

## X.—TODDY RUMMERS.

“GUID Scotch drink,” *alias* alcoholic poison, has been a subject around which a deal of controversy has raged. Essentially a religious people, the Scots have also been termed by many, even of themselves, a whisky-loving people. Our national bard, whom many temperance advocates, without just cause, hold up as a specimen of the drunkard *genus*, is often appealed to as an authority who says Scotch drink is “guid.” Hector MacNeill, if better known, might give equal evidence that whisky is “bad.” Guid, bad, or indifferent, mountain dew is consumed in large quantities, and makes the name of Scotland a (public)-household word. In London a party of Scots recently visited a “Scots tryst,” and the only Scotch thing there was whisky. It may have been made in Germany, but it was labelled “Roderick Dhu.”

It is not to be supposed that the introduction of dram-drinking into these sketches is intended in any way to support a practice which social evolution must sooner or later leave behind. On the contrary, it may be that a pre-Raphaelite detail which lets us see ourselves as others see us will have an opposite effect, and that the anecdotes related may serve to point a moral, if not adorn a (temperance) tale. One thing however, must be admitted: if they do not illustrate a social

practice which is elevating, they depict a custom often highly amusing.

A country laird sent his gardener to bottle a barrel of whisky, and cautioned him to drink one glass before starting, so that the fumes might not go to his head. John was a careful man, and took extra precautions, though these were not attended with satisfactory results, and when the laird entered the cellar he found his trusted retainer staggering about in the place. "Ah, John, John," he exclaimed, "you have not acted on my advice, I fear, and taken a dram before starting." "Dram be hang'd!" blurted out John. "It's no' a bit o' use. I ha'e ta'en nearly a dizzen o' them, an' I'm gettin' aye the langer the waur."

A labourer having performed a piece of work for a gentleman, was presented, after receiving payment, with a glass of his favourite beverage, which he swallowed in an instant, and the gentleman asking if he would take a glass of water to put the taste of the whisky away, he replied, "Eh, na, na, I winna do that; the taste o't gaes ower sune awa'. I would rather tak' anither ane to help to keep it."

Some time ago, one of the itinerating knights of the thimble, who board and bed, night and day, in the houses of their customers, had been employed in an alehouse. The guidwife by mistake handed him a bottle of brandy along with his porridge instead of small beer. Snip had not proceeded far in the process of mastication, when he discovered the error, but, re-



collecting the miserly disposition of his hostess, he continued to ply the cuttie with his wonted dexterity, although the liquor caused him occasionally to make wry faces. The landlady, observing his distorted features, exclaimed, "Fat ails your parridge the night, Lourie, that you're thrawin' your face, an' lookin' sae ill pleased like?" "Ou, gin ye kent that," replied the tailor, "ye wadna be very weel pleased, nae mair than me."

A Ross-shire friend of the writer's, who was holidaying on the Clyde, came in contact with a Cromarty man who had been imbibing somewhat freely. Striking acquaintance, the Cromarty man was pleased to find the Ross-shire man a north countryman like himself, and in the course of conversation said to him, "Ye'll ha'e the Gaelic?" "Oh, no," replied the writer's friend, "I never had the chance of learning it." "Ou," enjoined the other impressively, "ye should learn the Gaelic. It's a grand thing to ha'e the Gaelic. Mony a gless o' whusky I've got through ha'ein' the Gaelic."

A mason, well-known to be fond of a "wee drappie," sent a newly-engaged apprentice for the spirit level. The lad knew nothing about the article in question, and was afraid to ask any questions, but the word "spirit" decided his course. He went to the inn, which was not far distant, and brought a bottle of whisky, which he handed to his master and waited the result. The mason sat down on the stone he was dressing and, taking a long steady pull at the bottle

said, "Well, laddie, that wisna exactly fat I wantit, bit it'll juist dae."

Jamie H——, a village worthy, was making his way home one day and taking the whole breadth of the road, when he was met by the minister. "Well, Jamie," queried the divine, "what's wrong with you to-day that you are not at your work?" "Oh, sir," said Jamie, giving his face a twist, "thae rheumatics again." "Rheumatics, Jamie," replied the minister, as he caught sight of the neck of a big bottle sticking out of his pocket, "are ye carrying your rheumatics in a bottle now?"

Wattie MacTacket had been to a country fair and purchased a jar of whisky. Unfortunately, he had imbibed not frequently but too well. At last, unable any longer to support either himself or the "pig," Wattie rolled over, and, the cork coming out of the jar the liquor ran out with a peculiar "glugging" sound. Listening to the unwelcome process going on, and unable to move, Wattie thus addressed the jar, "Ou ay, ye may lie glug, glug, gluggin' awa' there, but if I cud win at ye I'd sune mak' a cork for ye o' my mou'."

"Well, what'll ye ha'e?" said a worthy old labourer to a friend. "Wall," said the friend affecting a high-sounding style, "I guess I'll have a brandy and soda." "Well, ye guess wrang," replied the worthy, "I've only fowerpence."

There were no teetotal societies in rural districts sixty years ago. Drinking, unfortunately, often went on to excess at the big annual country fairs that were



held every summer. Blood was hot, and sometimes there were great fights on the evening of the last fair day. Even at funerals there was a good deal of unseemly drinking. On one occasion a beadle lost his wife, and those invited to the funeral, by way of showing their sympathy, spent some hours in deep potations. At length they started in a rather muddled condition for the kirkyard. When part of the distance had been accomplished the mourners were startled by the disconsolate widower saying, "I doot, lads, we've made a mistake ; we've forgotten the guidwife." It was even so.

Tammas and Geordie, two well-known worthies, met in a village in Aberdeenshire on the day succeeding the funeral of one of the inhabitants "Was ye at the funeral yesterday, Geordie?" queried Tammas. "Na, man, I was owre busy, and cudna win," was the reply. "Were you there?" "Ay, man," replied Tammas, "an it was a grand affair! Little biscuities an' drams, an' a hurl hame on the hearse."

An old Highland woman, whose son-in-law was much addicted to intemperance, lecturing him one day on his misconduct, concluded with the following grave advice, "Man, Ringan, I would like that you would behave yoursel', and gather as muckle as would buy you a new suit o' black claes, for I would like to hear tell o' you being decent at my burial."

In the early days of paraffin lamps, when round opal globes were prevalent, there lived an old couple in Glen-shee in a but and a ben. Dugal was very fond of a dram,

and, going home one night from a curlers' festival, he discovered that Janet had left the lamp burning on the window-sill to lighten the zigzag path of her wayward spouse. Dugal, on reaching home, undressed as well as he was able, but in doing so roused his sleeping spouse, whereupon he, in all haste, screwed out the light, to prevent, if possible, a curtain lecture on his misdeeds. Some time having passed, and no appearance of the guidman coming to bed, Janet rose to see what was the matter. The full moon was shining in at the little window in the kitchen, and there she discovered Dugal actively engaged in endeavouring to blow out the moon, under the impression that the paraffin lamp was still before him blazing brightly. "What's the maitter, ye auld fool?" cried Janet. "Maitter?" said Dugal; "I dinna (hic) ken what's the maitter; but this lamp will neither screw oot nor blow oot the nicht."

A half-inebriated farmer on his way home from market, met the lately-appointed schoolmaster. "Weel," exclaimed the farmer, "ye're the new dominie, I'm tell'd." "Yes, I am," answered the schoolmaster. "What of that?" "Oor Johnnie's wi' ye, isna he?" further queried the farmer. "I believe so," was the reply. "An' he's in jography, too?" continued the interrogator. "Ay, ay," said the schoolmaster. "Weel he's been in't for six months," added the farmer, apparently anxious to let the schoolmaster know of his failings, "an' the ither nicht the barn door key was lost, an'

the deil a bit o' him could tell whaur it was. Is that the way to teach jography?"

Four young kinsmen returning from a merrymaking one moonlight night had to pass the parish kirk. One of them noticed there was something wrong with the kirk, another backed him up, and, after mature deliberation, they agreed that the kirk was not sitting due east and west, as she ought to be. This was not to be tolerated, so one went to each corner. Plaids were thrown down, and one gave the word, "Lift noo, lads, lift." A long and a strong lift followed. "Stop," roared the leader, "or she'll be ower far roun'," and the kirk was set down due east and west, where it remains to this day. As the worthies left for home Cairnmore confided to Belnacraig, "Man, it was weel ye cried 'stop' whan ye did, or she wad ha'e been on the corner o' my plaid."

Two English tourists were obliged to stay indoors one wet day in the Highlands. A Highlander passed the window, and one of the tourists hailed him with the words, "What on earth brought you out on a day ike this? You must be wet to the skin." "I was looking after a bit pony," explained the Celt. "It seems to me you Highlanders never know when you are wet," added the stranger. "Perhaps no, sir," remarked the Highlander; "but we aye ken when we're dry."

Sandy, a canny boatman, was rowing a party of tourists across one of our lochs when one of the gentle-

men, in course of conversation, asked him if he liked to pull at the oars. "Aye," replied Sandy with a wink; "but I like better to pu' at something else."

"Dinna bother liftin' me," said a helpless inebriate one night to some compassionate people who were endeavouring to set him on his feet, "gang and get twa bobbies, they're paid for't!"

There are many anecdotes of Rab M'Kellar, the jolly landlord of the Argyll Hotel in Inveraray. On one occasion he was bickering with an Englishman in the lobby of the inn regarding the bill. The stranger said it was gross imposition—he could live cheaper in the best hotel in London, to which Rab, with unwonted nonchalance, replied, "Oh, nae doot, sir—nae doot ava—but do ye no' ken the reason?" "No, not a bit of it," said the stranger hastily. "Weel, then," replied the host, "as ye seem to be a gey sensible callant I'll tell ye: there's 365 days in the Lunnon hotel-keepers' calendar, but we have only three months in ours!—do ye understand me noo, frien'?—we maun mak' hay in the Hielan's when the sun shines, for its unco seldom he dis't!"

Somebody once asked a Highlander what he would wish to have if some kind divinity would give him the three things he liked best. "Weel, for the first," he replied, "I should ask for a Loch Lomond o' gude whisky." "And what for the second?" "A Ben Lomond o' gude sneeshin'," replied Donald. "And what for the third?" He hesitated for a long time at



this, but at length his face brightened up, and with a pawky look he answered, "Oo, just anither Loch Lomond o' gude whisky."

After several years' sojourn in South Africa a Scot returned to his native village with a fortune. On this account he was an object of much interest, and found an extraordinary number of friends. He was treating a batch of them in the village inn, when a pedlar entered with a load of sponges and ordered some refreshment. After listening to the conversation a few minutes, he went round the company asking them to buy his sponges. "Gae wa', man," cried one man, "there's naebody needin' your sponges." "You're quite richt," retorted the pedlar, as he made for the door, "for there's ower mony *sponges* here already."

A gentleman, one morning in summer, passing along the road towards Tarbet, observed a Highlander lying down flat on his breast, quenching his thirst at the loch, and called out, "Donald, tak' aff your mornin'!" "Oich, oich," replied Donald, "if she was a ouskie, she wad try."

"Donald, man," said a Highlander to a friend, "is a bumblebee a beast or a bird?" "Hoot, Sandy," was the reply, "don't disturb me wi' *releegeous* questions, when I'm takin' a quiet dram."

Macdonald, a Highlander, travelling along a road in the Highlands, foregathered with an aged countryman. After walking some miles, the former invited the latter into a country inn. They sat down, and Macdonald

ordered a gill of whisky and two tumblers, for which he paid. The aged one, Macpherson, seizing the gill stoup, poured all the whisky into his own tumbler, and then asked his host, "An' what are ye goin' to ha'e yersel', Mack?"

An Argyleshire Highlander was reproved by his minister for engaging in illicit distillation. "Ye mauna ask me," said the smuggler, "to gi'e't up, for it supports the family. My faither an' his faither afore him, made a drappie. The drink is gude—far better for a bodie than the coarse big-still whisky. Besides, I permit nae swearin' at the still, an' as a' is dune dacently an' in order, I dinna see muckle harm in't."

A Highland drover who attended Haddington market, on one occasion paid a return visit after some considerable time. His business being finished, he proceeded to a refreshment bar where he had been entertained on the former occasion. "Oh, my!" exclaimed the landlady, "what a load ye've lifted off my mind! D'ye ken, I never expected to see you in life again! The last time you were here, instead of giving you a glass out o' the whisky bottle, I gave you by mistake a glass o' aquafortis!" "Weel, weel," responded the drover, "aqua forty or aqua fifty, I dinna care a snuff which. But, 'od, wuman, it was grand, and it keepit me warm for three hale days; and I'm juist come back for anither o' the same."

A Highland laird, being unable to maintain a piper

permanently, occasionally employed a local musician to play during dinner when he had a party. On one occasion Donald had been overlooked as to his usual dram before commencing to play, and, to be revenged, gave very bad music, which caused the laird to remonstrate with him, and ask the cause. "It's the bag," explained Donald. "She pe ferry, ferry hard." "And what will soften it?" demanded his employer. "Och, just whusky," was the reply. The butler being sent for a tumblerful of the "specific," Donald quickly drank it off. "You rascal!" said the laird. "Did you not say it was for the bagpipes?" "Och, yess, yess," answered the piper; "but she will pe a ferry peculiar pipes, this. She aye likes it *blawed* in."

On the deck of a west coast steamer the captain pointed out the route to his mate Donald, and said, "Keep her going as I have indicated." He then retired, but returned in a while, and asked, "How is her head now, Donald?" "Sair, sair, sir," replied Donald (who had been on the spree the night before); "she is likin' to crack."

A farmer, who had imbibed a little too freely, while making his way home jostled a gentleman as he attempted to pass him. The gentleman, addressing him sharply, said, "What do you mean by pushing me in that manner?" "Beg pardon, sir," replied the man. "But I saw twa men, an' I was gaun through atween them."

An Argyleshire man who helped one of his townsmen residing in Glasgow to flit, got so many "refreshers"

that on his way across Jamaica Bridge he felt tired and sat down to rest. A friend happened to pass, and, noticing him, asked what was wrong. "Man, Donald," was the answer, "I was away helpin' at a flittin'; and, man, do you ken, a flittin' day in Glesca is as good as a New Year at hame."

John ——, an old carter of the village of C——, was driving coals one very cold morning to an old lady. When he had delivered the coals the lady gave him a glass of whisky. After John finished his glass he exclaimed, "Aweel, my lady, there was never sic a thing in my young days." "What," said the lady in astonishment, "no whisky?" "Plenty whisky, but never sic a wee gless," replied John.

A Free Church minister from the north visiting Edinburgh came across a Highlander standing in Princes Street, gazing at every car that passed. Thinking he might be of service to his countryman, the minister walked up to him, and touched him on the arm. "My good man," said he, "you are a Highlander, I presume, like myself. Do you want to take a tram anywhere?" "Tram, sir?" he said. "Och, it's very kind o' you. We'll juist gang across here, where I was a minute ago myself, and it's very good stuff they keep, too, whateffer."

An old sea captain was so reduced by the decline of shipping that he had to turn boatman. He was a great favourite with the gentlemen who came up from Dundee to fish for salmon. On one occasion, while out on the Tay, a fine salmon was hooked and landed.



"First blood, Jamie; that deserves a good dram," said the successful angler to the waterman, taking his flask and pouring out a "stiff caulker" in the measure attached to the flask. Over Jamie's throat went the dram like a flash of lightning. "Faith, you're not long in polishing off that," said the angler, surprised at the celerity of the disappearance. "Na, sir," was the reply, "there's nae use for beacons and licht-houses the way that went down. The channel is free frae a' obstacles."

A manager in one of the chemical works near Glasgow found a snake in a cargo of hides from South America. He killed the reptile by placing it in spirits, and put it into a bottle for the purpose of presenting it to the Kelvingrove Museum. Travelling by rail to Glasgow with his capture, he found himself in a compartment with two Hamilton farmers, who became very much interested in the snake and the history of its arrival in Scotland. "Ay, man," said one of them, "an' hoo did ye kill't?" "Oh," said the manager, "I drowned it in whisky!" "Ay, man," said the other farmer, in a tone that seemed to imply regret that he himself was not a South American snake shipped to Glasgow by mistake, "sic a glorious death!"

"And how do you like Glasgow?" queried a Montrose man of a friend on his return from the city. "Oh, weel enough!" was the reply. "It's a gude enough toon." "I should think it is!" said the Montrosian. "Rare place for entertainments of all kinds! Many

more opportunities for enjoyment than Montrose—eh?”  
“ Ah, weel, I dinna ken !” answered his friend. “ I’ve  
juist been as drunk in Montrose as ever I was in Glaisco’ !”

An old farmer in the Stirling district, noted for his ready wit and fondness for a dram, was on one occasion visiting another farmer in the district. The host saw that his guest had been on friendly terms with John Barleycorn, and had already imbibed sufficient, if not too much, mountain dew. Accordingly, after giving his guest one glass, and that doubtless a small one, he replaced the bottle in the cupboard. Conversation on all things interesting to farmers was engaged in, and the time passed pleasantly enough. By-and-bye, however, the guest thought another round of whisky was due, and for some time waited patiently the re-appearance of the bottle. But no bottle was forthcoming, and at last, wearied out and thirsty, he exclaimed in the pawky way for which he was noted, “ Dod, a man wad sune get *sober in this hoose.*”

In a conversation between a member of a Temperance Society and a Highlander, Donald defended the use of the concentrated essence of malt most manfully, and, as his own likings were concerned in the discussion, he made up in noise what he lacked in argument. “ How many examples,” said the advocate of temperance, “ are every day brought under our notice of the pernicious effects on individuals, and the ruin of families by drinking ; I would say more, even fatal effects. No later than yesterday a poor drunkard died from indulging

in whisky." "Stood there, now, my lad," said Donald in reply, "I am as far north nor you; never a man die in the world for teuking a good dram; no, no, never; it's the nasty water they'll put into it."

"Come awa' wi' me, Doctor," said a gentleman to his minister, "and I'll gi'e you a treat—a bottle of claret forty year auld. The Doctor eagerly accepted the invitation. The gentleman, however, was somewhat stinted in his supply, handing the expectant Doctor merely "a sma' gless." "Wae's me," said the Doctor, taking it in his hand, "but it's unco wee o' its age."

A minister happening to pass as a parishioner, famous for his "love o' the drink," was watering the cow at a burn, saw, as he thought, a fine opportunity for improving the occasion. "Ah, John," he began, "you see how Crummie does. She just drinks as much as will do her good, and not a drop more. You might take an example off the poor dumb brute." "Ah," said John, "it's easy for her." "Why more easy for her than you, John?" queried the minister. "Oh, juist because it is," replied the worthy. "Man, there's nae temptation in her case." "Temptation, John. What do you mean?" further interrogated the divine. "Weel, you see, sir," said John, determined to explain matters to the best advantage, "it's no' the love of the drink a'thegither that gars a body get the waur o't. It's the conveeviality o' the thing that plays the plisky. Ye see, sir, ye meet a freend on the street, an' ye tak' him in to gi'e him a dram, an' ye crack awa' for a while,

an' syne he ca's in a dram, an' there ye crack an' ye drink, an' ye drink an' ye crack, an', dod, ye juist get fou afore ye ken whaur ye are. It's easy for Crummie, as I said, as she's naebody to lead her aff her feet, as ye may say. She comes oot here an' tak's her drink, an' no' anither coo says, 'Crummie, ye're there.' But, certes, sir, had Dauvit Tamson's coo juist come up on the ither side o' the burn a meenit syne, an', just as Crummie was takin' her first toothfu', had flappit hersel' doon on her hunkers an' said, 'Here's to ye, Crummie,' I'll eat my bonnet if she wadna ha'e flappit hersel' doon on her hunkers an' said, 'Here's to *you*, Hornie.' An' there the twa jauds wad ha'e sitten an' drucken until they were baith blind fou. I tell you, again, sir, it's the conveeviality o' the thing that plays the plisky."

A Paisley "body" had paid one of his periodical visits to Glasgow. Walking home somewhat tipsy, he was forced to take a rest by the roadside, when a gentleman heard him thus communing with himself. "Ay, there's twa munes in the sky the nicht again! That's a bad sign, for every time I see twa munes I hiv' a sair heid next day."

The Rev. Dr. Ritchie, of Potterrow, once went to form a teetotal society at Peebles, and a man and wife, who were addicted to dram-drinking, and who heard the speeches, were conscience-smitten. After they went home the guidwife said, "'Od, John, I think we'll ha'e to set doon our names to that *thing* yet."



"We'll gang to anither o' the meetings yet afore we decide," said the husband. Next meeting showed the picture of a young man ruined by drink, and the two went forward at the close to sign the pledge. "But are we never to taste it ava?" they asked simultaneously. "Never," replied the minister, "*unless for a medicine.*" The old couple took the pledge, and went home, taking a bottle of whisky with them to wait on cases of emergency. More than a fortnight passed before drink was mentioned, when one night John complained of an "awfu' pain in his stammik," and suggested that it might not be safe to go to bed without taking just half a glass or so. "O, man, John, it's a pity ye ha'e been sae lang o' speakin'," said Janet, "for 'odsake, I've had sae mony o' thae towts mysel' this aucht days that there's no' a drap o' yon to the fore."

Dannie Forrest was one of the keenest curlers in Lanarkshire. Returning one night from a bonspiel, rather late and tipsy, he sat down at the fireside to enjoy a smoke, unaware that his sleeping wife had that night been varnishing the jambs, and with his back against one of these jambs, he soon fell asleep. "Come to your bed at once, Dannie," called out his guidwife, as she awoke after midnight, and found her husband sleeping at the fireside. "Come awa' to your bed, ye auld cuif, an' no' lie snorin' there." Dannie made a desperate effort to get up, but found it was quite impossible, for he was firmly glued to the newly-tarred fireside. "Preserve us a', Janet!"

he exclaimed, "this maun be an awfu' frost. I doot there'll be news o' this yet. I declare to guidness if I'm no' frozen to the very jamb." The awfu' frost was suddenly followed by a spell of heat—warm words from an enraged housewife.

During the hunting season the Laird of Logan, famous in anecdote and story, was favoured with many visitors. On one occasion a party assembled at his house more numerous than usual, and such as to excite the fears of his housekeeper for accommodation during the night. "Dear me, Laird," she said, "what am I to dae wi' a' thae folk? I wonder they hae nae mair sense than come trooping here in dizens—there's no' beds in the house for the half o' them!" "Keep yoursel' easy, my woman," said the Laird; "I'll just fill them a' fou, and they'll fin' beds for themsel's."

The proverb, "The drunken man aye gets the drunken penny," was probably never so truly verified as in the case of two tipplers in Lochwinnoch. They had exhausted funds and credit, yet still they might be seen describing right angles in their course towards home. "Gang awa' in, Peter," said John one day, having failed in all their schemes for raising the necessary funds, "and see gin they'll gi'e us credit for a gill." "Na, John," said the other, "wad it no' be likelier that ye wad get it, ye're far better acquaint?" "It would be useless," replied John, "I'm ower weel kent."

Two gentlemen who had been made acquainted with each other at a jollification, and who for a long

time had never met, except on similar occasions, were one night talking over their cups about the commencement and length of their acquaintance, when one of them took the other to task about passing him for a long time on the street without recognition. "Well, Mr. Tippleton," said the offending party, "you may have thought it queer, but if you reflect for a moment, you will not be surprised; for I was two or three years acquainted with you before I chanced to see you sober, and how was I to know you in business hours?—even yet, when I happen to see you sober, I dinna think you look like the same man ava."

A laird of the old school expressed indignation when some one charged hard drinking with having actually *killed* people. "Na, na," said he; "I never knew onybody that was killed wi' drinking, but I ha'e kenned some that dee'd in the training."

A temperance reformer, with a view to the betterment of an old veteran, informed him that whisky was slow poison. "It maun be awfu' slow, then," replied the worthy, "for I've toothfu'd an' toothfu'd awa' at it this saxty year, an' I'm aye livin' yet."

"You are reeling, Janet," remarked a country minister to one of his parishioners whom he met carrying more sail than ballast. "'Deed, an' I canna aye be spinnin', sir," retorted Janet, leering blandly into the face of her interrogator. "You do not seem to catch my meaning clearly," continued the divine. "Do you know where drunkards go?" "Indeed,

they generally gang whaur they get the whisky cheapest and best, sir." "Yes, Janet," explained the minister, "but there is another place where they go. They go where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth." "Humph!" exclaimed Janet with scorn. "they can gnash teeth that have teeth to gnash. I hav'na had but a'e stump this forty year."

An amusing story is told concerning a sheep farmer from Lethnot. He was a hard-headed man, and could stand any amount of whisky at market without "turning a hair," but a banquet fairly got the better of him. He found himself among some lawyers, who were drinking champagne, and looking with the utmost contempt on the potency of the "thin fizzen stuff," he quaffed bumpers of it at every toast. Some time after he was discovered by a minister at another table covered with toddy tumblers and whisky bottles, and arrived at that state of intoxication known as "greetin' fou." On the minister inquiring what was the matter with him, he replied, weeping copious tears, "Ah, Maister Inglis, I'm failin'; I'm failin' fast. I'm no' lang for this warl'!" "Oh, nonsense," said the minister, "don't be foolish! You look hale and hearty yet. You just try to get away home." "I'm clean dune, sir! I'm clean failed," persisted the farmer, with intense pathos. "As fac's deith, sir, I've only ha'en aucht tumblers, an' *I'm fou, sir, I'm fou!*"

A gentleman, jealous lest his associates should consider him henpecked, asked a party to his house, more for



the purpose of showing he was master at home than for any great regard he had for the virtue of hospitality. Before, however, adventuring on so ticklish an experiment, he thought it advisable to have an understanding with his better half, and an arrangement was made by which the sceptre was to pass, for one night, into his unpractised hands. The friends kept their time, the conviviality commenced, and bowl after bowl was replenished, till the sma' hours began to announce themselves. The company proposed to move, but the landlord, proud of his newly-acquired authority, would not hear of it; it was in vain he was told Mrs.—was gone to bed, and no hot water could be had. "If she was," exclaimed the northern Caius, "she must get up again, for he always had been, and ever would be, Julius Caesar in his own house, and hot water and another bowl he was determined to have before one of them moved a foot." The company were about to accede to the determination of the host, when their ears were assailed by a voice, fretful and discordant, "There's no' anither drap shall be drunk in this house the nicht; and as for you, Julius Caesar, if ye ha'e ony regard for your ain lugs, come awa' to your bed."

Mr. Graham was session-clerk and parochial teacher of —, and although he faithfully discharged the duties of his double office, he occasionally fell into the sin of drinking a little too much. His wife was sorry to witness this failing, and often remonstrated with him on the impropriety of his conduct. But the husband

turned the point of her rebuke, by simply exclaiming "True, I put mysel' whiles aff the perpendicular, an' it tak's a wee to bring me to the plumb again; but, do ye no' ken, my dear, that if it hadna been for that bit fau't, ye ne'er wad ha'e been Mrs. Graham?"

A schoolmaster who had been appointed to a sparsely populated country district, foregathered with a man breaking metal by the roadside, and after interrogating him as to the amenities of the locality in general, proceeded to make inquiries in particular, and asked, "How far distant is the nearest minister?" "Ou, aboot four miles," said the roadman. "Indeed. And how far are we from a doctor?" "Ten mile an' a bit-tock, e'en as the crow flees," replied the roadman. "Dear me, that's very awkward. How do you do when any one turns suddenly ill?" "Ou, juist gi'e him a gless o' whisky." "But if a glass of whisky has not the desired effect, what then?" "We juist gi'e him anither ane." "But if two do not set him right?" "Weel, juist gi'e him three." "But if neither three nor four either will cure him?" "Weel, then, juist fill him fou, and put him till his bed." "Yes; but if filling him fou does not even suffice?" "Weel, juist lat him lie in his bed and drink until he's better." "Yes, yes, my friend, but if the whisky administered to him in any quantity will not cure him?" "Ou, weel, then, sir," gravely replied the roadman, "if whisky winna cure a man, he's no' worth curin', an' may weel be latten slip."

A boilermaker in K——was fond of a dram, and one morning, being dry and penniless, he went on the hunt to “raise the wind.” Falling in with a crony, he said, “Man, Jock, can ye no’ save a life?” “Weel, Tam, if ye could tell me what way watter’ll no’ wet your whistle, I might gi’e you something.” “Weel, Jock, the bottom plate o’ my stamack’s that het if I were to swallow cauld water, before the steam would have time to escape I would explode.”

Mr. Bell, a Dissenting minister in Glasgow, was dining on an occasion with a parsimonious brother in Hamilton. When the toddy-bowl was produced, though capacious enough, only a small quantity was compounded—the bowl being about half-full. The host launched out on the extravagant style in which books were got up—with such *braid* margins. “Weel,” replied Mr. Bell, “I’m perfectly of your opinion in that respect, for I neither like to see *braid* margins about types, nor the insides o’ toddy bowls!”

A country smith, who was fond of a dram, had been tasting rather often one summer day, and fell asleep in a corner of his smithy. A farmer happened to come in, and, not observing the smith, but thinking he was somewhere about, cried, “Hey! Jock, I want my ploo-stock mendit; haste ye, man, for I’m in an awfu’ hurry.” The noise roused Jock from his tipsy nap, who, without looking up, lazily answered, “Juist lay it doon there, and I’ll dae’t when I have mair time and less to dae.”

Here is a specimen of shrewdness. It occurred in the stable of a village inn. The landlord was busy repairing a piece of harness, and carrying on at the same time a conversation with the village blacksmith, when a farmer entered and said, "Look here, landlord, can ye gi'e me a bottle o' your best whisky?" "Weel, ye see," said the landlord, "the horses are a' oot, an' I dinna ken when ony o' them'll be hame." "It's no' a horse I want—it's a bottle o' whisky." "Ay, but ye see they're a' a guid bit awa', an' it'll be late before the first o' them's back." The farmer then said in a louder voice, "I tell ye it's no' a horse, but a bottle o' whisky I want." "Weel, ye see, the beasts'll be tired, and—" "Deil tak' ye an' your beasts!" said the farmer as he made a hurried exit. The blacksmith, who was present, then said, "Man, John, you're gettin' as deaf as a door-post! It wasna a horse, but a bottle o' whisky the man was asking for." "Ou, ay," retorted the landlord, "I heard him fine; but he didna pay for the last bottle he got!"

John Gray, a drouthy carter, meeting an old lady to whom he had occasionally carted meal, flour, and such-like commodities, said to her, "I come to ye with meal, divn't I?" "Ay, whiles," answered the old dame. "You're awfu' kind to me when I come yont. Ye aye gi'e me a gless. Oh, woman, the next time I come back dinna gi'e me onything!"

As an instance of acute hydrophobia, it is difficult to surpass the story of the boatman who, while cross-



ing a loch, was asked if he would take some water with his whisky, and replied, "Na, there was a horse drowned at the heid o' the loch twa years ago." The head of the loch was twenty-four miles distant.

A drouthy painter of animals was one day dining with a witty minister, and he asked his host if he could not throw a job in his way. "In what line do you mean?" asked the clergyman. "Well, you know, I draw horses," was the reply. "I could find employment for you," returned the clergyman, "and for all the painters in Edinburgh, if you would come at the end of the harvest and draw carts." "I doubt," replied the artist, "you would find us ill to corn." "Ye wad be waur to water, if one may judge from appearances," was the reply.

A young man in the north got his hand badly hurt, and was ordered by a doctor to refrain from taking any drink until it got better. But, as Tom liked a dram, the prohibition went "against the grain." One of his mates, on going into an inn, saw him standing with a glass in front of him as usual. "Hallo, Tom," said he, "I thocht the doctor ordered ye no' to drink ony mair beer wi' that sair hand?" "Neither I dae," said Tom; "I'm drinkin' wi' the ither hand!"

"Weel, Macallister," said an Englishman to a Scotch friend of his whom he had met accidentally on the streets of London, and insisted upon standing a treat to him, "what will you have?" "I'll juist tak' a wee drap o' contradiction," returned Macallister. "Contradic-



tion! What the dickens kind of drink is that?" "Well, ye see, ye pit in the whisky to mak' it strang, the water to mak' it weak, the lemon to mak' it sour, and the sugar to mak' it sweet. Then you say to your friend, 'Here's to you,' and ye tak' it yoursel'," "Gracious, man," said the Englishman, "that's toddy!" "Aweel," was the significant answer of Macallister.

A fiddler, reeling home from a party where he had been employed, fell into a ditch by the roadside. In so doing his fiddle fell out of its case, and could not be found. A minister happening to pass by, and seeing Willie floundering out of the ditch, shook his head and muttered, "A bad case, a bad case indeed." "Tuts," said Willie, looking up, "I wadna care a button about the case if I could only lay my hands on the fiddle."

A man going home late one night, a little more than "half seas over," feeling thirsty, procured a glass of water, and drank it. In doing so he swallowed a small ball of silk that lay in the bottom of the tumbler, the end catching in his teeth. Feeling something in his mouth, and not knowing what it was, he began pulling at the end, and the little ball unrolling, he soon had several yards in his hands, and still no end apparently. Terrified, he shouted to his sleeping wife, "For guidsake, Mary, rin for the doctor, there's something far wrang wi' my inside, I'm ravellin' a' oot."

At a feeing market two farm servants, a little top-heavy, quarrelled, and began fighting on the public street. In the struggle both fell, when the uppermost

began punishing his recumbent opponent. "Gi'e him fair play;" "Dinna hit the man when he's doon;" "Lat him up;" were the constant cries of the bystanders. "Catch me lattin' him up," exclaimed Jock, holding fast his prostrate foe; "I had ower muckle trouble in gettin' him doon."

A minister, in visiting the house of a man who was somewhat of a tippler, cautioned him about drink. All the answer the man gave was that the doctor allowed it to him. "Well," said the minister, "has it done you any good?" "I fancy it has," answered the man; "for I got a keg of it a week ago, and I could hardly lift it; and now I can carry it round the room."

A shrewish old body tried to lead her husband from the dram-shop by employing her brother to act the part of a ghost, and frighten John on his way home. "Wha are you?" asked John as the apparition rose before him from behind a bush. "I am Auld Nick!" was the reply. "Are you really?" exclaimed the old reprobate, with much satisfaction, and not a trace of terror; "man, come awa'; gi'e's a shake o' your hand. I'm mairrit to a sister o' yours!"

Tam Allan, a noted worthy, having made up his mind to get married, proceeded to tell his mother of his intention. The douce old lady having cautioned him to be careful in the selection of a wife, wound up her remarks by repeating the old saying, "Mind ye, Tam, my lad, 'the better a brewin' ye mak', the better a drink ye'll get.'" "Hoots, mither, dinna fash



yoursel' aboot that," cried Tam, "my intended faither-in-law is gaun to stand a' the drink." After Tam got married he took a dram occasionally. He went home drunk as usual one Saturday night, and his wife, wishing to lecture him, said, "Man, Tam, dae ye no' think shame o' yersel'? It's every Seturday nicht noo; the neebors will ha'e a bonnie speakin' aboot ye." "Thank goodness, wife," exclaimed Tam, "they canna ca' me ony waur than you dae."

It was a characteristically canny remark of a Highlander who, when the minister shook his reverend head towards him, and said, "Whisky is a bad, bad thing, Donald," replied, "Ay, sir, especially *bad* whisky."

As has been shown in a number of anecdotes, many tipplers possess a rough and ready wit, and from that fact no little humour has sprung. A Perthshire blacksmith was once remonstrated with by the minister, who lived near by, for his frequent and excessive indulgences. "Was ye ever drunk, sir?" inquired the smith. "No, Donald," said the minister, "I am glad to say I never was." "I thocht as muckle," said the smith; "for, man, if ye was ance richt drunk, ye wad never like to be sober a' your days again."

A gentleman touring in Scotland happened to be in the bar of a wayside inn partaking of some refreshment. While proceeding to light his pipe he was about to use a vesta out of his box when an old Scot, who was having his "half," handed him the box of matches lying on the counter, and said, "Dinna use your ain, maister ;

ha'e thae—it's the only discount ye get in a public-house."

"It's an awful thing that drink," exclaimed a minister, when the barber, who was visibly affected, had drawn blood from his face for the third time. "Ay," replied the tonsorial artist, with a wicked leer in his eye, "it mak's the skin tender."

A chronic old tippler, but a skilful tradesman, was invited along with his fellow-workmen to a convivial supper and general "blow-out" on Handsel Monday by his benevolent master. Having arrived before the others, he looked into the room where the "bout" was to take place, and saw a regiment of bottles of beer, porter, and whisky. This display made his teeth water, and, quite overcome with the ordeal through which he had to pass, he said, with a blending of pleasure and pain, "Ech, aye! but there's something afore's the nicht. Oh! what a headache I'm in for the morn!"

So regularly had a certain auld laird used whisky as a cure for all ills, that once in his life time, so he said himself, he "got an awfu' fricht." "We ran short o' the mercies," he explained, "and I had to gang to my bed sober. I didna feel ony the waur the day; *but 'odsake man, I got an awfu' fricht.*"

A farmer on a moonlight night set out towards home from the market town, where he had drunk too deep. He reached a burn near his own house, and in attempting to cross by the stepping stones missed his footing and went down with a splash into the burn. Unable to

raise himself beyond his hands and knees, he looked down into the clear water, in which the moon was vividly reflected. In this position, and with the water streaming from his forelock and beard, he shouted to his wife. "Marget! Marget!" The good woman heard, and rushed out crying, "Ho, John! My John! Is that you, John? Whaur are you, John?" "Whaur am I?" rejoined the voice from the burn. "Gudeness kens whaur I am, Marget, but I see I'm *far abune the mune*."

The preachings or rural sacraments of long ago were great events in a countryside when social gatherings were few and far between. They were kirk and market rolled into one, with sometimes an admixture of baser ingredients. In Lanarkshire, when a servant lass would engage, she would stipulate to get away either to Douglas Races or Riggside Sacrament—both equally important in a social sense. The roofless walls of an old change-house may be seen near the Kirk i' the Muir, where the worshippers got bread and ale on Sabbath, and perhaps something stronger on occasion. An old woman belonging to Kinclaven once expressed her recollection of these gatherings in the words, "Ah, what graund preachings I mind o' there—ay, an' plenty o' drunkenness forbye."

A toper in a northern village reeled out from the public-house and fell almost in front of the door. A wag, seeing the state of affairs, wrote something on a piece of paper, and, pinning it on the toper's coat, walked away. Soon a crowd collected, and the publican,

curious to know what was the matter, was annoyed to discover that the paper contained the words, "A specimen of the goods finished inside." Amid the laughter of the crowd, the publican, anxious to have the scandal removed from before his door, asked the village shoemaker to give him a helping hand to lift the man away. "Na, na, Mister Tamson, ye can juist dae as I dae wi' a finished job." "And what's that?" inquired the publican angrily. "Put him in your window," replied the shoemaker.

In the Highlands "the last rites and ceremonies" are looked upon as an excellent excuse for copious refreshment. An Inverness-shire farmer and his man were invited to a funeral. Both, however, could not go, so the farmer said to his man, "Jock, I'll be gaun doon to the burial the day, but I'll let you awa' the morn's nicht to the siree in the toon." "To Jericho wi' your siree!" exclaimed Jock. "I wad rather ha'e ae funeral than ten sirees!"

Well-to-do individuals long ago frequently gave instructions to their relatives likely to survive them to be sure and have plenty of whisky at their funerals. A Montrose tradesman, feeling the near approach of his dissolution, signalled his wife to his bedside, and very gravely said, "Ye'll get in a bottle o' whisky, Mary, for there's to be a sad cheenge here the nicht."

After a gathering of cronies at a farm house, the anxious, careful goodwife said to the serving lass, "Hoo mony bottles o' whusky did they drink, Aggie?" "I



kenna how much whusky they drank, but I ken ma airms are sair carrying in sax gang o' water to them to mak' tod dy."

"Is there anything more to put ashore, Donald?" queried the captain of a steamer at a pier in the West Highlands. "Ay, sir," answered Donald, "there's the twa-gallon jar o' whisky for the Established minister." "For the Established minister, Donald?" said the captain laughing. "Are ye quite sure it's no' for the Free Kirk minister?" "Quite, sir," said Donald cannily. "The Free Kirk minister aye gets his whisky-jar sent in the middle o' a barrel o' flour!

The blacksmith in a certain parish was so frequently seen the worse for drink that his minister at length resolved to interfere. Meeting him one day when intoxicated, the minister said, "Robert, this is an awful way to bring up your bairns. What can you expect to make of them with a drunken father?" The appeal was not lost on Robert, who, with a twinkle of genuine affection in his eye and a sensation of choking in his throat, replied, "Eh, minister, I houp to mak' my twa laddies what it's no' possible for you to mak' your twa." "And what's that, Robert?" "Weel, sir, I houp to mak' them better men than their faither."

A drouthy weaver, noted far and near for his convivial habits, was reeling home one Saturday night. His road lay for several miles along the edge of a moor, and, staggering off the roadway, he was soon knee-deep in heather, and at length resigned himself to the gentle

arms of mother earth, and was soon asleep. It was eight o'clock on Sabbath morning when he stood before his own door. "Ye have surely been a lang road last nicht," exclaimed his irate spouse, as he entered the house. "Hoots, woman," he rejoined, with great composure, "it wasna the length o' the road that troubled me, it was the breadth."

"You're just a sot, man, John," said a wife to her tippling husband; "ye ha'e drucken a hoose in your time." "Ah, weel, Kate, I think it's been a thack ane," was the reply; "an' there's some o' the stour in my throat yet."

Two gentlemen called at a tavern in Edinburgh one day and inquired at the landlord if he had any bitters. "No," was the reply, but, recollecting himself, he instantly added, "Faith! I'm leein'; I've plenty of bitters in the house." The landlord, who was a bit of a wag in his way, then rang the bell, and called in his better-hall. "Janet, my dawtie," says he, "will you ha'e the goodness just to dip your tongue into that half-mutchkin of whisky?" "Wi' a' my heart," responded the obedient wife, and immediately complied with her lord's request. "Noo, gentlemen, I jalouse that is the bitterest thing I ha'e in the house," said the landlord, "and bitter enough ye'll find it in a' conscience."

A drunken but witty barber, of the name of Richard Wetherspoon, appeared one fine afternoon in summer in the market-place of a village in the south in his

breeches and waistcoat, wanting his shoes, and with a night-cap on his head, jumping and skipping about, exclaiming, "Guid be praised, I've found it oot; my breid's baked." The people in the market gathered about crying, "What ha'e ye found, Ritchie?" "I ha'e discovered perpetual motion. Ye'll never see Ritchie Wedderspoon scrapin' the chafts o' onybody for a bawbee again. Seventy thousand pounds; my breid's baked. I'm gaun to London the morn." "Ay, Ritchie, that is fortunate; we wad like to see it." "Oh, weel-a-wat, ye may baith see it and hear it," said Ritchie. "It's my wife's tongue, and it has gane for sax weeks, nicht and day, and it'll ne'er stop mair, I think."

Will Semple, a notorious tippler, on going home the worse for drink, was subjected to a severe castigation from his guidwife. On previous occasions Will had joined in the flyting, but this time he had resolved to bear it quietly. When Jean had at length exhausted her ammunition, and failed to make an impression upon her spouse, she roared at the pitch of her voice, "Speak, ye villain, speak, till I get a claw at ye, or I'll burst."

At the Highland Society's Show at Perth some time ago, two farmers, on their way from the refreshment tent, discussed the horseless carriage. One thought it a good idea, but the other said, "I doot, Duncan, it'll ne'er suit you nor me, for mony a nicht gaun hame

frae the market, we need horses that ken the way.”  
 “Richt,” said Duncan; “dod, man, I’d nae mind.”

One day a rather seedy-looking individual entered the shop of a publican in Arbroath, and called for a glass of whisky, which was at once supplied. After sipping the half of it, the consumer was loud in its praises, and wondered from what distillery it came. The landlord spoke as to its strength and quality, and the man, after quaffing off the remainder, was for off. “Stop, sir!” said the landlord, “you haven’t paid for it.” “No,” said the stranger, “but I expect you have?” “Yes; I had to pay for it.” “Well, then,” rejoined the seedy-looking man, “there’s no necessity in paying for a glass of whisky twice.”

A publican who had retired from business was building a grand residence, when an old friend one day was heard to exclaim, “Man, Robert, it was the whisky did that!” “Na, na!” replied the publican, “it was the water!”

An Excise officer, anxious to trap an old woman he suspected of shebeening, walked into her parlour, and seeing a bell on the table, rang it, and asked for a glass of milk, which was set down before him. After a little he rang again, and asked the old woman if she had any whisky. “Ay, sir,” said she, “we aye have some in the bottle”—setting it down before him. He thanked her, and laid down a sovereign, which she took and walked out. After helping himself, he rang again, and asked for his change. “Change, sir? There’s nae change. We ha’e nae license. F’at we gi’e we



gi'e in presents ; fat we get we tak' in presents ; so good-day, sir."

John M'Nab, though an industrious crofter, got "roarin' fou" every time he went to Perth, and, as his wife said, he could not have a glass but "a' the toon about kent, for he was ane o' the singing kind, an' waukened a' the countryside." John, returning home from market a little tipsy, one night fell into a burn near his own door. Next morning, with a sense of fallen dignity, he vowed to his wife that he would have the course of the stream diverted. "I dinna ken about the stream bein' diverted," said the comforter, "but I daresay the trout were highly *amused* to see sic a big *flounder* amang them at sic a time o' nicht."

A minister, having three times refused to marry a man who had so often come before him drunk, said on the third occasion to the woman, "Why do you bring him here in that state?" "Please, your reverence," was the answer, "he'll no' come when he's sober."

A gentleman was limping along Princes Street, Edinburgh, one morning, when a friend accosted him. "Hallo!" said he, "what's the matter? Are you lame?" "Ay, temporarily, temporarily," was the reply. "The fact is, I went hame sober last nicht, and my faithfu' watchdog grippit me by the leg."

William M——, a drouthy farmer, while wending his way home one evening in a very zig-zag sort of manner, and dressed in his Sabbath blacks, was met by a neighbour, who inquired, "Weel, Wullie, where ha'e ye been

the day?" "Man, Sandy," said Willie, steadying himself, "I'm no' juist very shair whether it was a (hic) marriage or a (hic) funeral; but it was a (hic) great success."

The free and ample feast proved the attraction to many of the naturals in their attendance on funerals, and it serves as a commentary on the social life of Scotland, to find one declaring that a funeral, which he had attended, "was a puir affair; there wasna a drunk man at it."

Two young men, having a companion dead in a neighbouring town, resolved to console the parents and family. Before leaving, they fortified themselves with a bottle of whisky, as a bracer and a soother in their sorrow. On the way to and from the house, they had several good drinks. When nearing home, John turned to Sandy, and said, "Oh, man, Sandy, is there ony mair in the bottle?" "Ay, man, Jock, there's a wee drappie—juist about a hauf." "Weel, man, Sandy, gie't to me; I'm far mair vexed than ye are."

Dr. B——, the well-known mesmerist, was causing quite a sensation in the north some time ago with his latest achievement—that of a man in a trance or deep sleep. A coffin, tilted a foot high at the head, was placed on the stage in full view of the audience, wherein rested the victim of the Mesmer, till such time as the doctor awoke him. Geordie Brown, a ploughman, hearing of the sensation, asked his mate Jock if he would accompany him to the hall to see the affair. "Fat dis he

dae ? ” queried Jock. “ Weel,” replied Geordie, “ as far as I ken about it he has a man lying in a trance a’ nicht.” “ A man lying in a trance a’ nicht ! ” ejaculated Jock ; “ that’s naething. Man I’ve lain in a ditch a’ nicht mony a time, an’ nae word about it. I’m no’ gaen.”

The skipper of a Clyde yacht, well-known in racing circles, sent one of his hands on shore one day with orders to bring back provisions and refreshments. The man came back with a good-sized parcel. “ Well, Donald, what did you get ? ” asked the skipper, cheerily. “ Six bottles of whusky and a loaf,” Donald replied briskly, as if he had done the right thing. “ Goodness gracious, Donald,” said the skipper, “ an’ what are you going to do with all that bread ? ”

Seeing two master tradesmen from Kirriemuir going into the inn one Sabbath morning, and not finding them at church, Mr. Buist, a worthy minister of that district, guessed that, like the bad penny, they would turn up at the examinations, and so resolved to give them a hard hit. Addressing the beadle, he asked the question, “ What is repentance unto life ? ” which Johnnie Young answered correctly. Mr. Buist then observed that “ Some men repented, and yet never came to this true repentance ; as it was said ‘ the road to hell was paved with good intentions.’ I will give you a case in point. Just suppose that you and I were two tradesmen in a neighbouring town, and after we had got our week’s work over and met with some cronies, it was proposed

to have a general drink, which ended in a universal drunk. I got home I cannot tell how, but oh, in the morning I arose with a riving headache; my eyes were red, and my whole appearance haggard. I loathed the very atmosphere tainted with mine own breath, so I hurried out to get the fresh air, when I met you in the same state as myself. And we vowed to each other we would drink no more. We then proposed a walk to the country to shake off the horrors. We landed at a country church before church time, and the inn being at hand, I looked at the sign-board and then at you, and said, 'We will have one single pap,' then you said you would stand your pap, and the innkeeper said we would take his pap, and so we papped away and did not go to church at all. Such is a true specimen of the sham repentances of the world."

An old beggar with a wooden leg fell asleep one evening by the roadside in such a position that the timber-limb lay over his other leg, and was pointed upward in a rather threatening direction. A ploughman, on his way home from the village inn with a "wee drap in his e'e," observing the wooden limb, and taking it for a gun in the hand of a reckless sportsman, exclaimed, "Guid sake, man! ye're surely no' gaun to shoot in the public road? If ye are, juist wait a wee till I get oot o' the line o' fire."

Even in small things our careful nature asserts itself. Four bosom cronies had nearly emptied their bottles after "first-fittin'" their friends on a New Year's



morning, and reaching a friendly lamp, under its dim light they literally drained them dry. Three of them, as a fitting climax, smashed their empty bottles, but the fourth refrained from indulging in such a luxury. "Hoo are ye no' breakin' yours, Davie?" they asked. "I'm no' sic a fule," answered Davie; "there's a penny on the bottle."

Two old worthies in Wigtown, Sandy and Jock, were rather fond of the "barley bree." One day they had the good luck to become possessed of a bottle of whisky, which they agreed should be consumed in Sandy's house, whither they retired for that purpose. It was proposed that before partaking they should say grace, and Sandy was to perform the duty. With eyes closed and hands folded, Sandy wandered through a lengthy prayer, while his companion quietly drank off the whisky. The grace finished, Sandy grasped the bottle with the intention of dividing the contents, when, finding it empty, he looked askance at John, who answered, "Ay, ay, Sandy, lad; but, ye ken, we're telt to baith watch and pray."

An enthusiastic angler who was a staunch teetotaller had a good stretch of the Dee to fish in, and engaged the services of an experienced boatman. But night after night he came back with empty creel, and at length departed in disgust. When he was gone, the boatman was approached and asked how it was that a fairly expert angler had such a run of ill-luck. "Aweel,"

said the man, " he had nae whuskey, and I took him where there was nae fush."

There are many stories told of smuggling, and as these are akin to our subject we may give a few. On one occasion the excise came upon a man in a bothy in Strathdearn. They seized the only cask full at the time, and spent the night in a neighbouring inn, making jolly in an upper room with their friends, one of them sitting on the cask to make sure of its safety. Some of the friends of the smuggler were of the party, and took note of the exact position of the cask. They got an augur, bored a hole through the plank ceiling into the cask, drained every drop of it into a tub, and returned the stuff to the smuggler. Donald M'Pherson, Badenoch, on one occasion started for Perth with a companion, leading two ponies carrying four casks of whisky. Near Dunkeld they met three excisemen. Donald, who was a powerful man, refused to deliver up his goods, and wielded with considerable effect a huge cudgel. One of his enemies he knocked down. The thumb of one of the others he got between his teeth, while he defended himself from the remaining officer. His companion, who had fled, took courage, and returned crying, " Well done, Donald," Donald replied, " I'll Donald you when I get through with these men." He was as good as his word, for he gave him a sound drubbing. He afterwards got safe to Perth, and sold all his stuff. Some 60 years ago, the postmaster of Kingussie, returning from Aberlour, arrived at Dalnashaugh Inn on a

stormy evening, and was promised lodgings for the night for himself and his pony. He was well attended to until a party of half-a-dozen excisemen arrived on their way to make a raid on certain bothies well known to be at work in Badenoch. They were treated to the best the inn could afford, while the postmaster was ordered to the kitchen. He told the servant girl that she had better go to bed, and that he would mount his pony when the moon rose. When she left the kitchen he pitched the boots of the excisemen, drying at the fire, into a huge pot of boiling water. He then started for Badenoch, and sent warning to all the bothies he was acquainted with. The officers could not move for want of boots, and by the time they got to Badenoch everything was in order. A certain Red John, who was a practised hand, heard that the excisemen were in his neighbourhood, and were to pay him a visit. He went, in his extremity, to a friend of his, a tailor, and promised him a boll of malt if he would allow himself to be stretched on a table as a corpse. This was done; the tailor was decently vested in white sheets, a plate of salt was placed on his breast, and the godly old women of the neighbourhood sang their coronachs around the bier. As the excise were entering, a voice was heard from the tailor, "Unless I get two bolls, I'll cry out!" The two bolls were promised, and Red John confronted his foes with a sorrowful countenance, and an open Bible in his hand. "You have come," he said, "to a house of woe; this

is my only brother, who has just died." The officers apologised and retreated, and some time after they learned that Red John never had a brother.

The minister of a Highland parish preached one day on the duty of unqualified truthfulness, and was a little surprised to receive soon after a visit from a parishioner, who was well known to the gaugers as a maker of "sma' still" whisky. "I have come to thank you for your sermon yesterday," he said. "I will aye speak the truth efter this." "I am glad to hear you say that," said the minister. "Ye see," continued the other, "this morning I got a visit from a gauger. 'Ha'e ye ony whusky here?' he asked. 'Oh, ay,' says I, 'nae doot I ha'e some whusky.' 'And whaur is it?' 'Under the bed,' says I. Weel, what dae ye think? I telt naething but the truth, and the cratur never so much as poked his stick below the bed, though he looked through every part o' the hoose. I'm thinking, sir, ye're quite right; it's aye best to tell the truth. I maun thank ye for your sermon. It has done me good."

The revenue officers of the coasting town of W—, were very much annoyed at the clever way in which whisky was smuggled into the town. As the result of their suspicions a hearse was stopped in the street, and on being examined was found to be filled with kegs of whisky. "What's this?" shouted an officer. "Dod, man!" replied the driver, looking round with



innocent surprise, "we ha'e juist berrit a corp, an' I'm thinkin' that maun be the spirit."

When illicit distilling was common in Aberdeenshire, there was an old man who went about the country repairing whisky-pots. The gauger meeting him one day, and guessing that he had been doing some repairs at no great distance, asked what he would take to inform him (the gauger) where he repaired the last whisky-pot. "Och," said Donald, "she'll shust tak' half-a-croon." "Done," said the gauger; "here is your money; but be careful to tell me correctly." "Och, she'll no' tell the shentleman a lee. I shust mended the last whisky-pot where the hole was."

Shortly after the late Adam Black (founder of the well-known Edinburgh publishing house) started business as a book-seller, a very suspicious-looking man came stealthily into the shop, and, leaning over the counter, whispered into his ear, "Man, sir, I've gotten some fine smuggled whisky, an' I'll mak' ye a grand bargain o't." "No, no!" said Mr. Black, indignantly, "I want nothing of the kind; go away." The man, evidently not believing in the sincerity of this righteous outburst, leant over the counter again, and whispered, "I'll tak' Bibles for't."

"I say, Dugald, man," enquired Donald, "have ye ony excisemen in Skye?" "Er—what kind o' thing's that?" asked Dugald. "Och! juist wan o' thae bodies that goes about lookin' for stills o' whusky, and that."

“Oo-oo-oo, ay!” replied Dugald. “We had wan, but we trooned it.”

At Campbeltown, an old woman, whose habit and repute were notorious, was being tried by the Sheriff for smuggling whisky. When the charge had been fairly proved, and it fell to the good lawyer to pronounce sentence, an unusual admixture of mercy with fidgetiness seemed to possess him; for, evading the manifest conclusion, he thus addressed the prisoner, “I daresay, my poor woman, it’s not very often you have fallen into this fault?” “Deed, no’, Shirra,” she readily replied; “I ha’ena made a drap since yon wee keg I sent yoursel’!”

Dannie Mitchell of Tarbolton, when flying from a gauger, took refuge in a cooper’s shed, where he hid himself in a barrel; the cooper came and knocked on the head of the barrel, while Dannie lay within and durst not discover himself. A bull came past, and while rubbing himself against the barrel was seized by the tail through the bung hole. The bull roared and flung, and knocked Dannie and the barrel into the water of Ayr. Dannie stopped the bung hole with his coat-tail, and went swimming down the water as far as the town of Ayr, where the folks gathered on the river’s side and began to cry, “The barrel’s mine, the barrel’s mine,” and drew the prize to land. Finding the barrel contained something heavy it was broken open, and then out jumped Dannie, exclaiming, “The barrel’s yours! Na! na! the barrel’s mine;” and marched off with it in

triumph, while the good folks of Ayr scampered away helter-skelter, thinking that it was none other than the Evil One himself.

