

THE FOUNDATION OF WIT.

Henry Erskine had an inveterate habit of punning. A person once said to him that punning was the lowest species of wit, to which he replied—

“Then it must be the best species, since it is the *foundation* of the whole.”

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A close-fisted Dundee magistrate was rallied by a friend on the shabbiness of his attire.

“Hoots, man,” said the bailie, “it’s nae matter; a’body kens me here.”

The same person met him shortly afterwards in London, attired in the same manner.

“As plain as ever, bailie, I see!” said he to him, with a tone of interrogative surprise.

“Hoots, man, fat’s about that,” was the magistrate’s answer, “naebody kens me here.”

A BRUTAL HIGHLAND CHIEFTAIN.

In the Highland districts, during the beneficent reign of James the First, King of Scots, a ferocious chieftain had broken in upon a poor cottager, and carried off two of her cows. Such was the unlicensed state of the country that the robber walked abroad, and was loudly accused by the aggrieved party, who declared that she should never put off her shoes again till she had carried her complaint to the King in person.

“It is false,” cried he, “I’ll have you shod myself before you reach the court,” and, with a brutality scarcely credible, the monster carried his threat into execution, by fixing, with nails driven into the flesh, two horse shoes of iron upon her naked feet, after which he thrust her wounded and bleeding upon the highway. Some humane

persons took pity on her; and when cured she retained her original purpose, sought out the King, told her story, showed her feet, still seamed and scarred by the inhuman treatment she had received.

James heard her with a mixture of pity, kindness, and indignation; and, having instantly directed his writs to the sheriff of the county where the robber chief resided, had him seized within a short time, and sent to Perth where the court was then held. He was tried and condemned; and after being paraded in an ignominious dress through the streets of the town, he was dragged at a horse’s tail, and hanged on a gallows.

A GOOD STREET SPOILED.

An English nobleman walking through the New Town of Edinburgh, in company with Henry Erskine, remarked how odd it was that St Andrew’s Church should so greatly *project*, whilst the Physicians’ Hall, nearly opposite, equally *receded*. Erskine admitted that George Street would have been, without exception, the finest street in Europe, if the *forwardness* of the *clergy*, and the *backwardness* of the *physicians*, had not marred its uniformity.

A TRADITION OF YOKE-HAUGH.

There is a beautiful little field about two miles above Little Dunkeld, called Yoke-Haugh (Dalnacoin), concerning which there is the following curious tradition:—

“A man, who may be called the Cincinnatus of Scotland, happened, along with his two sons, to be ploughing in this field on the day of the battle of Luncarty. Hearing the fate of the battle, and seeing the Scotch army retreating this way, he was instantly fired with heroic indignation, and together

with his sons, seized each of them the yoke of an oxen plough, persuaded their countrymen to rally, and marching at their head, they met the Danes on the banks of the Tay, somewhere near Caputh, where there was a second action, in which the Danes were completely defeated; and this aged hero exhibited prodigies of valour, in consequence of which he was dignified by his sovereign with peculiar honours, obtained the name of Hay, and the implement with which he fought for his arms. The yoke is still the arms of the noble family of Kinnoul, who are thought to be descended from this saviour of his country.—*Stat. Account.*

A GRAVE-DIGGER'S DYING WISH.

When Robert Fairgrieve, the eccentric grave-digger of Ancrum, was on his deathbed, the minister visited him. He was surprised to find him in a somewhat restless and discontented humour, and not comporting himself exactly as a dying man ought to do. On inquiring into the cause of his uneasiness—

“Oh, sir,” said Robert, “I was just minding that I’ve buried five hunder and ninety-eight folk since I was first made bedral o’ Ancrum, and I was anxious that, if it were His holy will, I might be spared to mak it the sax hunder.”

A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

Old Kilbrackmont was a complete specimen of the ancient Jacobite humorist. He had been “out” at the Forty-five; and, by a long course of hard living, the result, probably, of disappointed hopes, personal and political, became latterly very poor. Such, however, was the natural buoyancy of his spirits, that in no circumstances did he

ever lose the power of creating or enjoying a joke. He was one night lying in his solitary, half-desolate mansion-house, when a band of youthful depre-dators entered by the window, and began to rummage for spoil through a dilapidated chest of drawers which stood in his bedroom. The good old man, not in the least degree alarmed about his property, leaned quietly over the bed, and addressed the robbers in these words—

“Haud ye busy, lads! Haud ye busy! An ye find ony thing there i’ the dark, it’s mair than I can do in daylight.”

CUMBERLAND THE “BUTCHER.”

At a meeting of the Fife Justices of the Peace at Colinsburgh, soon after the Forty-five, a Whig gentleman gave the “Duke of Cumberland” as a toast. A Jacobite gentleman present, Beaton of Kilconquhar, being next asked to give a toast, proposed one Sibbald, a butcher in Colinsburgh. This gave great offence to many of the company, but especially to the Whig, who absolutely refused the toast, saying he would rather do anything than drink the health of a low tradesman.

“Sir,” said Kilconquhar, sternly, “I’ve drunk your butcher: you’ll either drink mine, or consent to be thrown out of the window!”

“THE MAN, MY LORD.”

A circumstance occurred some years ago at a Circuit Court of Justiciary, in presence of a judge whose peculiarities of temper and manner were more than compensated by his many excellent qualities. Their lordships and suite had just met, and were proceeding to investigate a rather interesting case, when their deliberations were interrupted by a continued knocking at the

outer court-door. Again and again the shrill-tongued macer ejaculated, "Silence! silence there!" to little or no purpose. At length the judge exclaimed, "What's the meaning of all that noise? Macer—officers—what are you all about, that you don't put an end to that constant shuffle-shuffling?"

Officer. "It's a man, my lord."

Judge. "A man! what man, sir? who, where is he, and what does he want?"

Officer. "He's at the outside, please your lordship, and wants to get in."

Judge. "Well, keep him out; keep him out, I say, sir."

The officer bowed assent, and the business of the court proceeded. By and by, however, an individual possessing the right of *entrée* walked into the court, and the "man," watching his opportunity, slipped in at the same time. By a levity and restlessness, however, by no means uncommon, he had not been well in till he wished to get out again—applying, perhaps, to a court of law, what Chaucer says of the blessed state of matrimony,—

"Marriage is like a rabble route :
Those that are out would fain be in,
And those that are in would fain be out."

With this he began to jostle everybody near him, a proceeding which, as it created a new hubbub, necessarily drew forth a fresh rebuke from the president of the court.

Judge. What's all this now? Even if my ears were as sharp as those of Dionysius, and the room in which I sit as well contrived as the celebrated vault in which he kept his prisoners, it would be impossible for me to hear one word that the witness is saying."

Officer. "It's *the man*, my lord."

Judge. "What! the same man!"

Officer. "The verra same."

Judge. "Well, what does he want?"

Officer. "He wants to get out, please your worship."

Judge. "Wants to get out! Then keep him in; keep him in, I say, sir?"

The obedient officer did as he was directed; but the persevering "man" was not to be so easily driven from his purpose. Watching an opportunity, and elbowing his way to an open window, he attempted to mount to the sill, and appeared, contrary to all rule, to be meditating his escape in that direction; but the vigilant officer again caught the delinquent; and, again interfering, a fresh tumult ensued. His lordship appeared angry, as well he might, and a third time exclaimed—

"What's the matter now? Is there to be no end to this?"

Officer. "It's *the man*, my lord."

Judge. "What! the same man again! Show me the fellow, and I'll *man* him."

The officer here pointed to a respectable enough looking individual, who, as he said, "wanted to get up."

Judge. "Well, keep him *down*."

There was silence for a minute or two, but the disturber of the court contrived to effect his purpose, and it was not long till he began to testify as much dissatisfaction with his elevation, as he had done in all his former situations. The business was once more interrupted, and the judge demanded what was the matter. The officer informed him that,

"*The man* had *cruppen* up on the window-sole, and wanted to get down again."

Judge. "Up on the window-sole! Well, keep him *up*; keep him up, I say, sir, if it should be to the day of judgment!"

It is almost needless to add, that these successive interruptions threw the audience into a roar of laughter, and that the incorrigible "man," while held in durance on the window-sole, had far more eyes turned upon him than either the prisoners or witnesses at the bar.

A FIERCE ENCOUNTER.

Spens of Kilspindie, a renowned cavalier, had been present at court

when the Earl of Angus was highly praised for his strength and valour. "It may be," answered Spens, "if all be good that is upcome." Shortly after, Angus, while hawking near Borthwick with a single attendant, met Kilspindie.

"What reason had you," said the earl, "for making the question of my manhood? Thou art a tall fellow, and so am I; and, by St Bride of Douglas, one of us shall pay for it!"

"Since it may be no better," answered Kilspindie, "I will defend myself against the best earl in Scotland."

With these words they encountered each other fiercely, till Angus with one blow severed the thigh of his antagonist, who died upon the spot. The earl then addressed the attendant of Kilspindie:—

"Go thy way, tell my gossip the king, that here was nothing but fair play. I know my gossip will be offended; but I will get me into Liddesdale, and remain in my castle of Hermitage until his anger is abated."

The king, seeing that no order could be taken with the Earl of Angus, while in possession of Liddesdale, caused him to exchange that lordship for the lands and castle of Bothwell in Clydesdale; and thus the Hepburns, Earls of Bothwell, succeeded the Douglasses as lords of Hermitage.

MINISTERIAL EXEMPLARS.

Robert Fairgrieve, bedral and grave-digger to the parish of Ancrum, in Roxburghshire, was a man of some humour. The minister one day met him coming home sooner than usual from Jedburgh fair, and inquired the reason for such strange conduct, since most of his fellow parishioners would probably stay till midnight, if not till next morning.

"Oh, sir," said Robert, "huz that are *office-bearers* (meaning the minister

and himself) should be ensamples to the flock."

A RELIEF.

A gentleman, going round the walls of Edinburgh the day after its capture by Prince Charles, saw a Highlander sitting astride a cannon at one of the gates; and, anxious to hear what the man thought of the affair, remarked to him, with an air of inquiry, that these surely were not the same troops he had seen here yesterday.

"No," quoth the Highlander, "she'll be relieved now."

A PROVERBIAL OBJECTION.

Dr James Hamilton was one day, at an early period of his career, condoling with Dr Yule, a contemporary, on the patience which they were mutually called upon to exercise in waiting for professional advancement.

"But you, Yule," said Hamilton, "labour under a peculiar disadvantage."

"How so?" replied the astonished doctor.

"Oh!" rejoined Hamilton, "do you not see that every one will say—a *green Yule makes a fat kirkyard?*"

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

Mr Peter Glass, minister of Crail, about the middle of the eighteenth century, was one of the old school of Scottish Presbyterian clergymen, and addressed himself in familiar terms to the Almighty,—spoke to individuals of his congregation during public worship,—and invariably preached in good broad Scotch, using all the homely technical terms appropriate to the subjects he happened to have in hand. His parishioners being mostly fishermen, he was praying one day "that the Lord would

fill the men's boats wi' herrin', up to the very tow-holcs,"—that is, up to the spaces in which the oars rest,—when one of the persons concerned roared out, "Na, no that far, sir, or we wad a' be sunk!"

A MUSICAL PUN.

A young Scotchman visiting London with his father, and being much given to punning, his father often reproved him for it, and expressed a wish that while in London at any rate he would endeavour to leave it off, and, if possible, display a little genuine wit. One day, taking a walk together, they passed Newgate, where a man was confined in the stocks, with his head firmly jammed in between two ponderous blocks of wood. An excellent pun, strictly in point, instantly occurred to the young man; but, his father being present, he durst not come out with it; so he contented himself with whistling the tune of "Through the wood, laddie."

HUNGRY VISITORS.

A young minister was placed as pastor over a widely extended parish in the west of Scotland. The houses of the parishioners were few and far between. Shortly after he was settled, he intimated from the pulpit that he would, in company with one of the elders, on the following week, visit a certain district in the parish; and, as he would have a long walk, he hoped none of them would take it amiss if he did not stay long in one house, and that none of them would insist on their staying to partake of refreshments. True to his word, he started on his visitation; but he did not know the work he had to do. The people took him at his word, and never offered them anything, and the afternoon found them tired and hungry.

At last they entered the cottage of an old woman, and she was to be like her neighbours; but the elder, who was not so "blate" as the minister, asked her "for ony sake" to give them something to eat. The woman put some bannocks and a "print" of butter on the table, and they both began with a will. The minister took the butter off one side of the plate, and the elder took it off the other, which the old woman seeing, she asked them to take it off one side, so as to leave it "respectable" for the next comer. The elder remarked that they were very hungry, and he hardly thought they would leave much; and he was right, for they made a clean sweep of bannocks and butter.

Next Sunday the minister lectured on the Saviour feeding the multitude on the loaves and fishes. In the course of his remarks, he said the most wonderful part of the miracle was the amount of the fragments that remained. The old woman, who was present, and paying great attention, immediately made answer, loud enough to be heard over the church—

"Guid faith, my man, if you had been there with your hungry elder, I'm thinkin' there wadna hae been sae muckle left."

ANDREW BERTOUN.

King James III. paid great attention to trade, and prepared a fleet for its protection, not inconsiderable for those times and the state of his kingdom. In particular, he built one ship larger than any that had yet been seen in Europe. It was not long before he had occasion to employ that and some other ships in defence of his commercial subjects. The Hollanders, for what reasons we are not informed, had taken several Scots ships, and had thrown their crews into the sea. The king, irritated at this cruelty, fitted out his great ship,

with some others, under the command of Andrew Bertoun, who seized all the Dutch ships he could meet with, sent home some hogsheads of Dutchmen's heads as a present to the king, and returned to Leith with several valuable prizes. A cruel revenge for a cruel injury.

A misunderstanding and coolness had subsisted several years between the courts of Scotland and Portugal, occasioned by the mutual depredations of the subjects at sea. A fleet of the Portuguese had captured a ship belonging to James III., commanded by John Bertoun; of which that prince complained to the King of Portugal, and obtaining no redress, granted letters of marque to Bertoun a little before his death. James IV., at the earnest request of Robert and John Bertoun, the sons of John Bertoun, granted them letters of marque or reprisal. Of these, the two Bertouns, assisted by their brother Andrew, made a very good use. They fitted out two stout ships, with which they cruised on the coasts of Portugal, and took several valuable prizes. This trade was so lucrative, and appeared to them so honourable, that they carried it too far, and continued it too long; and in the end brought ruin upon themselves, and contributed to bring many calamities on the country.

The jealousy of the English was excited against them. Andrew Bertoun, one of the three brothers who had received letters of marque against the Portuguese, returning with two ships from a cruise on the coasts of Portugal, was attacked in the Downs by Sir Edward Howard, Lord Admiral of England, and his elder brother Lord Thomas Howard, who had been sent with a superior force to intercept them. Though Bertoun and his men were surprised at this unexpected attack, they defended themselves with great bravery; but being overpowered by numbers, both of their ships were taken and brought to Lon-

don. Andrew Bertoun died of the wounds he had received in the engagement; and those of his men who survived, after being confined a few days, were set at liberty, and commanded to depart the kingdom in three weeks.

"WHAT IS BAPTISM?"

A country clergyman was one day catechising his flock in the church. The bedral being somewhat ill-read in his "Caritch," thought it best to keep a modest place near the door, in the hope of escaping the inquisition. But the clergyman observed him, and divining his object, called him forward.

"John," said he, "what is baptism?"

"Ou, sir," answered John, scratching his head, "ye ken, it's just sax-pence to me, and fifteenpence to the precentor."

"A MADE STORY."

Sir David Lindsay, whose writings now find favour chiefly with antiquarians, was once a most popular author in Scotland; witness the proverb, "It's no in Davie Lindsay," meaning anything out of the common road. He flourished about the period of the Reformation. A story is told of an honest farmer, who being on his deathbed, a pious neighbour brought him an English Bible to read to him. The dying man had to that day never seen or heard of the existence of such a book; and, upon hearing some of its wonderful contents, cried out—

"Hout awa'! Bring me Davie Lindsay. That's a made story."

OPEN CONFESSION.

In a Fifeshire manse, the conversation of a large party one evening turned on a volume of sermons by a fellow-

preacher, which had just been published with considerable success, and was supposed to have brought a round sum into the hands of the author. When the minister's wife heard of what had been made by the volume, her imagination was excited; and, turning to her husband, who sat a little aside, she said—

“My dear, I see naething to hinder you to print a wheen of your sermons, too. If you could get as much money for them as Mr ——’s gotten, it would be a great help to us.”

“Deed, wife, to tell you the truth, my sermons were a’ printed lang syne,” said the candid minister in his wife’s ear.

WILL SPEIR AND THE DOGS.

Will Speir occasionally assisted the beadle of Beith parish in the discharge of a few of the less important functions of his office. One day during sermon a fight took place between two strong colliers in one of the passages, which interrupted the service for a time. Will hastened to the scene of riot, and belabouring the belligerents with a stick, exclaimed—

“If you would pay mair attention to what the minister’s saying to you, it would be muckle better for you than tearing your tousy jackets that gait—tak better care o’ your claes, ye yelping brutes; there’s no a tailor in Beith can mend them for ye, or mak new anes when they’re done.”

FAMINE IN SCOTLAND.

In the reign of David I. a grievous famine prevailed in Scotland. Four thousand half-famished wretches repaired to the abbey of Melrose, reared their huts in its neighbourhood, and waited for the beneficence of the brethren. Waltheof, the superior, ordered

them all to be fed, although the stores of the abbey were almost exhausted. This was done constantly for three months, without any visible diminution of the quantity of corn in the granaries. I mean not to derogate from the *charity*; but, as to the *miracle*, any one who has ever seen a room with two doors may discover its solution.—*Dalrymple*.

HIGHLAND FAIRIES.

The *Daoine Shi*, or men of peace of the Highlanders, though not absolutely malevolent, are believed to be a peevish, repining race of beings, who, possessing themselves but a scanty portion of happiness, are supposed to envy mankind their more complete and substantial enjoyment. They are supposed to enjoy, in their subterraneous recesses, a sort of shadowy happiness—a tinsel grandeur; which, however, they would willingly exchange for the more solid joys of mortality.

They are believed to inhabit certain round grassy eminences, where they celebrate their nocturnal festivities by the light of the moon. About a mile beyond the source of the Forth, above Lochcon, there is a place called *Coir-shi’an*, or, the Cove of the Men of Peace, which is still supposed to be a favourite place of their residence. In the neighbourhood are to be seen many round, conical eminences; particularly one, near the head of the lake, by the skirts of which many are still afraid to pass after sunset. It is believed that if, on Hallow-eve, any person alone goes round one of these hills nine times, towards the left hand (*sinistrorsum*), a door shall open by which he shall be admitted into their subterraneous abode. Many, it is said, of mortal race, have been entertained in their secret recesses. There they have been received into the most splendid apartments, and regaled with the most sumptuous banquets and

delicious wines. Their females surpass the daughters of men in beauty. The seemingly happy inhabitants pass their time in festivity, and in dancing to notes of the softest music. But unhappy is the mortal who joins in their joys, or ventures to partake of their dainties. By this indulgence he forfeits for ever the society of men, and is bound down irrevocably to the condition of a *Shi'ich*, or a man of peace.

A woman, as is reported in the Highland tradition, was conveyed, in days of yore, into the secret recesses of the men of peace. There she was recognised by one who had formerly been an ordinary mortal, but who had, by some fatality, become associated with the *Shi'ichs*. This acquaintance, still retaining some portion of human benevolence, warned her of her danger, and counselled her, as she valued her liberty, to abstain from eating and drinking with them, for a certain space of time. She complied with the counsel of her friend; and when the period assigned was elapsed, she found herself again upon earth, restored to the society of mortals. It is added, that when she examined the viands which had been presented to her, and which had appeared so tempting to the eye, they were found, now that the enchantment was removed, to consist only of the refuse of the earth.—*Martin*.

ABERDEENSHIRE LONG AGO.

The houses of the common people in these parts (Aberdeenshire) are shocking to humanity, formed of loose stones, and covered with clods, which they call *divots*, or with heath, broom, or branches of fir: they look, at a distance, like so many black mole-hills. The inhabitants live very poorly, on oatmeal, barley-cakes, and potatoes; their drink whisky, sweetened with honey. The men are thin, but strong; idle and

lazy, except employed in the chase, or anything that looks like amusement; are content with their hard fare, and will not exert themselves farther than to get what they deem necessaries. The women are more industrious, spin their own husband's clothes, and get money by knitting stockings, the great trade of the country. The common women are in general most remarkably plain, and soon acquire an old look, and, by being much exposed to the weather without hats, such a grin and contraction of the muscles as heightens greatly their natural hardness of features. I never saw so much plainness among the lower rank of females; but the *ne plus ultra* of hard features is not found till you arrive among the fish-women of Aberdeen.—*Pennant*.

AN APPROPRIATE STORY.

Lord Kellie was, like his prototype Falstaff, "not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in other men." Mr A— B—, the advocate, a man of considerable humour, accompanied by great formality of manners, happened to be one of a convivial party, when his lordship was at the head of the table. After dinner he was asked to sing, but absolutely refused to comply with the pressing solicitation of the company. At length Lord Kellie told him that he should not *escape*; he *must* either sing a song, tell a story, or drink a pint bumper. Mr B—, being an abstemious man, chose rather to tell a story than incur the forfeit.

"One day," said he, in his usual pompous manner, "a thief, in the course of his rounds, saw the door of a church invitingly open. He walked in, thinking that even there he might lay hold of something valuable. Having secured the pulpit cloth, he was retreating, when, lo! he found the door shut. After some consideration, he adopted

the only means of escape left, namely to let himself down by the bell rope. The bell of course rang; the people were alarmed, and the thief was taken, just as he reached the ground. When they were dragging him away, he looked up, and emphatically addressed the bell, *as I now address your lordship*: 'Had it not been,' said he, 'for your *long tongue* and your *empty head*, I had made my escape.'

DAVIE LOCH.

Davie Loch, a Peebles carrier, was reputed to be rather light of wits, but at the same time was not without a sense of his worldly interests. His mother, finding her end approaching, addressed her son in the presence of a number of the neighbours—

"The house will be Davie's, of course; an' the furniture too."

"Eh, hear her!" quoth Davie; "sensible to the last, sensible to the last."

"The lyin' siller," continued his mother—

"Eh, yes; how clear she is aboot everything!"

"The lyin' siller is to be divided between Jess and Mary" —

"Steek the bed-doors, steek the bed-doors," interposed Davie; "she's raving noo!" And the old dying woman was shut up accordingly.

TWO FAULTS.

A clergyman near Stirling, after a courtship of twelve years, having at last married, was congratulated on the happy event by one of his brethren at the synod by the following story:—

A countryman having brought a mare to a fair, was asked by an intending purchaser if she had any faults; to which he replied—

"She has nae faults but twa, and I'll tell you one of them before you pay me, and I'll tell you the ither now."

"Well," said the purchaser, "what is the first fault?"

"The first is, she is unco ill to tak."

"Oh," said the purchaser, "there is no great ill in that;" and having paid the money, asked what was the other fault.

"Well," said he, "the ither fault is, that she is unco little worth after she is ta'en."

DEVOTED SOLDIERS.

In the month of June 1805, orders were issued for one field officer and four subalterns of the second battalion of the 78th regiment to join the first battalion in India. The day before the field officer fixed on for this purpose left the regiment, the soldiers held a conference in the barracks, and in the evening several deputations were sent to him, entreating him, in the most earnest manner, to make application either to be allowed to remain with them, or obtain permission for them to accompany him. He returned his acknowledgments for their attachment and for their spirited offer; but as duty required his presence in India, while their services were confined at present to this country, they must therefore separate for some time. The next evening, when he went from the barracks to Hythe, to take the coach for London, two-thirds of the soldiers, and officers in the same proportion, accompanied him, all of them complaining of being left behind. They so crowded round the coach as to impede its progress for a considerable length of time, till at last the guard was obliged to desire the coachman to force his way through them. Upon this the soldiers, who hung by the wheels, horses, harness, and coach-doors, gave way, and

allowed a passage. There was not a dry eye among the younger part of them. Such a scene as this, happening to more than 600 men, and in the streets of a town, could not pass unnoticed, and was quickly reported to General Moore, whose mind was always alive to mutual confidence and esteem between officers and soldiers. The circumstance was quite suited to his chivalrous nature. He laid the case before the commander-in-chief; and his royal highness, with that high feeling which he always displayed when a case was properly represented, ordered that there should be no separation, and that the field officer should return to the battalion in which he had so many friends ready to follow him to the cannon's mouth, and, when brought in front of an enemy, either to compel them to fly, or perish in the field.

THE JOUGS.

Observed on a pillar at the door of Calder Church, a joug, *i.e.*, an iron yoke or ring fastened to a chain, which was in former times put round the necks of delinquents against the rules of the church, who were left there exposed to shame during the time of divine service; and was also used as a punishment for defamation, small thefts, &c.; but these penalties are now happily abolished.—*Pennant*.

RAIN IN LOHCARRON.

The seasons are always wet in this place, but within these few years (1790) they seem to be turning worse. Everything almost is reckoned a sign of rain. If there be a warm or hot day, we shall soon have rain; if a crow begins to chatter, she is calling for rain: if the clouds be heavy, or if there be a mist on the top of the hills, we shall see

rain. In a word, a Highlander may make anything a sign of rain: there is no danger he shall fail in his prognostication.—*Stat. Account*.

EPITAPH ON JOHN ANDREW, Town-clerk of Banff, circa 1650.

Here lies a man whose Tongue and Pen

Did what they could to profit Men;
His life did prove most Christian—
He rests, to rise to Glorie again.

Stat. Account.

FIDELITY OF A FOSTER-BROTHER.

The 42d regiment, with some other troops, was sent to attempt to raise the siege of Bergen-op-Zoom. They lay entrenched some time near the French lines. Some rash and unlikely project was formed for surprising a redoubt held by the enemy, in the night, which did not after all succeed. It was, however, attempted with great secrecy, at midnight—moonless midnight. An officer of the 42d was among the number of the assailants; but no privates from that regiment were included, to the great grief of that officer's foster-brother, who would willingly have accompanied him.

The party left the trenches with the utmost silence and secrecy; but, from the utter darkness and their imperfect knowledge of the ground, became confused and so bewildered that they knew not exactly where to proceed.

Fraser, of Culduthil, the officer mentioned, in the act of getting over the remains of an enclosure which stopped his path, felt his feet entangled in something. Putting down his hand to discover the cause, he caught hold of a plaid, and then seized the owner, who seemed to grovel on the ground. He held the man with one hand, and drew

his dirk with the other, when he heard the imploring voice of his foster-brother.

"What the devil brought you here?" he exclaimed.

"Just love of you, and care of your person."

"Why so, when your love has done me no good, and has already done me evil? And why encumber yourself with a plaid?"

"Alas! how could I ever see my mother, had you been killed or wounded, and had I not been there to carry you home to the surgeon or to Christian burial; and how could I do either without my plaid to wrap you in?" answered the faithful fellow.

Upon inquiry it was found that the poor man had crawled out on his hands and knees between the sentinels, followed the party at some distance till he thought they were approaching the place of assault, and then again crept in the same manner on the ground beside his master, that he might be near him unobserved. The faithful adherent had too soon occasion to assist at the obsequies of his foster-brother; for Culduthil, looking over the edge of the trench, to view the approaches of the enemy, was killed with a cannon-ball a few days after.

JAMIE FLEEMAN AT CHURCH.

In Udny Kirk one Sunday, possibly owing to the soporific nature of the sermon, the disposition of the congregation to slumber was very great. Jamie Fleeman was there, and, as was usual, he paid the greatest attention to the minister. The latter thought it necessary to admonish his flock with some severity.

"My brethren," said he, "you should take an example by that fool there"—pointing to Fleeman—"fool though he be, *he* keeps awake while you—think

shame of yourselves!—are nodding and sleeping."

"Ay, ay, minister," muttered Fleeman to himself, "gin I hadna been a feel I wad been sleeping tee."

A "GAME" CORRESPONDENT.

A certain laird, in whose family the tutor was a wit, had made an appointment to go to the moors next day with a neighbour, but changed his mind. He desired the tutor to write to his friend, that he did not intend to shoot himself to-morrow; but if he would come to breakfast, the gamekeeper, with the other dogs, would go with him to the moors. The tutor wrote as follows:—

"My dear Sir,—I am happy to inform you that the laird does not mean to shoot himself to-morrow; but he says, if you come to breakfast, the gamekeeper will accompany you, and the rest of the dogs, to the hill. If the moor game be scarce in the field, it is expected you will find more game with the laird at dinner."

The answer was couched in these terms:—

"My dear Sir,—I rejoice to learn that the laird is not to shoot himself to-morrow. I shall certainly be with you at breakfast; and we shall never want *game* as long as the laird is to the fore."

SELF-COMMENDATION.

John Clerk, Lord Eldin, so remarkable for his naïve expressions, being reminded of a remark which he had formerly made upon a picture, but which he himself had forgot, inquired, "Did I say that?"

"Yes."

"Then if I said that," quoth the self-gratified wit, "it was *devilish gude*."

A SHREWD PHYSICIAN.

A surgeon in the north, presuming that self-interest has a stronger hold on man than superstition, has lately (1790) opened a policy of insurance for the small-pox! If a subscriber gives him two guineas for inoculating his child, the surgeon, in the event of the child's death, pays ten guineas to the parent. For every guinea subscribed, four guineas; for one half guinea, two guineas; and for a crown, one guinea.—*Stat. Account.*

THE SCOTTISH CHARACTER.

The air being very serene, and the climate temperate in Scotland, the natives partake accordingly of both. They have clear understandings, are sagacious, quick at finding out their interest, and diligent in pursuing it. Abroad in foreign countries, whither necessity or curiosity often drives them, they are industrious, frugal, and very dexterous in accommodating themselves to the manners of the people with whom they live. The gentlemen are well bred, and as generally learned as in any other country in Europe. The women of condition are handsome, fruitful, and modest, and very careful in that which is their great business—viz., managing their families, and educating their families. The people are generally religious, and very zealous in adhering to that sect which they profess. They are very temperate in eating and drinking, even in countries where luxury and excess in both is too much practised: zealous lovers of their country, though very willing to settle abroad when they have any opportunity of doing so: fearless of danger, and patient to endure the hardships and fatigues of war. In a word, they are a people who have always been tenacious of their liberty, and whom no threatening, nor any prospect of advantage, could make to yield

to conquerors, though more rich and powerful than themselves.—*Chamberlayne.*

BURNING OF DEAN FORREST.

Cardinal Beaton was very successful in his attempt to burn heretics. Dean Thomas Forrest, canon of St Columb's, and vicar of Dollar, preached every Sunday on the epistle or gospel of the day, for which, and some other singularities, accusation of heresy was made to his ordinary, George Crichton, bishop of Dunkeld. The bishop, when the dean appeared before him, addressed him in this manner:—

“My joy Dean Thomas, I am informed that you preach the epistle and gospel every Sunday to your parishioners, and that you do not take the best cow and the best cloth from them, which is very prejudicial to other churchmen; and therefore, my joy Dean Thomas, I would have you to take your cow and your cloth as other churchmen do. It is too much to preach every Sunday; for in so doing you may make the people think that we should preach likewise: it is enough for you, when you find any good epistle, or good gospel, that setteth forth the liberties of holy church, to preach that, and let the rest alone.”

To the sage admonition of his bishop the dean answered—“I think, my lord, that none of my parishioners will complain that I do not take the cow and the cloth; but I know that they will gladly give me anything that they have; and they know that I will gladly give them anything that I have. There is no discord amongst us. Your lordship sayeth, it is too much to preach every Sunday; I think it is too little; and I wish that your lordship did the like.”

“Nay, nay, Dean Thomas,” said the bishop, “we were not ordained to preach.”

"Your lordship," said the dean, "directs me, when I meet with a good epistle, or a good gospel, to preach upon it. I have read both the Old and New Testament, and I have never met with a bad epistle or a bad gospel; but if your lordship will show me which are the good and which are the bad, I will preach on the good and let the bad alone."

"I thank my God," replied the bishop, "I know nothing of either the Old or New Testament; therefore, Dean Thomas, I will know nothing but my portass and my pontifical. Go away, and lay aside all these fantasies, or you will repent it when too late."

The dean did not take the advice of his bishop, but continued to preach every Sunday. He was soon after brought before the cardinal, together with two friars, Duncan Simpson, a priest, and Robert Foster, a gentleman in Stirling. They were all condemned as obstinate heretics, and burnt on the Castle Hill of Edinburgh.

A FOOL'S WISDOM.

Jamie Fleeman was good at repartee, and his powers of satire and quizzing were by no means inconsiderable.

One day, travelling along a road, he found a horse-shoe. Shortly after, Mr Craigie, minister of St Fergus, came up to him, and Jamie, as he was acquainted with him, held up the shoe, and said—

"Minister, can ye tell me what that is?"

"That!" said the minister, "you fool; that's a horse-shoe!"

"Ah!" said Fleeman with a sigh—"ae! sic a blessing as it is to be weel learned! I couldna tell whether it was a horse's shoe or a mare's shoe!"

Mr Craigie, who delighted much in a joke himself, used to tell this anecdote with great glee, and remarked that wise men ought never to meddle with fools.

TYREE AND COLL.

They have a notion that Tyree breeds more woman than men, and Coll more men than women; that so these two islands may people one another without the assistance of their neighbours.—*Chamberlayne.*

FOLLOWING THE LAW.

Balfour, who kept a celebrated coffee-house at Edinburgh, was at one time much embarrassed in his circumstances, and therefore an object of request occasionally among the myrmidons of the law. One day, some messengers coming to his house in search of him, he made his way quietly downstairs, and took refuge among a group of legal gentlemen in the Parliament Close. The Lord Linton of that time was an advocate, and formed one of this congregation. Seeing Balfour in such society, he said to him in a bantering way—

"Oh ho, Jamie, I did not know that you had taken to following the law."

"I'm doing nae sic thing, my lord," answered Balfour; "it's the law that's following me!"

"BONNY KINGS."

At the time of the French Revolution, when many of the common people of Scotland, as well as other countries, were inspired with very ambitious views, a clergyman in the north ended a political discourse one day with the following excellent peroration:—"My friends, some of you are fond of kings, and others of you would be kings yourselves; but, in the language of your own country, I must tell you, '*Bonny kings ye wad mak!*'"

WESTERN HIGHLANDERS.

The people in these islands are generally civil, sagacious, circumspect, piously inclined, and given to hospitality. The women are very handsome, and bring forth children at a very great age. One Margery Brimbister, in the parish of Evie, was, in the year 1683, brought to bed of a male child, in the sixty-third year of her age. By reason of the temperance of their diet and wholesomeness of the air, the people usually live very long.—*Chamberlayne.*

BERWICK BRIDGE.

In this year (1198) the floods carried away the bridge across the Tweed at Berwick. When the Earl of March, governor of Berwick, was preparing to rebuild it, Philip, bishop of Durham, stopped the work. He said that the ground on the south side of the river belonged to him, and that he would not permit the Scots to found the abutment of the bridge on his ground. William de Strutteville with much difficulty persuaded the bishop to desist from his opposition. Had the parties lived in our age, each would have endeavoured to throw the expense of the work on the other.—*Dalrymple.*

BEGGARS IN SCOTLAND.

Every Sunday a collection is made for the sick or necessitous; for poor's rates are unknown in every country parish in Scotland. Notwithstanding the common people are but just roused from their native indolence, very few beggars are seen in North Britain; either they are full masters of the lesson of being content with a very little; or, what is more probable, they are possessed of a spirit that will struggle hard with necessity before it will bend to the asking of alms.—*Pennant.*

ACCOUNT OF THE PRETENDER.

The following circumstantial account of the personal life of Prince Charles was written by Dr King, and, as a graphic and apparently faithful picture of the Pretender, is full of interest:—

In 1750 I received a note from my Lady Primrose, who desired to see me immediately. As soon as I waited on her, she led me into her dressing-room, and presented me to the Pretender. If I was surprised to find him there, I was still more astonished when he acquainted me with the motives which had induced him to hazard a journey to England at this juncture. The impatience of his friends, who were in exile, had formed a scheme which was impracticable; but although it had been feasible as they had represented it to him, yet no preparation had been made, nor was anything ready to carry it into execution. He was soon convinced he had been deceived, and therefore, after a stay in London of five days only, he returned to the place from whence he came. As I had some long conversations with him here, and for some years after held a constant correspondence with him, not indeed by letters but by messengers, who were occasionally dispatched to him, and as during this intercourse I informed myself of all particulars relating to him, and of his whole conduct, both in public and private life, I am perhaps as well qualified as any man in England to draw a just character of him; and I impose this task on myself, not only for the information of posterity, but for the sake of many worthy gentlemen whom I shall leave behind me, who are at present attached to his name, and who have formed their ideas of him from public report, but more particularly from those great actions which he performed in Scotland. As to his person, he was tall and well made, but stooped a little, owing to the great fatigue he underwent in his northern expedition. He had a

handsome face, and good eyes (I think his busts, which about this time were commonly sold in London, are more like him than any of his pictures which I have yet seen); but in a polite company he would not pass for a genteel man. He had a quick apprehension, and spoke French, Italian, and English, the last with a little of a foreign accent; as to the rest, very little care seems to have been taken of his education. He had not made the *belles-lettres*, or any of the finer arts, his study, which surprised me much, considering his preceptors, and the noble opportunities he must have had in that nursery of all the elegant and liberal arts and sciences. But I was still more astonished when I found him unacquainted with the history and constitution of England, in which he ought to have been very early instructed. I never heard him express any noble or benevolent sentiments, the certain indications of a great soul and a good heart, or discover any sorrow or compassion for the misfortunes of so many worthy men who had suffered in his cause. But the most odious part of his character was his love of money—a vice which I do not remember to have seen imputed by our historians to any of his ancestors, and is the certain index of a base and little mind. I know it may be urged in its vindication, that a prince in exile ought to be an economist: and so he ought; but nevertheless his purse should be always open, as long as there is anything in it, to relieve the necessities of his friends and adherents. King Charles II., during his banishment, would have shared the last pistole in his pocket with his little family. But I have known this gentleman with two thousand louis-d'ors in his strong box pretend he was in great distress, and borrow money from a lady in Paris, who was not in affluent circumstances. His most faithful servants, who had closely attended him in all his difficulties, were ill rewarded. Two Frenchmen, who

had left everything to follow his fortune—who had been sent as couriers through half Europe, and executed their commissions with great punctuality and exactness—were suddenly discharged, without any faults imputed to them, or any recompense for their past services. To this spirit of avarice may be added his insolent manner of treating his immediate dependants, very unbecoming a great prince, and a sure prognostic of what might be expected from him if he acquired sovereign power. Sir John Harrington and Colonel Goring, who suffered themselves to be imprisoned with him, rather than desert him, when the rest of his family and attendants fled, were afterwards obliged to quit his service on account of his illiberal behaviour. But there is one part of his character which I must particularly insist on, since it occasioned the defection of the most powerful of his friends and adherents in England, and, by some concurring accidents, totally blasted all his hopes and pretensions. When he was in Scotland he had a mistress, whose name was Walkenshaw, and whose sister was at that time house-keeper at Leicester House. Some years after he was released from his prison, and conducted out of France, he sent for this girl, who soon acquired such dominion over him that she was acquainted with all his schemes, and trusted with his most secret correspondence. As soon as this was known in England, all those persons of distinction who were attached to him were greatly alarmed; they imagined that this wench had been placed in his family by the English ministers; and, considering her sister's situation, they seemed to have some ground for their suspicion; wherefore they dispatched a gentleman to Paris, where the prince then was, who had instructions to insist that Mrs Walkenshaw should be removed to a convent for a certain term; but her gallant absolutely refused to comply

with this demand; and although Mr M'Namara, the gentleman who was sent to him, and who had a natural eloquence and an excellent understanding, urged the most cogent reasons, and used all the arts of persuasion to induce him to part with his mistress, and proceeded so far as to assure him, according to his instructions, that an immediate interruption of all correspondence with his powerful friends in England, and, in short, that the ruin of his interest, which was now daily increasing, would be the infallible consequence of his refusal, yet he continued inflexible, and all M'Namara's entreaties and remonstrances were ineffectual. M'Namara stayed in Paris some days beyond the time prescribed him, endeavouring to reason the prince into a better temper, but finding him obstinately persevere in his first answer, he took his leave, with concern and indignation, saying, as he passed out, "What has your family done, sir, thus to draw down the vengeance of Heaven on every branch of it, through so many ages?" It is worthy of remark that, in all the conferences which M'Namara had with the prince on this occasion, the latter declared that it was not a violent passion, or indeed any particular regard, which attached him to Mrs Walkenshaw, and that he could see her removed from him without any concern, but he would not receive directions in respect to his private conduct from any man alive. I believe he spoke the truth when he declared he had no esteem for his northern mistress, although she had been his companion for so many years. She had no elegance of manners, and, as they had both contracted an odious habit of drinking, so they exposed themselves very frequently, not only to their own family, but to all their neighbours. They often quarrelled, and sometimes fought; they were some of those drunken scenes which probably occasioned the report of his madness. When Mr M'Namara returned to London, and

reported the prince's answer to the gentlemen who had employed him, they were astonished and confounded. However, they soon resolved on the measures which they were to pursue for the future, and determined no longer to serve a man who could not be persuaded to serve himself, and chose rather to endanger the lives of his best and most faithful friends, than part with a harlot, whom, as he often declared, he neither loved nor esteemed. If ever that old adage "*Quos Jupiter vult perdere,*" &c., could be properly applied to any person, whom could it so well fit as the gentleman of whom I have been speaking? for it is difficult by any other means to account for such a sudden infatuation. He was indeed soon afterwards made sensible of his misconduct, when it was too late to repair it; for from this era may truly be dated the ruin of his cause, which, for the future, can only exist in the Nonjuring congregations, which are generally formed of the meanest people, from whom no danger to the present government need be apprehended. Dr King was principal of St Mary's Hall, Oxford.

SIR WILLIAM DALZELL.

Sir David de Lindsay, first earl of Crauford, was, among other gentlemen of quality, attended during a visit to London, in 1390, by Sir William Dalzell, who not only excelled in wisdom, but possessed also a lively wit. Chancing to be at the court, he there saw Sir Piers Courtenay, an English knight, famous for skill in tilting, and for the beauty of his person, parading the palace, arrayed in a new mantle, bearing for device an embroidered falcon, with this rhyme—

I bear a falcon, fairest of flight,
Who so pinches at her, his death is dight,
In graith.

The Scottish knight, being a wag

appeared next day in a dress exactly similar to that of Courtenay, but bearing a magpie instead of a falcon, with a motto ingeniously contrived in rhyme to the vaunting inscription of Sir Piers—

I bear a pie picking at a piece,
Who so picks at her, I shall pick at his nese,
In faith.

This affront could only be expiated by a joust with sharp lances. In the encounter, Dalzell left his helmet unlaced, so that it gave way at the touch of his antagonist's lance, and he thus avoided the shock of the blow. This happened twice. In the third encounter, the handsome Courtenay lost two of his front teeth. As the Englishman complained bitterly of Dalzell's fraud in not fastening his helmet, the Scot agreed to run six courses more, each champion staking in the hand of the king two hundred pounds, to be forfeited, if, on entering the lists, any unequal advantages should be detected. This being agreed to, the wily Scot demanded that Sir Piers, in addition to the loss of his teeth, should consent to the extinction of one of his eyes, he himself having lost an eye in the fight of Otterburn. As Courtenay demurred to this equalization of optical powers, Dalzell demanded the forfeit; which, after much altercation, the king appointed to be paid to him, saying, he surpassed the English both in wit and in valour.

FAITH AND WORKS.

Will Speir, in making his way to a farm-house where he could make himself at home, accidentally lighted on a cow of his host's, which had got swamped in a bog. The poor creature was sunk so deep, that no more than the ridge of the back, the head, and half of the neck were to be seen. Will ran to the house at his utmost speed, and threw open the kitchen-door flat

against the wall, which rebounded back again with a great noise. The whole family, who were engaged at morning prayers, started from their knees.

"Ye're losing mair than your winning," exclaimed Will, as quickly as his breath would permit him; "there's ane o' your stirks in the bog: rin and tak her out, or she'll soon no be worth her hide and horns. Prayers are a' weel eneuch, and maybe ye're no sae often at them as ye should be, but dinna be praying when ye should be pitten to hands."

LONG TENANCIES.

At Inch-Ewan, in Breadalbane, a family of the name of Macnab occupied the same farm, from father to son, for nearly four centuries, till within these few years the last occupier resigned.

A race of the name of Stewart, in Glenfinglas, in Monteith, has for several centuries possessed the same farms, and from the character and disposition of the present noble proprietor, it is probable, without some extraordinary cause, this community will not be disturbed.

It would be endless to give instances of the great number of years during which the same families possessed their farms, in a succession as regular and unbroken as that of the landlords. The family of Macintyre possessed the farm of Glenoe, in Nether Lorn, from about the year 1300, down till 1810. They were originally foresters of Stewart, Lord Lorn, and were continued in their possession and employments, after the succession of the Glenorchy and Breadalbane families to this estate, by a marriage with a co-heiress of the last Lord Lorn of the Stewart family, in the year 1435.

A BORDER TOURNAMENT.

Henry de Lancaster, commander of

the English forces, invited the Knight of Liddesdale to combat with him in the lists at Berwick. In the first course the knight of Liddesdale was wounded by the breaking of his own spear. This accident having interrupted the sport, De Lancaster requested Alexander Ramsay to bring twenty gentlemen with him, to encounter an equal number of English. The request was complied with, and the sport continued for three days. Two of the English combatants were killed on the field; nor was the loss of their antagonists less considerable. The point of a spear pierced the brain of William de Ramsay. After having been shrievied, he expired in his armour. John Hay received a mortal wound. At this juncture Patrick Graham happened to arrive from abroad. An English knight challenged him.

"Brother," said Graham pleasantly, "prepare for death, and confess yourself, for you shall sup in Paradise."

"And so it fell out," writes Fordun, "for Graham transfixed him with his spear, and left him dead on the field."

Fordun relates this incident in a manner which indicates that he felt no horror at a scene where brave men, without either national animosity, or personal cause of offence, lavished their lives in savage amusements.

A NECESSARY EVIL.

A person once asked John Prentice, the gravedigger, if *he* considered himself at liberty to pray for his daily bread.

"Dear sake, sir," he answered, "the Lord's Prayer tells us that, ye ken."

"Ay, but," said the querist, "do you think you can do that, consistently with the command which enjoins us to wish no evil to our neighbours?"

"Dear sake, sirs," cried John, rather puzzled, "ye ken folk maun be buried!" This was quite natural, and very conclusive.

A SELF-SACRIFICING PROFESSOR.

A clerical professor was assisting a friend at a communion in a Forfarshire church. After the service, a clever country wife was severely criticising his preaching to a neighbour woman as they returned from church.

"Whisht, woman, ye shouldna speak that way," said the neighbour; "do ye no ken that's the man that maks the ministers?"

"Then," said the undaunted critic, "he must hae gi'en a' his preaching lear to them, and keepit nane to himsel'."

GOOD FOR TRADE.

Sandy Wood, the well-known surgeon in Edinburgh, was walking through the streets of that city during the time of an illumination, when he observed a boy breaking every window he could reach, with as much industry as if he had been doing the most commendable action in the world. Enraged at this mischievous conduct, Sandy seized him by the collar, and asked him what he meant by thus destroying the windows.

"Why, it's a' for the good of trade," replied the young urchin, "my father's a *glazier*."

"All for the good of trade, is it?" said Sandy, raising his cane, and breaking the boy's head: "There, then, that's for the good of *my* trade—I am a *surgeon*."

BROUGHAM AS A "JUNIOR."

There was a rule among the Scotch judges, and the senior members of the bar on circuit, that they only should drink claret; the juniors were restricted to sherry and port. At Ayr, Brougham sat as a junior, just "below the salt." The claret came down to him, and should have crossed the table without

paying tribute ; but each time it came, Brougham filled his glass.

"Do you see," said the presiding judge, "that impudent fellow Brougham, helping himself to claret? If he does it again, I'll speak to him."

Round came the claret, and Brougham took a bumper.

"Mr Brougham," said his lordship, "that's claret."

"I know it is, my lord; and excellent claret it is," was the cool reply of the embryo chancellor.

STORM AT SELKIRK.

In July 1768, there was such a dreadful storm, that the congregation in the kirk could not see, and was thrown into the greatest consternation. The thunder rolled, the lightning flashed, and the hail descended so as to plough up the ground, and neither man nor beast could withstand the storm. The waters of the Tweed were swelled, and men expected that the end of the world was at hand.

MEMORY WITHOUT JUDGMENT.

A former minister of the parish of Rescobie, in Angus, was somewhat remarkable for the singularity of his opinions in theological matters. One day when riding abroad, he came suddenly to a boggy part of the road, called in that part of the country a *spout*, and into which his mare plunged, and stuck so fast, that it was not without considerable difficulty and danger she could be extricated. About a year after, he had occasion to travel by the same way, and his old mare was still the companion of his journey. The road was now mended, and in excellent condition; but, on approaching the spot where her former disaster happened, the mare suddenly stood still,

snorted, pricked her ears, and neither blows nor entreaties could induce her to go forward. The parson was obliged to dismount; and leading the refractory animal along, he exclaimed—

"Ah, you old fool! you are like mony ane o' my flock—you have a good memory, but nae judgment!"

A DEADLY WEAPON.

One night a gentleman's house in East Lothian was disturbed by some "ill-faured loons" in a state of intoxication, who were apparently intent on forcing an entrance. To intimidate them Mr — threw open one of the windows, and, pointing a long rolled-up county map at the intruders, vowed he would fire if they didn't clear off. One of the inmates hearing the noise called Jean, the old servant of the establishment, and asked what was the matter.

"Oh, naething," replied she; "it's only the master shootin' a man wi' the map o' Heddington."

WAGER OF BATTLE.

Of the absurdity of the ancient practice of determining doubtful accusations by single combat, there are abundant instances on record, but we meet with none more distressing than the following, which occurred between two Scotch gentlemen in the reign of Edward VI., in which "the villain triumphed and the injured fell." It arose out of the war which originated in the refusal of the Scotch to consummate the marriage of Mary, their young queen, with Edward VI., according to the contract made in the reign of her father. The Scotch lost a number of strongholds, and, among others, the castle of Yester, which surrendered to the English general, Lord Grey, on condition that he should spare the lives of all the

garrison, with the exception of one man, who was reported to have said some unpardonable things of the King of England. "Now," say the old chroniclers, "as the garrison marched out of the castle in their shirts, and made their most humble obeisance, as became them, to the Lord Grey, he caused very strict search to be made for the base railer, who was excepted from pardon, and he was found to be one Mr Newton, a native of Scotland.

"This man, finding the great danger he was in, bethought himself of no other way to save his life, than by throwing the accusation upon one Mr Hamilton : now, these two gentlemen charging each other with the fact, the general could find no other way to decide it than by combat, which they demanded ; and the Lord Grey assenting thereto, judgment was pronounced to have it tried ; and this he was the more induced to agree to, because all persons seemed resolute for the decision of the truth ; as, in a very just cause, by the loss of their lives, to gain an immortal name, according to that line,

' Mors spernenda viris, ut fama perennis alatur.'

"No time was lost in making due preparation for this combat ; so that the champions entered the lists at the appointed time, which were erected for that end in the market-place of Haddington ; having only their doublets and hose on, and armed with sword, buckler, and dagger. Hamilton, at his first entrance into the lists, kneeling down, put up hearty prayers to God Almighty, that he would be pleased to vindicate the truth, and grant him victory over his enemy ; and, at the same time, he made most solemn protestations, that he never spoke any such words against the King of England, as his adversary charged upon him. On the other side, Newton seemed as if he had been daunted with his false accusation ; and the generality of the spectators enter-

tained an opinion of his guilt to his prejudice. Be it as it will, both of them being ready, they fell busily to it, and exchanged several fierce blows. Hamilton, in the opinion of all the people, seeming to rely upon his innocence, laid stoutly about, and forced his adversary to retreat almost to the end of the lists ; to which, if he had quite driven him, he had, by the law of arms, won the victory. Newton, finding himself thus upon the point of being worsted, advanced again, and gave Hamilton such a great gash in the leg, that he was not able to stand any longer, but down he dropped, and Newton falling upon him, presently slew him with his dagger.

"There were several gentlemen there present, who, taking it for granted that Newton was the offender, though fortune had favoured him in the combat, who would readily have ventured their lives against him, man for man, if the general would have allowed it ; but Newton, laying claim to the law of arms, the Lord Grey not only gave him the benefit of it, but also presented him with his own gown, besides his own back plate, and a gold plate which he wore at the time. Thus," adds the historian, "he was well rewarded, whatever his desert might be ; but he did not come off so, for riding afterwards on the borders of both kingdoms, he was there slain and cut in pieces."

A BEGGAR'S ANSWER.

Andrew Gemmells, a well-known beggar, used to say that the trade of mendicancy was "twenty pounds a-year worse than it had been !" A military officer one day accosted the sturdy beggar, and, observing that he was a stout, well-proportioned man, asked if he would "*list*." The beggar considered for a moment, and said—

"Pray, sir, what wad ye gie me ?"

"Why," said the officer, "sixpence

a day, and a shilling to drink the king's health."

"Gae awa'!" cried the mendicant, "I can mak five shillings a day here, and am my ain maister!"

A GOOD SERMON ON A BAD SUBJECT.

The Rev. James Oliphant of Dumbarton once adopted a peculiar but ingenious method of proving the wicked dispositions of his Satanic majesty. He remarked that every aspect of his name was bad. "From the word *devil*, which in itself means an *accuser* or *enemy*," said Mr Oliphant, "take the *d*, and you have *evil*; remove the *e*, and the remainder is *vil*; take away the *v*, and he is *ill*; and the sound of the last letter reminds you of the name of the place where he lives; and so you see, my friends, that even by his own name, he is an ill, vile, evil, deevil!"

A PARDONABLE DECEPTION.

A minister in a moorland parish received a visit from an English friend in the month of December. From an unkindly season operating on an ungenial soil, it so happened that the little crop of the glebe was only then under the sickle—or rather under the scythe—of honest John Fairweather, the minister's man. In spite of sundry small artifices to turn the Englishman's attention another way, and prevent him from spying the nakedness of the land, he one day stumbled upon John busy in his operations, to whom he expressed his surprise at what he saw. John, whose zeal for the honour of his country was quite equal to the occasion, assured him that this was the second crop within the year; and the Englishman shortly after went away, grudging Scotland her more fortunate climate. When John was reproved by his master for practising a deception, he said—

"Sir, it's as true as the Gospel; ye ken yoursel' that the last crop wasna aff the ground till Januar, this blessed year."

A LAWYER ON LAW.

Counselloer Mowat, being in company one day, after he had retired from practice, the glorious uncertainty of the law became the subject of conversation. He was appealed to for his opinion, when he laconically observed, "If any man was to claim the *coat* upon my back, and threaten me with a law-suit, in case of a refusal to give it him, he certainly should have it, lest, in *defending* my coat, I should find out, too late, that I was deprived of my waistcoat also!"

GOLD IN SCOTLAND.

James Atkinson, assay-master of the mint at Edinburgh in the reign of King James VI., assures us, that natural or native gold was to be found in several places in this country. . . . This is certain, that one Cornelius, a German, who in that time was by patent created superior of the gold mines of the King of Scots, discovered gold mines at Crawfordjohn, and in thirty days' time brought into the King's mint at Edinburgh 8 pounds troy weight of natural gold, which was worth £450 sterling.—*Chamberlayne*.

WOMEN IN CAITHNESS.

The tender sex (I blush for the Caithnessians) are the only animals of burden: they turn their patient backs to the dunghills, and receive in their *keises*, or baskets, as much compost as their lords and masters think fit to fling in with their pitchforks, and then trudge to the

fields with it in droves of sixty or seventy.—*Pennant.*

SINGING TO SOME PURPOSE.

Having a desire to get a new coat, Jamie Fleeman seated himself at the back of a dyke, on a road along which he saw the Laird of Udney approaching; and, as if unconscious of his being near, he began to sing with all his might—

“I’m to get a new coat frae bonny Udney; I’m to get a new coat frae bonny Udney.”

The laird listened for some time to this simple and rather unique ditty, when, looking over the dyke, he said—

“Well, Jamie, you shall have a new coat.”

“What! and sheen tee?” inquired Jamie.

The laird smiled, and assented; and Jamie by his ingenuity thus got both coat and shoes.

A GREAT FLOOD.

1266. In the eve of the Feast of the 11,000 Virgins, a great wind arose from the north, the sea broke in, and overwhelmed many houses and villages between the Tay and the Tweed. “There never was such a deluge since the times of Noah,” says Fordun, “as appears from its traces at this day.” Unhappily the circumstances of this inundation are omitted, while fabulous genealogies and cloister-promotions are credulously and scrupulously recorded.—*Dalrymple.*

THE MAIDEN.

Noblemen are generally beheaded, not with an axe, as in England, or a sword, as in Holland, but by an instrument called a Maiden, which is a broad piece of iron about a foot square, very sharp on the lower part, and loaded

above with such a weight of lead that it is scarce to be lifted. At the time of execution it is pulled up to the top of a narrow wooden frame, about ten feet high, and as broad as the engine, with mouldings on each side for the Maiden to slide in. About four feet from the ground a convenience is made for the prisoner to lay his neck, with a kind of a bar so fastened as to keep him from stirring. Upon a sign given the Maiden is let loose, and in a moment separates the head from the body. The Scots have a tradition, that the first inventor of this machine was the first that suffered by it.—*Chamberlayne.*

HANDBASTING.

Among the customs now obsolete, the most curious was that of handfasting, in use about a century ago. In the upper part of Eskdale, at the confluence of the white and the black Esk, was held an annual fair, where multitudes of each sex repaired. The unmarried looked out for mates, made their engagement by joining hands, or by “handfasting”—went off in pairs, cohabited till the next annual return of the fair, appeared there again, and then were at liberty to declare their approbation or dislike of each other. If each party continued constant, the handfasting was renewed for life; but if either party dissented, the engagement was void, and both were at full liberty to make a new choice, but with this proviso, that the inconstant was to take the charge of the offspring of the year of probation.—*Pennant.*

A PERT REPLY.

The Rev. John Skinner, long Episcopal clergyman of Forfar, was first appointed to a charge in Montrose, from whence he was removed to Banff, and ultimately to Forfar. After he had

left Montrose, it reached his ears that an ill-natured insinuation was circulating in Montrose that he had been induced to leave that town by the temptation of a better income and of fat pork, which, it would appear, was plentiful in the locality of his new incumbency. Indignant at such an aspersion, he wrote a letter, directed to his maligners, vindicating himself sharply from it, which he showed to his grandfather, the well-known Skinner of Aberdeen, for his approval. The old gentleman objected to it as too lengthy, and proposed the following pithy substitute :—

“Had Skinner been of carnal mind,
As strangely ye suppose ;
Or had he e'er been fond of swine,
He'd ne'er have left Montrose.”

PITCAPLE'S ANGELS.

The Laird of Pitcaple slept one night in a room where jackdaws had built their nests in the chimney, and from which, early in the morning, some of them found their way into the room. The good man, disturbed by their fluttering and prattle, thought he was favoured with a vision of angels, till he was sufficiently awake to discover that they were black. It has ever since been a proverb in the country, when one would expose a ridiculous story, to say, “That it is like ane o' Pitcaple's angels—it's the wrang colour.”

A SPEEDY RETREAT.

A poor fellow in Scotland, creeping through the hedge of an orchard, with an intention to rob it, was seen by the owner, who called out to him—

“Sawney, hoot man, where are you gaun’?”

“*Back again,*” said Sawney, as he turned out at the same hole he came in at.

HIGHLAND SECOND-SIGHT.

The second-sight is a singular faculty of seeing an otherwise invisible object, without any previous means used by the person that uses it for that end; the vision makes such a lively impression upon the seers, that they neither see, nor think of anything else, except the vision, as long as it continues; and then they appear pensive or jovial, according to the object which was represented to them.

At the sight of a vision, the eyelids of the person are erected, and the eyes continue staring until the object vanish. This is obvious to others who are by, when the persons happen to see a vision, and occurred more than once to my own observation, and to others who were with me.

There is one in Skie, of whom his acquaintance observed, that when he sees a vision, the inner part of his eyelids turns so far upwards, that after the object disappears he must draw them down with his fingers, and sometimes employs others to draw them down, which he finds to be the much easier way.

This faculty of the second-sight does not lineally descend in a family, as some imagine, for I know several parents who are endowed with it, but their children not, and *vice versa*: neither is it acquired by any previous compact. And, after a strict inquiry, I could never learn that this faculty was communicable any way whatsoever.

The seer knows neither the object, time, nor place of a vision, before it appears; and the same object is often seen by different persons, living at a considerable distance from one another. The true way of judging as to the time and circumstance of an object is by observation; for several persons of judgment, without this faculty, are more capable to judge of the design of a vision than a novice that is a seer.

If an object appear in the day or night it will come to pass sooner or later accordingly.

If an object is seen early in a morning (which is not frequent), it will be accomplished in a few hours afterwards. If at noon, it will commonly be accomplished that very day. If in the evening, perhaps that night; if after candles be lighted, it will be accomplished that night: the later always in accomplishment, by weeks, months, and sometimes years, according to the time of night the vision is seen.

When a shroud is perceived about one, it is a sure prognostic of death; the time is judged according to the height of it about the person; for if it is seen above the middle, death is not to be expected for the space of a year, and perhaps some months longer; and as it is frequently seen to ascend higher towards the head, death is concluded to be at hand within a few days, if not hours, as daily experience confirms. Examples of this kind were shown me, when the persons of whom the observations were then made enjoyed perfect health.

One instance was lately foretold by a seer that was a novice, concerning the death of one of my acquaintance; this was communicated to a few only, and with great confidence: I being one of the number, did not in the least regard it, until the death of the person, about the time foretold, did confirm me of the certainty of the prediction. The novice mentioned above is now a skilful seer, as appears from many late instances; he lives in the parish of St Mary, the most northern in Skie.

If a woman is seen standing at a man's left hand, it is a presage that she will be his wife, whether they be married to others, or unmarried, at the time of the apparition.

If two or three women are seen at once, near a man's left hand, she that is next him will undoubtedly be his

wife first, and so on, whether all three, or the man, be single or married at the time of the vision or not; of which there are several late instances among those of my acquaintance. It is an ordinary thing for them to see a man that is to come to the house shortly after; and if he is not of the seer's acquaintance, yet he gives such a lively description of his stature, complexion, habit, &c., that upon his arrival he answers the character given him in all respects.

If the person so appearing be one of the seer's acquaintance, he will tell his name, as well as other particulars; and he can tell by his countenance whether he comes in a good or bad humour.

I have been seen thus myself by seers of both sexes, at some hundred miles' distance; some that saw me in this manner had never seen me personally, and it happened according to their visions, without any previous design of mine to go to those places, my coming there being purely accidental.

It is ordinary with them to see houses, gardens, and trees in places void of all three; and this in progress of time comes to be accomplished: as at Mogshot, in the isle of Skie, where there were but a few sorry cow-houses, thatched with straw, yet in a very few years after, the vision, which appeared often, was accomplished, by the building of several good houses on the very spot represented by the seers, and by the planting of orchards there.

To see a spark of fire fall upon one's arm or breast, is a forerunner of a dead child to be seen in the arms of those persons; of which there are several fresh instances.

To see a seat empty at the time of one's sitting in it, is a presage of that person's death soon after.

When a novice, or one that has lately obtained the second-sight, sees a vision in the night-time without doors, and

comes near a fire, he presently falls into a swoon.

Some find themselves as it were in a crowd of people, having a corpse, which they carry along with them; and after such visions the seers come in sweating, and describe the people that appeared: if there be any of their acquaintance among them, they give an account of their names, as also of the bearers, but they know nothing concerning the corpse.

All those who have the second-sight do not always see these visions at once, though they be together at the time. But if one who has this faculty designedly touch his fellow-seer at the instant of a vision's appearing, then the second sees it as well as the first; and this is sometimes discerned by those that are near them on such occasions.—*Martin.*

SIR FRANCIS KINLOCH.

Sir Francis Kinloch's grandfather was an Edinburgh clothier, who, acquiring considerable wealth, became Dean of Guild, and subsequently Lord Provost of Edinburgh. His great-grandfather was a sexton, if we may give credit to a pasquinade entitled "A Gentleman's turn to Jacob Kinloch, for calling him a dunce in the Coffee-house, 1674," where it is said—

"I wondered much who and what ye could be,
Till one did thus extract your pedigree,
His grandsire was a sexton fairie elf,
Lived on the dead, and digg'd graves for pelf.
He left unto his son, which severall yeares
He did augment by needle, thimble, shears,
Till pride that devill him threw and did distill
Through needle eye, and made him Dean of
Gild," &c.

Sir Walter Scott used to tell an anecdote of one of the family who set up as a man of fashion, and who being present at a meeting of the freeholders of Had-

dington, took occasion to rally an old gentleman who was there upon the antique cut of his garments, remarking that he was very much delighted with their elegance and fashion.

"Deed, my man," was the reply, "so you ought, for they were made by your grandfather."—*Court of Session Gurland.*

A "PURPOSE-LIKE" SIGN.

The following was, some years ago, the sign of a cobbler at Inverness, being his own production. The point of the epigram is not so sharp, perhaps, as the fellow's awl; but it is composed of a more shining metal:—

"Boots and shoes, though nearly ended,
May be here most neatly mended;
I can make, and I can mend—
I can furnish you good bend;
But, gentlemen, what do you think?—
I must have the *ready click!*"

THE MATTER SETTLED.

A clergyman in Glasgow, in marrying a couple, asked the bride, in the usual form, whether she would be "a loving, faithful, and obedient wife?" She promptly promised to be loving and faithful, but declined to give a pledge of obedience. The minister paused and demurred.

"Just say awa', sir," ejaculated the bridegroom, "she has promised to be lovin' an' faithfu'; an' foul fa' thae ten fingers," raising his fists, "gin she's no obedient!"

"SAIR WARK."

Some years ago a clergyman, walking in the churchyard at Alloway, remarked to the gravedigger, who was in the act of making a grave:—

"Yours is an unpleasant avocation ; no doubt your heart is often sore when you are engaged in it." The sexton looked up and pawkily replied, "O ay, sir, it's unco sair wark !"

"NOT SO VERY OLD."

"How old was our departed friend?" inquired a gentleman who was attending a funeral, of a relative of the deceased.

"Very old ; very old, sir," was the reply ; "I believe he was in his eighty-seventh year."

"That's not so very old," exclaimed the questioner ; "why, if my father had been living yet, he would have been 112 !"

A NEW TITLE.

A poor man, when a boy, had been a playfellow of the Duke of Argyle. His grace, taking a ride one day, observed his *quondam* chum attending a couple of horses which were feeding on the roadside, and asked him how he was "fending in the world." The man gave him to understand that his condition was only middling, as the appearance of both himself and horses indicated. His grace, putting his hand in his pocket, gave him a crown. The poor fellow, at a loss to express his gratitude, exclaimed—

"God bless your grace's glory, you're ower big a man to be ca'd the *duck*, you should be ca'd the *goose* now !"

"WHAT WAS THE WONDER?"

An old Scotswoman, enveloped in a red cloak, having passed the border, happened to stray into an episcopal place of worship at the moment that the reader was repeating from the Litany

the ejaculation of "Lord have mercy upon us !" Hearing this repeated twice or thrice by the reader and clerk as she advanced up the aisle, the poor woman took offence, imagining that it was an expression of surprise at her appearance there. It was repeated again and again, and she could refrain no longer, but, turning with much contempt to the speaker, cried out—

"Ay, may the Lord ha'e mercy on you too ! Did you never see an auld wife with a red cloak about her before?"

A DOVETAILER OF SERMONS.

A certain reverend doctor was what is commonly termed "a popular preacher ;" not, however, by drawing on his own stores, but by a knack which he possessed of appropriating the thoughts and language of other great divines who had gone before him, to his own use, and by a skilful splicing and dovetailing of passages, so as to make a whole. Fortunately for him, those who composed his audience were not deeply skilled in pulpit lore, and among them he passed for a wonder of erudition. It happened, however, that the doctor was detected in his literary larcenies. One Sunday, a grave old gentleman seated himself close to the pulpit, and listened with profound attention. The doctor had scarcely finished his third sentence before the old gentleman said, loud enough to be heard by those near him, "That's Sherlock." The doctor frowned, but went on. He had not proceeded much farther, when his grave auditor broke out with, "That's Tillotson." The doctor bit his lips and paused, but again proceeded. At a third exclamation of, "That's Blair," the doctor lost all patience, and, leaning over the side of the pulpit—

"Fellow," he cried, "if you do not hold your tongue, you shall be turned out !"

Without altering a muscle, the old cynic, looking the doctor full in the face, said, "That's his own."

A JEDWOOD GHOST.

1285. At a ball given on the occasion of the nuptials of Alexander III. at Jedwood (Jedburgh), a ghost, or something like a ghost, danced. Boece expressly says that it was a skeleton. A foolish pleasantry to frighten the court ladies, or a pious monastic fraud, to check the growth of promiscuous dancing, probably gave rise to the exhibition of this harlequin skeleton.—*Dalrymple*.

A TALE ABOUT A TAIL.

Two Highlanders set out on an expedition to steal the litter of a wild sow, which lay in a narrow-mouthed cave. Seizing the opportunity of the parent's absence, one of the men crept in, and the other kept a watch at the mouth. Presently home came the sow distracted, as if aware of what was going on by the instinct of maternal concern, and rushed with menacing looks to her door; the guard, as she slipped into the passage, had just time to lay hold of her tail, give it a firm twist round his strong hand; and throwing himself down and setting his feet against the sides of the pass, he held her fast, and hard enough work he found it to do so. The Highlander in the cave was too much engaged with the screaming little pigs to hear the tussle, but finding himself in darkness, he called out to his mate—

"Fat's the matter? I canna see."

The other, who had no wind for explanations, answered thus, expressly and briefly denoting the precise position of the case—

"An' the tail break, you'll see."

He presently, however, got his *skene* *dku* in his left hand, with which by re-

peated stabs he laid the body of the unfortunate sow dead at his feet, saved his companion from imminent peril, and secured the plunder, without once slackening his hold of the tail.

THE SCOTTISH CLERGY.

The clergy of Scotland are the most decent and consistent in their conduct of any set of men I ever met with of their order. They are much changed from the furious, illiterate, and enthusiastic teacher of the old times, and have taken up the mild method of persuasion, instead of the cruel discipline of corporal punishments. Science almost universally flourishes among them; and their discourse is not less improving than the table they entertain the stranger at is decent and hospitable. Few, very few of them, permit the bewitchery of dissipation to lay hold of them, notwithstanding they allow all the innocent pleasures of others, which, though not criminal in the layman, they know must bring the taint of levity on the churchman. They never sink their characters by midnight brawls, by mixing with the gaming world, either in cards, cocking, or horse-races, but preserve, with a narrow income, a dignity too often lost among their brethren south of the Tweed.—*Pen-nant*.

REBEL THIEVES.

During the time of the Rebellion, the mansion-house of Pannels, in Perthshire, was plundered by the Highlanders. On the approach of the rebels the inmates of the house fled, leaving in bed the lady of the mansion, who had given birth to a child a few days before, and who was therefore unable to depart with the rest. After the robbers had taken everything from the house which

they deemed of consequence, they took their departure. One of them, however, more rapacious than the rest, returned back for a pan he had seen placed by the fire. When in the act of taking this away the lady remonstrated with him, saying that if he deprived her of that she had nothing else in which to prepare food for herself and her child. The Highlander, however, persisted in making off with the article; and upon the lady saying that if he did so he would require to give an account for it some day, he replied—

“Hop, pop, count for ane, count for a,” and suiting the action to the word, he pulled the clothes from off the bed on which the lady lay, and decamped. Upon hearing that his friend Pannel’s house had been plundered, Mungo Haldane, Esq., at that time proprietor of Gleneagles, immediately summoned his retainers, and gave the Highlanders chase. On coming up with them at Blairinroar, Haldane and his men attacked and completely routed the Highlanders, recovered the effects which they had taken away, and brought them back in triumph to Pannel House.

SIR JOHN STRACHAN.

This gallant sailor had the honour of knighthood conferred upon him by King Charles I. for his fidelity and distinguished services to that monarch. An account of his exploits is given by his worthy townsman and contemporary, John Spalding, in his *Troubles of Scotland*.

“Ye heard before how the queen went over to Holland, in company with her daughter, with whom went John Strachan, Skipper Strachan’s son, of our burgh of Aberdeen, who was born, bred, and brought up within the said town. This John Strachan is a brave mariner, and stout cavalier; he got charge from his majesty of one of the

king’s yachts, having 24 brazen pieces upon her, to follow the queen to Holland, and to attend her service. Now the parliament seeing the king daily to stand out, and not to yield to their wills, and fearing this Strachan’s employment was not for nought, they therefore sent to him where he was lying, and summoned him to return with his ship and goods back to the parliament, under the pain of death. He answered, ‘His charge was frae his majesty, and when he commanded him he should obey.’ The king gets word of this charge, whereupon he sends commands, under pain of hanging, that he, the said John Strachan, give no obedience to any charge coming from the parliament for that purpose; whilk he gladly obeyed. Then they summoned him a second time, and the king gave a second command; whereupon the parliament sends out four of the king’s royal ships; two to lye at the mouth of the river UMBER, and two to lye at the mouth of the river * * *, by one of which way, they, by the Hollanders were surely advised, Strachan behaved to go; and was hastily to come to England. But the Parliamentarians resolved, before he came that length, to have him quick or dead; of all which Strachan has good intelligence, and resolves to take the sea. He had with him, on shipboard, the Lord Digby and William Murray, who had gone over with the queen, and resolved now to return back with Strachan to England. Well, to the sea goes Strachan; two of the king’s ships follow, betwixt whom there was some fight; the other two likewise follow, whilk Strachan espying, and finding himself unable to defend against them all four, made choice to take flight, and being speedier under sail, for that she was of less burden, than any of the other four, goes soundly and safely frae them by plain speed, for he was well acquainted with all the sands,

creeks, and holes upon the English coast, whereby he wisely took his advantage, and hastily run her on shore, where these great ships durst not follow. Well, he takes out this cannon, and mounts them upon the land; he plants his musquets so that no one pinnace or boat could come near his ship; albeit they were sent, but were driven back again, both by cannon and musquet; in the meantime, Strachan sent word to the king of his landing (who was within eighteen miles' distance), who hastily sends a guard, conveys the Lord Digby, William Murray, himself, and about 100 persons to his majesty. They took order with the musquets, cannon, and ammunition, and let the ship lie there. There came in this ship great sums of money by the queen's moyan, as was said; together with arms for 10,000 men, ammunition, and cannons, whereof his majesty was very joyful, received Strachan (whom the parliament had declared a traitor for his disobedience), and for his brave service knighted him with his own hand, to the great honor of the burgh of Aberdeen, being one of our townsmen born."

AN EASY-GOING SOLDIER.

"Shoulder arms!" exclaimed a captain to his troop in a voice intended to resemble thunder. But the execution of the order was anything but simultaneous; and one man, it was observed, was "standing at ease." Upon being challenged by the captain why he had not shouldered along with the rest—

"What the deil's a' the haste?" quoth he; "canna ye wait till a body tak a snuff?"

HEAVY FALL OF SNOW.

On January 21, 1752, there fell so much snow in Perthshire, that the house

of Duncan Mainicot, tenant in Morcar, fell in, and himself, his wife, and four children were crushed to death. On the previous day two boys were passing under a high rock near Dulmagavie, when they were buried under a vast quantity of snow that fell from the top of it. One of them with difficulty having escaped, gathered together the country people to relieve his comrade, who, however, did not succeed in rescuing him until the next day, when they got him out alive.

GREAT FALL OF RAIN.

On the 5th of August, 1750, there fell such a heavy shower of rain, on the county of Moray, that the small river which runs past Altyre was elevated twenty-two feet above its usual level. A great extent of ground was covered with gravel, and some houses and mills with much corn were swept away.

THE ONLY DIFFERENCE.

Hoveden, a writer of the thirteenth century, informs us that Joannes Scotus, the early Scotch philosopher, being in company with Charles the Bold, king of France, that monarch asked him good-humouredly what was the difference between a Scot and a sol. Scotus, who sat opposite the king, answered—

"Only the breadth of the table."

DR ABERNETHY'S COURTSHIP.

The following is the account given of the abrupt and unceremonious but truly characteristic manner in which Dr John Abernethy obtained his wife. The name of the lady is not given. While attending a lady for several weeks, he observed those admirable qualifications in

her daughter, which he truly esteemed to be calculated to make the marriage state happy. Accordingly, on a Saturday, when taking leave of his patient, he addressed her to the following purport:—"You are now so well that I need not see you after Monday next, when I shall come and pay you my farewell visit. But in the meantime, I wish you and your daughter seriously to consider the proposal I am now about to make. It is abrupt and unceremonious, I am aware; but the excessive occupation of my time by my professional duties affords me no leisure to accomplish what I desire by the more ordinary course of attention and solicitation. My annual receipts amount to £—, and I can settle £— on my wife (mentioning the sums); my character is generally known to the public, so that you may readily ascertain what it is. I have seen in your daughter a tender and affectionate child, an assiduous and careful nurse, and a gentle and ladylike member of a family; such a person must be all that a husband could covet, and I offer my hand and fortune for her acceptance. On Monday, when I call, I shall expect your determination; for I really have not time for the routine of courtship." In this humour, the lady was wooed and won; and the union proved fortunate in every respect.

· LIKE IS AN ILL MARK. "

King James VI., while walking in the royal gardens of Falkland, discovered therein Mr Alexander Ruthven, brother to the Earl of Gowrie, who, overcome with the heat of the day, had fallen asleep; and having the curiosity to go and see who he was, the king was surprised to find a ribbon of a very rare description suspended from his breast, which he himself had not long before given to his queen as a love-token. Overwhelmed

with jealousy and rage, without awakening the unconscious Ruthven, he immediately went to tax the queen with her infidelity, which, if we credit historians, he had no small cause to suspect. A ready-witted and nimble attendant of the queen, having observed the scene, and well knowing the cause of the king's surprise and indignation, with cautious hand removed the suspected emblem of the queen's favour from the neck of the incautious gallant, and instantly conveyed it to the queen; to whom she had scarcely been able to restore the ribbon and to recount the adventure, before the king, wound up to a pitch of frantic jealousy, abruptly appeared in "the presence," and demanded a sight of his late love-token. The queen, already in possession of the ribbon and secret, with well-affected composure produced it to the astonished monarch; and, on examining it, he with resumed cheerfulness remarked that "Like is an ill mark,"—a proverb which has since not only been assumed by the "Falkland folks," still proud of ancient domestic allusions, but has also become familiar to all Scotsmen.—*Charles Mackie.*

LORD ROBERTSON.

Every humorist is in some sort an actor, and Lord Robertson's rich intellectual qualities were heightened by his power of facial expression, his fine deep voice, so capable of modulation, and his exquisite mimicry. His grave, stolid look, pretending ignorance, incredulity, or surprise, was worthy of Liston, and helped out his arguments wonderfully with a jury or audience. In private society he could set the table in a roar by simply repeating the word "Here" in the different tones and voices of a country jury answering to their names in Court; and when he followed the same jury into the retiring room, to consult as

to their verdict, no scene in a farce could be more laughable. He was prone to imitations of our Highland Gaelic and Highland character, and delighted in telling how, in Ross-shire, he had once asked a man if there was a road to Loch-broom?

“A road!—there’s roads all over the Highlands.”

“What sort of road is it?”

“There’s a good, fair bridle-road till within thirty miles of the place.”

On another occasion, in some part of the West Highlands, off the main road, where his carriage could not be taken, he borrowed two stout blankets, with which four Highlanders shouldered him over hill and moor—no slight task to carry a man of twenty stones in this way—and he described with great humour this curious process of conveyance, and the tone of the Highlanders shouting out, as they jolted up or down a precipice, “My Lord, are you easy?” These humorous exaggerations formed an endless fund of amusement to his friends. He had an inimitable story of a Highland caddie or porter describing to another caddie the tragedy of Othello, which he had witnessed at the theatre. The manner in which the interlocutor dwelt upon the rage and the “coarse language” of the hero, the villany of Iago (or Jago, as he pronounced it), and the smothering scene at the last, was unique and indescribable. Sometimes, though very rarely, and only on select occasions, and at a late hour, the learned counsel would venture on a Gaelic sermon, and at one time he did not hesitate at a Gaelic grace in the morning. Many of our readers will recollect the ancient Caledonian coach that was wont to start from Inverness for Perth at five o’clock A.M., and stop for breakfast at Aviemore. The old landlord, John Grant, used to stalk into the room with his bottle of bitters under his arm, but ere the morning dram could be dispensed, the stout burly figure of the

advocate, who had been silent on the coach, was heard to exclaim in stentorian tones, “a word!”—and then he poured forth a seeming Gaelic grace appropriately delivered, which left the passengers in perplexity whether it was Argyleshire Gaelic or some unknown tongue they had heard. But before they got time to recover, the imperturbable speaker, never relaxing his gravity, was deep in the ham and eggs. Some Gaelic phrases the witty advocate had picked up in his visits to the north, among which the conjunction *aigas*, or *and*, was always conspicuous. By help of this, with suitable looks, shrugs, groans, and gestures, his vocal imitations were sufficiently provocative of mirth, and when he failed he was always ready, as he said, like the Highlanders, to *skeoch doch na skiel*—to cut a tale with a drink. He did not succeed so well with imitations of Irish character. One of his sallies of the latter description gave deep offence to an excellent Irishman, the late Sir Edward Lees, the Scottish post-office secretary, who, after a jovial night, sent a hostile message to the advocate on the following morning. Peter replied with excellent sense and humour—

“I accept your challenge—time of meeting, five o’clock to-morrow afternoon—place, your dining-room—weapons, knife and fork,” &c. And, accordingly, the witty counsel waited on his friend to dinner, stated truly that he had no recollection whatever of the previous night’s offence, and, of course, the matter of difference was instantly discarded, or only formed the ground for sundry jokes over their wine and walnuts. This was equal to Cobbett’s reply to a challenge, which, if we recollect right, ran in this way—

“You may chalk my figure on your barn door, and fire at it. If you hit it I will know I should have been hit by you if I had been in the same position.”
—*Court of Session Garland.*

BONAPARTE AND THE HIGHLAND SOLDIERS.

Few regiments are more purely Scottish than the Scots Greys. When the invincible charges made by this regiment at Waterloo called forth the admiration of Bonaparte, who exclaimed, "*Qu'ils ils sont terribles chevaux Gris,*" he knew not of what country they were. But when he saw the Gordon Highlanders, in their kilts and bonnets, charge the solid columns, he at once discovered their country; and while they contributed so much to blast his earthly glory, he could not suppress his admiration of "*Les braves Ecoissais.*"

ST FILLAN'S ARM.

Lesley tells us that Robert Bruce was possessed of this miraculous and luminous arm, which he enclosed in a silver shrine, and had it carried at the head of his army. Previous to the battle of Bannockburn, the king's chaplain, a man of little faith, abstracted the relic, and deposited it in a place of security, lest it should fall into the hands of the English. But, lo! while Robert was addressing his prayers to the empty casket, it was observed to open and shut suddenly; and, on inspection, the saint was found to have himself deposited his arm in the shrine, as an assurance of victory. Such is the tale of Lesley. But the Bruce little needed that the arm of St Fillan should assist his own. It was long supposed by the Scottish peasantry that the arm of St Fillan had the power to cure lunacy, and that to touch it was to eradicate the disease for ever.

FILIAL AFFECTION.

A Scotch servant, being young, thoughtless, and of a "canty" turn of mind, lived for some time out of place

very idly. When any of the other servants, his acquaintances, were allowed a day of pleasure, Andrew was sure to be of the party. At this rate, all the money he had received from his late master would soon have been "cast to the cocks;" but, in the midst of this, he received a letter from his mother, at Selkirk, informing him of his father's death, by which she and his sister were reduced to great poverty and distress. This news made a most laudable alteration in the conduct of Andrew. He shunned all those parties of which he had been formerly so fond; and when the other servants pressed him very much, saying—

"You used to be as fond of mirth and good drink as your neighbours;" Andrew shook his head, and replied—"If I take drink, my mother and sister must drink water;" and the very next day he called on his master, with ten pounds he had left, which he paid to a banker, for an order on a house at Edinburgh, to remit to his mother.

THE DRAGON OF LINTON.

Above the south entrance of the ancient parish church of Linton, in Roxburghshire, is a rude piece of sculpture, representing a knight, with a falcon on his arm, encountering, with his lance, in full career, a sort of monster, which the common people call a worm or snake. Tradition bears that this animal inhabited a den or hollow at some distance from the church, whence it was wont to issue forth, and ravage the country; or, by the fascination of its eyes and breath, draw its prey into its jaws. Large rewards were, in vain, offered for the destruction of this monster, which had grown to so huge a bulk that it used to twist itself, in spiral folds, round a green hilloek of considerable height, still called Wormieston, and marked by a clump of trees. When

sleeping in this place with its mouth open, popular credulity affirms that it was slain by the Laird of Lauriston, a man brave even to madness, who, coming upon the snake at full gallop, thrust down its throat a peat (a piece of dried turf) dipt in scalding pitch, and fixed to the point of his lance. The aromatic quality of the peat is said to have preserved the champion from the effects of the monster's poisonous breath, while, at the same time, it clogged its jaws. In dying, the serpent contracted his folds with so much violence that their spiral impression is still discernible round the hillock where it lay. The noble family of Somerville are said to be descended from this adventurous knight, in memory of whose achievement they bear a dragon as their crest. The sculpture itself gives no countenance to this fine story, for the animal whom the knight appears to be in the act of slaying has no resemblance to a serpent, but rather to a wolf or boar, with which the neighbouring Cheviot mountains must, in early times, have abounded; and there remains vestiges of another monster, of the same species, attacking the horse of the champion.

“NO SAE DAFT.”

“Why do ye no get married, Jock?” inquired a beadle's wife of the parish “natural.” “They say I'm daft,” answered Jock, “but I'm no sae daft as do that.”

WAT O' HARDEN.

The famous border chief, Wat o' Harden (who died about 1629) had, according to tradition, six sons, five of whom survived him. The sixth was slain at a fray in a hunting match by his kinsman, Scott of Gilmanscleugh. His brothers prepared to avenge his

death, but the old laird secured them in the dungeon of his tower, hurried to the king at Edinburgh, stated the crime, and obtained a gift of the lands of the offender. He returned to Harden with equal speed, released his sons, and showed them the charter. “To horse, lads!” he cried, “and let us take possession; the lands of Gilmanscleugh are well worth a dead son.”

“NAE CHICKEN.”

Henry Erskine, of whom it might be said more truly, perhaps, than of any other man that ever breathed, that

“He could not ope

His mouth, but out there flew a trope,”

was one day at a large dinner party, where Miss Henrietta —— was also present. This lady had been the most admired beauty of her day in Edinburgh; but, at the time in question, she was a little past the meridian of life. It must also be premised of her that her name was usually abbreviated into *Hennie*.

“Mr Erskine,” said the lady, as the wine was beginning to circulate, “they say that ye're a great man for making puns: could ye mak a pun, d'ye think, on me?”

“Od, Hennie,” the wit instantly replied; “you might be making puns yourself now; I'm sure, *Hennie* though ye be, ye're *nae chicken*.”

A MIS-DEAL.

The Rev. Mr Thom, of Kilmarnock, had just risen up in the pulpit one Sunday to engage in prayer, when a gentleman in front of the gallery took out his handkerchief to wipe the dust from his brow, forgetting that a pack of cards were wrapped up in it; the whole pack was scattered over the breast of the gallery. Mr Thom, mirth-loving, could

not resist a joke, solemn as the act was in which he was about to engage.

"Oh, man, man!" said he, "surely your psalm-book has been ill-bound!"

A DELICATE CONSCIENCE.

Duncan M'Iver, a Highland clergyman, having raised what is called in Scotland an action for "augmentation of stipend" before the Court of Session, thought proper next Sunday to apologise to his parishioners for what he had done, in the following manner:—

"In the day of joodgment, the gude Lord 'll say to me, 'Wha's this ye hae wi' ye the day, Duncan? Ye hae mony ane there, Duncan.' Then I'll pe say to the gude Lord, 'They're a' your ain pairns, I hae brought up for ye, gude Lord.' He'll pe say, 'That's weel dune, Duncan: they'll nae doubt hae paid ye weel for that?' But I'll joost gie a fidge, and draw up my shouthers; for Duncan M'Iver disna like to tell lees."

JOTTINGS FROM ORKNEY.*

Kirk Fines in Orkney.

In Orkney, ropes of straw or heather are made for the purpose of fastening the thatch to the roof of the huts and cottages, and are called simmons.

At one time fines of simmons were imposed by kirk-sessions upon a certain class of backsliders, in such districts as Deerness and Tankerness. It is related that one minister made the fine two balls of simmons; but when he found the cases of *fama clamosa* falling off in number, he reduced the tariff, and thus restored the buoyancy of the revenue.

* The Editor has to thank his friend, Mr Daniel Gorrie, for permission to make the following extracts from his interesting work, *Summers and Winters in the Orkneys*.

Money fines sometimes took the place of simmons fines for the class of offences indicated; and an amusing story is told of an elder who stood at the church door on Sunday, rattling the pewter collection-plate with a timber ladle, and singing out at intervals, "*Scan'ials at any price!*"

A Hospitable Mansion.

In the lobby of the *new* House of Holland, built in 1814, there is a chair, the back of which is formed of a quaint and curious inscription-tablet that once stood above the mantelpiece in the old House of Holland, in Papa Westray. The inscription—a hospitable welcome to strangers—runs in the following rude rhymes:—

"Come, good folk, and make good cheer,
All cival people are welcome here,
And only for a good man's sake
What God doth send ye sall not lack;
For good he was to me indeed,
Forward then his name ye read.
T. T. and M. C., 1632."

The initials T. T. stand for Thomas Trail, and M. C. for Marion Craigie. The old house was built between 1628 and 1632.

The Orcadian Dialect.

Here are a few specimens of the more curious words in the Orcadian dialect:—

Beerin, querulous.

Craig-luggs, the point of a rock.

Gri-oy, a great-grandson.

Eggalowie, a dish of eggs and milk boiled together.

Fatifou, affectionate.

Frootery, superstitious observances.

Hrinkle-faced, lantern-jawed.

Ringet-quoy, a circular enclosure.

Smovin, sly.

Wheerney, a gentle breeze.

Tray-sittin, lazy.

Unfiardy, overgrown.
Wallowa, the devil.
Yagger, a pedlar.
Yammel, born in the same year.

Kindness to Animals.

An amusing illustration of the familiarity subsisting between the cottagers of Orkney and their four-footed friends came under my notice one day in the streets of Kirkwall. A cart-horse, loosely held by a country woman, was standing quietly at a shop-door, and giving alternate rest to his limbs, when the sudden report of a discharged gun made him prick his ears and toss his startled head, as if indignant at being so rudely roused from his mid-day snooze. The woman in charge of the cart, instead of giving the horse a lash to mend his manners, stroked him soothingly on the neck as he slowly lowered his head, and said, in a coaxing, affectionate tone of voice, "*Hout, tout! no, no, boy; did they fleg thee indeed?*"

Torture.

On the 24th of June 1596, John Stewart was tried before Earl Patrick for the alleged crime of attempting to destroy the life of his brother, the Earl of Orkney, by witchcraft and other means. The witchcraft was alleged to stand upon the pretended confession of Alison Balfour, residing at Ireland, in Orkney. At the trial it was shown by the counsel for the Earl's brother, that the so-called confession of the wretched woman had been made after she was forty-eight hours in the *cashiclaw*—an iron case for the leg—to which fire was applied. Her husband, ninety-one years of age, and her eldest son and daughter, were likewise kept under torture. The father had been put in the "lang irons of fifty stane weight," the son was fixed

in the boots, with fifty-seven strokes; and the daughter in the *pilniewinks*, in order, said the counsel, that they "being sae tormented beside her might move her to make any confession for their relief." In this diabolical manner some agonised statement had been wrung from the poor woman, and a confession was also drawn under torture from Thomas Paplay that he had conspired with John to poison his brother. Paplay had been kept in the *cashiclaw* eleven days and eleven nights, "twice in the day by the space of fourteen days driven in the boots, he being naked in the meantime, and scourged with tows in six sorts, that they neither left flesh nor hide upon him; in the extremity of whilk torture the said pretended confession had been drawn out of him." It was also stated that Paplay and Alison Balfour had both withdrawn their confession, the woman doing so solemnly on the Gallows Hill, wher about to be executed for witchcraft. The criminal annals of the country contain nothing more revolting, cruel, and barbarous than these torturings of young and old in Orkney.

Omens.

While a high tone of morality and religion pervades the mass of the Orca-dian peasantry, it must be acknowledged that the ghost of superstition has not yet been finally laid in the old realm of the Valkyrie. "Trow tak thee!" may be set down as an innocent boggy-phrase, intended to frighten children, and indicating no real belief in the existence of a nineteenth century malignant race of fairies or dwarfs. The fantastic notion, still preserved in curious legends, that drowned people were changed into seals, has also passed away. Old women, however, still retain an accountable aversion to turbot, and avoid naming this excellent and respectable fish when

crossing sounds and bays in boats. Some people also deem it unlucky to call things by their proper names at particular times, and there is a strong prejudice against turning a boat *widdershins*, or contrary to the sun, at the beginning of a voyage. In certain districts the people only marry when the moon is growing, believing that the waning moon is "fruitless"—a superstition which recalls the words of Theseus in the "Midsummer Night's Dream"—

"Chanting faint hymns to the cold, fruitless moon."

Thursday is also esteemed the luckiest day in the week for marriage. In former days the belief prevailed that if a cow were killed when the moon was in the wane, the beef would dwindle in the pot. Should the first lamb of the season be white, the omen is still regarded as fortunate, and the appearance of a black lamb is deemed unlucky. So late as 1814, there lived an old beldame in Stromness, named Bessie Miller, who sold favourable winds to mariners at the low charge of sixpence. Though Bessie has left no successor in the sale of wind trade, there are old crones lingering about the islands who possess charms for curing toothache, and for ensuring safety in childbirth.

The Goodness of Providence.

A Hoy crofter, who had lost his wife, made a peaceful descent upon the low and pleasant Island of Graemsay for the purpose of replenishing his "but" and "ben." The happy crofter, on requesting Lord Macaulay's uncle to officiate at his marriage, thus addressed him—

"Oh! sir, but the ways of Providence are wonderfu'! I thocht I had met wi' a sair misfortune when I lost baith my coo and my wife at ance ower the cliff twa months since; but I gaed

ower to Graemsay, and I hae gotten a far better coo, and a far bonnier wife!" It is not every day that the wounds of adversity are so happily healed as in the case of the Hoy "hawk."

Zetland Justice.

In the General Register House at Edinburgh there is preserved a Court Book for Zetland, in which the judicial and legislative acts of Earl Patrick are recorded. Some of the decisions given display great severity.

Magnus Erasmussen, who had fallen and cut himself while in a state of intoxication, was not only severely fined for the drunkenness, but a further penalty of four marks was imposed "for his bluid beneath the eyne."

Margaret "Peters-dochter" for stealing one sheep was deprived of her whole goods, gear, and land, and banished from the country; with this addition to the sentence, that if she committed a further theft, though to the value of one ounce only, she should be "tane and drownit to the death."

The stealing of a sheaf of bere was punished with the "escheit" of goods and gear, and banishment from the country, Norway being then the penal settlement.

Here are two other remarkable cases, showing the lengths to which the earl could go under the shadow of law. The entries are dated July 1602:—

"It is tryit and found that Janet Thomas-dochter has slain herself upon the sea, and therefore discerns her guids and gear escheit." Again:

"Shone Ollawson for hanging himself, his guids and gear escheit."

Sheep Marks in Orkney.

In Orkney the want of enclosures, within as well as without the hill-dykes,

necessitated the invention of an elaborate system of sheep-marks to distinguish the ownership of the numerous animals. A register of the marks was kept by the baron-bailie of each parish. The following is a sample of an Orphir sheep-owner's mark:—

“The crop of the right lug and a bit behind, a rip on the left lug and a bit before, and the tail off.”

Middlemen in Orkney.

In Orkney the middleman or tacksman system was, at its best, a system of servitude, so far as the cottars or small tenants were concerned. It placed them at the mercy of the principal tenant, degraded them as a class, and discouraged industry. Mr Scarth, in his “Statistical Account of the Parishes of Cross and Burness,” described the working of this pernicious system.

“A youngster,” he said, “when he has fairly attained to manhood, and before he can have saved as much as will purchase a bed and blankets, makes an improvident marriage, and only then thinks of looking for a hut to shelter him and his fast-increasing family. Having got the hut and a small piece of land, he has to go into debt for the purchase of a wretched cow and a still more wretched pony, and, paying his rent in small but never-ending and ill-defined personal services; or, as it is expressively called in the country language, *onca work*, he becomes the slave of the principal tenant, who is so blind to his own interests as to prefer the slovenly half-executed work of this hopeless, ill-fed, and inert being to the willing and active services of a well-paid and well-fed farm servant.”

A Cool Fowler.

The Islanders in some parts of Orkney formerly displayed great skill and

daring in gathering the sea-fowl's eggs that were deposited on the shelves of the rocks, and also in capturing the birds themselves. Swinging from the face of a rock with a rope round his waist, and hearing far beneath the sullen plunge of the waves, the egg-gatherer fearlessly pursued his dangerous vocation. An anecdote is related of one which illustrates extraordinary coolness when placed in hazardous circumstances. On one occasion, an egg-gatherer, creeping cautiously along the narrow ledge of a precipitous cliff, came to a sharp angle, round which he must pass. The difficulty of rounding the angle seemed something like an impossibility, when he discovered to his dismay that he had the wrong foot first. The man, however, simply paused, took a sustaining pinch from his snuff-horn, and then, making an agile bound, got his right foot first, and so mastered the difficulty. A friend, who had waited for his ascent, said to him,

“Man Johnnie, were ye no feared?”

“Eh, man, if I had been feared I wouldna be here.”

“I daresay that,” replied his friend; “but what made thee think of taking a snuff when thou were in such danger?”

“Weel,” answered the egg-gatherer, “*I thocht I was needn't.*”

A “Foy” in Orkney.

So formidable did a jaunt to Edinburgh last century seem to Orcadians, that they were in the habit of making their wills before leaving for the south, and of celebrating a “foy,” or parting feast, with their friends.

The following curious quotation from an old diary, kept by the son of Mr Fea of Clestran—a once famous but now extinct Orkney family—will serve to indicate at once the expensiveness of a “foy,” and the tedious delays that

frequently beset Orcadian travellers in the olden time :—

“ 1721.

“ Sept. 16th. To Incidents (Expenses) at Kirkwall at my departure for by ane Hogshead of Wine I got from my Father to Drink my Foy with, £34, 14s.

“ Oct. 15th. To my Journey South having taken my departure from Kirkwall, 16 September, 1721, and did not arrive there (Edinburgh) till the 15th Oct., being twelve days stormed at the Ferry as per the particular acco^t. £44, 9s.”

Scotch money at the period named was nearly of the value of sterling money now.

WATT TINLINN.

This person was, in former days, the theme of many a fireside tale. He was a retainer of the Buccleuch family, and held for his border service a small tower on the frontiers of Liddesdale. Watt was, by profession, a *sutor*, or shoemaker, but, by inclination and practice, an archer and warrior. Upon one occasion the captain of Bewcastle, military governor of that wild district of Cumberland, made an incursion into Scotland, in which he was defeated, and forced to fly. Watt Tinlinn pursued him closely through a dangerous morass; the captain, however, gained the firm ground, and seeing Tinlinn dismounted, and floundering in the bog, used these words of insult :—

“ Sutor Watt, ye cannot sew your boots; the heels risp, and the seams rive.”

“ If I cannot sew,” retorted Tinlinn, discharging a shaft which nailed the captain’s thigh to his saddle, “— If I cannot sew I can yerk;” meaning the noise which shoemakers make in sewing the stitches to their work.

FIFE FOLK.

When a Fife man is skilled in “ buik-lear,” he is desperately opinionative and dogmatic; when he is of a generous disposition, that generosity expands into world-wide philanthropy; when he is greedy, he would tell the beggar at his door to go and “ find a fardin’ for himself,” *puir bodie*; when narrow-minded in religious matters, he is a bitter bigot; when truly pious, his devoutness is that of a saint; when a Tory, he would like to mount his charger and hunt Whiggamores to the death; when a Radical, he is a chartist to the backbone, going in for the six “ pints;” when wise, he has all the capacity and far-sightedness of a great legislator; when a fool, what folly is like unto his folly? and when eccentric, he astonishes the kingdom with the absurdities of a Flutorum!—*Gorrie.*

A CONSPIRATOR PUNISHED.

On the coast of Skye is an old castle, built in the time of King James VI. by Hugh Macdonald, who was next heir to the dignity and fortune of his chief. Hugh being so near his wish, was impatient of delay, and had art and influence sufficient to engage several gentlemen in a plot against the laird’s life. Something was stipulated for on both sides, for they would not dip their hands in blood merely for Hugh’s advancement. The compact was formally written and signed by the conspirators, and placed in the hands of one Macleod.

It happened that Macleod had sold some cattle to a drover, who, not having ready money, gave him a bond for payment. The debt was discharged, and the bond re-demanded, which Macleod, who could not read, intending to put into his hands, gave him the conspiracy. The drover, when he had read the paper, delivered it privately to Mac-

donald, who, being thus informed of his danger, called his friends together, and provided for his safety. He made a public feast, and, inviting Hugh Macdonald and his confederates, placed each of them at the table, between two men of tried fidelity. The compact of conspiracy was then shown, and every man confronted with his own name. Macdonald acted with great moderation. He upbraided Hugh both with disloyalty and ingratitude; but told the rest that he considered them as men deluded and misinformed. Hugh was sworn to fidelity, and dismissed with his companions; but he was not generous enough to be reclaimed by lenity, and finding no longer any countenance among the gentlemen, endeavoured to execute the same design by meaner hands. In this he was also detected, taken, and imprisoned in the dungeon of Macdonald. When he was hungry they lowered to him a plentiful supply of salted meat; and when, after his repast, he called for drink, they conveyed to him a covered cup, which, when he lifted the lid, he found empty. From that time they visited him no more, but left him to perish in solitude and darkness.

A PERSONAL RIDDLE.

The quiet village of F—, on the east coast, was once favoured with a rather ready-witted merchant, who was fond of throwing off his jokes without regard to time or place, and had acquired that freedom of speech which no one seemed to take amiss. In the same village a rope and sail maker held the office of deacon in the church that the merchant attended.

One Sunday, when the ropemaker officiated in guarding the "plate," the merchant crossed the sacred threshold. Ever ready with a word for every one, he entered into conversation with the

deacon, in the course of which he propounded the following riddle:—

"I say, Tammas, do you ken how I think ye shouldna be allowed to attend the plate?"

Tammas, a little put about for a solution to such a question, but taking it in good part, replied, "No Geordie, I dinna ken; how is't?" and received for answer—

"Man, d'ye no ken ye're tarry fingered?"

ARCHERY IN THE TIME OF JAMES V.

Of James's attachment to archery, Pitscottie, the faithful though rude recorder of the manners of that period, has given us evidence:—

"There came an ambassador out of England, named Lord William Howard, with a bishop with him, with many other gentlemen, to the number of threescore horse, which were all able men and waled men for all kind of games and pastimes, shooting, louping, running, wrestling, and casting of the stone, but they were well sayed (essayed or tried) ere they passed out of Scotland, and that by their own provocation; but ever they tint: till at last, the queen of Scotland, the king's mother, favoured the Englishmen, because she was the King of England's sister; and therefore she took an enterprise of archery upon the Englishmen's hands, contrary to her son the king, and any six in Scotland that he would wale, either gentlemen or yeomen, that the Englishmen should shoot against them, either at pricks, revvers, or butts, as the Scots pleased.

"The king, hearing this of his mother, was content and gart her pawn a hundred crowns, and a tun of wine upon the Englishmen's hands; and he incontinent laid down as much for the Scottishmen. The field and ground was chosen in St Andrews, and three landed men and three yeomen chosen to shoot against

the Englishmen, to wit, David Weemys of that ilk, David Arnott of that ilk, and Mr John Wedderburn, vicar of Dundee; the yeomen, John Thomson, in Leith; Steven Taburner, with a piper, called Alexander Bailie. They shot very near, and warred the Englishmen of the enterprise, and won the hundred crowns and the tun of wine, which made the king very merry, and his men wan the victory."

THE REWARD OF MACDUFF.

Macduff, the Thane of Fife, was rewarded by Malcolm Canmore, for his services in restoring him to the throne of Scotland, with three grants—

1. That he and his posterity should have the honour of placing the king in his chair at the coronation.

2. That they should lead the van in battle.

3. That in case they should by accident slay a man, they should be forgiven on paying a fine of twenty-four marks for a gentleman, and twelve for a yeoman.

A DELUDED GRANT.

On a tour through the Highlands, Lord Gardenston stopped one night at an inn kept by a person of the name of Grant, and very much delighted the landlord with the account he gave him of the antiquity and great actions of the Grants. Taking advantage of the temporary absence of the landlord, he took the Family Bible, and, turning to Genesis vi. 4, in which it is stated that "there were *giants* on the earth in those days," he neatly changed the *i* into an *r*, and, on the landlord's return, informed him that there were Grants before the flood, and mentioned his authority. The landlord eagerly went to consult his Bible, to see if it was so, and then expressed

the great obligation he was under for the communication of such a valuable piece of family history!

ESCAPE OF QUEEN MARY FROM LOCHLEVEN.

About seven days previous to Mary's ultimate escape from imprisonment in the Castle of Lochleven, she had made an attempt which was almost successful. Disguised as a laundress, with a bundle of clothes in her hand, and a muffler on her face, she stepped from the castle gate fearlessly, and entered the boat in waiting to reconvey the real laundress to Kinross. The boatmen proposed to pull down her muffler, saying, "Let us see what manner of dame this is." The queen, to protect her face, unwittingly put up her hand, whose remarkable whiteness caused her to be at once recognised, and, despite her commands and entreaties alike, the boatmen relanded at the castle, promising however, to keep the adventure a secret. Undeterred by the failure of this enterprise, Mary renewed her plans, and prevailed upon William Douglas (called the Little Douglas) to assist in her escape. On the memorable evening of Sunday, the 2d of May 1568, at seven o'clock, taking an opportunity, while his lord was at supper, to steal the keys of the castle from the table on which they lay, he let the queen and her maid of honour out of the apartment in which they were secured. Unlocking the doors of the castle, and afterwards locking the iron-grated door of the tower, they then embarked in a small skiff, which had been moored at the approach of the castle, and which, after the keys had been thrown into the lake, was rowed towards the shore. Douglas, not being accustomed to handle the oar, made little progress; but, Mary taking one in her own fair hands, they ultimately landed in safety.

A VAIN PRECENTOR.

Dr Blair used to tell the following anecdote of his precentor with a great deal of glee. Happening to preach one day at a distance from town, he next day met that official, as he was returning home.

"Well," said the doctor, "how did matters proceed yesterday at church in my absence?"

"Deed," said the man of song, who was a very vain fellow, but at the same time a good deal of a humorist, "I daursay, no very weel; I wasna there, doctor, ony mair than yoursel'."

AN ECCENTRIC DAME.

Lady Mary, a relative of the Earl of Crawford and Lindsay, was a queer, old-fashioned, half-witted dame, who used to live in the Howe of Fife. She had a fine mausoleum built for herself long before she bade the world adieu, and one of her principal occupations consisted in dressing up dozens of dogs like soldiers of the line, and teaching them to sit sedately at the dinner-table, where they were at liberty to use their tongues, since they could not be taught to handle knife and fork like good Christians.—*Gorrie*.

ALLAN RAMSAY AND BUDGELL.

Ramsay's patroness, Susanna, Countess of Eglintoun, to whom he dedicated his immortal *Gentle Shepherd* once sent him a present of a basket of fine fruit. No poet of the last century could let such a circumstance pass un-sung: accordingly, honest Allan composed the following complimentary epigram, which he returned in his note of acknowledgment to the countess:—

"Now, Priam's son, ye may be mute;
For I can bauldly brag with thee;
Thou to the fairest gave the fruit—
The fairest gave the fruit to me."

Not content with sending this to the person for whom it was most particularly intended, he enclosed a copy to his friend Budgell, who soon sent him back the following comment upon it:—

"As Juno fair, as Venus kind,
She may have been who gave the fruit;
But had she had Minerva's mind,
She'd ne'er have given't to such a brute."

AN ABERDEEN WIT.

John Ramsay, M.A. of Aberdeen, possessed a keen, strong, sarcastic, but withal pleasant wit, which was peculiarly his own. A man had done him grievous wrong, and, in the heat of his excitement, he heartily swore at him. He apologised for the error by saying—

"They're guid Auld Testament curses!"

He sent a verbal message to a venerable spinster in these words—

"Tell Kirstie that she winna be comfortable in the kingdom o' heaven, for there's neither cats nor scandal there."

A self-righteous friend who had gratified his suppressed love for excitement by attending an oratorio, lamented to Ramsay, that, being late, he had missed hearing the singing of the Psalms. Ramsay replied, "Like eneuch, like eneuch, Geordie; listen ye to as mony o' the Psalms o' David as ye can here, for ye'll no hear mony o' them faar ye're gaun."—*Walker*.

MODERATION IN DRESS.

In the reign of James II., A.D. 1457, the following curious law was made:—
"That sen the realme in ilk estate is getrunly purit throw sumptuous cleithing, baith of men and women, and in special within burrowis, the lords thinkis

speedful, that restriction be maid thair-
of in this maner: That no man within
burgh that lives be merchandice, bot
gif he be a persoun constitute in dignitie,
as alderman, baillie, or uther gude
worthy men, that are of the counsall of
the towne, and their wyfis, wair claiths
of silk, nor costly scarlettis in gownis,
or furrings with mertrikis. And that
they mak thair wyfis and dochters, in
like maner, be abilzeet ganand and cor-
respondand for thair estate; that is to
say, on thair heidis schort couchis with
lytil hudis, as are usit in Flanders,
Ingland, and uther countreis. And as
to thair gownis, that na wemen weir
mertrikis, nor letties, tailis, unfitten
lenth, nor furrit under, bot on the haly
day." This law was evidently dictated
by the pride of the great lords to check
the vanity of burghers, their wives and
daughters, who presumed to dress like
lords and ladies.

PARIS AND PEBBLES.

An honest old citizen of Peebles was
enabled by some strange chance to visit
Paris. When he returned he was
eagerly questioned as to the character
of the French capital, to which he
answered, that—

"Paris, a' thing considered, was a
wonderfu' place; but still, gie me
Peebles for plesure!"

A HIGHLAND HINT.

A Highland chief being as absolute
in his patriarchal authority as any
prince, had a corresponding number of
officers attached to his person. He had
his body-guards, called *Luichtach*,
picked from his clan for strength,
activity, and entire devotion to his
person. These, according to their deserts,
were sure to share abundantly in the
rude profusion of his hospitality. It

is recorded, for example, by tradition,
that Allan MacLean, chief of that clan,
happened upon a time to hear one of these
favourite retainers observe to his com-
rade, that their chief grew old—

"Whence do you infer that?" re-
plied the other.

"When was it," rejoined the first,
"that a soldier of Allan's was obliged, as
I am now, not only to eat the flesh
from this bone, but even to tear off the
inner skin, or filament?"

The hint was quite sufficient, and
MacLean next morning, to relieve his
followers from such dire necessity, under-
took an inroad on the mainland, the
ravage of which altogether effaced the
memory of his former expeditions for
the like purpose.

RABBITS AND RABBIT SKINS.

A furrier from London, a number of
years ago, applied to Sir Robert
Anstruther, of Balcaskie, in the East
Neuk of Fife, one of the most beautiful
and plentiful districts in Britain, for a
lease of his rabbit warren. Sir Robert
expressed some disinclination to turn
out his old tenant. The furrier politely
requested to know whether he might
ask what it fetched to the landlord a
year. Sir Robert said ten pounds; the
Londoner immediately offered fifty. His
offer was at once accepted, on condition
that a couple of rabbits should be pre-
sented every week for his table, which
had always been customary. As the
skins were not expected, the furrier, who
made no account of the flesh, said—

"Oh, for that matter, Sir Robert,
you may have a cartful of rabbits, when-
ever you please."

VALUE OF MONEY IN 1424.

At this time £1, 17s. 6d. were coined
from a pound weight of silver, so that a

shilling was nearly double the weight of a shilling at present.

In a Parliament held in 1424, it was ordered that when the people did not pay their assessments, and a distraint was made, that a cow should be taken for 5s., about as much silver as 9s. at present, an ewe or wether, 1s.; a boll of wheat, 1s.; a boll of rye, beans, or peas, 8d., and of oats, 3d.; a wild mare and her foal, 10s.

AN ATTENTIVE HEARER.

A member of a Seceder Kirk in Aberdeen on one occasion took along with him to a prayer-meeting one of his sons, a boy about nine years of age. The lad appeared to pay particular attention to a very long prayer which one of the lay members was making—a circumstance which was noted by the father with great satisfaction, and who, on reaching home, asked his son whether he was struck with Mr ——'s prayer? and, if so, how it affected him?

"Weel, father," replied the observant younker, "d'ye ken, yon man said 'Oh!' jest seventy-three times in his prayer, for I keepit an exact coont o' them!"

EARL OF HUNTINGDON.

The story of David, Earl of Huntingdon, is romantic. He was brother to William the Lion, and heir-presumptive of the crown of Scotland, having married Matildis, daughter of Ranulph, Earl of Chester. He immediately departed for the Holy Land, under the banners of Richard Cœur de Lion. Many were the disasters of this zealous prince. Shipwrecked on the coast of Egypt, he was made captive. His rank unknown, he was purchased by a Venetian, who brought him to Constantinople; there, some English mer-

chants accidentally recognised him; they redeemed and sent him home. After having surmounted various difficulties, he was in imminent hazard of a second shipwreck on the coast of Scotland. He ascribed his deliverance to the Virgin Mary, and, in memory of her efficacious intercession, founded a monastery at Lindores.

THE SCOTS LANGUAGE.

Their language approaches nearer to the Dane-Saxon in many of its peculiar words than any other dialect of the English tongue, and for that reason those writings which are true Scottish, such as Gawin Douglas's translation of Virgil's "*Æneid*;" "*The Cherry and the Slae*," a poem so called, and others, are very useful to those that are curious in searching out the originals of our own language.—*Chamberlayne*.

A FAIR QUESTION.

A prince of the blood made application to Parliament for a grant to pay off his debts. The matter formed the subject of conversation one evening in a company where an old Scotch lady, whose ideas were all of a homely character was present, and she exclaimed—"Debt! how should he be in debt—does he no get his meat in his father's?"

SERMON WINNOWING.

A reverend gentleman, who used to make a very long sermon out of a very short text, and the longer he made it the weaker it became, once delivered an unusually long one, even for him, and felt satisfied that he had made a great impression on his hearers. He inquired afterwards at one of the auditors, "whether he thought the introduction, or the doctrinal, or practical part of the

discourse was best?" The answer he got was not so complimentary as he expected. "Just put," said the man, "the hail discourse, in a' its parts, through the fanners, and ye'll see whaur the cauf and the corn is; but, to be sure, gin the grain was licht, ye gied us guid measure."

"KNOWLEDGE IS POWER."

A worthy individual, of the march of intellect school, was "laying down the law" one day to a knot of acquaintances on one of the streets of Cupar. While speaking, he caught the eye of a carter hard by, who had been vainly endeavouring to raise a sack of potatoes upon his cart; and who, on the instant, thus appealed to the man of knowledge—

"Come awa', Mr —; ye say that knowledge is *power do ye? Jest gie's a lift on wi' this poke o' tatties, then!*"

LATIN AND FRENCH IN SCOTLAND.

Their Court-Rolls, Records, and Proceedings in Law, have been written for several ages in Latin, of which the Scottish lawyers are, generally speaking, great masters. Sir John Skene assigns the reasons of their laws being written in Latin to their having been drawn up by the Roman clergy, who always endeavoured to keep the people in ignorance, which is one of the great pillars of the Pope's authority; though the truer reason seems to be, because the Civil Law, which was always the Common Law of Scotland, was written in that language. There are also in the Scottish tongue more French words than in English, which has been occasioned by the long and frequent intercourses which the Scots have had with France.—*Chamberlayne*,

MERLINS.

A merlin, or sparrow-hawk, was usually carried by ladies of rank, as a falcon was, in time of peace, the constant attendant of a knight or baron. Godscroft relates, that when Mary of Lorraine was regent, she pressed the Earl of Angus to admit a royal garrison into his castle of Tantallon. To this he returned no direct answer; but, as if apostrophising a gos-hawk which sat on his wrist, and which he was feeding during the Queen's speech, he exclaimed—

"The devil's in this greedy gled, she never will be full."

Barclay complains of the common and indecent practice of bringing hawks and hounds into churches.

COMPULSORY VOLUNTEERING.

As the Earl of Breadalbane was travelling from Taymouth Castle to Stirling, he encountered a cart containing neither Glenlivet nor *braxy* hams, but, strange to say, the carcasses of six sturdy Celts, tied neck and heel, much, indeed, in the same fashion as those worthies, the Guinea captains, were wont to stow away their sable commodities of the same species. In the front of the cart were two Highlanders, by way of pioneers, with claymore in hand, and in the rear, another brace armed with firelocks. The post of honour, viz., driving this living hearse, was entrusted to a *gilly* of a superior order. This rather extraordinary spectacle surprised his lordship, and he inquired who was their chief, and what they could possibly mean by handling men in such a manner in a free country?

"My lord," responded the kilted Jehu, "they are six tammed scoundrels that winna gang to be ta Laird o' Macnab's volunteers; and sae we're just taking them doon ta Stirling, ta tammed

curst hallions, tat ta are, that'll no pleasure the laird."

ANCIENT HIGHLAND COOKERY.

The Highlanders, in former times, had a concise mode of cooking their venison, or rather of dispensing with cooking it, which appears greatly to have surprised the French, whom chance made acquainted with it. The Vidame of Chartres, when a hostage in England, during the reign of Edward VI., was permitted to travel into Scotland, and penetrated as far as to the remote Highlands. After a great hunting party, at which a most wonderful quantity of game was destroyed, he saw these "*Scottish savages*," as he termed them, devour a part of their venison raw, without any further preparation than compressing it between two batons of wood, so as to force out the blood, and render it extremely hard. This they reckoned a great delicacy; and when the Vidame partook of it, his compliance with their taste rendered him extremely popular.

SPARING NO "PANES."

Henry Erskine placed two of his sons at the academy of Mr Laing, teacher in Edinburgh, whose school-house was lighted from the roof. At one of the public examinations, Mr Erskine was present, who, observing some drops of rain falling on the floor, in consequence of a broken pane in the window, said—"Mr Laing, I perceive you spare no panes upon your scholars."

FLYING BEFORE THE WIND.

A Forfarshire clergyman, who was conducting public worship in a tent, had a portion of his notes carried off by the wind. Not perceiving the circumstance, he had announced that he would now

proceed to the third portion of his discourse. Forgetting the precise title of the division, he hastily turned over his notes, remarking two or three times—

"Thirdly, my friends; I say thirdly;" on which an old woman, sitting immediately under the desk, said, "I'm thinking, sir, *thirdly's* awa' wi' the wund; it's blawn oot in ower the kirk-yard wa'."

DOCTOR MACK-NIGHT.

The Rev. Doctors Henry and M'Knight, of Edinburgh, used occasionally to meet in the evening at an old lady's house in Merchant Street, where, after tea, the newspapers were commonly produced. On one of these nights, while Dr H. was reading, he desired Dr M'K. to snuff the candle, which, in the attempt, he extinguished.

"Well done, Dr Mack-night," said Dr H. ironically.

A GREAT THUNDERSTORM.

In November 1740, there was a dreadful storm of hail, rain, and thunder. The Tolbooth steeple of Edinburgh was much shattered, and the clock destroyed, the works being either calcined or melted. The strong door of the prison was burst open, one person was killed, and a great many injured by the lightning. At the same time a pillar of fire passed over the town with great velocity.

MORE LAST WORDS.

Soon after the death of the celebrated Bishop of Salisbury, a book, entitled *The Last Words of Bishop Burnett*, had a rapid and extensive sale. The consequence was, that in a few weeks there was another publication, which was soon followed by a third, with the titles of *More Last Words of Bishop Burnett!*

SIR ANDREW WOOD.

Sir Andrew Wood received a grant of the lands of Largo from James III. in 1483, which was confirmed by James IV. in 1488 and 1497. He was greatly celebrated for his courage and naval skill. When the council of James IV. wished to punish Wood, who had been strongly attached to his unfortunate prince James III., they applied to the shipmasters of Leith to seize him and his vessels. But they declined the hazardous service, informing the council that no ten ships of Scotland would dare to assault his two vessels, such was his strength in men and artillery, and such his maritime and military skill. The barrenness of naval transactions in Scottish history renders the deeds of Wood not a little singular and interesting; and we accordingly make the following extract of a particular incident, in which Sir Andrew was mainly concerned, from the writings of Lindsay of Pitscottie:—

Five English vessels having entered the Forth, despoiled some mercantile ships belonging to Scotland and her allies. James IV. and his council, irritated by the indignity, eagerly desired revenge, but could not prevail upon any masters of vessels to proceed against the enemy, till they applied to Sir Andrew Wood, of Largo, whom they incited by large offers of men and artillery, of royal favours, and rewards. Being furnished with an ample provision of men, cannon, and arms, Wood proceeded with his two ships, the "Flower" and the "Yellow Carvel," against the English, who were also not deficient in artillery; and finding them opposite to Dunbar, an obstinate and sanguinary conflict ensued. Wood's extreme courage and naval skill at length procured the victory; the five English vessels were taken and brought to Leith; the commander presented to the king and council. The spirit and conduct of

Wood were recompensed by honourable rewards, by the favour of James and the nobles, and by the loud voice of public fame. Henry VII., concerned at the unusual disgrace of the English flag, inflicted by a power unknown in the annals of the sea, offered a large yearly sum to any commander who should capture Wood. But the skill, valour, and fortune of the Scottish leader were now so celebrated that fear repressed avarice. At length Stephen Bull, an English officer, engaged to seize Wood dead or alive, and was provided with three stout ships, completely equipped for war. Bull passing to the Forth, anchored behind the Isle of May, where he awaited the return of Wood, who had escorted some merchant vessels to Flanders, expecting that peace was established with England. The English captain seized some fishing-boats, and retained the mariners, that by their information he might not mistake his object. On a summer morn, a little after dawn, one of the English shipmasters descried two vessels coming under sail, by St Abb's Head; the prisoners were ordered to the tops, that they might declare whether these vessels were Wood's or not; and, upon their hesitation, freedom being offered in case this was the expected prey, they announced the Scottish admiral. Bull, with the exultation of English courage, ordered the preparations for battle; and after distributing wine, commanded all to their stations. Wood advanced, unconscious of foes, till he perceived the three ships under sail, and attired for combat. He instantly prepared, and addressed his men in the plain and boisterous phrase of the sea—"These, my lads, are the foes who expect to convey us in bonds to the English king; but by your courage, and the help of God, they shall fail. Set yourselves in order, every man to his station. Charge, gunners; let the cross-bow be ready; have the lime-pots and fire-balls to the tops; two-handed swords

to the fore-rooms. Be stout, be diligent, for your own sakes, and for the honour of this realm." Wine was then dealt around, and the ships resounded with acclamations. The sun, now above the horizon, shone full upon the English vessels, and displayed their magnitude and force to the eyes of the Scots, with a dazzling and enlarged appearance. Wood skilfully attained the windward of the foe, and engaged in a close combat, which continued undecided from morning till night, while crowds of spectators, assembling on the coast of Fife, expressed, by their gestures and voice, their alternate hopes and fears. During the night the combatants lay by to refresh and refit. At the dawn of day the trumpets again summoned them to arms. The battle continued so obstinate that the neglected vessels drove before an ebb-tide and south wind, till they were opposite the mouth of the Tay. At length the valour and seamanship of Wood prevailed; the three English ships were captured and brought to Dundee, where the wounded were properly tended. Wood presented Bull to the Scottish monarch, and was rewarded as such eminent services merited. James gave a specimen of his future regal spirit by bestowing gifts upon the English commander and his people, and sending them and their ships as a present to their sovereign, whom he at the same time informed, that Scotland could also boast of warlike sons, both by sea and land; and therefore desired that Henry would no more insult the Scottish seas, else a different fate should await the intruders. Henry murmured thanks, and dissembled.—It appears that Sir Andrew Wood, like Commodore Trunnion, brought on shore his nautical ideas and manners. From his house, down almost as far as the church, he formed a canal, upon which he was wont to sail in his barge to the church every Sunday in great state.

A SABBATARIAN.

While surveying the west coast of Scotland many years ago, Captain Robinson received on board his ship the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia. As the duke could only remain a very short time, the captain resolved to show him as much as possible during his brief stay. Accordingly he steamed to Iona on a Sunday, believing that day best suited for pointing out to his imperial visitor the antiquities associated with religion. Landing on the island, he waited on the custodian of the ancient church with the request that he would open it.

"Not so, sir," said the keeper; "not on Sunday."

"Do you know whom I have brought with me to the island?" said the captain.

"He's the Emperor of Russia, I ken by the flag," responded the keeper; "but had it been the queen hersel', I wadna gie up the keys o' the kirk on the Lord's day."

"Would you take a glass of whisky on the Sabbath?" inquired the captain.

"That's a different thing entirely," said the keeper.

At length, however, the protesting keeper suffered himself to be prevailed upon to relax his Sabbatarian principles, and permitted the illustrious visitor to view the ecclesiastical antiquities of the island.

A HIGHLAND WIDOW.

At his death a Highland laird left a young and beautiful widow. After the usual funeral ceremonies the relatives adjourned for the usual dance in the castle hall, to drown their grief with the lively steps of the Highland fling. As they were about to commence, the widow entered and seated herself mournfully on a bench. The chieftain who was to lead the dance thought he could not, in good breeding, ask any

other lady than the mistress of the house to be his partner, and with a deep sigh she consented. He then asked the disconsolate widow what spring the pipers should play? "Oh," said she, with a mournful but expressive shake of her head, "let it be a light one, for I have a heavy, heavy heart this day."

AN ABERDEEN BULL.

Bailie Farquharson, of Aberdeen, was captain of a corps of volunteers, in the early part of the present century. One day during drill, finding that his company did not "dress" so well as he wished, he remonstrated in these terms:—

"O, fie? gentlemen; ye're crooked like an ousen bow. Only come out and look at yoursel's!"—*Walker.*

MINISTERS AND MINISTERS.

When Lord Liverpool's retirement from public life occasioned so many revolutions in the Cabinet, an old woman at Perth one day expressed great surprise at what she heard regarding the king's dissatisfaction with his ministers.

"Dear me!" said she, "what needs he fash himsel' sae muckle about the ministers—if he's no pleased wi' ane, canna he just gang to anither kirk?"

KING JAMES VI.'S ENTRY INTO EDINBURGH.

The entry of King James into Edinburgh in 1580, on his assuming the government, is thus described in a manuscript written at the time:—

"At the West Port of Edinburgh he was receauit be the magistrattis of the

towne, under ane pompons pale of purpor veluet. That port presentit to him the wisdom of Solomon, as it is written in the first chapter of the Third Buik of Kings; that is to say, King Solomon was presentit with the twa woemen that contendit for the young child, and the seruant that presentit the sword to the king with the child. And as he maid forder progress within the towne, in the street that ascends to the castell, thair is ane ancient port, at the quhilk hang a curious globe, quhilk spirit artificially as the king come by, quherein was a young boy that descend it craftely, presenting the keyes of the town to his majesty, that were all maid of massie siluer, and these were presentlie receauit be ane of his honourable counsal. During this, Dame Musick and hir schollers exercised hir airte with great melody. Then in his discence as he come fornt the Colledge of Justice, their shew themselves unto him four virtuous ladies, to wit, Peace, Justice, Plentie, and Pollice, and ather of thame had ane oratioun to his majestic. Thairefter as he came toward the Kirk, thair Dame Relligioun shew herself desyring his presence, quhilk he then obeyet, entering the kirk, quhere the cheefe preacher for that tyme maid a notable exhortatioun for the embracing of relligioun, and all her cardinal virteous. Thairefter he come furth, and went to the mercat crose, quhere he beheld Bacchus with his magnifick liberalite and plentye, distributing of sick liquor to all persons, passengers, in sick abundance as was pleasant to behold. A littill bench is a mercat place, quherein was erectit the geneologie of the Kings of Scotland, and a number of trumpittis sounding melodiously, and crying with a loud voice, Weelfare to the king. At the Eist Port was erected the conjunction of the planets, as they were in thair degrees and places the tyme of his majestic's natiuety, and the same vively presentit be assistance of King Ptolomie, and

withall the hail streeetes were spred with flowers, and the fore housses of the streeetes be the quhillk the king passit, were all hung with magnifick tapestrie, with paintit histories, and with effigies of many noblemen and woemen; and thus he past out of the toune of Edinburgh to his pallice of Holyruid-hous."

PLEASANT INFORMATION.

A Leith merchant being on his usual journey to the south, came to the ford of a dark river, at the side of which a boy was diverting himself. The traveler addressed him as follows:—

"Is this water deep?"

"Ay, geyan deep," answered the boy.

"Is there ever any person lost here?"

"No," replied the boy, "there was never any lost; there has been a lot o' folk drowned, but we aye got them again."

HIGHLAND DIGNITY.

The first Marquis of Huntly, chief of the clan Gordon, on being presented to James VI., did not bend his knee to the sovereign. When asked what reason he had for omitting the accustomed formality, he replied that he had no intention of showing a want of respect for the king, but he desired to be excused, as he came from a country where every one bent before himself.

The king having offered the title of nobility to the chief of the Grants, the latter refused it by saying:—

"And wha would be Laird of Grant?"

In general, many Scottish chiefs would have thought it derogatory to accept a foreign dignity; and even at a very recent date, many Hebrideans were displeas'd with one of the most powerful

chiefs of the Isles for having accepted an Irish peerage.

A NATURAL TOPER.

The Duke of Rothes was unhappily made for drunkenness. For as he drank all his friends dead, and was able to subdue two or three sets of drunkards, one after another, so it scarce ever appeared that he was disordered, and after the greatest excesses, an hour or two of sleep carried them all off so entirely that no sign of them remained. He would go about his business without any uneasiness, or discovering any heat either in body or mind. This had a terrible conclusion; for, after he had killed all his friends, he fell at last under such a weakness of stomach that he had perpetual colics, when he was not hot within and full of strong liquor, of which he was presently seized; so that he was always either sick or drunk.

CRUEL MURDER OF THE DUKE OF ROTHESAY.

Albany, the governor of Falkland Castle, fearing from the great promise of David duke of Rothesay, his nephew, and eldest son of Robert II. that he would prove the rival of his power, used the basest means to prejudice his weak father against the prince. Aggravating many youthful indiscretions of which he had been guilty, he prevailed upon the imbecile monarch to issue an order for his arrest, as a salutary check upon the humours of his son. Having in consequence been decoyed to the residence of his uncle, the young prince was shut up in the the "tower of Falkland," where he was consigned to the cruel fate of death by hunger. His life is said to have been for some days feebly sustained by a young female, daughter of the deputy-governor, who had com-

miseration on him, and let meal fall to him from a granary above his cell: others have it that cakes of oatmeal were pushed through a chink or crevice in the wall. This was soon discovered; and the pity which had been shown by the female being viewed as perfidy by her cruel father, she was consigned to destruction. This brutal act did not deter another female, employed by the family in the capacity of wet-nurse, from attempting to prolong the miserable life of the captive prince, by continuing to supply him with milk from her breasts by means of a long reed, until she also was detected, when she in like manner fell a sacrifice to her humanity. The unhappy prince, thus deprived of this wretched sustenance, which had rather increased the torments of hunger than allayed them, he having gnawed and devoured his own members, expired, after suffering the most terrible agonies.—*Charles Mackie.*

A DROLL "MINISTER'S MAN."

About seventy years ago, the Rev. Mr Gillies was minister of the united parishes of Abercrombie and St Monance, and at that period Peter Drummond was the "minister's man." Peter was strictly honest, but he had many eccentricities, and queer sayings and doings; and, in short, was one of the drollest fellows in the east of Fife. At one time, when the coals in the manse were getting scarce, Peter had the horse yoked early in the morning, and was ready to drive off to the coal-hill when the minister came down to see that all was right—an interference which Peter, who had been long his faithful servant, did not like, for he thought he might have been trusted to go unheeded on a work of this kind—besides the minister always threw in some "off-put"; and so it happened in the present instance. When the cart was about starting, Mr

Gillies asked Peter if he had said his prayers.

"Deed no, sir," said Peter, very honestly, "I had nae time, and was just gaun to say them on the road."

"Hout tout," said the minister; "go into the stable and say them before you go, and that will make sure work."

"Weel, then," said Peter dryly, "will you be so good as haud the horse, and I'll gang in-by?"

The morning, which had been dull and lowering, was still fair when Peter went into the stable, but he had not been there many minutes when the rain began to fall in torrents. Peter was in no hurry; he seated himself on a sack of straw, from which he was eyeing the minister from a bole window, and was loath to go out in the rain. Mr Gillies at last lost patience, for he was nearly drenched to the skin, and cried out—

"Peter, are you no through yet?"

"Very near, sir," answered Peter, "but I hae two or three sins to confess still, which, may be, I had better do *on the road.*"

"Ay, just so," said the minister, who was glad to get rid of this charge on any terms, and Peter got his own way.

LORD JEFFREY.

The young Scottish student was by no means prepossessed in favour of Oxford, and seemed to think, like Gibbon, that little else than "port and prejudice" was to be imbibed in the college halls of that famous university. He used to declare that he expected to learn nothing more than the pronunciation of the English language. This accomplishment, however, he never attained, for he only engrafted some high English tones on his Edinburgh *patois*, which, even with his fine deep voice, were far from being graceful or musical. One day, it is said, when pleading before old Lord Newton, the judge stopped him,