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CHILDREN AND SOME STRANGERS
WITHIN THEIR CATE

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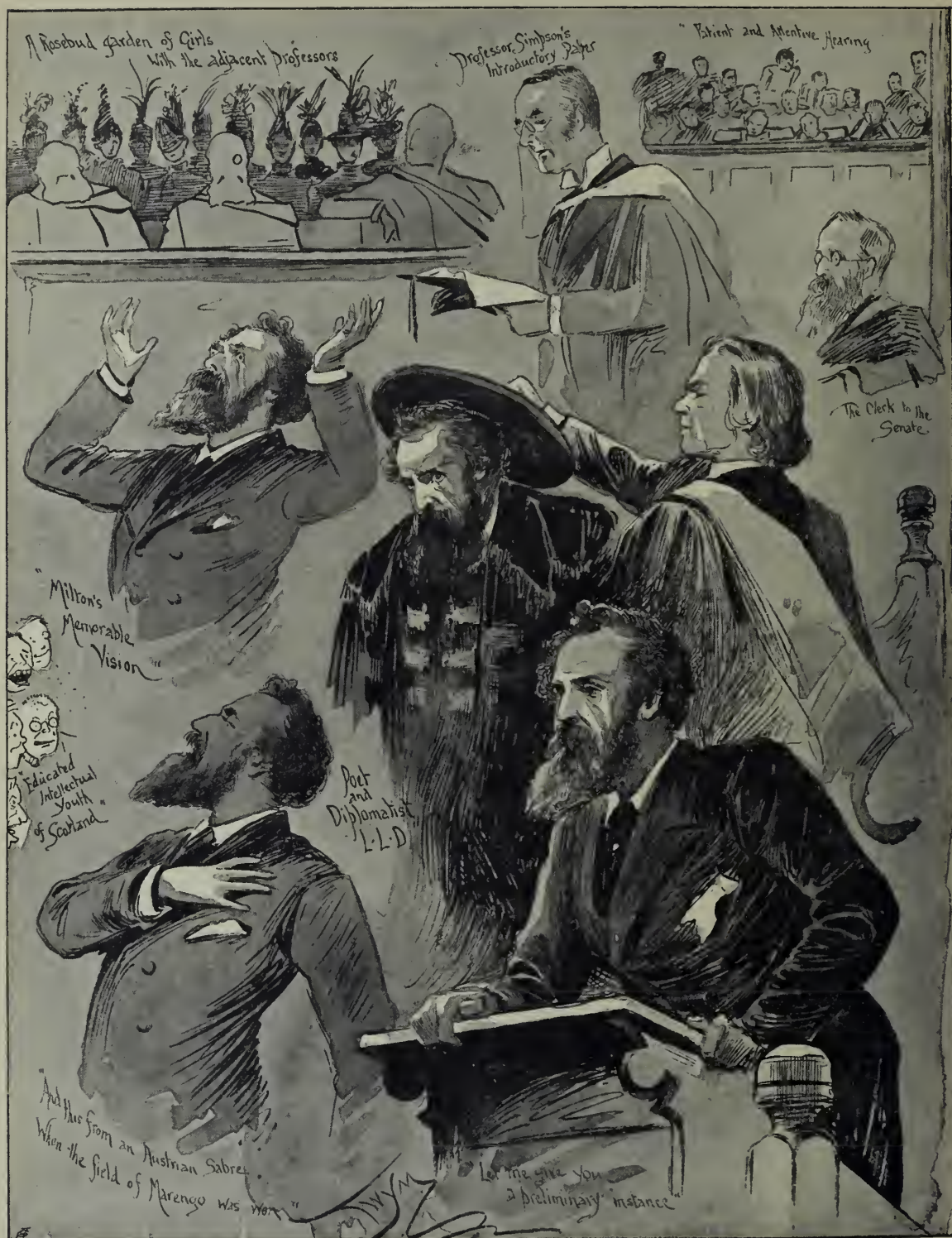
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GLASGOW MEN AND WOMEN



THE EARL OF LYTTON AS LORD RECTOR OF GLASGOW UNIVERSITY

Frontispiece

11
GLASGOW
MEN AND WOMEN 11

THEIR CHILDREN
AND SOME STRANGERS
WITHIN THEIR GATES

A SELECTION FROM THE SKETCHES OF TWYM

BY

A. S. BOYD 11

LONDON
HODDER AND STOUGHTON

27 PATERNOSTER ROW

1905

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THE LIBRARY
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INTRODUCTION

HERE is a book about Glasgow; not the Glasgow known to our young friends in their teens, or remembered by those in their early twenties, but the Glasgow familiar to their fathers and mothers when *they* were in their teens and early twenties. That was away back in the 'eighties, before the days of electric light in the streets, electric cars, an intricate internal railway system, the new art galleries, and all the other improvements of which I—a stranger almost in Glasgow now—am only dimly cognisant. We considered Glasgow in those days, as many thousands do now, to be a very good place to live in. We had some rather jolly times. We took an easy and good-humoured view of things in general; and if the pages of this book convey any other impression, then they fail in their purpose. The two weekly papers in which the sketches originally appeared tried to minister to this easy-going good humour.

One of these papers is dead; let us speak of it respectfully. The other was its senior, and is its survivor; let us speak even more respectfully of it—the *Bailie*, which, dating from 1872, has for over a generation been one of the recognised institutions of Glasgow. It is, and has always been, essentially a local journal. Though every now and then portraits of personages who are prominent outside Glasgow circles have appeared in its pages, it is Glasgow alone that forms the *Bailie's* chief concern.

As the experience of three and thirty years has shown, the life of Glasgow—municipal, political, social, artistic—abounds in ample material for criticism and comment, humorous or otherwise. All sorts and conditions of Glasgow folk have, I am told, contributed to the *Bailie*—Doctors of Divinity, Doctors of Laws, Doctors of Medicine, Members of Parliament, Bailies and Lord Provosts, among others—but the anonymity of the contributors has always been preserved, and to that anonymity may be ascribed some portion at least of the paper's success. The one individuality that has become known to the citizens in connection with the *Bailie*, and whose name I may therefore be permitted to mention, is that of John D. Gray, who has occupied the position of manager from its origin to the present time. The *Bailie* at its beginning had practically the same modest aspect that it has at present. It had fewer pages, and beyond the cartoon portrait of Lord Provost James Watson, it had no attempt at illustration. Of the more fully illustrated papers of the kind that had been tried in Glasgow, *Quiz* was the only one that had anything like success. It published its first number in March 1881, and it lasted, through several changes of proprietorship, for about twenty years. Its first editor was William Robertson; its dramatic critic John Reid; its business manager Arnot Reid. These three friends did the greater part of the writing, both in prose and verse, in the earlier years. The design on the cover was by Martin Anderson, afterwards widely known as "Cynicus," who contributed many of his quaint conceits to the paper, a later artist contributor being Harrington Mann. The great proportion of sketches fell to the lot of "Twym," and it is from these that most of the present selection has been made.

William Robertson, after a lingering illness that lasted

for more than five years, died at his mother's home in Alva on the 24th December 1889; and Arnot Reid, whose connection with *Quiz* ceased when he went to London—and onwards to Singapore, where he edited the *Straits Times*—is buried at Tonbridge in Kent, where he died on the 21st July 1901.

As in the case of the *Bailie*, the writers in *Quiz* were anonymous. The columns of gossip and criticism were signed, but only by pen-names that did not reveal the identity of the authors. There is no need now for withholding names. I have already mentioned John Reid, who was an untiring contributor. His "Chronicle of Small Beer" did not appear in *Quiz*, however, and indeed was not written till some time after he had stopped writing for the paper. Another writer was James Nicol Dunn, lately editor of the *Morning Post*, and now of the *Manchester Courier*; while contributions (chiefly poetical) from John Davidson, the late Dr. James H. Stoddart, and Sheriff Spens have also appeared in *Quiz*. I am speaking, of course, only of the first seven years or so, all I can speak of, in the career of *Quiz*. That some of the contents of the paper were of more than passing interest may be conceded, as several reprints have been made from its pages.⁽¹⁾ We remember the "Martha Spreull" of Henry Johnston, the "Law Lyrics" of Robert Bird, and the "Sweet Briar" of James Strang, while the dainty "Wayside Vignettes" of William Canton are, most of them, to be found in his subsequently published volumes of poetry. The drawings of "Cynicus" also have been republished in various forms, and two albums of "Twym's" sketches have been issued, 1882 and 1883.

The identity of "Twym" was never much of a secret, I daresay. I used to be asked frequently what my pseudonym meant. If there are still any friends curious on the point, it

may interest them to know that the word was only an arbitrary combination of letters, and had no meaning whatever.

My last contribution to *Quiz*—the Prince and Princess of Wales at the Exhibition—appears in this volume, as does my first contribution to the *Bailie*, Lord Lytton at the University. One drawing has not appeared in either of these papers. The sketches I made when the Queen visited the exhibition were for the *Graphic*, and I have had permission to make use of the drawing done at the time from my sketches in making a new page for this book.

It would not have occurred to me to drag these sketches from the obscurity of the past, were it not that an undoubted authority informed me, in a moment of confidence, that a book of this kind would be an unquestioned benefit to the men and women of Glasgow and to the strangers within their gates. He, in short, commanded their re-publication. And so the original proofs were looked out and selected. They were also carefully revised, a line being strengthened or added here, a line being lessened or eliminated there, and new blocks were made on a slightly reduced scale for the purposes of this volume.

When I look over the faces and figures herein revived, and when I consider how many of those they are meant to represent have passed away for ever, the collection seems a trifle antiquated ; but when I remember that many of the personages are still living and working, in Glasgow or in other parts of the world, some in the enjoyment of higher place and power and title, I am disposed to think the subjects quite modern, up-to-date, and possessed of sufficient interest to warrant their resuscitation.

For the notes that accompany the sketches, I had thoughts of beseeching the aid of one or other of my Glasgow literary friends—my old comrade of *Quiz*, John Reid, perhaps, or Henry

Johnston, or George Eyre-Todd, or J. J. Bell, or Neil Munro—or of my wife; but if any of these sparkling pens had come into play, where would my sketches have been beside their erudite romantic humour? As this book was meant more to be looked at than to be read, I thought that those who cared to inspect the drawings would not object to have a plain word or two from the man who made them, instead of something more brilliant from a real literary person.

It is as something of a veteran that I speak in these notes, but I trust I am not too garrulous or egotistical. The notes are not meant to contain much information, but such as they do contain is, to the best of my knowledge, to be depended on.

And now begins the little reminiscent show and the running commentary by the showman.

A. S. B.

LONDON,
November 1905.

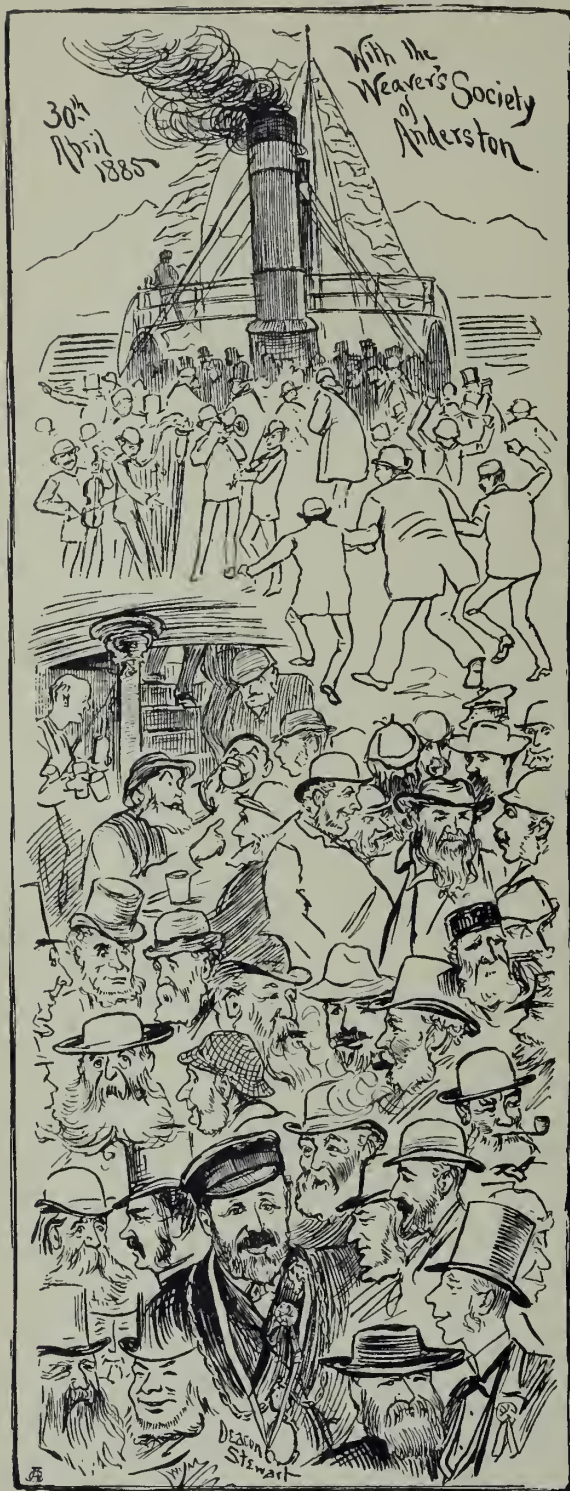
GLASGOW MEN AND WOMEN

THE FOUNDATION-STONE

LET us begin with matters municipal and with a notable event. On the 6th of October, 1883, the foundation-stone of the new Municipal Buildings in George Square was laid. There had been a good deal of excitement and much preparation, for although Glasgow was making a purely domestic thing of it, a sort of family party, and was to be independent of Royalty or of any other distinguished person from the outside, there was to be a considerable spectacle, a procession of the trades with banners and all kinds of music. There were triumphal arches and other signs of gorgeousness in the Square. A great area was given up to grand stands and platforms for the accommodation of the innumerable people who wanted to see the deed done. The man who did the deed was one esteemed worthy the honour of doing it, Lord Provost John Ure, who was going out of office in a few weeks time. There is a back view of the Lord Provost here in the robes that were, if I mistake not, a new adjunct to the dignity of the Glasgow magistrates. But you will notice that when the real business of the day had to be undertaken, the Lord Provost doffed his robes and went to his work in a workman-like manner.

Everybody was pleased, everybody was proud, and as many as the City Hall could hold dined there in the evening and drank success to the building that would grow over the stone declared to be well and truly laid.





A RECEPTION AND AN OUTING

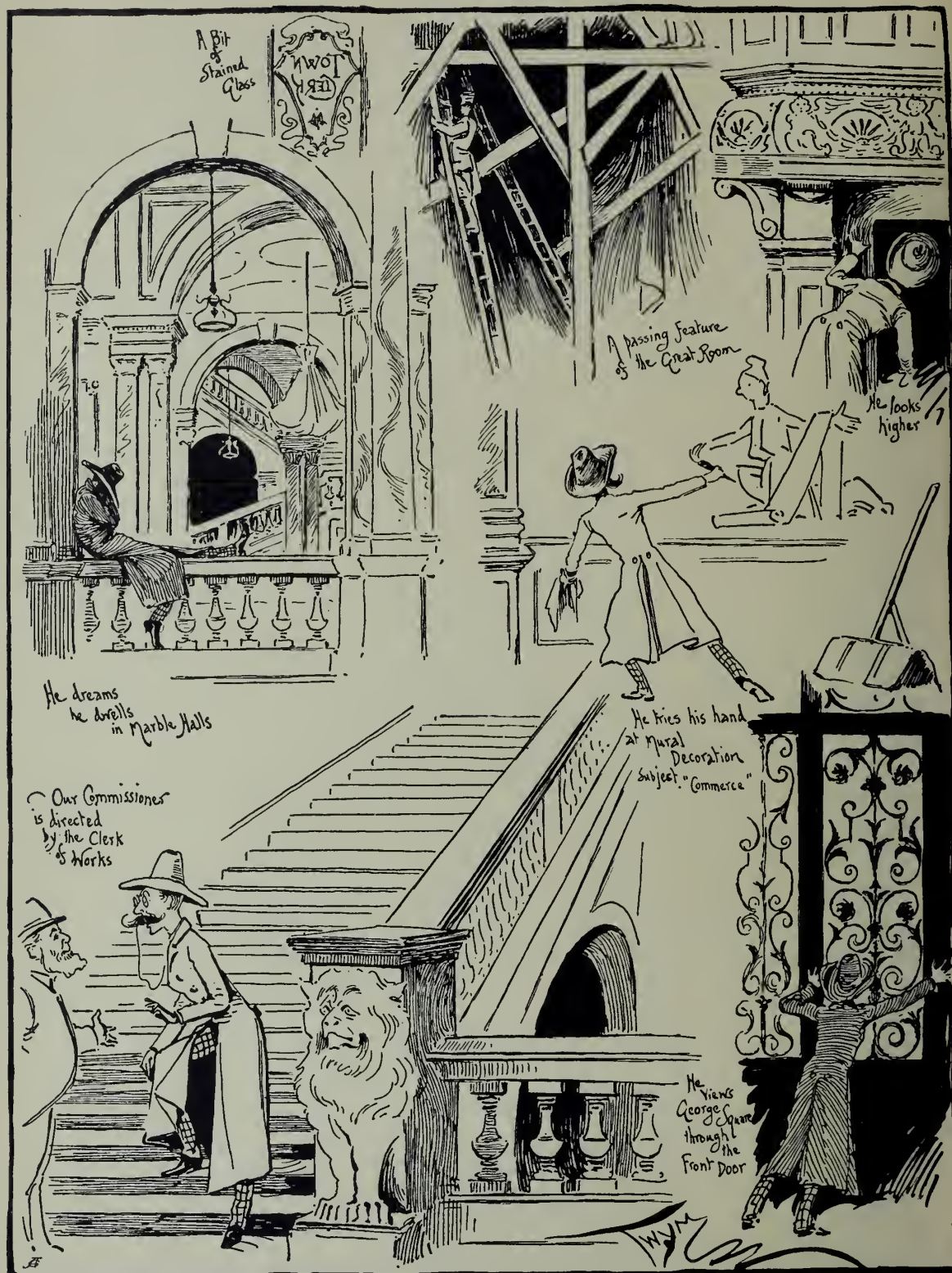
IT fell to Lord Provost William McOnie, appropriately enough, to entertain the members of the Iron and Steel Institute when, in September 1885, they held their conference in Glasgow under the presidency of Dr. John Percy. The reception was in the Corporation Galleries, where indeed the meetings of the Conference had been held. It was said that the pictures were in no way the worse by contact with the Conference, but how could Art suffer if Iron and Steel were happy?

And here we have iron and steel, in the form of the steamer *Scotia*, doing their best to make things comfortable for the Weavers' Society of Anderston, one of those ancient organisations that form an essential part of the constitution of Glasgow. The annual outing seems to be early in the year. It is only the end of April, but the weather is a foretaste of summer, the destination of the party Lamlash, and the Deacon of the year Mr. Archibald Stewart.

THE JUBILEE BALL

THE next municipal even there in recorded falls on the 16th of June, 1887, on which date Glasgow celebrated the Jubilee of Queen Victoria. Lord Provost McOnie had given place to Lord Provost James King, by this time a Jubilee Knight, and Sir James presided over the local celebrations. There was a Volunteer review on the Green during the day, which was a hot one, and in the evening a ball given in St. Andrew's Halls. That this was a festive gathering is perhaps sufficiently indicated in the sketches ; that it was loyal may be taken for granted.





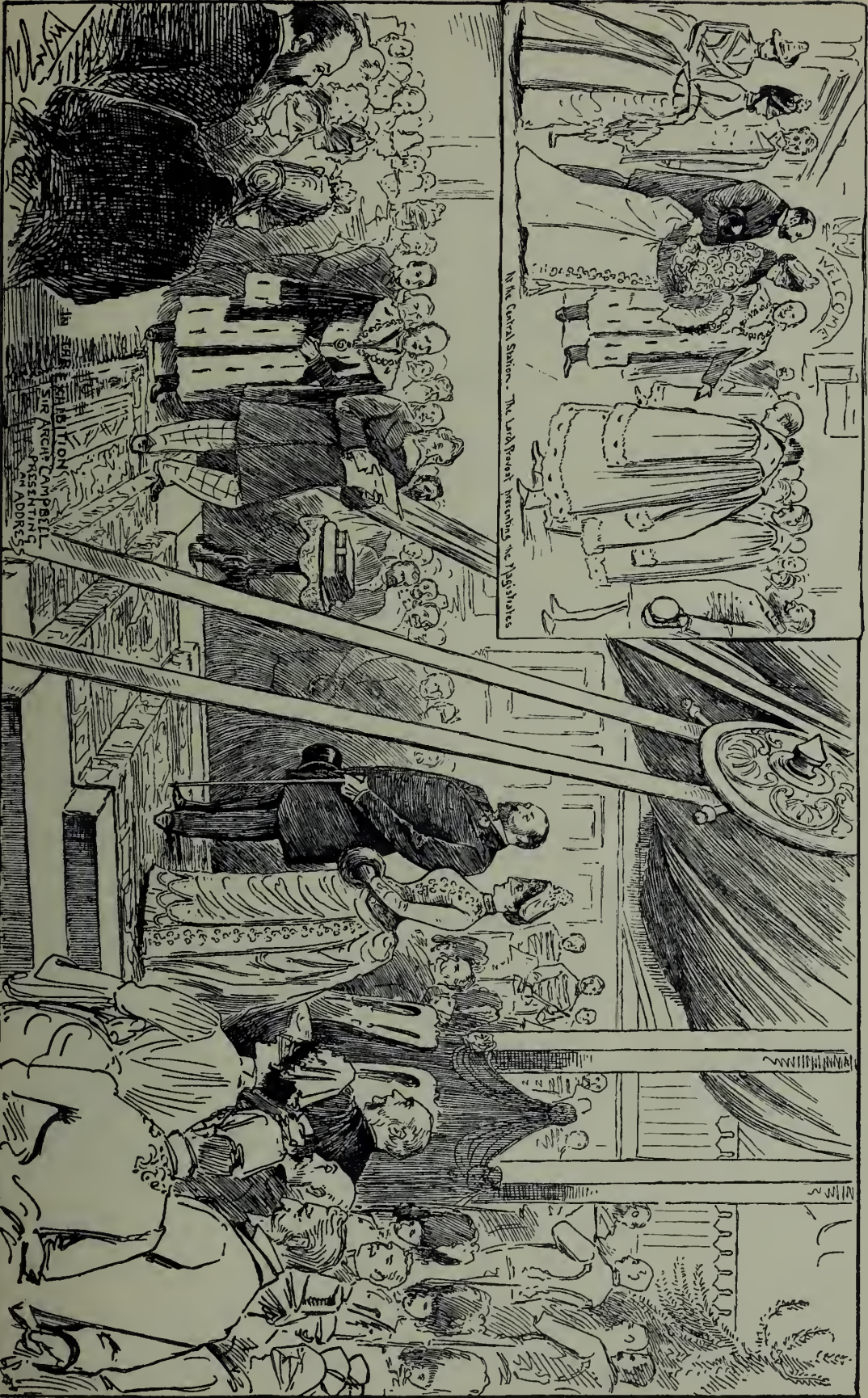
THE MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS

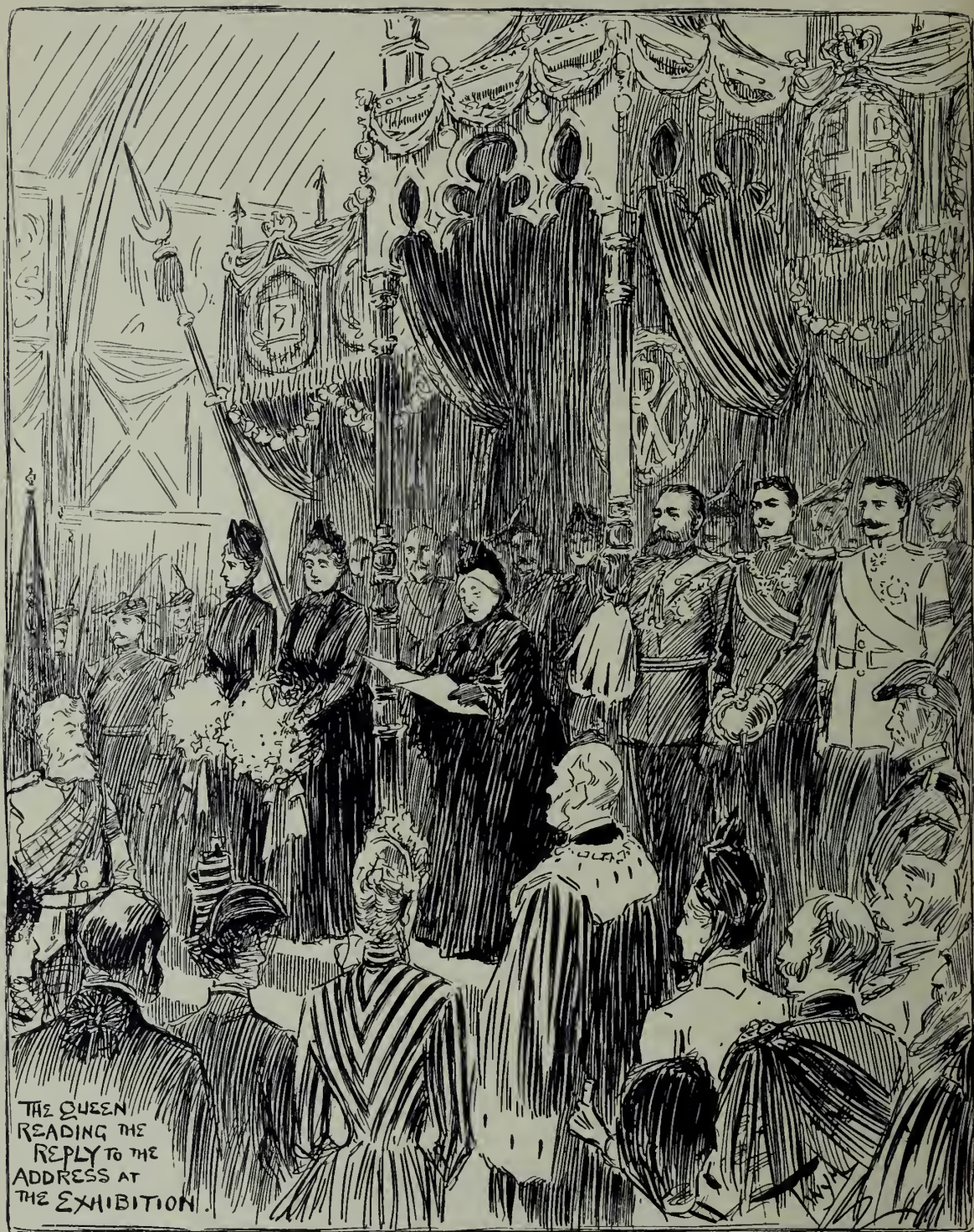
A MYTHICAL being, supposed to be the Special Commissioner of the *Bailie*, is here represented as inspecting the interior of the magnificent new buildings, reared from the designs of Mr. William Young, and at that time being carried well on towards the finishing touches.

OPENING OF THE EXHIBITION

THE International Exhibition of 1888 was a large item in that part of Glasgow history with which we have to deal. We deal with the exhibition on its two great occasions only, the first being the opening ceremony by the then Prince and Princess of Wales, who brought a glorious day with them for the purpose.

The day was the sixth of May. The Grand Hall of the Exhibition was crowded for hours before the advent of the Royal party. As there was music enough to listen to, and much to look at in the individuals composing the crowd, nobody felt the time hang heavy. After the Prince and Princess came and had taken up their position on the dais, the formal opening of the Exhibition did not take long. Dr. Donald Macleod delivered the prayer; Sir Archibald Campbell read the Address; Sir James King presented to the Princess the Album containing water-colour sketches given by members of the Glasgow Art Club; Dr. A. C. Mackenzie conducted his "New Covenant," and the Prince of Wales in a short speech declared the Exhibition open.





THE QUEEN
READING THE
REPLY TO THE
ADDRESS AT
THE EXHIBITION.

QUEEN VICTORIA AT THE EXHIBITION

THE Exhibition had been a success beyond all expectations, and its crowning glory was the visit of the Queen. Her Majesty paid two visits; one, in State, on the 22nd of August, and another privately on the 24th. Accompanying the Queen were the Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg, the Grand Duke of Hesse and his son the Hereditary Grand Duke, besides his daughter the sweet-faced Princess Alix, who is now Empress of Russia. Her Majesty had not been in Glasgow since 1849, and comparatively few of those who saw her then can have turned out to see her nine-and-thirty years after. Few or many however, I have no doubt they were as enthusiastic in their welcome to the venerable Queen as they had been to her in their younger days, and as their younger fellow citizens were on these fine days of August '88. The Queen was the guest of Sir Archibald and Lady Campbell at Blythswood, and besides going to the Exhibition, the Queen visited the Municipal Buildings and Queen Margaret College; Paisley also coming in for a share of the royal attention.

Among those who were presented to the Queen at the Exhibition was the architect of the Buildings, Mr. James Sellars. His lamented death occurred in October, before the close of the great show he had done so much to make memorable.

Mr. John Lavery was commissioned by the Executive to paint an important picture of the Queen in the Exhibition, and his work now hangs in the permanent collection at Kelvingrove.

THE SHAH OF PERSIA

NASR-ED-DIN, afterwards assassinated in the streets of his own capital, was what is called an "enlightened monarch," and he wrote a book about his Western travels. At the time he visited Glasgow he was the guest of the Duke of Montrose. In the City he was taken first to the Council Chamber, where an exchange of compliments took place between His Oriental Majesty and the Lord Provost. After that he was conveyed to the Corporation Galleries, where a large party sat down with him to lunch. Prince Malcom Khan acted as interpreter of the formal speeches, but as for the conversation at lunch, so far as I remember noticing, there was nothing very animated. It is just possible that Sir James King had learned the Persian for "good," "bad," and "middling," pronouncing these words emphatically or interrogatively to his guests on either hand as the various dishes came round. Even a Lord Provost can't get up an entire Oriental language for only one occasion, but three words properly applied go a long way in making one's self agreeable to an Asiatic Monarch.

The Boy
in
Luncheon



Presentation
of Consuls

The Shah's
Reply in the
Council Chamber



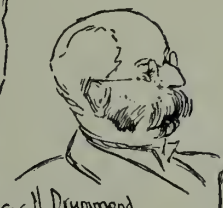
Prince
Malcom
Khan
Wonders
how it will
come in English



Sir James
Mackenzie



Sir John
McNeill



Sir Drummond
Wolff

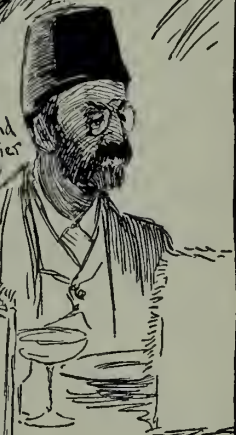


The Duke
and
Duchess
of
Montrose

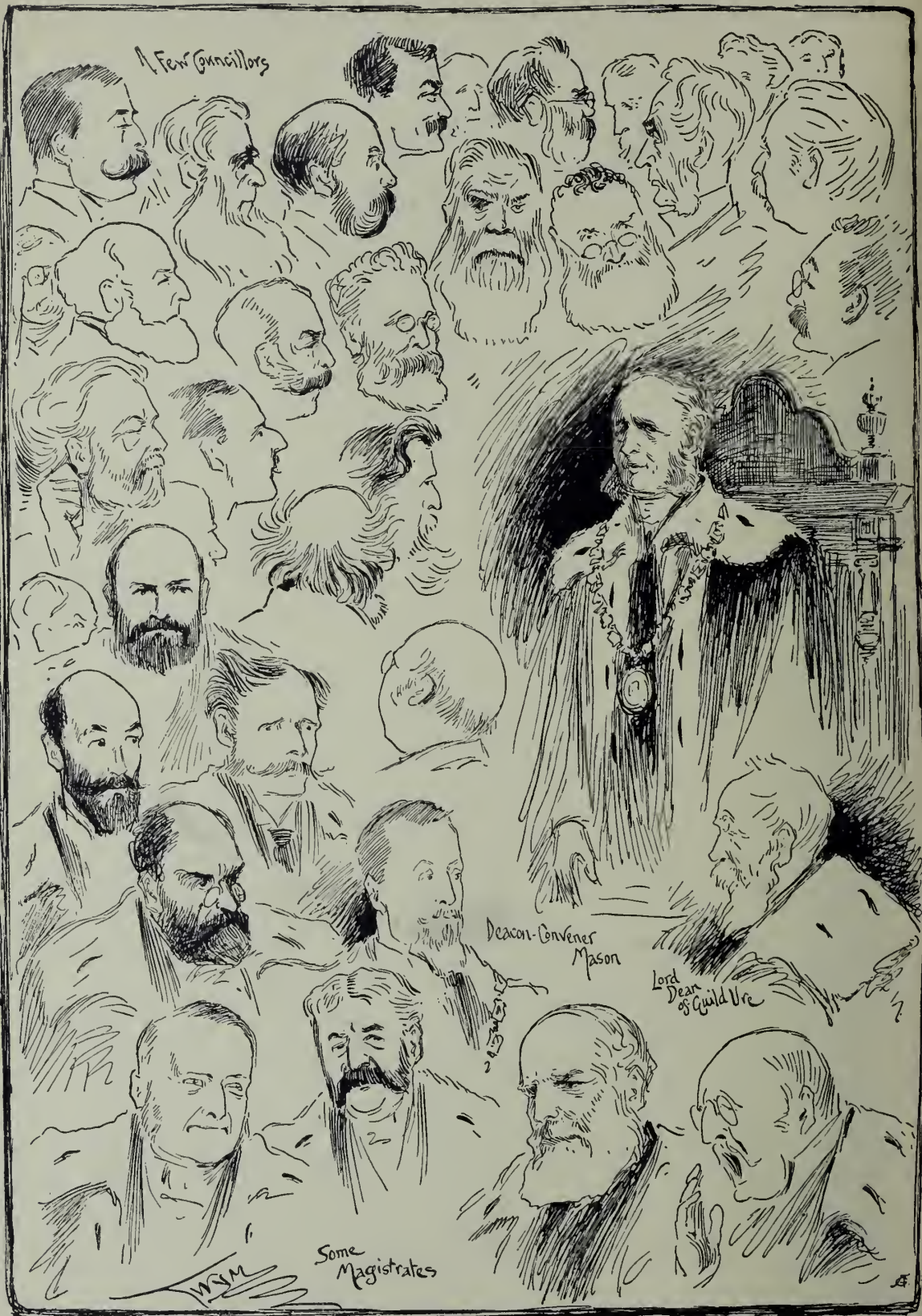
The Shah
presses the
Soup



The
Grand
Vizier



51 - The Fair Beauty and the Dark Ones



FIRST COUNCIL MEETING IN THE NEW CHAMBERS

IN September 1888, when Queen Victoria had an Address presented to her in the courtyard of the new buildings, Her Majesty's reply concluded with these words, "I gladly inaugurate these noble Municipal Buildings, which are worthy of the ancient renown and modern prosperity of your great city." It was not for more than a year afterwards that this first Council meeting was held under the palatial roof. Sir James King, we see, is still Chief Magistrate, but Lord Provost John Muir is not far off.

A CITY BALL

AND here is Lord Provost Muir taking advantage, in February 1891, of the splendid possibilities of the new chambers for purposes of reception and entertainment, possibilities that have been amply demonstrated by Sir John Muir's successors in office.





SHUNA

THIS western isle, two-and-a-half miles by one-and-a-quarter, one hundred acres being arable land, has belonged since 1829 to Glasgow, having been presented by James Yates, a native of the city. Few opportunities have been taken by the Corporation of visiting this twig of the civic tree, though now and again a small deputation has inspected the island. On the 7th of August 1890, a large party of the Council and their friends went by special train to Oban, where Bailie John Neil had placed his steam-yacht *Myrtle* at their disposal for the voyage to Shuna and back, a matter of two hours each way. It was a perfect day among the islands, one of those days that make the lot of even a Glasgow Magistrate a not unhappy one, one of those summer days that it is always pleasant to recall.

On the island a ten-months-old baby was waiting to be christened, no minister having been on Shuna earlier in the infant's career. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Edgar and Mr. Milligan, two clergymen who were of the municipal party. It was a proud quarter of an hour for the young shepherd and his wife, the parents, and the hat which was passed round obtained a substantial tocher for Mary Ann Myrtle, as the child had been named.

JOHN BRIGHT, LORD RECTOR

THIS is the most remote historical event recorded in our collection. The 22nd of March 1883, was the day on which a great audience crowded St. Andrew's Hall to hear John Bright deliver his address as Lord Rector of the University. This address, which I daresay had a good deal of the "Little England" element in it, is memorable chiefly for the speaker's earnest appeal on behalf of the wretched poor, and one remembers its impressive simplicity of eloquence as perhaps the finest example of platform oratory it has ever been one's lot to hear, even as the utterances of Principal John Caird live in the memory as being among the most eloquent ever delivered from the pulpit.

As Mr. Bright was emphasising one of his points he struck the mace in front of him and its head gave way. This was promptly replaced by Mr. Janitor Macpherson with one of his benignant smiles amid the howls of the delighted students.

Among the "new LL.D.s" in the sketch may be observed Mr. Henry Campbell-Bannerman, then a less prominent figure in the public eye than, as Sir Henry, he is in these later days.



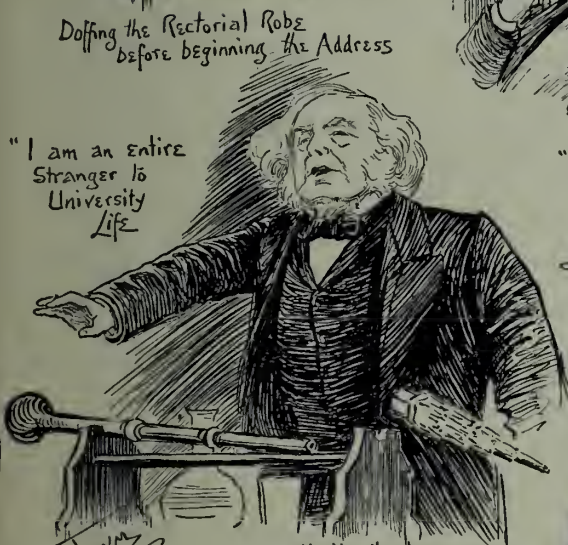
A NEW LLD

THE VERY REV. THE PRINCIPAL

THE NEW BURGESS

THE TOWN CLERK

THE LORD PROVOST



"I plead for these Millions"



MORE NEW LLD'S

Off with its Head — So much for Birmingham



IN THE MUSEUM
ANCIENTS AND
MODERNS
RECEPTION IN THE
RANDOLPH HALL.

THE BUTE HALL

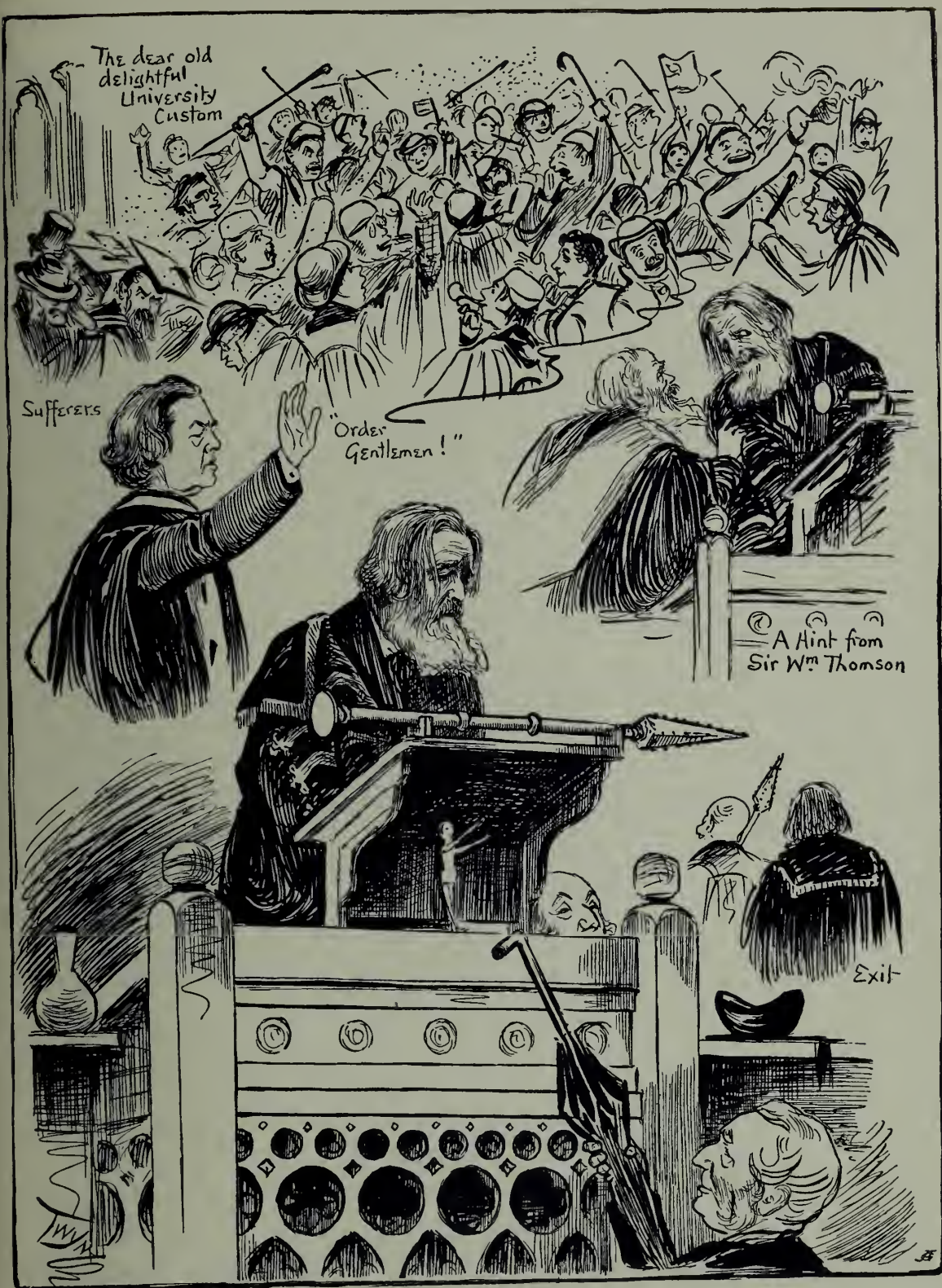
THE opening of this hall—named after its donor—in the University took place on the evening of 1st February 1884. Principal Caird in his robes received the guests in the Randolph Hall before they spread themselves over the floors and galleries of the larger apartment and penetrated to the museum. Everybody who had any claim to wear academic robes had put them on, and the effect as a whole was awe-inspiring, especially to those who felt comparatively unclothed in ordinary evening dress.

I have not been in the Bute Hall for many a day, but the one-and-twenty years that have passed since the opening night have removed most of the faces that may be recognised in the sketch and must have toned down the walls and fittings, whose newness was the occasion of this reception, giving something of a suitable air of antiquity to that part of the ancient seat of learning.

EDMUND LUSHINGTON, LORD RECTOR

THE venerable Professor Lushington was made Lord Rector on strictly non-political and purely academic grounds. It was a personal compliment on the part of the University in which he had so long held a chair, as gracefully bestowed as it was graciously accepted. Professor Lushington—one must make the inevitable reference to his being brother-in-law of Tennyson, who had “said things” about him in verse—was the first to deliver a Rectorial address in the Bute Hall. His address cannot have been heard by many beyond his immediate vicinity. The voice of the aged Lord Rector was more than usually feeble, the students were more than usually noisy, and even the hint that Sir William Thomson (now Lord Kelvin) quite evidently gave the speaker produced little improvement.

The wooden doll furtively placed under the reading-desk was of course a cause of some merriment. An umbrella wielded by the Janitor brought it down, but I never heard who retained the toy as a souvenir.





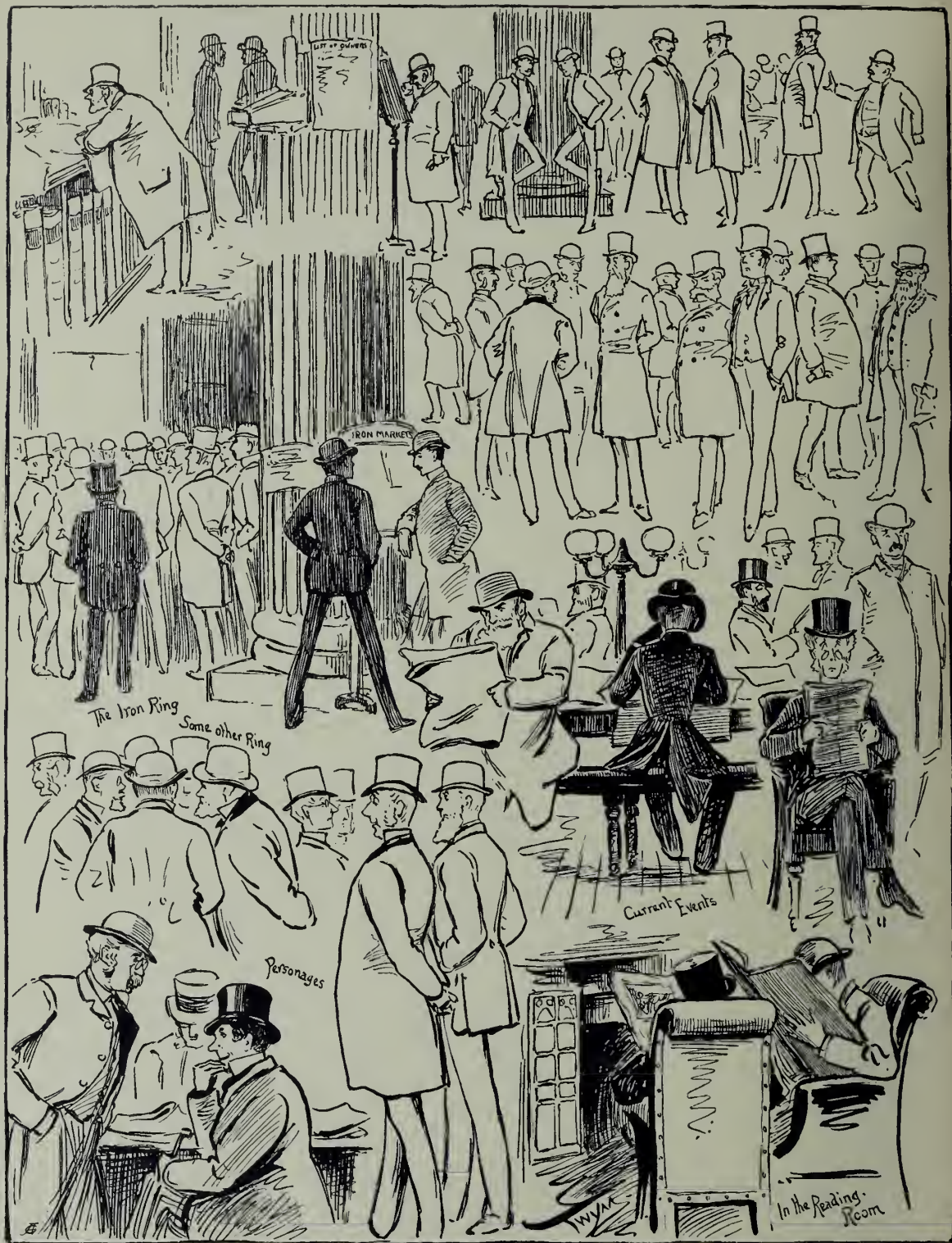
A RECTORIAL ELECTION

IN 1887, when Lord Rosebery and Lord Lytton were the candidates put forward for the chair of Lord Rector, the Liberal candidate had a majority of twenty-two votes overhead, but he had a majority in only two of the Nations. As Lord Lytton had also a majority in two of the Nations, the result was a draw, and the Chancellor of the University, Lord Stair, gave his casting-vote in favour of the Conservative candidate. Thus it came about that in the autumn of 1888 Lord Lytton, as Lord Rector, addressed the students in the Bute Hall. As shown in the frontispiece the amenities of the position were much as usual.

At the next election on Saturday, the 15th of November 1890, the candidates were Mr. A. J. Balfour and Lord Aberdeen, the former being returned by a large majority after the customary hilarious proceedings on the summit of Gilmorehill.

BAZAAR IN THE UNIVERSITY

THE Earl of Stair, supported by the Principal and Senatus of the University and by the Lord Provost and magistrates of the city, opened the Bazaar with due impressiveness. Thereafter one's pockets were not safe and much coin changed hands in the Bute and Randolph Halls. I forget how much was realised—something in tens of thousands, I think—enough, at any rate, to make the Students' Union a proud body.

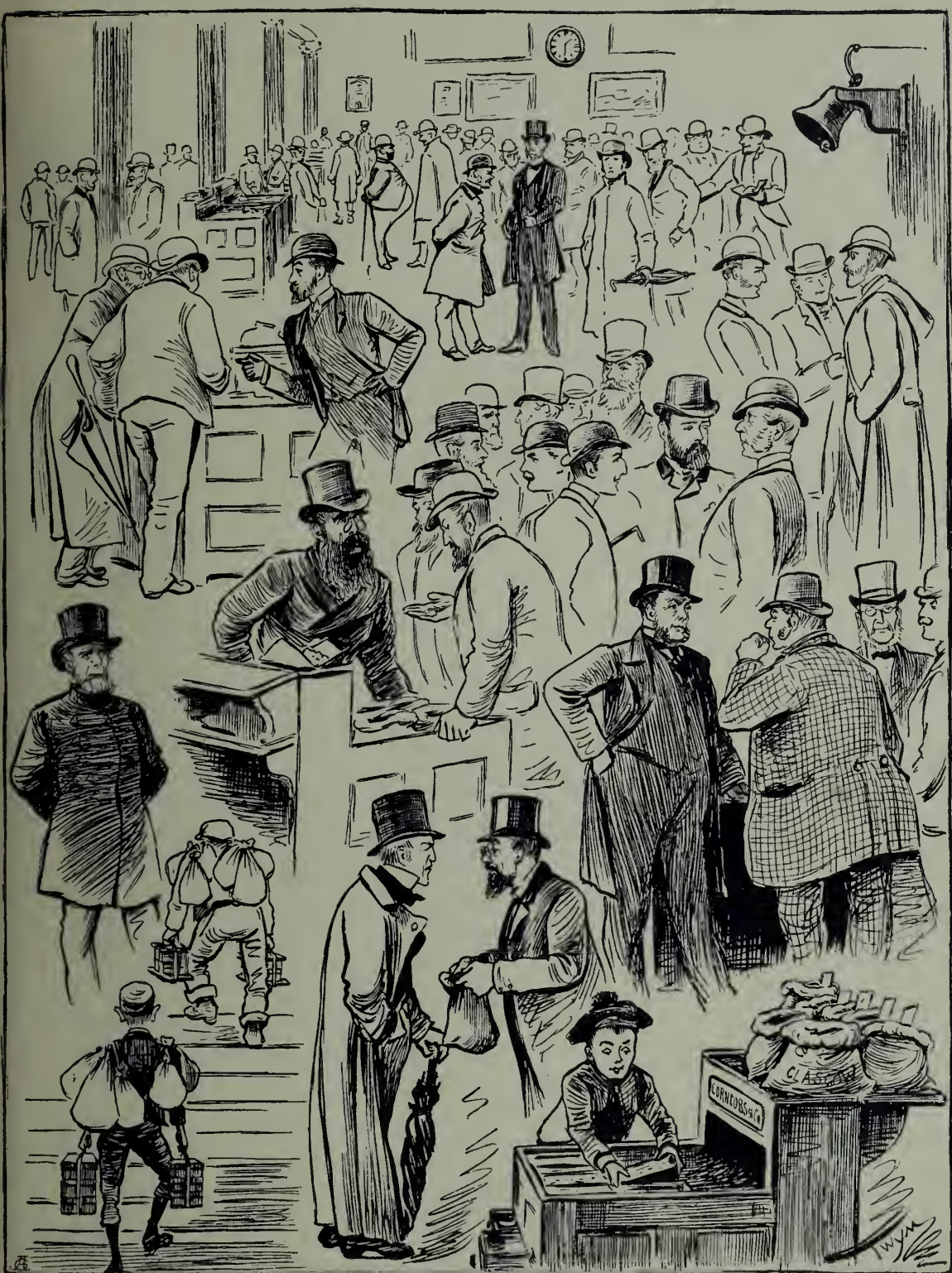


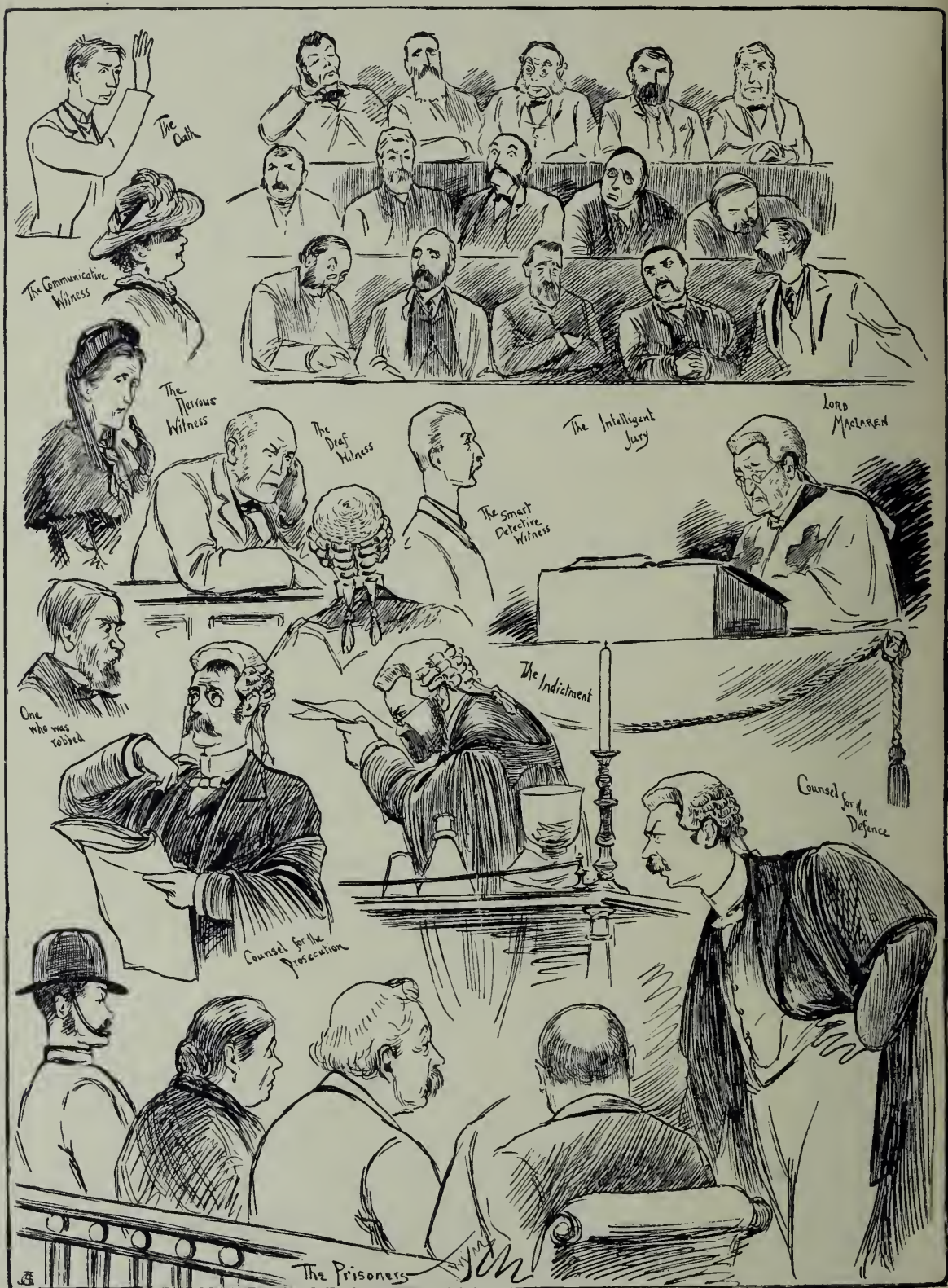
THE ROYAL EXCHANGE

A SKETCH made in March 1887. There are some portraits here of city men that may be recognised by those who knew the frequenters of the Exchange eighteen years ago. I cannot myself venture to label any, for though several of the figures are familiar to my recollection, their names escape me.

CORN EXCHANGE

HERE, also, are presumptive portraits of that period ; an ex-Lord Provost in the person of Mr. John Ure, a coming Lord Provost in the person of his nephew, now Sir John Ure Primrose, Mr. G. W. Clark and his son, Mr. David Clark, Mr. Mitchell Smith, Mr. Archibald Robertson, and Bailie Dunlop. The boy carrying samples up the stairs may be a merchant prince now, for aught I know. I hope he is.





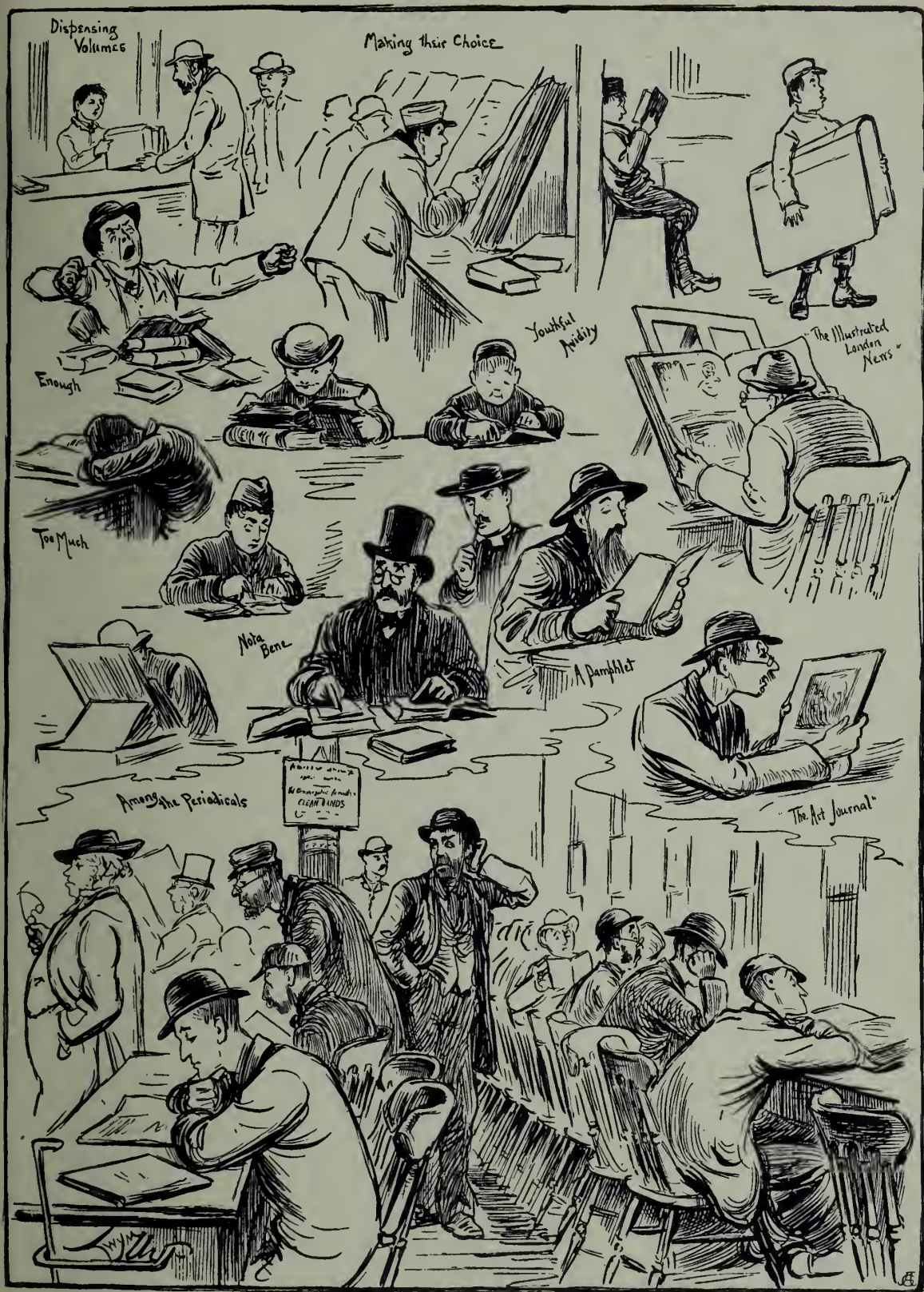
AT THE CIRCUIT COURT

THE respectable-looking old gentleman in the dock, and the Saltmarket-seeming lady by his side, were accused—and doubtless convicted—of stealing watches in a most systematic and persistent manner from unwary citizens such as “the deaf witness,” or “one who was robbed,” or any watch-possessing person who came within their iniquitous radius.

THE MITCHELL LIBRARY

THESE sketches were made on a Saturday afternoon in April 1885, in the first premises occupied by the Mitchell Library, where accommodation was somewhat limited, and where the odours of cheese, ham, and other provisions excellent in their way, arose from the warehouses over which the library had found a temporary home.

The readers are certainly a mixed lot, and more or less picturesque, even as are those of the more exclusive Reading-room of the British Museum. Those who stroll in just to pass the time are easily distinguishable from those who come for purposes of study.





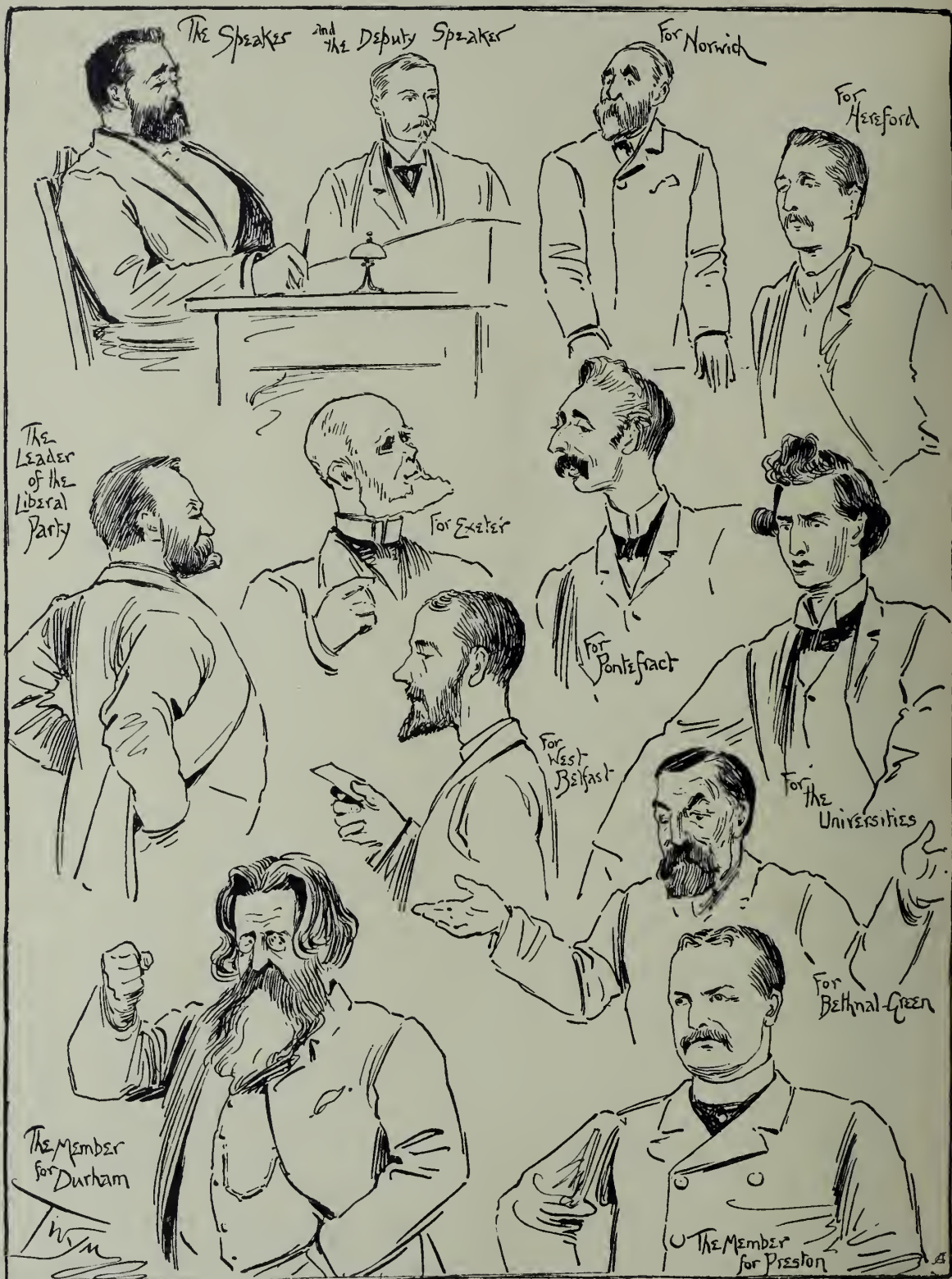
GLASGOW GREEN

THIS is the Green on a Sunday evening, when various strange people with an out-of-the-way "mission," or a desire for debate, can find scope for their eloquence or their arguments, and can make a reputation of a sort. It is a cheap and satisfying entertainment, and is fully taken advantage of both by speakers and by listeners, mainly on Sundays, but on Saturdays also and on other fine summer's evenings.

THE BOTANIC GARDENS

THE Band and Pipers of the 93rd Highlanders play. It is a radiant evening in August. There is a glamour over the scene—under the dome of the “Kibble,” or out on the lawn, or among the shrubberies—that is restful and not of the city. Let us not disturb it by attempted description.





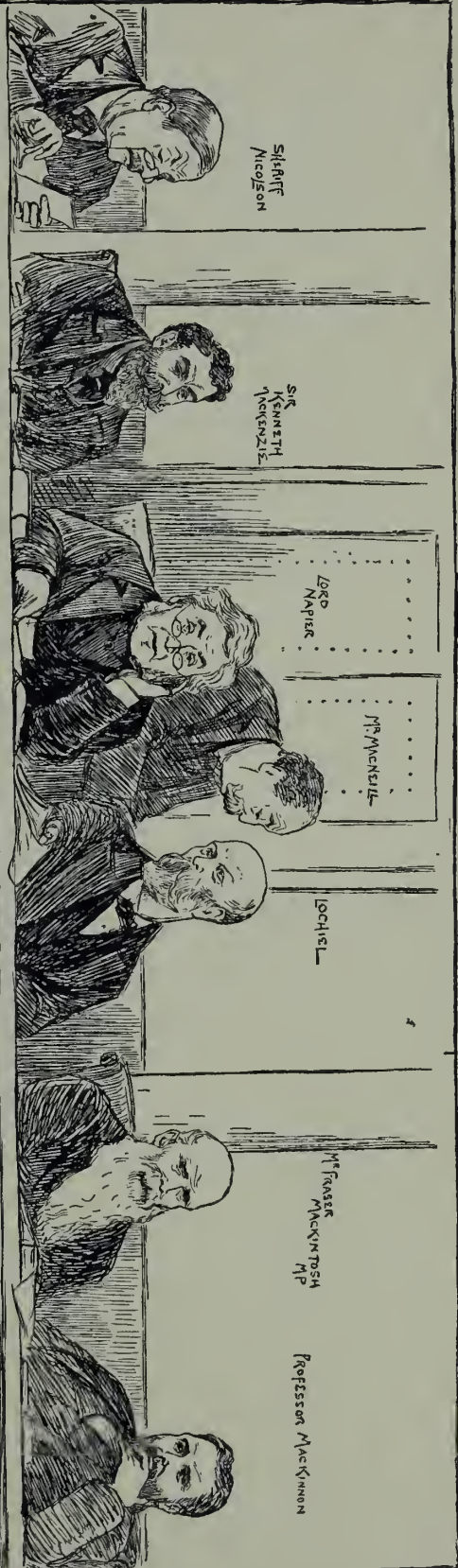
GLASGOW PARLIAMENTARY ASSOCIATION

IT met in the ex-church known as Waterloo Rooms, and was presided over by Mr. John Turnbull, Jr., in evening dress. It would not be safe for me to reveal the real names of the members, who were known only by that of the constituencies they were supposed to represent; but I may say that the picturesque "member for Durham" was Mr. Craibe Angus, whose interest in artists and poets, as well as in politicians, was well known.

THE CROFTERS' COMMISSION

THIS was in the Justices' Court-House on the 19th of October, 1883, after the Commission, a goodly array of Scottish names, had been for some months touring the Highlands and islands. The result of its deliberations has long been public property. I remember it was an interesting and interested audience that gathered to hear the evidence given in Glasgow. One venerable witness, with a long white beard, on being asked his age gave it as "forty." Lord Napier seemed surprised. "Forty?" he questioned incredulously. "Well, *about* forty," replied the ancient-looking man, apparently resenting any more searching inquiry as to his antiquity.

The "Father of the Glasgow Press" introduced in the sketch was Mr. J. G. Temple of the *Mail*, whose death took place something like twenty years after this date.





THE MARQUESS OF SALISBURY

ON the 1st and 3rd of October, 1884, were held two meetings, here rolled into one, with Lord Salisbury as chief speaker, and the whole local strength of the Conservative party backing him. At that time leader of the Opposition, Lord Salisbury was received with much enthusiasm in Glasgow—then not a Conservative city by any means—an enthusiasm said to have been greater than that accorded Lord Beaconsfield when he appeared as the University's Lord Rector several years previously.

Lord Salisbury was the guest of the laird of Blythswood, who was chairman at one of these meetings, the Duke of Montrose presiding at the other.

MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

THE Chamberlain demonstration took place in St. Andrew's Hall in September 1885. It was a different Mr. Chamberlain in those days from that known in the political world of to-day. He is referred to in the 'eighties as "St. Joseph of the Caucus and the abomination of the Conservatives." At that period wasn't Mr. Chamberlain touring with an "unauthorised programme"—something about Old Age Pensions, Workmen's Compensation, and Three Acres and a Cow? Of course in Glasgow he had a tremendous and fascinated audience. Mr. Gilbert Beith, a Member of Parliament two months or so later, was chairman.



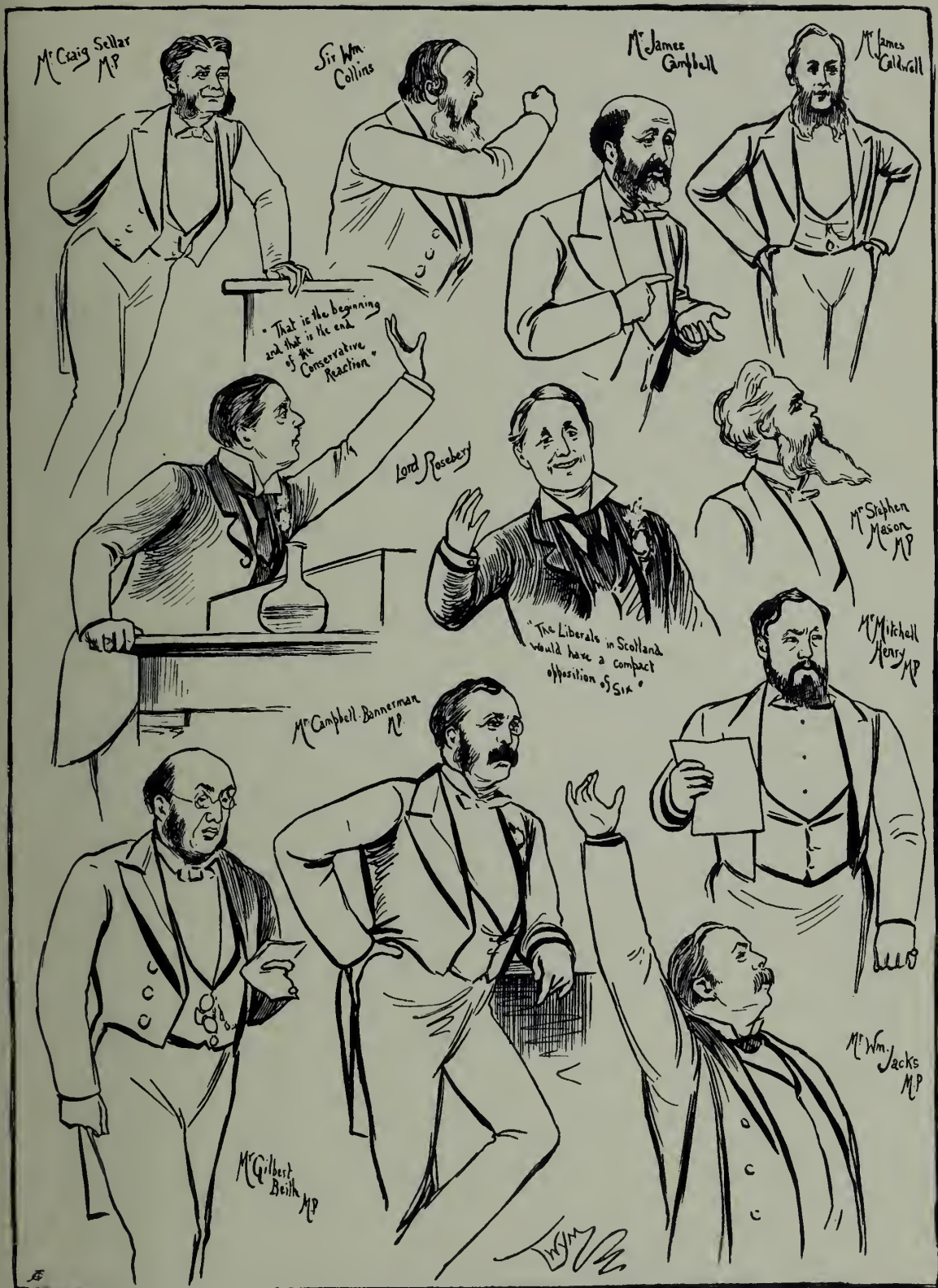


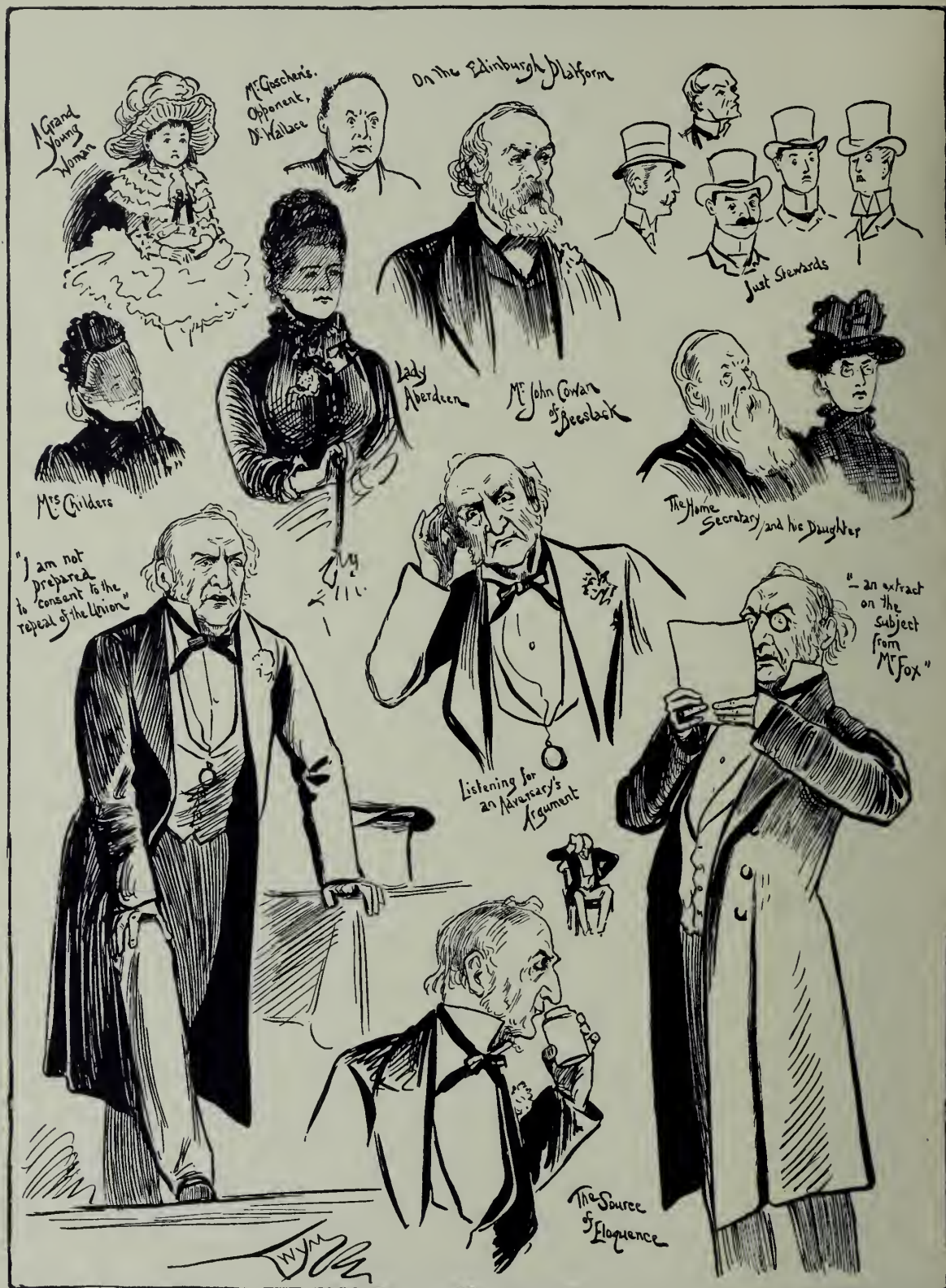
LORD GEORGE HAMILTON

LORD GEORGE, who was then First Lord of the Admiralty, followed close on Mr. Chamberlain's heels in Glasgow, and I read that the way in which he dealt with Mr. Chamberlain's "newly-fledged claims to be a Christian Philanthropist" was exceedingly happy. Lord George had not dressed for the occasion, and some people may have thought this evinced an aristocratic disregard for appearances, but it was really owing to the fact that the portmanteau containing his evening clothes had gone astray.

A LIBERAL MEETING

BETWEEN this date, December 1885, and that of the meeting last recorded, a General Election had taken place and the Liberal party was able to telegraph, after the counting of votes, "Glasgow's message to Mr. Gladstone—'we are seven.'" This meeting, over which Lord Rosebery presided, making one of his brilliant and witty speeches, was supposed to welcome the seven. Only two put in an appearance, Mr. Gilbert Beith and Mr. Mitchell Henry. There were plenty of speakers, however, as one may see from the opposite page.





WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

IN June 1886 the constituencies were again upturned by a General Election, Mr. Gladstone having decided to go to the country on the Irish Home Rule question. The Prime Minister, full of his new scheme, poured forth his eloquence in Edinburgh and Glasgow, Edinburgh naturally having a double share. It was at one of his Edinburgh meetings in the Music Hall that I first noticed that Mr. Gladstone's left hand was minus the forefinger.

I ought to make some excuse for putting what is really an Edinburgh drawing into a book about Glasgow, so I beg to plead Mr. Gladstone's fascinating personality and my desire to give Edinburgh this little bit of a show. She very kindly allowed Mr. Gladstone to come to Glasgow for our edification.

MR. GLADSTONE IN GLASGOW

THE meeting was held in Hengler's Circus. At one part of his speech Mr. Gladstone wished to read a quotation from Burke, but "the light grew black" temporarily, and it was impossible to see the words on the paper. Mr. Gilbert Beith and Sir Charles Tennant stood by and made noble effort to lend the aid afforded by a box of matches. The quotation being a rather extended one demanded more than this fleeting illumination. But the fortunate arrival of some candles saved the situation, and indeed well-meaning candles kept coming on to the platform long after full justice had been done to the words of Mr. Burke.





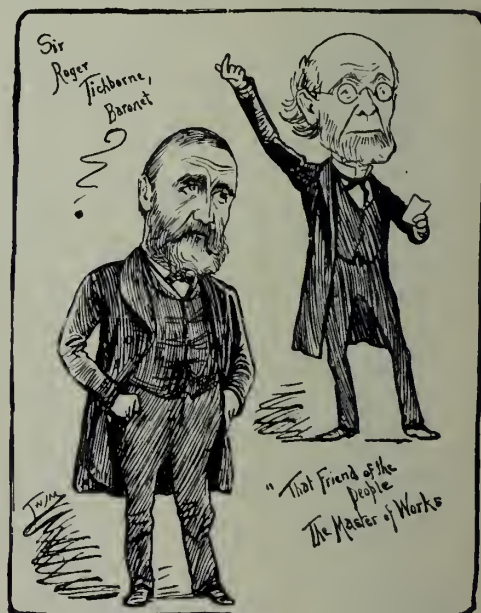
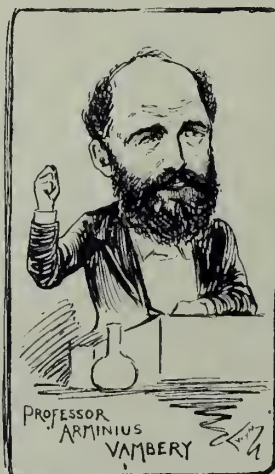
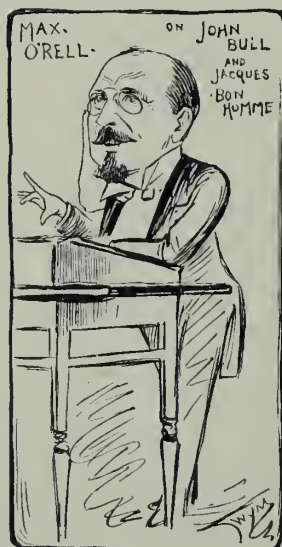
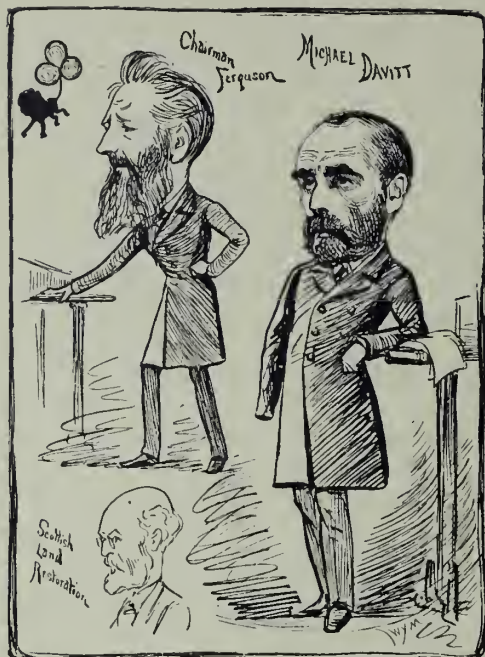
LORD HARTINGTON

THEN was the birth of the Unionist Party. Within a few days after Mr. Gladstone's meeting came the Marquess of Hartington (now Duke of Devonshire), whose calm judgment and deliberate manner made a good impression and had a considerable effect on the result of the elections in Glasgow as in other places. The seven Unionist Candidates were on the platform with Lord Hartington, and of these, three were returned as members—Mr. Baird, Mr. Corbett and Mr. Caldwell.

THE EARL OF ABERDEEN

THIS I find described as a Separatist Demonstration and dull as ditch-water. And yet surely there must have been something worth listening to provided by Lord Aberdeen and the other speakers here portrayed. Somebody may be able to recall the speeches ; I can't. I do remember that all Professor Henry Drummond did was to propose a vote of thanks to the chairman.





INTERESTING STRANGERS—VARIED

THE sad-looking Mr. Michael Davitt had for his chairman Mr. John Ferguson, who arrived in the hall before the speaker of the evening, and assured the audience that Mr. Davitt would follow immediately. "I left him," said Mr. Ferguson, "just finishing his tea."

It was Henry George who wrote "Progress and Poverty" and who was called the Apostle of Land Reform. As to the identity of his chairman when he lectured in Glasgow I have only a vague idea.

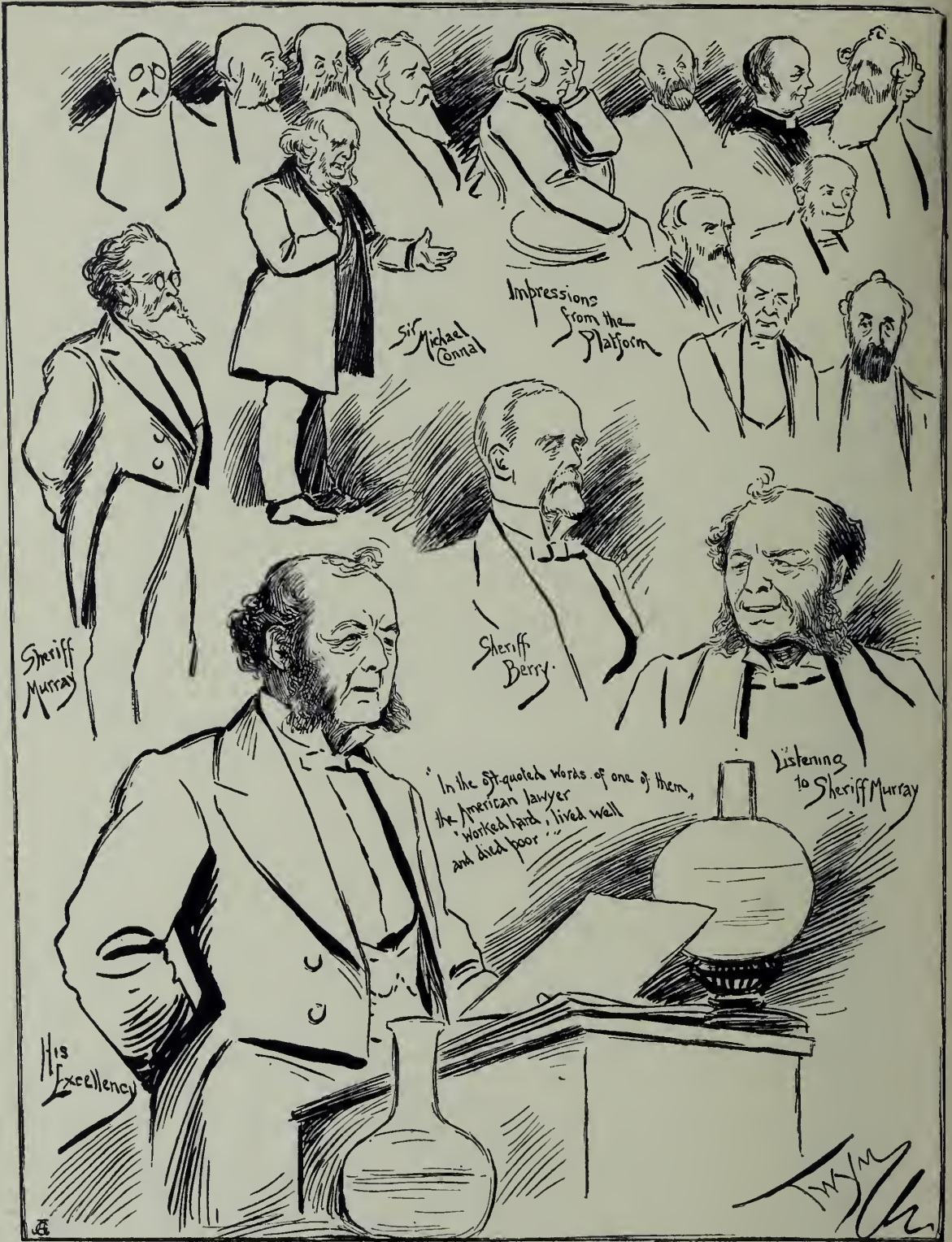
We have here also M. Paul Blouet, known as "Max O'Rell," lecturing in his charming way under the auspices of the Sunday Society; Professor Arminius Vambéry, of Buda Pesth, the famous traveller, lecturing in the Berkeley Hall to the members and friends of the then recently formed Scottish Geographical Society; the Claimant, a melancholy man who had done his term in Dartmoor prison, and whose Chairman was Mr. James Martin, one of the quaintest of Glasgow Town Councillors, and a firm believer that this and no other was "the real Sir Roger." And then here is dear old George Macdonald and his family in their quaint and simple rendering of the "Pilgrim's Progress," with no attempt at realistic scenery as a background, but which had, with the appropriately decorative curtains hung round, the effect of a mediæval picture.

On the day that I read the proof of the foregoing sentences came the announcement of the death of George Macdonald on the 18th of September at the age of eighty-one.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

IT was in the end of August 1886 that the venerable Henry Ward Beecher came to Glasgow, on his farewell tour of this country. In Elgin Place Congregational Church he preached on a Sunday on "The Essence of Christianity," and on the Monday following, in St. Andrew's Hall, he delivered his lecture on "The Reign of the Common People," which was said to be one of the best examples of the reverend orator's vigorous style. On the platform with him were Dr. Joseph Parker, Rev. Albert Goodrich, Rev. W. Howie Wylie, and others.





GLASGOW JURIDICAL SOCIETY

THE Hon. E. J. Phelps delivered an address to this Society in the Queen's Rooms in the autumn of '88—a lawyer speaking to lawyers from a platform where representatives of wisdom and learning jostled each other. Mr. Phelps was the successor of James Russell Lowell as American Ambassador to this country.

INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS

AT the opening of the Exhibition of 1885, Sir Peter Coats signalised his presidency of the Institute by giving a banquet among the pictures. That the guests were of a thoroughly representative character may be gathered from the sketch.





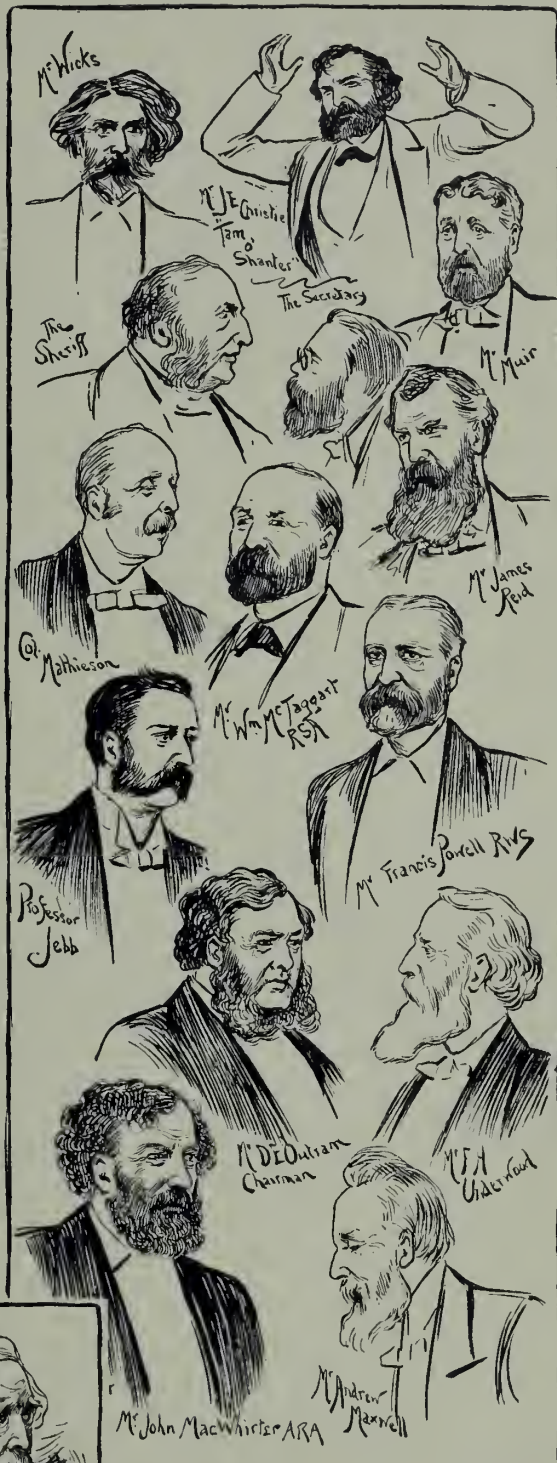
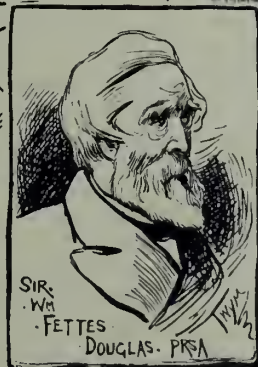
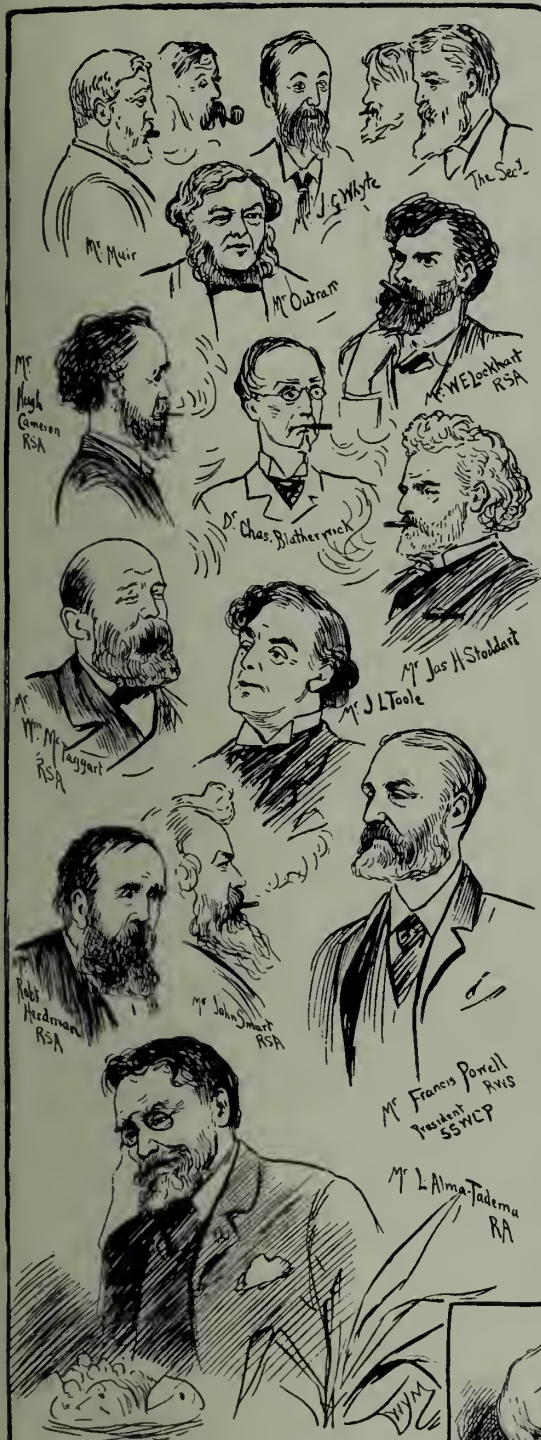
PEOPLE AT THE PICTURES

THE quietness of an ordinary afternoon is the best time to see pictures, but there's something pleasant in wandering round an exhibition in the evening, when by artificial light, if it is good, many pictures seem to have an added charm. To look at pictures in an environment of musical promenade is practically impossible, so one is better to give one's self up to the music and the crowd.

ARTISTS AND THEIR FRIENDS

THE Exhibition of the Scottish Water Colour Society (to give it its colloquial title) for 1884 was opened as usual by a luncheon party. Notable among the guests were Mr. (now Sir Laurence) Alma-Tadema, whose first appearance it was in Glasgow, and Mr. J. L. Toole, whose first appearance it wasn't—by a very long way.

Here also is a dinner of the Fine Arts Institute to open the exhibition of 1886 and a sketch strayed from the record of another luncheon of the Water Colour Society, of Sir William Fettes Douglas, who died in 1891.





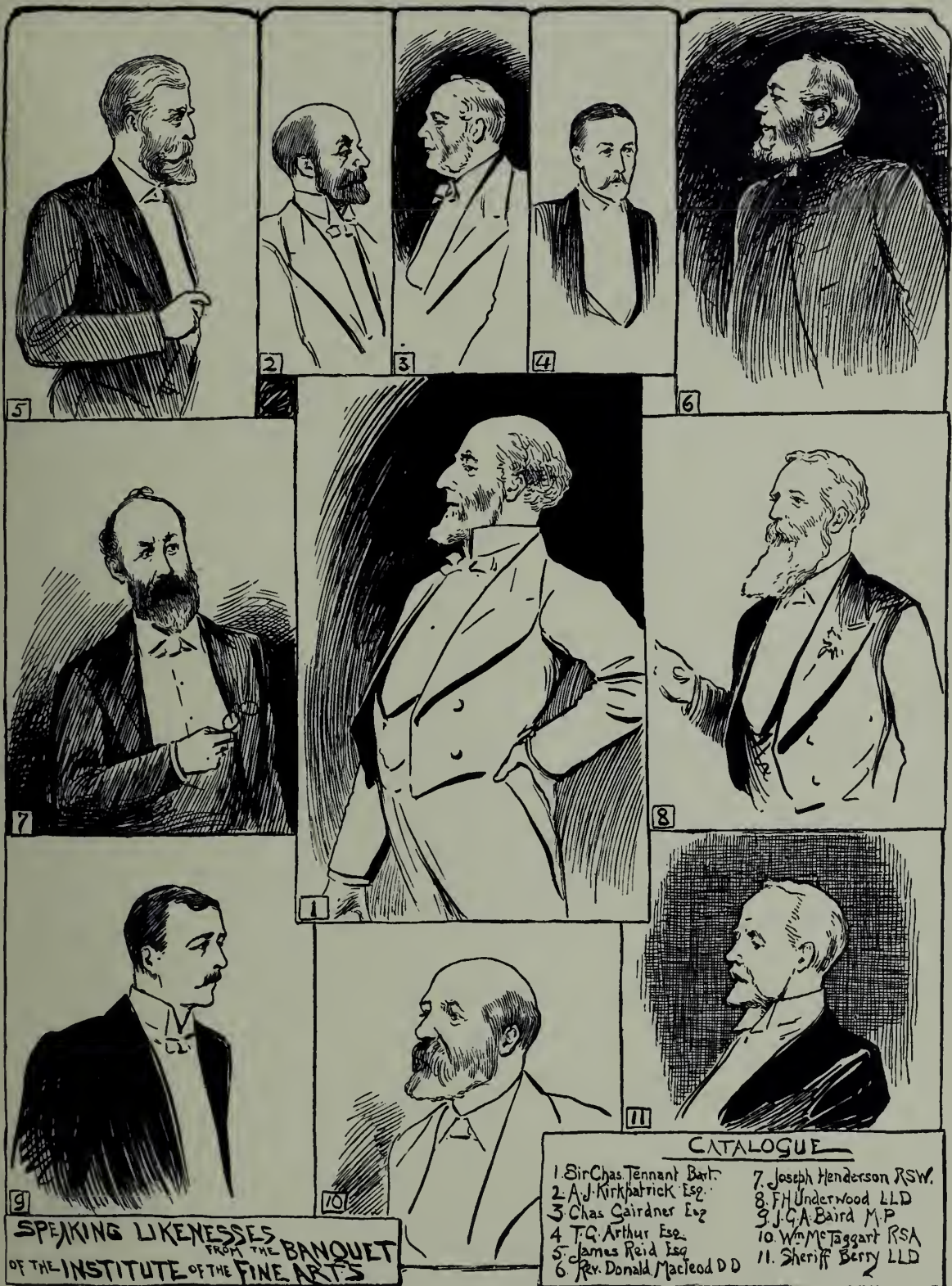
AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE

THE Scottish Society of Painters in Water Colour, not then called Royal, prepared as an offering to Queen Victoria at the Jubilee in 1887, a huge album containing a drawing from each member. The deputation who had the honour of delivering it to her Majesty consisted of the President, Mr. (now Sir) Francis Powell, Mr. Colin Hunter, Mr. Joseph Henderson, and myself. On the 22nd of June, the day after the great Jubilee procession, we attended at Buckingham Palace. Our little present had been sent on previously, and we found it placed on a table in the Picture Gallery in a row of other gifts, that of the Old Water Colour Society, for instance, whose deputation was headed by Sir John Gilbert; next us stood the deputation from a Ladies' Art Society, and somewhere in the line we noticed a gift of boots and shoes.

The Queen passed up the gallery, pausing a few minutes at each table to accept the offering. We were nearest the top of the room, and ours was, therefore, the last gift to be received. Her Majesty was in quite a flutter of pleasurable excitement and beaming with smiles. As the President showed a few pages of our album, "I shall look over it," said the Queen, "very carefully, and not in a hurry." Then she bowed to each of us, and we felt happy.

THE FINE ART INSTITUTE AGAIN

AT the opening dinner of the Exhibition in 1888, Sir Charles Tennant presided, and these are sketches of him and the other speakers of the evening.





ART CLUB COSTUME BALL

UNTIL Friday, 29th of November, 1889, nothing so good of the kind had been seen in Glasgow. The destination of the proceeds was the Scottish Artists' Benevolent Fund, which had been formed in the previous February, and which benefited to the extent of over £1300. In other ways besides financially the ball was a great success, and had some purely artistic features, such as the grand procession and tableau, the series of dance programmes painted by members of the Art Club and hung up for reference, also the sketches from life done in the "Studio" and afterwards sold by auction along with the programmes for the benefit of the fund.

The *Lillie* here represented was Mrs. Langtry, who attracted considerable notice, as one sees from the eyes following her ; and the *African Lion*, in Moorish costume, was that amiable and distinguished young traveller, Joseph Thomson, whose too early death took place not many years after.

TABLEAUX IN REHEARSAL

THE entertainment in the Theatre Royal, for which this was a preparation, a year later than the event last mentioned, had for its object the benefit of the same Scottish Artists' Benevolent Association. The Pen-and-Pencil Club and the Glasgow Society of Musicians furnished the human material, which was shaped by Mr. William Glover into such picturesque groups as "The Judgment of Paris," "Cleopatra before Cæsar," "Finding the Body of Harold," "Escape of Prince Charlie," "Burns and Highland Mary," and "Tam-o'-Shanter." Another feature of the evening was a humorous toy symphony of Mr. Allan Macbeth's, the orchestra being clad in more or less inappropriate costume.





A BERLIOZ CONCERT

A PERFORMANCE in January 1885 of Berlioz's "Messe des Morts," which demanded a considerable addition to the drums, and gave Sir August Manns (as he is now) great scope for his unrivalled power as a conductor.

A MACKENZIE ORATORIO

AT the first of the season 1885-6, Sir A. Mackenzie conducted his oratorio "The Rose of Sharon," the instrumentation of which the musical critic of *Quiz* declares to be its strong point, and ranking with that of any living master. He says also that the choral work is throughout scholarly and original, and free from that slavish imitation of Mendelssohn so much affected by recent writers.





THE MANNS SEASON

THESE are various items from different programmes in 1886-87, including a sketch of our townsman, Mr. Andrew Black.

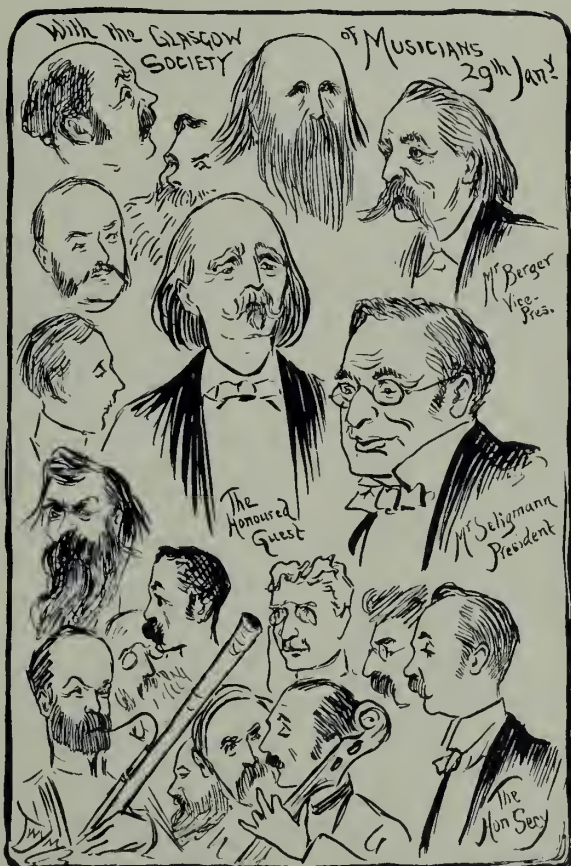
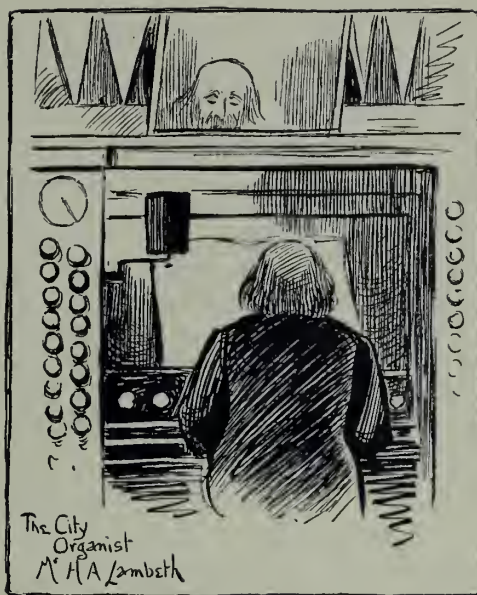
MUSICIANS

A GLASGOW Academy Concert in the Queen's Rooms. The boys are under the leadership of their writing-master and enthusiastic musical professor, Mr. John MacLaren. At the piano is Mrs. MacLaren, and at the harmonium Mr. Strong.

Mr. Frederic Lamond, a pupil of Liszt, made his first public appearance in his native city in the spring of '86, in the Queen's Rooms.

The sketch of the dinner to August Manns, given by the Society of Musicians, shows some of the well-known local musical people of the day.

Above that is a familiar view of H. A. Lambeth, for many years the city organist.





DRAMATIC AMATEURS OF THE 5TH L.R.V.

A CLEVER performance (December 1885) in the Crown Halls, of two well-known pieces, in both of which Miss Catherine Watson scored the chief success among the ladies. The acting of Captain Harry MacDowall and Captain F. L. Morrison is also memorable.

DRAMATIC AMATEURS OF THE 1ST L.R.V.

THE Dramatic Critic of *Quiz* speaks in the highest praise of this performance, given in the Queen's Rooms in March 1886, and as he must have seen the piece played many times he is qualified to speak, but so far as I am aware none of the players was on that account tempted to go on the professional boards.

An event of the same evening is also here portrayed, the Ball of the Queen's Own Yeomanry. That is Colonel Neilson in the corner proposing "The Queen."





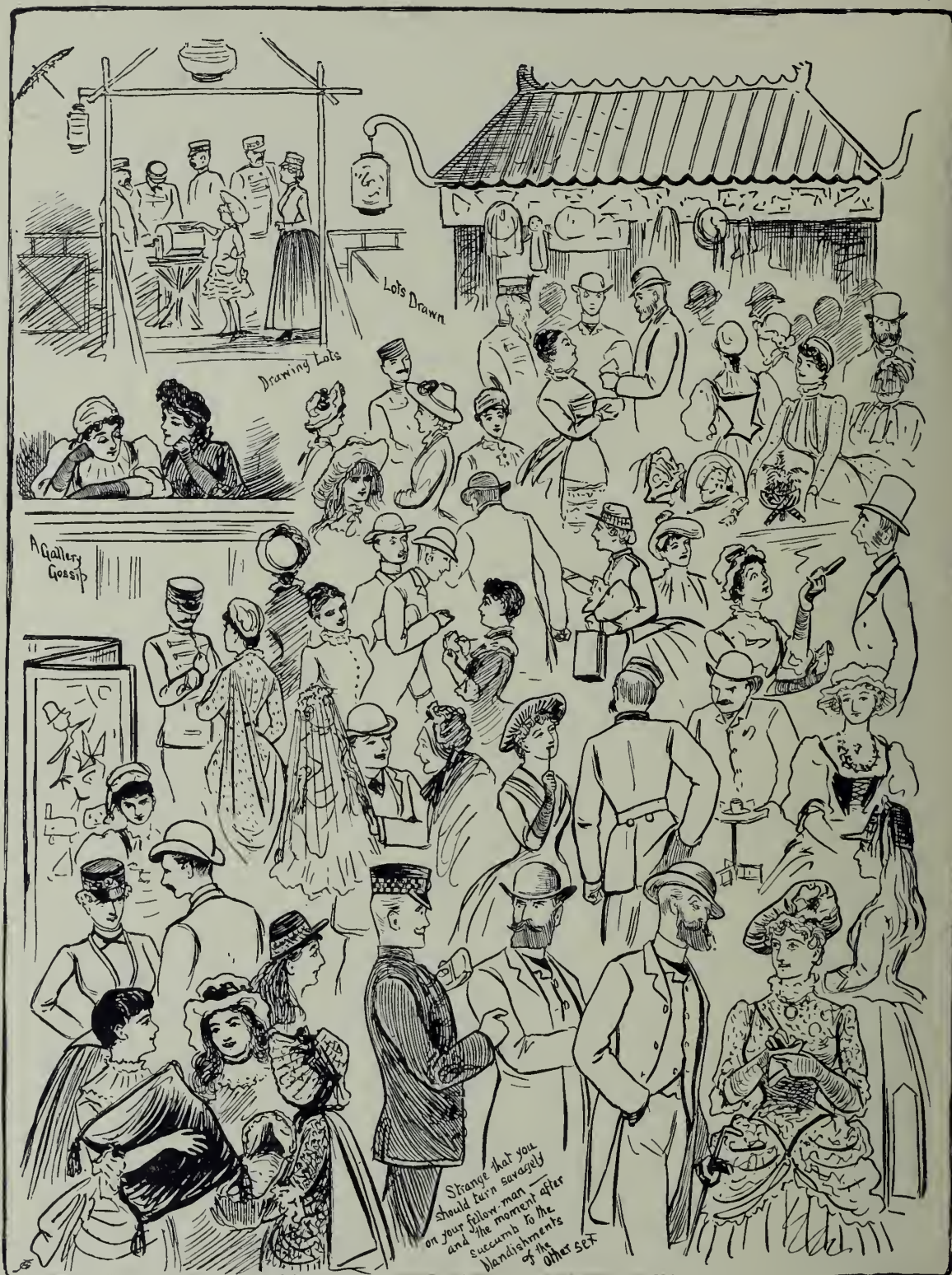
DRAMATIC AMATEURS OF THE 1ST L.R.V. AGAIN

GUY MANNERING, given in the Theatre Royal in December 1887, brought out some of the performers we had seen in the *Ticket-of-Leave-Man*. The professional assistance was supplied by Miss Julia Seaman, who played "Meg Merrilies."

THE PHILOMEL CLUB

THIS club gave an excellent rendering of *Dorothy* at the Queen's Rooms in April 1888, almost entirely free from any amateur weakness, and noteworthy for the performance of the young ladies, "Dorothy," Miss Eugenie Smyth, and "Lydia," Miss Broadfoot, but especially for the capital acting of Mr. J. W. Watson as "Lurcher." Besides the names appended to the sketches, the following are mentioned in the *Town Tattle* of the day : Stage manager, Mr. Baynham ; at the piano, Miss Helena Donald ; at the harmonium, Mr. Rowland Wood ; first violin, Mr. W. H. Cole ; and designer of the programme, Mr. Duncan Mackellar.





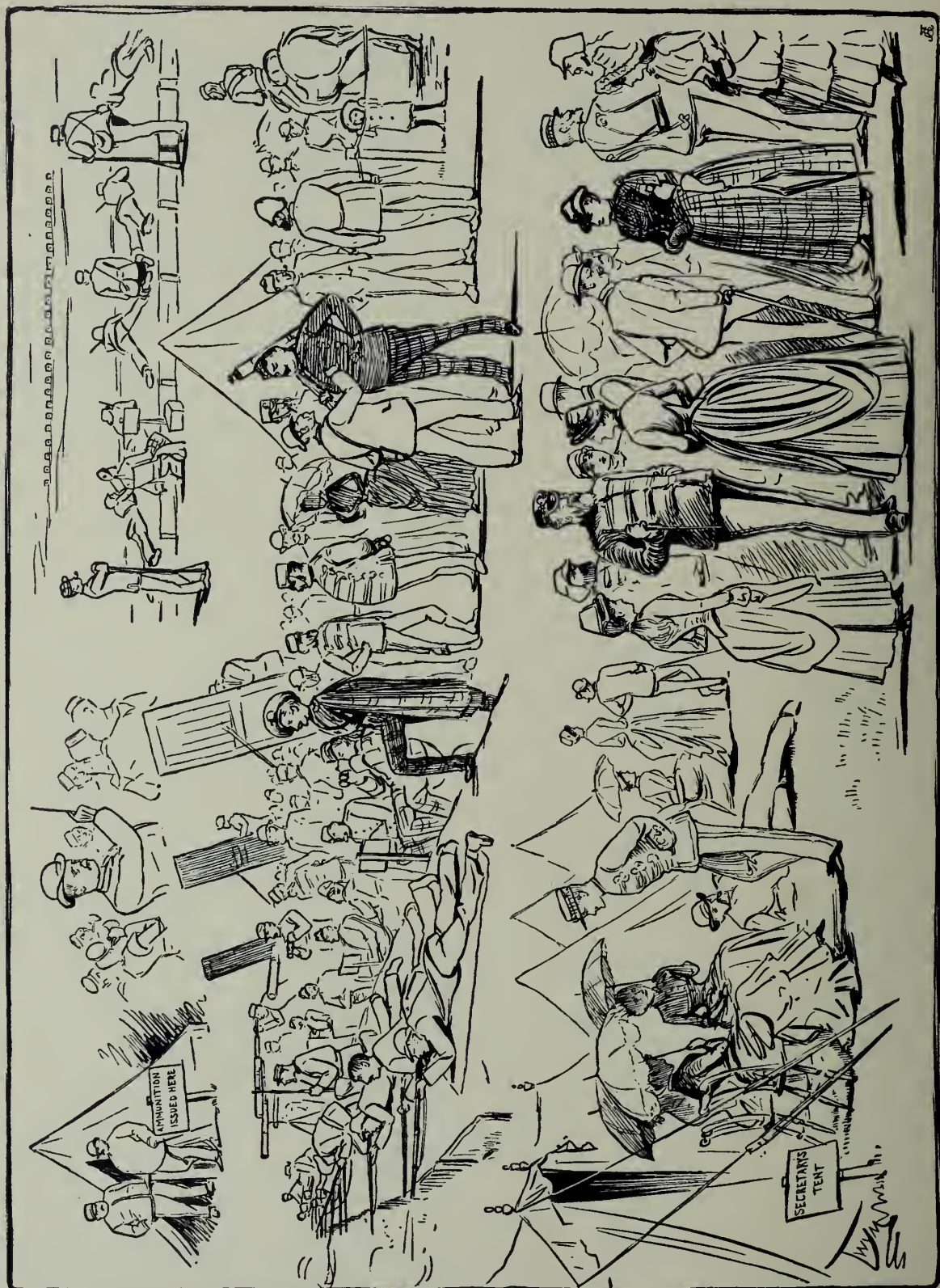
A VOLUNTEER BAZAAR

THE 3rd L.R.V. and their lady friends had three days of amateur shop-keeping with surroundings of a Chinese character in St. Andrews Halls, October 1884. The dresses of the ladies looked smart, some military, some naval and some Swiss or otherwise equally effective national costume. The object of the bazaar was, if I remember rightly, a Drill Hall, and it was entirely successful.

A GATHERING OF THE 1ST L.R.V.

THIS must have been a heavy evening's work, in St. Andrews Halls, December 1884. First of all there was a prize distribution by Colonel Gildea, then a concert by the Regimental Glee Club, under Captain McNabb, then an inspection of the prizes in the Berkeley Hall, followed by a dance till the small hours. Plenteous refreshment no doubt came in somewhere to sustain us through it all, but I find no note of it anywhere.





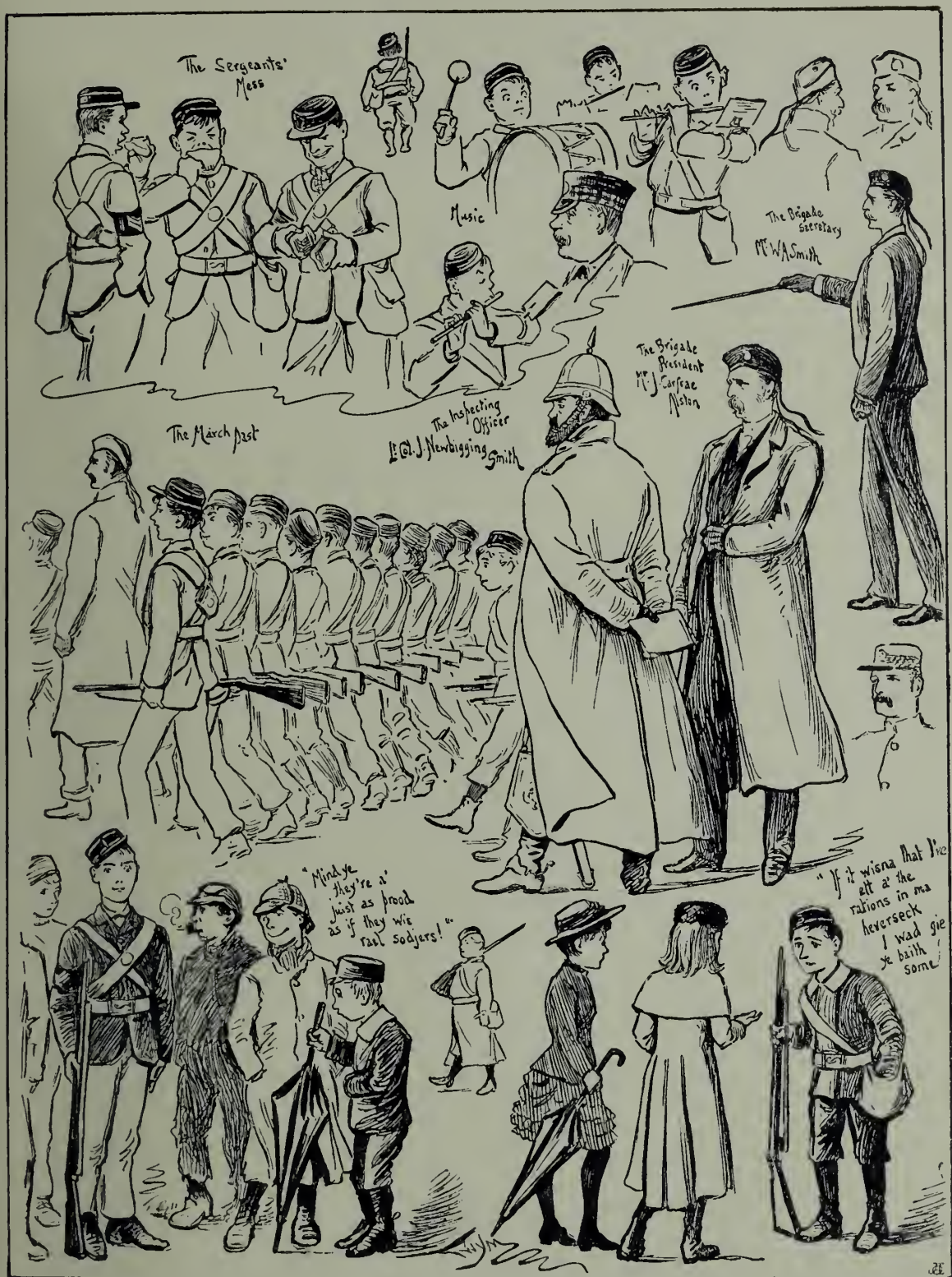
WEST OF SCOTLAND RIFLE ASSOCIATION

COWGLEN, in June 1885, saw the twenty-fourth meeting of this Association. On a Saturday afternoon the shooting for the Inter-County Match took place, Renfrew being successful. Among the personages on the opposite page I notice Colonel Merry, Captain Stout, Secretary of the W.S.R.A., Captain MacDowall and Mr. J. A. Aitken.

A BOYS' BRIGADE INSPECTION

THE Parade Ground was Burnbank, the day the spring holiday of 1886, rather more than two years after the formation of the first company of the Boys' Brigade, which, as everybody knows, owes its origin to Captain W. A. Smith of the 1st L.R.V. Its admirable organisation making it at once successful in Glasgow, led to the formation of companies all over Great Britain and Ireland and in the Britains beyond the seas. This was probably the earliest Battalion Parade. The Inspecting Officer was Colonel J. Newbigging Smith of the 1st L.R.V., in which regiment the Brigade President, Mr. J. Carfrae Alston, was at one time an officer.

The Church Parade took place in the Queen's Rooms, where the boys were addressed by the Rev. Dr. Marcus Dods, the most stimulating preacher that could possibly have been chosen to arouse the interest of the youngsters.





A REGIMENTAL SOIREE

THIS is the 4th V.B.S.R., on the 30th of November, 1888, with their families and friends, presided over by the Colonel, enjoying tea, fruit, music, speeches, and presentation of prizes.

ON BOARD THE *DRAKE*

H.M.S. *Drake* lay between the Suspension Bridge and Broomielaw Bridge. She had once been of more imposing appearance, but her days of usefulness were not yet over, for she served as the home of the local detachment of the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers, who are here represented at gun-drill.

The R.N.A.V. flamed with enthusiasm for some years and were then supposed to be extinguished, but not long ago the extinguisher has been lifted, and the Naval Volunteer spark is found to be unquenched.

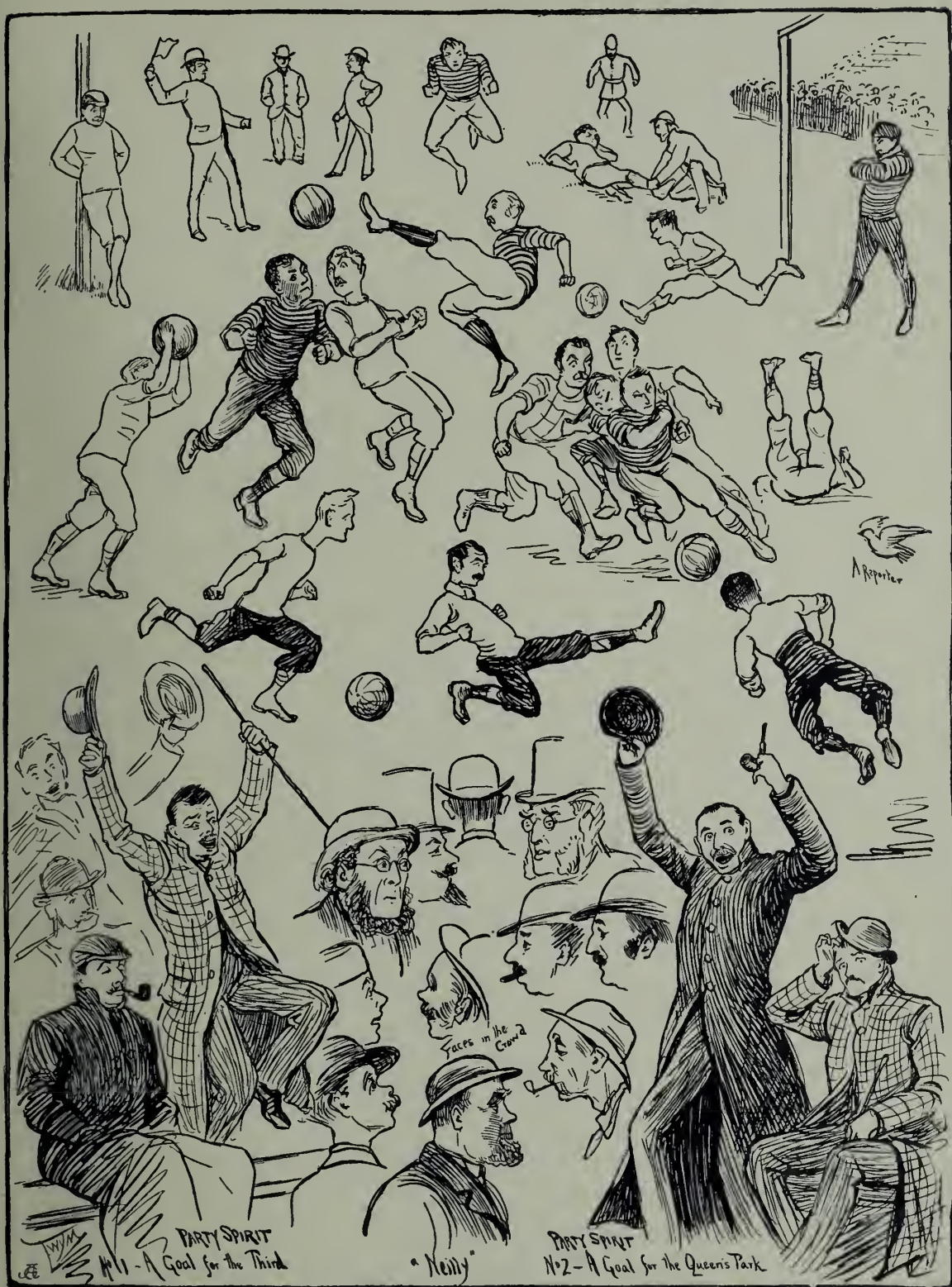


WEST OF SCOTLAND SPORTS

IT used to be the correct thing, and I daresay it is so still, for every self-respecting young man and maiden of the West-end to go to Hamilton Crescent Grounds for this spring meeting. The less interested the young man and maiden were in the sports, the better they were pleased, and if they hadn't a real lack of interest they assumed it. There must have been a few unaffected enthusiasts who stood round the ropes and watched the events eagerly, from the jumping competitions to the obstacle race and the tug-of-war. I cannot claim to have been one of these, and it may be observed that in this sketch the sports are got over in a disgracefully slipshod fashion, while the pencil has been busy with characteristic individuals in the general crowd of easy-going promenaders.

FOOTBALL

NOW here you find spectators who are enthusiastic watchers of the game, genuinely interested in every kick and dribble, breathless when the ball is making for the goal, gasping when it misses, and hysterical when it passes through—moved either to great grief or great joy, according to the party spirit that animates the watcher. This particular game was the Charity Cup-Tie, Queen's Park *v.* 3rd L.R.V., played at Cathkin Park, 26th of April, 1884.





HIGHLAND SPORTS

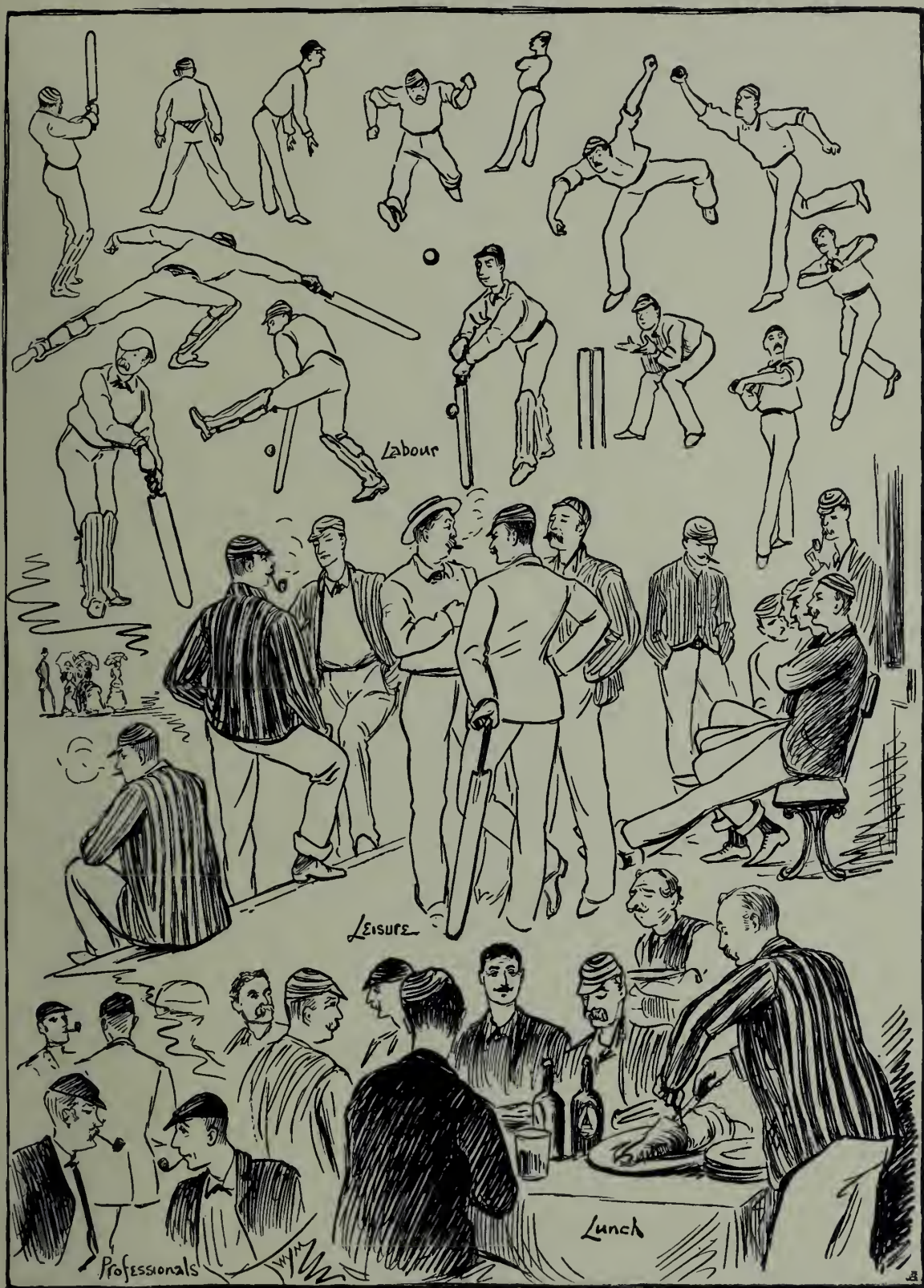
THESE were at Burnbank on 13th of September, 1884. They are of a highly national character, with kilts and sporrans and pipes and a real interest in the feats of strength and skill displayed.

The sketches seem to make an attempt to deal with the nominal purpose of the meeting, and the spectators depicted are not inattentive.

CRICKET

THE match was between the Marylebone and the West of Scotland Clubs in July 1885.

There are few things from which I would sooner stay away than from a cricket match. I don't know anything of the game, but I turn to the paragraph in *Quiz* dealing with this match and can therefore say that the West made a good stand against the Marylebone, and did better than most people expected ; also that the match ended in a draw, the Scotch team wanting 160 runs with seven wickets to fall.





WESTERN BATHS

THIS was not an inauguration, only a re-opening (1886). A chill October evening outside; lots of people crowded on the banks of the pond and in the galleries above making it a warm evening within; plenty of fun in watching the expert swimmers, good music conducted by Mr. Cole, and a little dance to follow.

WELLCROFT BOWLING-GREEN

TO those who are arrived at that time of life when violent athletics become a burden, bowling affords a mild and agreeable substitute that may be taken easily or arduously according to the disposition of the individual. It is a pleasing game to watch—the careful aim, the knowing twist given the ball at the outset of its career, the eager player following it with his eyes or with his whole running body till the journey is accomplished, and the look of dismay or exultation inspired by the degree of success attained.

The unaccustomed bowler has a tendency to tear up the green, and nothing causes a real bowler to frown more than this treatment of his beloved turf. It ranks as an unpardonable sin with cutting the cloth of a billiard-table.



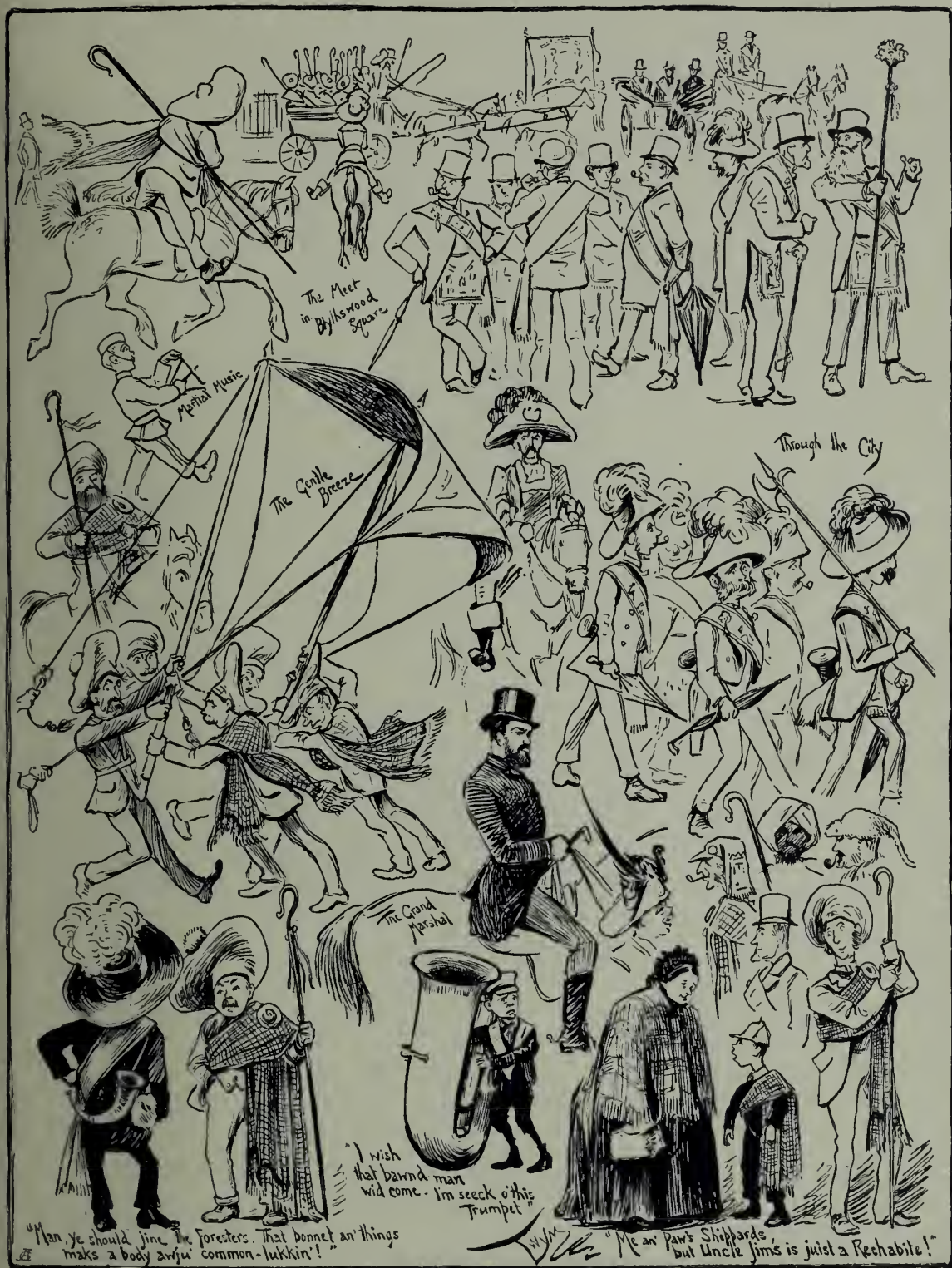


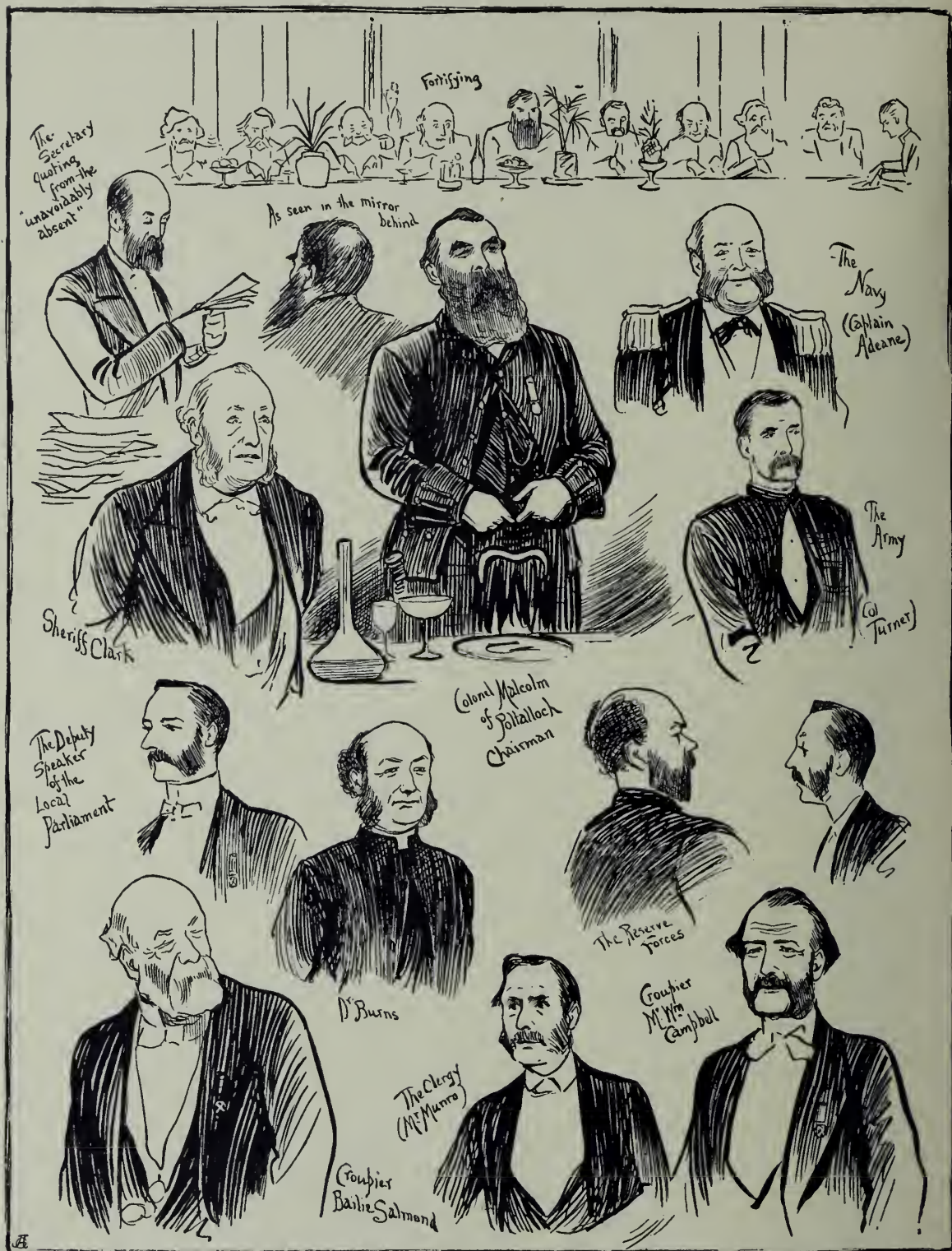
POLICE SPORTS

THE annual meeting in May 1890, with Chief Constable Boyd, Superintendent Andrew and other dignitaries watching one of the most exciting events of the day resulting in a victory for the Glasgow team.

FRIENDLY SOCIETIES' DEMONSTRATION

THIS was in July 1887. There must be a rapture in demonstrating, especially if the day be fine, and there must be something abundantly satisfying in wearing the distinctive toggery of one's order. As for the banner-bearers, theirs is a quite fearful joy. I have never ascertained—indeed I have never asked—whether a brother is made a banner-bearer for reasons complimentary or punitive.





A PATRIOTIC DINNER

ST. ANDREW'S Day 1884, falling on a Sunday, the Glasgow St. Andrew's Society dined on December 1st. The gathering in McLean's Hotel was presided over by Colonel Malcolm of Poltalloch, then an ex-M.P., afterwards for six years member for Argyllshire, and later raised to the peerage.

Sheriff Clark's speech was distinguished by some old Glasgow reminiscences, and I remember that Dr. Burns of the Cathedral referred to St. Mungo as "my predecessor." Bailie Salmond, who figured there as a croupier, and who had the reputation along with Sir Daniel Macnee of being one of the best after-dinner story-tellers, was probably the Senior of the feast.

A COUNTY ASSOCIATION SOIRÉE

THIS form of entertainment may be still as much in vogue as it used to be in unfashionable circles of Glasgow. These meetings were productive of a good deal of genuine happiness, the tea and the cookies and the service of fruit and the speeches and the songs—especially the “comics”—and the assembly that followed, making up an evening’s festivity that was not forgotten by the time the annual repetition of the event came round again.

The festival here pictured, that of the Caithness Association, was of rather more than usual importance, being a Jubilee celebration. It was presided over by Mr. W. C. Coghill, and among the speakers was Mr. John Rae, at that time editor of the *Contemporary Review*.





A COUNTY SOCIETY DINNER

MORE circumscribed in its immediate sphere of influence than the all-embracing *soirée* just referred to, the dinner has a dignity and importance that demand recognition.

The Glasgow Ayrshire Society was founded only two years after the birth of Robert Burns, so its primary object was not to keep his memory green, but appropriately enough the men of Ayrshire in Glasgow choose his birthday for their feast. The dinner of 1890 was held in St. Enoch's Hotel, under the presidency of Mr. J. G. A. Baird, M.P., and the "Immortal Memory" was proposed by Mr. William Jolly.

AN ENGINEER'S ANNIVERSARY

UNTIL the year 1888 the celebration of James Watt's birthday on the 21st of January seems to have been the sole reason of existence for the Association of Foreman Engineers, but on the occasion here recorded the Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders in Scotland and the Philosophical Society of Glasgow joined and resolved to combine in keeping the future anniversaries so that the Association of Foreman Engineers dropped out of existence.

The dinner took place in the Grand Hotel with Mr. Kirk of Napier's in the chair. There was a large company, and among the unnamed heads in the corner of the sketch may be recognised some familiar in the engineering world, that of Mr. James Caldwell and Mr. John Hamilton, for instance, while in the other corner, among the "Press," I may point out Mr. James Nicol Dunn—then on the Glasgow staff of the *Scotsman*—referred to in an introductory page.



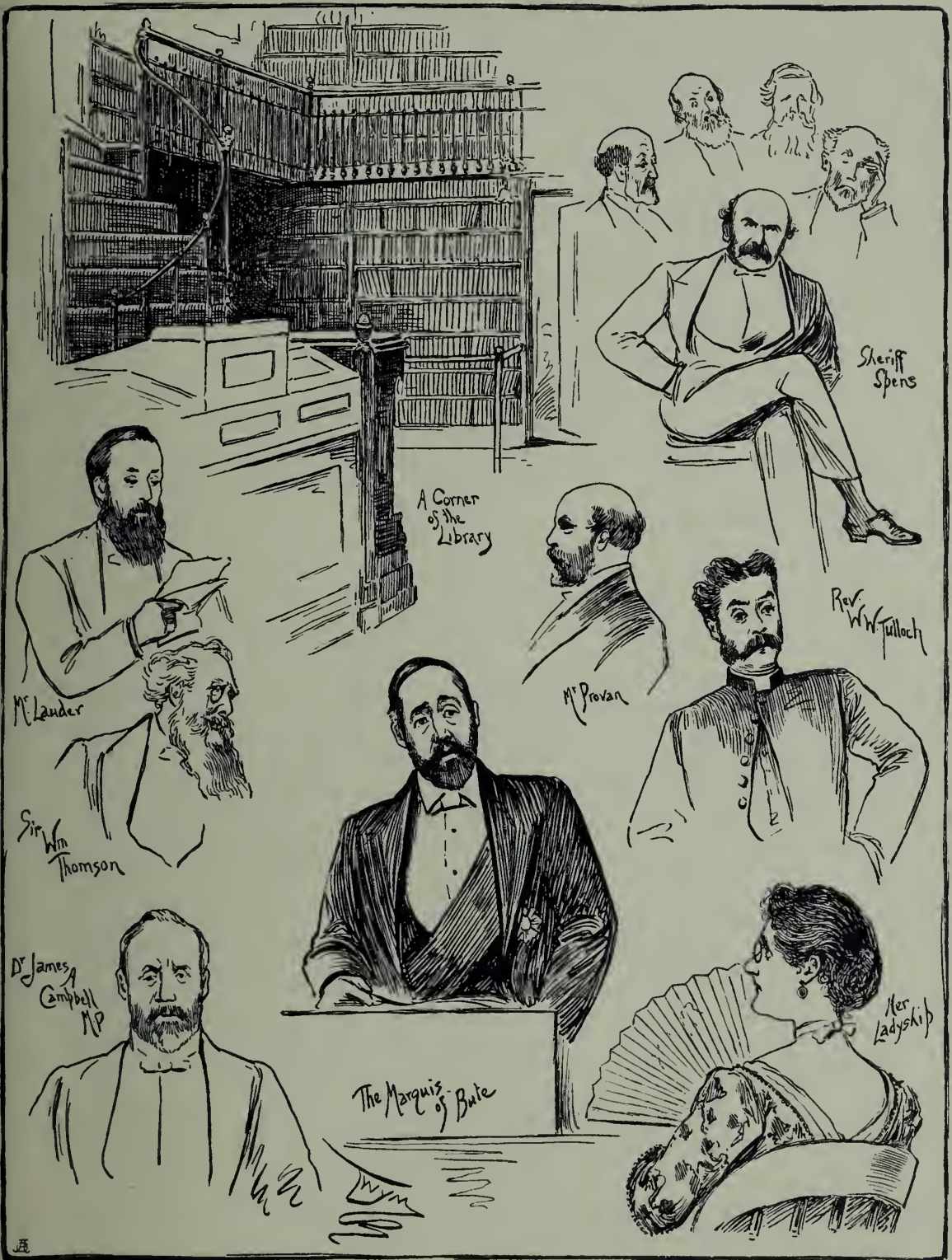


AN INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION

HELD in Burnbank Drill Hall in the end of the year 1886, this was one of the shows of the variety sale-shop order, the place to spend a happy evening and as many coins as you could spare besides. The collection was formally opened by Sir James King, and the first week's proceeds were handed over to the City hospitals.

THE ATHENÆUM HOUSE-WARMING

REMOVED from its old quarters in Ingram Street, the Athenæum opened its new premises in St. George's Place on the 25th of January, 1888. On that evening the learned and patriotic Marquess of Bute delivered an able address on Scottish History to a large audience, and among the shorter speeches was one by Sheriff Spens on his favourite literary subject—Tennyson.



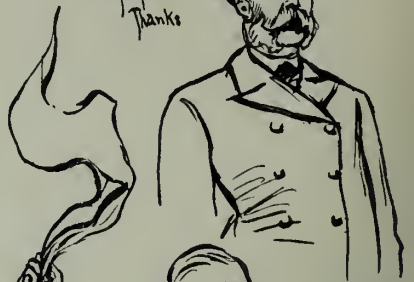
Sir Arch Campbell
Proposech Thanks



Sir F. Colebrooke
maketh Remarks



Mr Wm Pearce
also Proposech
Thanks



Dr John
MacLeod
openeth
Proceedings



Provost Campbell
becometh excited



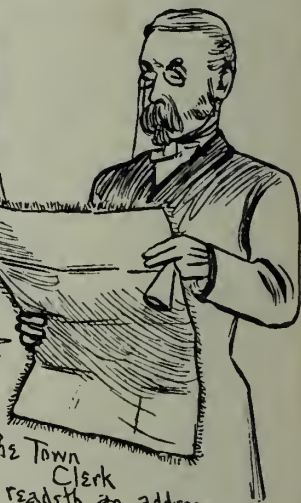
Mrs Elders
delivereth over
the Keys



The Earl of
Rosebery
presenteth
the
Park



The Town
Clerk
readeth an address



THE ELDER PARK, GOVAN

THE Earl of Rosebery was the humble instrument in the hands of Mrs. John Elder in delivering over the Park to the people of Govan. This is only one of several munificent gifts made by Mrs. Elder—who is now LL.D. of Glasgow University—to Govan and to Glasgow. It was a great day for Govan, the 27th of June, 1885, and you can imagine the excitement of that Saturday afternoon.

It was here I overheard the remark illustrated on a later page of this book under the title "What it is to be a Lord."

EAST END EXHIBITION

THE object of this exhibition, in the end of 1890, was to provide funds for the establishment of a People's Palace in Glasgow. It was opened by the Marquess of Lothian, Secretary for Scotland, but the sketches herewith have to do with an earlier and more exclusive occurrence ere the exhibition was ready for the public eye. This was a private Press view, to which you can see the *Bailie's* commissioner on his way. There was naturally a luncheon with some speeches, in one of the galleries devoted to the Fine Arts. Mr. David Fortune, Chairman of the Executive, did the honours. Pressmen are modest and like to remain anonymous, but here the veil is lifted, revealing Mr. W. M. Gilbert of the *Scotsman*, Mr. Thomas Reid of the *Glasgow Herald*, and Mr. Andrew Mudie of the *Evening Citizen*.



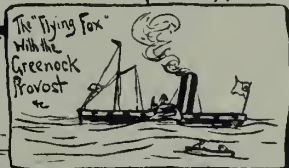
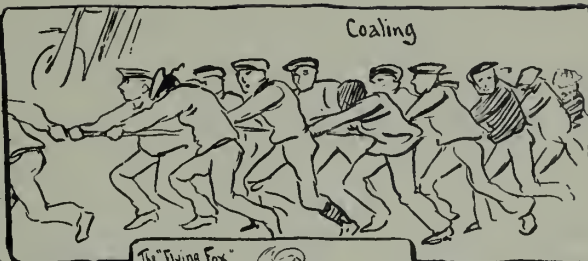
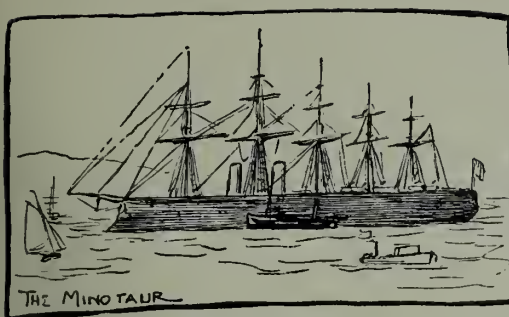


A LAUNCH FROM NAPIER'S YARD

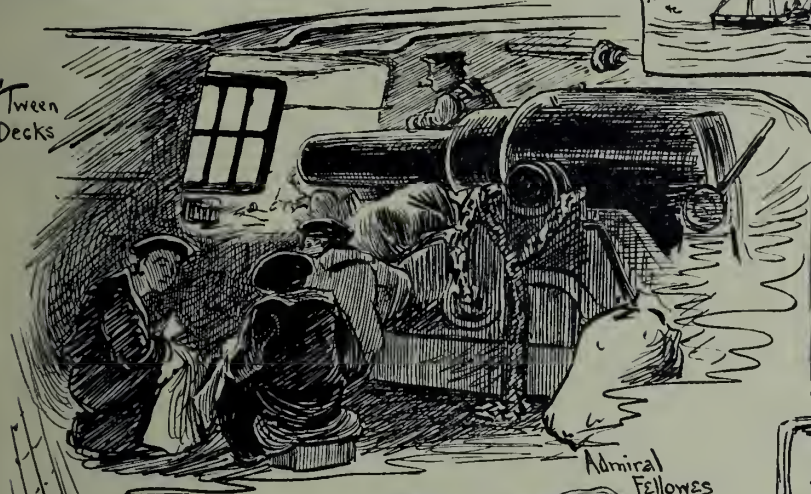
LORD CHARLES BERESFORD was there to see the belted cruiser, H.M.S. *Galatea*, leave the stocks amid showers of sleet in March 1887. The young lady who applied the hammer to release the ship was Miss May Kirk, daughter of one of the partners of Napier's. The sketch shows Mr. John Hamilton, another partner, standing by her side, and afterwards presiding at the lunch, at which Lord Charles, as might have been expected, made a rattling good speech.

THE CHANNEL FLEET

THE *Minotaur* was the flag-ship of the Fleet lying off Greenock in the end of September 1885. She was boarded by two friends and myself from the yacht of one of those friends on the day before the ships were open to the public. I don't know how we came to have the privilege of entry. Other people equally favoured were Mr. John Burns (afterwards Lord Inverclyde) and his party, also the Provost of Greenock and his party. Our party felt pretty big, I assure you, but there was room enough for us all.



Tween
Decks



Admiral
Fellowes





AN OCEAN LINER

THIS commemorates a voyage on the *State of Nevada*, in September 1883, all the way from the Broomielaw to Greenock. The vessel conveyed one of those batches of emigrants from eastern Europe, aliens whose goal of apparent happiness lies far beyond the confines of our little islands over which they pass on their way to the west. Pathetic groups they are, not always seeming sad, but hopeful, looking for something beyond the sea. I have never been fortunate enough to see them in the realisation of their hopes, but I remember seeing a group of them in one of the western States—not quite so far west as that after which this vessel was named—sitting waiting for a train to take them farther west, still pathetic, still hopeful, still looking for something beyond.

THE COASTING SEASON

TO the reflective mind it must always seem a wonderful thing that the Clyde, when it was choosing its channel, elected to run through Glasgow. If it had turned aside, say at Hamilton, and run away down to the sea by Kilmarnock and Ayr it would have been most awkward for Glasgow, especially in summer time, but fortunately for the steamboat companies the city had attractions which the river could not resist.



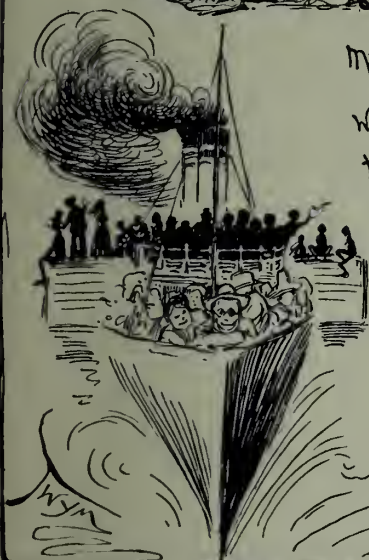
Owing chiefly to the
fine weather that has
fallen to our lot
the passenger traffic to the Coast
has already begun to assume



Considerable dimensions

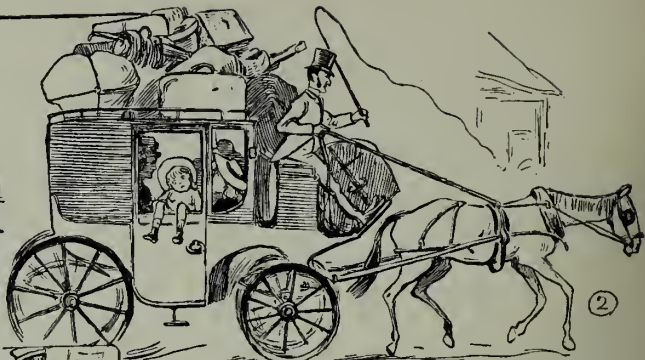


Many families having entered upon the
enjoyments of Holidaying at the Seaside,
Whilst the Crowded Steamers testify that
townspeople are eager to take
advantage of the daily
excursions



down the Clyde





HOW TO GO TO THE COAST

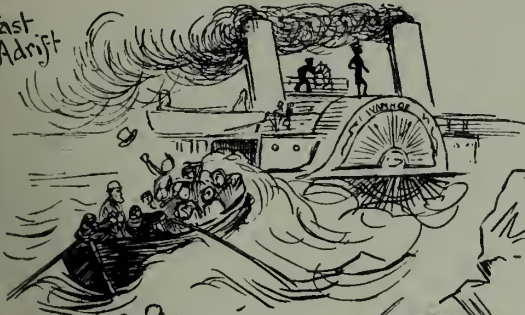
YOUR house-taking having been arranged, the first duty is (1) with the assistance of your family to do the packing. Next morning (2) you drive to the Broomielaw, where (3) you put your family on board a steamer, and (4) go to your office for an hour, leaving instructions with your chief clerk for the proper conduct of business in your absence. Then (5) you take train to Greenock, and (6) join your family, who are not much inconvenienced by the rain which has been pouring for an hour and a half. After some considerable time, you (7) arrive at a pier where you are put ashore with your belongings. In a light vehicle (8) you travel over several miles of rather broken road, while your few odds and ends (9) follow in a cart. At length (10) your secluded retreat appears in view, and ere long (11) you are cheered by the warm welcome of your landlady.

That is how we did it in our young days years and years ago.

IN ARRAN

WE natives of the Clyde are devoted to Arran. It has a charm for us found nowhere else in the world, especially for us old fogies who remember the island in its more primitive state when Gaelic was universally spoken and the English was delivered in the most delicious Hieland accent, or when, joy of joys ! some one was found who hadn't a word of English at all. This page, gleaned about Corrie in 1884, was titled in *Quiz* "The 'Ills of Arran." Well, we cheerfully put up with these, with the "h" or without. When we were children nothing mattered.

Cast Adrift



The Cats' Steeple: Chase



Watching the New Arrivals



"Methinks I scent the morning air"



A Chimney Can



The Luxury of Dressing



Interviewing a Native



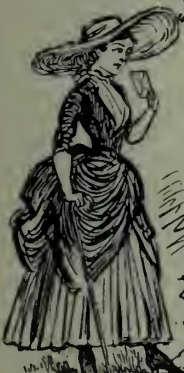
The Parson's Paradise



The great Advantage of Driving in Arran is that it affords numberless opportunities for Pedestrian Exercise.

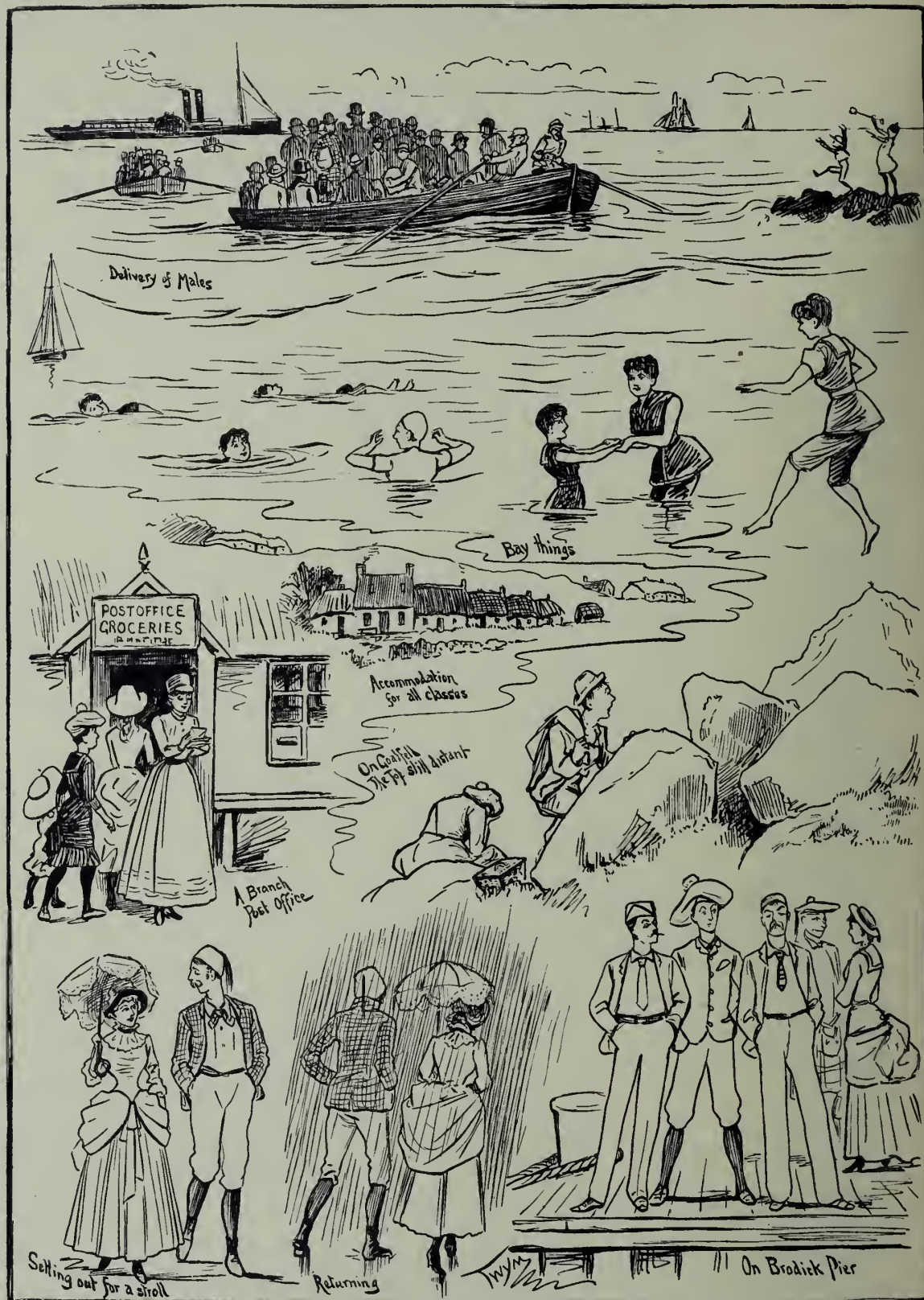


A Wayside Letter Box



Of course the papers are to be had every day, but sometimes it is a little dull.





AGAIN IN ARRAN

THIS time our sketches are in the vicinity of King's Cross and Whiting Bay, though a touch of Brodick is observable. It is, I think, the *Brodick Castle* that is discharging its passengers.

SEASIDE BITS

IT must be confessed that if these are Glasgow people—and who is bold enough to say they are not?—it is not on the shores of their native Clyde that they disport themselves. These are the sands of the Forth and that is the pier at Elie which the steamer is approaching. But, observe, these must be Glasgow children who are making a castle in the sand. The real east-coasters dig a hole to sit in, instead of piling a mound to be washed away by the tide.



A Sou' West Breeze

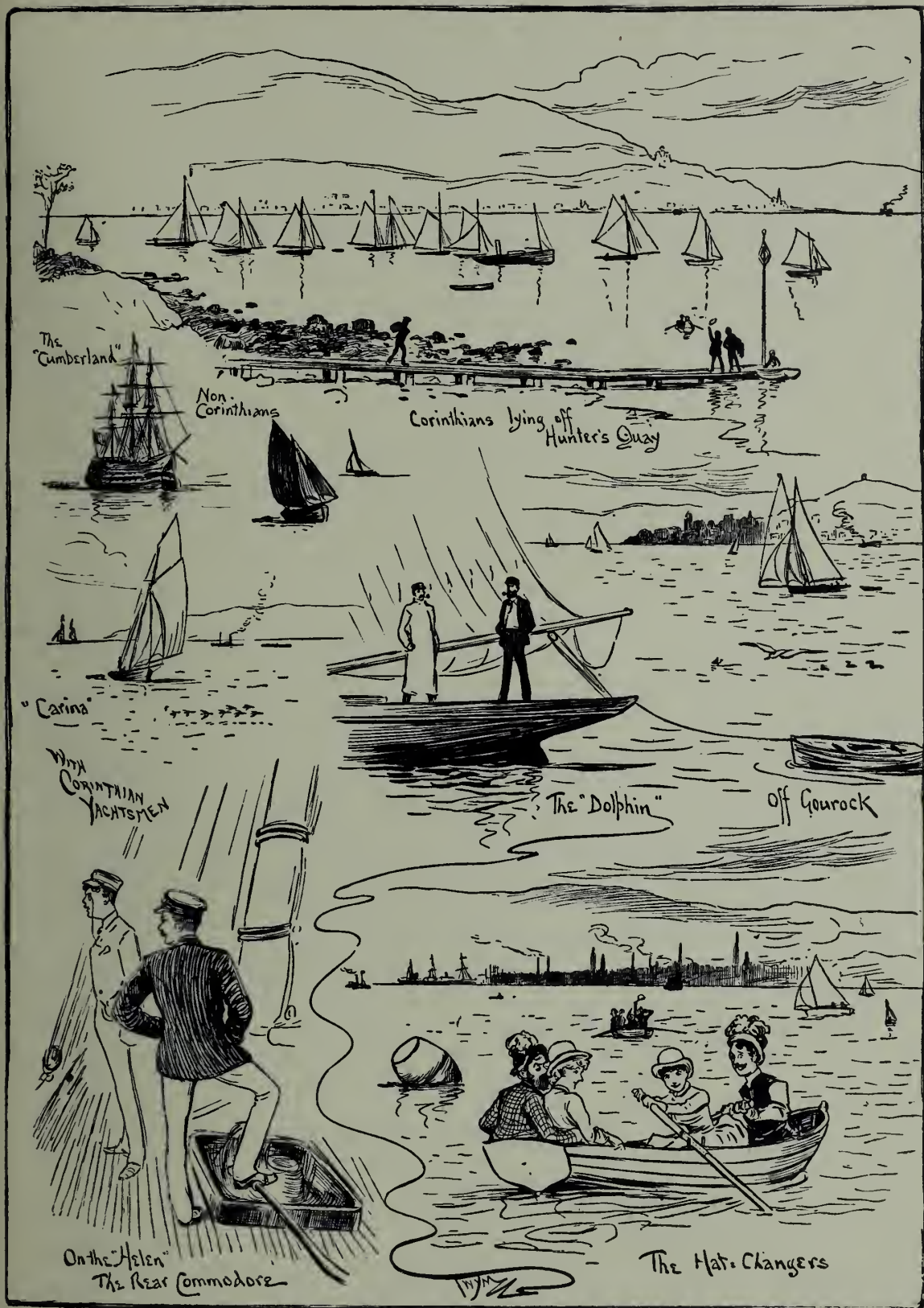


A YACHTING CRUISE

IT was on board Mr. James Morrison's twenty-tonner *Sayonara*, and we ran from Rothesay Bay to Lamlash in a brisk sou'-west breeze. I have a painful recollection of being the original of the sketch marked "Grief," but I felt much better when we got under the shelter of the Holy Island. Next day when it was blowing more than a quarter of a gale—to put it mildly—we ran a race, were drenched to the skin, even to the skin of our teeth by which we seemed to hold on, but we enjoyed ourselves and anchored in the Kyles of Bute for the night.

CORINTHIAN YACHTING

THIS was the opening cruise of the Corinthian Yacht Club for 1885. It was not a very extensive cruise, starting as it did from Hunter's Quay and coming to anchor at Roseneath. Mr. J. M. Tulloch, rear-commodore of the Club, was flag-officer of the day on board his schooner *Helen*. It need scarcely be explained that the group in the right-hand corner has no immediate connection with the Corinthians. It seems more akin to the Galatians.





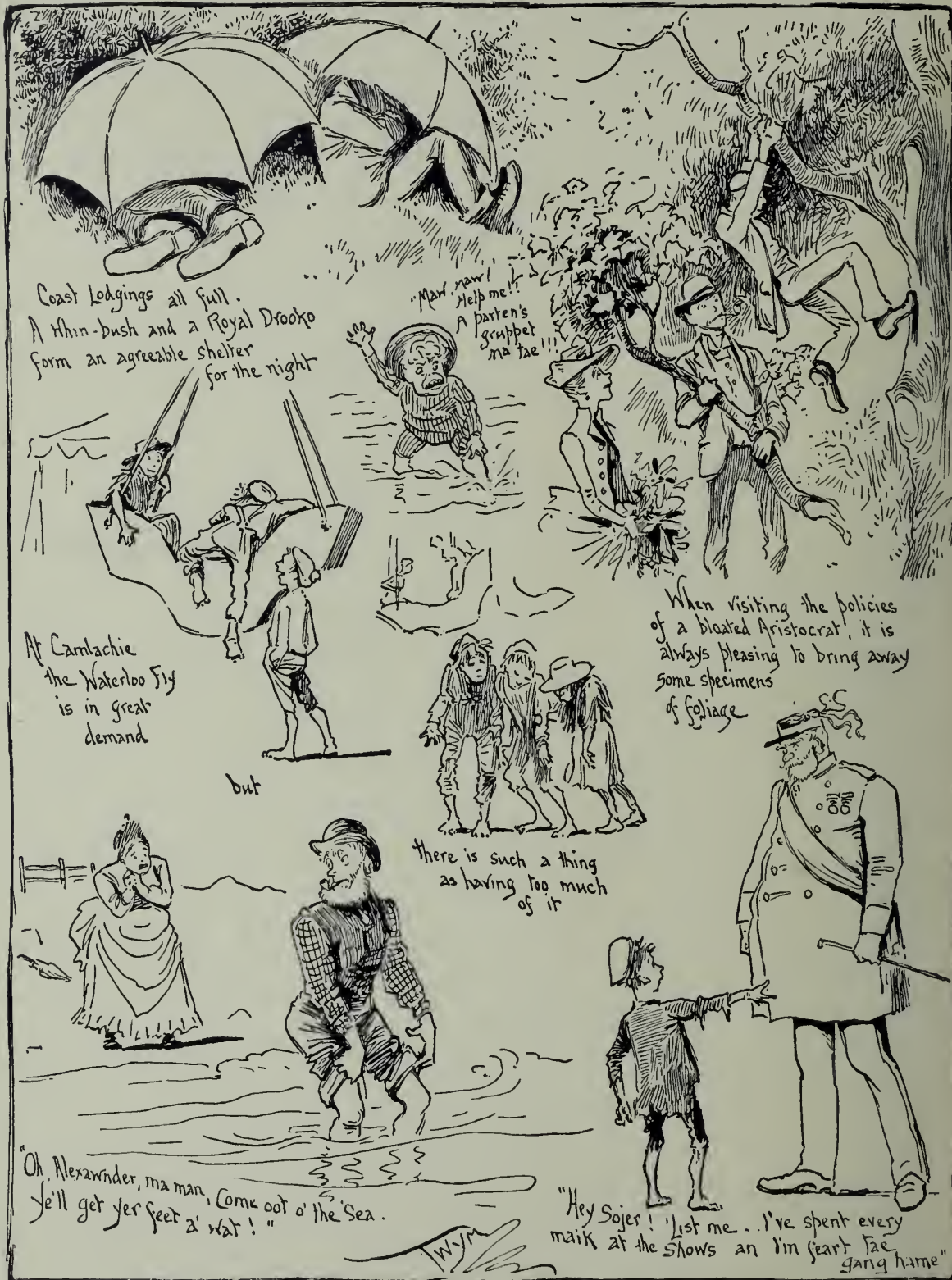
ANOTHER YACHTING EXPERIENCE

THESE sketches tell their own sad tale. It was in Fairlie Roads that the yacht lay—I forget the name of it—and Millport Regatta was to take place on the following day. Why should men make merry over sea-sickness? Let us not dwell on the subject.

THE *COLUMBA*

YES, after all, for the ordinary person, the best day's enjoyment to be had on the Clyde is on board the *Columba*. That is how it used to strike us long ago, and I don't think we can be considered to have been so very far wrong.





FAIR DEALING

THE *Fair* being, of course, Glasgow Fair, with its few days of freedom from the clatter of machinery and from city smoke. Even those who can't go to the country or the coast may find things fresher than usual as a result of the temporarily lessened population, and for those stay-at-homes who like a sea-going sensation there's always the Waterloo-fly at the "shows."

SOME FELLOW-TRAVELLERS

THESE can explain themselves, as fellow-travellers sometimes insist on doing, whether we wish them to or not.





TRAMS EAST AND WEST

MORE fellow-travellers, as found on the old-fashioned tramway-cars between Kelvinside and Parkhead.

THE FLITTING TERM

TWO events leading up to the time in the merry month of May when householders make a change of abode ; also one incident in the life of two maidens.

THE HARDENED OCCUPIER



THE UNSOPHISTICATED HUNTER



HOUSES
TO
LET

"Bit the hoose is no tae let;
the Mistress jist has oot the board
tae fright the Factor"

"You ask, Jack dearest"
"No, Darling it's your duty, you know"
"Do now, Jack"
"Come now, Nellie"

9c. 9c.



"She neednae be
that upsettin' wi' er porters an' er big kist.
I mind fine when a' she had tae cairry
wad hae gane in a pocket-nat'yin!"



Mrs West End Parker advertised for
a "General, experienced, middle-aged
accustomed to large family "

There were no applicants.
But after her next advt.

"Lady-help, cultured, prepossessing
-cheerful disposition- about 20."

Mrs WEP was occupied from
morning till night
considering

replies
in
person

A DOMESTIC EXPERIENCE

QUITE a common one in the 'eighties and 'nineties, and by no means rare in the beginning of the twentieth century.

A COMMERCIAL TRANSACTION

We have now reached the point where the characters in the sketches, having words of their own to say, do not require the aid of the annotator.

THE
OFFER



AFTER
SETTLEMENT:
THE
BUYER.



THE
REFUSAL.



THE
COMPROMISE.



AFTER
SETTLEMENT:
THE SELLER





SAFETY ASSURED

Mrs. Timour—"You're quite sure there's no danger in this swell."

Sandie—"Never a bit, Mistress ; if ye wis tae fa' oot or onything, we could easy grup ye wi' the boat-hook."

BEARING WITH THE INFIRMITIES OF A FRIEND

Dougal (very sympathetically)—"Yes, mem ; you'll see, Duncan was a second kizzin to the corpe, an' he's ta'en a bit turn o' thê he'rt juist for a meenit."

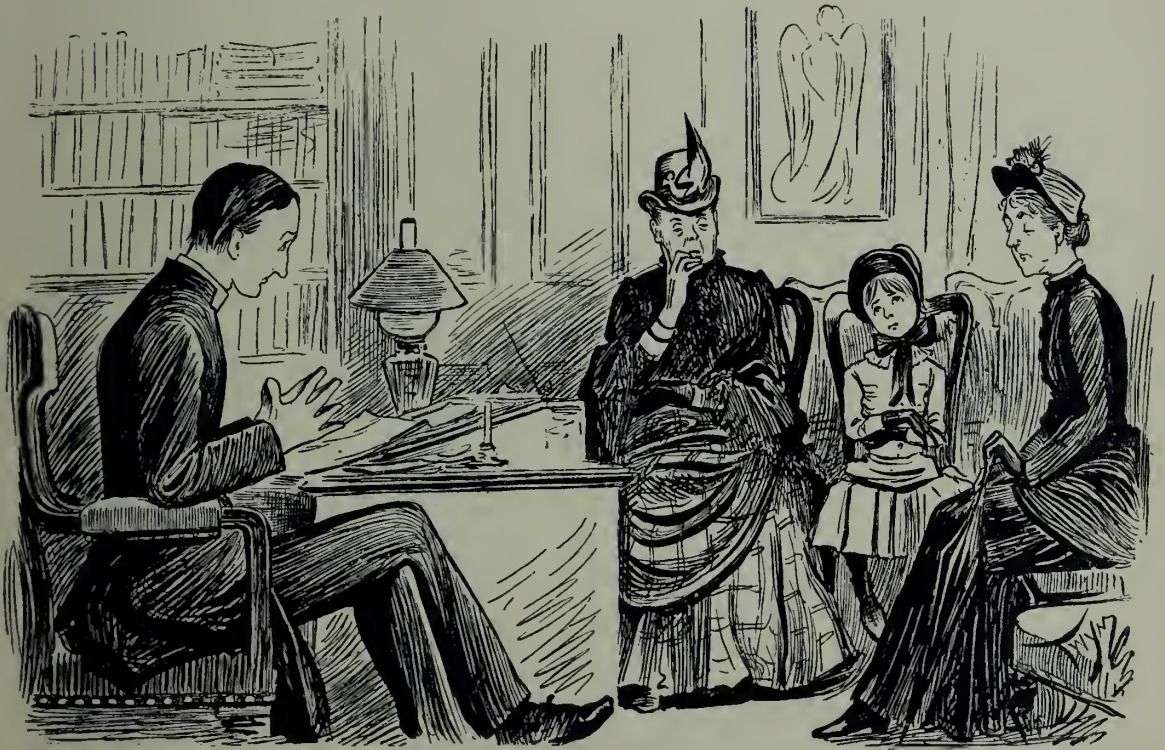
THE PARSON OF THE PERIOD

Jean—"Whatna ane o' them dae ye think the minister's efter?"

Mrs. McAlpine—"Toots, 'e's efter nane o' them, I'm thinkin'. If fufty was comin' the day an' fufty was comin' the morn, he'd blaw in a' their lugs!"

SPIRITUAL APATHY

THE new minister had intimated that he would open a class for young people in the Manse on Thursday evenings at eight o'clock. On the first Thursday thereafter, at eight-fifteen, the attendance was not at all encouraging.





EMULATION

NOTHING is more aggravating when you are taking a long country walk with a short friend, than his insisting on stepping over fences as you do, when he could so much more easily crawl under.

A BONE OF CONTENTION

IT may be asked, why does this young man not make himself agreeable to these girls if he is the only male to be had? We have to state in reply that he has made himself agreeable to all the young ladies in turn, and now they have begun to quarrel about him.

NATURE'S SIMPLICITY

Candid Celt—"There's them that was sayin' to me what an aaful nice ponnie cratur the ledly was."

Person on Honeymoon—"That was very good of them indeed."

Candid Celt—"Ay, ay, an' they'll wonder extr'or'nar whatt wey she'll not get a praa'er lad nor yersel, onywey!"

ANOTHER OF THE SAME

[Scene—not a hundred miles from Brodick.]

Miss Spry (who with her sister has accepted a lift)—"O, driver, would you keep well to one side : here is *another conveyance* coming!"





GIVE A DOG A BAD NAME

——“What’s your little sister crying for, Donald?”

——“Oh she aye greets when she sees the doctor, an’ thon’s him comin’ along the road.”

WHAT IT’S COMING TO

Affable vis-a-vis to Sedate Old Gentleman—“Do anything in politics, sir? May as well tell you I support the Empire myself. Trample on the Crown and Constitution, sir—you’re on my corns!”

[Old gentleman shifts his feet uneasily and is dumb.]

THE REASON OF IT

[Scene—A Drawing-Room in the Country.]

First Young Lady—"I suppose there are a great many young men in Glasgow."

Second and Third Young Ladies (carelessly)—"Oh, about seventy or eighty thousand or more."

First Young Lady—"That accounts for so many of you Glasgow girls getting engaged. I knew there must be *something*!"

AN ART EXTRA

Sandie (afraid that his companion's interest in the Exhibition is flagging)
"Noo, we're comin' tae a Hunder'-an'-fifty pounder!"





GUID GEAR

——“Wha’s that Mary MacCallum’s gaun wi’ noo?”

——“I dinna ken. He wad need tae be guid, for he’s naether big nor bonnie!”

WHAT IT IS TO BE A LORD

——“See yon’s the Airl o’ Rosebery, that wee man wi’ the nae whiskers!”

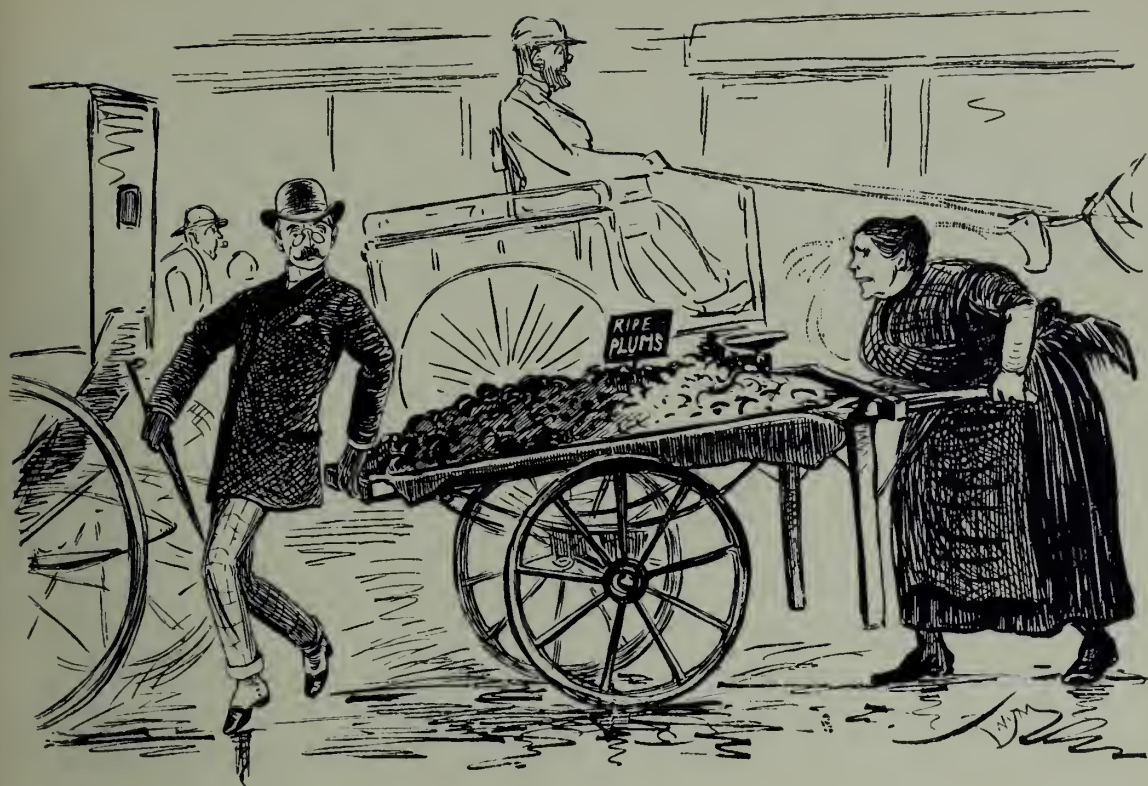
——“Lo’d sake!—The Craetur!”

NOT A LIKELY CUSTOMER

Fruit Merchant—"Hey, keep yer haunds off the barra if ye're no gaun'ae buy the ploods."

JEER, BOYS, JEER

Ironical Chorus of Depraved Juveniles—"Haw, haw! Wire in, Kilties! Quick march! Stand at Ease! Hurray for the Feather-heids!"





REGULAR DEAD-HEADS

Fair Saleswoman—"Would you like to buy a ticket for this beautiful cushion?"

Lady from the Country—"Deed no, we're no gaun'ae buy onything. We cam' in wi' complimentary tickets, an' we're jist gaun'ae enjoy oorsels."

PRIDE OF STATION

The Goldsmith—"Now this is just the thing for your son—a very fine keyless watch."

The Mother—"Ye needna bother lettin' us see that. Oor boy has aye been brocht up a *gentleman*, an' we want nane o' your *keelie's* watches for him!"

SYMPATHY

Hardy Mariner sings lustily—

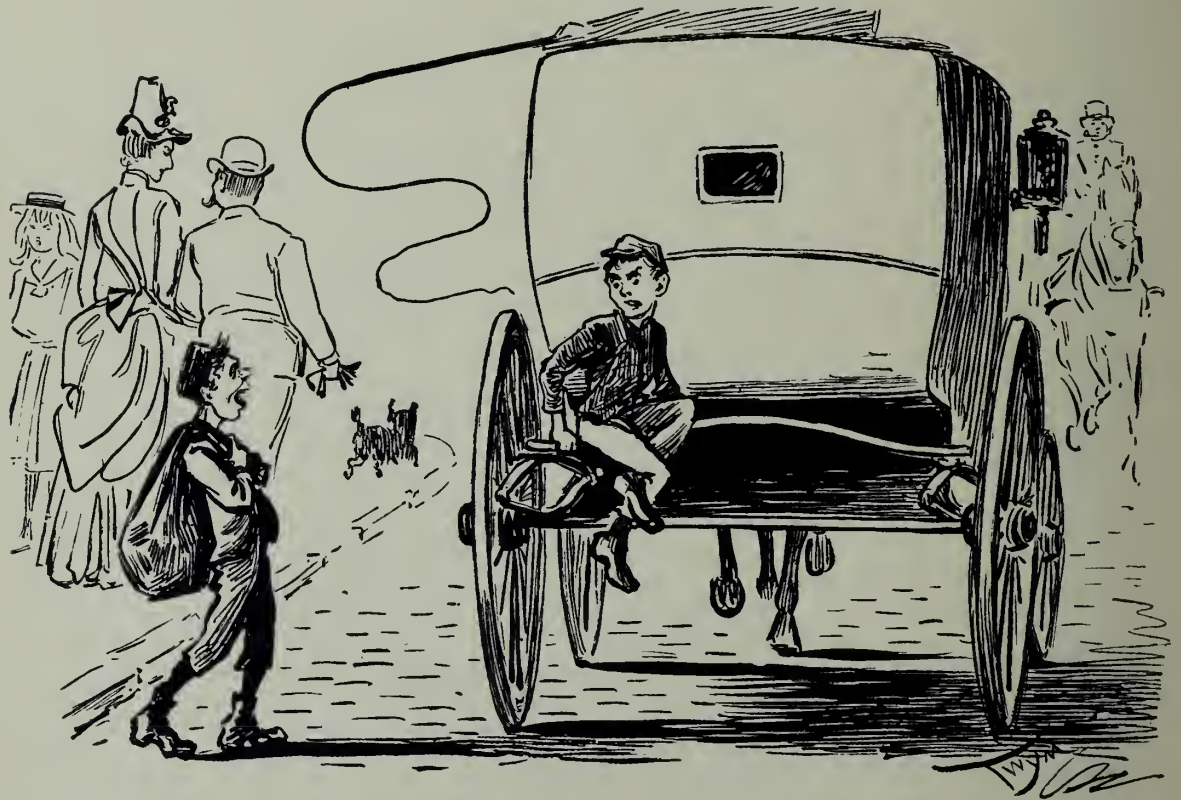
“ And a mahther weeps
Awr a Seller’s grev.”

Old Lady—“ Puir wee mannie, here’s a penny. I’m sure your mither
never thocht ye would come tae this ! ”

A CITY IDYLL

He of the Milk-shop—“ There’s nae chance tae get on in the place I’m
in ; the longer ye’re there they jist gie ye the mair cans tae carry.”





OUR BOYS

Chief Clerk (emphatically)—“What I say is that a Governor who forces a fellow to work, and tries to prevent a fellow’s friends from calling to have a quiet chat, deserves to be——”

[*The rest is too awfully emphatic.*]

A SEASONABLE THREAT

Gentleman on Foot—“Swe-e-e-p behind!”

Gentleman on Carriage—“Shut up, ye big-heidet ned! Mind if I come aff I’ll spile yer Jubilee for ye!”

BEARING A BOOL

Sandie—"Aw, Grannie—Grannie,—I've swallowed ma whinnie!"

Grannie—"Awa' hame wi' ye then—awa' hame this vera meenit! Ye're no gaun'ae dee here!"

SAIR FASHED

Friend—"Hoo are ye likin yer new place, Jeanie?"

Nursery Maid—"Ugh, I'm fair wrocht aff my feet. I've five o' them tae look efter, an' there's only yin at the schule!"





HE KNEW SHE WAS RIGHT

Jock Tamson (who has been catching it pretty hot from Mrs. T.)—
“Bleeze awa', Betty Wumman, bleeze awa'! I'm no worth showin' a
Christian speerit tae!”

THE SOFT ANSWER

He—“Come on, Wumman! Hae ye been tae the Cross an' back?”
She—“Aw! Did ye think ye had lost yer ain we lammie doo?”

KIND INDEED

Applicant for Situation—"I'm very sorry, mum, that I don't suit ye, for I must say I'm partickler well pleased with yer appearance."

ALMOST TOO FASHIONABLE

——"Eh Jennie, ye're nate! Ye're a rael leddy!—Bit losh, sic a 'toor-noor'!"





THE RISING GENERATION

Injured Innocent (to father who has been dozing)—“Is there *any* prospect of my being attended to? I understand that my mother gave you definite instructions to *rock me to sleep*, and here I am!”

PARADISE LOST

Freddie—“What’s ’at lady and gentleman crying for?”

Mamie (with some recollection of the consequences of eating green fruit)
—“O,’at’s Adam ’n’ Eve, an ’ey’s cryin’ ’cos ’ey ett a apple!”

A BAD RECOVERY

Freddie (with excitement)—O, mamma! we've had such fun with our new umbrella. It blew outside-in and if it hadn't been for two boys that helped us, Bertie and me could *never have got it right again!* "

THE MAN OF FEELING

Poverty— . . . "So that any monetary help, however small, would be most thankfully received."

Affluence—"Here's twopence for you."

Poverty—"Bless my soul, sir! Do you take me for a *common beggar?* "





A RIGHT TO A CHARACTER

Deserving Widow—"My laddie's gaun tae the Toon tae seek a place an' I wad be awfu' obleeged tae ye for a character. He's a lazy, throughither brat, but if ye jist write 'smert, active, honest 'an industrious,' folk'll surely believe the minister."

A PROVISIONAL ORDER

Betty—"Mrs. Mackie's compliments an' she wad like you an' Miss Marget tae come tae yer tea this efternoon."

Miss Minn—"Tell Mrs. Mackie with our compliments that we'll be very happy to come. Was there any other message?"

Betty—"Ay, she said if ye wis comin' I wis tae get twa tippenny scones an' a quarter o' fresh butter, but if ye said 'No' I wisnae tae mind."

INTERFERENCE WITH FAMILY PRIVILEGE

Message Boy—"What are ye hittin' the wee lassie for?"

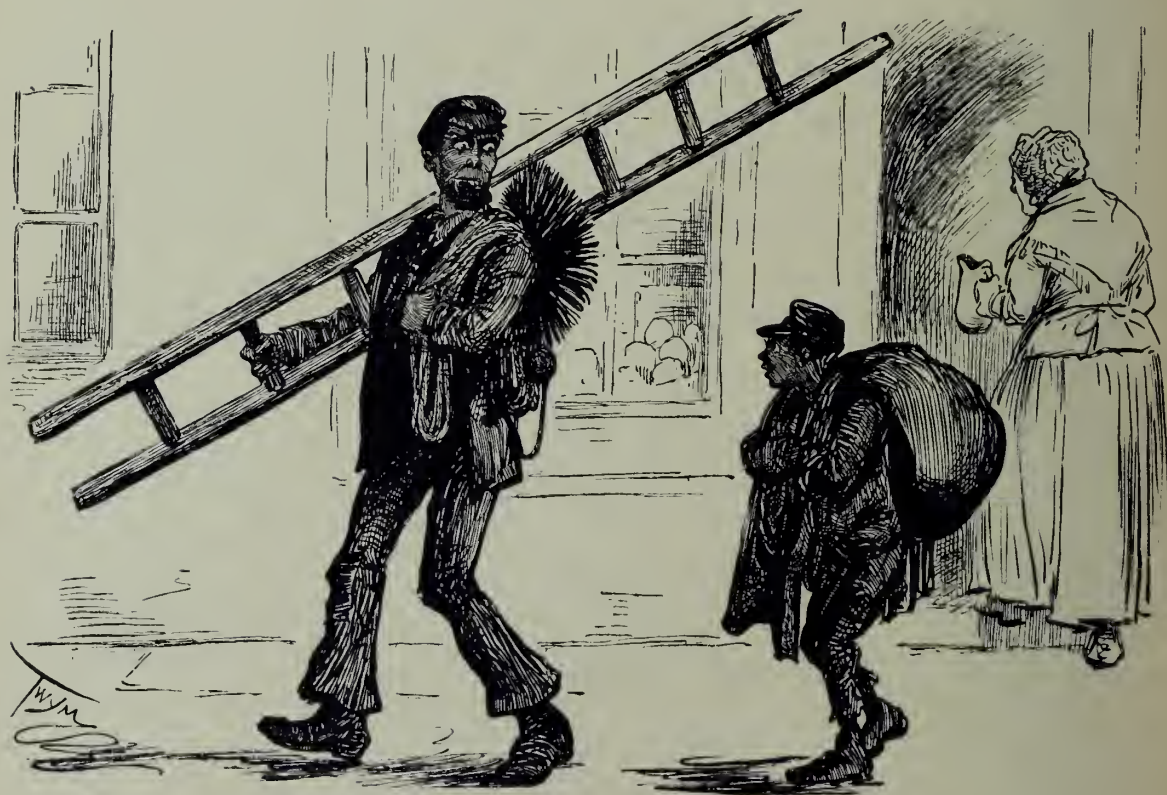
Enraged Party—"Ay, I'll hit 'er! I'll let her see if *she'll* hurray when *oor* coals is tummelt!"

HALLOWE'EN RIVALS

First Light—"Aw-haw! What a wee turnip!"

Second Light—"Ah, bit I don't care. I've a big yin at hame, an' I can gang inside o't an' warm ma haunds at the caunle. Now!"





A DISPUTE IN THE FIRM

Junior Partner—"Div ye think I'm gaun' ae dae a' the wark an' let you staun the hale day leanin' on that shivvel—div ye?"

DIGNITY OFFENDED

The Master—"Keep yer distance, noo! Hivn't I tell't ye afore that it's no the thing for the 'prentice tae walk aside the Coark?"

BEFORE THE BALL

Master of Ceremonies (in tone of command)—“Toap lady an’ gentleman chassies doon an’ draps the lady tae the veezy-vee.”

ETIQUETTE AT THE RIVETER’S REUNION

He—Would ye dance the Circassian Circle wi’ me if ye please?”

She—“Beggin’ your pardon, Mister, bit I think ye hivn’t been introduced.”





REAL BENEFACTORS

Rev. Peter Sawder (about to close proceedings by proposing a vote of thanks to the Sunday-school teachers)—“ And now, dear children, before we go we must thank those who have worked so hard to give us pleasure to-night. Can you tell me who they are ? ”

Grateful Boy (appreciatively)—Please, sir, the Bakers, sir ! ”

THE LOAVES AND THE FISHES

The Rev. Mr. Fogey calls with some pecuniary relief from the session for the poor widow who attends his church regularly on Sundays. Two other reverend gentlemen have also called on similar errands, and Mrs. McTaggle explains : “ Come awa’ in, sir. Ye’ll ken Mr. Blazer. I often goes tae his prayer-meetin’ on Wednesdays. An’ this is Mr. Clapperton ; the weans is constant scholars in his Sunday-school. Eh, aye ! A body has a heap tae be thankfu’ for ! ”

SIGNS OF THE FESTIVE SEASON



— "Can I send the mistletoe, mum?"
 — "Oh no, I'll just take it with me.
 You see, I'm a widow, and there's
 no saying —"



— "Wants any boots or shoes or shplendit pictures, leddy?"
 — "Na, na. We're ower thrang cleanin' up for Ne'rday
 tae look at' onything the noo."



— "You know, I feel it a positive pain to dine unless
 every dish is of the choicest possible variety."



"Come on up quick
 Geordie, there's
 Sassengers
 for the
 dinner!"

Wym



"If I hadnae thocht there wis some o' that curran-bun left ower frae last New Year I wad hae sent oot for a pund."



"You'd better awa hame wi' yer shivvel. Aye dune every door in this crescent already"



Eh, wumman! I'm that waik. We wis at a graun pairty in ma son's last night an' I've taen naething the day but a peill an' a cup o' tea."



Tom gets a smoking cap from Bessie and a pair of slippers from Kate. He is very grateful but has not made up his mind which girl to propose to.



Baby gets quite a lot of Christmas Cards. He does enjoy them!

Well, of course, I'm awfully awfully fond of chocolate-cake, but I've a perfect terror for oranges!"

MORE SIGNS OF THE FESTIVE SEASON

RANDOM QUOTATIONS

I HAD thought it desirable to wind up with some apt quotation from the poets, but I am afraid I have not successfully done so. It would be rash to claim that the quotations here given are apt, or that the sketches in any way elucidate the text of the classic authors. Indeed, an examination of the context would, I am almost certain, reveal the fact that not in a single instance has the real meaning of the passages been caught by the illustrator. Better close the volume without further remark.



"I was a child, and she was a child
In this kingdom by the sea" * * * With a love that the winged sheriffs uneven
Coveted her and me."
- Poe



"Blest be the Art that canny mortal eyes."
- Cowper. "No mate, no comrade loose
I knew."
- Wordsworth. Uneasy lies the head
that wears sack round."
- Shakespeare.



"Come fourth, thou fearful man!"
- Shakespeare "They call my crew ill-hatted, but I care not
what they say" - Tennyson

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