties—the Religionists or knows there never was a fouler imputation on the Secularists-Mr Kidston or Mr Page Hopps. the weather; or he will greet an acquaintance His brethren are all to be found in the one camp with "You are looking well this m'n'g," when the or the other. As for the middle party, who poor wretch is only two removes from a permansimply go for education, the Ass has little in ent feu! common with them. He never had any education and he never felt the want of it. He cannot sort of farce, instead of yelling out charges of see why other people should be made better off jobbery and falsehood, and so on all over the n this matter than he is himself.

Libel.

AST week, the BAILIE alluded to two of the three forms in which libel may be exdisposed of, should strive to place a relative to pressed. The last, and most important, is that

O yes! one has to be very careful what he

The BAILIE so far lost his temper once as to sense." The other fellow said his sense wasn't slander right off. If he hadn't timeously

But there are more ways than one of libelling the public; and the BAILIE, if he were hard put man than after the mode of the street coster.

Many a shopkeeper has made a pile of money by judicious libels on his customers. It is not so very long ago since a linen draper, somefrom some stupid old woman. She used to something of that kind, at his shop, and he Taste! the old hag had none. There never was a grosser slander, but it resulted in an inde-

Ordinary civility, in every-day conversation,

After all this, it is better to carry on this

Burns in Elysium.

A^N East-end Councillor, in a certain western burgh, was invited to attend at the annual him and has seen him:-

> ' In heaven, the days are warm and bright, The gloamin' glad and cheery, And every angel greets the sight, Companioned by his dearie.

'Here-hand in hand-the lovers walk, When eve their music hushes: The milk-white roses, at their talk, Grow red with crimson blushes.

' And, when the silver stars prevail, Their tender vows are plighted: And morning weaves the bridal veil, And sees their hearts united.

' And so the days are warm and bright, And so the nights are cheery; And every angel meets the sight, Companioned by his dearie."

P.S.—It was loudly suggested at the meeting that the "medium"-so vaguely indicated by the Councillor, as "One who says he knows"—was the BAILIE'S Ass. The latter begs emphatically to repudiate what he terms the "hard impeachment." We may give the concluding sentence of his indignant denial:- "No; I think I could have recognised four verses really of Burns, though I had never seen them before-'in my porridge;' but such spiritualistic 'rot' as that isn't quite good enough, even for me: let them

A PRESBY-TERRIER AMONG HIS DOG-MATIC BRETHREN-Professor Wallace.

"Footprints on the Sands of Time."

DEAR BAILIE,—Are we not doing this monument business a little to mountainmeeting of a "Burns' Club," held on the evening ously? Is it not a trifle of the piling up of of Monday week. He did not attend; but he Pelion on Ossa, or, as we say at Gilmorehill, sent a letter of apology, which was read by the drowning Glenlivat in Mountain Dew, to embark Chairman to the company assembled—number- into all these monumental works at once? Just ing about eighty in all, including the reporters try and grasp the situation for a moment. A of the daily press. After stating his reasons for Shilling testimonial to the memory of Burns, a absence, which were perfectly admirable, the national monument to John Knox, and now a Councillor continued in his note-which, to be civic monument to the poet Campbell! The exact, we should mention was addressed to the prospect is terrible. If we go on at this rate, we Secretary of the Club-"I may tell you what shall use up most of the departed greatnesses, you will, no doubt, be glad to hear of, if not to and leave nothing for posterity. That would be believe, that I have been told by one who says he a shame. However, just to keep posterity alive knows that Burns is now, and has been for many to the claims of a few prophets, who now receive years past, in a very happy state, 'accompanied none too much honour in their own country, by his dearie.' But, of course, you will take allow me to suggest a few names to be held in this only for what you may consider it worth. remembrance, together with a quotation or other The undernoted verses were received from Burns remarks which might suggest the grouping of in 1859, through my friend, who says he knows the Statuary. I need hardly say that I enclose a cheque as the nucleus of a building fund.-SMIFFKINS, Junr. Yours-

False Modesty.

TF there is one vice of mankind which the BAILIE abominates more than another, it is that of hiding lights under bushels. When a man has got a treasure, let him trot it out and make no fuss about giving his own estimate of its worth. Sir Walter Scott and Bulwer Lytton had very bad habits of letting their literary bantlings go forth to the world, unnamed and clothed only in their own naked beauty. Like Phryne, or Thais, or some of those naughty Athenian ladies who once "came over" a censorious jury in a way which wouldn't be tolerated in the Court of Queen's Bench, many of Scott and Bulwer's works were dependent for their success upon their own symmetry alone. But both these writers were exceptions; and the BAILIE is glad to see that they are not likely to find disciples, in the creed of publishing without puffing, in Glasgow. We are a little too shrewd for it. The way we-or some of us-put our works before the public is after this fashion :-"The Prize Story, which is full of lively incidents, picturesque descriptions, and dramatic situations." Look at it, for neatness, effect, and comprehensiveness, it will not be easily surpassed. 'That's the way we puff our goods. What more could have been said of Shakespeare, Burns, or other small fry.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

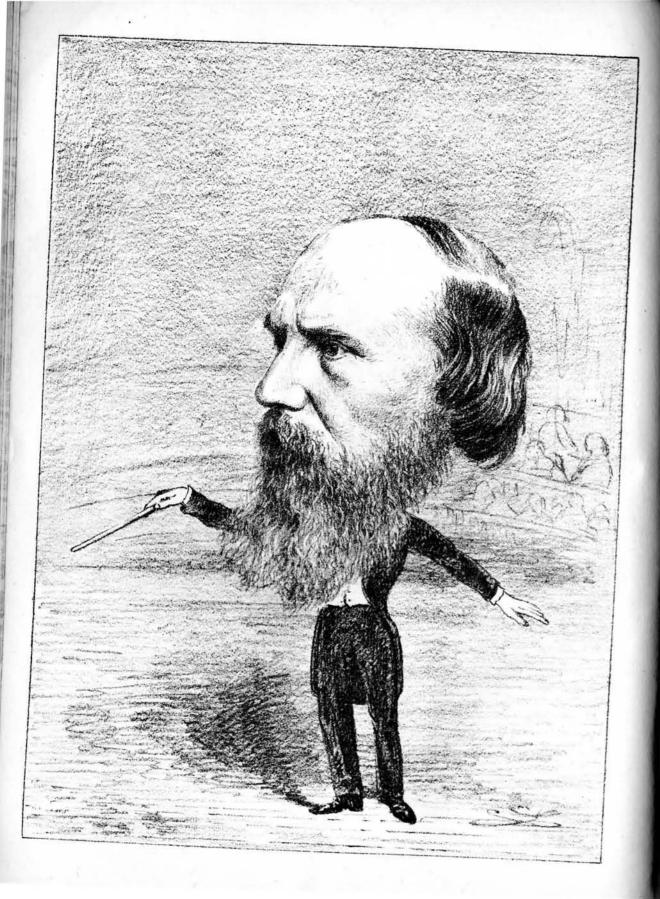
No. 17. Glasgow, Wednesday, February 12th, 1873. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW-No. 17.

THEN Music, Heavenly Maid, was young, so long ago, her inspirations might have been as sublime as ever they have been since; but, instrumentally, it is certain that they had as a player, although he is all that as well-Mr not the modern facilities for their expression. LAMBETH could not long be located in a com-JUBAL'S lyre, we expect, would not go for much munity such as that of Glasgow without leavennow; while the combination of reeds, to be ing it with a portion of that zeal for the art that blown into by the mouth of the operator, and the he follows which so pre-eminently distinguishes invention of which is popularly ascribed to the him. Accordingly, it was only what might have great god PAN, has long ago in these parts been been expected that by and bye—that is to say, at relegated to the service of "Punch and Judy," the beginning of 1858—the right man was put and other al fresco exhibitions of inferior merit. in the right place when he was announced as With "the process of the suns," however, as conductor of The Glasgow Choral Union—a TENNYSON has it, came improvement in this position which he has held, and still holds, with respect. There was developed, in due time, the the highest credit to himself, and much advanviolin, in itself most perfect, and the organ, most tage to the Union and the musical public of complete and grandest of instruments. With Glasgow. It is in this capacity, indeed, that he the latter alone have we anything to do in the is best known and justly most appreciated meantime. No chief public hall in any town or amongst us. Moreover, rarely, we believe, has city now-a-days is considered complete without there occurred an instance of mutual faith and an organ; and we are quite at one with this attachment between conductor and choir such as opinion. Accordingly-over twenty years ago that which has all along subsisted between Mr now-the Corporation of Glasgow acquired from LAMBETH and the Choral Union. Nor would Messrs Gray & Davison that large and powerful this much surprise any one who, like the BAILIE, instrument erected at the east end of the City has had occasional opportunities of "assisting" (in Hall. Having got it, naturally they wanted the back-ground) at rehearsals. The mixture of some one to play upon it; and it was resolved business and bonhommie in the conductor on upon to institute a new appointment; that, these occasions at once strikes an outsider, and namely, of "City Organist." In a good hour, would explain, if necessary, the feelings of confias the French say, their choice lighted upon dence and liking entertained towards him by the "The Man you Know." As to how he has members of the choir. We would only add acquitted himself in the position it scarcely that, outside of business, "The Man you Know" needs that we should speak. Come the 26th numbers "troops of friends," on both sides of the November next, if the BAILIE's memory do not Border, by whom he is universally esteemed betray him, it will be just twenty years since as a true and open-hearted gentleman; who-Mr HENRY A. LAMBETH made his first public to adapt a well-known coupletappearance in Glasgow, since which time he has become, we might almost say, an "institution"

of the city-at least of musical Glasgow. It has not been, however, through his discharge of the perfunctory duties of 'City organist that "The Man you Know" has established himself amongst us. A musician of genius-as distinguished from mere talent or executive power

> May have done an unwise thing, But never an unkind one.



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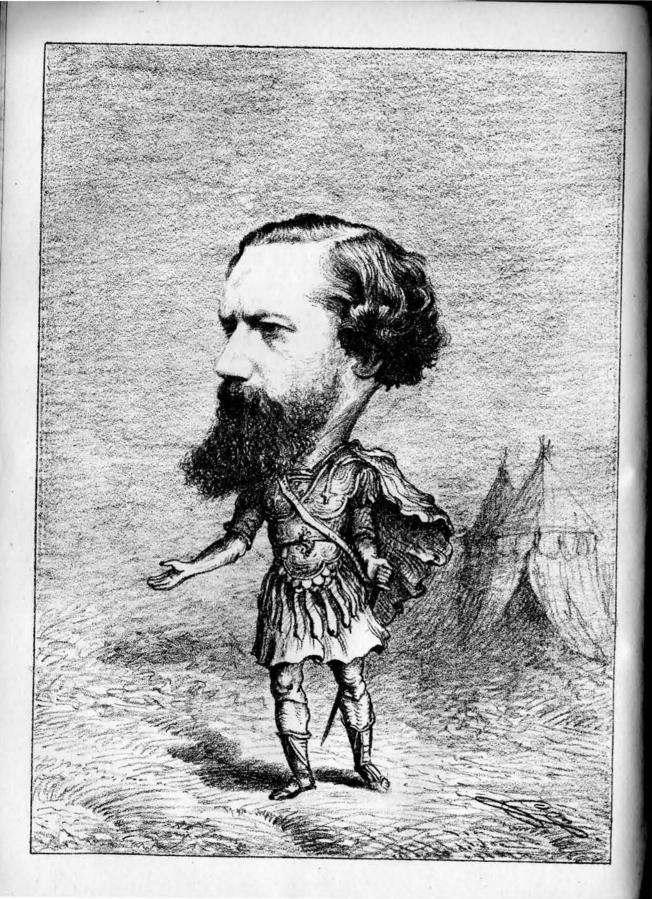
"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 18. Glasgow, Wednesday, February 19th, 1873. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW-No. 18.

NE of the subjects on which satirists are never weary of discoursing is the advantage of having had "somebody" for a father. You was a necessity in Glasgow University; and the may be the most unmitigated "duffer" going; other, that no one could be found so well qualified nothing you ever said or did may have bene- to fill this Chair as JOHN NICHOL. True, when fited either yourself or anybody else; but if the time of election came, Mr NICHOL had a you have been born into the purple, so to speak, competitor in the teacher of a country school, then both your words and your actions will who aspired to literature through the pages of a bear the hall-mark of society—a place will be twopenny magazine, published in the interests reserved for you at your entrance into the of debating societies; but, favouritism apart, world; you will get a start in the race, and there was no comparison between the two men. perchance you will come in a winner over fleeter The better candidate was chosen, and Glasgow and stronger men. It does not matter greatly rejoiced in the possession of a second Professor whether your paternal ancestor has been "some- NICHOL. It would be too much to aver that. body" with brains or "somebody" with coins :- since Mr NICHOL has come into his Professorbrains, as well as coins, pass current in this mer- ship, he has quite fulfilled the hopes, we can cantile age of ours. That the "pater" has been hardly say the promise, of his youth. Certainly "somebody" is the point. Prominent among the duties attached to the office are of the our local notabilities, gifted in this way is the lightest. A bowing acquaintance with MAX "Man you Know" on the present occasion, MULLER'S popular volumes upon language, one JOHN NICHOL, A.B. Oxon, and Regius Pro- or two of Dr WILLIAM SMITH'S Manuals, and fessor of English Literature in the University a "Hamlet" and a "Tennyson" for quotation of Gilmore—no, of Glasgow. The father of Mr purposes, are all the outfit necessary towards NICHOL was one of the most distinguished setting about the instructing of a parcel of raw Scotchmen of his day. He was eminent as an lads in the rudiments of English. As the outfit astronomer, but he was more eminent as a is, so is the work-routine, and rather dull. The man of genius; one possessing that indefinable Professor has, accordingly, had plenty of time to quality so much envied and so much decried by mount his Pegasus and fly whither he would; the mediocre and the commonplace. It was no but, from some cause or other, the winged horse more than natural, therefore, that the son of has had an easy time of it. It may be said that such a man should be made much of by the he has written "Hannibal;" but surely no one community among whom he lived, and who had will contend that it was necessary to get on to mourned sincerely over his premature death. the back of "Pegasus" in order to make this Any natural abilities the young man might own irruption into the realms of the commonplace, were certain to be increased tenfold, by common "Hannibal," indeed. Seldom, we will venture to report. He was at Oxford, and he was known assert, have we had to tackle a volume of balder to have literary proclivities; forthwith the story prose, cut into lengths, than this new reading of

went that another star-a star, did we sayanother sun had risen upon the world of English letters. Before the story had had time to grow cold a discovery, or rather two discoveries, were made. The one was, that a Chair of Literature



the world famous story of the wily Carthagenian. If he has not, however, done much towards enriching our literature with some great work of imagination, Mr NICHOL has not been idle all these years. He has taken an active part in many controversies; he has appeared on many platforms - witness his championing of Mrs FAWCETT, to-morrow evening, in the Athenæum; he has "lectured to ladies," both in Glasgow and in Manchester; and he has written frequent letters to the Herald, where, naturally, he is accorded the glories of leaded type, and of a prominent position. When all has been said, however, our professorial friend was none the worse, at starting, at all events, in having had a "somebody" for a father. Had it been otherwise-had he been the son of a "nobody," would "Hannibal" have been puffed in the Saturday Review? Nay, would "Hannibal" have ever been written?

The Age of Prose.

ALL sentiment and fancy now Are laid upon the shelf, And he who hopes to get along Had better mind himself. The world is wide awake, I trow-There's no time for repose; The Age of Poetry is past-This is the Age of Prose.

Commercial enterprise, and tact, Are all that's worth a thought : The only study really learned Is, how wealth may be got. We study that from morning's prime. Till dewy evening's close, Forgetting all the world of Thought, In this bright Age of Prose.

Should any watch the evening star. Or praise the sunset's glow, Or talk the least bit of romance. As folk did long ago-They're looked upon as quite moonstruck; And in poetic throes, All fanciful imaginings Won't suit an Age of Prose.

Who talks now of the chivalry That graced the iron age. And shed a bright and gen'rous beam O'er history's bloodstained page? The troubadour and valiant knight Have sunk to long repose; They suit romance and poetry, But not the Age of Prose.

Why, even love has grown a trade, As many a " Promise Case" Shows golden salve can heal the heart, In this delightful race. Once Love walked forth and breathed his vows, Where soft the streamlet flows: But all such things are out of date In this our Age of Prose.

The maiden charms old poets sung, And praised in tuneful rhyme, Would only sound satirical, In this enlightened time. False hair that decks the whitened brow And cheeks of coloured rose, Would make of poetry a joke-So let us stick to Prose,

What tho' we lose the zest of life, Ere half drained is the cup; Tho' care and sorrow come unasked. And at our tables sup! Yet shake the bells of Folly's cap, And let no one suppose ; That love or rhyme will ere be missed In this our Age of Prose.

For, oh! it is a happy time-This blessed Age of ours-With telegraphs and railways rife, And artificial flowers. We sing the joys such life affords, While each his trumpet blows-The Age of Poetry has passed, This is the Age of Prose.

Notes of the Week.

THE two eights are getting ready for the big race in April; Cambridge again for choice for the next week or two-Parliament setting into work; Miall again to the fore, with notice on Disestablishment—but cooled down as compared with former years; Whalley not yet so far recovered from his Tichborne snub as to perform his usual antics; Ayrton as obnoxious as ever; Anderson making capital out of his Emma trip; Gladstone as verbose but less irritable than usual (up to now); no big party fight as yet-King Amadeo abdicated the Spanish throne, showing his sense and pluck; too good a King for Spain. Actions for libel as rife as ever; Charles Reade awarded £200 for no conceivable wrong; cavalry captain trying to clear himself from a charge of cheating (jury could not agree) - Galway prosecution commenced in Dublin with farcical results; other news as per usual,

The Bailie for Wednesday, February 19th, 1873.

Tales about Animals-No. 3.

SAILORS.—Of all the oddest fish with which this great aquarium of a world is stocked, sailors are the oddest. I might go further and say, that of all things animate or inanimate, of which full, true, and particular accounts are given, sailors are the things of which the least is known and of which the most is uttered. There are two classes of sailors: one class whom we all know in novels, and never, by any chance, meet anywhere else; and the other class whom we meet in everyday life, and look upon as too prosaic a set of individuals ever to have figured in story book.

There is no doubt that the first or ideal lot are by far the prettiest. It reads well to hear of a

seafaring man who gives that

"Hitch to his trousers, which Is a trick all seamen learn;"

And who splices the main brace on the least provocation; and shivers his timbers with a startling unconcern for the mercantile value of the article.

Fancy flies to him as an old sea dog who could give Baron Munchausen incalculable points in story-telling, and beat him easily with the simplest varn; who has seen and perhaps courted mermaids; who has fished for the great sea serpent; and who may even have had mysterious dealings with the Flying Dutchman himself.

Oh yes, the ideal sailor is all that is neat and natty in rig, all that is quick and ready in duty, all that is witty in the use of a mother tongue, undefiled by any but the purest Doric-a being who would be delightfully irresistible ashore if he was not perfectly entrancing aboard.

Now, it is no libel on the real sailor (at least I hope not, or the publishers—to whom all communications must be addressed-will hear of something decidedly to their disadvantage), to say that he is not all that fancy painted him. He works a little too hard, and doesn't have enough soft tack to make him the

"Lamb in love ; the lion in war,"

which he is usually represented. Perhaps the only point on which he perfectly agrees with his ideal wraith is that of grog. Whether in the spirit or the flesh, he likes his grog and takes unlimited doses when he can get 'em. He doesn't loll about the poop with a quid in his cheek, for Renfrewshire. (Note by the Ass.) He lazily coiling down a tub of rope for want of may be the "coming" man, but he has a "long something better to do; but shins up the main road to travel" before he "comes" into the or mizen or foretopgallantmast with a pair of old | representation of the suburban county.

ducks on, and a tar bucket and brush in his hand, to put a fresh coat on the rigging when it comes on to blow such weather as we have had lately. the real sailor, whether he be alow or aloft, is ready to obey orders.

But, as we say in the classics, more next week. PAUL BREDE.

"Handsome is as handsome does."

coals, provisions, and necessities of life generally? Here is a sign of the times:-

"COMFORTABLE board offered to a young girl with a plain family; 11s. per week."

That is culled from the Glasgow Herald. Eleven shillings a week for board of a young girl with a plain family! Nothing like starvation there. Not a word either as to the size of the family of the young girl. Nothing; except that it must be plain. But why plain? Does the board of plain families run cheaper than in the case of families more highly favoured by nature; and what would be the contract price, suppose we leave the word "plain" out? These are questions which the BAILIE would like to propound, but that it would be ungracious considering the munificence of the offer.

A Pretty Kettle of Fish.

DRINTERS' blunders have been proverbial from the time of the eminent typographist who declared that "the multitude rent the air with their snouts," down to the date of the local artist who informed the world through the medium of a newspaper that the BAILIE (not ourselves) had committed a pugnacious gentleman to 30 days' imprisonment for "eating a coachman." (The word should have been "beating," but the printer had a B in his bonnet instead of in type.) The latest atrocity in this line has been perpetrated in the neighbouring suburb of thread, starch, and corn-flour. A correspondent informs us that in the proof-sheet of a catalogue of books sold this last week, "The Gairloch Heresy Tried; by Dr Burns," figured as "The Gairloch Herring Fried by", &c. We hope the doctor didn't burn his griddle.

THE COMING MAN.—The Conservative M.P.

The Balle.

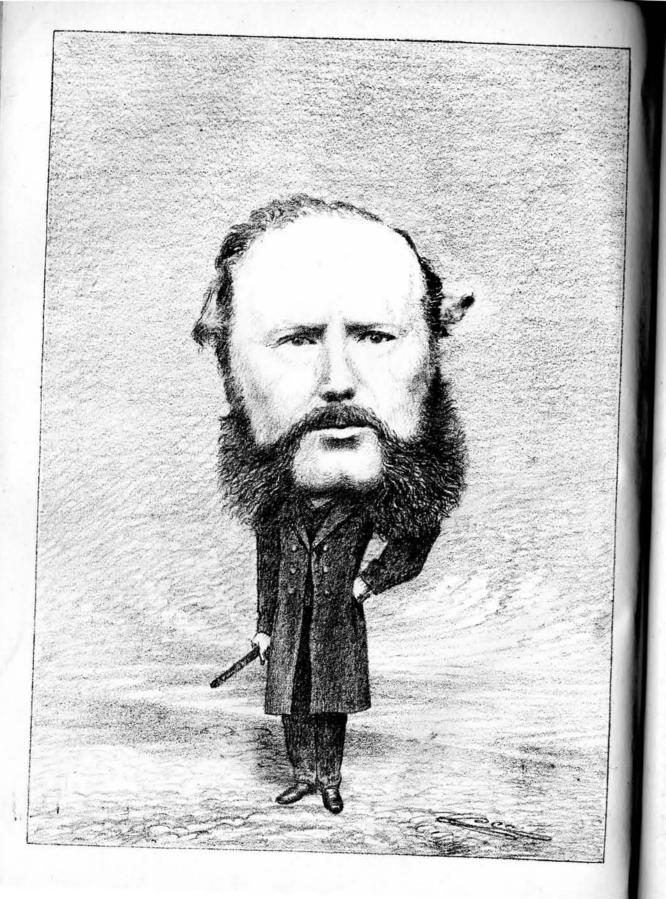
"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 19. Glasgow, Wednesday, February 26th, 1873. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW-No. 19.

Constable. Every French soldier is said to carry a Marshal's baton in his knapsack. In the same difficult. But there is too much of the "Newway every Highland or Lowland Dogberry in the gate Calendar" in all this, and since enough has City watch may wear at his side the truncheon of a Chief Constable. This should be a stimulating thought for DONALD from the Hills or shall "move on." As a Superintendent, Mr ALEXANDER from the Plains, when they enter M'CALL was found to be such an "active and "The Force;" and, no doubt, many a Hielan' Tonalt and Lowland Sandie cherish the ambitious aspiration when first they don the uniform blue, the martial helmet and the useful cape, the white gloves of purity, and become entitled to "move on" the lieges with the voice of authority. The chances of each individual are but slender, tions; but, to tell the truth, the City was, a few for there can be only one such awful potentate as a Chief Constable; yet, there are Captaincies and Lieutenancies, and MAC (see Northern) may become a Captain and DONALD (see Central) a Lieutenant, if they should not arrive at the moved us on and off at their will. The slightest highest dignity in the Police State. Greatness remonstrance at unjust treatment, either of ourwas not thrust upon the present "Man you selves or others, produced a "What you'll say? Know," but achieved by a series of really clever I'll sho-ow you what you are," and a whistle for feats in his department, in which he displayed the neighbouring Celt, ending in a walk to the remarkable fitness for the constabulary service. nearest station, and a charge of disorderly con-In the Sandyford murder case he traced, with duet. Well for you if you were not maltreated the persistency of a sleuth-hound, the crime on the way thither, for the police in these days to its perpetrator, following up the trail with a had a pleasant way of provoking unoffending keenness of scent and sharpness of penetration captives to resistance, in order to make surer which might remind people of the redoubtable work. Since his entrance upon office, Chief-Inspector BUCKET described in one of CHARLES Constable M'CALL has "put an end to all DICKENS' novels. When GREATREX, the emi- that." The oath of one policeman is no nent photographer and note-imitator, was "found longer accepted as equal to that of three citiout," and took flight to America, Mr M'CALL zens, nor is a constable thought to resemble the was immediately in his track, followed him to king in his quality of doing no wrong. We can New York, discovered his lair, apprehended him walk the streets now without fear of being suband brought him back to this country in triumph. jected, without hope of redress, to the insolence

The circumstances of this apprehension were singularly creditable to the officer, for GREATREX was one of those astute rogues whose keenness T must be an obvious proposition that the of intellect leads them to take such precautions chief end of a constable's life is to be a Chief for hiding their movements, that to find them when they are "wanted" is more than usually been said to show that Mr M'CALL proved himefficient officer" and capable administrator, that when his predecessor was removed by death, his superiors thought they could not do better than give him the vacancy, and experience has since shown that the choice was a wise one. We have no wish to unduly depreciate former administrayears ago, police-ridden to a disgraceful extent. Ignorant Highlanders, scarcely capable of uttering or understanding the Queen's English, and as boorish and insolent as they were ignorant,



of Highland bestial. We may even remonstrate What we would not like to Know. with a policeman, and yet not apprehend being "taken up.". If we are "took," we may reckon with some degree of confidence on our complaints being heard, and if they are well founded, receiving due effect. This, it must be confessed, is something to have accomplished by a year or two's steady disciplinary reform, and it has been accomplished by the steady hand kept on the reins by Chief Constable M'CALL. But it is not all, for the condition and efficiency of the Force has been improved in every respect, both as regards the men themselves and their relations to the citizens. If fault were to be found with the Chief Constable's administration at all, it must take the direction of hinting that his measures have occasionally manifested a tendency towards the proverbial clean sweeping of "the new broom." A carpet may be swept without exactly removing the new pile, and to press another proverb into the service "gently does it." Nothing could be more natural, however, in a comparatively young man promoted to the highest rank in his calling, than to endeavour to prove his worthiness by a display of zeal. On the whole, the Chief Constable has coupled his zeal with a commendable measure of discretion. In pronouncing judgment, the BAILIE dismisses him with an admonition.

The Bailie to Professor Nichol.

THE BAILIE has just learned that his friend Professor Nichol has been suffering of late under a somewhat severe illness. Had he known this a week ago, the "Man You Know" in his last issue would not, he needs hardly say, have been written. He is nothing if not satirical, and his notice of the Professor was satirical accordingly. With all its severity, however, it was quite consistent with a very large degree of admiration, on the part of the BAILIE, for Mr Nichol. No Professor, of recent years, has been more popular among his students, no one has wrought harder or more faithfully than the occupant of the chair of English Literature. The BAILIE, he would further like to say, without at all "revising" his criticism of "Hannibal," is at variance in his estimate of that work with some of the most celebrated writers of the day. In conclusion, the BAILIE salutes Mr Nichol, and earnestly hopes to learn of his speedy restoration to health, and to the vigour and usefulness which health will bring in its train.

THAT the last notice for the Water Assessment was in.

That unless the gas account is paid in two days, the supply will be cut off.

That a call of £2 per share has been made on the bogus shares we hold.

That the price of coal has been advanced. That our butcher has refused to give another pound until he is paid his account.

That we have a terrific headache in the morning.

That the Mail don't intend giving any more illustrations.

That we are getting bald.

That grey hairs are beginning to appear. That our lady-love (who has a clear thousand a-year) has eloped with a groom.

That the shoeblacks have struck work. That our rich old uncle has died, and left all

his money to charitable institutions. That all our contributions to the BAILIE have

been rejected. That the circulation of the BAILIE would ever be under 30,000 per week.

Professor Blackie and the Ladies.

DROFESSOR BLACKIE is growing worse than ever. His self-esteem is fast getting out of all bounds. When speaking at Mrs Fawcett's lecture in Edinburgh, the other night, he delivered himself as follows:- "If women think it a dignity to their sex to wear a wig, in the name of all the wrangling angels let them go in and do it. I shall not oppose them." Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed that he is grown so great? He will not oppose them, indeed! And suppose he should? What, then? Will the sex-the dear, impatient, inconsequent sex-bother their silly little heads about him? This present BAILIE opines they will not. Truly the author of "Four Phases of Morals," and various other exciting stories, may know a deal about Plato, as he says he does, but he certainly knows not a doit about woman and woman-kind.

It is rumoured at the Clubs that the prettiest girls at the Bachelors' Ball were those whose faces are their fortunes. A well-known flaneur of the Western is said to have been brought down by one of these fair archers.

Criticus, Criticorum.

IT is now the fashion for artists, actors, singers, agents, when they wake up in the morning and find themselves less famous than they expected, to take an innings by criticising their censors, caused by the contentions of the various lines in and coming down heavily on the Fourth Estate. which he is interested, proposes that the direc-This answers a double purpose. It enables the tors of the companies, instead of going to Parliawriter to show his knowledge, or his contempt for criticism, and it is also a cheap way of advertising. Frequently the artist's grievance is a ance hotel, and endeavour to settle their differmere "phantom of the heat-oppressed brain," and the chief result of his letter is to show that It seems to the BAILIE that if such a meeting an unpractised pen has led him into numberless | were even organised, shares would instantly rise, pitfalls. The latest victim is Mr J. Muir Wood, and with them the sorrowing animal's spirits. A who has rushed into print in company with Miss valuable life would thus be saved to the country, Blanche Reives, singer and actress, M. Méhul, pianist and conductor, Mr David Williams, musical composer, Signor Maccheroni, double flageolet player, and others, who, as the auctioneers say, are "too numerous to mention." In a letter addressed to the Mail a few days ago, Mr Wood said that it was possible to misconstrue one of Mr Halle's statements, and that an Edinburgh audience could hear Professor Oakley at lower rates of admission than would be charged were there no Glasgow concert. This is what the BAILIE made out of the letter. Not being acquainted with Mr Hallé, and never having paid anything to hear Professor Oakley, the BAILIE cannot say whether Mr Wood is right or wrong. After due consideration the BAILIE has come to the conclusion, that when Mr Wood wrote one thing he really meant to express something else, and the context shows that the writer of that ambiguous letter erected for himself a sort of visionary Aunt Sally for the purpose of having a shy at it. None but an ass would have supposed that Mr Halle's annual visit was unattended with trouble, and had to be anticipated long before it happened, and as "a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," the BAILIE'S Ass desires to become acquainted with the Being who, finding that the public had been misled, hastened to apprise Mr Wood of the discovery. If the venerable John really wanted to stick pins in the Mail, he had a better chance when the musical critic of that journal complacently regretted that Schubert's octett had not been performed entire. Even the BAILIE'S Ass knows that the complete work is not published, and that the manuscript fish-market in the West End Park, in which to has been locked up by a dog-in-the-manger music publisher.

"Shares."

SUGGESTION, in which there may be something, has just reached us. The players, theatrical managers, and concert Ass, who is a railway shareholder to a considerable extent, and has of late been getting into low spirits owing to the depreciation of his stock ment, and wasting their constituents' money in litigation, should meet in a comfortable temperences amicably over a friendly-cup of coffee. and the heart of every shareholder would be made glad.

Weights and Measures.

'HE following addition has recently been made by authority to the tables of standard weights and measures, in order to express the physical and moral value of certain quantities of ardent spirits:-

1 dram - a big drink.
2 drams - a fight.
3 drams - police office.

4 drams-the -

N.B.—No scruples are admitted into this table.

"WHITE-HANDED MISTRESS, ONE SWEET WORD WITH THEE."—The BAILIE presents his compliments to Mrs Fawcett, whose lecture, on Thursday evening, he listened to with much satisfaction. He would like to know, however, whether the accomplished wife of the member for Brighton really believes that "woman is the larger man?" Her remarks certainly tended in this direction. The BAILIE wonders whether she or Professor Fawcett sits at the foot of the table, or whether turn about to command is taken, as was done by the Grecian Generals on a certain occasion, so that none might enjoy the superiority.

A correspondent suggests that preparation should be made for the erection of an ornamental sell the trout that may be caught in the Kelvin after its purification.

The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

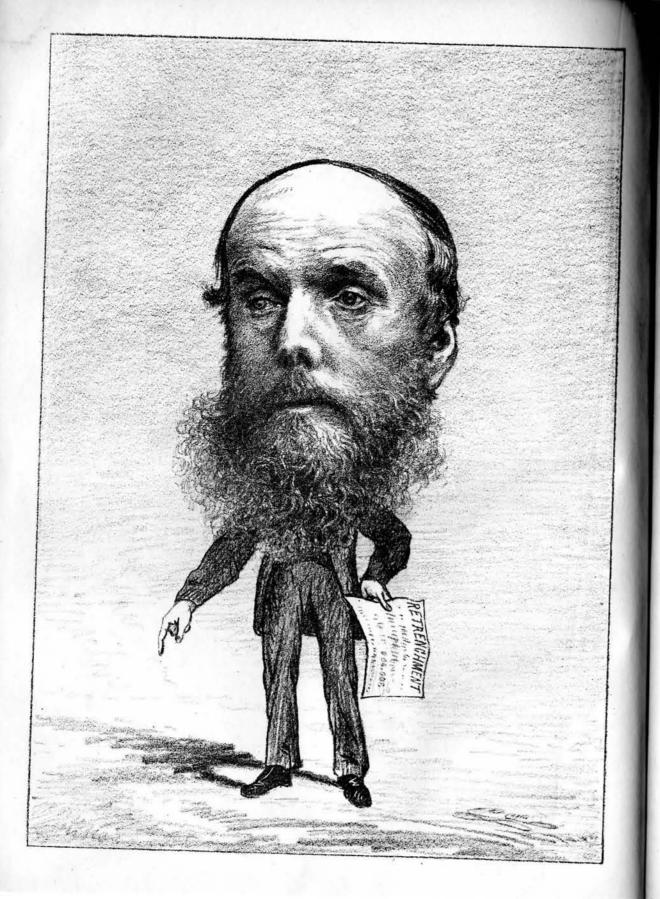
Glasgow, Wednesday, March 5th, 1873.

Price Id

MEN YOU KNOW-No. 20.

I ORD MACAULAY, in one of the earliest and most characteristic of his Essays,-"Milton"-discourses on Puritanism after this and whose course of life was in accordance with wise:- "The Puritan was made up of two different men-the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion; the other, proud, calm, kirk, Free-kirkish, but he was for Retrenchment inflexible, sagacious. . . . People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their whining hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate, or on the field Altogether, he was a Councillor of a different of battle. These fanatics brought to civil and school from the disciples of Bumbledom, who, military affairs a coolness of judgment and an too often, become representative men in our immutability of purpose, which some writers Municipalities. Such a tilting and fighting with have thought inconsistent with their religious windmills, as he carried on during the first year zeal, but which were in fact the necessary effects of his Councillorship, had never been seen since of it. The intensity of their feelings on one the days when Don Quixote made his famous subject made them tranquil on every other." A onslaught on the plain of Montiel. And, exlittle modification would make this passage not treme as he often was, Mr COLLINS was yet an inapplicable to Mr WILLIAM COLLINS, senior opponent not to be despised. Ungainly and representative of the Sixth Ward in the Town gaunt as "Agag-bind-their-kings-in-chains," he Council. When the "Man you Know" first was equally formidable in an encounter With entered Council-now several years since-he his figures noted down on a quaint little scrap of didn't receive the cordial reception from the paper, he attacked the civic estimates with as older members which would have been accorded much vigour and persistency as ever did JOE him under ordinary circumstances. Holding pecu- HUME the budget of a Chancellor of the Exliar principles, he had to suffer for his perversity. chequer. Naturally, however, as is the custom It would ill become the BAILIE to tell tales and of extreme folk of every kind, Mr COLLINS he would be the last man to throw any dispar- gradually cooled down. He continued as keen agement upon the members of the body, of which an advocate for retrenchment as ever, but he he has himself been a bright and shining light chose his ground of attack with greater judgbut it is telling no tales out of school to say that, ment. Naturally, too, he came to be listened to even in the Council, there are rules for the with greater attention, and assumed altogether a guidance of the lives of public men, which are superior position to that of the mere carping none the less adhered to because they are un- critic. It is even rumoured that, upon a late written. Is it necessary to say that one of the occasion, when the local president was choosing most important is that which inculcates a love his cabinet, Mr COLLINS was offered a position

of your fellowman-when he happens to keep a butler and a cook? Judge then, the sneers with which a man would be greeted who believed not in the wine which gladdeneth the heart of man; for whom alcoholic stimulants had no charm, the principles of the strictest temperance. Besides, Mr COLLINS was not only of the Freeand for Reform. No financial vote could pass without the closest inspection, and he would agree to no official appointment without first satisfying himself that the appointee was the best man that could be obtained for the situation.



wherefrom he might dispense judgment at the River Police Court. 'He, however, it is added, though a lover of water, declined to have anything to do with the element, as a Bailie; and he, therefore, continues plain Councillor COLLINS of a contest could be avoided. still. Mr COLLINS was right, and exhibited a just sense of the weight of his own claims. Such a clear-headed, shrewd man of business, and one gallant appearance at the Queen's Rooms. so anxious for the public weal, cannot be passed over; and, in some future distribution of honours, he will doubtless attain to the dignity of a City Magistrate. Outside inunicipal life, Mr COLLINS popular "fad" among the fine ladies of the is the head of a publishing firm, which is one of West-End. the most eminent in its way, not only in Glasgow, but in the three kingdoms. The name of their their "fads." school-books is legion, their issue is extraordinary, and they are assistants to tuition round the entire world. A man, able to conduct the affairs of a gigantic concern of this kind, honours the citizens of Glasgow by assisting in their government.

What are Folk Saying?

WHAT are folk saying about the City and its affairs?

THEY ARE SAYING:-

That the features of the BAILIE are beginning to be well recognised in Glasgow, and that the more he is studied the better he is liked.

That last year—leap year—the BAILIE'S Ass was favoured with a proposal of marriage. He gave the fair one a neigh, when she said she had a good mind to take him by the ears; that she was only sorry she had as'd him. The brute sullenly gave her the cold shoulder.

That the Ass is as mad as a March hare.

That the meeting of Marbella shareholders on Thursday last hasn't sent up the price of stock.

That the Marbella iron mountain is certainly one of the wonders of the world.

That seeing that the mountain is of iron, there is an uncommon large quantity of earth about it.

That the words on Burns' monument will likely be-Raised by the citizen(s).

That the "Knight" (night) case before the Dundee Presbytery will turn out all moonshine. That the working man is a thing of the past.

That the Education Act ought to work well, if only to counterbalance the outlay it causes.

That an election in Glasgow will be no meagre affair under the ballot.

That lots of deputy returning-officers will be required.

That they will have to be paid.

That the day's salary will amount to a pretty

That it would be well if all the bother and cost

That it will not be avoided.

That the "Women's Rights" people made a

That a good many of the audience went to see who would be there.

That woman-suffrage is rather becoming a

That the fine ladies very soon get tired of

That they will soon get tired of woman-

That the woman-suffrage principle may be right, but that its application is very awkward.

That we do very well as we are, and needn't trouble ourselves about the change.

That the new steam fire engines are good enough to throw cold water on any new Lim. Li. project for the next six months.

That the town-clerkship is as good as settled. That Mr Marwick has made an excellent town-clerk for Edinburgh.

That the chances are he will become as popular in Glasgow as he is in Edinburgh.

That the conversazione in Kelvingrove Museum was a rather tame affair.

That the givers of the conversazione did their utmost, however, to entertain their guests.

That this year's exhibition of the Institute is one of the best ever held in the City Galleries.

That the exhibition isn't patronised as well as it ought to be by the public.

That the sales of pictures in the exhibition are rather falling off. That this doesn't say much for millionaire

That speculation isn't so rife on the Stock

Exchange as it used to be. That the only folks who suffer by this are the

stockbrokers.

That the tramway people are continually altering the routes of their cars.

That the tramway people don't seem to know their own minds.

That people who don't know their own minds can never be very successful in business.

That the tramways are not such a good investment as some of the original shareholders expected they would be.

Concerning Bores.

THE family of bores, which exists in all large towns, has attained maturity sufficient in Glasgow to warrant us in giving it a respectful recognition in our columns. Your genuine "bore" is to be found (disinterestedly, and as an impartial spectator, of course) at any public turn-out of importance. His most prominent presentments are as actor, artist, or musician.

Youths who have paid a quarter's fee, and have had instilled into them the "histrionic fire" (that is the favourite expression) by a professor who has had sufficient experience of the stage to enable him to see that the "needful" can be gained in a way which may keep his name more acceptably before a public who have hitherto been backward in acknowledging his claim to figure in the front rank of the disciples of Thespis, are the most marked of the first-named species.

The "acting bore" is seen to greatest advantage shortly after half-time, lounging against the back-wall of the pit of the theatre, or, while the curtain is down, at the nearest refreshment bar, whereat he thinks it probable one of the corps of

either house may look in. indulging alone, is to lean one arm upon the counter, "sidle" insinuatingly forward, and introduce himself thus—"You, Sir, I presume, are Mr —, of the — Theatre." Upon receiving the invariably laconic reply, he at once enlists the services of the shopman to assist him in fourpence-halfpenny. ascertaining and supplying what Mr — will "have." This little business over, which usually does not consume much time, the unfortunate "pro." is submitted to an infliction in which "bore's" merits are volubly set forth, and if his victim should find it necessary to tear himself away, the separation takes place conditionally only on his meeting the animal again, which will

"always be a pleasure," &c., &c.

The amateur musician is not quite such a nuisance as his brother of the sock and buskin. He generally contents himself with humming perpetually in our ear what he considers to be the most difficult and high-pitched airs of the opera, and generously informs his neighbour at a concert that he never heard Mdlle. Squallini sing flatter, or Signor Tenoro in such bad voice.

The least developed of the species is the limner. He has been to the Institute, of course, and magnanimously damns the Exhibition with faint praise by declaring that it is not quite tramway car.

the worst ever displayed in Glasgow (the poor devil himself has not been "hung"). There is always the saving grace, however, in his case, that it is but a limited circle in which he can air his criticisms. Some time or other, besides, if he have the good fortune to send a scrap of canvas which may fit into some unlucky corner near the floor, he may gain the distinction of seeing his work figure among that of the hundred and one other nobodies who "exhibit," and then-

[Let us not cudgel our brains more about them; "Your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating."]

"Passing Rich on Forty Pounds a Year."

A N interesting volume on "The Scotch Banks and System of Issue," by Mr Robert Somers, of Glasgow, has just been published. We understand that it will shortly be followed by another most interesting work on the subject, entitled "The Scotch Banks and their System of Screws, being the Reminiscences of a Clerk of 35 years' experience." The appendix will contain tables showing the rapidity with which a bank clerk attains to wealth and independence, His policy, then, if he be not an acquaintance, and an essay on "How to Keep a Wife and Family on £40 a year," by a Victim. The book will be embellished with an elegant frontispiece, representing "The Board-day Luncheon;" and to place it within the reach of those chiefly interested, it will be published at the low price of

Six Reasons for the Erection of a New Museum in the West-End Park.

1. That the present one is simply an advertising medium.

2. That the museum, qua museum, will be entirely useless when it is erected.

3. That the nurses and children in the West-End Park will have a new place of amusement. 4. That an enlarged shelter in wet weather

would be useful. 5. That a house of refuge is needed for the

tigress and her cubs. 6. That a place where the general public

could get a headache when required is a desideratum.

THE CYNOSURE OF MENZIES-A well-filled

The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 21. Glasgow, Wednesday, March 12th, 1873.

Price Id

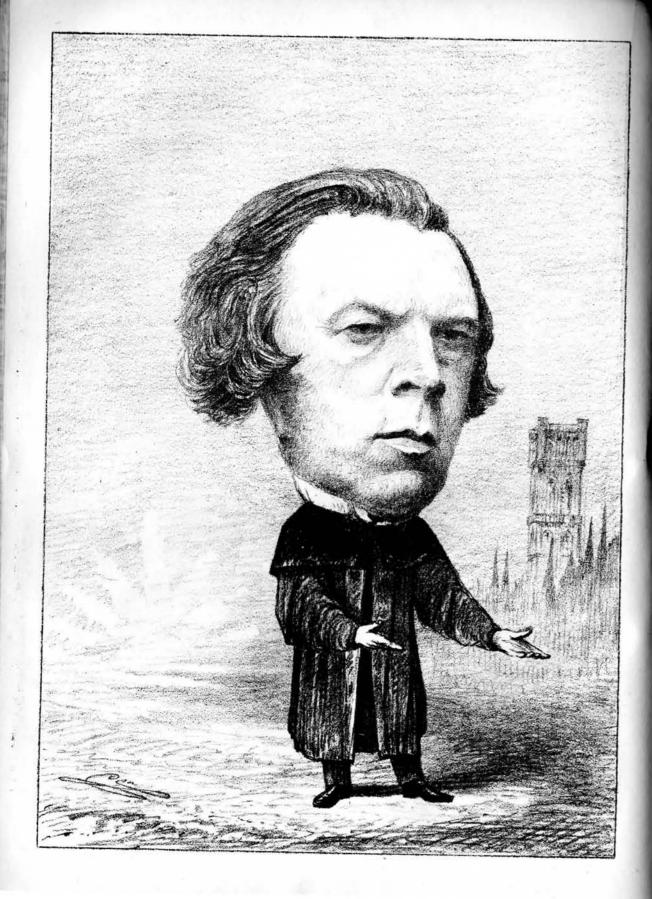
MEN YOU KNOW-No. 21.

ONE of the nicest sinecures in the West of Scotland is the Principalship of the University of Glasgow. The position is respectableeminently respectable—and the salary, though not large, is snug. Seven or eight hundred a year, indeed, may be considered fair pay for looking, on occasion, as solemn and dignified as one's personal appearance permits. Into this comfortable and easy billet, Dr JOHN CAIRD has preached his way with considerable facility. The reverend gentleman is happy in the possession of what one of DEAN RAMSAY'S bedrals called "an unco gift o' the gab;" and he certainly has turned his single talent to profitable account. But it must be admitted that a good preacherand Dr CAIRD is that-is entitled to some distinction. A public suffering from the bumming of unnumbered drones will cheerfully concede that a man, who can make the pulpit something else than an instrument of torture for a helpless congregation, is worthy of honour and consideration. We cannot reward a rhetorical clergyman, with dramatic power enough to interest us and stir our feelings, as we do an actor or a professional reader. It gives us pleasure, therefore, to see an enlightened and almost paternal government making him a Principal, or something of that kind as a reward of merit. On going carefully over Dr CAIRD'S career, we cannot find that he has done anything to earn the fame he has acquired, beyond "wagging his head i' the poopit," secundum artem-and very much artem. He had the good fortune, one fine Sunday, to preach a sermon in Crathie Church, in presence of the Queen, and so to tickle the after a clever sermon on the evidences of the Royal ears that the sermon was subsequently existence of the Deity, said he "never thought printed by Her Majesty's command. As the of doubting it before." It showed a good deal British public is nothing, if not loyal, we ratified of audacity to tackle HERBERT SPENCER in a

the Queen's taste by rushing pell mell on the book and buying it by the ton. The delighted publishers had their pockets filled so full, by our flunkeyism, that, in a burst of singular generosity, they actually gave the clever preacher £400 over and above the £100 for which he had stipulated as honorarium. This little transaction in the sermon line is the greatest feat performed by Dr CAIRD, and it should not be undervalued; but the preacher ought to be profoundly grateful to Her Most Gracious Majesty. She made him the fashion, and he has ever since been on the crest of the social wave, until now that he is cast high and dry on the shore of a comfortable sinecure. On another occasion, Dr CAIRD preached before the British Association in Edinburgh; and a critic, with more satirical humour than reverence in his composition, treated the performance thus:- "Mr CAIRD, who spoke somewhat huskily but with much emphasis, was on the broad liberal tack. He quoted passages from HER-BERT SPENCER, COMTE, and other modern philosophers; not showing them up as masters or deluded—O dear no!—or taking refuge behind the Bible or any cardinal doctrine of faith, but professing a profound respect for these writers, and bringing his facts and logic against their facts and logic. It was a clever exercise, and a very curious discourse to hear in the High Kirk of Edinburgh, but it was hard to suppose it could do anybody much good.

Says Caird, I'll quote and then refute, Each modern philosophic doot'-And so he did; but each quotation Seem'd to outweigh the refutation.

Some of the old-fashioned worshippers must have felt uncomfortable like the villager, who,



men of culture such as compose the British "Rest and be thankful." Association; but a Scotch minister in the pulpit is as pert as a cock on his own dung-hill, and lays down the law as pragmatically as a country dominie haranguing his scholars. A keen observer has said of Dr CAIRD'S style of delivery that "every word is touched with just the right kind and degree of emphasis; many single words, and many little sentences, which, when you read them, do not seem very remarkable, are given in tones which make them absolutely thrill through you; you feel that the preacher has in him the elements of a tragic actor who would rival piling of the agony which usually attends the warmed up often to an excitement which is painful to see. The full deep voice, so beautia shriek; the gesticulation becomes wild; the preacher, who has hitherto held himself to some degree in check, seems to abandon himself to the full tide of his emotion; you feel that not of thought and feeling within. Two or three minutes in this impassioned strain and the performance is over," instead of "the sermon is done;" but let that pass. We can scarcely blame our clergymen for importing a trifle of the actor into the pulpit, as long as so many of us go to to engage in divine worship. Dr CAIRD succeeds to the Principalship at a comparatively early age, for he was born in 1820, and is con-Greenock, where he received his earlier educa-Newton-upon-Ayr, and in the following year he pastoral charge of Lady Yester's Church. Find-

bit only of an hour's discourse before a body of dignified. He has reached Earl RUSSELL'S

Roman Fever.

HIS is by no means a modern disease, invented by the Faculty for the benefit of undertakers, but has been known since the remotest ages. Indeed, according to some eminent authorities, it was the first complaint that afflicted humanity, and it will, in all probability. continue to afflict it until the end of time. It has received the name of Roman fever in consequence of its manifestations being uniformly KEAN." The same writer, in describing the exhibited by the inhabitants of the Eternal City, whose listless apathy is exemplary. But adroit Professor's perorations, remarks-"He is it is by no means confined to any particular part of the globe. It is universal, and attacks every grade of society. Season does not seem fully expressive, already taxed to its utmost to exercise much influence upon it, although extent, breaks into something which is almost some have fancied it to be more virulent during the summer. It may be said never to attack persons under ten years of age. The symptoms vary greatly, according to the constitution and tastes of the patient, but are invariably evidenced even his eloquent lips can do justice to the rush by a desire to retain office, and find a substitute to do the work. This disease is the result of success. A man, after strenuous exertions, succeeds in obsermon is done." Some people would say "the taining an office. Ambition or necessity has made him put forth his best efforts; he is successful. In the train of success comes satiation or vanity. He imagines that he can do better without the public than the public can do with-"hear" this or that minister, instead of simply out him; he relaxes his efforts, and merely retains a semblance of discharging his duties. Roman fever has set in. Or, in the midst of his triumph, he gets into society where the disease sequently only fifty-three. He is a native of is prevalent, and catches it there, for it is very contagious. The fever once caught, will contion, completing his course of study at the Uni- tinue for months or years, unless proper treatversity of which he is now the head. Licensed ment for its radical cure be adopted. The in 1844, he was ordained in 1845 minister of disease has been very rife amongst workmen of late, and has manifested itself in a desire of received from the Edinburgh Town Council the higher wages—not that the week's total may be greater, but simply to have more time in which ing town life too much for him, he accepted, in to loaf about and nurse the complaint. Like 1850 the parish of Errol, and, recruiting there, he measles, it attacks most men once in a lifetime. accepted, in 1857, a call to Park Church here. As the disease is purely nervous, the treatment No more need be said. Dr CAIRD will play the must be directed to those organs. Galvanism is part of Principal in admirable style. His success of very little use, but a strong current from the in the role of eloquent preacher is full warrant battery of public opinion is a specific, and never for his efficiency in the higher walk of art to fails in curing the disease. The BAILIE has a which he has now attained. But, after all, he few patients in view upon whom he intends to has little to do except to look solemn and turn his bull's-eye shortly.

Landladies.

ANDLADIES (vice-mater) are forty years of age, widows, have small families, and have all "seen better days."

They are all of the feminine gender, and come into existence by necessitous generation.

They promise to be "second mothers" to you, and point out the conveniences of the roomsuch as, the sole use of the fender, fire-irons, table, and chair, and the picture of the "Prodigal Son,"-on the wall.

As they take away the tea-tray, and when you are anxious to have a look at that necessary of life, the Citizen, they entertain you with a long history of their late lamented husbands, and their unimpeachable character, till you don't wonder they died-either from the effects of their "unruly member," or because they were too good for this world.

Landladies have a complete knowledge of the provision market, and inform you of the high price of coals, that butter and bread are a halfpenny "up," and they "don't know what butcher-

Should the landlady's "youngest" make a custom of meeting you at the door every evening, clapping its hands and shouting "dada," it would be advisable to look out for lodgings "in a healthier part of the City," or somewhere "nearer business," or any other excuse to enable you to clear out. If you stay, she might aim at being your permanent housekeeper.

The landlady's "eldest" might be a young lady, about eighteen, and very attentive. In both of which cases, the best plan is to hang over the mantel-shelf a portrait of "Jeanie" or "Maggie." This will be a counter-move and prevent the daughter becoming the landlady's successor, in the housekeeping line; but not as "second mother."

Unmarried masculine reader, if thou hast a good landlady, thou hast great cause to thank Heaven.

On dit that, since we have gone to Edinburgh for a Town Clerk, we are next in order not to arouse local jealousies to get a Lord Provost from Paisley, when the office next becomes vacant. A deputation will be sent, it is stated, to interview the Laird of Brediland on the subject.

Awkward Case of Mistaken Identity

ONE way and the other the Ass is acquiring a most unenviable reputation. A correspondent at the East-end, and upon whom the BAILIE can fully depend, encloses the following: "At the close of the late Education meeting in the Greenhead Church, a Brown teetotaller made an abusive assault on the democratic King, and accused him, before a multitude, of being the BAILIE'S Ass. The King's five bones rattled on the sober teetotaller's nose, and he fell to the ground the very first round, and was thus done Brown. The police were called, but two merciful Councillors interfered and informed them that there was nothing in the Police Act that would justify them in 'running in' a King. So the matter ended, before the man's nose was mended."

The Drama in Glasgow.

ONE of the two genuine poetic actors now on the stage Mr. Hopey T. H. on the stage, Mr Henry Talbot, is paying a visit during the present week, to the Prince of Wales Theatre. He opened on Monday in meat is coming to." Then they sigh. And O! "Hamlet;" last night he played "Richelieu;" and to-night he supports his best part, "Richard the Third." Mr Talbot was seen to more advantage in "Hamlet" than in Lord Lytton's effective but rather stagey drama. He has a graceful figure and bearing, and of handsome, expressive features—two things which go a long way in favour of any representative of the "Princely Dane." Then his acting is always forcible. Nay, it is even more. In some of the finer passages you feel unmistakeably that the actor has caught the real inspiration of the situation, and has given such life and action to the figure of the great dramatist, as Shakespeare himself would have approved. Mr Talbot is fairly supported by the company at the Prince of Wales. Miss Falconer, who is always intelligent, made an excellent "Ophelia" on Monday, and her acting in "Richelieu" was marked by much care and attention to the details of gesture and expression. The engagement of Mr Talbot terminates on Saturday first.

LATEST FROM CARS. - Confirmation of rumoured capitulation by General Menzies.

A CON. FROM THE SUBURB.—If there be a rule without an exception, and if Ex fumo dare lucem be regarded as a rule-what, or in this case who, is the exception to it? Why, Dick's Man at the Smoking Room Fire, of course.

Chase of children for the control of the control of

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

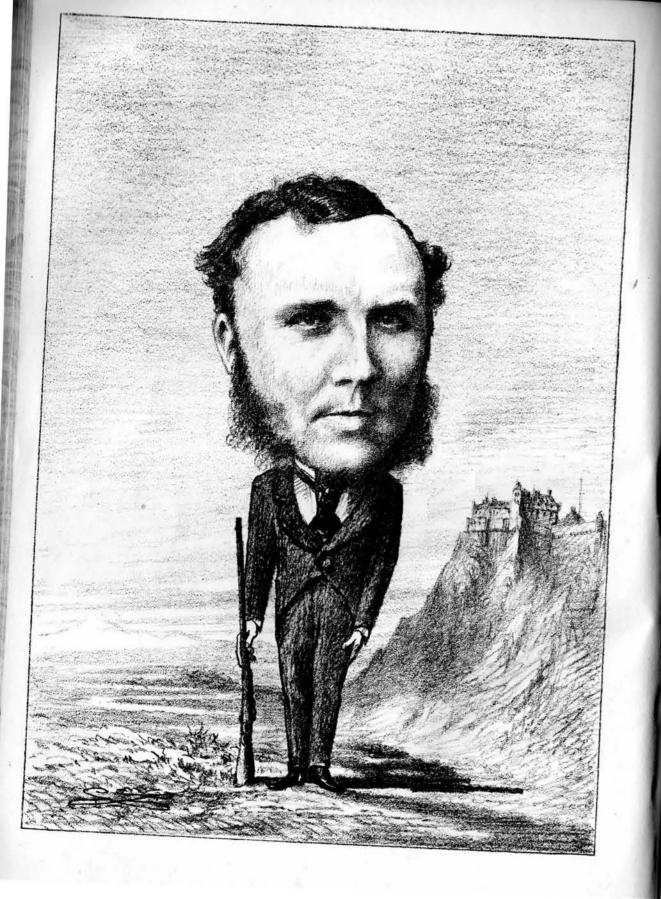
No. 22. Glasgow, Wednesday, March 19th, 1873. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW-No. 22.

HALF a century ago, JAMES CAMPBELL, the son of a small farmer who held lands, as his ancestors had done for generations, near the Port of Menteith, began business in Glasgow in PATERSON for partner, and their shop was in Brunswick-street. Like many other men destined his first essay to take Fortune captive, and the proved fortunate. All unknown to themselves, dustriously at what is given them to do. The the two laid the foundation-stone of a warehouse "Man you Know" on this occasion is HENRY which, in after years, was to become one of the most extensive in the country, with a name and long ago, he became Mr CAMPBELL-BANNERfame stretching far beyond. Year by year, with MAN, the adjunct coming with a large accession unflagging energy, the two brothers gave their of fortune left by a relative of his mother's. steady Scotch heads and hands to doing their This young gentleman had the advantage of an work, and they had their reward as intelligent English university training; and, though enthuindustry always has sooner or later. The "sma' shop" in the Saltmarket was exchanged for large premises in the Candleriggs, and these, in respect, it is indisputable that Oxford and Camtheir turn, gave place to the palatial structure in Ingram Street, where the business flourished are with and of the leaders of the future, and if more and more, and where it continues to flourish they have any steadfastness of character, there is as much as the city itself, of which it now forms one of the biggest lions, with a mane and tail wonderful to look upon, and a tremendous roar. Mr CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN acquired the politi-JAMES grew with the growth of the business—a veritable type of WHITTINGTON in this respect, though history makes no mention of his having been indebted to a cat. He became in turn be made Whig or Tory according to the leaning surified west salt property bloom steeps I afterned

Councillor, Lord Provost, Knight, and country gentleman; and if he had only been a Whig instead of a Tory, he might once and again have represented the city in Parliament, and a firstrate M.P. the shrewd and capable merchant would have made. Brother WILLIAM kept pace with brother JAMES in most respects, and many a very humble way. He had a tailor named a day will pass away before Free Churchmen can forget what large-hearted, generous-souled WILLIAM CAMPBELL of Tillichewan did for to achieve ultimate success in life, he failed in their Church when it was struggling for life at the time of the Disruption and afterwards. These tailor and he parted company. Probably he did were the founders of the famous firm of J. & W. not then know much about BRUCE and the CAMPBELL, warehousemen, Glasgow, and the spider, but he seems to have laid to heart the founders also of county families, having fairly sterling proverb, "Perseverance overcomes diffi- won their way into a rank which, in this country, culties," and he persevered. JAMES joined his is always open to merit. Splendid instances brother WILLIAM in a "bit drapery concern" in they have given of the triumph to be won by the Saltmarket, and this time the experiment upright capable men who work honestly and in-CAMPBELL, the second son of Sir JAMES. Not siastic patriots of the St. Andrew Society may question the idea of Southern superiority in this bridge men get a splendid start in life. They little risk of their losing their place in the ranks. It was probably in his undergraduate days that cal bias which has turned him away from the family Conservatism, and driven him into the wake of Mr GLADSTONE. A student is apt to

steady and reliable, and who appeared to pos-



of the sect into which he is thrown by circum- in addition to these valuable qualities, adminishas been so rapid, it would puzzle an acute ob- wait. server to trace the steps by which he passed from obscurity to the enviable position of being regarded as "one of the most rising young men" their chances of gaining real distinction. Trying with it its own "remembrancer" to Scotland. to ascend like a rocket, they have come down like its stick. Mr CAMPBELL was more prudent. once. He felt his way, worked hard, and when gathered up again. Vide Chairman's Speech, he did speak, which was not often, and only on subjects with which he was thoroughly acquainted, he spoke briefly and to the point, carefully refraining from indulging in oratorical steady and reliable, and who appeared to possess ceeds would support the new Infirmary.

stances, and the bent of his whole future career is trative powers of no mean order. Practical thus often determined by chance. On leaving acknowledgment speedily followed recognition, college and entering the world, the "Man You and Mr CAMPBELL received the appointment of Know" did not show any strong inclination Financial Secretary at the War Office. Since towards connecting himself as a worker for life his appointment he has more than once distinwith the business in which his family rose to guished himself in the House by admirable fame and fortune. Happily for himself he was speeches on matters relating to his department. under no necessity to constrain his wishes. Born He has, in short, prospered exceedingly, but not in the mercantile purple, he had "the world be- beyond his deserts, for his promotion was fairly fore him where to choose," and he chose politics won by merit. Before him lies a brilliant future as his sphere. Subsequent events have justified if he only goes on as he has begun. He is on the his judgment, for his Parliamentary career has, ladder while still in the heyday of Parliamentary from the outset, been a distinguished success. youth, and there is no visible obstacle to his In 1868 he won the suffrages of the electors of mounting higher and higher. It is given to few the Stirling Burghs, and entered the House of to reach the topmost round, but for men like Mr Commons as their representative. Since then CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN there are higher prizes he has made his mark, but though his advance than Under-Secretaryships if they but labour and had done for generations

man miles a had Salt!

£8000 expenses for the School Board election of his party. Better proof than this could not which is inevitable; £10,000 for the Parliabe given that Mr CAMPBELL has in him the stuff mentary election which is looming; £5000 for of which statesmen are made. Most of the clever the November elections—total, £23,000 for one fellows who get into the house are too clever by year's polling under the Ballot! Tolerably salt half, and far more conceited than they are clever. this, as a first experience of secret voting. It is They are never done trying to draw public atten- alleged as a crime against the third Napoleon tion on themselves by attacking this, that, and that he went to war for an idea; let us hope it the other person or thing. Their speeches are will not be imputed as idiocy in us that we paid smart, but the speakers are woefully callow. unreasonably for an equal impalpability. The The poor things are quite unfledged, yet they whistle is not cheap at the rate we shall pay for are too impatient to wait until they are feathered | it—and it is yet to be proved that it is worth the enough by experience to take a safe flight. They money. The BAILIE is destitute of any fanciful get into disgrace, and are looked upon as "un- notions as to the cowardice of secret voting, but safe," or perhaps they come to be regarded as he has very strong notions as to the expense of bores. At the very outset they have marred the Ballot. The year 1873 promises to bring

Why does the Emma Mine resemble Loch He did not attempt to astonish the House with Katrine? Because, its liquified silver, like oratorical displays, and win himself a name at water spilled upon the ground, cannot be

It was never rare, unfortunately, to hear an oath on the street; but, since the tramway cars have begun to run, curses fly about like bluefireworks. With singular rapidity he appears to bottles in summer time. These are occasions on have caught the tone of the House, and, this which an auditor might imagine that a sailor's accomplished, he had won half the battle. By parrot had got adrift, and was airing its foreand bye it was recognised by his chiefs that they castle vocabulary for general edification. In had secured an adherent who gave promise of England, oaths are punishable at the rate of 5s becoming a good debater, who was absolutely each. If the levy could be made here, the proThe Ministerial Crisis. (From our own M.T., M.P.)

ON the result of the division becoming known, the consternation among the members of the Government was indescribable. (Of course, I proceed to describe it.) Lowe was in high dudgeon; Bright, dull; Stansfeld (as the head of the Local Government Board) governed and bored himself; Cardwell suggested Spring manœuvres; Stansfeld studied his primer and his premier alternately; Bruce "gave the office" at home, preparatory to giving up the Home Office; Granville would have taken refuge in tears, but that Thiers is falling fast in France (pardon the grammar); Gladstone, Argyll, and Selborne abjured good words, and went in for expressive language; Goschen was in a sea of trouble; and Kimberley advocated Colonial emigration. Your own members, you will be glad to learn, took the punishment kindly. Mr D-h made the occasion a handle for one of his choicest dinners; Mr G-m went through the Westminster (St. Stephens) confession—an oyster supper—without a tremor; while the only sign of weakness on George's part was the plaintive utterance of a feminine Christian name. I will telegraph up to the last moment.

Matters are assuming a very critical phase. Everybody declines to accept the responsibilities of £5000 a-year. Mr D— thinks it is not good enough; Mr G—— has had sufficient of the fun; the Earl of D—— fancies the pears are not ripe enough, and intends to wait; and the Earl of G-prefers saying, "I would," to "I

Strong rumours of a coalition between Mr Miall and Lord Salisbury. Everything now depends upon the consent of Mr Fawcett and Dr Ball to join the party, and the admission of O-r to the House.

No crisis after all! Gladstone wins in a walk, and both parties remain (as the drill-sergeant says) "as you was." as the now called the

A FIT AND PROPER PERSON.—It is stated that Barnum is trying to secure for his new show a man who does not blame his wife for everything that goes wrong about the house. The Ass being a bachelor, the BAILIE has advised him to "write in;" and will be glad and rejoice if he gets the appointment. "I yo boon a stnew

The Drama in Glasgow.

THE Opera, according to Mozart and Beethoven, has given place at the Theatre Royal to the Opera according to Offenbach—a different article, you will say; and this week we have been rejoicing in the performance of "The Brigands"—neither the best nor the worst example of the "great master." Without attempting to be at all hyper-critical, one cannot help remarking that the music of "The Brigands" is somewhat colourless. We come away from it, and recollect no more than the drums and the trumpets. It is curious enough, certainly, but when one has said "curious," one has said all. Miss Annie Tremaine, a lady, by-the-bye, whose life was threatened not long ago at the Gaiety Theatre; Mr Royce, who is not unknown in Glasgow; and Mr Carlton, Mr Beverley, and Mr Collier, are the principal members of the company appearing in "The Brigands," which is under the direction of Mr G. B. Loveday, formerly of the "Loveday and Summers" Opera

At the Prince of Wales Theatre we were presented, on Monday, with the fine old Adelphi drama, entitled, "Harvest Home," the piece, it may be interesting to recall, in which the late Mr Wright—of "Wright and Paul Bedford" celebrity—made his bow to a Glasgow audience, now some two and twenty years ago. The character originally assumed by Wright was played at the Prince of Wales by Mr Sidney, and played with great tact and humour. All the other parts were respectably filled by the members of the stock company of the theatre.

The Ass was exactly equal to himself over a glass of "heavy sweet" at Gibson's the other night. He said that if he could have his way there were two men should certainly go on to the Glasgow School Board. These were Councillor Steel and the Herald's "Own Outsider," and then the Board would have both malt and Hopps in its constitution.

A Mr Brown has taken exception, in a humorous, and, what is better, a good-humoured letter to the publisher, to certain statements which appeared last week regarding an East End School Board meeting, and which he considers injurious to himself. We hasten to assure this gentleman that he is not the Brown mentioned. The Brown referred to is the husband of Mrs Brown, the eminent authoress.

The Baile.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

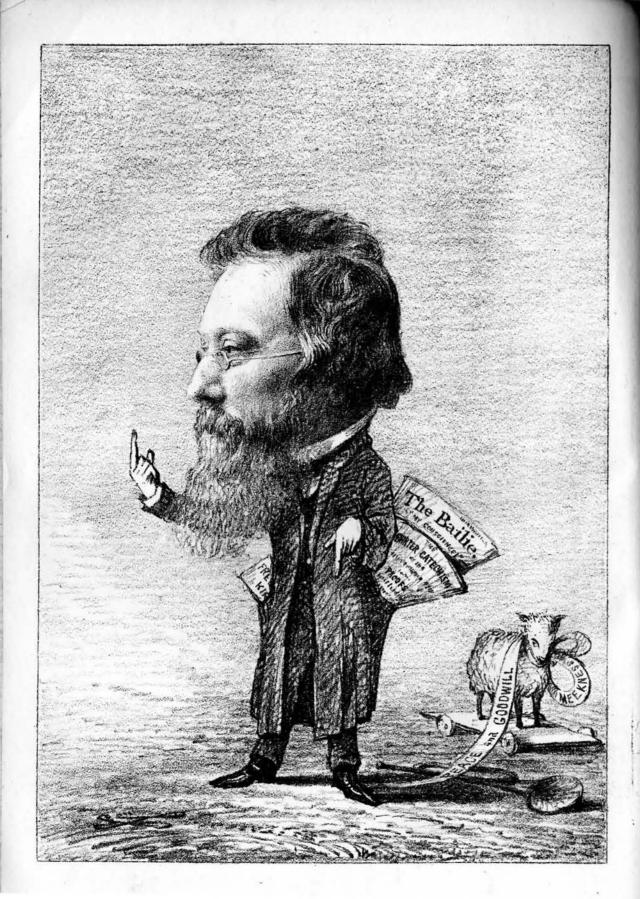
No. 23. Glasgow, Wednesday, March 26th, 1873.

Price Id

MEN YOU KNOW-No. 23.

M.R. WILLIAM KIDSTON of Ferniegair is a Free Kirk anachronism. He is not in keeping with the time, and ought to have been born two hundred years ago when Scotland was governed, socially, by its Kirk Sessions. have been a "chosen vessel" and an ally of OBEDIAH - BIND-THEIR-KINGS-IN-CHAINS OF ZECHARIAH ZEALOUS - EVEN-UNTO - SLAYING. pre-Cromwellian House of Commons, PRAISEhas been known ever since as the BAREBONES house when smoke issued from the chimney on

to the people who absented themselves from the Kirk during the tyranny of these sour bigots. Public reprimand and disgrace if not an actual fine was their lot, and there was no appeal. The Kirk Sessions indeed did not get the length of burning alive men and women who did not see the way to heaven with their eyes, but in spirit they were veritable TORQUEMADAS, tortur-HABBAKUK MUCKLEWRATH would have found in ing as far as they could all whose ideas of him a congenial associate, or had he by chance entered the world as an English atomy he might religiousness were not as gloomy as their own. Being born by the will of Providence into the nineteenth century, Mr KIDSTON is precluded from driving us into what he considers the only "narrow path" by fine and imprisonment, or from He might even have become one of the elect of inflicting the penalty of excommunication upon the people and figured in the public life of the the backsliders and the rebellious. But it is time as a fellow of that estimable member of a his misfortune and not his fault. He is one of those wrong headed persons who persist GOD BAREBONES, who stood sponsor for what in believing in the teeth of all human experience that men can be made virtuous by Parliament. How he would have shone in the Act of Parliament. If he had the power tocapacity of ruling elder in a seventeenth century morrow, he would persecute publicans, make Sun-Kirk Session. With what zest would he not, day travelling a punishable offence, compel everysupported by the terrors of the law, have driven body to abstain from hot dinners, and to walk to the ungodly into the way that they should go as church, and would stretch law as far as it would that way presented itself to himself and his go to drive everybody into the religious sheepbrethren! We can fancy him seizing lads and fold patronised by himself. He is so thoroughly lasses who profaned the sanctity of the Sabbath convinced that he, KIDSTON, is absolutely right by walking out to enjoy a breath of fresh air, in his opinions, as to fancy everybody who and having them "dealt with" by the sacer-dotal authorities. His nose would be into every ment for their own good. When MAHOMET was forcing Islam on the Eastern world, he and his Sunday to see that AILIE or ELSPAT was not fanatical followers offered those they encounbreaking the Fourth Commandment by cooking tered but two alternatives-"The Koran or the a hot meal. The ale wife at the corner would Sword." Mr KIDSTON is a British Mahometan. dread him as she dreaded the plague, and awe-struck topers would drink their reaming swats in or perish out of the way." Of course, he is earnest fear and trembling lest they might incur the and well meaning, but, for that matter, so was MAwrath of the social inquisitor who troubled his HOMET-terribly inearnest; and so is every zealot neighbours for the glory of God, not to speak of who believes strongly in himself and desires to cram the gratification of his own bitter zeal. Woe be himself and his belief down other people's throats,



will they, will they. Is he not just now striving therefore, trust to the sagacity of the Irishman might and main to thrust the Catechism of his who wore his stockings wrong side out because sect upon the National Schools? He knows there was a hole in them. that it is well for the immortal souls of children that they should learn the "carritch," and his opponents are but wicked unbelievers who ought to yield or be crushed. Rome, at its worst, was psychological puzzle. It is difficult to understand why an estimable, not unkindly, person in private life should be so eaten up with acrimonious fanaticism. His bigotry mars his usefulness to such an extent that we can only account for it by supposing some unhappy defect in early training sufficient to convert a "decent" man into a "soor saunt."

Advice to M.P.'s.

IN view of what everybody believes to be the early approach of a general election, the BAILIE offers the following advice to would-be M.P.'s-to such gentlemen as may feel it incumbent on them to come to the front and indulge in flights of oratory.

Remember, that though men of sound are not always sound men-and oftentimes very far from it-the majority of the people don't know the one thing from the other; or, if they do, frequently prefer the man who makes the most noise. Keep, therefore, a stock on hand of concentrated essence of big-drum.

You will, of course, be your own trumpeter.

When you address the electors you cannot be too lavish in the use of soft soap. Experience will soon tell you, if it hasn't done so already, that the successful use of this article depends entirely on the amount of lye you throw in.

Like Cupid and Hymen, and these people, you must be prepared, at any moment, to draw on the Bank of Elegance for promises. You needn't fulfil them when you are elected, you

know; people never do.

Should you have been in Parliament before, it may come about that you, like some of the so-called Liberals a week ago, have preferred private pique to public profit, and that you have thriven. The only caution necessary, perhaps, the article, holes show on both sides. Don't, done well.

Ingratitude.

OF all the sins that make the earth what it is. ingratitude is the worst. You never know not more intolerant. Yet, the man has in him where to have an ungrateful man. You may so much that is good that to most folk he is a feed, clothe, and comfort him, when it is just a toss up whether breath keeps in his ugly old carcase; yet that man will abuse you like a pickpocket behind your back; and if there is not anything which he can criticise in a legitimate way, he will make up a series of pleasant fictions about your wine and your tailor and your wife -if you have one-or about somebody else's wife, if you are unmarried.

It's much the same to him what he says, so long as it is not true. If he tries one lay, and finds it won't wash, he will just turn round and take up the other side-and be quite as happy

over it.

My experience tells me that, as a class, tailors are the most ungrateful people in the world. I have had dealings with them; I have allowed them to make me a lay figure, on which to fit every outlandish cut that fashion has dictated; but they are not satisfied. After the obligations I have laid them under, in placing my not unhandsome physique at their disposal, they all -without an exception-demand money. Their ingratitude goes the length and takes the form of dunning me; yet I dare not appeal to the sympathies of the public, because of the slander with which I should be overwhelmed.

As with men-so with Society. If men are selfish, Society is profoundly so. Ingratitude is its strong suit. Here, the great aim of men has been to make money cheaply and quickly; yet, when a coiner comes in, and tells Society how to make sovereigns worth twopence halfpenny, Society turns and rewards him by an enforced-free of expense-passage abroad.

THE MILLER AND HIS MEN-The Glasgow and West of Scotland Guardian Society.

The BAILIE congratulates the director of Her Majesty's Opera at Drury Lane upon his disturned your coat. Don't be frightened; more crimination in selecting a typographer of such men than you have been turncoats and have excellence as our townsman, Mr Robert Anderson, to print the prospectus of his season of in this respect, is, that though dirt, and mud, and 1873. "Friend" Mapleson may have been surface nastiness can all be hidden by reversing directed to the proper quarter—but still-he has

Music in Glasgow.

F vigour of execution and volume of sound were all that one desiderates in the performance of Oratorio, then the Glasgow Tonic Sol-fa Choral Society stands in the front rank of exponents. Such an excess of energy and so much continuous shouting we never had the fortune or misfortune to observe and listen to in twenty years' experience of Oratorio performances, as at the said association's revival of "Israel in Egypt" last Wednesday evening. The crashing and dashing is yet in our ears-if, indeed, our tympani have not been permanently injured by the noise. It was an exhibition of "vocal force" indeed, such as would have satisfied the most ardent advocates of this quality. Not the slightest undulation of sound-that beauty of choral singing-not the faintest attempt at piano, and altogether a most lamentable absence of refinement and poetic feeling. If it be rejoined that there is little or no opportunity for the display of such graces in "Israel in Egypt," we admit that there is much more demand for forte than piano singing in the Oratorio; but what specially of the beautiful and tenderly expressive chorus, "He led them forth like sheep"? It was dreadful to hear this sung as loudly throughout almost as any part of the work, and this in spite of the self-evident character of the words and music, not to speak of the plain indications of the score. We remember perfectly the exquisite rendering of this chorus some years ago by the Glasgow Choral Union-the opening so gentle and sweet, and the ending, "there was not one feeble person," so majestic and triumphant in contrast. Seeing what was made of this chorus by the Tonic Sol-fa Society, we feel rather grateful to them for sparing us the very probable murdering of Chorus No. 33, "The people shall hear and be afraid," which they very judiciously left out. We could not have looked for a fitting rendering of the delicate passages that occur in its course, to the words, for example, "it shall melt away." If the Tonic Sol-fa Society's execution of the choruses has any further merit than that of (untamed) power, it is, seriously, in a larger average of accuracy in reading than is common to choral associations; but it is really an important consideration whether this attainment, supposing it granted, is not dearly purchased, as it is purchased, at the cost of grace, ease,

and naturalness-the crushing out of all the poetry of music for mere mechanical correctness. How it comes about that Tonic Sol-faists sing so unpoetically it is difficult to determine. Perhaps the comparatively slower realisation of pitch and of rising and falling of sound, with the greater concentration of the mind, therefore, on the music-more, that is, than on the words-may explain. The mental eye is given to the notes, the natural eye to the words-thus, one might say, reversing the order of nature. But leaving this theorising, and to return to the performance in question. The conductor took not a few liberties with the tempo-to the subversion, we think, of the composer's intention. For example, the chorus, "Egypt was glad," was sung nearer Metronome 80 or 90 than 120; but one other example, as the worst of all, may be sufficient-"He led them through the deep," which was literally sung at Metronome 40 instead of 80, the bar of four crotchets being deliberately cut into two, and two beats of 80 quavers to the minute given to each crotchet. The idea of a march so clearly intended was thus utterly lost, and the graceful constantly-falling cadences on the words, "as thro' a wilderness," dragged 'out to unmeaning lumbering heaviness. Turning 6-4 into 3-4 (compound common time into simple triple time), and alla breve into four in place of two, were two other peculiarities of the conducting that really ought not to be passed over. It is very questionable whether the music so treated was rendered any simpler thereby, if that was the intention. A small but not inefficient orchestra did its work as well as could be expected in the circumstances. Fine playing need not have been looked for against such a force of vocal sound. Mr Lambeth, by his conscientious and artistic manipulation of the organ did what he could for the Oratorio, and the chorus were clearly under obligation to him for keeping them in tune and strengthening the lower parts, which were somewhat weak. It is not necessary to say anything of the principals at this concert. We went to hear and report on a Tonic Sol-fa performance of Oratorio, and can now calmly say that we would rather never hear Handel or any other composer again than be obliged to our Sol-fa friends for the interpretation thereof. Seriously, we think true musical art more likely to be hindered among us than advanced by such performances—whether owing to causes outside the system or flowing from it as a consequence, we do not care to inquire.

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"MY CONSCIENCE!"

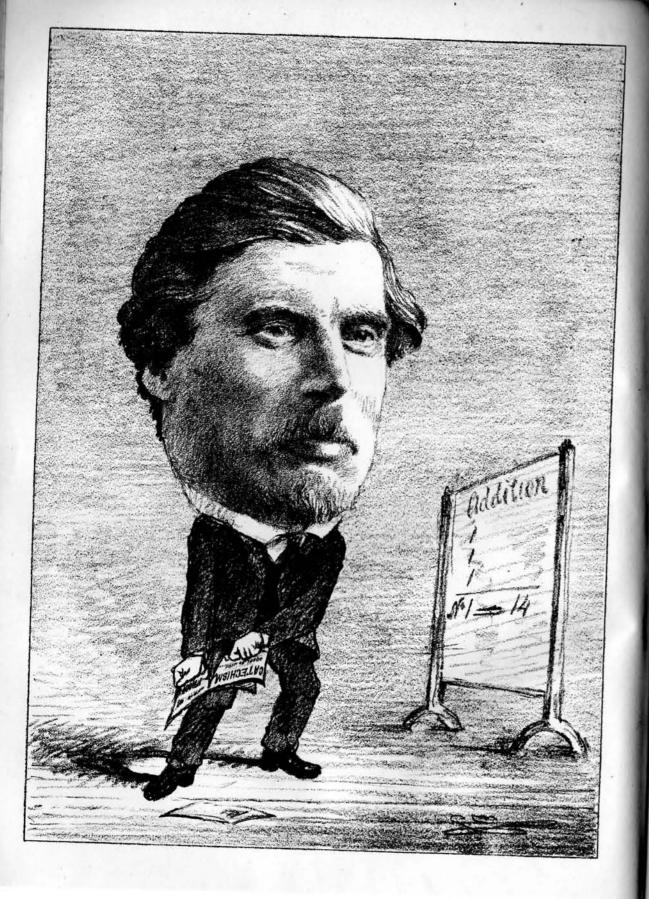
Glasgow, Wednesday, April 2nd, 1873.

Price Id

MEN YOU KNOW-No. 24.

A MONG the essayists who adorned English literature in the early part of the seventeenth century, JOHN EARLE occupied a disran through as many editions as a popular picture called by EARLE the "Forward Man." Of this personage the Bishop quaintly says:—
"He is not so well opinioned of himselfe, as industrious to make other; and thinke [thinks] no vice so preiudiciall as blushing. Hee is still citing for himselfe, that a candle should not be hid vnder a bushell, and, for his part, he will be beyond his regencie, and his next sermon is at Pauls Crosse, and that printed. He loues publike things alife: and for any solemne enterand no argument shuts him out for a quarrellour. HOPPS" at the bottom, he takes his punishment

Of all disgraces he endures not to bee nonplust, and had rather flye for sanctuary to Non sense, which few can descry, then to nothing which all. His boldnesse is beholding to other men's modestie, which rescues him many times from a Baffle, yet his face is good Armour, and hee is tinguished place. His "Micro-cosmographie; dasht out of anything sooner then countenance. or a Piece of the World discovered in Essays Grosser conceits are puzzl'd in him for a rare and Characters," which was published in 1628, man, and wiser men, though they know him, take him for their pleasure, or as they would do a modern novel, and may still be read with pleasure and profit for its acute delineations of human ment at last stumbles on him, bicause hee is still nature, and its searching analyses of the faults in the way." EARLE must, with prophetic eye, and failings of various types of character. The have beheld the "Man you Know" before book is full of "Men we Know," and by way of penning the passage we have quoted. It is as example, we beg to present the readers of the BAILIE with some extracts from the little wordportrait to the keen-witted Bishop. Mr PAGE HOPPS is chiefly known in Glasgow as the minister of a little sect who has advertised himself into notoriety in much the same way that HARPER TWELVETREES made the destroyer of Norfolk-Howards a household word. His acquaintance with all the varieties of "puff" is as sure not to hide his, though his candle bee but a snuffe or Rush-candle. These few good parts the "Critic," and he certainly turns his knowledge hee has hee is no niggard in displaying, and is to account with an ingenuity which is sometimes like some needy flanting Goldsmith, no thing in very drolly exercised. One can hardly take up the inner roome, but all in the cupboard: If he a newspaper without stumbling over the name be a scholler, he has commonly stept into the of HOPPS. He is either advertising himself to pulpit before a degree; yet into that too before preach a sermon with a clap-trap title, or else he he deserv'd it. Hee never defferres St. Maries is letter-writing on anything or nothing in particular, for newspaper editors have no more indefatigable correspondent. Has he been morally kicked by some one-he straightway pubtainment he will find a mouth, find a speech lishes the fact in the "cow-hided again" style, who will. Hee is greedy of great acquaintance and solicits another visitation from the boot. and many, and thinkes it no small advancement He may be "sat upon" and crushed; but if he to rise to be knowne. His talk at the table is can, on the strength of the visitation, only get a like Beniamin's messe, five times to his parte, communication inserted with "JOHN PAGE



The Bailie for Wednesday, April 2nd, 1873.

and kisses the rod. Anything rather than not keep HOPPS before the public eye. His very signature shows something of the nature of the man. It is not JOHN P. HOPPS or J. P.

HOPPS, but JOHN PAGE HOPPS. Inwardly conscious of insignificance, he flaunts the three syllables just as a little creature wears highheeled boots. His latest achievement is hoisting

himself into the School Board by dint of downright advertising, and the aid of the Secularist vote. No lay Secularist of standing seems to have cared about coming forward, and the result is PAGE HOPPS. Glasgow is to be congratulated

on the late election, and on the illustration it affords of the admirable working of the cumulative vote. We have got among the fifteen men entrusted with the management of the teaching of our children a Unitarian Secularist, a Green

Sunday bawler, and three Roman Catholic priests. To this desirable end, MrWILLIAM KIDSTON and the Catechism of his affections have largely con-

tributed, and to both we are correspondingly grateful.

Having said so much of the weak side of Mr HOPPs' character, let us do him the justice to admit that he appears to be thoroughly in earnest, though his usefulness is greatly marred by the suspicion which his efforts too often suggest, that they are designed as much to give fame to the name of HOPPS as to promote progress. Still men of his stamp have their uses. The feverish activity by which they are actuated helps to avert the danger of social stagnation; and if their hum and buzz is as disagreeable as it is incessant, we must endure it as one of those dispensations of PROVIDENCE too mysterious for comprehension by the human understanding. The end for which gnats were created is yet to be discovered.

CEREMONY AT LADYWELL.—The Rev. Robt. Thomson, of the Ladywell Church, has been out on the war path. He captured on his excursion a native Congo African, converted the poor soul, and baptised him on Sunday in presence of an admiring congregation. Sambo is reported to have said to a friend when the ceremony was over, "What de debbil talkee talkee man do dat for. Water dam cold."

AIRY NOTHINGS. — Our own hair-dresser's "Paxogonian" or other outlandish "Hair Regenerator."

Editors.

IN consequence of the mystery which envelopes the personality of Editors (Gossiporum miscellaneous) it is difficult to follow their movements. They are supposed to consist of flesh and blood, but who ever saw an Editor? They are more familiar to the public as Leading Articles in Newspapers.

Their double existence is proved by the "we" which has a prominent place in these Articles. From the repeated occurrence of that pronoun, it may be presumed that Editors consider it the most important word in the language.

A modern Newspaper is somewhat less in size than a Church floor, and a little easier to manipulate than a Parlour Carpet. It costs little and is often worth about as much.

Previous to every issue of Newspapers, Editors are subjected to a species of martyrdom by the appearance of an imp of blackness, known as the P.D., who rushes into the Editorium and authoritatively demands "Copy." The Editors then plough their hair with their fingers in agony, and forcibly pronounce certain emphatic monosyllables, which, were they leading-articulated, would be the damnation of the Newspapers. P.D. hastily retires in front of an ink-bottle, or other projectile.

Editors have "tell-tale" propensities, and publish your marriage, the birth of your heir, or any other domestic calamity, without the slightest hesitation. They inform the public where Lord Bunkin intends to winter; and that the duke of Camlachie "bagged ten brace." The want of these and various other "penny-lines" would

not affect the public appetite in the very least.

There is one class of Editor who passes a miserable existence, viz: the Editor of a Comic paper. He receives and has to peruse weekly several tons of "poetic" ravings, barbarous puns, and demoralising jokes. And then the contributors declare that unless they are published, they will stop their subscriptions, "take to drinking," and awful threats. With Job-like patience, the Editor hears it all and still lives, but his emaciated anatomy bears testimony to his ex officio horrors.

If I were such an Editor, I would show the tormentors up in the Cartoon page as "Men to avoid."

BROTHERLY LOVE .- Mr Neil's treatment of Mr Martin at the meeting of Town Council on Monday.

Music in Glasgow. WE have pleasure in directing attention to the annual concert of St. Vincent Street U.P. Church Choir, which comes off on Tuesday next, the 8th instant. The programme comprises Schubert's Mass in F, quite recently published in this country for the first time-solid, yet melodious and attractive, and of considerable interest both to the musical student and the general public; three choruses from Mendelssohn's St. Paul; and an extract (choral) from Horsley's Gideon. That the vocal part of the performance will be satisfactory may be confidently anticipated from the care and attention which Mr H. M'Nabb, the conductor, bestows on his choir. On his ability as an instructor it is not necessary for us to dilate. Few leaders of choirs are gifted as Mr M'Nabb has proved himself to be with the power of imparting a "knowledge of the notes," added to an intellectual apprehension of the spirit of the music.

Shakespeare on Current Topics. MR PLIMSOLL to our Seamen—" Have

His Concerts have always been distinguished by

an excellent orchestral accompaniment. This

year, we learn, the orchestra will be fuller than

fore, while better than at choir concerts generally.

you a mind to sink?"

ERSKINE U.P. Church to eligible Ministers-"Seven hundred pounds and possibilities are good gifts."

EMMA Shareholders to their Directors-"Speak to the mariners." (In common parlance, "Tell that to the marines.")

The BAILIE to the Elected School Board-"Much good do it your good hearts."

The BAILIE to the same—" I wish I could do a good office between you."

The BAILIE on the same-" Are they good? As the event stamps them, but they have a good cover; they show well outward."

The BAILIE on Mr Long's success-" A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers."

The BAILIE on the Ass-"He hears with ears." The BAILIE on Republicans-" What care

these readers for the name of King?"

The BAILIE on the genus student-" He hath an uncle."

The BAILIE to the Abstainers' Union-"What! must our mouths be cold?"

The BAILIE to Mr James Martin-"You are a Councillor."

L'Homme Propose.

THE Rev. F. L. Robertson has entered on a daring missionary enterprise. He aims at nothing less than the conversion of the home heathen who are to be found in his parish, and his resolution must be honoured, though we fear that he may find his means inadequate to the end. He will do, doubtless, what one man can do, and he can do no more. But he will find assistance in his work slow to come. If he had only proposed to convert "the dear little negroes" in some Mumbo Jumbo worshipping African swamp, he would have had thousands at his back. Our own niggers are only fit for walloping in popular Christian estimation, and may die and be damned. Some people question whether they have souls to be saved. If Mr Robertson would live happily and honoured by the "unco guid," he should become respectable, and go in for mission churches, leaving the lost of his parish to the care of "illiterate city missionaries and young persons from our Divinity Halls." He is a man of ideas, and Evangelicalism hates ideas. Let him remember the fate of another Frederick Robertson.

The First of April.

VESTERDAY was the first of April, Among I the hosts who went "the gowk's errand" on that auspicious occasion were a number of eager turfites, who visited the various betting offices in town and backed the wrong horse. It is rumoured that a wicked deceiver contrived, by means of a spurious letter, to induce Ferniegair to visit the Rev. John Page Hopps at Macao Villa, Crosshill, for the purpose of receiving the latter's resignation of his seat at the School Board. William went away discomfited, it is said, in silence and in tears. Another story is told by the gossips to the effect that Mr George Anderson, M.P., had gone in search of the last Emma lode-a "gowk's errand" of the most portentous class. A rival of Theodore Hook is stated to have sent Mr Angus Turner to dine with the Lord Provost, to forget and forgive "across the walnuts and the wine." Mr Tosh, the President of the Abstainers' Union, received, according to one authority, a letter from Councillor Steel, expressing repentance for his sins of omission and commission, and to have been so overjoyed at the finding of the lost sheep that he went instantly to congratulate the convert, and all but fainted on finding him enjoying his after-dinner punch.

The Baille.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

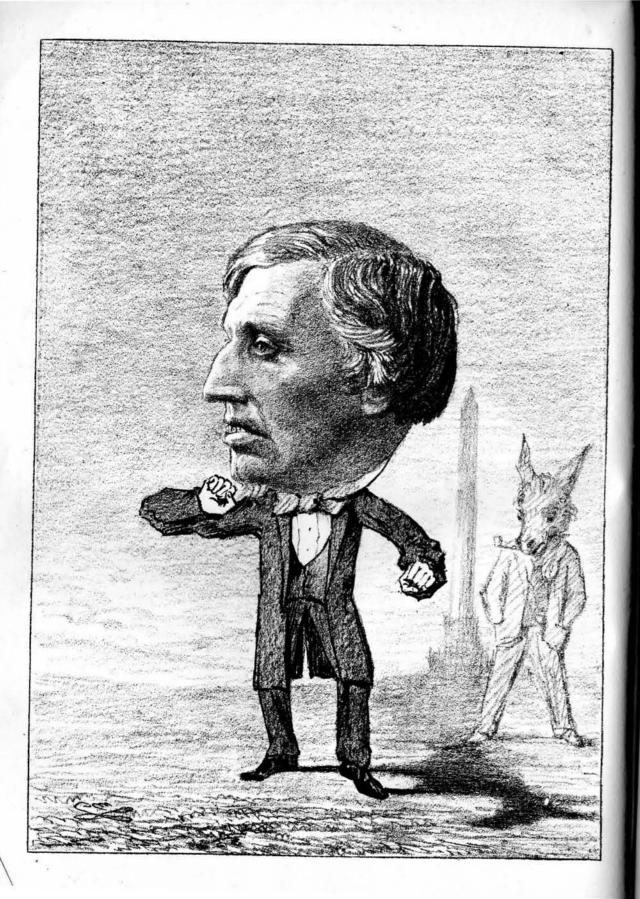
No. 25. Glasgow, Wednesday, April 9th, 1873.

Price Id

MEN YOU KNOW-No. 25.

STERN critic might object to the title of this article as being rather inaccurate, and his objection would be just. To the greater number of people one meets, Mr HARRY ALFRED LONG is as absolutely unknown as that redoubtable African potentate, JA JA, who lives in a mangrove swamp, drinks new rum, and breakfasts on stewed nigger. His very name was all but unheard of until he came to the front during the recent School Board election, and, even then, not one man in five hundred could answer the question, "Who the deuce is LONG?" noisy disputants who make the Green hideous with their shoutings on Sundays was named LONG, and that this was probably the person; but they could tell nothing more. The BAILIE himself, though his knowledge of persons, places, and things is recondite and profound, was as ignorant as others; and his astonishment was great when "the state of the poll" was declared and showed that this unknown, and presumably, therefore, unimportant man, had secured an overwhelming majority over the other candidates. Long was in the position of the most His other works are chiefly on matters of religious famous racehorse that ever put plate on turf, when the judge pronounced—"Eclipse, first; hot and strong polemical pepper. He leaves the the rest, nowhere." This triumph induced the Scarlet Lady, of course, without a rag of charac-BAILIE to despatch one of his numerous henchmen to solve the problem of "Who the deuce is hoar antiquity has encrusted the records of the LONG?" What he heard is not "much," but Romish saints, are ruthlessly smashed. Filled neither is the man; and, therefore, it is enough. HARRY ALFRED is a native of the celebrated Virgin and her worshippers in a sort of Gospel university town on the banks of the Granta; and Billingsgate much more vigorous than edifying. as he received his birchings there, from one of If he can only get his batteries opened at the the local pedagogues, he is entitled to say if he School Board, the brace of honest priests who pleases that he "studied at Cambridge." It have been sent there by the Romanists, and

bigger one than he enacted some years ago, when he assumed the title of Reverend. Meantime, the suggestion is at his service, and being calculated to carry with it some distinction, he may turn it to account. When taught himself, he began to teach others; and in this vocation he laboured for some time in various parts of England. Glasgow first had the benefit of his services in connection with the mission staff of St. Jude's Episcopal Church; and it was during this engagement that he began railing at the Pope and the Devil, on the Green. He has since been missionary of the Working Men's Evangelistic Association; and in this office he continues at the present time, The better informed might say that one of the joining with it now the functions of primus, by popular voice, of the local School Board. Common report designates LONG an illiterate ranter, but common report is wrong. He is assuredly not a man of culture, in the strict sense of the term, but he is educated up to a certain point. One of his books, "The Names we Bear," is an ingenious and rather interesting performance, displaying a considerable amount of painstaking research, and a creditable facility in placing curious information on the subject indicated by the title before the public, in readable and attractive form. controversy, and are highly seasoned with both hot and strong polemical pepper. He leaves the ter, and the quaint and harmless legends with which with the odium theologicum, he abuses the Blessed would be a "taradiddle," of course, but not a that poor little Unitarian minister, PAGE HOPPS.



galling fire of crude theological babble to which they will be exposed. With regard to Mr and a beautiful basin-stand, with china fittings." The "beautiful basin-stand, with china fittings," and tells it in such a way, writes his own chatype is labour in vain. The punishment is accepted as an instalment of martyrdom, and the victim turns up the whites of his eyes, and seems more sanctimonious than before.

Is it true that an old woman was the other day taken into custody by one of the city police on a charge of stealing three leeks? If such was the case, the BAILIE'S Ass would suggest that the vigilant official should be awarded three stribes.

will be fit objects of commiseration under the Dumbarton's Trump blaws loudly,O'. ONE of the richest little bits of provincial self-complacency we have lately met with self-complacency we have lately met with LONG'S character as a public man, we can only appears in the Dumbarton Herald last week. proceed on the principle contained in a passage Purporting to be a notice of the banquet at the which he has frequently quoted—"By their Mansion House given a fortnight ago by the fruits ye shall know them." One of his "fruits" Lord Mayor of London to the Mayors and was the publication in the Mail the other day of Provosts generally throughout the kingdom, the a letter intimating, that before the result of the raison detre of the article is to "blaw" the fact polling was ascertained, he was informed of his that the Provost of Dumbarton was amongst success by a telegram from Heaven! The those invited and present. Quoth the Herald: writer of this paper knew years ago, consule "The Provost's most ardent friends could Planco, as JAMES HANNAY would say, an old scarcely have anticipated that in his official officer in the army who was more favoured than position he should have been honoured to be Mr LONG. This veteran soldier had been, he present as a guest at a banquet given by the declared, exalted on one occasion to the third highest municipal dignitary of the empire, and Heaven, where he made the acquaintance of the which was attended by Ministers of State, the Apostle PAUL, and spent some time in conver- diplomatic representatives of foreign Courts, and sation. "PAUL was very comfortable," the old the Mayors of all the principal burghs of Eng-Captain used to remark. "He had a nicely- land. From the Times' report of the banquet papered bed-room, a tidy bed, a Brussels carpet, we learn that the Mayors all appeared in their scarlet robes and chains of office, and that in the hall the decorations were on a scale of surprising had excited the captain's unqualified admiration, splendour. Adverting to the matter of the and he always emphasized the words. This scarlet robes, we may mention that, though queer commander actually on one occasion Dumbarton furnishes its Chief Magistrate with drew a bill on the HOLY GHOST, quite formally, no uniform of that description, the Provost, that on stamped paper, for no less a sum than £500, in his person the dignity of the Burgh should "for value received in evangelical labour," ad- not suffer even in the matter of appearance, dressed it to the third person in the Trinity, and took care to be like his neighbours." Hee-haw! handed it to the Postmaster of the little village Wouldn't the BAILIE have given something to where he lived, to be forwarded to its destina- see Sam in the scarlet cloak which-in default tion. Mr Long's telegram is of the same value of a scurvy Corporation's doing so-he "took as the poor old captain's bill, but there is this care" to provide himself with. "What will he difference in the two cases, that Mr LONG is do with it?" is now the question; and what will presumably sane, while the retired commander you bet that, inspired with a like feeling to that was unquestionably cracked. A man who tells which stirred Mister Peter Paterson, he did not, such a story as that told in the letter to the Mail, on coming home, ask "the wife" to allow him to retire to rest with it on his shoulders, that he racter, and betrays weakness and vanity in every might have the honour of just "lying in state" line—the worst of all vanity, too: that vanity for one night. The cream of the joke, however, which takes the shape of assumed superior perhaps, is in the closing sentence of the article sanctity. Scourging a conceited person of this from which the BAILIE has quoted, which is as follows:- "Regarding the honour of the invitation as intended for the burgh, and received by him in his official capacity, Provost Bennett has put it in our power to mention these details as being likely to prove not uninteresting to his constituents." When it is remembered that Provost Bennett, of Dumbarton, and the editor and proprietor of the paper in which this unique specimen of modesty appears are one and the same Samuel, the announcement that he "has put it into our power to mention these details." is, to say the least of it, funny—some.

Concerning the Insatiable.

THE BAILIE is no Good Templar; he neither revels in excess nor abstinence; nor does he entertain special admiration for any of the orators who hold forth from the teetotal stump. Withal, he is possessed of bowels of compassion; and though the subjoined hints are likely to draw down upon his devoted head the anathemas of those whose stomachs-in every case unbounded (your abstainer of the abstainers is oft credited with a capacious maw)-are soddened with the "crystal," he, mayhap with misgiving, furnishes forth the following "tips" for wights who have the obtuseness not to realise when their potations have reached the limit of excess. If, then Toby Tosspot, like Bumble's victim, you should wish for "more," proceed as follows:-

Make for a large establishment. You may fancy it the most unsafe, but with cautious

action you will be all right.

Balance yourself for a short time before the door; and, when sure of your equilibrium, walk as steadily as you can right up to the bar.

Do not recognise any one at first, nor mildly suggest that you would feel obliged to the waiter, that you will be for ever grateful if he supplies you with a pint of beer, or stout, or pony, who is so important a member of their glass of whisky, whatever the soother may be.

Seize hold of the counter, not too firmly, however; and while glancing round at the same laconically, and with the air of a man whose time is pressing, utter but one syllable-such as, "bitter," "stout," or "whisky."

Do not again face the waiter until your liquor has been served. This made sure (you, of course, have been sounding your pockets during the while), lose no time in depositing the "damage" upon the counter, and gulp off without a moment's hesitation.

Then you may consider yourself one of the best fellows at the bar. Enter freely into conversation with any friend who may have dropped in; and if on terms with the "guv'nor," or manager, you need feel no delicacy when you are told that your condition has been noticed.

If you should desire replenishment, and be refused, follow the same policy at the nearest and most extensive "pub."

Should the climax of your discomfiture ensue here, it will have been no fault of the BAILIE.

The Corporate Purse.

OUR Ass writes us in a rather shaky hand to say that he has made a discovery that rejoices his heart. He has found out (most sapient Ass) that there are others besides himself who are hard up. He says that the Corporation are, or at least that they have no more money past at present to tread under foot in the construction of tramways. A year ago they had £100,000; now, they have several miles of rails! He also says that, last night, he had half-acrown, likewise several halves. He then had more halves; now he is a companion of the Corporation in the most grievous of all complaints-Impecuniosity.

Wanted to Know.

MANTED to know-Whether the public are to be bewildered any longer by a maze of dissyllables, interspersed with dog Latin, displayed in the frantic efforts of a writer learned in the law, whose lucubrations are daily dished up in a certain local journal with ad captandum headings?

Whether the proprietors of the BAILIE are now quite certain of the identity of the Jerusalem

Whether the Animal is, as he pretends to be, still temperate?

Whether there is any chance of the heading. "Letters to the Editor," ever appearing in the BAILIE?

Whether the BAILIE is subsidised by the Town Council?

Whether Councillor Martin's cartoon proved a plausible excuse for that gentleman's not launching out into the expense of having his carte de visite taken?

Whether the City Hall, during the Flower Show, was not patronised by the BAILIE'S Ass?

Whether the Flower Show during the evening was not the favourite resort of coquetting milliners and warehouse girls, and ogling clerks and drapers' young men?

There is great rejoicing at present among the maid-servants of the City. Mr Dalglish has informed the Lord Provost that the new Infantry Barracks are to be completed as originally planned, and that an addition is to be made forcavalry and artillery. Every Jenny who "doats LATE INTELLIGENCE.—It's time to go to on the military" is looking forward with glee to having her choice of Jocks.

The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

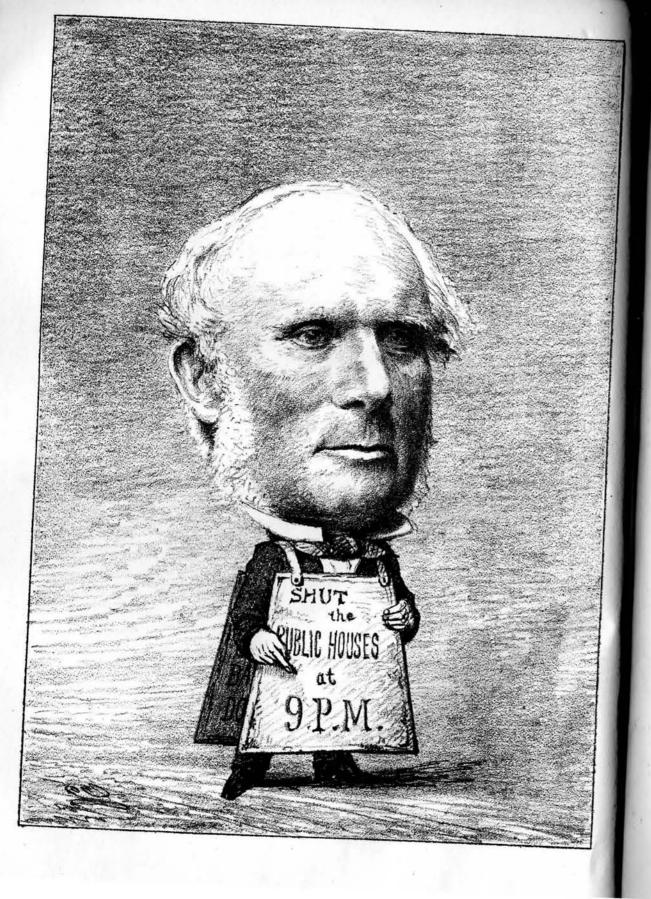
Glasgow, Wednesday, April 16th, 1873.

Price Id

MEN YOU KNOW-No. 26.

WHEN that very clever and deservedlypopular entertainer, FREDERIC MAClittle bits of good-humoured satire was the "Galloping Horse." This cantering nag was "each man's hobby, of course," and the paces and vagaries of the self-willed animal were described both wittily and prettily by the lively large audiences. We have in Glasgow at present a whole brigade of these "galloping horses," reckless fashion as hobbies were never before. Councillor TORRENS; and he and his hobby, a particularly objectionable Galloway, with a may be gathered from his public appearances. He was a teetotal lecturer under the auspices of the Scottish Temperance League; he is a teetotal lecturer now on his own account; and to house painter and Town Councillor. The man is no doubt well meaning, honest, and sincere, but teetotalism in its most offensive form is his hobby, and he rides it rough-shod over everybody with whom he comes in contact. There they don't. No actual improvement in the are people whose religion seems to be the wor- habits of the people can be traced to the operaship of cold water, and Councillor TORRENS is tions of the teetotal societies. The restraints one of them. One would imagine that water and restrictions with which they have, from

moderate in opinion, their blood not being inflamed by either wine or strong drink. But the reverse is the case. There is no fiercer fanatic among the Eastern fakeers than your thoroughgoing total abstainer and advocate of the Per-CABE, was amusing us all, last winter in the missive Bill. He is not satisfied with acquitting Circus in West Nile Street, one of his smartest his own soul by abstaining himself, and acting on others by precept and example. No! These are but half-measures, with which he will not rest content. He must impose his will on others. peaceably if he may, but forcibly if he must. He wants laws made to enable him to compel FREDERIC to the intense satisfaction of his his neighbours to act in the way he thinks is for their good, whatever may be their own thoughts. In short, he would, if he could, be a tyrant, an bestridden by teetotallers, and ridden in such inquisitor, and a persecutor, just as the Romish priests were in the bad old days towards those The brutes are made to charge society in a who differed in belief from themselves. The body-curvetting, capering, and lashing out line of argument he uses would serve equally their heels until they threaten to vanquish us well to justify the driving of unwilling worshipcompletely, and remain masters of the field. pers into church, the preventing of people from One of the Generals of this body of cavalry is spending their money on articles of luxury, or, indeed, the coercing of them into any manner of life which to the coercer seemed fitting. There mouth like leather, are becomingly conspicuous are lunatics who live exclusively on vegetables in the forefront of the battle. He is a "Man in spite of nature and their carnivorous teeth, we Know," but know very little beyond what and these are quite as reasonable in their demands as men of the TORRENS stamp. Perhaps they are more reasonable, for it must be confessed that people of fine feelings can scarcely think without a qualm of the hecatombs of this calling he attaches the minor occupations of living creatures sacrificed to the appetite of that insatiable devourer-man. Some excuse might be found for the teetotallers if their measures served the end intended, and made people more temperate in their use of beer and spirits. But drinkers should be calm of temperament and time to time, contrived to hamper the spirit



abolished. Impertinent spy-holes—a scandalous outrage in a country with pretensions to free- its being used as a simile. dom-have been established in box doors, and yet people persist in having their beer. No end of the teetotallers has been attained unless the gratification of a certain feeling of spite, which, like many orthodox Christians, they entertain towards those who differ from them in opinion. It is an absolute truth that whatever improvement, if any, has taken place in the national habits, has not been owing to any lecturing by the teetotallers, nor yet to any legislative interference undertaken at their instance. Two or three generations ago hard drinking was the fashion. The upper classes thought no shame of indulging freely, and the lower followed the example set, with their customary assiduity. Years on years before teetotalism was heard of. tippling became unfashionable among the titled and wealthy. Ever since, intemperance has, by sheer force of example, been falling more and more into disuse among the masses, altogether independent of any effort on the part of the zealous persons who fancy themselves the agents of Providence in improving their fellows. The latest vagary of the teetotal hobby is an ill-judged attempt to influence the authorities in the direction of shutting up the "publics' at nine o'clock instead of eleven. The plain result of the success of this social tyranny would be the immediate multiplication of shebeens, the formation of clubs on such a principle as would defy the law, and the promotion of fuddling in private houses. This would take place, that is to say, if the population has become so spiritless as to submit to such a monstrous interference with their liberty. But there is a growing feeling that teetotalism has gone far enough in imposing its will on those who are not teetotallers; and it would be unwise in the Magistracy to commit themselves to any further infringement of right. The population which is neither publican nor teetotal has been longsuffering, yet there are bounds to its endurance, and these it is unsafe to pass. This section is beginning to feel aggrieved by the fanatics, and to think with the manly and outspoken English Bishop, who declared that "he would rather see Britain free than sober." If

trade, have merely annoyed the dealers without with a muzzle. It will break them as Councillor amending their customers a single whit. Back TORRENS broke his jar when he got tired of doors and rooms without day-light have been whisky. He is said to have told such a story in one of his lectures, and he cannot complain of

A Glasgow Tale of a Tramway.

A YOUNG man entered a tramway car; His limbs were weary—his way was far— And he heartily thanked his lucky star, When he found himself safely seated-With half a share in the half of a seat-So he said to himself, "O rest is sweet. Especially rest to the weary feet, When with walking they are defeated."

But there came a damsel so young and fair, , And looked for a seat, but no seat was there. And her eyes to him seemed to offer a prayer, So he swore that he couldn't stand it : But that's just what he did-altho' he was tired-He stood, and his soul with chivalry fired; That she'd take the vacant seat he desired, And she gladly obeyed the mandate.

But the cruel conductor said, with a shout-"All who are standing must get out," So he was sent to the right about, And very completely sold; For the weather was soft-it was raining hard-The night was cold and quite illstarred, So I needn't say he came to regard His politeness as rather cold.

So he did not get rest for the rest of his way, But life has compensations, they say-The day will be bright if the morning's grey-Mishaps have two sides for wear. For consolation this young man sought, And the rest of his walk with bliss was fraught, For he suddenly uttered this "happy thought," "In two ways I've saved the fare."

J. T. KINNAIRD.

THE ORANGE AND THE GREEN.-It is said that the more noisy and disputatious of the Glasgow Orangemen are suspected by their brethren of secret disloyalty. A colour is certainly given to this statement by the great liking which they exhibit for the Green-especially on Sunday evenings.

Why was the first Chairman at the recent provoked it will find means to make itself felt meeting of the Glasgow School Board placed in unpleasantly by those who offer to constrain it a false position? Because he wasn't Long in it.

"Sending Round the Hat."

" DRUDDER GRUB will now pass round de sasser," were the affecting words with which a negro preacher closed an address he says he has-but he confesses he is fairly to his congregation, enjoining on those pious but rather stingy persons the duty of liberality directors of the Tramway Company, and facetitowards the schemes of the Church. Something ously called, "Notice-Revision of Fares." of the same kind was said by "Brudder" Hopps This notice, or rather notices, for there are two on Friday evening last, to a gathering of his admirers, whom he summoned to meet him in one right to left, and finally upside down, but read of the rooms attached to the Trades' Hall, with them how he liked, he could make nothing of reference to a new serial, the first number of them. In his dilemma he has been reduced to which, and probably the last but one, he had the conclusion that the directors of the company issued on the morning of the same day. It is don't know themselves what the notices mean; certainly rather odd to find Mr Page Hopps in but then you see he is only an Ass. The boy search of "brass," most people thinking his who attends to him suggests that the change supply of that commodity quite equal to any must be for somebody's advantage; and it is demand. His congregation are understood to more likely to be for the benefit of the company have been of this opinion also, for it is whispered than of the public. that the hat was not quite filled when it was passed round, while some went the length of hinting that the very act of circulating the receptacle in question proved the possession of more "brass" than enough.

Sandy's Constituents Resuming.

high wages are in every case a boon to the working man, and especially if he be a miner. Let them perpend the announcement made by a have condoned the offence; but since they did Hamilton Correspondent, and admit their mistake:- "Now that the colliers have resumed and despitefully used. The BAILIE's prevision has considerably increased, the cases on Monday, blem. He knows at this moment who is to including forfeited pledges, implicating some 42 have the execution of the Burns Monument, and prison for corresponding periods; but in all his last tip enconntered, and he won't. instances, we believe, the fines were paid." Of course, they would be; and so, more power to high wages, and light money penalties.

The newest improvement in our street architecture.—The advertising fence round the top of the tramway cars.

A VOICE FRAE THE CALTON.—Hoo tae snuff the Lord Provost's cannel, an' thereby shed some licht on the dark wark o' the Cooncil Brod. —Gie it Mair-wick!

The Tramway Fares.

THE Ass is in a fog at last. He has a head for the interpretation of puzzles-at least mastered by the new conundrum issued by the of them-he has read from left to right, from

"Convey, the Wise it Call."

THE divine Williams states that the wise employ "convey" as a euphemism for "steal;" and the BAILIE being wise, merely says that his friends of the daily local press "conveyed" from his columns without acknow-THERE are some who have doubted that ledgment their report of the first meeting of the School Board. Had they acknowledged their -well, "conveyance," let us say, he would not, they may consider themselves "sat upon," work, the criminal business at the J.P. Court is equal to the solution of any prophetical propersons, nearly all of whom were either colliers where the said memorial will be placed; he can or persons connected with mining operations. tell who is to be clerk to the School Board; he The offenders were amerced in penalties of from is even prepared to name the winner of the 40s to 7s 6d each, or in default committed to Derby; but he is disgusted with the shabbiness

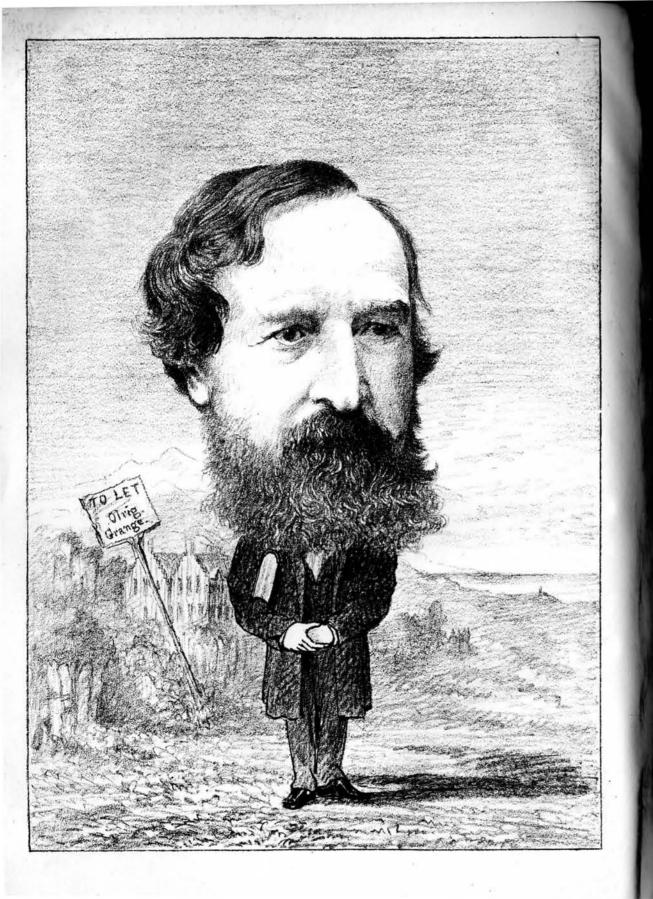
"Is not One Mine as Good as Another?"

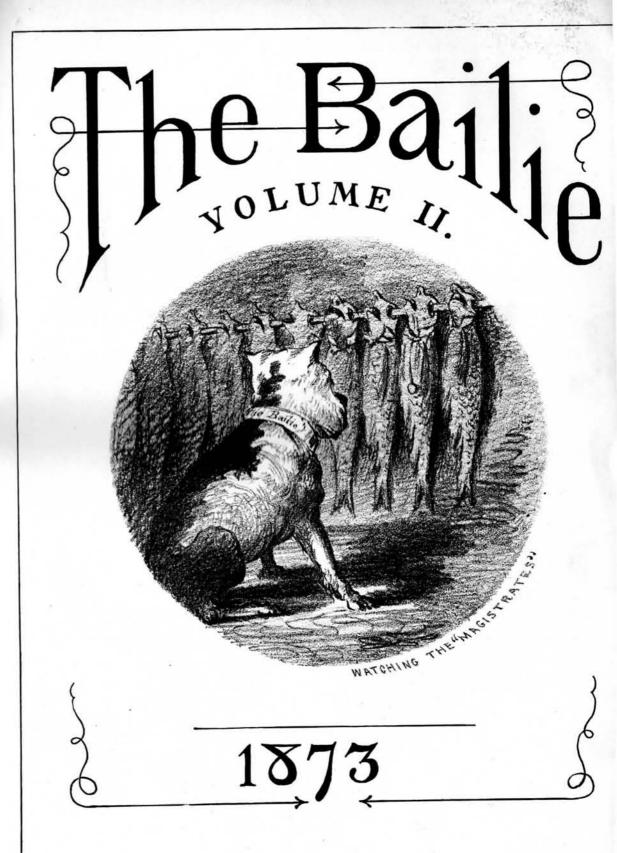
WELL, not quite. But certain philanthropists, with a view to the equalisation of happiness among shareholders, have launched a project for an amalgamation between the Emma and Tharsis Company, in order that the lack of silver in one case may be compensated by the plenitude of copper in the other. The proposal is believed to find considerable favour in the eyes of the Emma shareholders.

MEN YOU KNOW.-VOLUME II.

- 27. WALTER C. SMITH, D.D.
- 28. JOHN BURNS.
- 29. ROBERT BUCHANAN, D.D.
- 30. JAMES D. MARWICK.
- 31. DAVID PRINCE MILLER.
- 32. MALCOLM M'EWAN.
- 33. ROBERT GILLAN, D.D.
- 34. ALEXANDER WHITELAW.
- 35. WILLIAM MILLER.
- 36. MRS ARTHUR.
- 37. SIR WILLIAM THOMSON.
- 38. ALEXANDER MACEWEN, D.D.
- 39. DAVID BROWN.

- 40. DAVID HUTCHESON.
- 41. JAMES ALEX. CAMPBELL.
- 42. JOSEPH FITZROY.
- 43. PETER WHITE.
- 44. THE GLASGOW HERALD (GRANÍ).
- 45. ARCHIBALD C. CAMPBELL.
- 46. SIR PETER COATS.
- 47. WILLIAM MURE.
- 48. JOHN STIRLING.
- 49. WILLIAM WEST WATSON.
- 50. MR & MRS KENDAL.
- 51. CHARLES CAMERON, LL.D.
- 52. JOHN BARCLAY.





"MY CONSCIENCE!"

Glasgow, Wednesday, April 23rd, 1873. No. 27.

Price Id

MEN YOU KNOW-No. 27.

occasion for complaint that the pulpit was losing the sticks with amazing vigour, and leading t' its hold on the people. Somewhere, a dozen rigid-interpretation presbyters into action. T' years ago, the then "plain" Mr SMITH, as badgered and tormented Mr SMITH in

"PLAIN JOHN" would have said, was Free Church Minister of Orwell, a little place in Fifeshire unknown to fame. The pastor did his TOWARDS the close of one of DICKENS'most duty by his flock with fidelity to his trust, but popular novels, the story is told of how a he was a thinker and a poet. He dreamed and party of visitors inspected the cells of a model he wrote. In the early days of "MACMILLAN," prison and the model inmates of those cells. It some pieces of his verse appeared from time to so happened that, when the gaoler turned out time in its pages, above the modest signature of "Number Twenty-seven," and exhibited him as "Orwell." The lines were of merit, for they one of the most promising penitents in the touched men's hearts, and the anonymous establishment, the interesting personage turned "Orwell" acquired a reputation beyond his out to be that vilest incarnation of meanly church and parish. He received a call to Edincriminal humanity, URIAH HEEP. DICKENS burgh; and once in a sphere where there was drew many a repulsive portrait; but he never room to grow, his fame increased. But, like a succeeded in depicting a more utterly odious few other clergymen-such as the late Dr reptile than "the villain HEEP," of Mr MICAW- NORMAN MACLEOD, subsequently his close BER'S abomination. The crawling, slimy, friend—his sympathies were too wide, and his "umble," wretch might have been conceived by intelligence too broad, for the narrowness and POE in one of those wild moods when his excited Calvinistic bitterness of a section of Churchmen, brain called up images of all that was loathsome. whose souls seem to be held in slavish subjec-If the reader can imagine the antithesis of tion by bonds forged by seventeenth century HEEP-vice replaced by virtue, 'umbleness by intolerance. The cry of "heresy" was beginning upright independence, a worm of the dust by a to be raised against his preaching, for what MAN—he will have before him the BAILIE'S particular omission or commission the BAILIE "Number Twenty-seven," WALTER C. SMITH. neither knows nor cares—perhaps for not giving, There are clergymen, unfortunately—and too the devil his due share of souls. Before, howmany of them—with a strong infusion of HEEP ever, the self-righteous persons whose 'doxy in their composition; as 'umble they are, and is the only true doxy could carry their hostility as sanctimonious, and as piously forgiving of into the stage of persecution, MrSMITH succeeded their enemies, as was that amiable convert. Dr TRAIL as pastor of the Free Tron Church, None of these is the whole-souled minister of in Glasgow, where he still remains. In this city, the Free Tron Church, but a model clergyman, too, his liberality gave offence to the straiter a man abreast of his age-capable of accepting sort among his brethren. They did not underthe results of modern thought without permitting stand the man, it seems to the BAILIE; and, his faith in God to suffer an eclipse. If our failing to understand him, they of course pro-Churches—whether Established, Free, or United nounced him heterodox. The drum ecclesiastic Presbyterian—were leavened by a fair proportion was beaten over the great Fourth Commandof preachers of his stamp, there would be no ment question, the late Dr GIBSON flourishing

spirit which chastens because it loves, and yet takes a wonderful delight in chastisement; but with Christian animosity, they were beaten, and Dr GIBSON and his following drummed down the hill as they had drummed up. Dr NORMAN by some of his fellow presbyters also, for entertaining opinions regarding the meaning of the Fourth Commandment different from those held in the seventeenth century, when the ne plus ultra of clerical wisdom is supposed to have opponents, and escaped the punishment which, like good Christians and pious Inquisitors, they were preparing to inflict out of pure brotherly love. Their fellowship in persecution seems to have drawn the two men together, and SMITH and MACLEOD became fast friends-an intimacy which must have been very grateful to both. They had so many points of resemblance that they could not touch without coalescing, and the warmth of the feeling which the chairmanship, and failed? sprang up may be estimated from the touching tribute to his companion's memory, paid by Dr SMITH, in Good Words. The Fourth Commandment annovance, though it must have been very grievous to him, increased both Dr SMITH's reputation and his popularity. The charge of heresy did not prove like an ordinary casting of mud, for none of it stuck; and it brought out into strong relief, points in his character and tokens of intellectual force, which won him an access of respect and esteem. He still writes poetry, and this amounts almost to heresy in the eyes of some of his less cultivated brethren. His latest effort, "Olrig Grange"—the authorship has long ceased to be a secret-has met with universal recognition as a work of genius, and removed its author at once from the rank of "minor poets." But, though he has yielded so far to the devices of Satan-the BAILIE once heard poetry termed a device of Satan, by a Highland divine - there is no clergyman in Glasgow more conscientious in the discharge of his pastoral duties; and, if hero worship were a modern fashion, he would be absolutely adored by his congregation. WALTER SMITH is a good minister and a good man, and to him the BAILIE takes off his hat, and salutes him with bended

"THE COMYN RACE."-P. C. Macgregor's running for the Paisley School Board.

A Shorter Catechism.

(Dedicated to the Helensburgh School Board.)

to this Board, and ostensibly as the only party "Sound in the Faith?"

Who named a leet of seven to run with, and MACLEOD was subjected to the same treatment | thereafter threw three of the nominees overboard, and subsequently, when canvassing, only asked votes for himself and another?

Who represented the U.P.'s as pure Secu-

larists?

Who issued the "Wolves in Sheep's clothing" been attained. He, too, triumphed over his placard that was posted on a Sunday morning? Who said that, if he had not a majority at the Board, and himself made chairman, that he

would retire?

Who resorted to the Preston card trick?

Whose party was rejected by the con-

stituency?

Who entered on the contest as General in Command and emerged from it as a full private? Who tried to box the compass generally on

Who hired a special train to have his final defeat fully reported in the morning papers? Who is who?

The Stipendiary Magistrate.

An Address to the "Great Unpaid."

O BAILIES, BAILIES! Ichabod's the word! Your glory is departing, sure as fate; For here's a Bill that threatens Glaisca toun Wi' a Stipendiary Magistrate.

An', if it pass, as pass it dootless will, Greet, Bailies, greet; ye'll hae tae abdicate! Nae langer "terrors to ill-doers," then; Ve'll be considered judges oot o' date.

Nae mair in Court ye'll sit, on bench enthroned, And deal sma' justice, at a sma' expense; Nae mair condemn; nae mair acquit on laws No' in the Statute Book o' Common Sense.

The raggit weans, the midnicht roysterers, The drucken cairters, an' the cabbies fou, The tramway gairds, the errin' publicans, Wife-beatin' fiends, an' a' the pilferin' crew -

They'll miss you, Bailies, sairly, when ye gang, And sairly will they curse the meddlin' State, That sends-in deference to J. L. Lang-The new Stipendiary Magistrate.

But tak' ve comfort, Bailies, tho' ye fa', For, even should this fell Bill hap to pass, Twa still are left to raise yer name and fame-Your humble servant, Sirs, and eke, his Ass.

School Board Motions.

OR the following "Notices of Motion to be tabled at the next meeting of the School Board," the BAILIE is indebted to a member of was to give applicants as little information as the Board, who writes that they "will, while possible regarding the duties to be performed or violating no confidence, afford reliable and early the qualifications necessary for their performinformation" of the attempts that are to be ance. Some advertisements imply much but made to mar the sweet simplicity of the three mean very little; and the condensed manner " R's":-

Mr LONG-" That the children should be taught to cultivate a very few Greek roots, and a good many Orange flowers."

Mr MUNRO, Mr CHISHOLM, and Mr KERR-"That some knowledge of the syllabus, and, at least, the elements of Mariolatry, is desirable."

Dr BUCHANAN—"That it is of the utmost importance that diplomacy, or the art of running with the hare, and hunting with the hounds, should be taught in all the schools under the charge of the Board."

Mr KIDSTON-"That at all the Board schools the children should be impressed with the necessity of refusing to give a license-even to their tongues."

Greenock Championship.

TO STEAMBOAT AGENTS, RAILWAY COYS., &c. DETER DOWNIE, CHAMPION BILL POSTER, Posts Bill in Town and Country at Special Rates.-Address 20 Tobago Street, Greenock.

From the foregoing advertisement, which appears daily in the Mail, it will be observed that Greenock glories in the possession of a dignitary to which we in this city cannot lay claim-a

"Champion Bill-poster"!

We have heard the term "champion" applied to prize-fighters and athletes, but its adoption by a "paper-hanger on a large scale," is certainly new to us. We would like very much to know if the Corporation of Greenock employ this "champion" to "get up" their various Bills; and, if so, whether he, in return for their kindness, gets up a "little Bill" for them to

A PORTRAIT FROM LIFE.—Scene.—Before the entrance to a popular Beer-Shop; Time, 10.15 P.M.—Good Templar (standing outside, feasting his eyes on the good things within, and soliloquising)-" Many a happy night I have spent in there!"

THE BAILIE'S WEEK-DAY SERMON ON SHAKESPEARE.—"Let the gall'd jade wince, our with ers are unwrung."

Servants' Duties.

FROM the manner in which some parties advertise, one would suppose that their aim in which they are written is enough to make a grammarian's hair to stand on end. Take the following as an ordinary sample:—

CERVANT (good General) Wanted for Term, where young girls waits table and assists variously.—Apply, &c.

Who is "variously?" Is she the cook or housemaid? Before applying for such a situation it might be desirable to know what kind of person "variously" is - is she good-tempered, or the reverse? We have certainly plenty of mediums for advertising in Glasgow, but while such advertisements are put forth we will require some other kind of medium for to unfold their meaning.

Airdrie Fire Brigade.

Scene First.—Burgh Police Office—Report just brought in of house on fire-Lieutenant on duty, loquitor-"Weel ye see, mem, a' oor men's out the noo, but as soon as ony o' them comes in, I'll send them up."

Scene Second.—Scene of conflagration halfan-hour afterwards (two policemen prospecting). -First Speaker-"I think we'll awa' doon, John, and tell the captain." Second Ditto-'Aye, we'd better; we'll maybe ha'e to bring up the hose."

Scene Third.—Two policemen and a smith at the door of the fire-engine shed trying to pick the lock with a poker, the key having been lost nobody knows when.

Scene Fourth.—The two policemen marching up to the seat of the fire, drawing the hose apparatus with the aid of some children, and keeping step to the speed-inspiring tune of the "Dead March in Saul," hummed to himself by one of the men.

Scene Fifth.—Arrival of the Brigade at the conflagration in time to get as much fire as light their pipes to bring back their breaths.

Scene Sixth and Last.—Conflagration extinguished (by two pails and a chappin can), and triumphant return home of Brigade.

BURT-ON ALE.—"I likes a drop of goc beer, I does!"

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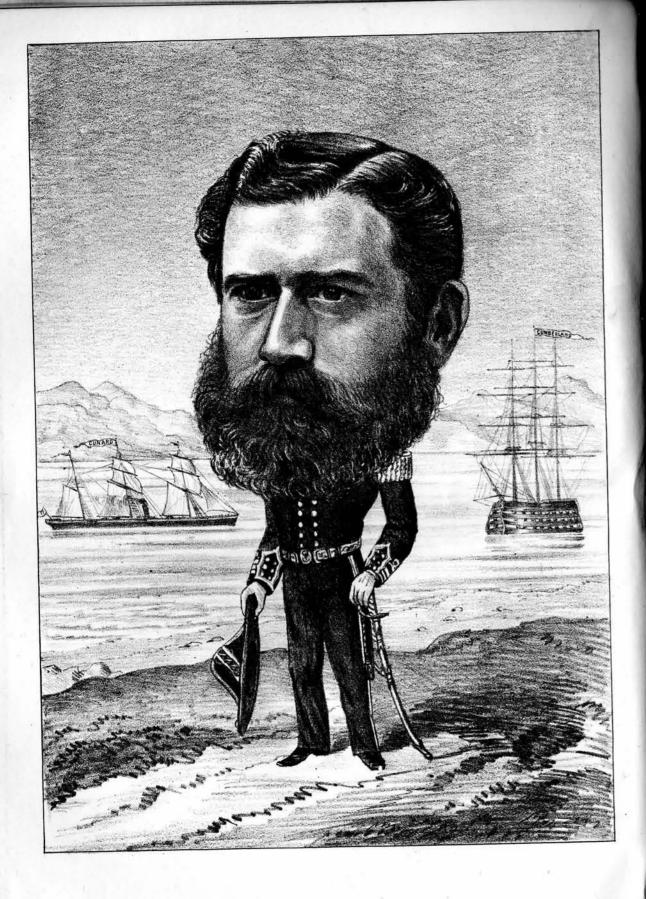
"MY CONSCIENCE!"

Glasgow, Wednesday, April 30th. 1873.

MEN YOU KNOW-No. 28.

"THE East is a career," says DISRAELI, in one of those imaginative novels where his tendency to "phrase" breaks out most strongly. His meaning is to most people rather obscure; but the densest intellect of the Philistine order can grasp the idea that the West has many careers to offer a man of capacity-not careers for the dreamer but for the worker-careers full to those who are filled with vital force, and "kings of men" like AGAMEMNON and his heroes; but lords are losing their places as leaders. In their stead are coming-indeed, are already come-a new race of chiefs: the men who are great in industrial or commercial enterprise, who have capital to give effect to their conceptions, and who marshal thousands under their banner for as worthy objects as knight or in utility, and we have shaken off most of the barbarism which associated such an undue debrute conflict. We can conceive of no more enviable career for a young man imbued with something of the modern spirit, and having mental energy and bodily vigour in full measure, than that which is opened up to the really "fortunate youths" who find themselves, at an age comparatively early, in command of a great commercial concern. They reign and govern, and being fully equal to the task, it is a delight to reign and govern, to watch every effort of the master-will produce its effect, and to see power

favoured ones is Mr JOHN BURNS, of Wemyss Castle. His firm rules the renowned Cunard line, and he rules the firm. He is no "sluggard" King," taking advantage of his fortune to live in elegantly luxurious ease, abandoning the func-tions of his office to a "Mayor of the Palace." A man of energy and singular force of character, he commands in person and wears the responsibility with ease, though no flag officer in the British Navy can have greater cares than the Admiral who, with MACIVER of Liverpool, of life and activity, demanding the whole energy directs the operations of the Cunard Fleet. of body and mind, and grateful, in the extreme, He did not create the fleet, but he has enlarged it, extended its range, maintained it in enjoy its exercise. There was a time when the every way abreast of the requirements of the seigneurs filled the eye of the world, and were time, and suffered its world-wide reputation to abate not one single jot or tittle, but rather enhanced it; and this, too, in the face of competition which could not be otherwise than formidable to any less able chief. It is one of the highest testimonies to his capacity that, succeeding in the direction men of strongly-marked pre-eminence, he does not suffer by comparison. We quoted some time ago a passage from baron ever fought. If we lack something in EARLE as illustrative of personal character. We romance, we more than compensate for the loss shall quote another, of an opposite tendency, which seems singularly applicable to Mr. Burns. "A stayed man," says EARLE, "is a gree of honour with acts of violence and mere man. One that has ta'en order with himselfe, and set a rule to those lawlessnesses within him. Whose life is distinct and in method, and his actions, as it were, cast up before. Not loos'd into the world's vanities, but gathered up and contracted in his station. Not scattered into many pieces of businesses, but that one course he takes go thorough with. A man firme and standing in his purposes, nor heav'd off with each wind, and passion. . . . One that thinkes what hee does, and does what he sayes, and forsees what he may doe, before he purposes. wisely used produce its triumphs. One of these One whose (if I can) is more then another's as-



surance, and his doubtful tale before some men's protestations. . . One not hastie to pursue the new fashion, nor yet affectedly true to his old round breeches. But gravely handsome, and to his place, which suits him better than his laughs violently, but his mirthe is a cheerefull looke. Of a compos'd and setled countenance, is, without doting, pampering, familiarity. A man well poys'd in all humours, in whom Nature showed most geometry, and hee has not spoyl'd the worke. A man of more wisedome than wittinesse; and abler to anything then to make verses." EARLE'S portrait may appear flattering to some, but to the BAILIE it seems just, and the BAILIE is not ashamed to praise, any more than he is afraid to blame, where either praise or blame is due. Notwithstanding the calls made upon his time by the business of the important interests with which he is charged, Mr BURNS finds leisure to devote to philanthropic effort. The good he has done for the youth of Glasgow is simply incalculable; but it has noble monuments in the Foundry Boys' Society, and the Cumberland Training Ship. No one can regard either without thinking well of JOHN BURNS. orly to one at al Tulito

Music in the Parks.

THE BAILIE is glad to observe that his suggestion that the Parks and Galleries Committee of the Town Council should provide music in the parks during the Saturday afternoons of the incoming Summer has been adopted by that worshipful body. At the same time, seeing that the suggestion came from the BAILIE, Councillor M'Bean might have replied to him directly, instead of waiting some eight days until the matter was mooted by a convenient correspondent in one of his morning contemporaries. Councillor M'Bean isn't a bad sort of fellow in his way, but it seems inevitable that, now and then, your "Councillor of the Period" should exhibit a slight deficiency in some one or other of the minor courtesies.

Why will the Glasgow operative tailors be successful in their present dispute?-Because they have Wright on their side.

"Dost thou think because thou art Virtuous?" &c.

CHUTTING the "public" back-door comes Defore shutting the front, and locking up at nine-stock, lock, and barrel-takes Time by tailor. Active in the world without disquiet, the forelock, for, in "what next and next," who and careful without miserie; yet neither ingulft knows but that the winged Scythian may have in his pleasures, nor a seeker of businesse, but to turn up his and also (h)our glass, at seven or has his houres for both. A man that seldome even six? "TIME's up, gentlemen," will take rather a "rise" out of some of us. And what will it take out of the publican? It seems as if nor set, nor much alterable with sadnesse or joy. the teetotallers had really been making a study . . . A good husband, father, master : that from Shakespeare ; as if they had schemed all the means and appliances of shortened hours, and built up back doors and hours further shortened after that they had read and felt the full force of the argument, and had resolved that "it shall go hard but we will better the instruction":-

> "You take my house when you do take the prop That doth sustain my house; you take my life When you do take the means whereby I live."

Only shut him up—the fellow's occupation's gone! And, Silenus silenced, what will it take out of the public? The right to both meet and drink; the right of intelligent and respectable men to meet socially and convivially, and, as Dr Johnson argued, independently; the right of the Burns-Waverley to have another tumbler in Maclean's, or of the Literary-and-Artistic to have another half in Hannah's. All cannot at nine o'clock "call spirits from the vasty deep" of a wine-cellar in their own domicile, and, although they could, we cannot at the same time drink a man's wine and contradict him. Punish the drunkard if you will, but you have no right to punish the temperate man along with him-to punish the innocent for the guilty. The hours of recreation are after the hours of toil; and it would be as just to the community to close the theatre, or the concert, or the assembly-room, at nine o'clock as it would be to shut the tavern. If the publican's hours be too long let them be abridged in the morning, when men should be working that they may afterwards enjoy.

Since at the last Licensing Court the Magistrates resolved upon "use and wont"-the wee short hour afore the twal'-we have been breathing more as becomes one of those Britons whose boast, at least, is, that they never, never, never shall be slaves. If ever public-houses are shut at any earlier hour than at present let it be in answer to the wish, not of the minority, but of the public.

is for society itself to do what a good "pug" never does—"Throw up the sponge." Squeeze him dry; then chuck him over.

The Sponge.

THE Sponge is to be found in all classes of society, being equally obnoxious in each.

In the upper circles he deals in I O U's, which he circulates extensively among his acquaintance-at their cost. Like a tree in the autumn, he showers his leaves around him, and, like the leaves of the trees, his bits of paper, once floated, never have any connection afterwards with their original source.

In the political world, before the Ballot Act

came into operation, the Sponge was great on to the Customs and Civil Service. The number of his relations waiting for snug berths was only equalled by the rapacity with which any unfortunate M.P. on whom he could bring a claim was hunted down. Secret voting has, however, given the political Sponge a squeeze which has wrung him nearly dry.

If he be theatrically disposed, his "vanity" is

The lower-class Sponge has no particular vanity or predilection to speak of. He cadges all round, and if he can't get what he wants he will generally take what he can get, so that his motives shall not be misinterpreted. He is never without what he facetiously calls, "a good begging pipe," and he is never with a bit of tobacco of his own purchase to fill it with.

He is always there or thereabouts when a "footing" is being celebrated; and, being the worst and laziest workman, is loudest and fore-

most in the praise of union.

Not unfrequently he becomes a delegate. This is the worst form a Sponge can take. Demagogism is so nearly allied to Sponging that very few have the gift or the will to disconnect the two. As a Demagogue he bloometh like a rose, and liveth in clover. He is full of the rights and wrongs of the working man, and candidly acknowledges that the times and his his own dinner-table are out of joint. But he does not go down on his luck like Hamlet, and say,-

Cursed spite
That ever I was born to set things right,

because that would be flying in the face of Providence, and against his own principles as a

The only means of ridding society of the pest

MAY DUE .- The Rent.

Unprecedented Customs' Increase.

THE BAILIE met with a staggerer in the Herald's report of Wednesday week of the Licensing Court held at Renfrew on the previous day. According to the reporter, Bailie Cochran then and there said that "a very able article had the other day appeared in the Glasgow Herald on the subject of licenses. It was stated in that article, and on the authority of Mr M'Call, the head of the Glasgow police, that the drinking customs of that great city had increased 25 per cent. during the last twelve months." An attentive student of the manners and customs, generally, of his countrymen, this information at once surprised and astounded the BAILIE to the extent that, for the nonce he had only breath left to exclaim-"My Conscience!'

School Holidays.

THE discussion concerning school holidays is again coming up, quite a deal of talk being in progress as to whether we should send our boys to the sea-side in June and July or in July and August. "Use and wont," it seems, settled the question last year, as far, at any rate, as the High School was concerned, and June and July were the months during which the youngsters had "the play," as Professor Blackie calls it. Popular feeling, however, is distinctly in favour of July and August. In this, popular feeling, the BAILIE is inclined to think, is right. Were he still a member of the Town Council—the people who regulate the High School holidayshe would certainly throw "use and wont" in this matter overboard.

The Paisley Brod.

THE BAILIE is glad to see that the good folk of the suburb have, in the main, adopted the advice he vouchsafed to them in his last two numbers concerning their School "Brod." All his candidates, with the exception of Bailie Masson, have been returned; and perhaps the exclusion of the Bailie-worthy man though he be-isn't such a terrible matter that it won't be got over. Of course, the Chairman of the "Brod" will be Mr Thomas Coats. In fact, there is no other Chairman possible, and the BAILIE accordingly expects that his election will be quite unanimous.

An ex-Town Clerk is said to be on view in a certain wax-work as the Flying Fox.

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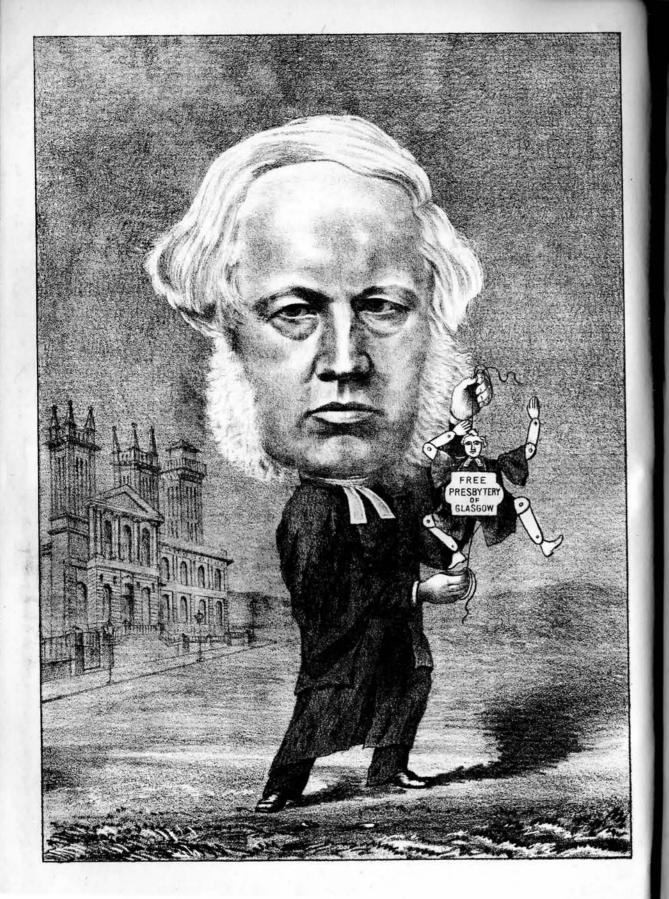
"MY CONSCIENCE!"

Glasgow, Wednesday, May 7th, 1873. No. 29.

MEN YOU KNOW-No. 29.

MACHIAVEL was the most renowned master in the art of managing the "forked radish" called man who ever lived, but he borrowed, we suspect, some of his lore from a jest what the subtle Italian taught in earnest. Do some of us, who have dipped into the pages of the maddest and wisest of all mad wags, not remember one BRIDLEGOOSE? He was a judge, portion of the faith that was in him as follows: "I consider, as your worships use to do, that time ripeneth and bringeth all things to maturity; requis. cons. Therefore is it that, after the manner and fashion of your other worships, I process, being well vanned and winnowed, tost the Exchequer, and performed the functions of and neatly garbelled, sifted, searched, and ex- manlike capacity for affairs rare in any man, amined; and in all hands exactly argued, disputed and debated, may, by success of time, Free Church Budgets are so many monuments come at last to its full judgment and maturity." deliverances which reminds one of the modern progressive development, under clever managesage who guides the deliberations of the Free ment, of the power of extracting money for Kirk Presbytery of Glasgow. The solemnly clerical purposes from the pockets of the faithful. cautious demeanour and grave pawkiness of Apart from his care of the denominational exutterance are the same. Even the name BRIDLE-GOOSE is suggestive, for there is no better bridler of geese in existence than astute Dr BUCHANAN, in the direction of the policy of his Church. As and no man who is more skilled in turning the might be expected from the tone of his mind, he

stupid birds of his acquaintance to useful account: The exercise of his art may be studied from time to time with equal profit and amusement in the reported proceedings of the Courts of his Church. Dr BUCHANAN is one of the "Fathers" of the denomination to which he belongs. For full forty years he has held a leading position; and laughing elder named RABELAIS, who taught in now Dr CANDLISH and he are the only two remaining chiefs of the band of heroes who fought on the "non-intrusion" side in that memorable "Ten Years' Conflict," the story of which he has told so well. The history of Dr and on a memorable occasion he expounded a BUCHANAN would be the history of the struggle which preceded the Disruption, and of the rise and progress of the Free Protesting Church of Scotland. Statesman by character, and ecclethat by time everything cometh to be made siastic by training and habit, he has been since manifest and patent; and that time is the father its formation one of the cabinet ministers of the of truth and virtue. Gloss in l. cod. de servit. body. It is not quite clear with whom the idea of authent. de restit. & ea quæ pa. & spectat. de the Sustentation Fund originated-whether with Dr CHALMERS or Dr CANDLISH, or others; but this at least is certain that the development and defer, protract, delay, prolong, intermit, surcease, prosperity of the Free Church system of finance pause, linger, suspend, prorogate, drive out, may be placed with undivided honour to the wire-draw, and shift off, the time of giving a credit of Dr BUCHANAN. For six-and-twenty definite sentence, to the end that the suit or years he has been an ecclesiastical Chancellor of and canvassed to and fro; narrowly, precisely, that onerous and responsible office with a statesand exceptionally rare in a Churchman. The to his foresight and ability, and will in all time There is something in BRIDLEGOOSE and his coming be quoted as astonishing examples of the chequer, Dr BUCHANAN has taken his full share -his enemies say much more than his share-



unerring political instinct teaches him that artist as Dr BUCHANAN. through "Union" lies the path to increased power and influence for his Church. A Free and U.P. alliance would constitute a body great enough to overshadow others, and to become, in fact, though not in name, the Established Church. such worldly considerations as these to influence him to such an extent as to involve conscious sacrifice of principle. But it is so easy to perworking for the glory of God and the good of the Church, that the mental vision is apt to be somewhat obscured. On the Union question, perhaps, Dr BUCHANAN thinks more like a statesman than a minister, and from at least one point of view he is perfectly right. He has in him something of the Cardinal, and would have no objection to a share of such carnal power and influence as may be derived from ruling a great Christian communion without sacrificing the purity of the pastor. His qualifications for the exercise of power are unquestionable. He has a clear head and a cool temper. No breezes of passion are suffered to disturb the calm of his intellect and interfere with its exercise. He knows men and cities much after the fashion of your worldling Parliamentarian, and can touch the springs of human action with master hand. The whilome Bishop of Oxford, designated by the irreverent as "Soapy Sam," was such another in the art of managing his fellows. When questions spring up which are likely to divide the brethren unpleasantly, he has as many courses at command as Mr GLADSTONE, and is an adept in suggesting a via media by which dangerous collisions may be avoided. "In medio ibis tutissimus" might be selected as his motto with every degree of propriety. After all, he is only free from angularity and acquainted with the use of oil, and these are far from undesirable qualities, let detractors say what they will. The against him is, that he is over-smooth and politic, but we are inclined to accept that as a of fanaticism. Let him be as "oily" as his foes can make him, there is not a shade of meanness nor spitefulness in his character; and no one can truly say otherwise than that he is a good minis-

is a keen advocate of "Union," and of course his history of his Church. If he pulls wires, somebody acknowledged rank among his brethren consti- must pull them; and it is surely an advantage tutes him a prominent leader of the party. His to have them skilfully manipulated by such an

"Let Justice be Accused."

LICENCE is wrong. So much knows the BAILIE'S Ass; but he apes quotation, and Dr Buchanan would assuredly never permit adds, "there be licences and licences." The animal was at the J.P. Court a few days ago, during licensing time, and listened intently for sacrifice of principle. But it is so easy to persuade one's self, in a case of this kind, that one is Things there seemed to have gone smoothly enough for a period, their progress having been facilitated perhaps (the Ass is not prepared to maintain it was the fact) by the presence upon the bench of several well-known representatives of the "Grant" family. After the withdrawal of one or two of these gentlemen, there rose he who sat at the left hand of the presiding Justice. His countenance displayed nought beyond the expression of a man who meant to do his duty, and his duty-bound auditors, with a stolidity that did them credit, patiently waited. "I am Sir Oracle; and when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!" "Eh?" quoth our Chairman; "not exactly. I am president here, and as long as I am so, I'll be bound you won't go too far." "But, Mr Chairman, the Act of Parliament"-"The what? You may, if you please, drive a coach and four through an Act of Parliament, but you won't ride rough-shod over us. That will do." "Wha-wha-what? It is preposterous that"- Here our friend George Gray was appealed to, and the business afterwards assumed a shape different from that which characterises School Board meetings. The Ass then retired, pleased to find that he had one relation holding her Majesty's Commission of the Peace.

One thousand five hundred and sixty-two pounds for Queen's Plates in Ireland, and one hundred and ninety-seven pounds thirteen shilmost railing accusation which can be brought lings for Queen's Plates in Scotland! My conscience! Such, however, is the notion of Oirish rights and Scottish grievances entertained by our merit when so many of his cloth are on the side legislators in St. Stephens. Let Mr William Burns see to it.

Why are Glasgow theatre-goers like the Nonconformists?-Because they are quite tired of ter, a just man, and a commanding figure in the the Deans.

Queer Fish.

OUR "Suburban" friends in Paisley are determined to keep pace with us in this city, and, if possible, out-rival us. Proof of this may be gathered from a prominent advertisement appearing daily in the Herald. This advertisement sets forth that there is "now on view, in a large shop in Paisley, a GREAT monster shark (much larger than the one lately exhibited in Glasgow) caught in the German Ocean." The BAILIE thinks that the one lately exhibited in King Street was quite large enough to satisfy the most fastidious taste. It satisfied him, and the Clyde this season. so he has not gone to Paisley to see this new monster; but having implicit faith in the description of the animal given in the advertisement, he has no hesitation in pronouncing it to be "very like a whale."

The School Board Incubus.

THE BAILIE, much against his will, has another complaint to make. It is against his will, for, like Dr W. C. Smith, he feels the "bother of always criticising." He must speak out, however. The proceedings at the School Board meeting on Tuesday last were such as to necessitate, in the public interest, his strongest animadversion. The members of the Board are for the most part gentlemen who have undertaken the duties pertaining to the post at considerable sacrifice both of time and of energy. Unfortunately, however, it seems that they are to be hampered in the performance of their work by one of their number, who has chosen to play the part of an obstructive. This is the Rev. J. Page Hopps. Mr Hopps, who is a dilletante editor, art critic, musical essayistwho is anything, indeed, that will keep him before the public-is naturally desirous to occupy the meetings of the Board with such discussions as that on Tuesday. They are reported, and he gets talked about; what more could any one wish? But looked at from another point of view than that of Mr Hopps, these discussions are far from profitable. They waste time; they lower the standing of the Board in the estimation of the public. Is it needful, therefore, that they should be persisted in? Surely, Mr Hopps notwithstanding, the next general meeting of the members will be devoted to practical work, and not to idle discussion as to who shall officiate at the opening ceremonials.

GILDED PILLS.—Guano Company shares.

Things not generally known.

THAT handsome waiting-rooms are about to be erected by the Clyde Trustees at the Broomielaw Wharf.

That the Burns' Monument is to be open to public competition.

That the river steamers are going to consume their own smoke this year.

That Mr Ewing is an artist of established

position. That in consequence of the energy of the

Sewage Committee, there will be no effluvia on

That the shilling subscription for the Burns' Monument was instituted for the purpose of maintaining a local artist.

That a Home Ruler will be returned for Glasgow at the next general election.

That the forthcoming meeting of the Town Council will pass over without a "bit ov a foight."

That there is not another able man left in Edinburgh to select for a public appointment in

That Page Hopps has got a dispensation from the Pope.

That the shortened distances on the tramways are giving satisfaction to everybody.

That, in consequence of the leader in last week's BAILIE, the Highland innkeepers have esolved to moderate their charges.

That the BAILIE intends taking a trip through the land of the mountain and the flood;" and if he is overcharged the landlord caterans may look out for squalls.

That the Burns' Committee, being "distracted," are about to have a large infusion of fresh blood.

That if the enlarged Committee do not give us the best to be had for our money, great dissatisfaction will prevail.

That Mrs Jarley will have the commission if she produces the finest design.

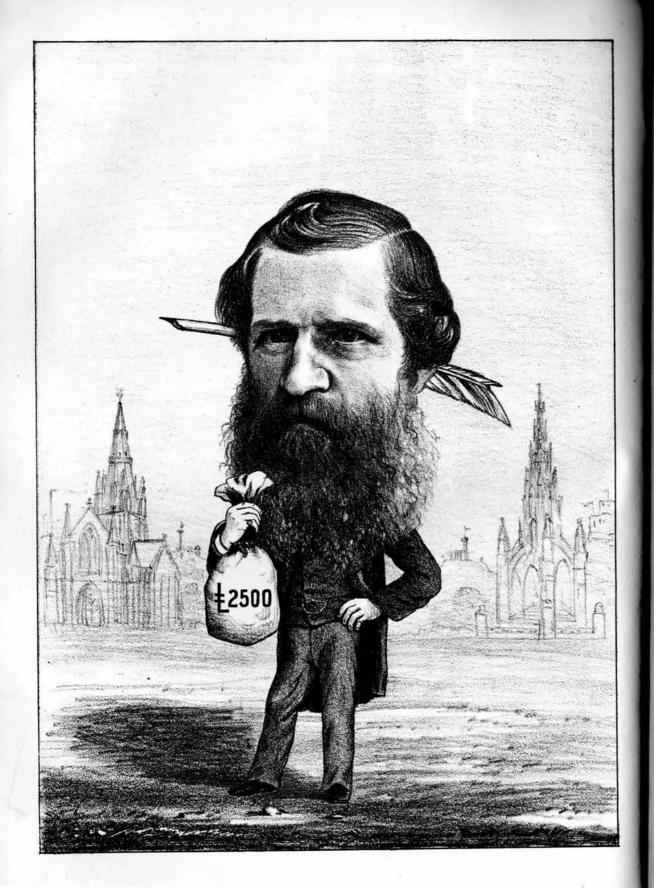
That "Another Subscriber," who writes to the daily press, is entirely unacquainted with George," and is one of the uninitiated.

That Codlin's the friend, not Short,

That, in consequence of the failure of the rench wine crop, there will be an immediate ise in the price of coal.

That the BAILIE'S next cartoon will be-

TRUE TO THE CORE.—Our Volunteer Adju-



Scene Del Alle College College

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 30. Glasgow, Wednesday, May 14th, 1873. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW-No. 30.

book, and, brimful of his own happiness, preaches tation of our old friend, "the courteous reader." Town Clerk has had an experience not dissimilar our lives. Where is the man who has not told to one of these clergymen on whom both PRO- a fib in which "the happiest moment of his life" VIDENCE and the world have smiled. Was it figured, and who has not "deeply regretted" not an awful wrench to the honest man's deepest something or other at which he was all the while at the idea of separation from that amiable bugs are the mothers, wives, daughters, and character? What a painful thing it was for him youd the reach of the coarser clay. We shall

to abandon "the dream of his youth"-like another romantic and sweetly sentimental youth who has recently been heard of in Paisley-he THE lines of some people fall in pleasant had a "dream of his youth"? Can any one places. Their path is easy, and their imagine the agony of mind it must have cost Mr burden light. Favoured by fortune they hop MARWICK to give up the idea of compiling mafrom one good berth into another and a better, terial for the trunkmakers in the shape of a until they alight finally in a position which leaves history of Edinburgh derived from such an enlittle or nothing to be desired. Clergymen are tertaining source as the official records? Could often found among the happy few. Your clever there be anything more entrancing than the young probationer pops easily into some pleasant soul-absorbing pleasure of hunting through country parish, where he takes unto himself a musty burgh accounts and fusty minutes, to cara sposa, converts life into an idyll, writes a weave delicate historical tendrils for the deleceloquent and inviting sermons when he visits Toothache and tic-doloreux! we can fancy the town. By and bye a call comes from an eligible | yell of delight with which the man must have city congregation, and under this delightful dis- heard that Glasgow and £2500 a-year awaited pensation of Providence-Providence somehow his pleasure; that he had only to gape to catch is always on the side of the big stipend he the plum; that he was free from the chains and transfers his household gods to the west end of slavery of the petty provincialism of the Edin-Edinburgh or Glasgow, as the case may be. His burgh board of shopkeepers; that his £900 avery soul is harrowed with grief at leaving his year was all but multiplied by three; and, oh! dear parish and his beloved parishioners, but Pro-vidence summons him to "an enlarged sphere" was at an end for ever! If he did not do all of usefulness"—that is the correct phrase, if the that in him lay to dance a hornpipe on the in-BAILIE is not mistaken—and it would be sinful stant to give physical vent to joyous feelings too not to obey. Somebody wondered how the powerful for other expression, he must be more augurs could look at each other without smiling. than mortal. Perhaps it is too bad to laugh at Perhaps it is equally astonishing how clergymen can play over and over again the old, old farce, without breaking into a broad grin. Our new less, and talk and act "humbug" every day of and most affectionate feelings to part from his idolised Edinburgh? Did he not almost weep "saints and sinners!" what tremendous hum-Town Council, so distinguished for its lamblike meekness of disposition and general amenity of a degree of excellence in the art altogether be-

pardon Mr MARWICK his little bit of humbug on quitting Edinburgh if he only cultivates the science here, and employs it in keeping the Town Council in order. His predecessor knew nothing of the craft, which ought to be ranked as one of "the fine arts," or he would not now be in retirement. ANGUS TURNER scorned and contemned the Council for a parcel of illiterate, peddling, huckstering shopkeepers, unworthy to spoke yet. tie so much as the shoelatchets of a gentleman. It is a moot point, perhaps, whether ANGUS was right or wrong, but it certainly was not prudent in him to parade his contempt so very openly as he did. He might have been moderately civil to them in Glasgow, and despised them from the bottom of his heart in the wilds of Pitlochrie. If Mr MARWICK has the savoir faire to conceal from the honest men that he is slightly above their level, and to "soft sawder" them a little in the style taught so skilfully by Mr SLICK, he will be a valuable official. Let him drive them only with the feather end of his pen, and he may guide them in the way that they should go without eliciting a murmur of discontent-ANGUS TURNER goaded them with its point, and he is rusticating at Pitlochrie. Let him but "stroke them with the hair," and they are easily led. If he rubs them the other way they will be found, as our esteemed forebear, NICOL JARVIE, remarked of the Highlanders, "deevilish kittle cattle to deal wi'." A drover, under these circumstances, has his own to do, for it is not always easy to see at a glance how the hair lies; but as Mr MARWICK is a man of the world, he will doubtless prove adequate to a task in which the BAILIE wishes him all success. He comes to Glasgow with high credentials, and we shall all be pleased to find him bear these out as private gentleman and as Town Clerk of the neverto-be-forgotten "Second City of the Empire," and the smokiest hole in Christendom. Our last wish is that his health may not break down too soon under his trying duties, and that he may not follow ANGUS into retirement and a handsome pension before a reasonable period has elapsed. A knowledge that he had secured in a healthy quarter a good house, well drained and free from damp, would tend greatly to ease the minds of anxious rate-payers.

Registered for Transmission Absorbins

SQUARING THE CIRCLE.—Brigton Cross.

THE "HERALD MERCURY."—Granny's special correspondent at Vienna.

Scene in a Police Court.

(Policeman X 45 entering the Witness Box.) BAILIE.—What is the next case?

ASSESSOR.—Betty Fogger—uttering base coin, as also previous conviction.

Policeman X 45.-Ay, and worse than thatuttering base language.

Court Officer .- Wheesht, Tugal; you'r no to

(The Witness having been sworn, the case was proceeded with.)

BAILIE.—What is your name?

Witness.—Tugal M'Tonalt, son of Shon M'Tonalt, Mull.

BAILIE.—Well, Dugald, let the Court hear

what you know about this case.

Witness.—Well, you know, Tonalt M'Tugal is on the next beat wi' me; and we was both cried in to the whisky shop, where she was "kicking up a row."

BAILIE.—Was she inebriated?

Witness-No; she was drunk, I think.

BAILIE.-What was the cause of the disturbance?

Witness.—She was only for pay a sixpence for a big gill, and she no take a wee one, and the sixpence was a bad one.

BAILIE.—What did you say to her, then? Witness-I said she was a bad sixpence, and

wouldna be taken for a big gill.

BAILIE.—Did you tell her it was counterfeit? Witness.—No; I just said it was a bad sixpence. BAILIE .- You said this to the prisoner at the

Witness.-No; I said it to her at the counter. BAILIE.—Then what did she say or do?

Witness.-She swear and kick and curse us all, and break a bit of the counter.

BAILIE.—Then, I suppose, you took her into custody?

Witness.—No; we took her to the Central. BAILIE.—I suppose you can swear to the identity of the panel at the bar?

Witness.—Yes, yes; for she broke it all to pieces.

BAILIE.—Broke what to pieces?

Witness .- The "panel," to be sure-

BAILIE.—I have just one other question to ask you, and that is this-Do you think the panel is compos mentis?

Witness.- No; I sink its mahogany.

BAILIE.—You may go. Call next witness.

"THE INSECT WORLD."-Paddy's Market.

A New Bank.

WE have been favoured with a private perusal of the prospectus of "The Free open our columns "free, gratis, and for nothing."

THE "FREE BRITISH BANK (LIMITED)." CAPITAL .- Ten Millions, of which Nine Millions only are offered to the public. One Million taken by the Founders.

Deposit on application, 3s 9d per share.

DIRECTORS. The Right Honourable GEORGE SAWDER, M.P., (expected to be a Chancellor of H. M. Exchequer.), Chairman.

JAY GUILEYWILD, Esq., Vice-Chairman,

The MACEWEN.

BAILLE

*

HUMPHREY GREEN, Esq., (no relative of "Duke Humphrey)

Manager.—Boss Tweed, Esq. Bankers.—The "North British." Brokers. - Messrs Young, OLD, WILD & Co.

The times we live in require a new bank on an extended and liberal scale. The Stock of the existing banks are always at a large premium. The Stock of the "Free British" is already at a premium, and a sagacious expert is certain that its shares will soon stand marvellously in comparison with all other bank

shares. The "Founders" guarantee all preliminary expenses as being sure to come fairly in some way out of the paid-in funds. The bank will have a large "Sinking Fund" in a short time, probably before the first annual meeting. Advances will be made on the most liberal terms. Deposits taken in and done for. Notes will be issued on the U.S., Utah, and I O U system. Like "The Royal British," The "Free British Bank" will be

opened by prayer. Share List will close at 5 o'Clock on Wednesday, 14th May,

THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF CELIBACY.—There is to be a dog-show in Edinburgh shortly, referring to which a London weekly says :- " Edinburgh being the great emporium for rich old maids and bachelors, lap-dogs and ferociouslooking Scotch terriers are sure to command high prices." As Punch once said, when quoting the same authority—" this may be true, although it did appear in the Court Fournal;" but the BAILIE leaves Auld Reekie to defend herself if it be a slander.

At the annual meeting of the Scottish Temperance League on the Monday night of last week, Bailie Lewis of Edinburgh, who was one of the speakers, let fall a suggestive hint. In the course of what the Herald terms an eloquent address-and surely the Herald is an authority when eloquence is in the question-he urged on his hearers that the first duty of temperance reformers was personal abstinence! Oh, Bailie, Bailie! that you of all men in the world should make sport for the Philistines!

Street Bridges.

GLASGOW street architecture was never of the most picturesque, but it seems that it British Bank." The claims and merits of this is about to be made still more hideous. We coming "institution" are such that we at once are now threatened with a series of railway bridges over our principal thoroughfares - of bridges constructed in connection with the different central station schemes. These are to cross the street in one span; they are to be copies of the monstrosity which crosses Eglinton Street, south of Cumberland Street, and which. has totally spoiled the look of what was formerly one of the finest avenues in the city. Is it too late to secure the integrity of our streets from the railway vandals?

> What was bound to come before LONG?-The "substantial testimonial."

> The BAILIE cordially approves of the agitation which has been begun for the purpose of procuring the removal of the small-pox hospital from Parliamentary Road. Surely with a death-rate of 30 per thousand our civic rulers should spare no efforts to remove such a nucleus of infection as this from the midst of a crowded district? A smaller death-rate, he would like to whisper in the ear of more than one ambitious Town Councillor, would be a greater benefit to the city than any number of ornamental "fads."

TOOTHSOME NEWS .-- We are told in Chambers's Fournal that gun cotton is now to be used as the base of artificial teeth. We are glad to hear it. This will effectually explode all antiquated notions about deceptive grinders!

A JUDICIAL DECISION.—In an exhaustive notice of "Hamlet," as produced at the Royal on Friday evening, the critic of the Star observes that the "characters were (sic) judicially sustained throughout." The BAILIE admits that the adverb may be a good one to use in such a case; but he would more readily have seen its relevancy, had it been applied to the trial Scene in "Jeanie Deans." Could the Star critic have got his remembrances of the two pieces "mixed up somehow," as Dundreary says?

The Ass, who was present, declares that the 'private view" of the Kibble Crystal Palace, last week, was conducted throughout on strictly Good Templar principles. He did not turn up for two days afterwards.

If "THE BAILIE" be meant, we shall accept for verily there will be "pickings."

Council Counci "MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 31. Glasgow, Wednesday, May 21st, 1873.

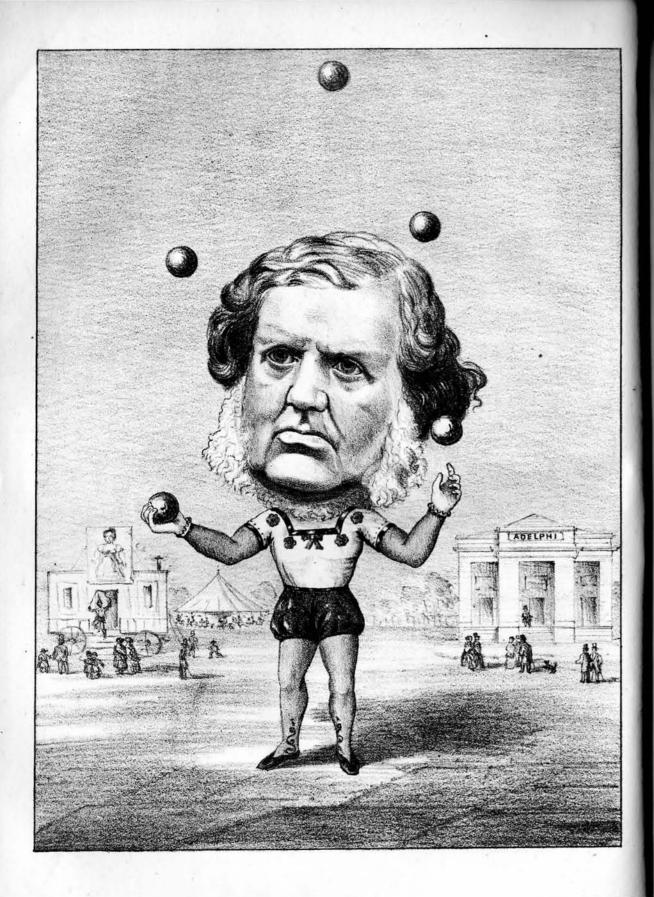
Price Id

MEN YOU KNOW-No. 31.

least one merit. Its title, "The Genial Show-We have here, in Glasgow, in the person of DAVID PRINCE MILLER, a man to whom the CHARLES F. BROWNE, whose geniality was slightly tempered with acid, but the compound to the 'Temple' in thousands, testing its space just like cool water flavoured with lime juice and to pay for a mere 'keek in.' When the Fairin a thousand. He has no enemy-not even vengeance of Mr JOHN HENRY ALEXANDER, In all Glasgow there is not a voice raised to say ment. Through their kindness, a life which has an intolerant rival." The "Genial Showman" known many vicissitudes is passing the evening became the most popular man in the City, and

of canvas, and some of the members of his family. "The 'turn out," says an esteemed contributor, whose memory is a store-house of local MR E. P. HINGSTON, who acted as agent for poor ARTEMUS WARD, wrote a book Bridge; and, in half an hour afterwards, 'The about that pleasant humorist, which has at Great Mogul's Temple of Magic' displayed its mysterious attractions to the wondering eyes of man," was a happy hit, taking and descriptive. the young Glasgow of the period 'at the small charge of one penny.' At that time, the new 'gun trick' was the rage, and D. P. not only exepithet applies even more closely than it did to hibited it, but showed how the feat was done. The public rewarded his frankness by flocking withal was as agreeable as it was refreshing, so far beyond its limits that many were content sugar. Our Showman's geniality is pure and which then lasted for six or eight weeks—was simple, unmingled with the slightest spice of over, D. P. appeared like a giant refreshed, in a bitter. DAVID PRINCE MILLER is one of the new suit, and a new show with wooden walls, most amiable of men-modest, simple, good- and invited his admirers to seats in his 'Temple natured, upright, merry and wise, a laughing of the Drama,' to share in the joys and sorrows philosopher. He is but a Showman, to be sure, of 'The Warlock of the Glen.' This bold step and he professes to be no more; but he is one drew down on the rising entrepreneur's head, the himself-and yet few men are so widely known. Patentee of the Theatre Royal, who could not 'brook a rival near the throne;' and, after a short anything unkind of PRINCE MILLER. Per- legal round, poor D. P. was worsted and cast haps it is one of the highest testimonials to into jail. His seemingly hard fate was the prethe esteem in which he is held, that the Justices, cursor of good fortune. The citizens showed the though so chary in such matters, felt themselves genuine British spirit, by giving all their sympaat liberty to license his little place of entertain- thies to the weaker combatant over-powered by of a long day in comparative comfort and repose. had little levees in prison attended by all who Mr MILLER has himself told some of his ex- took an interest in the drama and its professors. periences as a wanderer in an entertaining book, Among others who showed warm sympathy with which is for the second or third time out of the captive "professional" were Mr R. B. HARDY print. He first appeared in Glasgow about the and the members of the Glasgow Shakespeare year 1838, and made his entry to the City in a club, a literary society which was then in the character more useful than imposing. The honest itinerant played the part of horse to a cluded in its ranks many gentlemen of both light cart containing a few sticks, a piece or two position and culture. With the aid of these

prospecity to compensate for many a blighting bis H's.



Provest Netter sate No. 1 and No. 1

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 32. Glasgow, Wednesday, May 28th, 1873. Price 1d

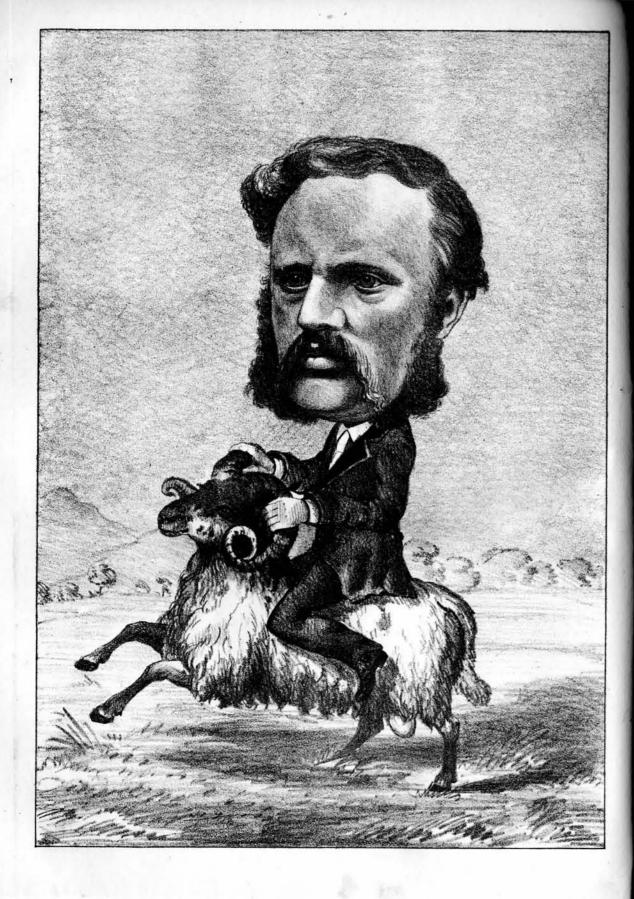
MEN YOU KNOW-No. 32.

THE ram is a beast of some consequence in the world. Indeed, he has always been an animal of mark-a butting, ill-conditioned brute, ever ready to run his head at a stone wall, or anything else which came in his way as an obstacle and raised his ire. He and his horn decorated front were constituted by the ancients an emblem of power. The idea was embodied in the ponderous beam, armed with a ram's head in iron, which was used in overthrowing towers and ramparts. We perpetuate the notion ourselves in our hydraulic rams, and in our latest development of the man-of-war. Altogether, the ram must be held to occupy a respectable position in creation, decidedly superior to that of the ass which has always been a beast of burden. We take great care of rams. We wash them, and keep them clean, and employ Town Councillors of great cities in concocting artful juices for their comfort from tobacco and other herbs. There may be some question as to the propriety of mounting a mere citizen on a beast of such consequence, but the BAILIE's limner has done it, and let us hope that the ram may forgive the offence. The artist is not so far wrong in his notion after all; for it must be confessed that to some extent the "Man You Know" owes his rise in the world to the ram; and it must also be admitted that, having risen in the world, he is beginning to butt with the aid of his mount. Councillor MALCOLM M'EWAN, of the Second Ward, went into the Council five years ago, on the Green question-for the people's rights, of course. He was a political pupil of Bailie MOIR, and, although not now in the same groove, loves the great "Tribune" with the love of a son for a father. MALCOLM cares not a fig for ruling Bailies or Ward Committees. He cometh and

be men of uncommon discernment.

goeth like the winds, as he listeth. Takes a trip to Louisiana every summer to inspect his tobacco plantation with as much sang froid as he would walk out to smoke his weed among his ancestral oaks in the woods of "Shinty-Haugh." The fuming Committee of Public Safety of the Ward may put him through his facings on his return. He but asks them—"What do you want, gentlemen?" They reply—"The 'ways' of Barrowfield Toll and the interests of the people generally of that ancient and important locality have been neglected while you were from home, and we cannot submit to it." MALCOLM retorts-" Well, gentlemen, do you want me to be your slave, and neglect my own business? Really, gentlemen "—— MALCOLM always fights with polished weapons—"Is this liberal? Is this like the nineteenth century? I do not think it is fair. Were you Councillors yourselves, would you do better?" And so the allusion to slavery and liberality closes the mouths of his enemies, and opens those of his friends, and with three cheers MALCOLM is re-established on his throne in Camlachie. The entrance into the Council of the two stormy petrels from the district where MALCOLM reigned supreme somewhat upset his equanimity. He was decidedly green eyed for a time, and had nearly joined the ranks of the "Preservatives;" but, after some mutual fencing, he has thought better of it, and taken up the cry of, "We're a' job, jobbing." Ves, MALCOLM has coalesced with his confreres of the east, and in face of this alliance the magisterial preserves must be in danger. MAL-COLM'S coolness among his born subjects in the east does not desert him in the Council. There he wags his chin-for he eschews a beard-with the wisest of the elders. Of good voice, of fluent speech, plausible manners, and sarcastic tongue, he stands his own with the best.' The Lord Provost may rise to put him down, but the

children under five years of age.



Provost meets his match. MALCOLM smiles winningly on the "potent signior," and says-"My dear Lord Provost, I am in perfect order; just allow me to go on;" and the Provost, with an appealing look to his henchmen, who cannot help him, subsides and listens. The way cleared MALCOLM proceeds and rides his ram full tilt at abuses and their perpetrators. Down goes the TOM PINCH mutters sotto voce blessings; " PEKOE" - what a nickname for Councillors to give a magnate!-feels abashed; and the "underground workmen" in a mass are in sore confusion as the cantankerous creature goes butting about, nobody knowing whose shins may and rides his animal with discretion, he may really prove of service to the city. He is doing capital work, it is said, in connection with the great sewage question, driving obstacles out of the road like a good one, and clearing the ground for a settlement of the affair on a sensible and practical basis. If he only continues as he has begun, and improves in his equitation by practice on the ram, the BAILIE will on any great occasion lend him the Ass.

To those whom it may Concern.

THE BAILIE is not given to weather prognosticating. He, nevertheless, is not yet without hopes of seeing this summer some sun-shiny and warm days. With this fond expectation he looks forward to the pleasure of "doing" the Parks occasionally, and in order that his enmarred, he ventures to throw out a hint. Said duty it is to keep the walks free from canine intrusion, might extend the assiduity they have displayed in former years in expelling dogs of every description, by also hounding out or runis to strut about the walks and ogle impertinently the fair creatures whose only physical recreation is to be had in the vicinity made uncomfortable by their presence.

A HINT TO THE MALTHUSIANS.—Send the superfluous babies to Greenock. The children die off there like leaves in autumn (you may use any other simile you choose which means that they die thickly and fast). Greenock has the highest rate of mortality in Scotland, and last month more than half the deaths were those of because having so often to "decern" they should children under five years of age.

"Notes, notes, forsooth, and Noting!"

A NEW star has risen in the musical firmament. Aiken drum, gentlest of critics, ever mindful that the struggling artists' bread and butter depend upon thy fiat, hide thy diminished head behind thine own lang ladle! Jack Daw, who hast lately dressed thyself in borrowed feathers, and commenced cawing on the banks "Ancient," betrayer meeting the fate of betrayed; of the blue Danube, cease thy exultant whistling of, "Oft in the Stilly night!" Henceforth there are no more cakes and ale for either of you, for the Scotsman has a new critic, who astonished the world by a series of fantastic variations on the music sung at the Choral Union's last Cathedral concert. So we read that "a slight be the next to suffer. If MALCOLM takes care, hesitation to take up the first notes was noticeable," as if the chorus were an unlucky speculator who failed to comply with the "notice" to take up his "notes" at the bank on the fourth of the month. "Notes, notes, forsooth, and noting. These are the very crotchets that he speaks." And as Balthazar says to Don Pedro,

"Note this before my notes, There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting."

Then "the voices were nicely blended, and chimed in very sweetly together." Certainly. If the voices were nicely blended, they must have chimed in sweetly, and the second half of the sentence was needless. "The working up of the chorus was done with care," as if the performance were a mechanical job, with Mr Lambeth as head carpenter. The "voicing," whatever that may be, "had a tendency to be flat," but elsewhere it was all right, and the voices are iovment, and that of many others, may not be described as "catching each other," like children playing at hide-and-seek. To quote hint is, that his friends of the "force," whose Benedick this time,-" An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him."

A contributor, who is not aware that the joke ning in the numerous puppies whose delight it has appeared before, inquires, "What does the Ass say to this?—Why is Edinburgh the meanest city in the kingdom ?—Because there you can buy a Scotsman for a penny. Why is Glasgow meaner still ?—Because there you can buy a Citizen for a halfpenny." The BAILIE prints this on the same principle that a gamekeeper nails vermin against the barn door.

> "SEE AT A GLANCE."-Q. Why should the Sheriff of Lanarkshire and his Substitutes be far-seeing men ?—A. Everywhy. But specially be men of uncommon discernment.

A Sketch of my Life.

MR BAILIE,—I send you a few words about my life, which must interest your readers.

I began life when I was ten years of age. At that period I entered this great city with twopence in my pocket. You see what I am nowthe great head of the firm John Jones & Coy. Sir, I can say with pride that I have made my

My nephew, Reginald, was complaining to me the other day that his hours-from 9 to 6-were rather long. I told him that, in my youth, I worked from 6 to 9, and he saw what I was now.

My income is £5000 per annum. I gave £2 as a subscription to the university. I always put a penny in the plate, and oftener twopence. Sir, I am an elder.

It is well known that, when I dine with my friend Watson, and the rest of that circle—it is well-known, I say—that I tell some —— good stories. Indeed, I flatter myself that I am witty.

The only persons I cannot stand are the Glasgow electors. Sir, I was once a candidate for a ward—an ungrateful ward. The electors of this ward, knowing that I lived in Park Circus, preferred to me a grocer-my family grocer. I withdrew my custom, and am now looking the list of bankrupts.

You, however, BAILIE, are an honour to the magistracy.

The Ass, strong in his profession of Good Templarism, took a holiday on Thursday, and went to Gourock-fatal village. He has been seen since, "sairly disjaskit." In reply to the upbraidings of the BAILIE's cashier, with whom he sought an early interview on Saturday, he replied "that it was the custom," and that he was no worse than his neighbours. The BAILIE hesitates before giving currency to this scandal, and even, should it have some groundwork, he would answer the animale in one of its own formulas,

> "Sae muckle the waur, Rab, Sae muckle the waur."

"THE LARGEST CIRCULATION."-Bank notes.

STILL WATERS.—Whisky.

CROSS PURPOSES .- Bridgeton X (Cross). the pavement is up again.

LINES TO "MOFFAT WELL."

By a (partially) Insane Visitor.

'TWOULD tak' a poet's pen to tell The virtues rare o' Moffat Well, For poetry he'd hae nae time, An' sae maun be content wi' rhyme.

This water, drunk in mornin' gill, Cures every diabolic ill That's vexed the brain, or dull'd the bluid, E'er sin' the time o' Noah's flood.

It cures the "blues," and slockens love, Joins mortal foes like hand an' glove; It mak's ye fat, or mak's ye lean, The hearin' gleg, an' clear the e'en.

It strengthens love, if that's yer prayer, Brings roun' a lass, gin ye'll speak fair; It cures a' ills, e'en povertie-Gars witches, ghaists, an' rascals flee.

A man vexed wi' a fashious wife, Wha's naggin' tongue wad shorten life, Just brings her up for daily dram, An' doun she goes as quiet's a lamb.

An' mony a dour, cantankerous chiel, Wha'd thresh his wife, or fricht the deil. Gangs back new honeymoon to spend, An' a' his after life to mend.

Sae, here's a health to Moffat Well! I ken fu' brawly by mysel'. I came here crabbit like a deil :-I'll sune get hame fat, fresh, an' weel.

The BAILIE observes that a meeting was held ast week for "augmenting the smaller livings of the clergy;" and, while he thinks the clergy are entitled to all they get, still he is of opinion that a few philanthropic gentlemen might form themselves into a committee, having for its object the augmenting of the much "smaller livings of the clerks." Of course, this doesn't include Town

TO THOSE (S)CAMPS AT STRATHB***O.— Tak' tent.

"HANG OUT OUR BANNERS."-So many bare poles on her Majesty's birth-day indicated a flagging interest.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—Families, by becoming members of the "General Supply Association (Limited)," 93 St. Vincent Street, not only save 15 to 20 per Cent. on whatever they get at he Association Stores, and from 5 to 20 per Cent. on all their Purchases at twenty or thirty other Warehouses, but they get a tDividend besides. - Advt.

The Balle.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

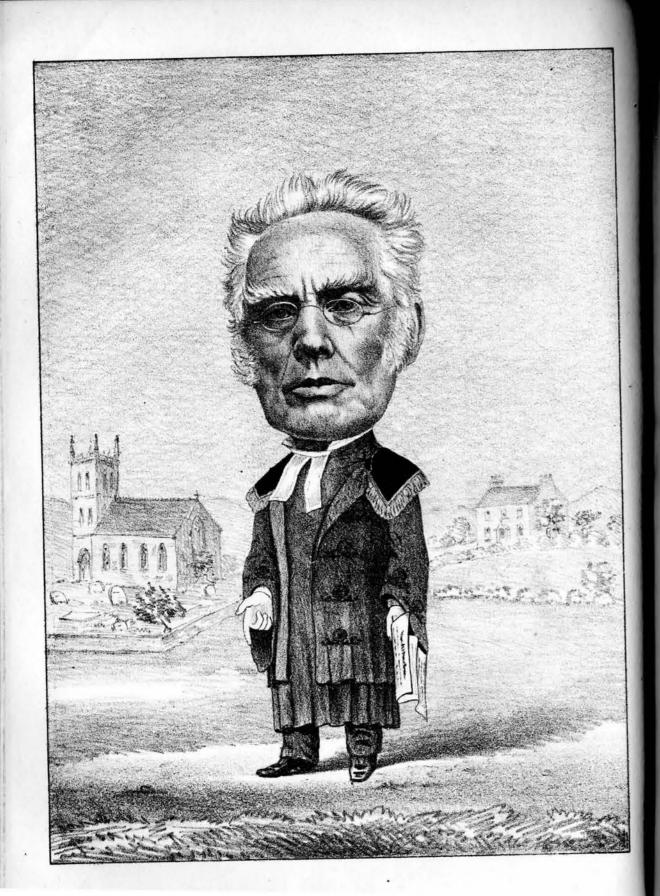
Glasgow, Wednesday, June 4th, 1873.

Price Id

MEN YOU KNOW-No. 33.

struck admiration; but it is for General Assemblies that he reserves his intensest feelings. There which did nothing but "spout and spout and Moderator, Dr GILLAN of Inchinnan. This spout away in one weak, washy, everlasting lood." This is the opinion of the wicked world, climacteric, and was ordained more than forty but it is not that of the BAILIE and other sober- years ago-does not appear to believe that we minded persons. The BAILIE is consumed with are growing daily from bad to worse, and that, regret that business of an important nature pre- if we had a due sense of our position, we should vented him from being present in the Free Assem- wear such uncomfortable raiment as sackcloth bly the other day when that eminent man and and ashes, and cry aloud, "Unclean, unclean" brother and Moderator, Dr DUFF, delivered the in the streets or the columns of that edifying history of the world in six hours thirty minutes sheet, the Daily Review, according to taste. He and forty-five seconds, and in nineteen octavo is rather a cheery old gentleman, capable of volumes. To listen to this succinct and careful seeing that there are two sides to the shield, and resume of all that has been said and done from that, in spite of Solomon, all is not vanity and the time Adam was taken in by his wife until vexation of spirit. The Doctor is the very one of their descendants took the chair at last model of a popular parish clergyman. When he Free Assembly must have been a delight was in St. John's, in this city, he made himself unspeakable to the well-regulated mind. Hear- the delight of his people. He was really the ing would be all the more agreeable to the pastor of the flock, mixing with them daily, serious since the speaker's ruling idea from knowing their lives, watching and guiding them, beginning to end was that the world was making and with just a touch of not reprehensible

haste to the devil each succeeding year with accelerated speed. A Yankee commentator on Dr DUFF was heard to say last week that BEING a devout person who likes to stand "Jeremiah was some punkins in the way of well with "the cloth," the BAILIE takes a Lamentations, but he wasn't a circumstance to warm interest in the proceedings of the Church Dr DUFF." This person's levity was extremely Courts of his land. He is respectfully observant reprehensible. The good doctor's Jeremiad was of Presbyteries; Synods he regards with awe- doubtless proportioned in length to the depth of the iniquity with which it dealt. But if the BAILIE was one of the wicked, in the gall of sin are worldly-minded persons who declare that of and bond of iniquity, he would have pronounced all the palavering gatherings for which this age it a woeful weariness to the flesh, and neither of babble is distinguished, the Church Courts more nor less than the undigested outpourings of a are the worst; that, while at other meetings man incapable of forming an intelligent judgment nonsense only flows in infant rills, at Presby- concerning the matters of which he was talking. teries, Synods, and Assemblies it is poured Dr DUFF, like many other well-meaning clergyforth in floods; and that if the average Member men, looks out, quite unconscious that the world of Parliament is a twaddling nuisance, the aver- he sees is not the real world. He is not aware age Minister, when he gets on his legs and gets that he wears spectacles, which distort his vision "Moderator and brethren" out of his mouth, is and change the hue of all the prospect. A very worse than CASTLEREAGH and BYRON'S pump different stamp of clergyman is his brother



worldly wisdom, taking special care that their Sunday footsteps took the road to his own particular church. He did not see them once a week from the pulpit, and give himself up to polite society for the remainder of the time. His guardianship was so close that he knew his sheep by headmark; his crook was always on hand, and the flock liked it, and respected the pastor. Dr GILLAN never took up this or that particular crotchet, and constituted it and himself a plague to the public, but in any movement which meant progress, and not galling restraint, he was always to be found in the van. He was not one of those weak creatures who profess to have "a mission." His "mission" was to be what he was-a parish minister-and he knew the calling well, and did its duties thoroughly. He was a clergyman by breed, his grandfather having been a minister, as was his father, and as would be his son, as he was fond of saying himself. He had the true clerical instinct, such as it is found in the best examples of the Scottish minister, and was as much respected as he was warmly liked. The characteristics of his ministrations here he has transferred to Inchinnan, where he maintains "the Manse," and all that these two words mean to a Scottish ear in all their integrity. Dr GILLAN has written books, but he is not a great author. His fame rests on his personal influence as a good preacher, an eloquent lecturer, and a warm-hearted, liberalminded man, with wisdom enough to make his counsel desirable to his fellows, and wit and humour enough to render his companionship an acquisition. If he had lived in India, and had his liver burned, he might possibly have cried, "Woe, woe," like the prophet JONAH and Dr DUFF, and have furnished the Daily Review with matter enough for a supplementary supplement; but, happily for the Established Assembly. his digestion and his biliary secretions seem to be healthy, and there is no doubt that religious views may be influenced a good deal by the state of the stomach and the liver. It is a curious reflection that, under certain circumstances, a Cockle's pill might save some hundreds of clergymen hours of torture and spare a news-

LAST WEEK'S AMUSEMENTS.—The Union fizzle and the races at Epsom.

paper the issue of an extra sheet.

distance runner.

THERE ha'e ye been this long time. Glasgow Deputation? "Oh, we've been up in London town, And strolling through it up and down, On business sent; but we've done brown Glasgow population."

How did you employ your time, Glasgow Deputation? "Employ our time? Think you we did What Glasgow people did us bid? Oh! no! for aye let saints forbid Such dementation.

"No, we knew a trick worth that, (Sleeky Deputation!) While simple, silly Glasgow folk, Amid their brain be-fogging smoke, Imagined that we were work--Ing convocation,

"Strolling through the streets were we. (Happy Deputation!) We scoured the town, on pleasure bent, And Cremorne Gardens did frequent, And all our time and 'tin' we spent In jolly recreation.

"Lots of money had we then (Whose, O Deputation?) The fun was bright and lasted long-The billiards, wine, and dance, and song, Combined, our pleasure to prolong. (Jolly Deputation!)

"The Glasgow folk we've nicely done. For work we perpetrated fun-Their money spent, then home we've run!" Smooth-faced Deputation.

parritch pat."

or a Grand Double Event.

HALL THAT GLITTERS.—Any of our palatial city "pubs." in the evening.

The BAILIE hastens to mollify his readers with the assurance that the perpetrator of this brilliant gem of wit has been sent to "the Drucken Island" without delay, and therefore is ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET .- M'Leavey, long- not likely to commit himself in a similar manner for a long time to come.]

Things we Don't Want to Learn.

THAT the price of butcher meat has advanced

That another halfpenny has been put on the

That the colliers are contemplating another

That a dog show is about to be opened in the

That our clerical adviser has been called to a

That the schools are about to close for their

That our mother-in-law intends shortly to pay

That our wife's unmarried sister has kindly

That we are expected to take them to all the

That the children will require new clothes

That a bazaar is about to be opened for the

That our cara sposa has been appointed one of

That the tenant who has taken the house in

That the eldest son is a performer on the

That our wife has become a member of a

That we are expected to mark our esteem of

That that fellow Grubbins, the poet, has been

That cold mutton will be the only dish at

"CALVES."-Dating from Queen's Park, a

contributor informs us that the people in Crosshill

are saying that it is quite evident the game of

foot-ball is developing some excellent calves, and that "the southern" clubs, particularly, may, if

they like, accept this as a compliment to a

TO HIS WORSHIP, THE BAILIE.—A penny

that fellow, Jenkins, by subscribing to a hand-

prevailed upon to print a small volume by sub-

scription, at "the request of numerous admirers."

That to-morrow is washing-day.

cornet, the second learning the sax-horn, while the

to appear respectable before their "dear grand-

purpose of liquidating the debt on our church.

the patronesses to receive donations.

young lady plays the piano.

Woman's Suffrage Society.

some testimonial.

few of their members.

for your thoughts.

dinner.

the flat below is "fond of a little music."

consented to accompany her maternal parent.

vicinity of our dwelling-house.

us that long-promised visit.

amusements in the City.

more extended sphere of usefulness.

That our "little bill" has become due.

two-lb. loaf.

annual holidays.

mamma."

strike.

BAILIE.—What is the next case?

ASSESSOR .- " Jim Sawdust, itinerant showman, accused of having assaulted his wife, as also using fire-arms to the danger of the lieges."

The prisoner denies the charge, and the case goes to trial.

duly sworn.)

before?

Policeman.—Yes; I saw him wi' my lantern. BAILIE.—Is he known to you as an itinerant

Policeman,-I don'no' what kind o' a showman

BAILIE.—Did you see him assault the com-

nobody but his wife there.

Policeman-No; he use a gun. BAILIE.—You said he used fire-arms?

Policeman.-No; I say he use a gun. BAILIE.-Well, was the gun charged?

Policeman.-Yes; I charge the two o' them. BAILIE.—You misunderstand me again. I want to know if the gun was charged at the time

Policeman.-Yes; I charge the two o' them to

Policeman (appealing to the Court Custodier)

Dugald—Yes, yes, my Lord; I'll bring it up. BAILIE.—It's quite unnecessary. Call next

(Policeman X 43 enters witness-box, and is

BAILIE.—Have you ever seen the prisoner

showman?

Policeman.-No; I didna see him assault

BAILIE.—Did he use a lethal weapon?

of the assault.

the office.

BAILIE.—I don't mean—

-Tugal, didna I charge this man an' his gun to

Folks would like to know-

THEN the subscription list for the Burns Monument is to be closed.

And where the monument is to be placed.

When the weir is to be removed. When the Kelvin is to be purified.

When the Tichborne case will be finished.

When butcher meat is to be cheaper.

When the waiting rooms are to be put up at the Broomielaw.

When the Green improvements are to be finished.

Who is the BAILIE'S Ass.

A RISE IN MEAL.—The boiling over of the

MARRIAGE.—A Mutual Eligibility Scheme.

Why is the farther terminus of the Wemyss Bay Railway a most sociable place? Because it looks Towards.

The Baille.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

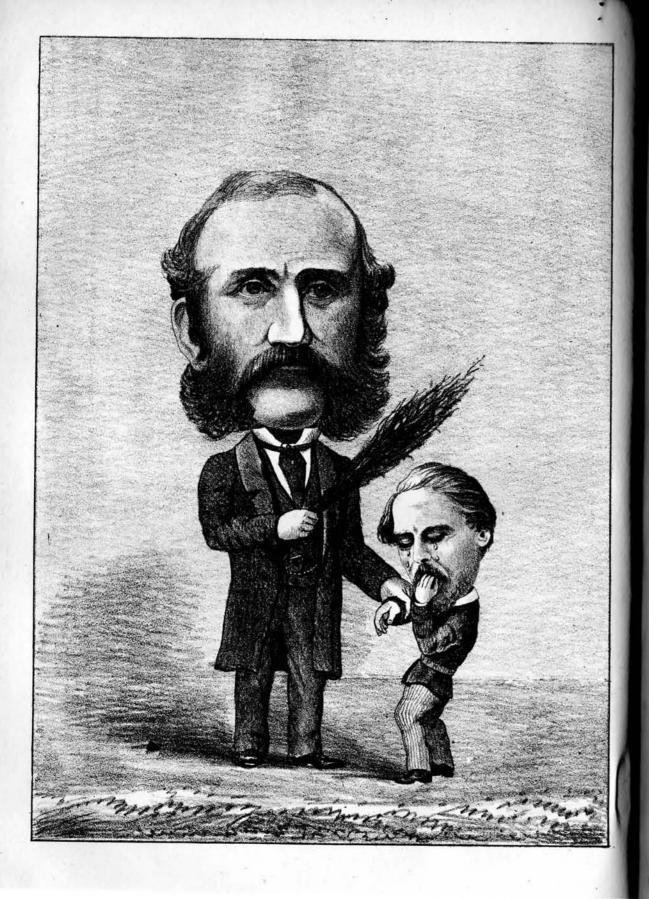
Glasgow, Wednesday, June 11th, 1873.

Price Id

MEN YOU KNOW-No. 34.

'OATBRIDGE' is the very antipodes of the Scotch or English country village or small town. It has no pleasant surroundings suggestive of simple rural life, with its placid days and quiet nights. There are no varied shades of green on which the eye may rest with enjoyment-no bits of bright colour to give cheerfulness to the landscape. It is grim and dingy out the town with mathematical precision.

Scots, and the most characteristic-but the son was, from the connection with the BAIRDS, "born in the purple," and his rise to fortune ensured. "Always provided," however, that he possessed those qualities which deserve fortune, for his uncles were not the men to advance him unworthily. He merely had unusually favourable chances of rising, and of these means he had the capacity to take advantage. Probably he would have made his way under any circumstances, but he could not have risen to throughout; smoky, sooty, and disagreeable; rank and position so soon—unless, indeed, he resounding night and day with the clang of had gone to America, and been one of the metal, the roar of escaping steam, and the stroke exceptionally fortunate people who "struck ile," of ponderous hammers coming down with blows or discovered such a golden prize as the Emma which shake the earth. No architect has laid Mine. He is now the representative man of the great Gartsherrie firm, with responsibilities equal Works and houses look as if they had been to those of the ruler of a small principality. tumbled out of a basket and left where they Yet in spite of the enormous cares which such a had fallen. Its best aspect is at midnight when post as that of a managing partner must impose the clouds are dark and lowering, and the rows in a concern like the BAIRDS', Mr WHITELAW of giant furnaces at Gartsherrie, Summerlee, finds time and takes the trouble to enact the and Langloan are sending up volumes of smoke laborious part of an active philanthropist. He and flame, reddening the heavens and flooding dispenses his wealth with noble generosity, and the whole neighbourhood with a lurid glow; with an absence of ostentation no less singular REMBRANDT never dreamed of more weird than admirable. He builds churches and en-"effects" in light and shade than are produced by this ever-present illumination. This is the civic magnates who give away a hundred or two great centre of the Scotch iron trade, the place for such purposes are more heard of than he. which gave it birth, and raised it to its present The tawdry sentiment of the couplet regarding development. It produced both iron and coal, the man who "did good by stealth and blushed and with these minerals the people to work to find it fame" would not apply to Mr WHITEthem in the persons of such men as the BAIRDS, LAW, whose mental fibre is too strong and who have made Gartsherrie famous, and who sound to vibrate with any mock modesty of that have been made famous by Gartsherrie-for the kind. What he does in the way of furthering obligation is mutual. The "Man you Know" church extension is done quietly, because it is an offshoot from the house, being the son of done for its own sake, and not for the purpose JANET, the elder daughter of its founder and of earning the right to blush. He is not content. head, ALEXANDER BAIRD, who died in 1833. however, with building churches and endowing Mr WHITELAW'S father was, like his father-in-them, he prepares the means of filling them by law, a well-to-do farmer—the sturdiest class of working zealously in the cause of education.



Long before the Government became sufficiently paternal to look after the teaching of poor children, the firm with which Mr WHITELAW is connected-and notably Mr WHITELAW himself-distinguished themselves by their solicitude for the proper training of youth. Their liberality in the erection of schools was exemplary, and, indeed, is exemplary to this good hour and day. Gartsherrie Academy is the finest public building in Coatbridge, and is a model in its way, not merely as regards structure, but as regards the instruction imparted within its walls. This fine institution, too, is only one of many owing its origin to the same generous source. If it were only from his experience in educational matters, it was peculiarly fitting that Mr WHITELAW should have been called upon, as he was, to assume the chair of the local Education Board. Little was known to the general public of his capacity as homme d' affaires until he accepted this office. But from what has already been seen of his conduct in the chair, a most favourable opinion has been formed of his fitness for the post. His rule will evidently be no less firm than just, strong and beneficent, lenient to the eccentricities of HOPPS and the vagaries of LONG, and yet careful to restrain them within due bounds. Getting such men as Mr WHITELAW and Mr JAMES A. CAMPBELL into the public service is really a matter on which the citizens of Glasgow may congratulate themselves. They are men whose standing is recognised, who have no paltry ends to serve, no petty ambitions to gratify, and who may be trusted to act with the nicest regard for honour in all that comes within the sphere of their office. Had we a few such in the Council the barking of the East-end watch-dogs would be silenced, because unnecessary.

Excursionist, at first station before reaching Callander, as train is going off:- "Guard guard! Is this the up or the 'Doune' Train.' Guard says he'll be upsides with him yet.

INTERESTING TALES.—Seeing the Mail is advertising the new tale, entitled, "Sixty per Cent.," as one of "enormous interest," the BAILIE has secured the valuable services of a commercial gentleman-an "Emma" shareholder-to write a tale of "compound interest."

THE MOST SUBSTANTIAL THOROUGHFARE IN GLASGOW.—Al-ston Street.

The Calumniated President.

WAS there ever such an ill-used man a "Sandy," the miners' secretary—we be pardon, Mr Macdonald, president of the National Miners' Association ? President Macdonald !don't laugh. His latest calumniator has been Mr William Burns, who has stated that the agitation respecting the "special rules" originated with him. Now, as "Sandy," or the "President," as he would rather be called, declared last week, everybody knows that in this agitation he acted the part of peacemaker, and prevented any violent action on the side of his followers. Why, if his own stories may be believed—and who says they mayn't?—Sandy, instead of being the Bull of Bashan he is usually represented, is one of the most gentle of mankind-the mildest manner'd man that ever "caused a strike." Surely, oh surely after this new appeal, Mr Burns will see the error of his ways, and asperse the angelic president no more.

"A' amang the Barley."

DISTINGUISHED member of the Dum-A barton Ancient Order of Red Noses, writes to the BAILIE, saying, he understands Sam stated in public, lately, that care would be taken none of the barley at present being grown on the Corporation Model Farm would be allowed to find its way into what he is pleased to call the 'whisky shops." Our correspondent of the D. A. O. R. N. further premises, that Sam's policy in this is in promotion of the interests of his faithful henchmen, the Knights of the Pump. Our rubicund member of the Ancient Orders is disposed, however, to think that in this matter, Samuel has acted neither wisely nor well for his party, inasmuch as the pimply nosed brethren, being all competent judges of good liquor, would in all likelihood if they had understood that the College Burn barley could possibly have been introduced into their favourite "howffs," have gone in a body to Bailie Buchanan, and put in a request for "Bibs" all round, in order to save themselves from a possible contingency o poisoning.

THE COOLIE TRADE.-Manufacture of Kilmarnock night caps.

GLASGOW RIFLE ASSOCIATION.—House of Commons Committee Rooms..

GREENOCK NEWS .- "Watts a' the steer."

"Hang out our Banners."

SOME considerable time since an advertisement appeared in our local prints offering a handsome premium by the Directors of the Glasgow Tramways Company for the best. Harrison-not to St. Stephen's, but to the place method of preventing accidents. Since then nothing has been heard publicly of either money or invention; and the only step that has apparently been taken to obviate the sacrifice of life and limb has been the pasting of placards about right or ten feet from the ground warning boys from leaping on to the tramways at the different his Parliamentary preposterous procedure. An stations. Shade of Macquorn Rankine, what a falling off is here, my countrymen! It is rather melancholy to think that in the City of Invention, the townsmen of James Watt could propose nothing more brilliant than the sticking up of bills; and even supposing that the parties | Tracts.' whom the warning addresses were all capable of reading, the height that it is placed from the ground renders it nearly impossible, unless they possess "a pair o' patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of extra power." The BAILIE had occasion to visit Edinburgh recently, and was much struck by the manner in which the guards in "Scotia's darling seat" perform their duties. When a person wishes to ascend or alight, the car is stopped-not that half stoppage which still keeps it running, and is the fruitful cause of accidents, but brought to a stand and when the conductor is paid his fare, he receives it with an amount of good breeding and civility which is conspicuous by its absence in Glasgow. Meanwhile our local Juggernaut still claims its victims; and as if to confirm the Impression, the BAILIE witnessed in Sauchiehall Street, the other day, a handsomely attired lady thrown upon her back in the dust while attempting to alight while the car was in motion; and in Eglinton Street, an old gentlemen was dragged along and fell to the ground, in consequence of not having the presence of mind to release his hold when he descended from the car. These and many more serious occurrences ought to be avoided. If the time is too short to make the run and allow for stoppages, it will only be extended, and the conductor compelled to have an assistant to collect fares, when some heavy compensation claims are awarded against the directors of the Company.

"LONG DISQUIET MERGED IN REST."-The appointment of the Rev. James Jeffery to the pastorate of Erskine U.P. Church.

Our M.P.'s "in Esse" and "in Posse.

THE BAILIE is glad to learn that the Electors of the Kilmarnock district of Burghs, have almost unanimously decided to return Mr from whence he came. Some of them consider that he might try his luck with the Leith district, the constituents in that cluster being about to deal gently, but decidedly with R. A. M., by relieving him from his duties, or his crotchets, or whatever else may be the descriptive designation due to address is in preparation, intended to quiet the thoughts of the irrepressible "Mac" to an altogether different sphere of usefulness, for which he is unquestionably qualified, i.e., the calling of "City Missionary"—and "Distributor of

Mr Harrison while supporting Leith on his shoulder like another "Atlas" would elevate the importance of Musselburgh, as he intended to promote Renfrew and Dumbarton.

" Musselburgh was a burgh when Edinburgh was nane, And Musselburgh will be a burgh when Edinburgh's gane."

At least, so said "Thomas the Rhymer" or some other ancient prophet.

Joppa might also be taken in by the Herculean Harrison, who would in "Wee Portobello" doubtless revive the ancient glory and grandeur of the historical and scriptural "Joppa."

The BAILIE is informed that there is in all probability a vacancy near at hand in the representation of Glasgow. The Honourable George is likely to be elevated to the peerage under the title of Baron Bumptious. This reward of merit and modesty is creditable to H. M. present advisers. It is also pleasing to know that the Electors, and the Shareholders of the Emma Mine, intend to present the honourable gentleman with a most elegant Silver Tea Set, so soon as sufficient quality of "pure ore" can be received from Utah.

The Caledonian and North British Railway have "initialed the heads of an agreement for the division of certain competitive coaching traffic and the withdrawal of competing new lines," which means in the vernacular in use every day, that the companies have combined in order that they may the better fleece the public.

MORRISON'S PILLS. - City Improvement Trust Reports.

The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

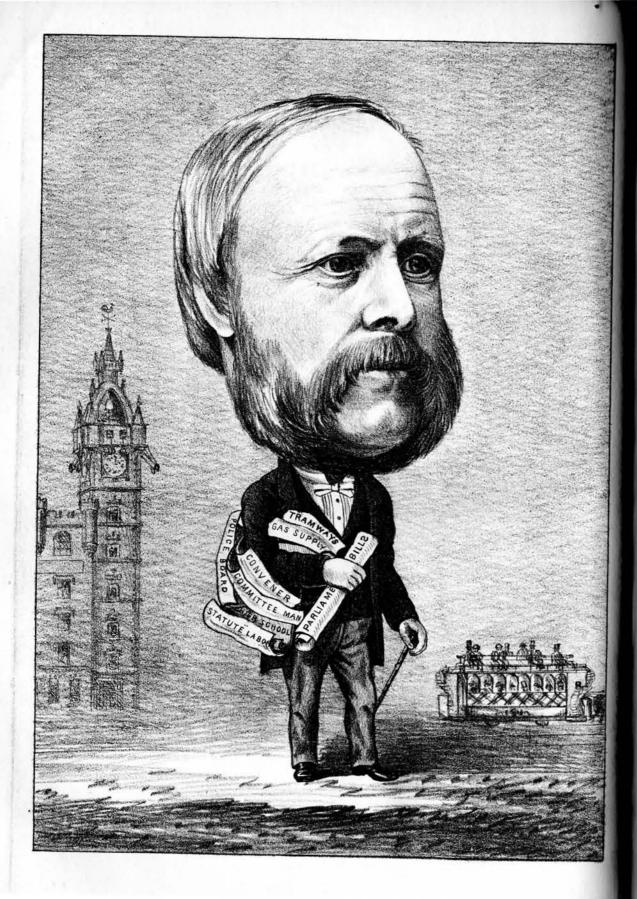
Glasgow, Wednesday, June 18th, 1873.

Price Id

MEN YOU KNOW-No. 35.

IN former days, when pirates infested the high remarkable success in this line. That worthy ominous blazon of the skull and cross-bones thought the qualification for respectability amply flaunted it gaily in the breeze, to the terror of met if the candidate kept a gig, but Ex-Bailie timid merchantmen, it was customary for the MILLER keeps a carriage. Besides, he looks the latter, in order to scare the rovers, to mount a part to as much perfection as if he had been a great display of wooden guns. Amongst these model "figger" specially got up as a sample were one or two of genuine metal, so that a shot municipal dignitary. Decent man, he looks it only, or two might be fired to delude the enemy. The for in reality he is-well it might be sinful, if wooden guns were, by a flash of sea wit, termed not libellous, to call an Ex-Bailie stupid; but "quakers,"—an apt allusion to their uselessness there can be no harm in saying that there are for work. We have, in the Town Council of one or two cleverer men in the Council. The Glasgow, a number of members who, without managers put him forward as a great authority much straining of metaphor, may be termed in financial matters, capable of doing extra-"quakers." "Dumb dogs they are and cannot ordinary things with figures, and of picking holes bark." They simply serve to count in divisions. in the most accurate accounts. If anyone cares For any other purpose they are of no more to know what he is worth as an accountant, or service than stocks or stones. Indeed, they are the quantity of plain common-sense he posesses, of dis-service to the public interest, because they let reference be made to the blue-book containare as plastic as wax under the manipulation of ing his examination before a Parliamentary the clever ones who "know a thing or two." Committee in connection with the Pawnbroking But there is another class of Councillors who question in Glasgow. Mr AYRTON was chairare equally useful in the hands of "the talent," and ten times more useful because they are quite conjuror, but he made the unfortunate "Man unconscious that they are turned to account. you Know" look as pitiful as the Claimant Fussy, consequential, self-important personages under the cross-examination of the Attorney they are for all that. It seems to be essential, indeed, under the present regime in the Council, that times over, and then brought him by another a certain proportion of the Bailies and other man-road to contradict it just as often. This aging men should be eminently respectable, but valuable quality of being dull, pre-eminently not overwise. A really clever man from the respectable, and pliable—and yet looking clever outside, with strong will and strong sense, at one and the same time-is so highly appregetting into the inner circle, would be apt to ciated by the gentlemen who manage us all, that make sad havoc with the little projects of the Ex-Bailie MILLER enjoys quite a plurality of sages who work the oracle. It is necessary, offices. Of the Finance, Law, Property, &c., therefore, that the managing body should be Committee, he is Convener; High School Comlargely recruited from that variety of the human mittee, Sub-Convener; Parliamentary Bills species which wears black cloth and fine linen, Committee, Member; Gas Supply Committee,

which looks as wise and is as dull as the owl. The gentlemen who selected Ex-Bailie WILLIAM MILLER for promotion achieved a seas, and the black ensign bearing the man is sublimely respectable. SYDNEY SMITH man of that Committee-and Mr AYRTON is no General. He made him give his opinion a dozen



Sub-Convener; Gas Works Committee, Member; Gas Finance Committee, Convener; Tramways Accounts Committee, Sub-Convener; Stirling's Library Committee, Member; Police Finance Committee, Convener; Statute Labour Committee, Member; Health Committee, Member; Police Parliamentary Committee, Sub-Convener; Purchase of Property, Convener; Disposal of Assessment Objections Committee, Convener. This is a goodly list of offices. Even a man of consummate ability might hesitate to undertake the discharge of duties so multifarious; but Ex-Bailie MILLER has the courage. Whether he does the work or no, he looks as if he did; and that is what is wanted of him by the gentlemen who place him in office. Like all other respectable men, Ex-Bailie MILLER is eminently moral-in fact, he is nothing, if not moral. To raise the morality of the citizens to an approximation to the high standard of his own, he shut up the back-doors of the publichouses; he caused panes of glass to be placed in the doors of public-house boxes to serve the same purpose for which spy-holes are placed in the cell doors of criminals; and, in short, he showed, and continues to show, every disposition to whip with scorpions those of the public who cannot afford to be immoral in private. Ex-Bailie MILLER is a gentleman for whom the BAILIE, who is not "Ex," entertains the very highest respect as one of the most distinguished dignitaries of his acquaintance. There is no man in the City more thoroughly respectable.

THE ASS "UPON HOW TO PREVENT TRAM-WAY ACCIDENTS."-Having nothing to do with the cars.

What direction should purchasers of plants take on leaving the Botanic Gardens?-The Buyers' Road.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE .- A bad thirdthe third-class carriages on the Glasgow and South-Western (Greenock) Railway,

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS."-The BAILIE has been informed that, since the institution of music in the parks, the police have been relieved of all trouble with canine trespassers, the playing of the bands being quite sufficient to effect a clearance of dogs of all kinds, who, it is well known, "are never merry when they hear sweet The Curious Inquire-

WHETHER Councillor Martin did not chuckle loudly when reading of the Dunbar magistrate being sent to prison?

Whether his delight might not be even more demonstrative on learning that one of our own local Bailies had been similarly treated?

Whether the Parks Committee placed the bands in the Kelvingrove Park and the Green, con amore, or without pressure?

Whether Councillor Macbean aspires to any higher honour than that attaching to the Convenership of the Parks and Galleries Trust?

Whether there is any of the special "newspaper enterprise" latent in Glasgow?

Whether, if there be, it will rival in prominence that which gave rise to the query "Who Stole the Murder?"

Whether "the little theatre" will again be redolent of the sawdust before long?

Whether there will be an annual Scott spectacle produced at the Royal this autumn?

Whether, if there be, there will be any greater attraction than the scenery?

Marrying and giving in Marriage.

THE advice given by Lola Montez to some of her young lady friends-"Marry young and marry often," must be carried out, one would think, in this "gude toun o' Sanct Mungo." Would any one believe that, among every 10,000 of our population, there were celebrated last year no fewer than 104 marriages! Verily, this is marrying with a vengeance. The Ass would like to know, he remarks, how many of these were foolish, and how many were wise ones; and also, what proportion of the wives and husbands felt, at the end of the year, that they had brought their pigs to a bad market, and rued their bargains accordingly. Paisley, after Glasgow, seems the most marrying place in the country, while the canny folk of Perth and Aberdeen are at the other end of the scale, marriage in these places being something like 30 per cent. less popular than it is here.

ANOTHER DISTINCTION TO GLASGOW .-The elevation of the Senior Member to the Chairmanship of the Commons' Kitchen Com-

EASTERN CHIVALRY.—The Bridgeton Bowling Tournament.

What are Folk Saying?

WHAT are folk saying about the City and its affairs?

THEY ARE SAYING:-

That the new fish market will be a rather imposing edifice.

That it will be one of the lions of the city.

what species of animal the wild beasts perched on its pediment belong.

That the Helensburgh people are vastly proud

of their pier.

That the pier is a curiosity in its way.

That it's perhaps the most ill-constructed and

awkward pier on the Clyde.

That the new pier to be built by the North British Co. will be a pleasant thing for Coast travellers.

That at the last Quarter Sessions J.P. Appeal Court the Justices were amazingly gracious towards the publican interest.

That the weather has become very warm at

That there was a heavy hail-storm at Johnstone on Thursday.

That the hail-stones were as big as marbles. That the boys used them for playing at mar-

bles in the streets.

That this, at all events, was reported by one of the Glasgow newspapers.

That the report in question was a bit of "newspaper enterprise."

That the Kibble Art Palace will be opened on Friday next.

That the opening will be a success.

That the success won't be confined to the opening ceremony, but will be permanent.

That Rose Leclercq is a finer actress than Carlotta.

That the calling of a stock-broker is a moral and honourable one.

That the calling of a book-maker is neither the one nor the other.

That excursion bands, playing below your window at 6 a.m., are a nuisance.

That the tramway journey from Bridgeton to Cranstonhill gives the passenger the value of his fare.

That H. A. Long's letter in the Herald on Saturday was a literary curiosity.

That it is to be hoped his Green audiences understood all the classical references it contained. (lines of leading of the manife

That the BAILIE hopes he understood them himself.

That Page Hopps was not present at the meeting of the Glasgow School Board last week.

That it was found quite possible to get on without him; and that he may plead "urgent private affairs" as often as he likes.

That considerable doubt is entertained as to The Paisley Encampment: Military Command during Skirmishing.

> OFFICER.—Lie down there mon. Tak' care o' yer neb. The enemy'll clink yer head aff-(obedient foreigner obeys).

A military weaver, going to the encampment against his master's wishes, has unfortunately lost his lim(b).

The "Miller and his men;" the "Major and his Company."

A BAD JOB FOR SOME FOLKS .-- At a Good Templar meeting in Galston, the other evening, the chairman-who, rather superfluously, remarked at the outset of his speech, that "he was very young"-said, "He held that the Order of Good Templarism was absolutely requisite to the welfare of all, both here and hereafter." What does a Wicked World think of that young man from the country? There is a sucking bigot for you! Or-let us be charitable, and believe what is most likely the case—that the youth does not know the meaning of the words

THOU DRAW'ST A COUNTERFEIT BEST IN ALL ATHENS.—Timon—The other night the Ass from his stall saw several of the Burns Statue Committee in the Theatre Royal. He presumes the object of their visit was to critically view the works of the celebrated sculptor, Pygmalion. The Ass loves thistles-consequently, Scotland -and consequently thinks that there would be something per-Phidias in giving the Burns Statue to a Greek.

CRECHE-ER COMFORTS.—Those of the public nursery recently opened in Calton for the children of working women.

THE STATUS OF THE STATUES.—Hermione made a(n)ice figure in "Winter's Tale;" Galatea awakes in "Midsummer Nights' Dream."

THE ASIAN MYSTERY.—The Fall of Khiva.