

James Scribbled

Used 1884

Some Notes of W.O. ~~written~~ in pencil in a Dummy Copy of Aggravations 2<sup>nd</sup> Ed.  
Notes etc. : written about ?

Clubs and dining Clubs, Montreal

1. Montreal. Club of 12, Ross, Roddick, Rodger, Gardner, Alloway, Buller, Blackader, Pettigrew, Molson (Metropolitan Club), Dinners, oyster suppers.

Philadelphia. Club of 12, Biological Club, Mahogany Tree Club. (Rittenhouse, Univ.)

Baltimore. Med, Reunion, Ship of Fools, Md. Club, Univ.

Oxford. Tutors' Club, The Club, The Ashmolean, Oxford County.

London. The College Club, The Royal Society Club, The Colophon, Pepys, The Fellows Club. Savile, Athenaeum, Automobile.

~~Popbush~~ (Popbush & Fuller, with The Johnson Club, And' etc. Posterville)

New York: Grolier's University, Chancery.

Though not a Club man in the usual sense of the term, many of my happiest recollections are associated with Clubs. Not a drinker, not a billiard player, and slow to make friends, the Club served as an hotel. In '74 - '76 (usually with Arthur Browne) I dined at the Terrapin, St. James' St. or at the Ottawa Hotel; afterwards I joined the Metropolitan Club in Beaver Hall and dined there for five or six years. We had a social club of ten - Ross, Roddick, Rodger, Gardner, Alloway, Buller, Blackader, Pettigrew, Molson - and dined once amonth through the winter. There are Apicean memories like those of the old surveyor in the introduction to the Scarlet Letter - mine to confess rarely lasts from one day to another. The calendar of my life is not lubricated with dinners, the sweet savour of which return to tickle my third ventricle. Indeed only two do so with faithful regularity whenever I see anything specially tempting as currant dumplings or an old fashioned suet pudding. † One Saturday morning in the mid sixties a long, lank parson arrived at the Rectory and announced to father, the Rural Dean of the district, that he had come as Incumbent of Watertown which he thought was a couple of miles away. In reality it was 12 or 14 and I had to 'hitch up' the buggy and take him to the village. It was in the spring, the roads were awful, it was cold and raining, and he was a hungry Evangelical who persisted in bothering me about my soul. At that stage of boyhood I had not acquired a soul, and I was scared by the very unpleasant questions he asked. I had never had anyone attack me in this way before, and my parents were not the type of Xtian that could worry a growing boy with such problems. I was in despair as he had reached the stage of wishing to

Henry P. Johnston Sec 4  
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Here the most of my young memories.

† Arthur Brown one of my great friends in M.D. (dead)

always used to hum a tune of consolation when one was brought on the table or as near alone as he could get.

pray for me when I saw a wayside tavern - clap-board, desolate-looking, but it had the cheery sign - I see it now - John Rieman - accommodation for man and beast. It was half past two and with the sensations of that hour much intensified. A nice warm kitchen, and in less than 15 minutes a meal fit for the gods! - ham and eggs, a big loaf of home-made bread - hot! - a pat of butter and a pot of green tea. The parson had change of heart. The frying-pan was still on the stove, and the kitchen was still hazy with the ambrosial atmosphere. We could not resist the offer of more eggs. After more than 50 years stomach and brain combine to remember that as the very best dinner on their record. I delivered the Incumbent to his churchwardens and to my great relief was not billeted that night in the same house.

The other occasion recurs neither so often nor so acutely. One day Dr. Buller with whom I lived in St. Catherine St. said "I am not going to have an ordinary dinner at the Club - we shall have an oyster supper here instead." It was the middle of November and the faithful cook - "me and the Dean" remembered as <sup>such</sup> by three generations of McGill medical students - was sent to the dock for three barrels of Carraguel<sup>oysters</sup>, which in those happy days sold at about \$1 (4 s.) a barrel.

Camaguet?

~~How the note abruptly ends. One would wish to have seen.~~

Curious that he did not regard himself as a club man for he was much sought by the most exclusive of them. What he probably means is that he was not too dally about a club fireside swapping stories with a drink beside him than working away on afternoon. Certainly in the sense he was not 'clubbable'.

But see.