

and asked him, in broad Scotch, "Whaur were ye educat, Mr Jeffrey?"

"At Oxford, my lord."

"Then I doubt ye maun gang awa' back thair again, for we can mak nocht o' ye here."

ANCIENT CHARGE OF THE HIGHLANDERS.

They advanced with rapidity, discharged their pieces when within musket-length of the enemy, then throwing them down, drew their swords, and holding a dirk in their left hand with their target, they darted with fury on the enemy, through the smoke of their own fire. When within reach of the enemy's bayonets, bending their left knee, they, by their attitude, covered their bodies with their targets, and received the thrust of the bayonets, which they contrived to parry, while at the same time they raised their sword-arm, and struck at their adversaries. Having got once within their bayonets, and into the ranks of the enemy, the soldiers had no longer any means of defending themselves, the fate of the battle was decided in an instant, and the carnage followed; the Highlanders bringing down two men at a time, one with a dirk in the left hand, and another with a sword.

AN INDIGNANT READER.

An old Jacobite gentleman of Aberdeenshire was reading Gilbert Burnett's *Memoirs of his Own Time*, when it was first published. He had not read much when he found matter to displease him, and at one passage he pointed his finger emphatically down upon the book, and, with an expressive bend of the person, exclaimed, "That's a lee, Gibbie!" On he read, and presently coming to another passage of the same kind, burst out with, "Ah, Gibbie, there's another!"

On he still read, till, coming to a "lee" which he thought much worse than the two former ones, he cried, with still higher emphasis, "Weel, Gibbie, that's the worst of a'!" By-and-by he alighted upon a passage of a nature infinitely more heinous than any of the former, and losing all patience, he cried out, "Now, Gibbie, ye *ken* ye're leein' there; I'll read nae mair o' ye;" and he shut the book.

THE HIGHLANDMAN'S MOSSIE.

Although the interest of King James in Scotland became evidently desperate, on the death of Viscount Dundee in the battle of Killiecrankie, in 1689, yet, in a council of the Jacobite chiefs, in the beginning of the year thereafter, it was determined to attempt another campaign; and until the seed season should be completed, when great numbers might be raised, a party of 1500 men was sent down to employ and fatigue the revolutionary troops. They plundered the country through which they marched, and burnt the house of Edinglassie, at that time the property of Mr Gordon. Gordon lay in wait for their return, a few weeks afterwards, and seized at random eighteen of the stragglers, whom he immediately hanged on the trees of his garden. They were buried together in a corner of the nearest waste, still distinguished by the name of the "Highlandman's mossie."

THE CAMPBELLS AND THE GORDONS.

An old woman of the clan Gordon, in the north of Scotland, was listening to the account given in Scripture of Solomon's glory, which was read to her by a grandchild. When the girl came to tell of the thousand camels which formed part of the Jewish sovereign's live stock—

"Eh, lassie," cried the old woman, "a thousand Campbells, say ye? The Campbells are an auld clan, sure enouch; but look an' ye dinna see something about the Gordons too."

A RAP ON THE LUG.

Speaking of the frequent necessity for the rough and ready practical enforcement of principles on the young idea, John Ramsay of Aberdeen said—

"'Yer fine moral 'suasion is all humbug; Naething persuades like a rap on the lug.'

I min' weel when I was scarcely five years auld, how my mither taught me that. The good woman had been hearing me repeat the Lord's Prayer. She had added to her other instructions that night the information that next night she wished me to say in addition something of my own—something that I earnestly wished God to grant me! Ye can fancy her amazement when, from the lips of her kneeling boy, there rose the petition, 'O Lord, gie my nither a better temper—mak her ——.' The 'dir!' that instantly rang through my head, rings in't now when I'm speaking o't."—*Walker*.

THE KEBBAC STONE.

Where the counties of Nairn and Inverness divide, is a stone, called in Gaelic, *Claoch na Cabboc*; or, in English or Scotch, Keccak stone. The tradition is that it is laid over the body of a chief who was there buried. Two chiefs had quarrelled in Inverness about a cheese, fought together on this spot, and one of them was killed and buried here.

A DOMESTIC DIFFERENCE.

"I heard the second horseman cursin' about the kitchie cakes."

"An' fat did he say, my dear?" asked Mrs Birse.

"He bann't at Betty, and said they werena fit for swine to eat."

"An' fat did Betty say, Liza?"

"She said't hoo't she cudna help it; that it was your orders to mak them weet i' the hert to keep the men frae eatin' ower muckle."

"The dooble limmer!" exclaimed Mrs Birse. "An' her luikin' a' the time't a bodie speaks till 'er as gin butter wudna melt in her cheek."

"Weel, I heard 'er at ony rate; for I was jist gaen up the stair, an' stoppit and hearken't at the back o' the inner kitchie door."

"The oongratefu' ill-menner't jaud't she is," continued Mrs Birse. "But I'll sort 'er for that. She'll be expectkin' to get some leavin's i' the taepot, to be a cup till 'er fan the men gaes oot to sipper the beasts as eeswal; but she'll luik wi' clear een ere she see that again, I doot."—*Johnny Gibb*.

HIGHLAND HARPS.

These instruments are thus described by a traveller:—"They—the Highlanders—delight much in musicke, but chiefly in harps and clairschoes of their own fashion. The strings of the clairschoes are made of brass-wire, and the strings of the harps of sinews; which strings they strike either with their nayles, growing long, or else with an instrument appointed for that use. They take great pleasure to deck their harps and clairschoes with silver and precious stones; the poore ones that cannot attayne hereunto, decke them with christall. They sing verses prettily compound, containyng, for the most part, prayses of valiant men. There is not almost any other argument where-off their rhymes intreat. The harp and clairschoes are now only heard of in the Highlands in ancient song. At what

period these instruments ceased to be used is not on record ; and tradition is silent on this head. But, as Irish harpers occasionally visited the Highlands and Western Isles till lately, the harp might have been extant so late as the middle of the present century. Thus far we know, that, from remote times down to the present, harpers were received as welcome guests, particularly in the Highlands of Scotland ; and so late as the latter end of the sixteenth century, as appears by the above quotation, the harp was in common use among the natives of the Western Isles. How it happened that the noisy and inharmonious bagpipe banished the soft and expressive harp we cannot say ; but certain it is, that the bagpipe is now the only instrument that obtains universally in the Highland districts."

AN UNFORTUNATE MAN OF LETTERS.

Robert Heron, in the following letter, stated his history to the Literary Fund. It was written during extreme bodily suffering and mental agony, in the house to which he had been hurried for debt. At such a moment he found eloquence in a narrative, pathetic from its simplicity, and valuable for its genuineness, as giving the results of a life of literary industry, combined with talent, and productive of great infelicity and disgrace ; one would imagine that the author had been a criminal rather than a man of letters.

"The case of a man of letters, of regular education, living by honest literary industry.

"Ever since I was eleven years of age, I have mingled with my studies the labour of teaching or of writing, to support and educate myself.

"During about twenty years, while I was in constant or occasional attendance at the University of Edinburgh, I taught and assisted young persons, at

all periods, in the course of education, from the alphabet to the highest branches of science and literature.

"I read a course of lectures on the law of nature, the law of nations, the Jewish, the Grecian, the Roman, and the canon law, and then on the feudal law ; and on the several forms of municipal jurisprudence established in modern Europe. I printed a syllabus of these lectures, which was approved. They were intended as introductory to the professional study of law, and to assist gentlemen who did not study it professionally, in the understanding of history.

"I translated Fourcroy's Chemistry twice, from both the second and third editions of the original ; Fourcroy's Philosophy of Chemistry, Savary's Travels in Greece, Dumourier's Letters, Gesner's Idylls in part, an abstract of Zimmerman on Solitude, and a great diversity of smaller pieces.

"I wrote a Journey through the Western Parts of Scotland, which has passed through two editions ; a History of Scotland in six volumes 8vo ; a Topographical Account of Scotland, which has been several times reprinted ; a number of communications in the Edinburgh Magazine ; many Prefaces and Critiques ; a Memoir of the Life of Burns, the poet, which suggested and promoted the subscription for his family, has been many times reprinted, and formed the basis of Dr Currie's Life of him, as I learned by a letter from the doctor to one of his friends ; a variety of *jeux d'esprit* in verse and prose ; and many abridgments of large works.

"In the beginning of 1799, I was encouraged to come to London. Here I have written a great multiplicity of articles, in almost every branch of science and literature, my education at Edinburgh having comprehended them all. The London Review, the Agricultural Magazine, the Anti-jacobin Review, the Monthly Magazine, the Universal

Magazine, the Public Characters, the Annual Necrology, with several other periodical works, contain many of my communications. In such of those publications as have been reviewed, I can show that my anonymous pieces have been distinguished with very high praise. I have written also a Short System of Chemistry, in one volume 8vo; and I published a few weeks since a small work, called 'Comforts of Life,' of which the first edition was sold in one week, and the second edition is now in rapid sale.

"In the newspapers—the Oracle, the Porcupine, when it existed, the General Evening Post, the Morning Post, the British Press, the Courier, &c., I have published many Reports of Debates in Parliament; and I believe a greater variety of light fugitive pieces than I know to have been written by any one other person.

"I have written also a variety of compositions in the Latin and French languages, in favour of which I have been honoured with the testimonies of liberal approbation.

"I have invariably written to serve the cause of religion, morality, pious Christian education, and good order, in the most direct manner. I have considered what I have written as mere trifles; and have incessantly studied to qualify myself for something better. I can prove that I have for many years read and written, one day with another, twelve to sixteen hours a day. As a human being, I have not been free from follies and errors. But the tenor of my life has been temperate, laborious, humble, quiet, and, to the utmost of my power, beneficent. I can prove the general tenor of my writings to have been candid, and ever adapted to exhibit the most favourable views of the abilities, dispositions, and exertions of others.

"For these last ten months I have been brought to the very extremity of bodily and pecuniary distress.

"I shudder at the thought of perishing in a gaol. (In confinement.)

"92 Chancery Lane, Feb. 2, 1807."

The physicians reported that Robert Heron's health was such as rendered him totally incapable of extricating himself from the difficulties in which he was involved, by the *indiscreet exertion of his mind, in protracted and incessant literary labours!*

After lingering for a few months, Heron sunk under a fever.

A HEBRIDEAN SUDORIFIC.

The ancient way the islanders of the Hebrides used to promote perspiration was thus:—

Part of an earthen floor was covered with fire, and when it was sufficiently heated the fire was removed and the ground covered with a heap of straw. Water was then poured upon the straw, upon which the patient was placed, and the heat thus produced put his whole body into a sweat.

DOGS IN CHURCHES.

I was astonished to see how much the ministers in the interior of the Highlands are plagued with dogs in their churches. As almost every family has a dog, and some two or three, dogs generally go to church. So many dogs being collected often fight, and make such a noise during the service as not only disturbs the congregation, but endangers the limbs of many. I have seen more than twenty men playing with good cudgels, yet unable to separate a number of dogs fighting in a church. Nay, so much trouble do dogs give in some churches that there is one person appointed to go through the churchyard with a kind of long-handled forceps, which he holds out before him, and

with which he wounds the tails, legs, ears, &c., of the dogs, and thereby keeps the church and churchyard clear of these useful but unnecessary animals in a place of worship.—*Burt.*

HIGHLAND FIDELITY.

The clan Chattan in 1526 made an inroad under circumstances somewhat different from the ordinary and usual occurrences of that description. Lauchlan Macintosh, the chief of the confederacy, was a man of talent and vigour, who successfully exerted himself to repress the depredations of his smaller clans in the neighbouring Lowlands, and we may presume that, of course, he experienced a profitable return of gratitude. But his clansmen considered that however agreeable this might be to the interests of their chief, it was not an arrangement in the benefits of which they could participate, and accordingly they slew him. The Earl of Murray, as guardian of the infant son and heir, he being his sister's son, on this thought it prudent to remove him from the mountains to a place where it might be presumed he would be less exposed to danger. Hector, the illegitimate brother of the late chief, who now discharged the duties of that office, and was suspected to have a design against the child's life, found no difficulty in persuading the clan to consider the conduct of the Earl of Murray as an insult, and at once attempt to gratify their avarice and revenge. They therefore fell upon all the low country along the Moray Firth, burning the houses and driving off the cattle. They overthrew the Castle of Dyke, and besieged and captured the Castle of Petty, putting four-and-twenty men of the clan Ogilvie, whom they found in it, to death. To resist these freebooters the Earl of Murray received a commission from the king to raise an army, which

he did; and in a battle which ensued took William, brother of Hector, and two hundred of the clan, prisoners. As an example William was immediately hanged. His head was fixed at Dyke, and his four quarters were exhibited at Elgin, Forres, Auldearn, and Inverness. The two hundred men who were taken at the same time, says Lesly, "were brought out *man by man*, and offered life on condition of discovering their chief; but, with a firmness and fidelity of which the Scottish Highlanders have afforded so many illustrious examples, they every man refused the proffered condition, and were put to death."

A HIGHLAND LEGEND.

A gentleman died in Strathspey upwards of a hundred years ago, and left a widow with a large family. He, though the head of an ancient house, did not leave much behind him; and his widow found it necessary to pay the most sedulous attention to all the small profits of a farm, for the benefit of her family. She possessed among other things a mill, part of the grist of which she allowed to the miller, and took the rest to herself as a rent; and she often walked down from her house to see whether her due was regularly put in the place allotted for it. One evening she stayed longer than usual, and returned to her house as it grew dusk. Her way lay through a wood, and she had to cross a brook over a temporary bridge made of fallen trees. As she was approaching with some doubt and hesitation towards it, she saw on the other side her husband, well dressed in tartan, with a handsome silver-mounted dirk and pistols, such as he used to wear on occasions of display. He came to her, took her hand, and led her over the bridge with the utmost attention: when walking up the wood, he said to her—

"Oh, Marjory, Marjory, by what fatality have you been tempted to come thus rashly alone, when the sun is gone to sleep?"

The spectre disappeared, and the lady arrived at home in great terror, fainted immediately, and on her recovery from her swoon thought of nothing but preparing for her departure. She however lived for a week, and was visited by many of her friends; had they been sceptical enough to doubt her assertion, she carried about with her a testimony to enforce belief. The wrist where the ghost had laid hold of her hand was blue, and had the appearance of being mortified. This is quite consistent with the system; for it appears that Marjory was punished for her impiety in daring the powers of darkness, without using the precaution appointed in such cases.

PENTLAW'S EPITAPH AT DUMFRIES.

Here lies William Pentlaw, martyr for his adhering to the word of God, and appearing for Christ's kingly government in his house, and the covenanted work of reformation, against perjury and prelacy.

Executed January the 2d, 1667.

Stay, passenger, read; here interred doth lye,
A witness against poor Scotland's perjury;
Whose head once fixed upon the bridge-post
stood,
Proclaiming vengeance for his guiltless blood.

FATHER AND SON.

A gentleman well known as a wit in Edinburgh, had a son who possessed no small share of the parental accomplishment.

Differing one day over some little matter, the young man waxed warm, and used language which necessitated his father's calling him to order.

"Bear in mind, Peter," said he to his son, "that I am your father, and you must not speak to me in such a disrespectful manner."

Young Peter "capped the climax" by replying—

"As my father I must respect you; but, permit me to say, sir, that as a man and a controversialist I despise you!"

THE WATER-BULL.

The belief in the existence of the water-bull is still general in the Highlands. He is occasionally angled for with a sheep made fast to a cable secured round an oak; but *as yet* no tackle has been found sufficiently strong to hold him. Dr Macculloch, in one of his Highland excursions, met a farmer who was watching for the water-bull, while his two sons were stirring up some deep pools, where the monster was supposed to be, with pitch-forks. As it is understood that the water-bull is invulnerable to all metals except silver, the farmer had thoughtfully loaded his gun with sixpences!

A "CLAIMANT."

Hugh Miller, in his *Schools and Schoolmasters*, relates that there was a claimant for the earldom of Crauford employed as a labourer in a part of the country where he was working as a mason, and the builders used to cry down to him from the scaffolds—

"John, Yearl o' Crauford, bring us up anither hod o' lime!"

A TALE OF A TRAVELLER.

An Englishman travelling in the Highlands stopped at an inn to dine. He ordered a fowl; but when it was placed on the table he at once caused

it to be removed. The landlord appeared with a fine piece of salmon and said—

“I perceive, sir, you do not care about the fowl; pray, what do you think of this?”

“Think of that,” said the wayfarer, “I think it is a piece of a very fine salmon, and no wonder, for it is of God Almighty’s feeding; but if it had been fed by you, I suppose it would have been as lean as the poor fowl which I have just ordered your servant to take away.”

A KNOWING LAIRD.

The Laird of Kilbrachmont was once at a party at Kellie Castle, and it was customary for the guests to give each a small sum of money to the servants who were drawn up in the hall to receive their “vails.” The gifts of those who preceded Kilbrachmont were received gravely, not calling forth smiles, or even thanks, but when he passed the faces of the servants brightened up as if he had given them gold.

“What did you give them, Robbie?” asked his friends; “they looked as sour as vinegar till your turn came.”

“De’il a bawbee did they get frae me,” answered the laird; “*I just kilted their loof!*”

ZACHARY BOYD.

This scholar, of facetious memory, was the author of a translation of the Bible in verse, the MS. of which is preserved in the Library of the University of Glasgow, to which it was bequeathed. The few specimens of it which have seen the light are ridiculous enough. “What hypochondriac,” to use the words of Samuel Colvil, “would not presently be cured at the reading of such lines as these?”—

“There was a man, called Job,
Dwelt in the land of Uz;
He had a good gift of the gob;
The same thing happens us!”

Or the following soliloquy of Jonah, while in the whale’s belly:—

“What house is this? here’s neither coal nor candle,
Where I nothing but guts of fishes handle;
I and my table are both here within,
Where day ne’er dawn’d, where sun did never shine;
The like of this on earth man never saw,
A living man within a monster’s naw,
Buried under mountains, which are high and steep,
Plunged under waters hundred fathoms deep!
Not so was Noah in his house of tree,
For through a window he the light did see;
He sail’d above the highest waves; a wonder,
He and his ark might go and also come,
But I sit still in such a straitened room,
As is most uncouth; head and feet together
Among such grease as would a thousand smother.”

Boyd lived in the reign of Charles I., and was a minister of the Batory Church, Glasgow. Besides his version of the Bible, he bequeathed to the university the whole of his library and £20,000 Scots in money. He was a zealous supporter of the reformed religion, and published in his lifetime (1643) a book which he meant should promote its interests, entitled, *Crosses, Comforts, Counsels, Needful to be Considered*. In it he contended stoutly for cutting off the enemies of the true religion, quoting the great examples of “General Moses and Captain Joab.”

THE NAIRN “PLATE.”

In the *Stat. Account*, the minister of Nairn states that “the weekly collection at the church on Sunday amounted to about three shillings in good copper.” How many of his parishioners studied economy and character by dropping bad copper into the plate he does not state.

THE SCOTTS OF BUCCLEUCH.

In the reign of James I., Sir William Scott of Buccleuch, chief of the family bearing that name, exchanged with Sir Thomas Inglis of Manor the estate of Murdiestone, in Lanarkshire, for one-half of the barony of Branxholm, lying upon the Teviot, about three miles above Hawick. Tradition imputes the exchange betwixt Scott and Inglis to a conversation at which the latter—a man, it would appear, of a mild and forbearing nature—complained much of the injuries which he was exposed to from the English borderers, who frequently plundered his lands of Branxholm. Sir Wm. Scott instantly offered him the estate of Murdiestone in exchange for Branxholm, and the offer was at once accepted. When the bargain was completed Scott drily remarked, "That the cattle in Cumberland were as good as those in Teviotdale;" and proceeded to commence a system of reprisals upon the English, which was regularly pursued by his successors.

KILBRACHMONT AND HIS TREES.

The last Laird of Kilbrachmont, in the East Neuk o' Fife, ran through his estate, and was much impoverished in the latter part of his life. At last he was compelled to sell his trees. At the rousp it was suggested to him that he might produce a bottle or two of brandy to excite competition.

"Have a care of your daft heads," exclaimed the plain-spoken, poverty-stricken laird, "if I had twa or three bottles o' brandy, d'ye think I would sell my trees?"

SCOTLAND IN 1645.

The proportion of the population of Scotland in 1645 will appear from the number of men required for military service from the counties and burghs in that year--

Counties.

Aberdeen . . . 727	Kincardine . . . 174
Ayr . . . 679	Kinross . . . 16
Argyll . . . 323	Lanark . . . 598
Banff . . . 159	Linlithgow . . . 194
Berwick . . . 325	Nairn . . . 35
Bute . . . 55	Peebles . . . 182
Caithness . . . 105	Perth . . . 889
Clackmannan . . . 58	Renfrew . . . 245
Cromarty . . . 11	Roxburgh . . . 642
Dumbarton . . . 137	Selkirk . . . 142
Dumfries . . . 494	Stirling . . . 282
Edinburgh . . . 463	Sutherland . . . 47
Elgin . . . 210	Wigton and
Fife . . . 738	Stewartary
Forfar . . . 556	of Kirkcud-
Haddington . . . 376	bright . . . 486
Inverness . . . 464	

Burghs.

Edinburgh . . . 574	Aberdeen . . . 160
Dundee . . . 186	Glasgow . . . 110
Perth . . . 110	Dunbar . . . 12
St Andrews . . . 60	Dumbarton . . . 12
Montrose . . . 53	Dunfermline . . . 12
Kirkcaldy . . . 46	Tain . . . 12
Dumfries . . . 44	Arbroath . . . 10
Ayr . . . 41	Inverkeithing . . . 10
Inverness . . . 40	Peebles . . . 10
Stirling . . . 36	Renfrew . . . 10
Haddington . . . 36	Banff . . . 8
Linlithgow . . . 30	Queensferry . . . 7
Anstruther	Anstruther
Easter . . . 31	Wester . . . 6
Dysart . . . 30	Forfar . . . 6
Crail . . . 24	Forres . . . 6
Cooper . . . 24	Lauder . . . 5
Irvine . . . 23	Rothsay . . . 5
Elgin . . . 20	Rutherglen . . . 5
Kirkcudbright . . . 20	Whithorn . . . 5
Brechin . . . 20	Cullen . . . 4
Jedburgh . . . 18	Nairn . . . 4
Lanark . . . 16	North Berwick . . . 4
Bumtisland . . . 16	Annan . . . 3
Wigtown . . . 15	Kilrenny . . . 3
Kinghorn . . . 14	Lochmaben . . . 3
Pittenween . . . 15	Sanquhar . . . 3
Culross . . . 14	

A BOLD ATTEMPT.

A tourist passing along the shore of a Highland loch one morning, observed a native lying flat on his breast, taking a drink.

"Well, Donald," said he, "are you taking your morning?"

"Na, na, sir," replied Donald, "there's too muckle water in't for a mornin'; but," added he, as a bright idea suddenly struck him, "if she was whisky, Donald might try."

"AULD REEKIE."

It was a patriarchial Fife laird, Durham of Largo, who had the honour of giving to Edinburgh the *sobriquet* of "Auld Reekie." It appears that this old gentleman was in the habit of regulating the time of evening worship by the appearance of the smoke of Edinburgh, which he could easily see through the clear summer twilight from his own door. When he observed the smoke increase in density, in consequence of the good folks of the capital preparing their supper, he would call all the family into the house, saying—

"It's time, noo, bairns, to tak the buiks, and gang to our beds, for yonder's Auld Reekie, I see, putting on her nightcap."—*R. Chambers.*

NON-JURORS.

I saw a flagrant example of the people's disaffection to the present government in the Episcopal Church of Aberdeen, where there is an organ, the only one I know of, and the service is chaunted as in our cathedrals.

Being there, one Sunday morning, with another English gentleman, when the minister came to that part of the

Litany where the king is prayed for by name, the people all rose up as one in contempt of it, and men and women set themselves about some trivial action, as taking snuff, &c., to show their dislike, and signify to each other they were all of one mind; and when the responsal should have been pronounced, though they had been loud in all that preceded, to our amazement there was not one single voice to be heard but our own, so suddenly and entirely were we dropped.

At coming out of church we complained to the minister of this rude behaviour of his congregation, who told us he was greatly ashamed of it, and had often admonished them, at least, to behave with more decency.

The non-juring ministers have made a kind of linsey-woolsey piece of stuff of their doctrine, by interweaving the people's civil rights with religion, and teaching them that it is as unchristian not to believe their notions of government as to disbelieve the Gospel. But I believe the business, in a great measure, is to procure and preserve separate congregations to themselves, in which they find their account, by inciting *state* enthusiasm, as others do *church* fanaticism; and, in return, their hearers have the secret pleasure of transgressing under the umbrage of duty.—*Burt.*

SELLING PEARLS.

About the middle of last century, Mr Tower, a merchant of Aberdeen, took with him a quantity of pearls, taken out of mussels found in the River Ythan, to London. He offered them to a jeweller, and asked one hundred pounds, meaning Scots money. The jeweller offered him eighty, which he declined taking, saying he had paid that sum for them himself. The jeweller said they were too dear, but as they were excellent pearls, he agreed to give the

money, and counted down on the counter one hundred pounds *sterling!* Mr Tower gladly took up the money, saying nothing, however, of what was passing in his own mind; but in his future transactions he knew what value to put on his pearls.

THE BASS ROCK.

In the east part of the Firth of Forth, opposite to the Isle of May, lieth the Island of Bass, at the distance of two miles at sea from the Castle of Tantalion, upon the coast of East Lothian. The French, when they were in this country, called it the Isle of Geese, from the number of these fowls which haunt it. It is an impregnable rock, of a small extent, an oval figure, cut out by the hand of nature; it has only one landing place in it, and that is so very difficult and uneasy, that nothing can approach it but one little boat at a time, and the rock to be mounted is very uneven. The isle is not above a mile in compass; towards the north it is a steep rock, which slopeth towards the south; it is somewhat level where the ruins are. It mounts in a cone to the top, where the flag stood. Ruins of the chapel stand not far from the top of the hill. It is grassy, and can contain some few sheep, and hath a fountain of fresh water in it. The sea hath, in some places, quite pierced through the rock, and there, in the vast vaults, great numbers of fowls are lodged; and in the months of May, June, July, and August, the whole surface of the rock is covered with the nests, eggs, or young ones of the fowls: and the great number of the fowls which fly about it obscure the air like clouds, and make a great noise with their cries. There were formerly the fortification and the houses, which were broken down by the Government's order. The fowls which most frequently frequent the Bass are the Solan

goose, black guillemot, and the cormorant. This island was purchased by Charles II., and employed by him and his brother James II. as a prison, in which were confined the defenders of the religion and liberties of their country. After the Revolution a desperate party for some time kept possession of it, and subsisted by piracy, but were at last obliged to submit.

A GOOD MEMORY.

A good story is told of an ex-town councillor of a western burgh. He had gone one Sabbath to hear a candidate in a church, of which the town council held the presentation. Next day he was highly commending the sermon, when some one happened to ask, "What was the text?" The merchant, whose knowledge of Scripture was rather hazy, and who had probably been dozing the greater part of the time, was taken a little aback.

"The text?" he said, "the text. What was it again? It began with 'Now—' 'now is—' 'now is the—' ay, that's it! 'now's the day and now's the hour.'"

HUME AND BLACKLOCK.

David Hume was a member of the University of Edinburgh, and in great want of money, when he was presented with an office worth about forty pounds a year. On the day when he got possession of the patent or grant, he was visited by his friend Blacklock, the poet, now much better known by his poverty and blindness than by his genius. The poor man began a long descant on misery, bewailing his loss of sight, his large family of children, and his utter inability to provide for them, or even to procure them the necessaries of life. Hume, unable to bear his com-

plaints, and destitute of money to assist him, ran instantly to his desk, took out the grant, and presented it to his miserable friend, who received it with great exultation; and his name was soon after, by Hume's interest, inserted instead of his own.

"RATTLING ROARING WILLIE."

One of the ancient border minstrels was called Rattling Roaring Willie. This *sobriquet* was probably derived from his bullying disposition, being, it would seem, such a roaring boy as is frequently mentioned in old ballads and plays. While drinking at Newmill, upon Teviot, about five miles above Hawick, Willie chanced to quarrel with one of his own profession, who was distinguished by the odd name of "Sweet Milk," from a place on Rule Water so called. They retired to a meadow on the opposite side of the Teviot to decide the contest with their swords, and Sweet Milk was killed on the spot. A thorn-tree marks the scene of the murder, which is still called Sweet Milk Thorn. Willie was taken and executed at Jedburgh, bequeathing his name to the beautiful Scotch air called "Rattling Roaring Willie."

A HUMOROUS "WRIGHT."

Some years ago there lived in a town in Aberdeenshire an old house-carpenter or "wright," who possessed a degree of shrewd wit in ordinary conversation. In making some repairs upon the parish church, he was proceeding one day down the street with a *batten* on his shoulder, when his minister accosted him—

"Weel, John, what's that ye're carrying?"

John at once replied, "It's just ane o' the supports o' the kirk, sir."

The minister did not altogether approve of the levity of the answer, and replied, "John, I hope ye dinna think that's a right thing for a jest?"

"Deed no, sir; no for a *jeest*; it's for a pillar!" John had the best of it.

LORD MANSFIELD AND HIS COACHMAN.

The first Lord Mansfield had turned off his coachman for certain acts of speculation. The fellow begged his lordship to give him a character.

"What kind of a character can I give you?" said his lordship.

"O, my lord, any character your lordship pleases to give me, I shall most thankfully receive."

He accordingly sat down and wrote as follows:—

"The bearer, John —, has served me for three years in the capacity of coachman. He is an able driver, and a very sober man. I discharged him because he cheated me.

"MANSFIELD."

John thanked his lordship, and went off. A few mornings afterwards, when his lordship was stepping into his coach to go to Westminster Hall, a man in a very handsome livery made him a low bow. To his surprise he recognised his late coachman.

"Why, John," said Mansfield, "you seem to have got an excellent place: how did you manage this with the character I gave you?"

"O, my lord," replied the man, "it was an exceeding good character. My new master on reading it said he observed your lordship recommended me as an able driver and a sober man. These, said he, are just the qualities I want in a coachman. I observe his lordship adds that he discharged you because you cheated him. Hark you, sirrah, I am a Yorkshireman, and I'll be d—d if you cheat me."

REMARKABLE BIRTH.

In 1767 a soldier's wife in Galloway was delivered of a child having two heads, four hands, four legs, and one body.

CATTLE IN FIFE.

Tradition states that when James the Sixth was preparing to make his entrance into England as the monarch of both nations, he borrowed money from his neighbours about Falkland to enable him to support an appearance sufficiently respectable in the idea of the more opulent classes of his new kingdom ;—that the gentlemen of that quarter had each accommodated his majesty with all the specie which, on the spur of the occasion, they could spare to his request ;—that the king, on his journey through England, was everywhere struck with the superiority of the cattle which he saw there over those which he had left in Fife ;—that instead of repaying money to his obliging neighbours, he sent cows, with a few bulls to each, in proportion to the debt he owed ;—that from this circumstance the cattle of Fife became superior to any other of Scotland ; and from thence a considerable number of cows were introduced into the northern counties.

Elegance of form, or the idea of beauty, had not at that time been ever connected with cattle ; bulk and weight were the only qualifications required.

A DUTIFUL SON.

In 1642 the young Laird of Gight having married the Laird of Ludquharn's daughter, was desirous of obtaining from his mother the charters of the lands of Gight, which she refused to deliver up, her husband being out of the country. The laird being determined to take by force what he failed to get

by persuasion, his mother manned her house, and prepared for defence against her own son. The laird laid siege to the house, and took the out-houses, and shot at the windows. By the mediation of the Marquis of Huntley and the Earl of Airlie, however, the affair was made up.

HAWKIEANA.

William Cameron, *alias* "Hawkie," was a noted Glasgow beggar thirty or forty years ago, and many droll stories are narrated of him. He had a rough humour and coarse and ready wit, and could hold his own in controversy with any one who dared to attack him ; and encounters on the street with his patrons and the public were numerous. In the *Laird of Logan*, and also in a lecture on *The Street Celebrities of Glasgow*, by Sheriff Strathearn, we find some good anecdotes of him, a few of which are worthy of a place here.

Hawkie defending his Condition.

"Hawkie," said a passer-by to him one day, "hae, there's a penny, and for ony sake gang an' get a shave—ye might draw lint through your beard for a heckle. I'm ashamed to see you gaun about like a wandering Jew."

"Hech, man," said Hawkie, "but you're easy fash't ; d'ye no ken that it disna suit a beggar to be barefaced ?"

Taking Odds.

Hawkie was a frequent inhabitant of the Town's Hospital, and was on good terms with all the officials. Leaving it one day after a temporary sojourn, Dr Auchincloss gave him some money and said—

"Hae, Hawkie ; but I'll take ye a

bet that the first place ye land in will be a public-house."

"Ye're no far wrang, doctor; and I'll just tak odds on your side," was the beggar's answer.

Hawkie explaining Himself.

On another occasion, when Hawkie emerged from his asylum, he took up his usual station in Argyle Street, and opened the proceedings by saying—

"Weel, ye'll hae been thinking I was dead, but I needna tell ye that that's no true, for I'm here a living evidence to the contrary. I have been down in the Town's Hospital this while taking care o' mysel', for I hae nae notion o' putting on a fir fecket as lang as I can help it; but I'm nae better otherwise than when I gaed in, and if I may believe my ain e'en, there's as little improvement on you."

Terms for Tuition.

"Hawkie," said a would-be joker to him one day, "what will ye take to learn me the begging? Ye've been sae lang at the trade that you should be a gude teacher."

"Deed, man," replied Hawkie, "ye say true—ye couldna come to a better hand; and as for the price, I'll just tak ye as the weavers tak their 'prentices: I'll gie ye half o' your winnings."

Hawkie's Drouth.

Hawkie was far too fond of a dram, and had a decided aversion to going to bed sober. Being asked how many glasses of whisky he had had one day, he replied—

"I ne'er counted them, I just took a' I got. I'm ower auld a wean to spean noo. But ye needna wonder at my

drouth at a'—my mither speaned me when I was but four months auld."

Hawkie's Legacy.

"What are you going to leave me when you die, Hawkie," said a medical gentleman, who was very kind to the beggar when he was 'poorly.' "I have had a lot of trouble with you, you know, and you must leave me something to remember you by."

"Weel, sir," was the ready reply, "I hae made a settlement. Ye maun ken that I'm laird o' twa woods, my stilt and my staff. They're no entailed; I'll leave ye ane o' them, an' ye can tak your choice."

A Quick Retort.

"Did ye ever hear a cuddie bray, Hawkie," said a youth to him one day in an eager desire to be smart.

"Never till the noo," was the setting-down and quick answer.

Hawkie Reproved.

"Hawkie, you're a perfect vagabond—a public pest," said a gentleman to him one day.

"Man," coolly replied Hawkie, "tell me something that I dinna ken!"

Craving a Debt.

A person who was in the practice of giving Hawkie a penny as he passed him daily, once allowed a few days to pass without the usual contribution, and was thus challenged by the sturdy beggar—

"Hae ye ony intention o' payin' your debts?"

"The times are hard, Hawkie. I

canna afford to gie you onything," was the reply.

"They're harder for me than you : I'm on mair nor full time, and dinna get half pay, so stump up !"

Hawkie's Coat.

Hawkie made a rule of never purchasing clothes, but was not above accepting any cast-off habiliments which were offered to him. Miss Reid, the worthy matron of the Town's Hospital, was very kind to him in this respect ; and Hawkie was grateful accordingly. One day in a conversation with this lady he said—

"There's only ae foolish thing I ever saw ye do, Miss Reid."

"Ay, Hawkie," said Miss Reid ; "and what was that ?"

"Ye ance gied me a coat without pouches—ye ocht to hae kent that a coat without pouches wasna o' muckle use to a beggar."

Hawkie on Lying.

Hawkie's staple article of trade was a large stock of lies, and he made free use of them in his vocation. He was challenged one day for uttering a most egregious falsehood, and thus defended himself.

"You see, sir, a gude big lee makes truth look respectable. What way d'ye think did Walter Scott get sic a grand monument in George Square for?—Just because he was a gude leear."

Hawkie's Petition.

Hawkie being one day sadly stricken in poverty for want of tobacco, thus appealed in writing to worthy Mr David Robertson, the publisher of

Whistlebinkie and the *Laird of Logan*—
"My position at present consists of an unsteady hand, a geisand throat, a dry heart, and an empty pipe. Ye ken I was always unwilling to tell the public of my poverty, and if you would be so good as smother the report with a morsel of tobacco, your humble and afflicted petitioner, as in duty bound, shall ever pray."

SUMPTUARY LAWS.

The English noblemen and gentlemen who accompanied James I. and his queen into Scotland, A. D. 1424, introduced, it is said, a more luxurious way of living into that kingdom than had formerly been known, which gave great offence to such of the nobility as admired the temperance and frugality of their ancestors. Henry Wardlaw, bishop of St Andrews, made a long and elegant appeal to the king, in a parliament at Perth, A. D. 1433, against that new and extravagant mode of living introduced by the English ; and, in consequence of that harangue, an act of parliament was passed, regulating the manner in which persons of all orders should live ; and, in particular, prohibiting the use of pies and other baked meats (then only becoming known in Scotland), to all under the rank of baron.

"BATTER'S" EPITAPH.*

A bachelor and boon companion of John Ramsay, of Aberdeen, who was possessed of considerable means, died ; but instead of leaving his wealth to his expectant relatives, bequeathed it

* The Editor owes his acknowledgments to Alexander Walker, Esq., of Aberdeen, for permission to make use of his admirable *Select Writings of John Ramsay, M.A.* ; and also for several hitherto unpublished anecdotes.

for the erection and endowment of a school.

The worthy bachelor had in his lifetime earned the *sobriquet* of "Batter," from the fact of his having been the first to introduce paper-hangings into Aberdeen; and Ramsay, on hearing the will of his old friend read, quietly said, "Cut upon his gravestone,

'Beneath these stones lies Batter's bones,
A victim to potatoes;
To beggar weans he left his means,
To begg'ry his relations.'"

Walker.

HIGHLAND HARDIHOOD.

Hardihood was in every respect so essential to the character of a Highlander, that the reproach of effeminacy was the most bitter which could be thrown upon him. Yet it was sometimes hazarded on what we might presume to think slight grounds. It is reported of old Sir Ewan Cameron of Lochiel, when upwards of seventy, that he was surprised by night on a hunting or military expedition. He wrapped him in his plaid, and lay contentedly down upon the snow, with which the ground happened to be covered. Among his attendants, who were preparing to take their rest in the same manner, he observed that one of his grandsons, for his better accommodation, had rolled a large snow-ball, and placed it below his head. The wrath of the ancient chief was awakened by a symptom of what he conceived to be degenerate luxury.

"Out upon thee," said he, kicking the frozen bolster from the head which it supported, "art thou so effeminate as to need a pillow?"

The "Officer of Engineers," in his curious *Letters from the Highlands*, tells a similar story of Macdonald of Keppoch, and subjoins the following remarks:—

"This and many other stories are romantick; but there is one thing that at first thought might seem very roman-

tick, of which I have been credibly assured, that when the Highlanders are constrained to lie among the hills, in cold dry windy weather, they sometimes soak the plaid in some river or burn, and then, holding up a corner of it a little above their heads, they turn themselves round and round, till they are enveloped by the whole mantle. They then lay themselves down on the heath, upon the leeward side of some hill, where the wet and the warmth of their bodies make a steam, like that of a boiling kettle. The wet, they say, keeps them warm by thickening the stuff, and keeping the wind from penetrating.

"I must confess I should have been apt to question this fact had I not frequently seen them wet from morning to night; and, even at the beginning of the rain, not so much as stir a few yards to shelter, but continue in it without necessity, till they were, as we say, wet through and through. And that is soon effected by the looseness and spunginess of the plaiding; but the bonnet is frequently taken off, and rung like a dish-clout, and then put on again.

"They have been accustomed from their infancy to be often wet, and to take the water like spaniels, and this is become a second nature, and can scarcely be called a hardship to them, insomuch that I used to say they seemed to be of the duck kind, and to love water as well. Though I never saw this preparation for sleep in windy weather, yet, setting out early in a morning from one of the huts, I have seen the marks of their lodging, where the ground has been free from rhime or snow, which remained all round the spot where they had lain."

"THE VILLAGE CHOIR."

Will Speir, in company with Rab Paik and Souple Sandy, two fellow

"dafties," occasionally visited the parish church of Dalry, where Will's brother Robert was precentor. Will joined in the psalmody with such strength of lungs that he generally drowned the voices of all within a considerable distance of him. Rab and Sandy also "assisted" in an equally powerful manner.

On one notable occasion when Sandy was absent, Will felt the necessity of making up for his friend, and he said to Paik—

"Sing, Rab, sing, man—the hail burden o' the Psalms o' David this day lies on you and me and our Rab."

THE ANCIENT MILITARY FORCE OF SCOTLAND.

The barons and their retainers, with a militia from the boroughs of the kingdom, were the military power of Scotland, when it maintained the struggle for independence against Edward I.; when it recovered its liberties, which had sunk under the strength and craft of the conqueror; when it chastised the vain temerity and restlessness of Edward II.; and when it contended anew for its freedom against the policy, talents, and valour of Edward III.

The rising ambition of princes, and the superior force exerted in their contentions, were rendering war a greater object of attention. James I., a prince of the most shining talents, knew how to distinguish himself, and enacted many laws for the advancement of arms. It was one of his regulations that all men, from the age of twelve years, should employ themselves to excel in archery. Bow-marks or "butts" were erected in convenient places in every parish; and those who neglected to exercise themselves in shooting at them were fined by the sheriff or the lord of the territory. He gave encouragement to merchants to import weapons of war

into his kingdom; and he commanded regular exhibitions to be made by the soldiery of their arms. The proprietor who had land of the extent or valuation of twenty pounds, or who possessed one hundred pounds of moveables, was to have a horse, and to be armed at all points. The proprietor who enjoyed a ten pound land, or fifty pounds in goods, was to have a hat, a gorget, gloves of plate, and defences of steel for other parts of his body. Burgesses and proprietors who had twenty pounds in moveables were to have a habergeon or a doublet of defence, an iron hat, a bow, a case of arrows, a sword, buckler, and knife. Men of inferior degree were to be armed to the best advantage at the discretion of the sheriff. And those who had no bows were to have a battle-axe, target, sword, and dirk.

The barons and knights who had great estates, and who had obtained the king's license, might exceed in warlike accompaniments and adorn themselves with silk and fur. But in general it was ordained that all soldiers, of whatever station, should avoid gaudiness and ornament, and array themselves in plain garments.

The practices of discipline and usages of war were continued and improved under James II., III., IV., and V. But the knowledge of powder and fire-arms being extended over Scotland in the reign of the last of these princes, the art of war changed its operations. Hand-guns, culverines, and artillery of different kinds came into fashion; and with these the officers and soldiery were to provide themselves according to their stations and the measure of their wealth. The barons and lords instructed their vassals in the use of them; and captains chosen in every parish by its magistrates and the king's commissioners exercised the national militia.

In the reign of Queen Mary the intercourse with France served to improve the Scottish nation in the knowledge

and practice of fire-arms; but James VI., who hated war, made no improvement of the military art. He constituted however a guard for his person, which was to consist of forty men, who, beside having goodly fortunes of their own, were each to be allowed two hundred pounds yearly for their entertainment and parade: they were to serve on horseback and to be in constant attendance.

The engines of war approaching to perfection in France, Germany, and England, corresponded with the advancement of the arts; Scotland obtained by communication the advantages of other states. The disastrous times of Charles I. agitating all the most violent passions, and all the bitterest animosities of men, fostered the military virtues, and made known that dependence of officers, that subordination of troops, and those forms of the military art which still characterise the armies of Europe.

To Charles II. the estates of the Scottish parliament made an offer of twenty thousand foot and two thousand horse to be raised out of the different shires of the kingdom. On the foundation of this grant, Charles, with the approbation of parliament, was to remodel the military power of Scotland. The enlistment of men was in the places and counties where they were usually to serve. Fit allowances were given to the foot and horse in the times of rendezvous, and a care was bestowed to exercise them. In this constitutional militia, which was to act and to be disbanded according to events and circumstances, the nation was to confide as in a bulwark; and it was to march at the command of the prince to oppose every invasion from abroad, and to suppress all domestic insurrections. This establishment was meant as an effectual improvement of the former military schemes. And from the reign of Charles II. till the union of the two kingdoms,

it was the rule for the raising those levies of horse and foot, which were rendered necessary for the exigencies of a present emergency. But, notwithstanding this military settlement, the sovereign had still the privilege to call out in arms on momentous occasions every man in the kingdom from the age of sixteen to sixty.

UNPROFITABLE TROUBLE.

A humorous minister of Stirling hearing that one of his hearers was about to be married for the third time, said to him—

“They tell me, John, you’re getting money wi’ her; you did so on the two last occasions; you’ll get quite rich by your wives.”

“Deed, sir,” quietly replied John, “what wi’ bringin’ them in and puttin’ them out, there’s nae muckle money made by them.”

A PENNY WEDDING.

The bride must go about the room and kiss every man in the company, and in the end everybody puts money into a dish, according to their inclination and ability. By this means a family in good circumstances, and respected by those they invite, have procured for the new couple wherewithal to begin the world pretty comfortably for people of their low condition. The whole expense of the feast and fiddlers is paid out of the contributions.

LOSING AN OPPORTUNITY.

When Lunardi, the first balloonist in Scotland, went up from Edinburgh and alighted near a clergyman’s house in Fifeshire, he said to the minister, “We have been at the gate of heaven

since we went up." The minister replied—

"Then it is a pity you did not go in; you may never be so near it again."

MOOR-BURNING.

The heath on the Scottish moorlands is often set fire to, that the sheep may have the advantage of the young herbage produced in room of the tough old heather plants. This custom, execrated by sportsmen, produces occasionally the most beautiful nocturnal appearances, similar almost to the discharge of a volcano. The charge of a warrior, in the fine ballad of "Hardyknute," is said to be "like a fire to heather set."

ST KILDA RATIONS.

All of us walked together to the little village where there was a lodging prepared for us, furnished with beds of straw; and according to the ancient custom of the place, the officer (who presides over them in the steward's absence) summoned the inhabitants, who, by consent, agreed upon a daily maintenance for us, as bread, butter, cheese, mutton, fowls, eggs, also fire, &c.; all which was to be given in at our lodging twice every day. This was done in the most regular manner, each family by turns paying their quota proportionably to their lands. I remember the allowance for each man per diem, besides a barley cake, was eighteen of the eggs laid by the fowl, called by them Lavy, and a greater number of the lesser eggs, as they differed in proportion; the largest of the eggs is near in bigness to that of a goose, the rest of the eggs gradually of a lesser size.

We had the curiosity, after three weeks' residence, to make a calculation of the number of eggs bestowed upon those of our boat, and the steward's birlin or

galley, the whole amounting to 16,000 eggs; and without all doubt the inhabitants, who were triple our number, consumed many more eggs and fowls than we could. From this it is easy to imagine that a vast number of fowls must resort here all the summer, which is yet the more probable if it be considered that every fowl has but one egg at a time, if allowed to hatch.—*Martin.*

A WHOLESALE DEBARMENT.

During the time when it was common to "debar" from the communion church members for certain offences, a dissenting clergyman in the south of Scotland, in dispensing the Sacrament in a very small, though on that occasion a very crowded, meeting-house, debarred from partaking of it "All those magistrates who were not duly elected."

"All those ministers who did not preach the gospel."

"All those men who refused to pay taxes to support a lawful government; and all those who did so to support an unlawful one."

"All those who indulged in polygamy, or having two wives at one time!"

"And all those who did not marry, whose duty it was to do so."

It is not stated what number of the congregation were included in this extensive excommunication.

THE MACNABS.

Curiosity, says Saussure, led me to pay a visit to the blacksmith Macnab, to see the MSS. of the *Poems of Ossian*, which, according to report, were long possessed by his family. I saw the old man, but not the manuscripts; they had long ago been sent to Edinburgh, for the use of the members of the Highland Society. He showed me the ancient armour of his ancestors, for he gloried

in a long succession of them, all blacksmiths like himself. This family inhabited the same cottage upwards of four hundred years. In the ages of feudalism, they handled successively the hammer and the sword.

One of the ancestors of Macnab had been employed in building the castle of Kilchurn, and many of them, no doubt, contributed to defend it against the attacks of the enemy's clans. What appalling vicissitudes in human affairs ! The castle of that powerful lord, of that once formidable chief, is now deserted and in ruins ; whilst the hut of the humble vassal still exists, and has never changed its masters. This long succession from father to son, who have followed without interruption the same profession, and in the same place, is considered as a high mark of respectability. If they cannot boast, as other men in a more exalted sphere, of famous names, and of illustrious warriors among their ancestors, it is to be presumed that integrity, irreproachable conduct, and hereditary adherence to the virtues and duties of an obscure state, have insured to subsequent generations the protection of their chiefs and the laws.

These examples of ancient families in an inferior rank of life, are by no means rare among the Highlanders. Whilst I was walking in the park of Inveraray, I met a Highlander, who, with the natural curiosity of these people, came to ask me what country I belonged to, and whither I was going ? After satisfying him, I put the same questions to him ; he replied—

“I am going to that cottage which you see there between those trees high above on the hill : we have lived in it during the three hundred years that we have been vassals of the Duke of Argyle.”

FIRE-ESCAPES.

John Ramsay was present at a dinner in the hospitable mansion of Powis.

Among the guests were several clergymen and a well-known amateur inventor. The latter button-holed Ramsay to expatiate upon the excellencies of a contrivance of ropes and wire he had invented to do duty as a fire-escape. He discoursed so long and volubly on its merits, that at length Ramsay lost patience, and said to him—

“Oh d—n it, Jopp, go and try the ministers now—fire-escapes are mair in their way than mine.”—*Walker.*

THE FIERY CROSS.

When a chieftain designed to summon his clan upon any sudden or important emergency, he slew a goat, and making a cross of any light wood, seared its extremities in the fire, and extinguished them in the blood of the animal. This was called the *Fiery Cross*, also *Crean Tarigh*, or the *Cross of Shame*, because disobedience to what the symbol implied inferred infamy. It was delivered to a swift and trusty messenger, who ran full speed with it to the next hamlet, where he presented it to the principal person, with a single word, implying the place of rendezvous. He who received the symbol, was bound to send it forwards, with equal dispatch, to the next village ; and thus it passed, with incredible celerity, through all the district which owed allegiance to the chief, and also among his allies and neighbours, if the danger was common to them. At sight of the fiery cross, every man, from sixteen years old to sixty, capable of bearing arms, was obliged instantly to repair, in his best arms and accoutrements, to the place of rendezvous. He who failed to appear suffered the extremities of fire and sword, which were emblematically denounced to the disobedient, by the bloody and burned marks upon this warlike signal. During the civil war of 1745-6 the Fiery Cross often made

its circuit; and, upon one occasion, it passed through the whole district of Breadalbane, a tract of thirty-two miles, in three hours. Stuart of Invernahyle often related that he sent round the Fiery Cross, through the district of Appin, during the same commotion. The coast was threatened by a descent from two English frigates, and the flower of the young men were with the army of Prince Charles Edward, then in England; yet the summons was so effectual that even old age and childhood obeyed it; and a force was collected in a few hours, so numerous and so enthusiastic, that all attempt at the intended diversion upon the country of the absent warriors was prudently abandoned as desperate.

THE CUTTY STOOL.

When the struggle of the Scottish Reformation was over, all that escaped the wreck of original genius and peculiar cast of character, was "the stool of repentance." This stool of terror was fashioned like an arm-chair, and was raised on a pedestal nearly two feet higher than the other seats, directly fronting the pulpit. When the kirk-bell was rung, the culprit ascended the chair, and the bellman arrayed him in the sackcloth gown. Here he stood three Sundays successively, his face uncovered, and the awful scourge hung over him—

"A fixed figure for the hand of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at."

VOLUNTEER TOASTS.

Once upon a time, a number of Paisley volunteers were billeted in Beith, a small town in Ayrshire. The officers dined together, and it is said, although we cannot vouch for the truth of it, that the three following toasts were regularly drank every day:—

1. Our noble sel's, and wha's like us?—smash't a'ane!
2. The British army in Beith!
3. Our commander and maister, the king!

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

"Mr Miller," said a parsimonious housewife to a visitor, "will ye tak an egg to your breakfast this morning?"
"Ou ay, Mrs Thamson," replied Mr Miller, "I'm aye glad o' ane, when I canna get twa."

THE KING'S BISHOP.

During the absence of Robert I. in Ireland, whither he had gone to support the pretensions of his brother Edward to the crown of that country, a party of English, sent to invade Scotland by sea, anchored off Inverkeithing, in the county of Fife. The Earl of Fife and the sheriff of the county, having 500 men under their command, attempted to oppose the landing; but, intimidated by the numbers of the English, they made a precipitate retreat. William Sinclair, bishop of Dunkeld, happened to meet the fugitives.

"Whither are you flying?" said he to the commanders; "you deserve to have your gilt spurs hacked off" (*i.e.*, to be degraded from the honour of knighthood). Then, throwing aside his ecclesiastical vestment, he seized a spear, and cried—

"Who loves Scotland, follow me!"

He led the Scots again to the charge, and impetuously attacked the enemy, who had not completed their landing. The English gave way, and were driven to their ships with considerable loss. When the king heard of the intrepidity of this prelate, he said—

"Sinclair shall be my bishop;" and

the appellation of the King's Bishop was long remembered by his countrymen.

HAWKIE'S POOR RATES.

Hawkie, on one of the Glasgow half-yearly fasts, took his beat on the Dumbarton Road, between Glasgow and Partick, and as the day happened to be fine (not commonly the case on these misnamed days), "the collector of poor rates," as he called himself, justly calculated that this beautiful approach to Glasgow from the west would be well frequented. "I am sent out this afternoon," said the ever fertile Hawkie to the object of his assessment, "by the clergy in Glasgow, to put a tax on a' you gentry that has mista'en the kintra for the kirk this afternoon."

PRESENCE OF MIND.

The following striking instance of presence of mind in a Highlander may be worth recording. A Morayshire farmer was in the habit of taking his plough-oxen every summer to Strathdon to grass. One fine clear day he was passing a river on stepping-stones along with a Highlander; the latter had reached the opposite bank, and the farmer was loitering upon the stones and looking about him, wondering at the sudden noise he heard, when the Highlander cried out, "Help! Help! or I'm a dead man!" and fell to the ground. The farmer sprang to his assistance, and had hardly reached him when the torrent came down, sweeping over the stones with such fury as no human force could have withstood. The Highlander had heard the roaring of the stream behind the rocks that intercepted its approach from his view, and fearing that the stranger might be panic-struck and lost if he told him of

his danger, took this expedient to save him.

A MAN OF HONOUR.

The Hon. James Murray, was appointed governor of Minorca in the year 1774, and in his defence of Fort St Philip in 1781 and 1782, he displayed the most heroic traits of fidelity and valour. The fort having been for some time closely besieged by the combined forces of France and Spain, under the Duke de Crillon, the most strenuous efforts were made to obtain possession of it, but the assailants being repulsed in all their attacks, the duke, despairing of success, took the opportunity of a communication relative to an exchange of prisoners, to offer General Murray one million of money, with a foreign peerage, to surrender the place. General Murray immediately notified this disgraceful proposal in the orders to the garrison, and sent the following indignant letter to the commander of the allies:—

"Fort St Philip,

16th October, 1781.

"When your brave ancestor was desired by his sovereign to assassinate the Duke de Guise, he returned the answer which you should have done, when you were charged to assassinate the character of a man whose birth is as illustrious as your own, or that of the Duke de Guise. I can have no further communication with you but in arms. If you have any humanity, pray send clothing for your unfortunate prisoners in my possession. Leave it at a distance to be taken up for them, because I will admit of no contact for the future, but such as is hostile to the most inveterate degree."

To this the Duke replied:—

"Your letter restores each of us to our places; it confirms me in the high opinion I have always had of you. I accept your last proposal with pleasure."

The garrison, reduced to great extremities, three-fourths of the men being cut off by the scurvy, was at length compelled to capitulate, and they marched out with all the honours of war, declaring that the surrender was made to God alone.

HOW TO RECONCILE FOES.

King James VI., in order to reconcile two Highland chiefs, whose contests destroyed the peace of the country, got them both to Edinburgh, when he shut them up in the castle, and left them to settle their disputes by themselves. Companionship in affliction soothed their minds, and being tired of confinement, they brought matters to a speedy issue: they promised good behaviour in future, and left their sons as hostages for their conduct.

ABERDEEN STOCKINGS.

Aberdeen long derived great wealth from the manufacture of stockings. This trade was first established in the time of Charles II., by the efforts of Mr George Pyper, a merchant of Aberdeen, who, by making small advances to the country people, and paying liberally when a good article was produced, brought the working of stockings to such perfection, that whereas five groats a pair was the utmost price ever given before his time, some were made so fine as to be worth a pound sterling. By his means a trade was kept up, not only with the merchants in the west and south, but also with England and Ireland.

THE CONFESSIONS OF WITCHES.

Almost all who have been executed in Scotland for this alleged crime have confessed, and their confessions are re-

markably uniform, particularly as to their carnal dealings with the devil. This is not to be wondered at, as the report of the confession of one produced similar impressions upon the disturbed imagination of another, and none confessed till they were reduced to a state of delirious and bewildered imbecility. Kept without sleep, and incessantly tormented in their bodies by *prickers*, or in their minds by the clergy; excluded from all but their tormentors; believing what they had been told of others, although conscious of their own innocence; hearing of nothing but horrors, —expecting no mercy, and with the dread of the bale-fire continually before their eyes, —when, worn out with sufferings, at last they were left alone without fire, light, or comfort, in some dungeon, kirk-steeple, or such place, in the state of partial derangement to which they were reduced, there can be no doubt that they *dreamt* of the pitiable absurdities which they afterwards believed to be true, confessed, and were burnt, while their nearest relatives dared not, even to themselves, complain of the wrong.

THE CASE ALTERED.

A trial took place before a Glasgow bailie, who excelled more as a citizen than as a scholar. A witness had occasion to refer to the testimony of a man who had died recently, and he spoke of him frequently as “the defunct.”

Annoyed at the constant repetition of a word which he did not understand, the bailie petulantly said—

“What’s the use o’ your speaking sae muckle about this man ‘Defunct’? Canna ye bring him here, and let him speak for himsel’?”

“The defunct’s dead, my lord,” replied the witness.

“Oh! puir man, that alters the case,” said the sage administrator of the law.

THE DEAD BELL.

Among other omens to which faithful credit is given among the Scottish peasantry, is what is called the "dead bell," explained by James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, to be that tinkling in the ears which the country people regard as the secret intelligence of some friend's decease.

SEALS AND MUSIC.

It is affirmed by the Highlanders that the seal is fond of music, and that the bagpipe is often employed to allure him within reach of gunshot; and it is not certain that this is a vulgar error. One fine day in August, when the sea was perfectly calm, being upon Loch Linnhe in a boat in which was a piper, and a seal appearing at a distance, going in a different direction, a Highland gentleman undertook to recall him, and bring him up in the wake of the boat. The boat advanced slowly; the piper played; and the seal almost immediately changed his course, and followed for nearly two miles. The gentleman then ordered the rowers to push on with all their might for a little space, then rest upon their oars. The seal swam lustily, and seemed so taken up with the music as not to perceive that the boat had stopped, and soon came so near, that he was fired at, at about half-shot distance. He dived, and did not come to the surface again; from which it was concluded that he was mortally wounded, as, in such a case, he is said to dive to the bottom, and roll himself up in the sea-weed till he dies, *that the hunter may not get his skin and blubber!*

THE ST KILDA CLOCK.

The islanders know the time of day

by the motion of the sun from one hill or rock to another; upon either of these the sun is observed to appear at different times; and when the sun doth not appear, they measure the day by the ebbing and flowing of the sea.—*Martin.*

A WAR-LOVING BISHOP.

David de Moravia, bishop of Moray, and founder of the Scots College at Paris, preached to the people of his diocese, "That in the peril of his soul he esteemed it equally meritorious to rise in arms against the King of England, in the cause of Bruce, as to engage in a crusade for the recovery of the Holy Land from the Saracens."

BOTH SIDES OF THE QUESTION.

A friendly attempt to prevail upon a sorsie lass to wed a very decent but poverty-stricken man, was closed with the sentimental argument—

"Meg, ye ken the auld saying, 'Marry for love and work for siller.'"

"Ah, but friends," replied Meg, "d'ye no mind the ither saying, that 'poortiith's ill to dree;' and a kiss in the morning tae a tinniefu' o' cauld water maks but a wersh breakfast?"

SPELLING MADE EASY.

Mr Khull, long a respectable printer in Glasgow, was greatly annoyed by a stupid apprentice who would not learn to spell, despite all the efforts made to drive this very necessary branch of education into his head. At length came a climax. One day he presented such a "dirty" proof that his master could stand it no longer. Taking his spectacles from his nose, he thus addressed the offending "devil"—

"Laddie, ye'll just gang hame the

night, and tell your mother to boil down *Fulton and Knight's Dictionary* in sweet milk, and take it to your supper; for it seems to me there's nae other way o' driving spelling into you!"

AN ACCOMMODATING BAILIE.

"For being drunk and disorderly, you are fined ten shillings," said a Glasgow magistrate to a prisoner at the bar.

"Ten shillings!" exclaimed the culprit. "Bailie, you're surely no in earnest. What's to come o' my wife and weans?—they maun starve or beg."

"Weel, weel, I'll make it seven and sixpence, and no a farthing less," said the bailie, so far yielding to the appeal.

"Oh, bailie, just think what seven and sixpence is to a pair man in thae hard times. An' there's no a grain o' meal in the hoose, nor as muckle coal as would mak a fire if there was," once more urged the drouthy one.

"Make it five shillings, then," said the good-natured judge; "and though ye were the king on the throne, I wouldna let you off cheaper."

"Weel, bailie," said the cunning scoundrel, "Mary and me, and the weans maun submit;" and as he said this, he added in an audible undertone, "'Blessed is he that considereth the poor.'"

This softened still more the heart of the bailie, and he said, "Weel, then, half-a-crown, and done wi't."

At which low figure the culprit felt afraid to press for a further reduction, and accepted the decision.

"ROUGH-FOOTED SCOTS."

The *trogue* of the Highlanders was made of half-dried leather, with holes

to admit and let out the water; for walking the moors dry-shod was a matter altogether out of the question. The ancient buskin was still ruder, being made of the undressed deer's hide, with the hair outwards, a circumstance which procured the Highlanders the well-known epithet of *Red-shanks*. The process is very accurately described by one Eldar (himself a Highlander), in the project for a union between England and Scotland, addressed to Henry VIII. "We go a hunting, and after that we have slain red-deer we flay off the skin by and by, and setting of our barefoot on the inside thereof, for want of cunning shoemakers, by your grace's pardon, we play the cobblers, compassing and measuring so much thereof as shall reach up to our ankles, pricking the upper part thereof with holes, that the water may repossess where it enters, and stretching it up with a strong thong of the same above our said ankles. So, and please your noble grace, we make our shoes. Therefore, we using such manner of shoes, the rough hairy side outwards, in your grace's dominions of England, we be called *Rough-footed Scots*."

NO NEED OF PREPARATION.

A poor and industrious woman, near Falkirk, was "sair fashed wi' a gude-fornathing ne'er-do-weel o' a man," who often sorely tried her patience. On one occasion he had annoyed her beyond measure, which exasperated her to such an extent that she said to him—

"De'il tak ye, I wish you were in the yird. I'm sure the hoose would be weel quat o' ye."

"I wish I was ready, woman," said he, "for I dinna get muckle sympathy here."

"Ready, say ye! Ready!" replied

the gudewife, "ye're ready eneuch. Just gae wa' as ye are!"

HOW TO MAKE UP AN ARMY.

It was a saying of Lord Tyrawley, at a period when the contests between nations were decided by much smaller numbers than by the immense masses which have taken the field of late years, that to constitute the *beau-ideal* of an army, a general should take ten thousand fasting Scotchmen, ten thousand Englishmen after a hearty dinner, and ten thousand Irishmen who have just swallowed their second bottle.

A DEAD WATCH.

A Highlander, under Viscount Dundee, had gained a watch as his share of the spoils of the vanquished. Unacquainted with its use, he listened with equal surprise and pleasure to the ticking sound with which his new acquisition amused him; after a few hours the watch ran down, the noise ceased, and the dispirited owner, looking on the toy no longer with any satisfaction, determined to conceal the misfortune which had befallen it, and to dispose of it to the first person who offered him a trifle in exchange. He soon met with a customer, but at parting he could not conceal his triumph, and exultingly exclaimed—

"She's not got such a bargain; she died last night!"

MURDERED MUSIC.

A skilful amateur musician in the west, having had his attention called to a *new* piece of music which was then all the fashion, desired to be furnished with a copy. A glance showed the experienced fiddler that it was simply

an old piece re-arranged and re-christened; and, as he thought, spoiled in both. On being asked what he thought of it, he indignantly replied—

"Na, na, it's no a new composition. It's discomposed, it's murdered; and it's no only murdered, but they have even ca'd its very ghost a nickname!"

THE ST CLAIRS OF ROSLIN.

The St Clairs are of Norman extraction, being descended from William de St Clair, second son of Walderne Compte de St Clair, and Margaret, daughter to Richard Duke of Normandy. He was called, for his fair deportment, the Seemly St Clair, and settling in Scotland during the reign of Malcolm Canmore, obtained large grants of land in Midlothian. These domains were increased by the liberality of succeeding monarchs to the descendants of the family, and comprehended the baronies of Roslin, Pentland, Cousland, Cardaine, and several others. It is said that a large addition was obtained from Robert Bruce on the following occasion. The king, in following the chase upon Pentland hills, had often started a "white faunch deer," which had always escaped his hounds; and he asked the nobles, who were assembled around him, whether any of them had dogs which they thought might be more successful. No courtier would affirm that his hounds were fleetier than those of the king, until Sir William St Clair, of Roslin, unceremoniously said he would wager his head that his two favourite dogs, "Help" and "Hold," would kill the deer before she could cross the March burn. The king instantly caught at his unwary offer, and betted the forest of Pentland moor against the life of Sir William St Clair. All the hounds were tied up, except a few ratches, or slow-hounds, to put up the deer. Sir William St Clair,

posting himself in the best situation for slipping his dogs, prayed devoutly to Christ, the blessed Virgin, and St Katherine. The deer was shortly after roused, and the hounds slipped; Sir William following on a gallant steed to cheer his dogs. The hind, however, reached the middle of the brook, upon which the hunter threw himself from his horse in despair. At this critical moment, however, Hold stopped her in the brook; and Help coming up, turned her back, and killed her on Sir William's side. The king descended from the hill, embraced Sir William, and bestowed on him the lands of Kirkton, Logan House, Earncraig, &c., in free forestrie. Sir William, in acknowledgment of St Katherine's intercession, built the chapel of St Katherine in the Hopes, the churchyard of which is still to be seen. The hill from which Robert Bruce beheld this memorable chase is still called the King's Hill, and the place where Sir William hunted is called the Knight's Field.

A RECRUITING SERGEANT'S APPEAL.

When a party of one of the Highland regiments was recruiting at Paisley during the French war, the sergeant in charge was a thoroughgoing specimen of the true born Highlander. His usual harangue to his gaping audience was as follows:—

"Noo, then, my praw lads, come awa', and list in this auld bauld corpps—often tried, but never found failin'—and called the Twa-and-Forty Royal Highlandman's feet and Black Watches. It is commanded by His Royal Grace, Prince Frederick, King o' the Highlands, and Emperor of all the Europes in Scotland. And she'll give you the praw claes and the muckle bounty!" He would then flourish a bundle of bank notes, which rarely failed to glamour a

recruit, on which he would count out his houny, saying—

"There, my praw lad—sax and twa's ten—awa' wi' ye, noo, you tanned scoonrel!"

A HIGHLAND ORDER.

Two Highland drovers having done a good day's marketing with their "queys," resolved to do the genteel thing for once, and entered a hotel in Glasgow for the purpose. On the waiter appearing he was ordered "to bring a pig twa-shill stoup o' ta pest dooble rum, and two lichtit white candles, shust in a moment too."

ALEXANDER LEIGHTON.

Alexander Leighton was born in Edinburgh in 1568, and educated in the university of that city, under the direction of the pious and learned Rollock. In 1603, he took the degree of M.A., and was appointed professor of moral philosophy in his own college, a place which he enjoyed till the laurea-tion of his class in 1613. At that time he went to London, and procured a lectureship, which he enjoyed till 1629, when he wrote two books, the one entitled *Zion's Plea*, and the other *The Looking-glass of the Holy War*. In the former book, he spoke not only with freedom, but with rudeness and indecency, against bishops, calling them "men of blood," and saying, "that we do not read of a greater persecution and higher indignities done towards God's people in any nation than in this, since the days of Queen Elizabeth." He called the pre-lacy of the church Antichristian, and declaimed vehemently against the canons and ceremonies. This brought him under the vengeance of the Star Chamber, and a more cruel sentence was probably never pro-

nounced or executed. After receiving sentence, he made his escape, but was soon retaken, and brought back to London. Historians have recorded the manner of his shocking punishment in these words:—

“1. He was severely whipped before he was put in the pillory.

“2. Being set in the pillory, he had one of his ears cut off.

“3. One side of his nose was slit.

“4. He was branded on the cheek with a red-hot iron, with the letters S S (sower of sedition). On that day seven-night, his sores upon his back, ear, nose, and face being not yet cured, he was whipped again at the pillory in Cheapside, and had the remainder of his sentence executed upon him, by cutting off the other ear, slitting the other side of his nose, and branding the other cheek.”

This happened in 1630. It is said that when he received sentence Archbishop Laud took off his hat and returned thanks to God.

MRS BIRSE AND JONATHON TAWSE.

It was to Jonathon Tawse that the goodwife of Clinkstyle took her youngest son Benjie, with the view of his ad-dicting himself to the profession of the law. She had unfolded to the dominie her plans regarding the future of the young man, and wished his advice as to the requisite curriculum of study.

“Ou, weel,” said Jonathon, “we’ll jist hae to set him on for the regular coorse in classics.”

“I wudna won’er,” answered the goodwife; “an’ foo many classes will he hae to gae throu’ syne?—ye ken he’s i’ the foort class, an’ complete maister o’ the muckle spell-buik, ‘cep some unco kittle words, t’s nain fader can mak naething o’.”

“Hoot-toot-toot, ye’re wrang i’ the up-tak—it’s classics—nae classes. Mair plainly, an’ he war a wee thing better grun’it in English—through *Mason’s Collection* maybe—we maun pit him to Latin, an’ so on.”

“Dis lawvvyers need muckle o’t noo?”

“The mair the better whan they want to bamboozle simple fowk,” said the dominie. “Like Davie Lindsay’s carman, that gat’s grey mare droon’t when he ran to the coort:—

“They gave me first ane thing they call *citantum*,

Within aucht days I gat but *libellandum*;

Within ane month I gat *ad opponendum*;

In half ane year I gat *inter loquendum*,

An’ syne I gat—how call you it?—*ad repli-*

candum;

But I cud never ane word yet understand

him.”

“Keep me, Maister Tawse! ye’ve sic a heid o’ leernin yersel’! I dinna believe but ye cud mak up a prent buik an’ ye war to try.”—*Johnny Gibb*.

THE QUEEN OF TERRORS.

An old man who had long lived with a termagant of a wife lay at the point of death. A minister attended upon him to perform the duties of his sacred office, and urged upon the dying man the importance of preparing for the eternal journey on which he was so soon to start. His hearer being rather indifferent to the good counsel which was being offered to him, the clergyman struck a higher and more alarming note, and described the awful ordeal of entering into the presence of the King of Terrors, &c., when his protégée replied in a tone of quiet resignation—

“Sir, I hae lived sax-and-thirty years wi’ the Queen of Terrors, and I’m no sley’d for the King o’ them. He canna be waur than her!”

EARL DOUGLAS THE TINEMAN.

Archibald, third Earl of Douglas, was so unfortunate in all his enterprises, that he acquired the epithet of *The Tineman*, because he *tined* or lost his followers in every battle which he fought. He was vanquished in the bloody battle of Homildon-hill, near Wooler, where he himself lost an eye, and was made prisoner by Hotspur. He was no less unfortunate when allied with Percy, being wounded and taken at the battle of Shrewsbury. He was so unsuccessful in an attempt to besiege Roxburgh Castle, that it was called the *Foul Raid*, or disgraceful expedition. His ill fortune left him indeed at the battle of Beaugé, in France; but it was only to return with double force at the subsequent action of Vernoi, the last and most unlucky of his encounters, in which he fell, with the flower of the Scottish chivalry, then serving as auxiliaries in France, and about two thousand common soldiers, A. D. 1424.

WALLACE AND THE LAGGARD.

A sure way of stopping the bloodhound, when in pursuit of fugitives, was to spill blood upon the track, which destroyed the discriminating fineness of his scent. A captive was sometimes sacrificed on such occasions. Henry the minstrel tells a romantic story of Wallace, founded on this circumstance. The hero's little band had been joined by an Irishman, named Fawdon, or Fadzean, a dark, savage, and suspicious character. After a sharp skirmish at Black-Erne Side, Wallace was forced to retreat with only sixteen followers. The English pursued with a border *sleuth-bratch*, or bloodhound. In the retreat Fawdon, tired, or affecting to be so, would go no farther: Wallace, having in vain argued with him, in hasty anger struck off his head, and

continued the retreat. When the English came up, their hound stayed upon the dead body.

A SILENT COURTSHIP.

A west country servant girl who was thought to be well pleased with her situation, one day surprised her mistress by suddenly giving up her place. The lady asked the reason for such an unexpected resignation, when she received the answer she might have expected—

"Oh, mem, I'm gaun to be married."

"Oh, indeed, Maggie; I'm glad to hear it. And who is to be your husband?" said the mistress.

"Ou, he's a nice lad—he sits in the kirk forment me," replied Maggie.

"And when is it to be?" was the next question.

"I dinna ken, mem."

"What! you dinna ken when you're to be married, and giving up your place?" exclaimed the mistress in surprise.

"Ye see mem," answered the simple girl, "I have never spoken to him, but we've been lang acquent,—he's been lookin' sair, sair at me this while back, and I think he'll sune be speakin'!"

ST SERF.

St Serf, or Sanctus Servanus the Confessor, is said to have lived in a hermitage in the island of St Serf, in Lochleven, where the monastery was afterwards erected. Legends about him are given by Winton in his *Chronicle*. He is said to have performed miracles, and in particular to have raised persons from the dead:

"In Tillicovltry til a wyf,
Twa sons he raiset fra ded te lyf."

But his most extraordinary miracle was performed on the occasion of the

theft of a favourite ram, that was accustomed to accompany him. The thief on suspicion was brought to the saint ; but having denied the crime, and offered to take an oath of his innocence, the ram which he had killed and eaten bleated out of his belly, and convicted him of the offence. Winton thus tells the story—

“ This holy man had a ram,
That he fed up of a lam ;
And oysit him til folow ay
Quhenever he passit in his way.
A theyf this scheppe in Ackham stal,
And et hym up in pecis smalle.
Quhen Sanct Serf his ram had myst,
Quha that it stal was few that wist,
On presumption, nevertheless,
He that stal it arestyt was ;
And til Sanct Serf syne was he broucht,
That scheppe he said that he stal noucht ;
And tharfor, for to swer an athe,
He said that he wolde nocht be laythe ;
But sone he werthit red for schayme ;
The scheppe that bletyt in his wayme.
Swa was he tynctyt schaymfuly,
And at Sanct Serf askyt mercy.”

BEACONS.

The Border Beacons, from their number and position, formed a sort of telegraphic communication with Edinburgh. An act of parliament passed in 1455 directs that one bale or fagot shall be warning of the approach of the English in any manner ; two bales, that they are *coming indeed* ; four bales, blazing beside each other, that the enemy are in great force.

“ The same taikenings to be watched and maid at Eggerhope Castell, fra they se the fire of Hume, that they fire right swa. And in like manner on Sowtra Edge, sall se the fire of Eggerhope Castell, and mak taikening in like maner : And then may all Louthaine be warned, and in special the Castell of Edinburgh ; and their four fires to be maid in like maner, that they in Fife, and fra Striviling east, and the east part

of Louthiane, and to Dunbar, all may se them, and come to the defense of the realme.” These beacons were “ a long and strong tree set up, with a long iron pole across the head of it, and an iron brander fixed on a stalk in the middle of it, for holding a tar-barrel.”

THE SQUARE AND THE DISTANCE.

A well-known teacher of mathematics who resided in George Square, Glasgow, was one night going home in a cogitating mood ; and, in his abstraction, he several times passed his own door. A humorous friend who had observed him all the time, at length went up to him, and asked “ whether he was calculating the distance of the square or the square of the distance ? ” This broke the spell, and the mathematician soon found himself at his own fireside.

ROBERT BAYNE'S STRATAGEM.

In the autumn of 1746, a party, consisting of a corporal and eight soldiers, marching north to Inverness, after passing Tummel Bridge, halted on the road side, and placed their arms against a large stone, some yards behind them ; Robert Bayne observed the soldiers, and the manner in which they disposed of their arms. This, as he said, was a good opportunity to make a dash at his old friends, the *seidar dearg*, or red coat soldiers, whom he had met at Glads-muir, Falkirk, and Culloden. None of his neighbours were at home to assist him, but he sallied out by himself, armed with his gun, pistols, and broadsword ; and proceeding with great caution, got close to the party undiscovered, when he made a sudden spring, and placed himself between the soldiers and their guns. Brandishing his sword in one hand, and pointing his gun with the other, he called out to

them, in broken English, to surrender instantly, or he would call his party, who were in the wood behind, and would kill them all. The soldiers were so alarmed and taken by surprise, that they permitted the man to carry off their arms, for the purpose of delivering them, as he said, to his companions in the wood. He quickly returned, and desiring the soldiers to follow him quietly, else those in the wood would be out, he conducted them to Tummel Bridge Inn, where he left them, and repairing to the wood took possession of the arms as the fair spoils of war. The soldiers soon discovered the truth, and hurried back to recover their arms, and to get hold of the man who, by his address, had thus disgraced them, but he took care to place himself and his prize out of danger; and when the soldiers reached Inverness they were tried and punished for the loss of their arms.

FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.

Campbell of Glenlyon lived to a good old age, and died a natural death, in the midst of the relations and friends of the M'Donalds of Glencoe, in whose massacre he had acted an infamous part. In 1745, when the Highland army was encamped in the neighbourhood of the house of the Earl of Stair, whose father had been the chief author and orderer of that massacre, and who himself commanded a regiment in the king's service, Prince Charles, apprehensive of some outrage from the Glencoe men, sent a guard to protect the earl's house. The M'Donalds immediately quitted the camp; and although at that time utter ruin must have been the certain consequence of a separation from the army, they were with great difficulty prevailed upon to return, so strong was their virtuous indignation at being thought capable of a cowardly

revenge, and visiting the iniquities of the father upon the children!

TRADITION TO ORDER.

It is singular how tradition, which is sometimes a sure guide to truth, is, in other cases, prone to mislead us. In the celebrated field of battle at Killiecrankie, the traveller is struck with one of those rugged pillars of rough stone, which indicate the scenes of former conflict. A friend of the author, well acquainted with the circumstances of the battle, was standing near this large stone, and looking on the scene around, when a Highland shepherd hurried down from the hill to offer his services as cicerone, and proceeded to inform him that Dundee was slain at that stone, which was raised to his memory.

"Fie, Donald," answered my friend, "how can you tell such a story to a stranger? I am sure you know well enough that Dundee was killed at a considerable distance from this place, near the House of Fascalley, and that this stone was here long before the battle, in 1688."

"Oich! oich!" said Donald, no way abashed, "and your honour's in the right, and I see you ken a' about it. And he wasna killed on the spot neither, but lived till the next morning; but a' the Saxon gentlemen like best to hear he was killed at the great stane."—*Sir Walter Scott.*

NECROMANCY AND SHADOWS.

Padua was long supposed by the Scottish peasants to be the principal school of necromancy. The Earl of Gowrie, slain at Perth, in 1600, pretended, during his studies in Italy, to have acquired some knowledge of the cabala, by which he said he could charm snakes and work other miracles; and,

in particular, could produce children without the intercourse of the sexes.

The shadow of a necromancer was thought to be independent of the sun. The vulgar conceived that when a class of students made a certain progress in their mystic studies, they were obliged to run through a subterraneous hall, where the devil literally caught the hindmost in the race, unless he crossed the hall so speedily that the arch-enemy could only apprehend his shadow. In the latter case, the person of the sage never after threw any shade; and those who thus *lost their shadow* always proved the best magicians.

ELSPETH GLENDINNING'S HALLOWE'EN.

Said Tibb, "but anent the Hallowe'en?"

"Aweel, aweel, I had mair joes than ane, but I favoured nane o' them; and sae, at Hallowe'en, Father Nicolas, the cellarer—he was cellarer before this father, Father Clement, that now is—was cracking his nuts and drinking his brown beer with us, and as blythe as might be, and they would have me to try a cantrip to ken wha suld wed me; and the monk said there was nae ill in it, and if there was, he would assoil me for it. And wha but I into the barn to winnow my three weights o' naething—sair, sair my mind forgave me for fear of wrang-doing and wrang-suffering bath; but I had aye a bauld spirit. I had not winnowed the last weight clean out, and the moon was shining bright upon the floor, when in stalked the presence of my dear Simon Glendinning, that is now happy. I never saw him plainer in my life than I did that moment; he held up an arrow as he passed me, and I swarf'd awa' wi' fright. Muckle wark there was to bring me to mysel' again, and sair they tried to make me believe it was a trick of Father Nicolas and Simon between

them, and that the arrow was to signify Cupid's shaft, as the Father called it; and mony a time Simon wad threep it to me after I was married—gude man, he liked not it should be said that he was seen out o' the body! But mark the end o' it, Tibb; we were married, and the grey-goose wing was the death o' him after a'."

"As it has been of ower many brave men," said Tibb; "I wish there wasna sic a bird as a goose in the wide warld, forbye the clecking that we hae at the burnside."—*Sir Walter Scott.*

A RULING ELDER.

The Rev. Mr Risk, of Dalserf, was rather opinionative, and held peculiar views on the question of presbyteries and kirk-sessions. In fact, as regards the latter, he abhorred them, and discharged all the duties which generally fall upon that body himself, not, however, entirely to the satisfaction of the whole of his congregation.

One day, when riding from home, his horse was followed, unknown to its rider, by a strayed bull-stirk. A dissentient member of Mr Risk's observed the circumstance, and as the minister passed him, he said—

"I'm glad to see ye gaun to the presbytery, sir."

"I'm no gaun there, William; what maks ye think that?" replied Mr Risk.

"Oh, I'm vext I'm mista'en, sir. I thocht ye was, because ye had your ruling elder wi' ye," said William, slyly pointing to the stirk behind.

SOLAN THIEVES.

We arrived at St Kilda, and put in under the hollow of an extraordinary high rock, to the north of this isle, which was all covered with a prodigious number of Solan geese, hatching in their

nests. The heavens were darkened by those flying above our heads; their excrements were in such quantity that they gave a tincture to the sea, and, at the same time, sullied our boat and clothes. Two of them confirmed the truth of what has been frequently reported, of their stealing from one another grass wherewith to make their nests, by affording us the following and very agreeable diversion, and 'twas thus:—

One of them, finding his neighbour's nest without the fowl, lays hold upon the opportunity, and steals from it as much grass as he could conveniently carry, taking his flight towards the ocean; from thence he returns, after a short time, as if he had made a foreign purchase; but it does not pass for such, as fate would have it, for the owner discovered the fact before this thief got out of sight, and being too nimble for his cunning, waits his return, all armed with fury, engages him desperately; this bloody battle was fought above our heads, and proved fatal to the thief, who fell dead so near our boat that our men took him up, and presently dressed and ate him, which they reckoned as an omen and prognostic of good success in this voyage.—*Martin.*

A COGENT REASON.

Two drouthy weavers having exhausted their funds in their jollification resolved to wish each other good-night, but were at a loss how to procure the necessary *deoch an dorius*. They came to a public-house, and one said to the other—

“Gang in there, Peter, and see if they'll gie's credit for a gill.”

“In there? they dinna ken me—they'll no gie to me. Gang in yoursel', ye're far better acquent, John.”

“It wad be useless, Peter,” was the sensible reply of John; “I'm ower weel kent in there.” The two had to part “dry-mouthed.”

ANCIENT CALEDONIAN ARMOUR.

Tacitus describes the Caledonians under Galgacus, at the great battle near Stonehaven, as having long swords, and targets of small dimensions. The targets were composed of osiers, or of boards, covered with leather. They had the address to elude the missive weapons of the Romans, and at the same time to discharge a thick volley of their own. In close combat, their small targets were a very imperfect defence, and their unwieldy swords, not sharpened to a point, were not calculated to do much execution. They made use of armed chariots. Xiphilin says, they had a ball filled with pieces of metal at the end of their lances, in order to make a noise when engaged with cavalry. They used bows and arrows, made of reeds, with a point made of flint or of bone, sharpened to an acute edge. Their arrows were carried in a quiver made of osiers. They had spears and javelins of long bones, worn to a point. From the Phœnicians and Romans, the inhabitants of Britain soon learned to make weapons of hard metals.

SIR WALTER SCOTT ON HIS OWN MOTTOES.

The scraps of poetry which have been in most cases tacked to the beginning of chapters in these *Novels*, are sometimes quoted either from reading or from memory, but, in the general case, are pure invention. I found it too troublesome to turn to the collection of the British Poets to discover apposite mottoes, and, in the situation of the theatrical mechanist, who when the white paper which represented his shower of snow was exhausted, continued his storm by snowing brown, I drew on my memory as long as I could,

and, when that failed, eked it out with invention. I believe that in some cases, where actual names are affixed to the supposed quotations, it would be to little purpose to seek them in the works of the authors referred to. In some cases I have been entertained when Dr Watts and other graver authors have been ransacked in vain for stanzas for which the novelist alone was responsible.

A BOLD PROVOST.

In 1746, on the Pretender's return from his expedition into England, and arrival at Glasgow, he sent for the provost, and demanded a list of all those who had subscribed money to raise troops against him, threatening to hang them. The provost refused to give any list, but told the Pretender that he himself had subscribed more than any other person, and was not afraid to die in such a cause.

RUN-RIG IN MORAY.

In the county of Elgin, on account of the feuds, it was not deemed safe that the Gordons should have lands by themselves, but should have dwellings promiscuously amongst other inhabitants, and have ridge about—alternate ridges. The clans were thus prevented burning the corn-fields, as they could not burn those of their enemies without destroying those of their friends.

LEGEND OF THE CHURCH OF DEER.

When the workmen were engaged in erecting the ancient church of Old Deer, in Aberdeenshire, upon a small hill called Bissan (Biffie), they were surprised to find that the work was impeded by supernatural obstacles. At last, the spirit of the river was heard to say;—

“It is not here, it is not here,
That ye shall build the church of Deer;
But on Taptillery,
Where many a corpse shall lie.”

The site of the edifice was accordingly transferred to Taptillery, an eminence at some distance from the place where the building had been commenced.

BOAS AND BOYS.

One stormy day, in a small country town, a lady lost her boa, and immediately set about making her misfortune known by ordering the bellman to make public intimation. This functionary was not a bright genius; and if there was anything that he knew less about than another it was boas. He had not the slightest doubt in his own mind but that the article lost was a wee laddie, so to render the chances of recovery doubly sure, he sagely remarked—

“Div ye no think, mem, that it wad be as weel for me to say what kind o' claes the callant had on?”

“DUST AND GREY MEAL.”

John Braedine, in Kilbirnie, was called before the presbytery of Irvine in 1647, for calling his minister's doctrines *Dust and Grey Meal!* and was ordained, first, to make confession of his fault on his knees in presence of the presbytery; and also before his own congregation, in the place of public repentance.

A BLIND FISHERMAN.

Alexander Main of Nairn became blind, almost from an infant; yet notwithstanding the total want of sight, he followed the employment of a fisherman, with almost as much skill and success as if he had been blessed with

the enjoyment of the powers of vision. He took his place in the boat, and handled the oar, and what was more extraordinary, he could guide the helm. By a peculiar sensibility, he could tell when a breeze was coming, and even give directions for taking in sail five minutes before it was known to any one else in the boat. This probably arose from a sensation experienced by a tremulous motion in the water, which is more rapid than the air, and precedes it, and which he, from his attention not being called off to other objects, acquired a tact of perceiving. This man assisted in managing the nets, and could bait and put out his long line of five hundred hooks, attached as skilfully as any other man; he could bait his lines, take off the fish, and could, at the conclusion of the fishery, arrange his line in preparation for the labours of another day, with as much neatness and dexterity as any of his brother fishermen.

AN ORDINATION DINNER.

“Jamie!” cried Mains of Yawal, “fat’s that makin’ sic a reerie amo’ the stirks doon i’ the Shallhowe? Seerly the tod, or a set o’ cairds rinking aboot the pumphel. Rin awa’ doon, man, an’ see fat’s oonsattlin the beasts fae their lair.”

He was a “notionate” old fellow the elder Mains of Yawal, and would be obeyed. So when Jamie went down till he had a full command of a point a little beyond where his father could see to, what should he behold but a gentleman in white neckcloth, with his hat far back on his head, and seated on horseback, completely locked into the corner of the lower field among the growing corn. He had deliberately ridden off the road in at the “yett;” there could be no doubt that the rider was responsible for this aberration and

not the horse; and after traversing the field in various directions to the infinite astonishment of Mains of Yawal’s stirks, who had some dim notion evidently that the proceeding was not in proper ecclesiastical form, he had got as it were jammed into the “neuk” of the field. There the rider, who, on finding further progress impossible, had been thrown back on the previous proceedings, was hilariously reciting part of a speech he had delivered at the manse that day, and the horse was occupying his time by nibbling grass off the top of the “feal-dyke.” Our young farmer, who knew perfectly well the name and local habitation of the reverend brother of the presbytery who had been caught straying in this odd fashion, was naturally incensed, and rated his “obfuscated” reverence severely for “blandin the corn” in such an unwarrantable fashion. And his reverence, in tones of serene contentment, replied—

“Ho-ot, min, hoot; jist lead ye my horsie oot; I’ll pay all damages. We hae-na or-dination dinners every day, min’ ye!”—*Johnny Gibb.*

KILLING AND SETTLING.

The Rev. Mr Thom, a former minister of Govan, and a wag in his way, was once appointed by the presbytery to assist at the induction of a young man, of whose talents he did not entertain a very high opinion. On his return home, late in the evening, he met a friend, who asked him “whaur he had been?”

Mr Thom told him.

“And did you,” said his friend, “ride your pair auld mear a’ that road and back again?—you’ll kill the pair beast.”

“An’ if it should, John,” replied the minister, “it’ll be only killing ae beast by settling anither.”

THE FIRE-PENNY.

There was but one steel and tinder-box in all the commonwealth, the owner whereof failed not upon every occasion of striking fire in the lesser isles, to exact three eggs, or one of the lesser fowls from each, as a reward for his services; this was called the "fire-penny." As this capitation was very uneasy to them, I bid them try their crystal with their knives, which they did, and were not a little astonished at the strangeness of the thing. This discovery, considering the quantity of crystal growing under the rock of their coast, delivered them from the fire-penny tax.—*Martin.*

THROUGH, NOT BUSY.

A gentleman passing along a road saw a girl in a neighbouring potato field taking a rest by leaning with her arms folded on the top of her hoe.

"Well," said he, "Peggy, you are very busy."

"Na, na, sir, ye're wrang there," answered Peggy, "the deil's bizzie—I am only thurang."

MARGINAL REFERENCES.

Mr Bell, a dissenting minister in Glasgow, was supping one night with a rather stingy friend. When the toddy was placed on the table, only a small quantity was mixed: indeed the bowl was not half filled. The host then introduced an extensive conversation, in order, it is thought, to lessen the consumption of the "brew." Among other subjects, he spoke about what he called the extravagant method of printing books, large type, broad margins, &c., when Mr Bell observed—

"Weel, I am perfectly o' your opinion in that matter; and for my part, I neither

like to see broad margins about types, nor in the inside o' toddy bowls!"

PLUNDER OF CATTLE.

The great scale on which this was done will appear from a decree in council of King James IV. :—

"That Huchone Ross, of Kilrawok, and his son, shall restore, content, and pay to Mr Alexander Urquhart, sheriff of Cromarty, and his tenants, the following items, carried off by them and their accomplices—

	s.	d.
600 Cows, price of each . . .	13	4
5 Score horses, each . . .	26	8
50 Score sheep, each . . .	2	0
20 Score goats, each . . .	2	0
200 Swine, each . . .	3	0
20 Score bolls of victual, each boll	6	8

This decree will show the proportion of the different kinds of stock then kept in the country.

A SAGACIOUS DOG.

When Smellie published his *Philosophy of Natural History*, there was a dog belonging to a grocer in Edinburgh, who amused and astonished the people in the neighbourhood. A man who went through the streets ringing a bell and selling penny pies, happened to treat the dog one day with a pie. The next time he heard the pieman's bell, he ran to him and seized him by the coat, and would not suffer him to pass. The pieman, who understood what the animal wanted, shewed him a penny, and pointed to his master, who stood out at the door, and saw what was going on. The dog immediately supplicated his master, with many humble gestures and looks. The master put a penny into the dog's mouth, which he instantly delivered to the pieman, and received his pie. This traffic between the pieman and the grocer's dog was transacted daily for many months.

MUTINY AND FIDELITY.

In the year 1795 a serious disturbance broke out in Glasgow among the Bread-albane Fencibles. Several men having been confined, and threatened with corporal punishment, considerable discontent and irritation were excited among their comrades, which increased to such violence that, when some men were confined in the guard-house, a great proportion of the regiment rushed out and forcibly released the prisoners. This violation of military discipline was not to be passed over, and accordingly measures were immediately taken to secure the ringleaders. But so many were equally concerned that it was difficult, if not impossible, to fix the crime on any, as being more prominently guilty. And here was shown a trait of character worthy of a better cause, and which originated from a feeling alive to the disgrace of a degrading punishment. The soldiers being made sensible of the nature of their misconduct, and the consequent necessity of public example, *several men voluntarily offered themselves to stand trial*, and suffer the sentence of the law, as an atonement for the whole. These men were accordingly marched to Edinburgh Castle, tried, and four condemned to be shot. Three of them were afterwards reprieved, and the fourth, Alexander Sutherland, was shot on Musselburgh sands.—*Stewart.*

THE PIN OR IRON RASP.

The pin, rendered interesting by the figure which it makes in Scottish song, was formed of a small rod of iron, twisted or notched, which was placed perpendicularly, standing out a little from the door; and bore a small ring of the same metal, which an applicant for admittance drew rapidly up and down the *nicks*, so as to produce a

grating sound. Sometimes the rod was simply stretched across the *vizzying* hole, a convenient aperture through which the porter could take cognizance of the person applying; in which case it acted also as a stanchion. These were almost all disused about ninety years ago, when knockers were generally substituted as more genteel. But knockers at that time did not long remain in repute, though they have never been altogether superseded, even by bells, in the old town. The comparative merit of knockers and pins was for a long time a subject of doubt, and many knockers got their heads twisted off in the course of the dispute.—*Robert Chambers.*

PRESBYTERIANISM AND EPISCOPACY.

These two modes of ecclesiastical rule, after the Reformation, had alternately the authority of law. Presbyterianism prevailed from 1660 to 1672, when a nominal episcopacy was set up by the Regent Morton, to enable himself and his followers to get the bishops' revenues, by means of nominal, or Tulchan bishops. From 1592 to 1610 was pure presbyterianism. From 1610 to 1638 was episcopacy. From 1638 to 1662 was pure presbyterianism. For twenty-eight years, from 1662 to 1690, during a period of terrible persecution, episcopacy was maintained by military power. Since 1690 presbyterianism has been the established religion in Scotland.

ELF-SHOT.

The heads of arrows, made of flints, formerly in use before the introduction of iron, are still occasionally found. They are believed by the common people to have been shot by the elves or fairies, and to occasion diseases in cattle. They are used as charms against

magic. The difficulty of executing such beautiful forms as the weapon commonly possesses must have been very great.

PAISLEY AT A DISCOUNT.

Jamie Ryburn, an eccentric character in the west of Scotland, had a most inveterate prejudice against Paisley, which he called a "toun fu' o' naething but pirns and puir folk." He used to say, "I wad rather be hanged in Glasgow than dee a nat'ral death in Paisley."

A ROYAL FOOL.

King James I. gave all manner of liberty and encouragement to the exercise of buffoonery, and he took great delight in it himself. Happening one day to bear somewhat hard on one of his Scotch courtiers, "By my saul," returns the peer, "he that made your majesty a king spoiled the best fool in Christendom." This may at first sight appear an insult, but was in reality a compliment. The *fools* at the courts of sovereigns were generally selected for their wit and talents, and to be the *best* fool in Christendom was no small distinction.

THE KNIGHT OF LIDDESDALE.

William Douglas, called the Knight of Liddesdale, flourished during the reign of David II., and was so distinguished for his valour that he was called the Flower of Chivalry. Nevertheless he tarnished his renown by the cruel murder of Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie, originally his friend and brother in arms. The king had conferred upon Ramsay the sheriffdom of Teviotdale, to which Douglas pretended to have some claim. In revenge of this preference, the Knight of Lid-

desdale came down upon Ramsay, while he was administering justice at Hawick, and seized and carried him off to his remote and inaccessible castle of Hermitage, where he threw his unfortunate prisoner into a dungeon, and left him to perish of hunger. It is said the miserable captive prolonged his existence for several days by the corn which fell from a granary above the vault in which he was confined. So weak was the royal authority that David, although highly incensed at this atrocious murder, found himself obliged to appoint the Knight of Liddesdale successor to his victim as sheriff of Teviotdale. But he was soon after slain while hunting in Ettrick Forest by his own godson and chieftain, William Earl of Douglas, in revenge, according to some authors, of Ramsay's murder; although a popular tradition, preserved in a ballad quoted by Godscroft, and some parts of which are still preserved, ascribes the resentment of the earl to jealousy. The place where the Knight of Liddesdale was killed is called from his name Williams-cross, upon the ridge of a hill called William-hope, between Tweed and Yarrow. His body was carried to Lindean church the first night after his death, and thence to Melrose, where he was interred with great pomp, and where his tomb is still shown.

A CRITIC'S EPITAPH.

The Rev. Mr Crawford, of Lochwinnoch, was proud of his critical knowledge, and was fond of pointing out what he thought to be faults in the writings of commentators and biblical writers. Dining one evening in a company where the Rev. Mr Brisbane and other ministers were present, this quality of Mr Crawford's formed the subject of conversation; and Mr Brisbane, who had a happy knack of rhyming, was requested to write an epitaph for Mr

Crawford. He at once did so in the following lines :—

Come! commentators, bring your books,
An' honour Jamie's fa';
Lay on his grave wi' a' your micht,
For he laid on ye a'!"

A PRACTICAL LESSON.

A Highlander entered a haberdasher's shop in Perth, and asked for a piece of scarlet cloth to make a waistcoat. The rustic manners of the Gael set some young women who were at the counter laughing; and the shopman, willing to afford them sport, began to play off his small wit upon the stranger.

"So, good man, you want a piece of scarlet? Would you know scarlet if you saw it?"

"I think I would," replied the mountaineer.

The shopman threw down a piece of blue cloth—"Is that scarlet?"

"Hoot, no, no! that no be it."

A piece of green cloth was produced, the same question was repeated, and received a similar answer, to the great amusement of the querist and his female friends, who were at no pains to conceal their mirth. The Highlander took revenge in his own way; he put his nose to the cloth, and affected to judge of the colour by the smell. The shopman at his request did the same; but the instant he bent his nose towards the counter, the Highlander seized him by the ears, and made his nasal protuberance come in such violent contact with the boards, that the blood sprung from it. "Tat," said the Highlander, "is ta colour o' scarlet, do ye know, lad?" and away he walked.

COLLECTING DEBTS.

A small tradesman found it necessary to dun a so-called gentleman for a small

account, so that at last the debtor actually got offended, and told the importuning creditor to "go to ——!"

The poor merchant meekly replied, "Weel, sir, if I'm to gang there for't, will ye gie me the name o' your agent?"

WONDERFUL THINGS OF SCOTLAND.

From a curious, diminutive *History of the Whole Realm of Scotland*, printed in Edinburgh in 1760, and now seldom met with, we take the following account of "The rare and wonderful things of Scotland:"—

Amongst many commodities that *Scotland* hath common with other nations, it is beautified with some rare gifts in itself, wonderful to consider: As for example, in *Orkney* the ewes are of such faecundity, that at every lambing-time, they produce at least two, and ordinarily three. There be neither venomous nor ravenous beasts bred there, nor do live there, although they were transported thither.

In *Zeland* the isles called *Thule*, at the entering of the sun in *Cancer*, the space of twenty days, there appear no night at all. Among the rocks grow the delectable Lambre, called *Succinum*, with great resort of the mertirck, for costly furrings. In the west and north-west of *Scotland*, there is a great repairing of the Erne, of a marvellous nature, the people are very curious to catch him, and punze his wings, that he fly not; he is of a hudge quantity, and a ravenous kind, as the hawks, and the same quality: they do give him such sort of meat, in great quantity at once, that he lives contented therewith 14, 16, or 20 days, and some of them a month, their feathers are good for garning of arrows, for they receive no rain nor water, but remain always of a durable estate, and uncorruptible: the people do use them either when they be a hunting, or at wars. In the most

of the rivers in *Scotland*, beside the marvellous plenty of salmon and other fishes gotten, there is a shell-fish, called the horse-mussel, of a great quantity, wherein are ingendered innumerable, fair, beautiful and delectable pearls, convenient for the pleasure of man, and profitable for the use of phyfick: and some of them so fair and polished, that they may be equal to any oriental pearls. And generally, by the providence of Almighty God, when dearth and scarcity of victuals are in the land, then the fishes are most plentifully taken for the support of the people. In *Galloway*, the one half of loch *Mirton* doth never freeze. By *Inverness*, the loch called *Lochness*, and the river flowing from thence into the sea, doth never freeze: but on the contrary, in the coldest days of winter, the loch and river do smoke and reik, signifying unto us, that there is a mine of brimstone under it, of a hot quality. In *Carrick* are kine and oxen, delicious to eat, but their fatness is of a wonderful temperature: all other comestable beasts fatness with the cold air doth congeal: by the contrary the fatness of these beasts is perpetually liquid like oil. The wood and park of *Cumbernauld* is replenished with kine and oxen, and those at all times, to this day, have been wild, and of a wonderful whiteness, that there was never among all the huge number there, so much as the smallest black spot found to be upon one of their skins, horns or cloove. In *Kyle* is a rock of the height of 12 foot, and as much of breadth, called, *The deaf Craig*: for although a man should cry never so loud to his fellow: from the one side to the other, he is not heard, although he would make the noise of a gun. In the country of *Strathern*, upon the water of *Farge*, by *Balward*, there is a stone called, the *Rocking-stone*, of a reasonable bigness, that if a man will push it with the lest motion of his finger, it will move very lightly, but if he ad-

dress his whole force, he profits nothing, which moves many people to be wonderful merry, when they consider such contrariety. In *Lennox* is a great loch, called *Loch-loumond*, 24 miles in length, and in breadth 8 miles, containing the number of 30 isles: in this loch is observed three wonderful things; the one is fishes, very delectable to eat, that have no fins to move themselves withal, as other fishes do. The second, tempestuous waves and surges of the water, perpetually raging, without winds, and that in the time of greatest calms, in the fair pleasant time of summer, when the air is quiet. The third is, one of these isles, that is not corroberate, nor united to the ground, but hath been perpetually loose, and although it be fertile of good grass, and replenished with nolt, yet it moves by the waves of the water, and is transported, sometimes towards one point, and other whiles towards another.

In *Argyle* is a stone found in divers parts, the which laid under straw or stubble, doth consume them to fire, by the great heat that it collects thereby. In *Buchan*, at the demolished castle of *Slanis*, is a cave, from the top whereof distills water, which in short time doth congeal to hard white stones, the cave is always emptied.

In *Lowthian*, two miles from *Edinburgh* southward, is a well-spring, called *St Katharine's well*, flowing perpetually with a kind of black fatness or oil, above the water, being frequent in those parts. This fatness is of a marvellous nature: for as the coal, proceeding (as is thought) of the paret-coal, whereof it proceeds, is sudden to conceive fire or flame; so is this oil of a sudden operation to heal all salt scabs and humours, that trouble the outward skin of man: commonly the head and hands are quickly bealed by the virtue of this oil: it renders a marvellous sweet smell. At *Aberdeen* is a well, of marvellous good quality to dissolve the stone, to expel sand from

the reins and bladder; and good for the cholic, being drunk in the month of *July*, and a few days of *August*; little inferior to the renowned water of the *Spar* in *Almain*. In the north seas of *Scotland*, are great clogs of timber found, in the which are marvelously engendered a sort of geese, called Clayk Geese, and do hang by the beak, till they be of perfection: oftentimes found, and kept in admiration of their generation. At *Dumbarton*, directly under the castle, at the mouth of the river of *Clyde*, as it enters in the sea, there are a number of Clayk Geese, black of colour, which in the night-time do gather great quantity of the crops of the grass, growing upon the land, and carry the same to the sea: then assembling in a round, and with a curious curiosity, do offer every one his own portion to the sea-flood, and there attend upon the flowing of the tide, till the grass be purified from the fresh taste, and turned to the salt: and lest any part thereof should escape, they hold it in with their nebs, thereafter orderly every fowl eats his portion: and this custom they observe perpetually. They are fat and delicious to be caten.

SCOTS IN BELGIUM.

In *Antwerp* much was said of the Highlanders. A gentleman had, when the wounded arrived, been recognised and spoken to by a poor Highlander. The circumstance absolutely gave him a kind of consideration in the crowd; he felt prouder at the moment than if a prince had smiled upon him. At *Brussels*, and everywhere in the *Netherlands*, when the English troops were mentioned, whom they likewise much admired, the natives always returned to the Scotch with—"But the Scotch, they are good and kind, as well as brave; they are the only soldiers who become members of the family in the houses in

which they are billeted; they even carry about the children, and do the domestic work." The favourite proverbial form of compliment was, "Lions in the field, and lambs in the house." There was a competition among the inhabitants who should have them in their houses; and when they returned wounded, the same house they had left had its doors open, and the family went out some miles to meet "our own Scotsman." The people had many instances to relate of the generosity of these men; after the battle, many, although themselves wounded, were seen binding up the wounds of the French, and assisting them with their arm. On the contrary, it is well known that very few of our soldiers fell into the hands of the enemy without being murdered in cold blood. There cannot be a better test of two nations, a more satisfactory decision of the question on which the peace and happiness of mankind should depend.—*Mitchell*.

HAWKIE AND HIS MOURNER.

Hawkie was descanting in his usual manner in the *Trongate* one day, when a carpenter of diminutive stature, with a shaving round his hat, thought to venture on a joke with him.

"Man, Hawkie, I thocht ye was dead; d'ye no see I've put on mourning for ye?"

"Hech me," at once answered Hawkie, "is't no a poor account o' Presbyterian Glasgow, that a brat like that is allowed to gang about in mournings for a man before he's dead?"

ALMACK.

Almack, the founder of the famous "*Almack's*," was a native of *Fifeshire*. It is said that his family name was *Mackal*,—which he said turning over is

his mind—"Mackal!—Mackal!—it will never do here in the south—I'll reverse it,—it shall be *Almack!*—ay, *Almack* will do!"

This idea he accordingly adhered to,—and every success that he expected ensued.

STILL AND YAIR FISHINGS.

A still means space in which to extend a net, and sweep round with a view to enclose fish. It is called a still, from the stillness or silence with which it is necessary to conduct the operation. It is necessary to have in the boat a man, who is called a spiesman, whose business it is to keep a sharp look-out to discover fish, and immediately on seeing them to make known the circumstance, that an attempt may be made to enclose the fish within the net. The yair fishing is very ingenious and simple; stakes are driven into the ground, near the low watermark; at high water, the fish come up on the ground over these stakes, but as the tide retires they forget to retire at the same time, and are left enclosed within the stakes, and, after the water has all gone out, they flounder in the mud, and are easily taken.

NIGHT AT SEA.

An old woman whose notions of ships, sailors, and the sea were of the most primitive nature, had a son who actually went before the mast, very much to her consternation. On his return from his first voyage he was subjected to a severe examination as to his adventures on the perilous deep, winding up with this important question—

"Jock, tell me this, an' I'll ask ye nae mair: when ye gang to your beds

at night, do ye tie your gabbart to a buss?"

A HIGHLAND AMAZON.

In a roughly-wooded island, the country people secreted their wives and children, and their most valuable effects, from the rapacity of Cromwell's soldiers, during their inroad into Scotland in the time of the English republic. These invaders, not venturing to ascend by the ladders along the side of the lake, took a more circuitous road through the heart of the Trosachs, the most frequented path at that time, which penetrates the wilderness about half way between Binean and the lake, by a tract called Yea-chailleach, or the Old Wife's Bog.

In one of the defiles of this byroad the men of the country at that time hung upon the rear of the invading enemy, and shot one of Cromwell's men, whose grave marks the scene of action, and gives name to that pass. In revenge of this insult, the soldiers resolved to plunder the island, to violate the women, and put the children to death. With this brutal intention, one of the party, more expert than the rest, swam towards the island, to fetch the boat to his comrades, which had carried the women to their asylum, and lay moored in one of the creeks. His companions stood on the shore of the mainland, in full view of all that was to pass, waiting anxiously for his return with the boat. But just as the swimmer had got to the nearest point of the island, and was laying hold of a black rock, to get on shore, a heroine, who stood on the very point where he meant to land, hastily snatching a dagger from below her apron, with one stroke severed his head from the body. His party seeing this disaster, and relinquishing all future hope of revenge or conquest, made the best of their way out of their perilous

situation. This valiant amazon's descendants still inhabit this part of the country.

THE LOLLARDS OF KYLE.

The opinions of Wickliffe were early introduced into Scotland, and, in some places, they took deep root, and continued long. To eradicate these noxious weeds, as they were then considered, Archbishop Blackater held a provincial synod at Glasgow in 1494, at which the king and council were present. Before this synod, George Campbell of Cessnock, Adam Read of Barskining, John Campbell of Newmills, Andrew Shaw of Polkemac, Helen Chambers, Lady Pokelly, Isabel Chalmers, Lady Stairs, with about twenty others of inferior rank, in the counties of Kyle and Cunningham, were arraigned for heresy. The heresies of which these persons, who were commonly called the "Lollards of Kyle," were accused, were the same with the doctrines of Wickliffe, and nearly the same with those of all the Protestant churches, intermixed with a few absurd opinions, which they had rashly adopted, or which were falsely imputed to them by their enemies. Adam Read made a bold and spirited defence for himself and the others accused, which exposed the malice and ignorance of their accusers, and rendered them equally odious and ridiculous. This, however, would not have saved them, if the king, who had a friendship for some of the gentlemen, had not interposed, and put a stop to the prosecution. It is much to the honour of James IV. that he was an enemy to persecution, and that not so much as one person suffered for his religious opinions in his reign.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

A servant lass who was sent to bring water from the burn for some domestic

purpose, returned completely drenched after having been absent an unreasonable length of time. Her mistress asked her—

"Whaur hae ye been; what's keepit ye, lassie?"

"What keepit me, say ye?" said the dripping Abigail, with a look of surprise; "'deed, ye may be glad to see me again; the burn was rinnin' frae bank to brae. I missed my feet an' fell in, pitcher an' a'; and if it hadna been for Providence an' anither woman, I wad hae been droon'd!"

JOCK BROWN'S HOUND.

Jock Broun was a noted preacher in Ayrshire, but he was not good to his dog, having allowed it to starve to death. Hence the saying, "Ye're like Jock Broun's hound, fa'in' through the middle wi' gentility," applied to young ladies too tightly corseted, or having forms too nearly approaching the sand-glass form.

LOCHIEL'S MEN.

In 1776, when Fraser's regiment was raised, the ancient tenants of Cameron of Lochiel raised 120 men on his forfeited estate, for the regiment, to secure him a company. Being taken ill at Loudon, he could not join, and his men refused to embark at Glasgow, saying, "They were Lochiel's men, and would go anywhere with him, but could not be separated from him."

General Fraser was, however, able to explain to them the cause of the absence of their chief, and they cheerfully embarked.

AN OLD SCOTS LADY.

Miss Jabez Hamilton, daughter of the Laird of Barr, in Renfrewshire, was

born in 1707, and died unmarried, well stricken in years. She was very intimate with the family of Castlesemple, who were much amused with her droll, antiquated expressions. On one occasion, telling Mrs M'Dowall of a journey she had performed on foot from Lochwinnoch to Port-Glasgow, she said—

“My leddie, I teuk up my tail ower my rigging, and ne'er hun't my hoddle.”

THE HIGHLAND PIBROCH.

The connoisseurs in bagpipe music affect to discover in a well-composed pibroch the imitative sounds of march, conflict, flight, pursuit, and all the “current of a heady fight.”

To this opinion Dr Beattie has given his sanction in the following passage:—“A *pibroch* is a species of tune peculiar, I think, to the Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland. It is performed on a bagpipe, and differs totally from all other music. Its rhythm is so irregular, and its notes, especially in the quick movement, so mixed and huddled together, that a stranger finds it impossible to reconcile his ear to it, so as to perceive its modulation. Some of these pibrochs, being intended to represent a battle, begin with a grave motion, resembling a march; then gradually quicken into the onset; run off with noisy confusion and turbulent rapidity, to imitate the conflict and pursuit; then swell into a few flourishes of triumphant joy; and, perhaps, close with the wild and slow wailings of a funeral procession.”

LORD BRAXFIELD'S EXECUTION.

Lord Braxfield died in George Square, Edinburgh, and was laid in his coffin without the attendance at that ceremony of any relatives or friends. The chief parties present were two undertakers, a

man and a boy; the latter many years later was our informant. When the “chesting” had been performed, great was the lad's horror and astonishment to see his elder companion draw from his pocket the end of a rope, which he hitched into a noose, and put it round the neck of the corpse. With many an oath he feigned to hang the dead judge, shouting, with ghastly glee, into the listless ear, “Monie a ane hae ye hangit, ye auld sinner; an' noo ye're hangit yersel', hoo d'ye like it, ye auld deevil?”
—*Cockburn.*

A FOOL'S READING.

Will Speir was sitting in a pew under the pulpit one Sunday, and joined in the psalmody with such noisy zeal, that Mr Fullarton, the minister, tapped him on the head with his psalm-book, and said, “No so loud, Will; no so loud.”

“What, sir!” replied Will, “do ye mean to tell me that I'm no to praise God wi' a' my might?”

CULLODEN FORESEEN.

Shortly after the battle of Prestonpans, in 1745, Lord President Forbes being at his residence in Culloden with a Scottish nobleman, the conversation turned on that battle and its probable consequences. After having a long time discoursed on the subject, and exhausted every conjecture, the president, turning himself towards a window, cried out—

“All that may happen, but rest assured these troubles will be terminated on the very spot where we now are.”

This prediction of the battle of Culloden, several months before it took place, and when the victorious army of the pretender was marching into England, produced a prodigious effect, and confirmed many Scots in their superstitious belief in second sight.—*Pennant.*

THE KING'S ALLOWANCE.

In 1194, Richard Cœur de Lion renewed the grant of a daily allowance to the kings of Scotland, whenever they were invited to the English court. There were allowed one hundred shillings daily, during their journey, in going and returning; thirty shillings daily during their attendance at the English court; twelve loaves of wastel bread, a species of biscuit, twelve wheaten loaves, twelve quarts of wine, whereof four of the king's own wine, and eight of the wine used by his household; two stone of wax, or four tapers, a hundred and twenty candles, whereof forty such as the king used, and eighty such as were used by his household; two pounds of pepper, and four pounds of cinnamon. Hypocras was in those days the fashionable beverage. This will in some measure account for the extravagant allowance of cinnamon. We may suspect, however, that different sorts of spices went under the general name of cinnamon.

A TENDER-HEARTED DAME.

A matron of St Mirrens took her first sail down the Clyde, and as a matter of course was all wonderment and surprise. The painted buoys in the water attracted her attention, and she was told that they were "buoys to mark the course of the vessel by."

"Boys! saves us a'," she exclaimed, "what can the puir callants be daen oot in a barrel? they'll be droon't, puir things—they're a' somebody's bairns! Oh, man," she continued, turning to the man at the wheel, "haud the handle o' your boat, let aff the bizz, and tak them up!"

DEATH OF JAMES III.

The battle of Sauchie-burn, in which James III. fell, was fought 18th June

1488, and was signalized by the cruel circumstance of his son's presence in the hostile army. When the king saw his own banner displayed against him, and his son in the faction of his enemies, he lost the little courage he ever possessed, fled out of the field, fell from his horse as it started at a woman with a water-pitcher, and was slain, it is not well understood by whom. James IV., after the battle, passed to Stirling, and hearing the monks of the chapel-royal deploring the death of his father, their founder, he was seized with deep remorse, which manifested itself in severe penance.

A BACHELOR'S BONES.

Andrew Henderson, portrait painter in Glasgow, and a predecessor of the editor of the present work in the collection of Scottish proverbs, was a confirmed bachelor, but withal a witty and genial companion. One night at a party where the company was rather numerous, Henderson had to sit in a corner, and place his plate on his knees. Having picked the leg of his chicken clean, as poor poets and painters generally do, he handed his plate to the host, together with that of a young lady who sat next to him, saying at the same time—

"My dear Miss Mary, will ye let me lay my banes beside yours?"

BIRTH OF ROBERT II.

The second wife of Walter the Stewart of Scotland was Marjory, sole child of the first marriage of King Robert I., upon which princess the crown was limited by many acts of parliament, passed in the reign of her father, if her half brother, Prince David (who afterwards ascended the throne), should die issueless. As this lady, on Shrove-Tuesday, in 1316, was returning from

Paisley to the castle of Renfrew, the principal seat of her husband, she fell from her horse, and dislocating her neck died immediately. The infant she was then pregnant of was perceived to be alive, and the Cæsarian operation was performed, the male child being taken from her with no other injury than a blemish in his eye; from which circumstance the people gave him the name of the Blear-eyed. He became Robert II., king of Scotland.

EAGLE SHOOTING.

The premium for producing two eagles' feet, as they became fewer, gradually dwindled down from a guinea to half-a-crown. The shepherd made a sort of low hut, or covering of loose branches of trees and heath, under which he concealed himself, with his fowling-piece, a little before daybreak, after putting the mangled carcass of a dead sheep as a bait. The kite was the earliest riser, then came the raven, carrion-crow, and magpie, who all tugged away together in perfect good humour; last of all came the eagle, and all the others retired to a respectful distance, to allow him to feed and—be shot.

A GOOD "PLATEMAN."

One of the heritors of the parish of Old Monkland was appointed, on the occasion of a collection for repairs made on the church, to superintend the deposits. A wealthy resident and his wife passed in, and laid down a paltry sum as a contribution. But the heritor would have none of it.

"Come back, laird, come back," said he; "ye maun do mair for the brod than that; I'll no tak it aff your head."

The result of the matter was that more was done.

IN THE WRONG PLACE.

A brief commentary on a rather sudden change of politics in one of the French cuirassiers when on the point of being cut down by a soldier of the Greys, was overheard at the battle of Waterloo. The Frenchman, who had certainly advanced with the cry of "Vive l'Empereur," called out "Vive le Roi."

"Gude faith, freend," said his pursuer in purest Scotch, "if ye cry that ye shu'dna be here."

NO MEAT, NO GRACE.

A clergyman, in the course of his visitation to a remote part of his parish, entered a hut, the only inmate of which was a boy, rough, unkempt, and uncouth, both in person and manners. The reverend gentleman, being a little fatigued with climbing the hill, sat down upon a stool, and entered into conversation with the boy.

"Where is your father an' mother, my boy?"

Boy. "They're no in; what do ye want wi' them?"

Minister. "Since they are no in, I'll speer you some questions. Can you read ony?"

Boy. "Ay can I; can you?"

Minister. "Can you pray ony?"

Boy. "Ay can I; can you?"

Minister. "Can you say a grace when you tak your meat?"

Boy. "Ay can I; can you do that, mun?"

Minister. "Ay, I do. But let me hear you say a grace."

Boy. "Gie me meat then, for I ne'er say grace but when I hae meat to tak."

JOSEPH IN KILTS!

A Highlander, devoted in his belief that the Gaelic was the original language of the Bible, indeed of the world, had also a strong idea that the Hebrews wore kilts! He accordingly wrote a poem to prove that Joseph's "coat of many colours" was simply made of tartan, and in the following verse that idea is strongly, if not conclusively, set down:—

"Auld Jacob made his dautit Josie
A tartan coat to keep him cosie;
Says he, 'Gin e'er ye leave my bosie,
This coat I'll ken;
This tale we hae frae honest Mosie,
The best o' men."

MALT-TAX RIOTS.

The inhabitants of Edinburgh and other towns in Scotland loudly exclaimed against the malt-tax, when imposed in 1725. Seditious pamphlets were printed and dispersed through the country, comparing their slavery to that of the Israelites under the Egyptian bondage; that England had loaded them with burdens too heavy for them to bear; and that they were betrayed by the treacherous actings of their own representatives. The magistrates of Edinburgh were inveighed against and insulted for the zeal they had shown in suppressing and discouraging tumultuous proceedings, and requiring a due obedience to the law.

The inhabitants of Glasgow were still more outrageous, declaring publicly in the streets that they would not submit to a malt tax, insulting the officers of excise, and threatening to stone them if they attempted to enter their malt-houses; for which purpose they had piled up heaps of stones at the doors to show them what they might expect if they proceeded in the execution of that law. Messengers and letters were sent

from Glasgow to most of the considerable towns, exciting them not to submit to this new imposition; but to follow the example of the people of Glasgow, who were determined to suffer all extremities rather than comply with the payment of this insupportable tax, as they were pleased to term it; and it was reported publicly at that time in Stirling, Perth, and Edinburgh, that the house of Daniel Campbell, Esq., member of parliament for Glasgow, one of the chief promoters of this law, was to be plundered on the day the malt-tax was to be imposed.

General Wade sent two companies of soldiers, numbering 110 men, under the command of Captain Bushel. At their entrance into the town, the mob assembled in the streets, throwing stone and dirt at the soldiers, using reproachful language, and seemed to show great contempt for the smallness of their numbers, saying they were but a breakfast to them, and that they should soon repent coming thither. The guard-room was locked up, and the key taken away by the populace. The captain bore these insults with patience, and sent for a civil magistrate; but none could be found to assist in dispersing the rabble; and though the provost had sent billets for quartering the soldiers, the inhabitants for the most part refused to receive them into their houses. The people increasing in their number, went to the house of Mr Campbell, broke it open, and began to plunder it with great rage and fury. The captain, as soon as he had notice of it, sent to the chief magistrate, offering him his assistance in dispersing them. He answered that he thanked him for his offer, but thought his number insufficient; so that the mob continued their outrages all that night and part of the day following: plundering and destroying the house and gardens without molestation.

The next morning the provost ordered the guard-house to be broke open, and

gave the captain possession of it, who posted a guard there of an officer and thirty men.

About three in the afternoon, drums were beat about the streets by women, or men in women's clothes, as a signal to assemble the mob, who got together in greater numbers than before. The captain, not knowing what mischief they intended, ordered all his men to repair to the guard-room, but the mob did not long keep their secret, for they advanced through the several streets that led to the guard-house, saying, their next business was the soldiers, and crying—

“Drive the dogs out of the town; cut them to pieces!”

The captain, apprehensive that their first intention was to disarm his men, called them out and posted them in four divisions, facing the streets through which the mob advanced. As soon as they approached, without the least provocation, they threw stones at the soldiers in such quantities, and of so large a size, that several of the men were wounded and bruised. The captain spoke to them very calmly, telling them that he was not come there to do them any harm, and desired them earnestly to retire, lest it should not be in his power to hinder the soldiers from firing on them. To which some of them

answered, “Return your men to the guard, and then we will retire.” The captain, in hopes to appease them, ordered his men to face about, and return to the guard-house. Their backs were no sooner turned, but the stones showered in upon them in greater quantities than before, wounded and bruised many of them, broke several of their bayonets and locks of their muskets, and put them into such disorder, that they retired into the guardroom for shelter. The captain then ordered the soldiers to advance again into the streets; and being attacked as they came out, the soldiers fired, and killed and wounded several. They dispersed

for some time, but returned in greater rage and fury, and brought with them all the fire-arms they could find in the town, and distributed to their men a barrel of powder belonging to the two companies, which they had seized on their first coming to attack the guard. The provost, apprehending the rage the populace were in might occasion greater mischiefs than what had already happened, sent to Captain Bushel, desiring him for his safety, and to avoid further bloodshed, to retire out of the town; otherwise, he and all his men would probably be murdered. The captain took his advice and marched his men to Dumbarton Castle, ten miles distant, being followed part of the way by some hundreds of the mob, which obliged him to fire some shot in the rear, to secure his retreat.

There were of the town's-people eight killed on the spot, besides nineteen who were wounded, two or three of whom afterwards died. Of the soldiers there were six missing, who, being disabled by the wounds and bruises they received in the riot, could not march with the companies to Dumbarton. Two of them who fell into the hands of the mob were inhumanly treated and left for dead, but in some time after they all recovered and returned to the regiment. The shoes, stockings, and linen belonging to the two companies, which were left in the town when they retreated, were plundered by the people; and though application was afterwards made to the magistrates they never could obtain any reparation.

By the arrival of a large military force order was restored. A heavy contribution was levied to indemnify Mr Campbell for his loss.

HIGHLAND MAGNANIMITY.

At a fair held at Portnacraish, in Appin, a low-country shepherd in the

service of a gentleman near Glencoe, was drinking whisky with four or five Highland shepherds in the inn. Getting intoxicated he became very abusive, and struck several of the party. A tall, handsome, manly-looking Highlander, with black curly hair, took him by the shoulders and turned him out of the house. The moment he was at liberty, he turned round and struck the Highlander violently with his long hazel staff. The Highlander took it from him, snapped it, and threw it away. At that instant a pitiful-looking little fellow rushed out of the house with a great deal of clamorous swaggering to beat the Lowlander, who, he said, had struck him.

"Begone, beggar!" said the tall young man, pushing him back; "he struck *me* too, and I think *I* could beat him as well as *you*. He has behaved ill, and I turned him out; he made a bad use of his staff, and I broke it; but no man shall beat him here, and he that lifts his hand to him had as well lift it to me; HE IS A STRANGER, AND HAS NONE TO TAKE HIS PART." The only other *stranger* that was present could have almost worshipped the young man; but nobody else took the least notice of a circumstance so natural and common among them. Yet had a Stewart or a M'Coll quarrelled with a Campbell over his whisky, and a general *row* taken place, as was likely to happen, this very young man would have been the most forward in the fray, and played one of the best cudgels in the fair.

A "PERSONAL" REBUKE.*

In the end of the last and beginning of the present century, many rebukes were administered from the pulpit to

* For a number of excellent anecdotes, hitherto unpublished, the Editor is indebted to the kindness of Dr Wilson, Edinburgh.

members of the congregation in words so "outspoken" that now-a-days they would not be tolerated. In Dunse, about the time we speak of, there lived a clergyman, who was well known for uttering such reprimands. One of his hearers lived at Clockmill, about two miles from the town. She was a woman of "unfavoured" countenance, but always gaudily dressed. She was generally late in going into church; and on one occasion, while entering during the reading of the chapter, the minister stopped, and addressed her thus—

"Oh! Betty, Betty, wha wad hae thocht o' the like o' you lingering over the glass (mirror) sae lang?"—*Dr Wilson.*

"NEAR THE KIRK, ETC."

Another hearer lived about a stone's throw from the kirk, while another lived at Cranshaws, about nine miles off. The minister addressing the congregation one day said—

"When I came to the kirk this morning, I saw Joanie — frae Cranshaws sitting on the "loupin-on-stane" at the gate; but there's Betty —, she's late, but then she has a' the way to come frae the Black Bull Wynd."—*Dr Wilson.*

A HINT TO TAM THAMSON.

The same clergyman was very much annoyed by a certain tradesman coming into church invariably late; and as his seat was in the gallery, the noise caused by his entrance was annoying. Accordingly the beadle was told to *snack* or fasten back the gallery door, and not to shut it till ordered by the minister. On the Sunday the culprit entered, and as usual tramped along the floor. At the moment the clergyman ceased his

prayer, and looking over the pulpit, spoke to the beadle thus—

“John, you may shut the gallery door noo, for Tam Thamson, the plumber, has come in.”—*Dr Wilson.*

THE FIRST MACINTYRE.

Of the first of the Macintyres who came from Ireland to settle in the Highlands the following tradition is related:—

On his way across the channel he was overtaken by a storm, a plug in the bottom of the boat was displaced, and inadvertently thrown overboard in baling. Having nothing else to supply its place, he stuck his thumb in the hole. His *hand*, however, being wanted in another part of the boat, he took an axe, cut off his thumb, and left it there! From this he was ever after called *An soar*, the carpenter, and his descendants *Mac an tshaor*, Macintyre, Carpenter-son, or Wrightson.

HOW TO MAKE KAIL KEEP.

“What way do you married women no come to the kirk regular?” said a west country dissenting minister from the pulpit one Sunday. “Some o’ ye will make an excuse that ye maun stay at hame to make the broth. To that I answer, Make them on Saturday. Ay, but, minister, say some o’ ye, They’ll no keep—they’ll be sour gin Sunday comes. My reply to that is, Put ye neither leeks nor syboes into them, and I’ll caution them!”

A SCOTTISH TOAST.

Peace and plenty, and nae killing;
Beef at a groat, and meat at a shilling;
Whisky for naething, yill at the same,
A canty bit wife, and a cosie wee hame.

THE CAMERONIANS OR 26TH REGIMENT.

The Convention of States, after the abdication of James VII., voted to raise some regular forces, whereof two battalions of the Cameronians were formed into a regiment, which afterwards, to their great honour, distinguished themselves upon several occasions, particularly at Dunkeld, where they stood the shock of a superior number of that Highland army which, but a few days before, beat nearly 4000 English and Dutch forces, under the command of General Mackay.” Lest the reader should suspect me (says the writer of this) of partiality in favour of these brave people, it will not be impertinency to give such a part of their character as may enable them to account for their surmounting the utmost difficulties and even seeming impossibilities.

“The Cameronians are strictly religious, and ever act upon that principle; making the war a part of their religion, and converting state policy into points of conscience. They fight as they pray, and pray as they fight, making every battle a new exercise of their faith, and believe that in such a case they are, as it were, under the banner of Christ; if they fall in battle, they die in their calling, as martyrs to the good cause, and believe that in thus shedding their blood they finish the work of their salvation. From such maxims and articles of faith the Cameronians may be slain, never conquered. Great numbers of them have lost their lives, but few or none ever yielded. On the contrary, whenever they believe their duty or religion calls them to it, they are always unanimous and ready, with undaunted spirits, and great vivacity of mind, to encounter hardships, attempt great enterprises, despise danger, and bravely rush on to death or victory.

“A foreign war immediately ensuing on King William’s accession to the

crown, most part of the forces in Scotland were ordered to Flanders, whereof the Cameronian regiment was a part, whom I shall follow no further than the battle of Steinkirk, anno 1692, where many of that brave corps exchanged their lives for immortal honour, among whom was my brother-in-law. He left behind him the character of a great soldier, a fine gentleman, and, to crown all, a good Christian."

"BADGERING" A FRIEND.

One day, in the north of Scotland, two friends who were riding past a steep bank stopped opposite a hole in it, and one said to the other—

"John, I saw a brock gang in there."

"Did ye?" said John; "haud my horse, and I'll grip him."

"Certainly," said his friend, and away rushed John for a spade. After digging for half-an-hour, he came back, nigh speechless, with this report, "I canna find him."

"Deed," said the wag very coolly, "I wad hae wondered if ye had, John, for it's ten years since I saw him gang in."

CRAWFURD'S "MEMOIRS."

This book was long held in considerable estimation, and looked upon as a high authority on the historical incidents of which it treated. In 1804, however, a discovery was made by David Laing, LL.D., the venerable and learned librarian to the writers to the Signet, Edinburgh, by which it was proved to be shamefully regardless of veracity, and procured for its author the unenviable distinction of being "the first Scotsman who published his own compositions as the genuine productions of a former age." In *The Historie and Life of James the Sext,*

edited by Laing, the learned doctor thus stated the discoveries he had made:—

"In Crawford's *Memoirs of the Affairs of Scotland* references occur to a MS. in support of certain positions, which includes nothing that in the least countenances them, and the above *Historie*, printed from that identical MS., amply confirms this heavy charge, "the earliest if not the most impudent literary forgery ever practised in Scotland." Every circumstance in the MS. unfavourable either to Queen Mary or to Bothwell, or favourable to their adversaries, Crawford carefully suppressed; while every vague assertion in Camden, Spottiswoode, Melvill, and others, or in the State Papers which Crawford had transcribed from the Cotton MSS., is inserted in the *Memoirs*; and these writers are quoted on the margin as collateral authorities, confirming the evidence of some unknown contemporary. Fictions, invented by Crawford himself, are profusely intermixed; and even the ill-digested form of the genuine narrative is a pretext for the transposition and alteration of facts. Crawford having thus, on the narrow basis of the original manuscript, constructed spurious memoirs of his own, 'declares solemnly that he has not wrested any of the words to add to one man's credit, or to impair the honesty of another: that he has neither heightened nor diminished any particular character or action, but that he has kept as close as possible to the meaning and sense of his author;' and even in his title-page professes that the work 'is faithfully published from an authentic manuscript.' The *Memoirs*, adds the editor of the *Historie*, have been quoted as genuine by Hume and Robertson, and their authority has been re-echoed by disputants as a full confirmation of the most absolute fictions. Nor is it possible to acquit Goodall of connivance at the fraud: he had collated the memoirs with two copies of