

## LOOKING AFTER HIMSELF.

A canny man, who had accepted the office of elder because some wag had made him believe that the remuneration was sixpence each Sunday and a boll of meal on new year's day, officially carried round the ladle each Sunday after service. When the year expired he claimed the meal, but was told that he had been hoaxed.

"It may be sae wi' the meal," he replied, coolly, "but I took care o' the saxpence mysel'."

## THE PYET, OR MAGPIE.

There is an old rhyme in regard to the pyet as indicating good or ill luck. It is as follows, and refers to them being seen:—

"Ane is ane, twa is grief,  
Three's a wedding, four's death."

## HEN-BROTH.

This strange and now long-forgotten *plat*, which has been sacrificed to the Julienne and Mulligatawny of modern days, was denominated "hen-broth," and was nothing more nor less than a simple decoction of two or three *how-towdies* (*Anglice*, fowls), thickened with black beans, and seasoned with black pepper.—*Dr Strang*.

## PARENTAL MANAGEMENT.

Every master was revered by his family, honoured by his tenants, and awful to his domestics. His hours of eating, sleeping, and amusement were carefully attended to by all his family and by all his guests. Even his hours of devotion were marked, that nothing might interrupt them. He kept his

own seat by the fire or at table, with his hat on his head; and often particular dishes were served up for himself that nobody else shared of. Their children approached them with awe, and never spoke with any degree of freedom before them. The consequence of this was, that, except at meals, they were never together, though the reverence they had for their parents taught them obedience, modesty, temperance.—*Caldwell Papers*.

## A HARD LAW.

Last week a Highland lad was taken up, and committed to the guard, for wearing trouse, contrare to a late Act of Parliament.—*Glasgow Courant*, May 1749.

## THE ADDER'S OATH.

I hae made a vow—  
And I'll keep it true,  
That I'll never stang man  
Through gude sheep's woo'.

So it may well keep it, for it cannot break it. The adder cannot pour its venom into a wound made by its fangs, through anything woollen; the wool brushes away the virus: there is some invention in this *aith*, ascribed to the viper. It is in vain to take the oath of a man, for instance, who is base, poisonous, and of a reptile nature, for he will break all oaths, and sting as before; but when he is sworn from harming anything that is not in his power to harm, whether the oath be off or on, then all's well.—*Mactaggart*.

## A SCOTTISH SERGEANT.

Sergeant Weir, of the Scots Greys, was pay-sergeant of his troop, and, as

such, might have been excused serving in action, and, perhaps, he should not have been forward; but, on such a day as the battle of Waterloo, he requested to be allowed to charge with the regiment. In one of the charges he fell, mortally wounded, and was left on the field. Corporal Scott, of the same regiment, who lost a leg, asserts, that when the field was searched for the wounded and slain, the body of Sergeant Weir was found with his name written on his forehead by his own hand dipped in his own blood. This, his comrade said, he was supposed to have done that his body might be found and identified, and that it might not be imagined that he had disappeared with the money of his troop.

#### THE "CLAP" AND BELL CRIERS OF DALKEITH.

Betty Dick, an old woman, formerly officiated as town-crier of Dalkeith. She was born in 1693, and lived to a good old age. In her calling she used what was called a "clap," but which was simply a large wooden trencher and a spoon, with which, previous to beginning her oration, she continued to make a noise, until a sufficient auditory had assembled. As she thus went the round of the town, repeating the announcement at stated distances, the younger portion of her hearers, with whom she was a general favourite, seldom failed to greet her, at the close of each speech, with loud acclamations. The charge for this important piece of public service was extremely moderate, being only *one penny!*

The principal announcements which Betty was called upon to make were the arrival of fresh fish from Fisherrow, and proclaiming articles lost or stolen; but she was employed regularly every evening in the winter time in advertis-

ing another commodity of equal consideration, and no doubt many a one felt his chops water as she was heard to bawl out—

"Tripe, piping hot, ready for supper the night, at eight o'clock, at Jeanie M'Millan's, head of the North Wynd—gang hame, bairns, and tell your folk about it."

She was succeeded in office by Peggy Haswell, in whose time the "clap" was disused, and a hand-bell introduced instead. She lived long to enjoy the honours and emoluments of the situation.

At her death the bell passed into the hands of Jeanie Garvald, more popularly known by the name of "Garvall Gundy," from a delicious sweetmeat she manufactured to "gust the gabs" of the young Dalkeithites, by whom it was held in high estimation. She continued in office for several years, and was in turn succeeded by a little woman commonly distinguished by the somewhat appropriate appellation of "Bell Greasy." She died a number of years ago—the last of the race of Dalkeith "clap" and hand-bell ringers. The drum, having been deemed by the magistrates as infinitely more dignified, was then adopted, and still continues in use. The change, however, is much regretted by the inhabitants, as the charge for calling was formerly only a *penny*, whereas the drum costs at least eighteenpence for performing the same labour.—*Kuy.*

#### JOHN PRENTICE'S WISH.

John Prentice, the grave-digger of Carnwath, had a pleasant equivoue, which he frequently used on hearing of the death of any person.

"Hech-how, man!" he would say, "is poor —— dead? Dear me, I would rather it had been any ither twa!"

## HIGHLAND REVENGE.

One Christmas, the chief of the Macnabs had sent his servant to Crieff for provisions, but, on his return, he was waylaid, and robbed of all his purchases. He went home, therefore, empty handed, and told his tale to the laird. Macnab had twelve sons, all men of great strength, but one in particular exceedingly athletic, who was called for a byname, *Iain mion Mac an Appa*, or "Smooth John Macnab." In the evening, these men were gloomily meditating some signal revenge on their old enemies, when their father entered, and said in Gaelic, "The night is the night, if the lads were but lads!" Each man instantly started to his feet, and belted on his dirk, his claymore and his pistols. Led by their brother John, they set out, taking a fishing-boat on their shoulders from Loch Tay, carrying it over the mountains and glens till they reached Loch Earn, where they launched it, and passed over to the island. All was silent in the habitation of Neish. Having all the boats at the island secured, they had gone to sleep without fear of surprise. Smooth John, with his foot dashed open the door of Neish's house, and the party, rushing in, attacked the unfortunate family, every one of whom was put to the sword, with the exception of one man and a boy, who concealed themselves under a bed. Carrying off the heads of the Neishes, and any plunder they could secure, the youths presented themselves to their father, while the piper struck up the pibroch of victory.

## TOUCHING A TENDER POINT.

A farmer having buried his wife, waited upon the grave-digger who had performed the necessary duties, to pay him his fees. Being of a niggardly disposition, he endeavoured to get the

knight of the spade to abate his charges. The patience of the latter becoming exhausted, he grasped his shovel impulsively, and, with an angry look, exclaimed—

"Doon wi' another shillin', or—up she comes!"

The threat had the desired effect.

## SCOTTISH SUMPTUARY LAWS.

By an act of parliament in Scotland, passed in the year 1429, none were permitted to wear silks, or costly furs, but Knights and Lords of 200 merks yearly rent. But, by another act, of 1457, the same dress was permitted to aldermen, bailies, and other good worthy men within burgh; and by a third act, it was granted to gentlemen of £100 yearly rent.—*R. O. Fenoway.*

## A PLAIN-SPOKEN CLIENT.

A countryman applied to a solicitor for advice in a certain matter. On being asked if he had stated the exact facts of the case, he replied, with more truth than discretion—

"Oh ay, sir, I thought it best to tell you the plain truth; you can put the lees till't yersel'."

## BANE AND ANTIDOTE.

The Kirriemuir bell-man was employed to deliver information to the public on a fair day, which he did as follows:—

"Notice! All persons driving their cattle through the lands of Logie, to or from the market, will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law." To this he immediately added, on his own authority, by way of a sedative to the natives, "Ye needna mind a' this, lads, it's only a haver o' the grieve's."

## DRINKING KETTIE.

"A horn was twisted so as to go round the arm. This being filled with liquor, was to be applied to the lips, and drunk off at one draught. If, in withdrawing the arm, any liquor was left, it discovered itself by rattling in the windings of the horn. Then the company called out *corneigh*, i.e., *the horn cries*; and the delinquent was compelled to drink *keltie*, that is, to fill up his cup again, and drink it out, according to the laws of the Kelts, for so ought the word *Celt* to be pronounced. We have from hence a clear proof that they were jolly toppers."—*Sir J. Fontis*.

To "drink" or "clear keltie aff," has long been a proverb in Scotland, signifying, that previous to filling a bumper for a toast the glass was quite empty. "Fill a brimmer—this is my excellent friend Bailie Nicol Jarvie's health—I kend him and his father these twenty years. Are ye a' *cleared keltie aff*? Fill anither. Here's to his sune being provost!"—*Rob Roy*.

## WITCHES IN DUNFERMLINE.

1643, April 16.—That day, compeirit Grissell Moreis, being accusit of sundrie poyntes of witchcraft spoken and done be her, whose confessions at this tyme and in the tyme yt she was in ward (prison), with the declaration and deposition of sindrie witnesses are in scrolles, and the said Grissell was brunt as a witch ye 17th of May following.

July 16.—That day, the magistrates of the burgh cravit help of those of the Landwarte for watchling of the woemen detainit in ward for witchcraft, because the burgh is not able to continueud therein, the criminalls of that kynd, being so many, and so frequentlie taine, and the burgh being so oft chargit and troublit with taking and watchling of them.—*Kirk Session Records*.

## THE BLUE BLANKET.

King James III. conferred upon the craftsmen of Edinburgh the famous banner, long the rallying point of the burgher ward, in every civil commotion, or muster for war, which is still preserved by the incorporated trades,\* and known by the popular title of *The Blue Blanket*. The history of this famous banner has been written by Alexander Pennycuik, an enthusiastic guild brother of the last century, who begins the record—"When the Omnipotent Architect had built the glorious firmament of this world!" and, after recording for the consolation of his brother craftsmen, that "Adam's eldest son was educate a plowman, and his brother a grazier," with many other flattering instances of "God's distinguishing honour put upon tradesmen," he tells that the order of the *Blue Blanket* was instituted by Pope Urban II., about 1200, and so is older than any order of knighthood in Europe. According to this author, vast numbers of Scottish mechanics having followed to the Holy War, took with them a banner bearing the inscription—

*"In bona voluntate tua edificenter muri  
Jerusalem,"*

which they styled the banner of the Holy Ghost, though, from its colour, familiarly called "*The Blue Blanket*;" and this, on their return, they dedicated to St Eloi's altar in St Giles' Church. Whatever foundation there may be for this remoter origin, it is undoubted that James III. at this time, in requital of the eminent services of the burghers, confirmed them in many privileges, and bestowed on them this ensign, with their heraldic bearings embroidered by the Queen's own hands. It has ever since been kept in the charge of the kirk-master or deacon-convener of the crafts for the time being; every burgher,

\* In the Trades' Maiden Hospital, Edinburgh.

not only of the capital, but of Scotland, being held bound to rally at the summons when it is unfurled.—*Wilson's Memorials.*

#### ABOVE HIS BUSINESS.

An Edinburgh gentleman, afterwards well known in the legal profession, who subsequently settled in London, and became an M. P., had been bound apprentice to a respectable writer to the Signet of the old school, who was no great admirer of modern puppyism. The youth was deemed, or rather deemed himself, a very fine sort of person, and the idea of carrying papers was revolting to his feelings. One evening the master rang the bell, and the apprentice was desired to take a very small parcel of papers to a professional gentleman, whose residence was not far distant. The packet was received in silence—not a word was said. A minute had hardly elapsed when the master saw a porter run hastily across the street, apparently to the office. This induced some suspicion of his errand, which was verified by shortly seeing the young man issue forth from the office followed by the porter. Seizing his hat the master followed, and, overtaking the latter, relieved him of his burden. He then followed in the rear of his apprentice, who, of course, thought it beneath his dignity to look round. At last the place of destination was reached—the door-bell was rung with violence. “Here, fellow,” quoth the youth, “give me the parcel,” slipping sixpence into his hand, but without condescending to look at him.

“Here it is for *you*!” exclaimed the supposed porter. The voice struck the young gentleman, and his astonishment and confusion may be imagined when he beheld his master. In place of scolding him, the old gentleman contented himself with using the very powerful weapon of ridicule, and with

such effect, as the apprentice afterwards candidly avowed, that in future he resolved not to be above his business.—*Court of Session Garland.*

#### SERVANTS' HOLIDAYS.

Servants frequently bargained for liberty to attend a certain number of markets. One fellow was asked by his master how he had returned so soon from one of these. The reply was—“I have drunk my pint, and made my play; and what mair had I to do?”—*Stat. Account.*

#### COMPULSIVE HOSPITALITY.

The lairds of Newtylc, in Forfarshire, used to keep cannon pointed to the road near by their old castle, so as to *compel* the wayfarers to come in and be regaled. It is also worth telling, that the lairds of Hangingshaw, in Selkirkshire, kept a large goblet, known far and wide as “The Hangingshaw Ladle,” which they administered full of reaming ale to every person, of whatever degree, whether willing or unwilling, who entered the house. A circumstance still more in point is related regarding a former proprietor of Crichton Castle, in Edinburghshire. A stout baron, with a goodly retinue, having presumed to pass this person's gates, without the usual homage of stopping to take refreshment, the Laird of Crichton mounted horse, with all his merry men, and overtaking the recreant traveller, brought him back, and threw him, with all his attendants, into the massymore of the castle. Afterwards, taking fear to himself for the result of such a strange exploit, he liberated the baron, and, planting him at table, endeavoured to restore him to good humour, by formally waiting upon him personally.

## RUSTIC FOOD LONG AGO.

In a farmer's house all the butcher meat used was commonly part of a fatted animal in winter. Some economists killed and salted such of the stock as could not survive the winter. Entertainments to the neighbours were very rare. Ale, except with a few, or on certain occasions, was to be found in the tavern only. Cheese was very bad. Cream, too long kept, and purified by drawing off the thin part, or wig, as it was called, for drink, was converted into butter by the operation of the hand. And the ordinary diet of farmer and servant may be described by the questions—1. Have you got your *porridge*, or breakfast? 2. Have you got your *sowens*, or dinner? 3. Have you got your *brose*, or supper?—*Stat. Account.*

## THE HANGMAN'S CRAIG.

An Edinburgh hangman, who flourished about the time of Charles II., was a reduced gentleman, the last of a respectable family who had possessed an estate in the neighbourhood of Melrose. He had been a profligate in early life, squandered the whole of his patrimony, and at length, for the sake of subsistence, was compelled to accept the wretched office, which in those days must have been unusually obnoxious to popular odium, on account of the frequent executions of innocent and religious men. Notwithstanding his extreme degradation, this unhappy reprobate could not altogether forget his original station, and his former tastes and habits. He would occasionally resume the garb of a gentleman, and mingle in the parties of citizens who played at golf in the evenings on Bruntsfield Links. Being at length recognised, he was chased from the ground with shouts of execration and loathing, which affected him so much that he retired to the solitude

of the King's Park, and was next day found dead at the bottom of a precipice, over which he appeared to have thrown himself in his despair. This rock was afterwards called the *Hangman's Craig*.

## A GOOD REBUKE.

Rob Keress was a favourite with anglers of all classes—with peer and peasant alike; and preserved his self-respect, and asserted his independent and original character, under all circumstances. It is related that the Earl of Home, probably the best salmon-fisher of his day, was on one occasion angling from Rob's boat on the upper part of the Makerstoun Water; and, as the day was favourable, he hooked and landed several fish in succession. As each salmon was knocked on the head, his lordship refreshed himself from his flask with much self-congratulation, and returned it to his pocket without offering it to the venerable fisherman. Rob gloomily bore this unwonted treatment for some time; but at last seeing no prospect of amendment, he deliberately pulled the boat to the shore, put up the oars, padlocked it, and walked off in the direction of his hut. The Earl, amazed, called to him to come back, as his day's sport was not nearly over; but Rob replied—

“Na, na; them that drink by themselves' can fish by themself;” and he left the peer to digest his mortification as best he might.

## BYGONE MANNERS.

In the reign of David II. a French historian informs us, that in Scotland a man could scarcely be found whose behaviour was in any manner of way polished, or who was even possessed of any sentiments of honour; that, like savages, they shunned the acquaintance

of strangers; that they envied the honour and prosperity of others; at the same time they were excessively jealous of losing the trifles they themselves possessed. Edinburgh, although at that time the first city of Scotland, could not accommodate the French gentlemen, so that many of them were obliged to seek lodging in different towns. The houses in the metropolis, it was complained, were uncomfortable, the beds hard, and the walls bare. In short, so wretched was the accommodation in every respect, that it was with the utmost difficulty the French commander could persuade his officers to remain in such a miserable country. In their common dealings with the Scots, the latter were found avaricious and treacherous beyond measure.—*Kincaid.*

#### SHORT AND SWEET.

"Ye're unco short the day, Saunders, surely," said an undersized student to a Glasgow bookseller, one morning, when the latter was in an irritable mood.

"Od, man," was the retort, "ye may haud your tongue: ye're no sae lang yersel!"

#### AN ECCENTRIC EARL.

While a Mr Ross was parish schoolmaster of Kintore, there was an eccentric Earl of that ilk. In passing the school, he asked the schoolmaster out, and getting him to enter his carriage, drove off with him bareheaded all the way to Aberdeen, leaving the scholars to their own guidance.

The Earl happened to be acquainted with a very pompous Aberdonian, and invited him to dine with him. The gentleman went off, much elated at such an honour. On entering the room, he found the dinner all ready. The Earl rose, locked the door, and lifting a loaded

pistol, ordered the gentleman under the table. He dared not disobey, but did as he was ordered, on which the pistol was laid on the table, and the Earl sat down to dinner. He put several dogs also under the table, and every now and then threw down a bone amongst them. The gentleman lay in terror all the while. He was never known to boast of his invitation to dine with Lord Kintore.

The Earl always carried loaded fire-arms with him, and, while passing the stackyard of John Fraser, innkeeper, Kintore, he observed a breeding sow stretched at her ease beside a haystack, fired and killed her. On being asked for payment, he said, "He would have paid her twice over before he would have lost such a fine shot."

#### "WHAT'S THE LAWIN', LASS?"

The following dialogue occurred in a little country inn, not so far from Edinburgh, and not so long ago, as the internal evidence might lead one to suppose. The interlocutors are an English tourist and a smart young woman, who acted as waitress, chambermaid, boots, and everybody else, being the man and the maid of the inn at the same time:—

*Tourist.* Come here, if you please.

*Jenny.* I was just coming ben to you, sir.

*Tourist.* Well, now, mistress.

*Jenny.* I'm no the mistress; I'm only the lass, and I'm no married.

*Tourist.* Very well, then, miss.

*Jenny.* I'm no a miss; I'm only a man's dochter.

*Tourist.* A man's daughter!

*Jenny.* Hoot ay, sir; didna ye see a farm as ye came up yestreen, just three parks aff?

*Tourist.* It is very possible; I do not remember.

*Jenny.* Weel, onyway, it's my father's.

*Tourist.* Indeed!

*Jenny.* Ay, it's a fact.

*Tourist.* Well, that fact being settled, let us proceed to business. Will you let me see your bill?

*Jenny.* Our Bill. Ou, ay, Wully we ca' him, but I ken wha you mean—he's no in e'en now.

*Tourist.* Wully! what I want is my account,—a paper stating what I have had, and how much I have to pay.

*Jenny.* Did ony woman ever hear the like o' that—ye mean the lawin', man! But, we keep nae accounts here; na, na, we hae ower muckle to dae.

*Tourist.* And how do you know what to charge?

*Jenny.* Ou, we just put the things down on the sclate, and tell the customers the tottle by word o' mouth.

*Tourist.* Just so. Well, will you give me the lawin', as I am going?

*Jenny.* Oh sir, ye're jokin' noo! It's you maun gie me the lawin'—the lawin's the siller.

*Tourist.* Oh, indeed, I beg your pardon; how much is it?

*Jenny.* That's just what I was coming ben to tell you, sir. If ye had ask'd me first, or waited till I tell't ye, I wadna hae keepit ye a minute. We're no blate at askin' the lawin', although some folk are unco slow at payin' o't. It's just four-and-six.

*Tourist.* That is very moderate; there is five shillings.

*Jenny.* Thank you, sir; I hope we hae a sixpence in the house, for I wadna like to gie bawbees to a gentleman.

*Tourist.* No, no; the sixpence is for yourself.

*Jenny.* Oh, sir, it's ower muckle.

*Tourist.* What, do you object to take it?

*Jenny.* Na, na, sir; I wouldna put that affront upon ye. But I'll gie ye a bit o' advice for't. When ye're gaun awa frae an inn in a hurry, dinna be fashin' yersel' wi' mistresses, and misses, and bills; but just say, "What's the lawin', lass?"

## A HIGHLAND TRANSACTION.

The Laird of M'Nab, of whom there are many jokes current, went into a jeweller's shop in Edinburgh to order a ring, similar to one worn by a friend of his, which had taken his fancy, and which was set either with the hair of Prince Charles Edward, or some other member of the Stuart family; this circumstance, of course, constituting the chief value of the ring.

"But how soon," said the jeweller, whom he was binding down to a day for the completion of the work, "will you send me the hair?"

"The hair, sir!" replied M'Nab, fiercely; "I must expect, sir, you must give me the hair to the pargain!"

## VOLUNTEER COURAGE.

In an Edinburgh newspaper, dated July 9, 1796, appeared the following paragraph:—

"An indictment has been preferred before the Sheiiff against a *breeches maker*, for a violent assault on three of the *Royal Edinburgh Volunteers*."

## A PARADOX.

On Henry Erskine being told that Knox, who had long derived his livelihood by keeping the door of the Parliament House, had been killed by a shot from a small cannon on the king's birth-day, he observed, that "it was remarkable that a man should live by the civil, and die by the canon law."

## DEMPSTER AND LOCKSMAN.

Of old the hangman of Edinburgh used to be called, more delicately, the dempster, on account of his being employed to pronounce sentence in court



upon condemned criminals. He was also called the locksmith, in consideration of a privilege he enjoyed of taking a *lock* or handful of meal from every sack brought into the city market.

#### BLIND SANDY MARTIN.

Sandy Martin, the famous blind Harris tailor, lost his sight in early youth by small-pox; yet so wonderfully did he possess the sense of touch, that the loss of vision seemed to cause him but little inconvenience. Of all the tailors in the island, none were in greater repute than Sandy, and deservedly too, for in reality he was surpassed by none. Although stone-blind, he placed his customer before him, measured him quite scientifically, cut his cloth with rigid economy, sewed it firmly, smoothed it neatly, and, in short, finished his job to the entire satisfaction of his employer. But what was more surprising still, suppose that the cloth which he was to work upon was tartan, let it be however so fine and uncommon, he had the faculty of tracing out the stripes, squares, and angles of the fabric, by mere delicacy of touch. It is well known that tailors who have the sight of both eyes, experience at times no ordinary difficulty in cutting and finishing a Highland tartan coat, so as to make the different squares in the cloth to coalesce diagonally at the back, and to meet angularly with mathematical correctness. But in doing this blind Sandy Martin never failed, and was never known to have committed a mistake. Not satisfied with the trade of tailor, he had a second string to his bow, and acted as shoemaker also. He cut, shaped, sewed, and finished a pair of shoes as firmly and neatly as most men; and his jobs, when finished, showed no indications that the performer never saw what he so exquisitely handled. In one word, he failed but

seldom in any work which he took in hand. There was not a man in Harris who could more expeditiously repair a torn herring net than poor blind Sandy. However tattered the net might be, and however scattered the broken meshes, Sandy soon discovered the existence and extent of the damage, and quickly repaired it. This poor man unquestionably furnished a striking proof of the extent to which one sense may be improved by the deprivation of another; for, undoubtedly, the want of the sense of sight in this individual was the cause of the perfection to which he carried that of touch.—*Martin.*

#### A SCOTCH DIRECTION.

Having occasion the morning after my arrival in Edinburgh to inquire for a person with whom I had some concerns, I was amazed at the length and gibberish of a direction given me where to find him.

I was told that I must go down the street, and on the north side, over against such a place, turn down such a *wynde*; and, on the west side of the *wynde*, inquire for such a *launde*, where the gentleman *stay'd*, at the *third stair*, that is, three storeys high.—*Burt.*

#### SIR DAVID WILKIE'S OPINION OF EDINBURGH.

“What the tour of Europe was necessary to see elsewhere, I now find congregated in this one city. Here are alike the beauties of Prague and of Saltzburg; here are the romantic sites of Orvietto and Tivoli; and here is all the magnificence of the admired bays of Genoa and Naples; here, indeed, to the poetic fancy, may be found realised the Roman Capitol and the Grecian Acropolis.”—*Speech at Public Dinner, 1829.*

## GLASGOW.

The word Glasgow, in Gaelic, signifies a *grey smith*. It has hence been inferred that a person of this description, eminent in his profession, had taken up his residence in the place, and that, in compliment to him, it had received this name. Others suppose that, as the word also signifies a *dark glen*, it alludes to the glen at the east end of the church, where the cell of St Kentigern stood.—*Cleland*.

## A FATAL NEW YEAR.

A custom "more honoured in the breach than in the observance," had long prevailed in Edinburgh, of ushering in the new year with boisterous merriment in the street. This led, on the public clocks in the High Street announcing the advent of the year 1812, to riots of a most serious description. A band of young men attacked all whom they met, committed many robberies, and murdered a policeman. Three of the culprits were executed on a gibbet erected in the High Street, 22d April 1812.—*Anderson*.

## A SEVERE REBUKE.

Lord Rutherford had entered into conversation with a shepherd on the Pentland Hills, and was complaining bitterly of the weather, which prevented him enjoying his visit to the country; when he said unguardedly, "What a d—d mist!" and expressed his wonder how, or for what purpose, an east wind was created. The shepherd, a tall, grim figure, turned sharp round upon him, and said—

"What ails ye at the mist, sir? it wats the sod, it slockens the yowes;" and adding, with much solemnity,

"it's God's wull," he turned away with lofty indignation. Lord Rutherford used to repeat this with much candour, as a fine specimen of rebuke from a sincere and simple mind.

## AN "ORRA" MERCHANT.

On the north side of Old Niddry's Wynd, now Niddry Street, in Edinburgh, there formerly stood a shop kept by an eccentric personage, who exhibited a sign bearing this singular inscription—

## ORRA THINGS BOUGHT AND SOLD,

which signified that he dealt in odd articles, such as a single shoe-buckle, one of a pair of skates, a tea-pot wanting a lid, or perhaps, as often, a lid *minus* a tea-pot; in short, any unpaired article which is not to be got in the shops where only new things were sold, and which, nevertheless, are now and then as indispensably wanted by householders as anything else. This trafficker in curiosities also, at one time, besides his stationary establishment in Niddry's Wynd, kept a moveable shop, in the shape of a tide-waiter's counting-room, which usually stood at the head of the wynd, containing his own person, and an assortment of "orra" things piled up around him, and having a half-door, over which he communed with his customers. It is odd, but the creature made money; for he was perhaps the greatest match-maker in Europe.—*R. Chambers*.

## ARCHIE ARMSTRONG.

Archie Armstrong was born in the parish of Langholm. After having long distinguished himself as a most dexterous sheep-stealer, and when Eskdale at last became too hot for him, on account of his nefarious practices, he had the

honour of being appointed *jester* to James I. of England, which office he held for several years; but becoming obnoxious to Archbishop Laud, and other great men then about court, who had often smarted under the severity of his poignant wit, he was at last dismissed; and what afterwards became of him history saith not.—*Stat. Account.*

#### TOURNAMENTS IN EDINBURGH.

During the reign of James IV., Edinburgh became celebrated throughout Europe as the scene of knightly feats of arms. "In this country," says Arnot, "tournaments are of great antiquity; they were held in Edinburgh in the reign of William the Lion, and in those of many of the succeeding princes. The valley or low ground lying between the wester road to Leith, and the road at Lochend, was bestowed by James II. on the community of Edinburgh, for the special purpose of holding tournaments and other martial sports."

Here, most probably, the wappinshaws which were of such constant recurrence at a later period, as well as such martial parades as were summoned by civic authority, were held, unless in cases of actual preparation for war, when the Boroughmuir seems to have been invariably the appointed place of rendezvous. The favourite scene of royal tournaments, however, was a spot of ground near the King's Stables, just below the Castle wall. Here James IV., in particular, often assembled his lords and his barons, by proclamation, for jousting; offering such meeds of honour as a spear headed with gold, and the like favours, presented to the victor by the king's own hand; so that "the fame of his justing and turney spread throw all Europe, quhilk caused many errand knyghtis cum out of vther pairtes to Scotland to seik justing, because they hard of the kinglie fame of

the Prince of Scotland. Bot few or none of thame passed away vnmached, and oftymes overthrowne."

One notable encounter is specially recorded, which took place between Sir John Cockbewis, a Dutch knight, and Sir Patrick Hamilton. "Being assembled togidder on great horsis vnder the Castle wall, in the barrace," the Scottish knight's horse having failed him in the first onset, they encountered on foot, continuing the contest for a full hour, till the Dutchman being struck to the ground, the king cast his hat over the castle wall as a signal to stay the combat, while the heralds and trumpeters proclaimed Sir Patrick the victor.—*Wilson's Memorials.*

#### A PEEVISH OLD SCOTSWOMAN.

The following lively representation of a peevish old Scotswoman in humble life, who takes a pleasure in grumbling at all that is done for her, occurs in "Self-Devotion," a novel, published anonymously about 1835.

"Well, Elspet," said Katherine in a cheerful tone, "how's the cough to-day? I could not come to see you yesterday, but I hope you got the nice mixture I sent you over by Jeannie?"

"Ou, I ne'er expeckit ye to come," said the old dame in reply, when her guests had seated themselves on two stools beside her: "I'm an auld withered stock noo, no able to serve onybody mysel', so I canna expeck service frae ither folk. I'se warrant ye'll hae brawer friends to look after than puir Elspet." And she eyed Marion sourly, as if she suspected her of intruding on her own privileges.

"Well, but you got the mixture; and it brought you a good night's rest, did it not?" pursued Katherine, without noticing the insinuation.

"Rest!" was the indignant reply; "aweel I wot, it was a windlestrae's

rest on a windy nicht then. I ne'er had sic a nicht sin' ever I took it; I just hostit and hostit even on, and never devauled. Na, na, it's nane o' yere drugs that's to cure a host like mine—naething 'll e'er cure it but the spade an' the shool. Gin ye had sent me a drap oot o' the grand bottle ye promised to Peggy neist-by there, I micht hae pitten it into my bowl o' gruel, and been mair the better o't. But I dinna ken sae well how to fleech ye as she does, or I micht hae gotten it too."

"You're tired of the raspberry vinegar, then?" said Katherine; "why, Elspet, you had only to send Ivan to the manse, and you should have had your glass of sherry in five minutes, you stupid body."

"Na, Miss Randolph," answered Elspet, in a tone of triumph, "na, na, I'm no just come the length o' a beggar yet; though I dinna refuse the bits and brats ye send me at your pleasure. I'm sodger-bred, Miss Katherine, but I'm major-minded, an' I'll ne'er ask onybody for what I may jalouse they're no willing to gie me."

"Now, Elspet, hold your tongue," replied Katherine, with invincible good-humour; "you know very well that you would apply to me with all your heart if you had a desire for anything I could give you, if it were only for the sake of gratifying me; and you shall have the wine for to-night's gruel whenever I go home. How does the new toy I sent you yesterday please you? You are looking quite handsome in it, I think."

"Ou, it's no that ill," answered Elspet reluctantly, and as if at a loss for something to grumble at. "But wow! how the blue comes aff on my clean mitches!"—and she pushed back the hood of coloured flannel as she spoke. "I'll haud me ay daicherin' an' washin' them, and ruin me for sape forbye."

"Never mind that, Elspet, it will only give you an excuse for putting on

a clean one every day, and that's what delights you," answered Katherine. "Has papa been seeing you lately?"

"Ou ay, honest man," replied the honest dame, with a wonderful accession of respect in her tone; "he was here this morning, and gied me a lang discourse on the cheerfulness o' Christian hope. Hech me! hoo folk will cumber themselves wi' the mony things o' this sinfu' unsubstantial world: gin a body had as little world's gear as I hae, there wad be the less to fash them."

#### HENRY PRENTICE, THE POTATO CULTIVATOR.

This man was at one time a pedlar, at another time a market-gardener, and at all times a very eccentric character. He introduced the field culture of the potato into the Lothians in 1746, seven years after it had been first tried in the parish of Kilsyth by Mr Graham, of Tamraver; but it was in consequence of seeing the root in Ireland or in Lancashire, in the course of his wandering profession, that Prentice thought of making the attempt. As the field was advancing to ripeness, Lord Minto, eminent for his patriotic benevolence, asked him how it was getting on; to which Prentice answered—

"Very well, my lord; but I do not know how I shall get them carried to town for sale."

"I'll give you a cart and horse," said Lord Minto, and he was as good as his word; but Prentice, after disposing of his produce, sold the cart and horse for his own behoof, alleging that his lordship had given them to him as a present. Having scraped together the sum of a hundred and forty pounds, he sank it with the managers of the Canongate Charity Workhouse, in 1784, for a weckly subsistence of seven shillings, which he enjoyed in a humble lodging in the Abbey. During his latter

years, he was in the practice of going every Wednesday to the Cross of Edinburgh, to converse with the farmers, who were very kind to him. Nine years before his death he purchased for himself a coffin at two guineas, taking the joiner bound, by a written obligation, to screw him down with his own hands gratis; and this dismal memorial of mortality, which was inscribed only with the year of his birth (1703), he suspended from the ceiling of his apartment, like a bird-cage. He also bargained with the managers of the Charity Workhouse for a grave in the Canon-gate Churchyard, to which they were bound to convey him in a hearse with four mourning coaches; and there he accordingly erected an anticipatory monument, bearing the words—

HENRY PRENTICE,  
Died \_\_\_\_\_

Be not curious to know how I lived,  
But rather how yourself should die.

But this churchyard being frequently open, the monument in time was much damaged by boys, and Prentice thought proper to remove it to the secluded old cemetery at Restalrig, where, at his death, January 25, 1788, he was interred in the manner contracted for.

#### A LOCKERBIE LICK.

The sanguinary conflict which took place upon the sandy holm at the debouchment of the river Dryfe into the Annan, near Lockerbie, in Dumfriesshire, presents us with an instance of the length to which the feuds of families were at one time carried in Scotland.

On the 7th of December 1593, the Lord Maxwell, warden of the western marches of England and Scotland, having, in conjunction with the then Lairds of Drumlanrig and Closeburn, collected two thousand men in arms,

marched into Annandale to besiege the laird of Johnston's house of Lochwood, a place of great strength, and through deadly spite to extirpate *him* and all of his name. Accordingly, early on the morning, the Laird Maxwell came to Lockerbie, expecting to find the Johnstons, vassals of the Lochwood family, at home; but being disappointed, burnt the house of Nether Place, the residence of the Laird of Lockerbie's brother, and afterwards returned to his party at Dryfesands. It so happened that Annandale Johnston soon appeared with only forty horses, with which he engaged eighty of the enemy; put them to flight, pursuing a certain length, and then, through design, suddenly retreating, were followed by the whole body of the enemy, with Lord Maxwell at their head, till they came to the Torwood, on the south-east side of the Dryfe. Here they were suddenly joined by four hundred Annandalians, who sprung out and surprised the enemy. After a short but bloody struggle, in which they were joined by a few Scots from Eskdale, under the Laird of Buccleugh, they put the forces of Lord Maxwell into complete confusion, and completed their victory by putting upwards of seven hundred of them to the sword. Among those whom they put to death was Lord Maxwell himself, whom they killed under very cruel circumstances. He was struck from his horse in the flight, and inhumanly slain, after the hand which he stretched out for quarter had been severed from his body. His routed troops fled to the Gotterbie Ford of the Annan, where many were drowned in their attempts to cross the river. A great number that escaped were dreadfully slashed in the face by the sharp weapons of the Annandalians in the heat of the conflict; and hence a stroke in the face in this part of the country, till the present day, obtains the name of "*a Lockerbie lick.*"—*Robert Chambers.*

## "THE SPIGOT'S OOT."

Lord Airlie remarked to one of his tenants that it was a very wet season.

"Indeed, my lord," replied the man, "I think the spigot's oot a' thegither."

## ABERDONIAN BRAVERY.

No civic community in Scotland has been so distinguished in history for their bravery in battle, and their resistance to foreign aggression, as the people of Aberdeen. They assisted Bruce in 1308, and having aided in vanquishing the English betwixt Old Meldrum and Invercurry, they returned and put the garrison of Edward to the sword. They subsequently opposed, with great vigour, the landing of English troops at Dunnotar, and were defeated only after severe fighting and slaughter. At the famous battle of Harlaw, which was a sort of pitched fight betwixt the Highlanders and Lowlanders, and took place in 1411, the citizens are known to have fought so bravely as to turn the fate of the day against Donald of the Isles and his kilted host. In 1530 the Aberdonians repelled the attack of the clan Forbes with their usual intrepidity, and saved the town from being plundered. Seven years afterwards they sent a large complement of men southwards to oppose the invasion of the English under the Duke of Somerset; and they nearly all perished on the well-fought field of Pinkie. The brave Aberdonians had also their share in the disastrous troubles of Charles I.'s reign. For the eminent services performed by the citizens during the wars of the Independence, they received many privileges from Robert Bruce. In commemoration of a deed of extraordinary daring—namely, the destruction of the whole English troops that garrisoned the town in one night—they received, as a motto to their arms, the phrase "Bon Accord," which was

the watchword on the occasion, and which is still used in common speech by the Aberdonians as a familiar name of the town.

## "FROM THE HEART TO THE HEART."

Burns was present once when a little boy was asked which of the poet's works he liked best. The boy's mind evidently clung with delight to the recollection of "The Twa Dogs;" but he exclaimed, "I like 'The Cottar's Saturday Night' far best, though it made me greet when my father bade me read it to my mother."

The poet, with a sudden start, looked into the boy's face intently, and patting him on the cheek, said, the tear glistening in his eye, "Well, my callant, it made me greet too, more than once, when I was writing it at father's fire-side."

## THE DECLINE OF THE CLEIKUM INN.

Meg's Inn became less and less frequented. What carried the evil to the uttermost was, that a fanciful lady of rank in the neighbourhood chanced to recover of some imaginary complaint by the use of a mineral well about a mile and a half from the village; a fashionable doctor was found to write an analysis of the healing waters, with a list of sundry cures; a speculative builder took land in feu, and erected lodging-houses, shops, and even streets. At length a tontine subscription was obtained to erect an inn, which, for the more grace, was called a hotel; and so the desertion of Meg Dods' became general.

She had still, however, her friends, and well-wishers, many of whom thought, that as she was a lone woman, and known to be well to pass in the world she would act wisely to retire

from public life, and take down a sign which had no longer fascination for guests. But Meg's spirit scorned submission direct or implied. "Her father's door," she said, "should be open to the road till her father's bairn should be streekit, and carried out at it with her feet foremost. It was not for the profit; there was little profit at it—profit?—there was a dead loss; but she wad not be dung by any of them. They maun hae a hottie, maun they? and an honest public canna serve them! They may hottle that likes, but they shall see that Lucky Dods can hottle on as lang as the best of them—ay, though they had made a Tamteen of it, and linkit a' their breaths of lives whilk are in their nostrils on end of ilk other like a string of wild geese, and the langest liver bruick a' (which was sinful presumption), she would match ilk ane of them as lang as her ain breath held out." Fortunate it was for Meg, since she had formed this doughty resolution, that although her inn had decayed in custoin, her land had risen in value in a degree which more than compensated the balance on the wrong side of her books, and, joined to her usual providence and economy, enabled her to act up to her lofty purpose.—*St Ronan's Well.*

#### EARLY POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS.

A post was first regularly sent between Edinburgh and London in 1635, and the carrier was only allowed three days to perform his journey. In 1662, a post-office was established between Scotland and Ireland, and Robert Mein, post-master-general for Scotland, received £200 for the purpose of building a packet boat. In 1669, a post was appointed twice a-week between Edinburgh and Aberdeen; and between Edinburgh and Inverness, once a-week. However, the post-office was not established by Par-

liamentary authority until the year 1695, when posts were appointed all over the kingdom. At that time the mode of travelling was different from what it is now (1787). The person who set out from any place did not deliver the mail to another at the end of every stage, but proceeded straight on to the place where the letters were directed; nor did the improvement of delivering the letters at every stage take place till the year 1750.—*Kincaid.*

#### A COMPARATIVE IMPROVEMENT.

Principal Lee of Edinburgh University was frequently complaining of his health, and seemed to take a pleasure in expatiating on his ailments. He was met one morning by Professor Robertson, who expressed a hope that he was well.

"Far from well," said the principal. "I've had no sleep for a fortnight."

"Then, principal," replied the professor, "you're getting better; when we last met you had not slept for six weeks!"—*Dr Rogers.*

#### A PROLIX SIGN-BOARD.

A sign-board, with the following inscription *verb. et lit.* upon it, stood over a shop-door in the West Bow of Edinburgh, not many years ago:—"John Main, Stationer. Bibles, Testaments, Psalms, Hymns, Prayer-Books, Catechisms, Proverbs, Books new and old in various branches of Literature. Money or exchange for old Books. Paper, Pens and Ink; Wax and Wafers; Black lead, hair, and hair pencils; Coloured Books, Memorandum Books, Religious Tracts. Books neatly Bound on moderate terms."

## A GREAT CRIME.

I have a distinct recollection (says Charles Young in his diary), one Sunday, when I was living at Cults, and when a stranger was officiating for Dr Gillespie (who had been summoned to Edinburgh on business), observing that he had not proceeded five minutes with his "discourse," before there was a general commotion and stampede. The exodus at last became so serious, that, conceiving something to be wrong, probably a fire in the manse, I caught the infection, and eagerly inquired of the first person I encountered in the churchyard what was the matter, and was told with an expression of sovereign scorn and disgust—

"Losh keep ye, young man! Hae ye een, and see not? Hae ye ears, and hear not? *The man reads!*"

## A DOUBLE RESULT.

George Outram, whose amusing Scotch lyrics were lately collected, threw off the following epigram on hearing a lady praise a certain Rev. Doctor's eyes:—

"I cannot praise the Doctor's eyes,  
I never saw his glance divine;  
He always shuts them when he prays,  
And when he preaches he shuts mine."

## NEIL GOW.

Neil Gow, the famed composer and performer on the violin, possessed a great share of mother-wit and readiness of retort, and was never the least put about in any company. Neil having borrowed some money from Mr Murray of Abercainey, the latter took a bet that he would for once put Neil to the blush; and just when a large party had assembled, and Neil had been placed at

the head of his orchestra, he addressed the leader—

"I say, Neil, are ye not going to pay me that five pounds you owe me?"

Neil very calmly exclaimed, "Eh! eh! eh! if ye had held your tongue, I would ha'e been the last to speak o't."

## A VIGILANT EXCISEMAN.

When Robert Burns was a "gauger" in Dumfries, information had been lodged at the excise office against a woman who kept a small public-house in Thornhill. Next day—fair day—was fixed for the officers to visit it; the house was crowded; Burns came suddenly to the back door, and said to the landlady—

"Kate, woman, are ye mad?—the supervisor and me will be on ye in half-an-hour," and disappeared. There was not much liquor seized when the visitation was made.

## THE DEPUTATION.

I think it was about the *Anno Dom.* 1791, when I was sae uncommonly fashed wi' Robin Tamson, and some ither heritors, anent being what they ca'd a blackneb; and frae less tae mair, they cam' the length o' quarrellin' wi' my sermons. Robin (Mrs Balwhidder and me used to ca' him The Contumacious) got some o' them eggit up to mak' a deputation to me about the sermons; sae aff they set for the manse ae morning, and a bonny like squad they were—Tamas Thorl's brither, wi' the skaley e'e, was the best lookin' amang them. I had got an inklin' o' the thing, and was on the look-out at the door-stap. When they cam' forret, I was determined to snap them gey an' short; sae, says I, quite bauld, "Weel, what d'ye want?"

I saw this cooled their courage a wee,



being quite unexpectit; so they answered very quietly, that "they wantit a converse about the sermons." On hearing this, I asked them to stap ben the house. "Now," quo' I, "what's wrang wi' the sermons?"

"Ou!" says James Thorl, "the sermons are no that ill, but we think you preach up oor ain richteousness ower muckle."

"Your ain richteousness! the feint a muckle o' that hae I seen since I cam' among you," said I, quite jocose. "Hoot, toots, minister," quo' they, "we mean that you should gie us mair on faith, and no sae muckle on warks."

Says I, "Faith! man James, the deevils believe."

Robin Tamson here thocht he had me fairly on the hip, for, says he, "Ay, sir, but they trummel, ye ken."

By this time my birr was up, sae I spak oot, "They trummel, do they? then it shows they hae far less impudence than you."

It was as gude as a stage play to see the way they lookit. As the sayin' is, "the ane hadna a stane to cast at the tther."—*Hutchison.*

#### "A LITTLE LEARNING."

Ye may just as weel tell me that a little siller's a dangerous thing. Sae doubtless it is, in a puir hard-working chiel's pouch, in a change-house, on a Saturday nicht—but no sae dangerous either as mair o't. A guinea's mair dangerous than a shilling, gin you reason in that gate. It's just perfect sophistry a'thegither. In like manner, you micht say a little licht's a dangerous thing, and therefore shut up the only bit wunnock in a puir man's house, because the room was ower sma' for a venetian! Havers! havers! God's blessings are aye God's blessings, though they come in sma's and dribblets.—*Noctes Ambros.*

#### LOT'S WIFE.

The Rev. Mr Munro of Westray, one day preaching on the flight of Lot from Sodom, said: "The honest man and his family were ordered out of the town, and charged not to look back; but the auld carline, Lot's wife, looked ower her shoutler, for which she was smote into a lump of sawt." And he added, with great unction, "O ye people of Westray, if ye had had her, mony a day since ye wad hae putten her in the parritch-pat!"

#### ONE ADVANTAGE OF PORK.

"I'm aye gled when we hae a sow to kill," said a humble Scottish minister, who was possessed of a large family, and a correspondingly small income; "for, ye see, there's a hantle o' miscellaneous eating about a swine."

#### HIGHLAND HONOURS.

"At most of the festive meetings now held in the North," says a correspondent, "certain toasts are drunk with 'Highland honours;' and as it may not be generally known how this style of 'giving the time' was introduced, I may mention that it was given for the first time (and it astonished the party) at one of the early meetings of the Celtic Society, by the late accomplished Ronald Macdonald of Staffa, then sheriff of Stirlingshire, who was an enthusiastic Highlander. It was on the occasion of drinking to Sir Walter Scott, who, on returning thanks, said—

'There is not 'twixt this and Jaffa,  
A warmer heart than is in Staffa.'

Staffa was the son of Macdonald of Boisdale, a family now extinct as proprietors, but who, at one time, held a high place among the clan."

## "FA WAS YON?"

A Mr Taylor, merchant, Blackburn, was in the church of Kinnellar one Sunday forenoon, when the minister happened to allude to 2d Cor. xii. 2. A wife sitting beside him gave him a nudge with her elbow. On the way home she said, "Merchant, you that kens a'body, fa was yon the minister was speakin' about the day?"

## THE MEASURE OF ART.

"What's the price o' this painting?" inquired a purse proud, poor-minded patron of art in his way, of a needy artist. "Twenty guineas is the lowest I can take for it, sir," was the reply. "I am afraid," said the man of money and muslin, "it's ower dear for me; I'm buying far bigger pictures for less siller!"

## A JUDGE BREAKING THE LAWS.

A late Lord Justice-Clerk, when out in pursuit of game one day, was passing through a turnip field, when he was rudely hailed by the farmer to "come oot o' that!" His lordship, not liking to be addressed in this disrespectful manner, asked the angry man if he knew to whom he was speaking? "No, I dinna," was the answer.

"Well, I'm the Lord Justice-Clerk."

"I dinna care wha's clerk ye are; but ye'se come oot among my neeps."

## A BETTER TRADE.

Lord Seafield, who was accused by his brother of accepting a bribe to vote for the union betwixt England and Scot-

land, endeavoured to retort upon him by calling him a cattle-dealer.

"Ay, weel," replied his brother, "better sell nowte than sell nations."

## A REAL COCKNEY.

A young English nobleman, visiting at Gordon Castle, had boasted that during his six weeks' shooting in the north he had acquired so much Scotch that it was impossible to puzzle him. The beautiful Duchess of Gordon took up his challenge, and defied him to interpret the sentence—

"Come, pree my mou', my canty callant."

It was with intense chagrin that he afterwards learned what a chance he had lost by his ignorance.

## A BROAD HINT.

It is related of a noble Scottish lady of the olden time, who lived in a remote part of the Highlands, and was noted for her profuse liberality, that she was sometimes overburdened with habitual "sorners." When any one of them out-stayed his welcome, she would take occasion to say to him at the morning meal, with an arch look at the rest of the company, "Mak a guid breakfast, Mr —, while ye're about it; ye dinna ken whaur ye'll get your dinner." The hint was usually taken, and the "sorner" departed.

## A DIFFICULT JOB.

A tradesman employed to execute a very difficult piece of carved work, being asked how he was getting on, answered, "I'm just struishlin' awa', like a writer trying to be honest!"

## A THEOLOGICAL DISPUTANT REBUKED.

"Let us alane o' your glaibering about religion, ye rascal," said a father to his son, who was fond of arguing upon doctrinal points. "I wish ye wad think mair, pray mair, and haver less about it. D'ye think that religion's naething but a pease-kail for chicken-cocks to cackle about?"

## BREAKING A REBELLIOUS LEAGUE.

William, eighth Earl of Douglas, in 1451, having been invited by King James the Second to Stirling Castle, and splendidly entertained, the monarch, after supper, took him aside into a secret chamber, and there proceeded to remonstrate with him concerning a rebellious league he had entered into with the Earls of Crawford and Ross. The haughty Douglas positively refused to break the confederacy; when the king drew a short sword and stabbed him, exclaiming—"If you will not break this league, I shall."—*R. Chambers.*

## TIBBIE SHIELS.

A cosy bield, sirs, this o' Tibbie's—just like a bit wren's nest. A wren's nest's round and theekit wi' moss—sae is Tibbie's; a wren's nest has a wee bit canny hole in the side o't for the birdies to hap in and out o', aiblins wi' a hangin' leaf to hide and fend by way o' door—and sae has Tibbie's; a wren's nest's aye dry on the inside, though drappin' on the out wi' dew or rain—and sae is Tibbie's; a wren's nest's for ordinar biggit in a retired spat, yet within hearin' o' the hum o' men, as weel's o' water, be it linn or lake—and sae is Tibbie's; a wren's nest's no easy fund, yet when you happen to keek on't, you wunner hoo ye never saw the happy house afore—and sae is't wi' Tibbie's; therefore,

sirs, for sic reasons, and a thousand mair, I observed, "a cosy bield this o' Tibbie's—just like a bit wren's nest."—*Noctes Ambros.*

## A SCOTTISH PARISH LONG AGO.

The following graphic account of the condition of a Scottish parish—Tongland, in Kirkcudbright—is taken from Sir John Sinclair's valuable *Statistical Account of Scotland*, published in 1793. It there appears as an "authentic sketch of the statistical state of this parish about 60 or 70 years ago;" *i.e.*, 1720 or 1730.

At the above period there was not a hat to be seen in the whole congregation upon a Sunday. They wore Kilmarnock bonnets or caps of different colours. In church they kept on their bonnets and caps during the lecture and sermon, and took them off only during the prayer, the singing of psalms, and the pronouncing the blessing. Few or none of the common people could read, and the preceptor read the Scriptures to them in church before the minister made his appearance. They had no buckles in their shoes, but tied them with small leather thongs; had no metal buttons on their clothes, but large clumsy buttons of wood moulds, covered over with the same cloth as the coat. The men wore kelt coats, made of a mixture of black and white wool, as it came off the sheep, in its natural state. Neither men nor women, in general, wore any shirts, and when they did, they were made of coarse wool; in general, they changed their plaiding shirts twice in the year, at Whitsunday and Martinmas. It was long before linen shirts came into use among the vulgar. They wore no shoes in summer nor winter, but in the time of severe frost and snow. Their children got no shoes till they were able to go to the kirk. The women wore coarse plaiding or druggat gowns, made of the

coarsest wool, and spun in the coarsest manner. The tenant's wives wore toys of linen of the coarsest kind, upon their heads, when they went to church, fair, or market. At home, in their own houses, they wore toys of coarse plaiding. The young girls wore linen mutches, with a few plaits in them above their foreheads, when they went abroad to the church, or to fairs or market. At home they went bareheaded, with their hair snooded back on the crown of their head, with a woollen string in the form of a garter. Their houses were the most miserable hovels, built of stone and turf, without mortar, and stopped with fog or straw, to keep the wind from blowing in upon them. They had a window on each side of the house, which they opened or shut as the wind blew, to give them light. These windows they stopped with straw or fern. In such houses, when they kindled a fire, they lived in a constant cloud of smoke, enough to suffocate them, had they not been habituated to it from infancy. They had many of them no standing beds, but slept on heath or straw, covered with the coarsest blankets, upon the floor. They kept their cattle in the same house with themselves, tied to stakes in one end of the house. There was no division to separate the cattle from themselves. Their furniture consisted of stools, pots, wooden cogs, and bickers. At their meals, they ate and supped altogether out of one dish. They lived in a coarse and dirty manner, and ate of the meanest and coarsest food. In general, their food consisted of brose, pottage, oat-meal flummery, and greens boiled in water and a little salt. The dishes out of which they were fed were seldom washed after meals, and, of course, were often thick with dirt. Each person in the family had a short hafted spoon made of horn, which they called a *munn*, with which they supped, and carried it in their pocket, or hung it by their side. They

had no knives and forks, but lifted the butcher meat they ate with their fingers. They ate little meat at that time excepting the off-falls of their flocks, which died either by poverty or disease. At Martinmas they killed an old ewe or two, as their winter provision, and used the sheep that died of the braxy in the latter end of autumn. . . . At that time, and for long after, there was not a cart in the parish. They led home their corn and hay in cars, and in trusses on the backs of their horses, and their peats in creels and sacks. The women carried out dung in creels on their backs, and the men filled their creels at the dunghill, and lifted it upon their shoulders. . . . At that time there were no saddles nor bridles, and they rode to church and market upon brechams and pillions placed on the horses, and halters on the horses' heads made of hair. They shod their horses' fore feet, but put no shoes upon their hind feet. . . . They had no candles to give them light in the winter time. When the good man of the house made family worship, they lighted a russy, to enable him to read the psalm and the portion of Scripture before he prayed. The men had no razors, but clipped their beards every Saturday night with scissors, to appear more decent upon the Sunday. The lower class in general were tainted strongly with superstitious sentiments and opinions. . . . They used many charms and incantations to preserve themselves, their cattle, and houses, from the malevolence of witches, wizards, and evil spirits. . . . They believed in benevolent spirits, which they termed *brownies*, who went about in the night-time, and performed for them some parts of their domestic labour, such as threshing and winnowing their corn, spinning and churning. . . . Both men and women were robust and healthy, and subject to few diseases. They were strangers to every complaint of a nerv-

ous nature. This arose from the hardy manner in which they were brought up from their infancy, and being accustomed to watch their cattle without doors in the night during the whole summer and harvest season.

#### A GOOD WALKER.

Sep. 1789.—Died lately at Dually, near Dunkeld, aged 89, Mr John Stewart. This gentleman was so remarkable for agility and strength, that a bet having been laid a few years ago, that he would walk from Dunkeld to London (450 miles) in five days, he accomplished the journey in four days and six hours.—*Scots Mag.*

#### "MOST WELCOME!"

For a short time after the Disruption, an unkindly feeling existed between the ministers of the Established Church and their protesting brethren. Several "free" parishioners of Blackford, Perthshire, waited on Mr Clark, the established minister, and preferred the request that they might have the services of a non-Erastian sexton.

"Will you allow us, sir," said one of the deputation, "to dig our own graves?"

"Certainly, gentlemen," said Mr Clark, "you are most welcome; and the sooner the better!"

#### WASTE LAND.

When some one said to Burns that the farm of Ellisland consisted of good ground, the poet exclaimed, "Good ground! and so it is, save what is stones. It is not land, sir; it is the riddlings of the creation!"

#### AN OBJECTION REMOVED.

A countryman having applied to Mr Carrick of the Union Bank of Glasgow to discount a bill which had three months and seventeen days to run, the banker, after carefully looking at both sides of it, as was his invariable custom, said that "it was not usual to take bills of a longer date than three months;" upon which the applicant, scratching his head and looking slyly at Mr Carrick, said, "That may be your usual way, sir, but ye ken the days are unco short at this time o' the year!" The bill was discounted.

#### AN APT QUOTATION.

On the evening of the day of the battle of Sheriffmuir, when the action was over, a Scots officer in Argyle's army observed to his Grace, that he was afraid the rebels would give out to the world that *they* had obtained the victory.

"Weel, weel," said his Grace, "in the words of the old song, if they think it be nae weel bobbit, we'll bob it again!"

#### ELDER AND HEARER.

Lady Betty Cunningham and Bailie Anderson resided in Glasgow about fifty years ago. The Bailie happened to be an elder and Lady Betty a hearer in St Enoch's church. One of her Ladyship's old servants had fallen into decayed circumstances, and applied to the Bailie for parochial relief. Mr Anderson being of opinion that Lady Betty should relieve her servants herself, declined to accede to her request. When this was told to the lady she retaliated by going to church on the following Sunday with the firm determination of putting nothing in the plate: and the

Baillie happening to be officiating at the church-door, she made the most profound curtesy to him, and sailed majestically up the centre of the church. The worthy magistrate was at first struck so much by this excess of manners, that he was at a loss to understand it. However, in a few moments, he recovered himself, and instantly resolved to be even with her ladyship. He accordingly entered the church, and addressed her, but in so loud a tone, that the whole congregation heard him. "Gie us," said he, "less o' your manners, my leddy, and mair o' your siller."

#### A FISHERMEN'S FIGHT.

On Wednesday, March 19, 1788, a sharp contest took place at the back of the Black Rocks, near Leith harbour, between a boat's crew belonging to Newhaven and another boat belonging to Prestonpans, occasioned by the latter's dragging oysters on the ground alleged to belong to the former. After a severe conflict for about half an hour, with their oars, boat-hooks, etc., the Newhaven men brought in the Prestonpans boat to Newhaven, after much hurt being received on both sides. This is the second Prestonpan's boat taken from them this season, in the same manner, by the Newhaven fishermen.—*Scots Mag.*

#### ANDREW FAIRSERVICE ON GLASGOW CATHEDRAL.

"Ah! it's a brave kirk—nane o' yere whignaleeries and curliewurlies and opensteek hems about it—a' solid, weel-jointed mason-wark, that will stand as lang as the warld, keep hands and gunpowther aff it. It had amaist a douncome lang syne at the Reformation, when they pu'd down the kirks of St Andrews and Perth, and thereawa', to cleanse them o' Papery, and idolatry,

and image-worship, and surplices, and sic like rags o' the muckle hure that sitteth on seven hills, as if ane wasna braid enough for her hinder end. Sae the commons o' Renfrew, and o' the Barony, and the Gorbals, and a' about, they behoved to come into Glasgow ae fair morning, to try their hand on purging the High Kirk o' Popish nick-nackets. But the townsmen o' Glasgow, they were feared their auld edifice might slip the girths in gaun through sicca rough physic, sae they rang the common bell, and assembled the train-bands wi' took o' drum. By good luck, the worthy James Rabat was Dean o' Guild that year (and a gude mason he was himsell, made him the keener to keep up the auld bigging); and the trades assembled, and offered downright battle to the commons, rather than their kirk should coup the crans, as others had done elsewhere. It wasna for love o' Paperie—na, na!—nane could ever say that o' the trades o' Glasgow—sae they sune came to an agreement to take a' the idolatrous statues of sants (sorrow be on them) out o' their neuks. And sae the bits o' stane idols were broken in pieces by Scripture warrant, and flung into the Molendiner burn, and the auld kirk stood as crouse as a cat when the flaes are kaimed aff her, and a'body was alike pleased. And I hae heard wise folk say, that if the same had been done in ilka kirk in Scotland, the Reform wad just hae been as pure as it is e'en now, and we wad hae mair Christian-like kirks; for I hae been sae lang in England, that naething will drived out o' my head, that the dog-kennel at Osbaldistone Hall is better than mony a house o' God in Scotland."—*Rob Roy.*

#### A MEETING OF CRIPPLES.

Sept. 9, 1820.—The Lamiters of Edinburgh and its vicinity are respect-

fully informed that a festival will be celebrated by the Ready-to-halt Fraternity, at M'Lean's Hotel, Princes Street, on Thursday next, the 14th of September. All such Cripples and Lamiters as wish to consociate and dine together will please give in their names at the Hotel before the 14th instant. *No Procession.* W. T., Secretary.—*Cal. Mercury.*

#### A TROUBLESOME WOMAN.

1684, 22d October.—That day, compeirit Janet Robertson; she wellowing in her former filthines and prophanatie; it is ordainit that she shall be cartit and scourgit through the town and markit with ane hot iron, and so banished furth of the parochie: And it is intimat out of the pulpit, discharging all in the parochie to receive Janet Robertson in your houses under y<sup>e</sup> penaltie of x<sup>li</sup>bs., and the highest censure of the Kirk for her manifold fornic<sup>tes</sup>, lownries, and miscariages, and if she returns, is to be handed to the magistrates.—*Dunfermline Kirk Session Records.*

#### CANDID, AT LEAST.

The Rev. James M'Queen, one of the ministers of Skye, used to relate that a man of the name of M'Pherson, from the braes of Lochaber, came to him for the baptism of one of his children. As he was a stranger, the minister inquired his name, connections, and what parish he had come from; and, in particular, if he had brought a testimonial of his character?

"Huich? A testimoniel? Fat pe she?"

"Why, it is just a written account of the character you have borne, and testified by the minister and elders of the parish."

"Oach, no, Mr M'Queen; she didna brought her."

"But you ought to have done so. What was the reason you did not bring it with you?"

"Because hersell was thoughting she would be as petter without it."

#### ARCHIE CAMPBELL AND THE DOCTOR.

Archie Campbell was a famous city officer in Edinburgh at the end of last century, and many curious stories are told of him.

He kept a clerk, and a queer, misshapen, little body John Dalrymple the clerk was. He had often to accompany his employer in the discharge of his multifarious duties; and it was not a little laughable to observe the dignity of the city officer, as he walked through the streets with his amanuensis following at a proper distance in the rear. If the latter happened to approach rather near, the angry frown of his master—"I say, sir, keep a respectable distance!"—speedily reminded him of his inadvertence.

A rather laughable anecdote is told of Archie and Mr Black, surgeon of the police establishment, who had a shop at the time referred to in the High Street. Among other tax receipts put into Archie's hands to recover payment, there happened to be two against Mr Black. As usual, the city officer set out, accompanied by his clerk, whom he instructed to go up and inquire if the surgeon "had any answer to the twa papers left on a former occasion; for if he had not, he would come and carry off his *cakinauy* (ippecacuanha) *potlles!*" Having no particular favour for such customers, and being at the time engaged in adjusting a new patent electrifying machine, with a battery of twelve jars, the doctor desired the messenger to return in the course of ten minutes, when he would endeavour to

be prepared for him. Archie, in the meanwhile, amused himself by walking up and down at no great distance. True to his time, the clerk returned; and just as he began to shake the handle of the door—which was fastened by a chain, and to which had been affixed a wire from the machine—off went the battery; and the first landing of the unfortunate attendant was on the pavement. As he lay sprawling and gasping, Archie, assisted by Mr Shade, seedsman (in the front of whose shop the affair occurred), came forward, and lifting up the clerk, began to abuse him for being “trunk like a peast at that time o’ day.” Dalrymple soon recovered, and endeavoured to give some account of the curious sensation he felt; but Archie still persisted in maintaining that he was the worse of liquor. Rightly calculating on another visit, the doctor again charged the machine; and he had scarcely done so, when Archie himself was at the door.

“Come in Mr Campbell,” cried the doctor; and just as Archie applied his hand to the handle, the unexpected shock of the electric battery sent him also headlong down the steps, rolling on the pavement, where he lay for a few minutes quite insensible. Mr Shade and the clerk speedily came to his assistance; and as he began to recover from his stupor, the seedsman—who spoke with a horrid nasal twang—could not resist the opportunity of cracking a jest at his expense. “You sometimes accuse me of liking a glass, Archie, but I think the doctor has given you a tumbler!”

“No, sir,” cried Archie, as soon as he had recovered his speech, “he shot me through the shoulder with a horse pistol. I heard the report, by —. Laddie, Dalrymple, do you see any blood? I take you both witness to it.”

The occurrence soon became known in the Council Chamber. Next day

one of the clerks, with affected seriousness, requested Archie to call on Mr Black about some trifling matter.

“You and the doctor may paitth go to the tevil; do you want me to be murdered, sir?” said he, as he walked off. Never having heard of an electric battery at the Rannoch College, Archie was hard to convince that he had been assailed by anything else than a horse pistol; and he could never again be persuaded to enter the premises of the doctor.—*Kay*.

#### A BLUNT SEA CAPTAIN.

In the war which broke out in 1755, Captain, afterwards Admiral Campbell, was generally Admiral Hawke’s captain, and was sent by that gallant commander with the news of his victory over the French fleet in November 1759. On this occasion, it is said that Lord Anson, as they were going in his coach to carry the news to the king, said, “Captain Campbell, the king will knight you if you think proper.”

“Troth, my lord,” said the captain, who retained his Scots dialect as long as he lived, “I know of no use that will be to me.”

“But your lady may like it,” replied his lordship.

“Well then,” rejoined the captain, “his majesty may knight her, if he pleases.”—*Scots Mag*.

#### NEWSPAPERS IN SCOTLAND.

Soon after the establishment of the post office in Scotland, in 1635, the increase of general curiosity producing a proportionable inquiry after public transactions, gave occasion to the setting up of a newspaper. The first of this kind was the *Mercurius Scotticus*, published in 1651; but next year it was given up, and a London newspaper



was reprinted at Leith. In 1653, this was succeeded by another, named *Mercurius Politicus*, printed likewise at Leith, but, in 1655, reprinted at Edinburgh. In 1661, a new paper, entitled *Mercurius Caledonius*, made its appearance, but lasted only three months.

Another then took place, called the *Kingdom's Intelligencer*, which continued seven years. Several others of this stamp were afterwards published; but it was not till the year 1699 that an *Edinburgh Gazette* was issued by authority. In 1709, the Town Council granted a license to one Mr David Fearn, an advocate, to print a paper called the *Scots Postman*, and discharging all others to print on his days; but the following year, the celebrated Daniel de Foe obtained leave to publish the *Edinburgh Courant*, which, as it had an existence before that time, seems thus to have been older than the *Postman*.—*Kincaid*.

#### HIGHLAND PENALTIES.

The following is a proclamation said to have been once issued at Kenmore:—"A ane time ho yes! and a twa time ho yes! and a tree time ho yes! To a' them wha hae gotten the spoke (English), no persons, at no time after nor pefore, will pu peats nor howk heather on my Lord Preatalappin's moss, or my lordship to pe surely will prougt them pefore her to be peheatet and syne hangt; and gin she'll come back, till pe waur done till her nor a' tat."

#### BURNS AND THE MORAVIAN.

One Sunday morning, some time before Burns commenced author, when he

and his brother Gilbert were going to the parish church of Tarbolton, they got into company with an old man, a Moravian, travelling to Ayr. It was at the time when the dispute between the Old and New Light Burghers was making a great noise in the country; and Burns and the old man, entering into conversation, differed in their opinions about it, the old man defending the principles of the Old Light, and Burns those of the New Light. The disputants at length grew very warm in the debate, and Burns, finding that with all his eloquence he could make nothing of his antagonist, became a little acrimonious, and tauntingly exclaimed—

"Oh, I suppose I have met with the apostle Paul this morning!"

"No," replied the old Moravian, coolly, "you have not met the apostle Paul, but I think I have met one of those wild beasts which he says he fought with at Ephesus!"

#### HUGO ARNOT AND THE FISHWIFE.

Hugo Arnot's tenuity of person, as a subject of satirical remark, was not entirely confined to the learned. One day as he was standing in Creech the bookseller's shop, an old woman—a fishwife from Fisherrow—came in to purchase a Bible. To quiz the old lady a little, Hugo said he wondered she could trouble her head reading such a nonsensical, old-fashioned book as that. Horror-struck at his blasphemous remark, the old woman eyed Hugo in silence a few moments, measuring him from head to foot with inexpressible amazement. At length she exclaimed, "God hae mercy on us! Wha wad hae thoct that ony human-like cratur wad ever hae spoken that way? But *you*," she added, with an expression of the most perfect contempt—"a perfect *atomy*!"—*Kay*.

## DR JOHNSTON AND HIS HEARERS.

Dr Johnston, minister of the old church in the fishing village of Newhaven, was very much respected by his congregation. He considered them, in an especial manner, under his charge, and accordingly treated them on all occasions with the most marked attention. This urbanity and condescension produced on their part a feeling of the deepest veneration for their beloved minister. This esteem was occasionally characteristically illustrated by the exclamation of the women who, when selling fish to a higgling customer, attempted to destroy all hopes of abatement in price by saying—

“Na, na, woman, I wadna gie them to the doctor himsel’ for that siller!”

## GLASGOW CATHEDRAL CRITICISED.

Dr Robertson, before being appointed minister of the cathedral in Glasgow, was located in the village of Mains. After his removal, Walter Nicoll, the beadle of the latter place, paid him a visit, and attended worship in the cathedral. With its noble columns, lofty arches, and elegant stained windows, it is one of the most imposing and stately places of worship in Scotland.

“This is a much finer church than the Mains, Walter,” said Dr Robertson, after service, to his visitor.

“I’m no sae sure o’ that, doctor,” was the rejoinder.

“Indeed!” exclaimed the doctor; “surely you have no fault to find with our noble cathedral?”

After a pause, as if Walter did not want to hurt the feelings of his reverend friend more than was necessary, Walter replied, “Weel, sir, nae great faut; but she’s useles big—she’s got nae laft, and she’s sair fashed wi’ a’ thae muckle pillars aboot her!”

## A COCKNEY IN SCOTCH WEATHER.

The English are severe on our cleemat; and our cleemat, when it catches a Cockney in’t, is still severer on them—lauchin a’ the while at the cretur’s astonishment, when a blash o’ sleet suddenly blin’s his face, or a hail-dance peppers him—a wee bit malicious whurl-wund havin’ first reversed his umbrella, and then, whuppin’t out o’ his haun, carried it to the back o’ beyond—to be picked up as a curiosity frae Lunnon by some shepherd in anither glen.—*Noctes Ambros.*

## LAST WORDS OF JAMES V.

The exclamation of James the Fifth, when, on his death-bed, he heard the news of his queen being delivered of a female child (afterwards Mary Queen of Scots), was long remembered by his people. He turned his face to the wall, and was heard to mutter, “It came with a lass, and it will go with a lass—devil go with it!” These, his last words, referred to the circumstance of his family having acquired the crown by marriage.

## A REASONING VOLUNTEER.

When the corps of the Royal Edinburgh Volunteers was formed in 1793, Dr Gregory entered warmly into the spirit of the design, and was among the first to enrol himself in the ranks. He never, however, attained eminence in his military capacity. The well-known Sergeant Gould used to say, “He might be a good physician, but he was a very awkward soldier.”

At drill, he was either very absent or very inquisitive, and put so many questions, that Gould, out of temper, often said, “—it, sir, you are here to obey orders, sir, and not to ask reasons;

there is nothing in the king's orders about reasons!"

Aware of his deficiency, the doctor was not only punctual in attending all regimental field-days, but frequently had the sergeant-major at his own house to give him instructions. On one of these occasions, the sergeant, out of all patience with the awkwardness and inquisitiveness of his learned pupil, exclaimed, in a rage, "Hold your tongue, sir; I would rather drill ten clowns than one philosopher!"--*Kay.*

#### AN "ERRAND LADDIE" OF BURNS.

In May 1875 there died at Townhead, Dumfries, a well-known and singular character, John Brodie, at the patriarchal age of 96 years. For half a century Brodie was one of the social landmarks of Dumfries. When a lad he was in the habit of running messages for Burns, on the poet taking up his residence at Dumfries, after leaving Ellisland farm. John was fond of field sports and fishing, though he repudiated the charge of being a poacher, and he was noted for his keen repartee. He was an indefatigable collector of old relics, and boasted of being in possession of a brace of pistols which had belonged to Burns, as well as the sword used by him when in the Excise. Brodie kept a small shop, which contained a most extraordinary collection of articles, including, among other curiosities, a silver toothpick which had belonged to the celebrated Duchess of Queensberry. Time had not made much impression on his mental powers, but an accident to his foot some two years ago latterly confined him to his house. Until within a few weeks of his death, however, he might have been seen at his door sedulously inquiring what was the news from passers-by. Brodie was out of his bed the day before he died (which

was a Sunday), and falling into a slumber from which he never awoke, he passed calmly away.

#### A CLERICAL PUNSTER.

A minister in Orkney having been asked by the Rev. Mr Spark, minister of St Magnus, to conduct service in his church, and also to baptize his infant daughter, gave out for singing, before the baptismal service, a portion of the fifth paraphrase, beginning—

"As sparks in quick succession rise."

As Mr Spark's helpmate was a fruitful vine, and presented him with a pledge of her affection nearly every year, the titter among the congregation was unmistakable and irresistible. *Dr Rogers.*

#### ALLAN RAMSAY'S "GOOSE-PIE."

Allan Ramsay lived for some years in a fantastical house of an octagonal form, which he had built for himself on the Castlehill of Edinburgh, and which he considered a perfect paragon of beauty. This house he was induced, by his vanity, to show to Lord Elibank, who had both acuteness and wit; telling his lordship, at the same time, that his friends said it resembled a goose-pie. "Indeed, Allan," replied his lordship readily, "now that I see you in it, I think the term is very properly applied."

#### A SOVEREIGN REMEDY FOR TOOTHACHE.

Take a mouthfu' o' speerit, and keep whurlin't about in your mouth—dinna spit it out—but ower wi't; then anither, and anither, and anither—and nae mair toothache in your stumps than in a fresh stab in my garden paling.—*Noctes Ambrosae.*

## A JUDICIAL CLIMAX.

Lord Eskgrove, at the Glasgow Circuit Court, had to condemn two prisoners to death for breaking into the house of Sir James Colquhoun of Lass, assaulting him, and robbing him of a large sum of money. He first, as was his constant practice, explained the nature of the various crimes—assault, robbery, and hamesucken—of which last he gave the etymology; and he then reminded them that they had attacked the house and the persons within it, and robbed them, and then came to this climax—“All this you did; and, God preserve us! joost when they were sitten down to their denner!”

## ORIGIN OF JOHN O' GROAT'S HOUSE.

In the reign of James the Fourth of Scotland, three brothers, Malcolm Gavin and John de Groat, natives of Holland, came to the county, carrying with them a letter in Latin from that monarch, recommending them to the protection and countenance of his loving subjects in Caithness. They purchased, or obtained by royal charter, the lands of Warse and Duncansbay, in the parish of Canisbay; and in process of time, by the increase of their families and the subdivision of the property, there came to be eight different proprietors of the name of Groat. An annual festive meeting having been established to commemorate the anniversary of their arrival in Caithness, a dispute arose on one of these occasions respecting the right of taking the door, the head of the table, &c., which increased to such a height as threatened to be attended with very disagreeable consequences, when John, who was now considerably advanced in years, happily interposed. He expatiated on the comforts which they had hitherto enjoyed in the land of their adoption, and

conjured them, by the ties of blood and their mutual safety, to return quietly home, pledging himself that he would satisfy them on all points of precedency at their next meeting. They acquiesced, and departed in peace. In due time, to fulfil his engagement, John built a house, distinct by itself, of an octagonal form, with eight doors and windows; and having placed a table of oak, of the same shape, in the middle, when the next meeting took place, he desired each of his friends to enter at his own door, and sit at the head of the table. By this happy contrivance any dispute in regard to rank was prevented, and the former harmony and good humour of the party were restored.

## CUDDIE HEADRIGG'S REMONSTRANCE.

“Oh, my son,” said the too-enlightened Mause, “had ye but profited by the Gospel doctrines ye hae heard in the Glen of Bengonnar, frae the dear Richard Rumbleberry, that sweet youth who suffered martyrdom in the Grass-market afore Candlemas! Didna ye hear him say, that Erastianism was as bad as Prelacy, and that the Indulgence was as bad as Erastianism?”

“Heard ever onybody the like o' this!” interrupted Cuddie; “we'll be driven out o' house and ha' again afore we ken where to turn oursells. Weel, mither, I hae just ae word mair. An I hear ony mair o' your din—afore folk, that is, for I dinna mind your clavers mysel', they aye set me sleeping—but if I hear ony mair din afore folk, as I was saying, about Poundtexts and Rumbleberries, and doctrines and malignants, I'se e'en turn a single sodger mysel', or maybe a sergeant or a captain, if ye plague me the mair, and let Rumbleberry and you gang to the deil thegither. I ne'er gat ony gude by his doctrine, as ye ca't, but a sour fit o' the batts wi' sitting amang the wat moss-

hags for four hours at a yoking, and the ledgy cured me wi' some hickery-pickery; mair by token, an she had ken'd how I came by the disorder, she wadna hae been in sic a hurry to mend it."—*Old Mortality*.

#### STATUE OF KING WILLIAM.

The imposing statue of King William, "of glorious memory," which stands near the Cross of Glasgow, was presented to the city by Governor Macrae, of Madras, whose brother was an Ayrshire fiddler in utmost request at kirns and other merry-makings.

#### CASTING UP.

The art of making little arithmetical calculations. A mower once regretted to me that he had not learnt algebra at school, for then he could have "cast up jobs" on the "nail o' his thumb." Also, "castin' up" is a mean way of reproaching persons, by reminding them of some little guilty slip in "youth," or of some crime of their ancestors. Such conduct frequently leads to serious broils. A man on horseback came up with another rider like himself, while going to a Dumfries *Rude* fair once, and quoth the one who overtook—

"Whar come ye frae, gude man, gin ane might speer?"

"E'en out o' the parish o' Cowen," replied he.

"I was thinkin' sae," returned the first, "for, like a' your parish fowk, ye sit far back on the hinder part o' the beast."

"Aiblins;" quoth his companion, "an' whar come ye frae, is a fair question for you now to answer."

"Oh, I am Mr K——, of R——," he replied.

"I just thought sae," quoth the Cowen man, "for I see the stedd o' the

gallows that hanged Henry Gregg on your back."

On *casting up* which they set at each other with loaded whips, and the forward Mr K—— was left sprawling on the road.—*Mactaggart*.

#### QUEEN MARY'S DRESSES.

Mary had a great variety of dresses, such as gowns, kirtles, skirts, sleeves, doublets, veils, fardingales, and cloaks. She had ten pairs of woven hose of gold, silver, and silk; three pairs of woven hose of worsted Guernsey; thirty-six pairs of velvet shoes, laid with gold and silver; and six pairs of gloves of worsted Guernsey. Her ordinary gowns were made of camblet, damis, and serge of Florence, bordered with black velvet. Her riding cloaks and skirts were usually of black serge of Florence, stiffened at the neck and other parts, and mounted with lace and ribbons. For some time after her return to Scotland, the clothes and equipments for herself and attendants were black.

#### THE SHEPHERD ON UMBRELLAS.

A daft-like walkin'-stick indeed is an umbrella! gie me a gude black-thorn, wi' a spike in't. As for carryin' an umbrella aneath ma oxter—I hae a' my life preferred the airm o' a bit lassie cleekin mine—and whenever the day comes that I'm seen unfurlin' an umbrella, as I'm walkin' or sittin' by mysel, may that day be my last, for it'll be a proof that the pith's a' out o' me, and that I'm a pair fushionless body, ready for the kirkyard, and my corp no worth the trouble o' howkin up. Nae weather-fender for the shepherd but the plaid!—*Noctes Ambros*.

## GLASSES AND LASSIES.

While Burns was at Moffat once with Clarke the composer, the poet called for a bumper of brandy. "Oh, not a bumper," said the musician, "I prefer two small glasses."

"Two glasses?" cried Burns; "why, you are like the lass in Kyle, who said she would rather be kissed twice bare-headed than once with her bonnet on."

## EPITAPH ON PROVOST AIRD OF GLASGOW.

*Obit circa, 1735.*

Here lies Provost John Aird,  
He was neither a great merchant nor a  
great laird;  
At biggin o' kirks he had richt gude  
skill,  
He was five times Lord Provost and  
twice Dean o' Guild!

## PYROTECHNICS.

Hugo Arnot was long afflicted with a nervous cough. He came into Creech the bookseller's shop one day, coughing and wheezing at a tremendous rate. Casting his eye on Mr Tytler of Woodhouselee, who happened to be present, he observed to him, "If I do not soon get rid of this d—d cough, it will carry me off like a rocket." Mr Tytler replied, "Indeed, I hugo, my man, if you do not mend your manners, you will assuredly take quite a contrary direction!"

## EASY SAILING.

Maggy Liston, a Newhaven fishwife, was going home one night, a little under the influence of an extra glass.

At the head of the Whale Brae, she was met by Doctor Johnston, the minis-

ter, who said to her jocularly, "What, what, Maggy! I think the road is ower narrow for you!"

"Hoot, sir," replied Maggy, alluding to her empty creel, "how can I gang steady without ballast!"

## TAKING NOTES.

In Scotland, it was a practice among our forefathers, rich and poor, to assemble their households, each night, for family worship; and, in order to ensure attention to the service, each member was required to recite a verse, or a portion of a verse, at the conclusion of the chapter read. This was called "taking notes." A herdbooy who had just entered on his duties at Nodderburn, and who had not been accustomed to the practice, was asked by the "gudeman," the first evening of his arrival—

"Weel, Jock, was ye i' the way o' takin' notes at Halkhead?" (the place whence he had come.)

"I never was offered nane, sir (was the reply); I only got ten shillin's" (meaning ten shillings for wages).

## JOHN HAMILTON AND THE WAITER.

John Hamilton, a small laird, and rather eccentric character, in Lanarkshire, having some business to transact with the Duke of Hamilton at his palace, was asked by his grace to partake of luncheon. A liveried servant waited upon them, and was most assiduous in his attentions to the duke and his guest. At last the laird lost patience, and looking at the servant, said to him, impatiently—

"What are ye dance, dance, dancing about the room that gait for? can ye no draw in your chair and sit down—I'm sure there's plenty on the table for three!"

## AN AWKWARD SITUATION.

On the return of the Earl of Eglinton from the American war, where he had been serving as colonel in his regiment, he was much annoyed by the interrogatories of his mother, whose maternal fondness could never be satisfied with the narration of the toils and perils to which he had been exposed. More than usually teased on one occasion, he good humouredly replied, "Deed, mother, to tell the truth, the greatest difficulty and annoyance I experienced was when, in endeavouring to clear a fence, I happened to leap into a close column of very long nettles!"—no envious situation for a man with a kilt on.

## ADVICE GRATIS.

The famous Dr John Brown, the commentator, experienced a full share of the world's vicissitudes. At Dunse, on one occasion, when his funds were low, he entered a shop to invest in the luxury of a halfpenny worth of cheese! The shopman declared his inability to accommodate him with so small a portion.

"Then what's the least you can sell?" inquired the doctor.

"A pennyworth," replied the dealer, and instantly set about weighing that quantity, which he speedily placed on the counter in anticipation of payment.

"Now," said the doctor, taking up the knife, "I will instruct you how to sell a halfpenny worth of cheese in future;" upon which he cut the modicum in two, and appropriating the half, paid down his copper, and departed.

## PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

When Professor Gillespie was a boy at school, the teacher had a strange and unaccountable dread of thunder. Dur-

ing a thunderstorm he was utterly prostrate, and when a dark cloud passed across the sky, he began to look from the school windows in tremulous apprehension of coming danger. All the boys were familiar with this weakness, but young Gillespie was the first to turn it to practical account. When a holiday was wanted, he caused some idle herd to gyrate a big stick against the palings outside the school, in imitation of thunder. On hearing it, he and the other boys, previously informed, would raise their eyes and exclaim with alarm, "There's thunder!" "Did you see that flash?" "That's awfu'—the hale sky's in a bleeze!"

"Go home, boys, go home quickly," the paralysed dominie would say; "we are on the eve of a thunderstorm, and the rain will descend immediately."

## THE VIRTUES OF GLENLIVET.

Gie me the real Glenleeveit—such as Awmrose aye has in the house—and I weel believe that I could mak drinkable toddy out o' sea-water. The human mind never tires o' Glenleeveit, ony mair than o' cauler air. If a body could just find out the exac proportion o' quantity that ought to be drank every day, and keep to that, I verily trow that he micht leeve for ever, without dying at a', and that doctors and kirkyards would go out of fashion.—*Noctes Ambros.*

## ADAM'S FALL.

A Newhaven fisherman, named Adam L—, having been reprov'd pretty severely by Doctor Johnston for his want of scriptural knowledge, was resolved to baulk the minister on his next catechetical visitation. On the appointed day, he accordingly kept out of sight for some time; but, getting top-heavy with some of his cronies, he was

compelled, after several severe falls, in one of which he got his face greatly disfigured, to take refuge in his own house. The minister arrived, and was informed by Jenny, the wife, that her husband was absent at the fishing. The doctor then inquired if she had carefully perused the catechism he had left with her on his last visit, and being answered in the affirmative, proceeded to follow up his conversation with a question or two.

"Weel, Jenny," said he, "can ye tell me what was the cause of Adam's fall?"

By no means well versed in the history of the great progenitor of the human race, and her mind being exclusively occupied by her own Adam, Janet replied, with some warmth—

"Deed, sir, it was naething else but drink!" at the same time calling to her husband, "Adam, ye may as weel rise, for the doctor kens brawly what's the matter: some clashin' neighbours hae tellt him a' about it!"

#### LORD PANMURE AND THE HIGHLANDER.

The Highland chairmen of Edinburgh, some seventy years ago, were proverbial for their insatiable love of money. The excessive greed of these worthies happening to become the subject of conversation among a few gentlemen on one occasion, Lord Panmure (then Mr Maule) took up a bet in favour of the character of our northern countrymen, respecting the possibility of satisfying them by liberal remuneration. The wager being accepted, Mr Maule threw himself into a sedan, and gave orders to be conveyed a short distance down the Canongate, for which, on alighting, he bestowed the handsome reward of *one guinea*, quite confident that by so doing he would be certain to give satisfaction. It was impossible for "Donald" altogether to suppress the smile which played upon

his countenance, as he turned over the "yellow Geordie" in his hand: "But could her honour no shuist gie the ither sixpence to get a gill?" Mr Maule good humouredly supplied the "ither sixpence," in expectation of gaining his bet; but another demand, on the part of "Donald's" companion, for "three bawbees of odd shange to puy snuff," put him out of all temper, and thoroughly convinced him of the impossibility of satisfying a Highland chairman.—*Lay.*

#### SWEARING AND DRUNKENNESS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

In some respects there was far more coarseness in the formal age than in the free one. Two vices especially, which have been long banished from all respectable society, were very prevalent, if not universal, among the whole upper ranks—swearing and drunkenness. Nothing was more common than for gentlemen who had dined with ladies, and meant to rejoin them, to get drunk. To get drunk in a tavern, seemed to be considered as a natural, if not an intended, consequence of going to one. Swearing was thought the right and the mark of a gentleman; and, tried by this test, nobody who had not seen them, could now be made to believe how many gentlemen there were. Not that people were worse tempered then than now; they were only coarser in their manners, and had got into a bad style of admonition and dissent. And the evil provoked its own continuance; because nobody who was blamed cared for the censure, or understood that it was serious, unless it was clothed in execration; and any intensity even of kindness or of logic, that was not embodied in solemn commination, evaporated, and was supposed to have been meant to evaporate, in the very uttering. The naval chaplain justified his cursing the sailors, because it made



them listen to him; and Braxfield apologised to a lady whom he damned at whist for bad play, by declaring that he had mistaken her for his wife. This odious practice was applied with particular offensiveness by those in authority towards their inferiors. In the army it was universal by officers towards soldiers; and far more frequent than is now credible by masters towards servants.—*Lord Cockburn.*

#### MARRIAGE CUSTOMS PRIOR TO 1750.

The bride's favours were all sewed on her gown, from top to bottom, and round the neck and sleeves. The moment the ceremony was performed, the whole company ran to her and pulled off her favours; in an instant she was stripped of all of them. The next ceremony was the garter, which the bridegroom's man attempted to pull from her leg; but she dropt it throw her petticoat on the floor. This was a white and silver ribbon, which was cut in small morsels to every one in the company. The bride's mother came in then with a basket of favours belonging to the bridegroom; those of the bride's were the same, with the liveries of their families—hers pink and white, his blue and gold colour. All the company dined and supped together, and had a ball in the evening.—*Caldwell Papers.*

#### JOCK'S NEW WAISTCOAT.

On one occasion, when Mr Robertson of Kilmarnock was preaching in a country church, he observed a young man in front of the gallery rise up several times during the sermon, as if for the purpose of exhibiting his person or his "braw claes" to the congregation.

The minister looked at the clodhopper pointedly, but this had no effect, and

then he stopped the discourse, and said—

"Jock, my man, sit doon noo, for I'm sure there's no a lass in a' the kirk that hasna seen yere new plush waistcoat twa-three times!"

#### BAPTISMAL CUSTOMS PRIOR TO 1750.

On the fourth week after the lady's delivery she is sett on her bed on a low footstool; the bed covered with some neat piece of sewed work or white satin, with three pillows at her back covered with the same, she in full dress, with a lapped head-dress, and a fan in her hand. Having informed her acquaintance what day she is to see company, they all come and pay their respects to her, standing or walking a little throw the room (for there are no chairs). They drink a glass of wine and eat a bit of cake, and then give place to others. Towards the end of the week all the friends were asked to the cummer's feast. This was a supper, where every gentleman brought a pint of wine, to be drunk by him and his wife. The supper was a ham at the head, and a pirimid of fowl at the bottom. This dish consisted of four or five ducks at bottom, hens above, partrages at tope. There was an eating posset in the middle of the table, with dried fruits and sweetmeats at the sides. When they had finished their supper, the meat was removed, and in a moment everybody flew to the sweetmeats to pocket them; upon which a scramble insued, chairs overturned, and everything on the table, warsalling and pulling at one another with the utmost noise. When all was quiet, they went to the stoups (for there were no bottles), of which the women had a good share; for, though it was a disgrace to be seen drunk, yet it was none to be a little intoxicate in good company. A few days after this the same company was asked to the chris-

tening, which was allwise in the church, all in high dress, a number of them young ladys, who were called Maiden Cummers. One of them presented the child to the father. After the ceremony, they dined and supped together, and the night often concluded with a ball.—*Caldwell Papers.*

## THE PROPER DIVIDEND.

The Rev. Mr Robertson of Kilmarnock was addicted to plain speaking in the pulpit. On a particular Sunday, while tent-preaching, he got his eye upon two bankrupts who had some time before that cleared off their creditors respectively with two-and-sixpence and five shillings in the pound. With a stern expression of countenance, he looked first at the one defaulter and then at the other, and exclaimed: "It wasna half-a-crown in the pound that Christ paid!—nor five shillings in the pound; but the *whole* pound, as every man wishing to obtain an honest name *should* do."

## SONS OR DAUGHTERS?

Some years ago a discussion arose in a company on the question: Whether it was better for a man to have sons or daughters? Each side was equally well defended, and it became difficult to arrive at a decision, when an old gentleman—Graham of Kinross—who had patiently listened to all the arguments, without expressing an opinion, was appealed to.

"What do you think o' the question, laird?" was asked of him.

"Weel," said he, slowly but surely, as he wiped his spectacles, "I hae had three lads and three lasses: I watna wibk o' them I lik'd best, as lang as they suckit their mother; but deil hae

my share o' the callants when they cam to suck their faither!"

A verdict in favour of the ladies was the unanimous result of this finding.

## A CANDID PRAYER.

In *Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence* (1693) we find the following:—"Mr Areskine prayed in the Tron Kirk last year, 'Lord, have mercy on all fools and idiots, and particularly on the magistrates of Edinburgh.'"

## ALL WELL.

"Good morning, Saunders," said an old labourer to a friend he met on the road; "are ye a' weel?"

"Ou aye, thankye for speerin', we're a' weel; only the wife's dead!"

## A HINT TO CHURCH WANDERERS.

Mr Robertson and Dr Makinlay were the popular favourites in Kilmarnock in their day; and when the latter happened to be from home, numbers of his hearers were in the habit of rushing to the chapel of the former. One Sunday this influx took place just as Mr Robertson had concluded the prayer. The rustling which their entrance occasioned attracted his attention, and, in his usual outspoken style, he exclaimed, "Sit roun'—sit roun', my frien's, and gie the fleein' army room, for their wee bit idol, ye ken, is no at hame the day!"

## TASTES DIFFER.

"I wonder," said a bonnie lassie, "what our Jock sees in the lassies to mak him like them sae weel? For my part, I wadna gie ae lad for a' the lassies that ever I saw."

## A SHOPKEEPING DUET.

*Mr D.*

I say, Mr Scott,  
Can you change me a note?

*Mr S.*

I'm no very sure, but I'll see.  
Indeed, Mr Dewar,  
It's out o' my power,  
For my wife's awa' wi' the key.

## A LONG STAY.

The following complacent remark upon Bannockburn was made to a splenetic Englishman, who had said to a Scottish clergyman that no man of taste could think of remaining any time in such a country as Scotland—"Tastes differ. I'll tak ye to a place no' far frae Stirling whaur thretty thousand o' yer countrymen hae been for five hunder years, and they've nae thocht o' leavin' yet."

## "LESLIE AMONG THE LEITHS."

One of the Leslies, a strong and active young man, chanced to be in a company with a number of the clan of Leith, the feudal enemies of his own. The place where they met being the hall of a powerful and neutral neighbour, Leslie was, like Shakspeare's Tybalt, in a similar situation—compelled to endure their presence. Still, he held the opinion of the angry Capulet, even in the midst of the entertainment—

"Now by the stock and honour of my kin,

To strike him dead I hold it not a sin."

Accordingly, when they stood up to dance, and he found himself compelled to touch the hands and approach the

persons of his detested enemies, the deadly feud broke forth. He unsheathed the dagger as he went down the dance; struck on the right and left; laid some dead and many wounded on the floor; threw up the window, leaped into the castle-court, and escaped in the general confusion. Such were the unsettled principles of the time, that the perfidy of the action was lost in its boldness; it was applauded by his kinsmen, who united themselves to defend what he had done; and the fact is commemorated in the well-known tune of triumph called *Leslie among the Leiths*.—*Sir W. Scott.*

## A NOBLE ANSWER.

A former Mr Stirling of Keir had favoured the Stuart cause, and had, in fact, attended a muster of forces at the Brig of Turk in the year 1708. This symptom of a rising against the Government occasioned some uneasiness, and the authorities were very active in their endeavours to discover who were the leaders of the movement. Keir was suspected. The miller of Keir was brought forward as a witness, and swore positively that the laird was *not* present. Now, as it was well known that he was there, and that the miller knew it, a neighbour asked him privately, when he came out of the witness box, how he could on oath assert such a falsehood? The miller replied, quite undaunted, and with a feeling of confidence in the righteousness of his cause, approaching the sublime, "I would rather trust my soul to God's mercy, than trust Keir's head into their hands."

## THE FATE OF BONAPARTE FORETOLD.

In the course of a sermon which he preached before the Associate Synod

at Glasgow, Mr Robertson of Kilmarnock introduced the probability of a French invasion as a punishment for national sin ; and, while admitting the immoral character of the infliction, he assured his hearers that "Providence was not always nice in the choice of instruments for punishing the wickedness of men."

"Tak," he continued, "an example frae among yoursels. Your magistrates dinna ask certificates o' character for their public executioners. They generally select sic clamjampurie as hae rabbit shouthers wi' the gallows themsels." "And as for this Bonyparte," continued the preacher, "I've tell'd ye, my freens, what was the beginning o' that man, and I'll tell ye what will be the end o' him. He'll come doon like a pockfu' o' goats' horns at the Broomielaw !"

#### THE KING OF THE BORDER.

The Scotts of Tushielaw, in Etrick, at one period a powerful section of the clan Scott, were, like all the race, reavers and freebooters. Their tower of Tushielaw, now in ruins, is celebrated alike in song, tradition, and story. The exploits of Adam Scott of Tushielaw, one of the most famous of their chiefs, and usually called "King of the thieves" and "King of the border," with the excesses of the other border barons, roused the wrath of James V., and in 1528, he "made proclamation to all lords, barons, gentlemen, landwardmen, and freeholders, that they should compear at Edinburgh, with a month's victuals, to pass with the king where he pleased, to danton the thieves of Tiviotalde, Annandale, Liddisdale, and other parts of that country, and also warned all gentlemen that had good dogs to bring them, that he might hunt in the said country as he pleased." In the course

of this excursion, guided by some of the borderers, the king penetrated into the inmost recesses of Eusdale and Teviotalde, and seizing Cockburn of Henderland, and Scott of Tushielaw, one morning before breakfast, summarily hung them in front of their own strongholds. The old ash tree on which Scott of Tushielaw was suspended, is said to be still standing among the ruins, and is still called the Gallows tree. It is asserted to bear along its branches numerous nicks and hollows, traced by ropes, in the ruthless execution of wretched captives, on whom the bold and reckless border marauder inflicted the fate which eventually became his own.

#### DEATH OF KNOX.

About five houres he sayeth to his wife, "Goe, read where I cast my first anker," and so, she read the 17th chapter of the Gospel according to Johne ; and, after that, some sermons of Mr Calvin's upon the Ephesians. About halfe houre to tenne they went to the ordinar prayer, which being ended, Doctor Preston said unto him, "Sir, heard yee the prayers?" He answered, "I would to God that yee and all men heard them as I heard ; I praise God for that heavenlie sound." Then Robert Campbell of Kinzeanleuche sitteth down before him on a stoole, and incontinent he sayeth, "Now it is come." for he had given a long sigh and sob. Then said Richard Bannatyne to him, "Now, Sir, the time ye have long called to God for, to witt, an end of your battell, is come, and seeing all natural powers faile, give us some signe that yee remember upon the comfortable promises which yee have oft showed unto us." He lifted up his one hand, and incontinent thereafter randered his spirit about eleven houres at night.—*Calderwood.*

## A DRY JOKE.

"I daresay, gudeman, ye hae drucken a house in your time," said a sober old wife to her husband, who was rather of a drouthy disposition.

"Weel, Jean, I'll no sae ye're wrang," was the reply; "but I'm thinking it's been a thack ane, lass, for I aye find the stoor o' the roof o't in my throat yet."

## SEASONABLE PUNISHMENT.

One very cold Sunday, a minister, in order either to terrify or edify his congregation, likened the everlasting torments of the wicked to imprisonment in thick-ribbed ice. On being taxed with the heterodox nature of such a view, he replied very cannily, "D'ye think I would try to scour sinners this cauld weather by making them think about a het fire?"

## THE SOLEMNITY OF MATRIMONY.

"Jeanie," said a staunch old Cameronian to his daughter, "it's a very solemn thing to be married." "I ken that weel, father," replied the sensible lassie; "but it's a great deal solemnner no to be."

## WHAT IS LOVE?

"What is love, Nanny?" asked a minister of one of his parishioners, alluding, of course, to the word in its scriptural sense.

"Hoot fye, sir," answered the blate Nanny, blushing to the e'enholes, "dinna ask me sic a daft-like question. I'm sure ye ken as weel as me that love's just an unco fykiness in the mind; and what mair can onybody say about it?"

## QUITE CORRECT.

"What is the meaning of *ex nihilo nihil fit*?" asked a Highlander of a village schoolmaster.

"Weel, Donald," answered the dominie, "I dinna mind the literal translation; but it just means that ye canna tak' the breeks aff a Highlandman."

## REGIMENTS OF ONE NAME.

The following entry appeared among the deaths recorded in the *London Magazine*, May 1735:—

"At her seat, at *Campbell, North Britain*, the Dutchess dowager of *Argyll*, relict of *Archibald Campbell*, Duke of *Argyll*, who was deputed by the nobillity of *Scotland* to offer that crown to their majesties *K. William* and *Q. Mary*; and afterwards for their service carried over a regiment to *Flanders*, the officers of which were all of one family, and the private men all named *Campbell*. Her grace was mother to the present Duke of *Argyll*, the Earl of *ILA* and the Countess of *Bute*."

As a parallel to the above remarkable case, it is on record that during the French revolutionary war, a regiment of volunteers was raised on the Borders, all of whom were *Elliot*s, and who invariably marched to the old tune of—

"My name it is Little Jock Elliot,  
And wha daur meddle wi' me?"

## A GOOD EXCUSE.

A case was called in the Court of Session one day, when the agent for one of the parties asked for a delay in the trial, alleging as a reason that the wife of his client was dead.

"Ay, Mr ———," said the judge, "that's a grand excuse; I wish we had a' ane like it!"

## A HAPPY ANSWER.

Two candidates for the pulpit of a church in the north of Scotland, named respectively Low and Adam, preached their trial sermons on the same day. Mr Low preached in the morning, and delivered an excellent and edifying discourse from the text, "Adam, where art thou?" In the afternoon, however, to his discomfiture, his opponent selected as the subject of his sermon the words, "Lo, here am I;" and the excellence of his matter, together with the cleverness of his retort, gained him the appointment.

## THE RED STONE.

There is preserved at Ardvourlich, Perthshire, a lump of pure white rock crystal, about the size and shape of an egg, bound with four bands of silver, of very antique workmanship, and known by the Gaelic name of *Clach Dearg*, the red stone, arising probably from a reddish tinge it seems to assume when held up to the light. The water in which the stone had been dipped was formerly ignorantly considered a sovereign remedy in all diseases of cattle.

## A VALUABLE MANURE.

A certain laird was much addicted to the study of fertilizing properties of manures. On one occasion, he managed, with much labour and application of chemical skill, to distil what he considered its pure essence, which he put into a small phial. Showing it to one of his tenants, he said, "You see here, John, a precious extract, which I have obtained from ten tons of stable dung. Its fertilizing effects upon land will be as great as could have been produced by that which yielded it, and to apply it would cost no trouble whatever."

"My lord," replied the man with becoming gravity, "I wad like to see your lordship, with the *bottle* in ae hand and a *feather* in the ither, *creeshing* ane o' our Highland hills wi't!"

## "MOST LEARNED JUDGES."

The Court of Session was one day deliberating on a bill of suspension and interdict relative to certain caravans with wild beasts on the old Earthen Mound of Edinburgh; and in the course of the proceedings Lord Bannatyne fell asleep. The case was disposed of and the next one called, which related to a right of *lien* over certain goods. The learned lord, who continued dozing, having heard the word *lien* pronounced with a most emphatic Scottish accent by Lord Meadowbank, caused the following discussion:—

*Meadowbank* (*log.*)—"I am very clear that there was a *lien* upon this property."

*Bannatyne* (*dozing.*)—"Certainly; but it ought to be chained, because ———."

*Balmuto.*—"My Lord, it's no a livin' *lion*—it's the Latin word *lien*."

*Hermund.*—"No, sir; the word is French."

*Balmuto.*—"I thought it was Latin—for it's in italics."

## "OLD CLO."

Christopher North had a great hatred at the "Old Clo'" men who infest the streets. Coming from his class one day, a shabby Irishman asked him in the usual confidential manner, "Any old clo', sir?"

"No;" replied the professor, imitating the whisper; "no, my dear fellow—have you?"

## PROVOST AND MONKEY.

A number of Aberdeen merchants, including the provost, had chartered a vessel to make a voyage to the West Indies, the first venture of the kind that had been made from the "Granite City." On its return to Aberdeen harbour, all the speculators were naturally anxious to ascertain the result of the venture, and went down to welcome her, getting on board as soon as she was alongside the quay.

The captain received them at the gangway with the gruff hospitality of a seaman, and heartily welcomed his owners. But what pen can describe the wonders that met their admiring eyes! There was a cocoa nut, husk and all—a head of Indian corn enveloped in its blades—a negro—a shark's jaw, with its triple row of teeth—a land tortoise—a turtle—a plantain to cure wounds—a centipede in a doctor's phial—a dolphin's tail—and a flying fish preserved in rum. When they had satiated their eyes in admiring these tropical wonders, they were summoned to a dinner in the cabin, rich with all the delicacies of a foreign voyage. There were the Chili pickles that made the eyes to water—the pine apple, which had lost every flavour save that of the spirits in which it had been preserved—the barbecued pig, and the sea pie of innumerable contents—with the *terapia* baked in the shell, and the "lobscouse" reeking from the coppers. In due time the rum and toddy began to circulate, and as the captain detailed the results and success of his voyage, and of the excellent prospects before him of future ones, the spirits of the owners began to rise in a corresponding degree, and self-congratulations became the order of the day. The provost in particular never felt himself so great a man before. He was now on board of a trader which had visited foreign parts, and of which he was undoubtedly the

principal owner. He had been the great means of introducing a new trade into his native city, and he was now in the full fruition of these gratifying reflections. He felt elated with a double portion of dignity, and was laying down the law with a relative portion of his usual solemnity, when he was most indecorously interrupted by a sudden and violent pulling at his pig-tail from behind. He looked round in wrath; but seeing his assailant was a sickly, weak-looking, dark-complexioned lad, who had skipped off the moment he was observed, and having compassion for his want of breeding, he rebuked him with mildness and dignity, and resumed the thread of his discourse. Scarcely had he done so, however, when the attack was resumed; this was too much to be borne—he forgot in a moment both his age and his place, and exclaimed in peevish fretfulness—

"Laddie, but gin you come that gait again, I'll put ye in the heart o' auld Aberdeen" (the jail).

"What's the matter wi' ye, provost?" said the captain.

"It is only that unchancy laddie o' yours," replied the provost, "has pu'd my tail as an' he wud tug it oot by the roots."

"What laddie, provost?" cried the captain.

"Why, that yin there wi' the rough mouth and the sair een."

"Laddie! bless you, provost, that's only a monkey we hae brocht wi' us."

"A monkey, ca' ye it?" said the astonished provost; "I thocht it was a sugar-maker's son frae the West Indies, come hame to our university for his edication!"

## A FIFE WITNESS.

Among other parties summoned before a select committee appointed by

the House of Commons to inquire into some corrupt election proceedings in Fife were the town-clerk of Kinghorn, and Lucky Skinner, a famous inn-keeper of the same town. We are unable to gratify our readers with a report of the evidence, or even an outline of the curious facts elicited in the course of the investigation; but it is well known that the wary hostess came off with flying colours. The information sought from Mrs Skinner of course related chiefly to the jollifications of the electors—as to what extent they had been entertained—and by whom the expenses had been paid. Sir James Mackintosh, who was on the committee, was the first to interrogate her. After the usual queries as to name and residence, he proceeded—

“You keep an inn in Kinghorn?”

“No, sir,” was the reply.

“A tavern?”

“No, sir.”

“What, then—a public-house, or place of entertainment, it must be?”

“Nanc o’ the twa o’ them,” replied Lucky Skinner, chuckling at the idea of having taxed the ingenuity of her learned countryman; “for weel might ye ken that in Scotland it’s the *man* and no the *woman* that *keeps* the house.”

Seeing how her humour went, Fox thought he would have better success; and being very anxious to ascertain the amount of the election dinner bills, he began in a roundabout way to quiz her on the subject:—

“Had Mr Skinner sometimes particularly good dinners in his house?”

“Not sometimes, but always, to those who could pay for them.”

“Had you a particular good dinner for the Dunfermline party?”

“Very good; an’ they needed it—for the gentlemen had come far to be out o’ the way o’ being pestered.”

“What might a dinner cost for a party at the inn kept by Mr Skinner?”

“Whiles mair and whiles less—just

according to circumstances,” was the cautious answer.

“Well, well; but can’t you tell what the entertainment cost on the occasion referred to?”

“Indeed, sir, it’s no the custom for *gentlemen* in our quarter to ask the *price* o’ a dinner, unless they mean to *pay* for’t!”

“Come, now, say what was the amount of the bill?”

“Indeed, sir, I wonder to hear a gentleman o’ your sense expect me to ken, or be able to tell sic a piece o’ my husband’s business—*Eh fy!*”

Fox gave up the examination, and Lucky Skinner retired, satisfied in her own mind that “they Parliament folks hadna made muckle o’ her at ony rate!”

#### THE MARRIAGE OF MARY AND DARNLEY.

On the 28th of July 1565, Darnley was proclaimed King at the Market Cross of Edinburgh. The banns had already been published in the usual form in the Canongate Kirk, and on the following day, being Sunday, at six o’clock in the morning, he was married to the Queen, in the chapel of Holyrood House, by the Dean of Restalrig. During several days nothing was heard at the court but rejoicing and costly banquets, while the people were treated with public sports. The marriage, however, excited the strongest displeasure of the reformers. Knox, on learning of its proposal, regarded it with especial indignation, and in one of his boldest and most vehement harangues, in St Giles’s church, challenged the nobles and other leaders of the Congregation for betraying the cause of God by their inaction.

“I see,” said he, suddenly stretching out his arms, as if he would leap from the pulpit, and arrest the passing vision, “I see before me your beleaguered camp.



I hear the tramp of the horsemen as they charged you in the streets of Edinburgh; and most of all, is that dark and dolorous night now present to my eyes, in which all of you, my lords, in shame and fear, left this town—God forbid I should ever forget it!”—He concluded with solemn warning against the royal marriage, and the judgments it involved. Such was his vehemence, says Melvil, that “he was like to ding the pulpit in blads, and flee out of it!”

This freedom of speech gave general offence, and Knox was summoned before the Queen; he came to court after dinner, and was brought into her court by Erskine of Dun, one of the superintendents of the kirk; but the presence of royalty was no restraint; she wept as she listened to his bold harangues; and he left her at length, as she yielded anew to a passionate flood of tears. As he passed from the outer chamber, he paused in the midst of a gay circle of the ladies of the royal household, in their gorgeous apparel, and addressed them in a grave style of banter on the pity that the silly soul could not carry all these fine garnishings with it to heaven! Queen Mary dried her tears, and took no further notice of this interview; but Knox must have been regarded, amid the gay haunts of royalty at Holyrood, like the skull that checked the merriment of an old Egyptian feast.—*Wilson's Memorials.*

#### SCOTCH JUSTICE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

The purity of the administration of justice in Scotland may be illustrated by the following anecdote, which is better authenticated than usually happens, inasmuch as Dr Abercromby, a gentleman of great respectability, heard it related by the Earl of Rochester, one of the parties concerned, to the Honourable Robert Boyle:—

“A Scotch gentleman having entreated the Earl of Rochester to speak to the Duke of Lauderdale upon the account of a business that seemed to be supported by a clear and undoubted right, his Lordship very obligingly promised to do his utmost endeavours to engage the Duke to stand his friend in a concern so just and so reasonable as his was; and accordingly, having conferred with his Grace about the matter, the Duke made him this very odd return, that though he questioned not the right of the gentleman he recommended to him, yet he could not promise him an helping hand, and far less success in business, if he knew not first the man, whom perhaps his Lordship had some reason to conceal, because, said he to the Earl, ‘if your Lordship were as well acquainted with the customs of Scotland as I am, you had undoubtedly known this among others: show me the man, and I shall show you the law,’ giving him to understand that the law in Scotland could protect no man, if either his purse were empty or his adversaries great men, or supported by great ones.”—*Court of Session Garland.*

#### REASONS FOR ANCIENT CUSTOMS.

It was most unhappy for a woman, after bringing forth a child, to offer a visit, and for her neighbours to receive it, till she had been duly churched. How strongly did this enforce gratitude to the Supreme Being for a safe delivery!

On the day when such a woman was churched, every family favoured with a call were bound to set meat and drink before her; and when they omitted to do so, they and theirs were to be loaded with her hunger. What was this but an obligation on all who had it in their power to do the needful to prevent a feeble woman from fainting from want? It disturbed the ghost of the

dead, and was fatal to the living, if a tear was allowed to fall on a winding-sheet. What was the intention of this, but to prevent the effects of a wild or frantic sorrow? If a cat was permitted to leap over a corpse, it portended misfortune. The meaning of this was to prevent that carnivorous animal from coming near the body of the deceased, lest, when the watchers were asleep, it should endeavour to prey upon it.—*Stat. Account.*

## A SHARP LAD.

An active-looking boy, aged about twelve years, was brought up before Provost Baker, at the Rutherglen Burgh Court, charged with breaking into gardens and stealing fruit therefrom. The charge having been substantiated, the magistrate, addressing the juvenile offender, said in his gravest manner—

“If you had a garden, and pilfering boys were to break into it and steal your property, in what way would you like to have them punished?”

“Aweel, sir,” replied the prisoner, “I think I would let them awa’ for the first time.”

It is needless to add that the worthy provost was mollified, and that the little fellow was dismissed with an admonition.

## AN UNKNOWN NAME.

A poor beggar woman, repulsed from door to door, as she solicited alms and quarters through a village in Annandale, asked, in her despair, if “there were no Christians in the place?”

The hearers, concluding that she was inquiring for some persons so surnamed, answered—

“Na, na, woman, there are nae Christians here; we are a’ Johnstones and Jardines.”

## “MY LIFE OR MY MIDDEN.”

When the municipal authorities of a certain Scotch town, anxious to improve its sanitary condition, were endeavouring to persuade the inhabitants to remove the heaps of ashes and refuse which lay before their doors, one old dame—indignant at this encroachment upon her rights—seized her broomstick, mounted guard upon her rubbish, and exclaimed in tragic tones to the councillors, “Na, na, gentlemen, ye may tak’ my life, if ye will hac’t; but ye shanna touch my midden!”

## “LITTLE BOBBY CHALMERS.”

Mr Chalmers, a solicitor, who lived in Adam’s Buildings, Edinburgh, was a friend and correspondent of the famous Mrs Cockburn, *née* Alison Rutherford. He was of humbler origin than the good society in which he moved, but he was exceedingly popular in it, because his vanity furnished him with abundant capacity to serve as a butt, while his obliging disposition, in which indeed his vanity might be an element, made him an inexhaustible granter of favours. The following anecdote is told of him. Having paid a visit to London and gone to a masquerade, some wag of a countryman who happened to be present wrote in chalk letters on the back of the owner’s coat, “Little Bobby Chalmers, from Edinburgh.” Many of the masquerading Englishmen carried out the joke by going up to the stranger, shaking his hand, and saying, “Glad to see you, Mr Chalmers. How are all friends in Auld Reekie?” Bobby, unaware that he carried his visiting-card on his back, was flattered by the general recognition of him, which he attributed to his extraordinary merits, and to the fame that had travelled before him so far as London.—*Songstresses of Scotland.*

## SEMPSTRESSES.

In the beginning of last century, highly-trained sempstresses in Scotland were in the habit of giving their skill and industry, together with the use of their fashionable patterns, for "sixpence a day and their meat." Even allowing for the different value of money, such wages were but small.

## IN PRAISE OF KAIL.

"Will you hae a sowp kail, Mr Brown?" asked a lady of one of her guests, at a good substantial Scotch dinner.

"Ou ay, mem, thank ye. I aye like a pickle kail. If they're gude kail they're worth suppin'; and if they're no gude, it's a sign there's no muckle to come after."

## THE KING OF KIPPEN.

John Buchanan of Auchmar and Arnpryor, was termed "King of Kippen" upon the following account:—

King James V., a very sociable deboniar prince, residing at Stirling, in Buchanan's time, carriers were very frequently passing along the common road, being near Arnpryor's house, with necessaries for the use of the king's family; and he having some extraordinary occasion, ordered one of these carriers to leave his load at his house, and he would pay him for it; which the carrier refused to do, telling him he was the king's carrier, and his load for his majesty's use; to which Arnpryor seemed to have small regard, compelling the carrier in the end to leave his load, telling him, if king James was King of Scotland, he was King of Kippen, so that it was reasonable he should share with his neighbour king in some of these loads so frequently carried that

road. The carrier represented this usage, and telling the story, as Arnpryor spoke it, to some of the king's servants, it came at length to his majesty's ears, who soon afterwards, with a few attendants, came to visit his neighbour king, who happened to be at dinner. King James having sent a servant to demand access, was denied the same by a tall fellow, with a battle-axe, who stood porter at the gate, telling there could be no access till dinner was over. This answer not satisfying the king, he sent to demand access a second time; upon which he was desired by the porter to desist, otherwise he would find cause to repent his rudeness.

His majesty finding this method would not do, desired the porter to tell his master, that the *Goodman of Ballangeich*\* desired to speak with the King of Kippen. The porter telling Arnpryor so much, he in all humble manner came and received the king, and having entertained him with much sumptuousness and jollity, became so agreeable to King James, that he allowed him to take as much of any provision he found carrying that road as he had occasion for; and seeing he made the first visit, desired Arnpryor in a few days to return him a second at Stirling, which he performed, and continued in very much favour with the king, always thereafter being termed King of Kippen while he lived.—*Stat. Account.*

## ABDUCTION IN SCOTLAND.

There is still such a thing as Loch-invarism, or abduction, even in Scotland, but it takes the curious turn of the kidnapping a bridegroom by his brother. "It will be remembered," says a recent number of the *Stirling Journal*, "that

\* Ballangeich is the name of the rock on which the Castle of Stirling stands.

about nine or ten months ago considerable excitement was created in the Bridge of Allan by the report that a bridegroom had been abducted on his marriage-day. The story went that a poor, but of course eminently handsome work-woman, about thirty years of age, had fascinated her employer, who was considerably her senior; but, as in other cases, 'the course of true love never did run smooth.' After the marriage-day had been fixed, the bridegroom was nowhere to be found. Search was made, and messengers sent in every direction, but for a time without success. It turned out that the elder and only brother of the bridegroom had, previous to his going amissing, lodged a notarial protest with the session-clerk of the parish, interdicting his issuing the usual certificates of proclamation, on the ground that his brother, the bridegroom, was in 'an infirm and facile state of mind, and to such an extent as to affect his reason and judgment, whereby he is rendered unable to look after his affairs, and is liable to be imposed upon by designing parties; and further, is not in a fit condition of mind to enter into the state of marriage.'" The bridegroom was, it seems, confined under legal process, but avoided it, got married, and brought an action for damages against his brother.

#### A FIG IN A POKE.

"Would you like a hot crock in your bed this cauld nicht, mem?" said a good-natured chambermaid, in Dumfries, to an English lady, who had lately arrived in Scotland for the first time in her life.

"A what?" said the lady.

"A pig, mem. Shall I put a pig in your bed to keep you warm?"

"Leave the room, young woman! Your mistress shall hear of your insolence."

"Nae offence, I hope, mem. It was my mistress that bade me ask; and I'm sure she meant it in kindness."

The lady looked Grizzy in the face, and saw at a glance that no insult was intended; but she was quite at a loss how to account for the proposal. She was aware that Irish children sleep with pigs on the earthen floors of their cabins, but this was something far more astonishing. Her curiosity was now roused, and she said, in a milder tone—

"Is it common in this country, my girl, for ladies to have pigs in their beds?"

"And gentlemen hae them too, mem, when the weather's cauld."

"But you would not, surely, put the pig between the sheets?"

"If you please, mem, it will do you maist good there."

"Between the sheets! It would dirty them, girl. I could never sleep with a pig between the sheets."

"Never fear, mem! You'll sleep far mair comfortable. I'll steek the mouth o't tightly, and tie it up in a poke."

"Do you sleep with a pig *yourself* in cold weather?"

"No, mem. Pigs are only for gentle-folks that lie on feather beds; I sleep on *cauf*, with my neighbour lass."

"Calf! Do you sleep with a calf between you?" said the Cockney lady.

"No, mem; you're jokin' now," said Grizzy, with a broad grin; "we lie on the tap o't."

#### A CHRISTIAN WISH.

Ministers who read their sermons were formerly abhorred in Scotland. A young preacher delivered a trial discourse, after which one of his hearers, an old woman, said to her neighbour, "He canna be a reader, for he's blind."

"I'm glad to hear't," replied the neighbour; "I wish they were a' blind!"

## SIR WALTER SCOTT AS A VOLUNTEER.

Walter Scott was the soul of the Edinburgh troop of Midlothian Yeomanry Cavalry. It was not a duty with him, or a necessity, or a pastime, but an absolute passion, indulgence in which gratified his feudal taste for war, and his jovial sociableness. He drilled, and drank, and made songs, with a hearty, conscientious earnestness which inspired or shamed everybody within the attraction. I do not know if it is usual, but his troop used to practise, individually, with the sabre, at a turnip, which was stuck on the top of a staff, to represent a Frenchman, in front of the line. Every other trooper, when he set forward in his turn, was far less concerned about the success of his aim at the turnip, than about how he was to tumble. But Sir Walter pricked forward gallantly, saying to himself, "Cut them down, the villains, cut them down!" and made his blow, which, from his lameness, was often an awkward one, cordially muttering curses all the while at the detested enemy.—*Lord Cockburn.*

## THE ORIGINAL OF MEG MUCKLEBACKIT.

It was during Scott's stay at the manse of Dunnottar that he saw Kate Moncur, a Caterline fishwife, and a superstitious mortal called John Thom. It is affirmed of the former—by those who knew her, and who have read *The Antiquary*—that she was the original of Meg Mucklebackit; and the latter, once a farmer of Fernyflat, died not many years ago in utter misery. This credulous being, whose ancestor had been farmers there from at least the year 1733, attributed the cause of his misfortunes to witches and fairies; and, believing himself to be an adept in the art of discovering those who cast ill,

either on man or beast, he was frequently sent for by the minister to entertain curious visitors. While Scott was there an express was sent for John to come and subdue "the ill" that had been "cassen" upon a cow at the manse. John, who was soon in attendance, procured some of the milk of the animal which was said to be afflicted, and put it upon the fire to boil, when, on its coming to a top, he made several zig-zag incisions upon the crust or surface of the milk. These he believed to be so many, and equally deep wounds, upon the bodily frame of the enchantress, and felt convinced that they would either cause the death, or lead to the discovery, of the person who had bewitched the cow!—*Ferriese.*

## A HIGHLANDER'S THREE WISHES.

A Highlander was once asked what he would wish to have, in case of some kind divinity purposing to give him the three things he liked best. For the first, he said, he should ask for "a Loch Lomond o' gude whisky!"

"And what for the second?" inquired his friend.

"A Ben Lomond o' gude sneeshin'," replied Donald.

"And what for the third?"

He hesitated a long time at this; but at last, after his face had assumed many contortive expressions of thought, he answered, "Oo, just *anither* Loch Lomond o' gude whisky!"

## A DAY'S SHOOTING.

A keen politician, in the city of Glasgow, heard one day of the death of a party opponent, who, in a fit of mental aberration, had shot himself.

"Ay," said he, "gane awa' that way by himsel', has he? I wish that he had taen twa-three day's shooting among his friends before he went!"

## THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL.

A Scotch preacher once said, "You never saw a woman sewing without a needle? She would come but poor speed if she only sewed with the thread; so I think, when we're dealing wi' sinners, we maun aye put in the needle o' the law first; for the fact is, they're sleepin' sound, and they need to be wakened up wi' something sharp. But when we've got the needle o' the law fairly in, we may draw as lang a thread as we like o' Gospel consolation after't."

## A LOFTY STYLE.

The Hon. Henry Erskine met an acquaintance who dealt in hard words and circumlocutious sentences. Perceiving that he was lame, Erskine asked the cause. "Why, my dear sir," answered the wordy lawyer, "I was taking a romantic ramble in my brother's grounds, when, coming to a gate, I had to climb over it, by which I came in contact with the first bar, and have grazed the epidermis on my shin, attended with a slight extravasation of blood."

"You may thank your stars," replied Mr Erskine, "that your brother's *gate* was not as *lofty* as your own *style*, or you would have broken your neck."

## A WORD TO CAUTIONERS.

A Highlander was tried for a capital offence, and had rather a narrow escape; but the jury found him "Not guilty." Whereupon the judge, in discharging, thought fit to admonish him.

"Prisoner, before you leave the bar, let me give you a piece of advice. You have got off this time, but if ever you come before me again, I'll be caution you'll be hanged."

"Thank you, my lord," answered Donald; "thank you for your good advice; and, as I'm no ungratefu', I beg to g'ive your lordship a piece of advice in return. Never be caution for onybody; for the cautioner has often to pay the debt!"

## AN EXEMPLARY WIFE.

In the churchyard of Alves, Morayshire, the following inscription was to be seen on a tombstone, bearing the date of 1590:—

Here lies  
ANDERSON OF PITTENSERE  
maire of the earldom of Moray,  
with his wife MARJORY,  
whilk him never displicit.

*Stat. Account.*

## "A WEE DRAPPIE O'T."

"Could ye no get a drappie till's this mornin'—jist a weetin'?" said a Kirriemuir weaver, who liked the dram-shop better than the workshop, to his better half.

"I'se do that," was the response; and, before he could rise from his seat, he had the contents of a pail newly filled from the spring "plashing" about his ears.

"Ye hae socht a weetin', and ye hae gotten't," was the wife's remark, as she returned the pail to its place.

## PRESENTED AT COURT.

A laird of old family and no mean estate, previously to the day of the reception, had sent in his name for presentation. He arrived, to his own great discomfiture, late on the scene of action, and as he was passing through the antechamber, and saw many whom he knew coming out, he asked them to tell him "whether his being late was

of any material consequence ; what he had got to do, &c., as he had never been at court before," &c. "Oh!" said one who had passed through his own ordeal without let or hindrance, "there is no difficulty about the matter. It is very plain sailing. You have only got just to go in, make your bow—lower, by the by, than you would to any one else—and pass on, and pass out."

The old gentleman, constitutionally shy, and rendered doubly so in the present instance by the fear of having incurred the royal displeasure by the tardiness of his arrival, like Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, kept "aye boo-boooing," and, with ghastly smirk, sidling and edging his way towards the door of exit ; when Lord Errol, observing his embarrassment, and pitying it, kindly shouted to him, under his voice, "Kiss hands! kiss hands!" On which, to the delectation of the king, and the dismay of all around him, the poor startled man faced about, and then retreating backwards, kissed both his hands to the king, as if waiving a cordial recognition from a distance to an old and intimate friend."—*Young*.

EPIGRAPH ON MAREON GRAY IN  
HADDINGTON CHURCH.

If modesty commend a wife,  
And providence a mother,  
Grave chastity a widow's life,  
We'll not find such another  
In Haddingtoun as Mareon Gray,  
Who here doth lie till the doomes-  
day.  
She deceased 29 December, 1655.  
And of her age 60.

A POSTAL PREDICAMENT.

The clerks in the General Post Office  
must have been a careless set of fellows.

The following is an extract from a letter sent to a Morayshire gentleman:—

EDINBURGH, 15th Aug. 1755.

"There is no news, our Edinburgh mail being returned in a mistake for the London mail, and *vice versa*."—*Dunbar-Dunbar*.

AN ORIGINAL QUALIFICATION.

The following anecdote was told in a speech delivered by Dr Carruthers, of Inverness:—

We had an ingenious man in the north, in Caithness, some years since—ingenious in raising vessels that had been wrecked, and other engineering operations—but who had neglected his spelling book. Signing his name to a report one day, he added a large "S. I." What is the meaning of that? asked one of his friends. "Oh," said he, "we may as well have our honours as not—S. I., Civil Engineer." There he had them!

HIGHLAND CUSTOMS LONG AGO.

When a young couple are married, for the first night the company keep possession of the dwelling-house or hut, and send the bridegroom and bride to a barn or out-house, giving them straw, heath, or fern, for a bed, with blankets for their covering ; and then they make merry, and dance to the piper all the night long.

Soon after the wedding-day, the new-married woman sets herself about spinning her winding-sheet, and a husband that should sell or pawn it is esteemed among all men one of the most profligate.

At a young Highlander's first setting-up for himself, if he be of any consideration, he goes about among his near

relations and friends ; and from one he begs a cow, from another a sheep ; a third gives him seed to sow his land ; and so on, till he has procured for himself a tolerable stock for a beginner. This they call *thigging*.

After the death of any one, not in the lowest circumstances, the friends and acquaintances of the deceased assemble to keep the near relations company the first night ; and they dance, as if it were at a wedding, till the next morning, though all the time the corpse lies before them in the same room. If the deceased be a woman, the widower leads up the first dance ; if a man, the widow.

The upper class hire women to moan and lament at the funeral of their nearest relations. These women cover their heads with a small piece of cloth, mostly green, and every now and then break out into a hideous howl and *Hobbo-bo-bo-boo*, as I have often heard is done in some parts of Ireland.

This part of the ceremony is called a *coronach*, and, generally speaking, is the cause of much drunkenness, attended with its concomitants—mischievous rencontres and bloody broils ; for all that have arms in their possession accoutre themselves with them upon these occasions.—*Burt*.

#### THE KRAMES.

But the delightful place was *The Krames*. It was a low, narrow arcade of booths, crammed in between the north side of St Giles' Cathedral and a thin range of buildings that stood parallel to the cathedral, the eastmost of which buildings, looking down the High Street, was the famous shop of William Creech, the bookseller. Shopless traffickers first began to nestle there about the year 1550 or 1560, and their successors stuck to the spot till 1817, when they were all swept away.

In my boyhood their little stands, each enclosed in a tiny room of its own, and during the day all open to the little footpath that ran between the two rows of them, and all glittering with attractions, contained everything fascinating to childhood, but chiefly toys. It was like one of the Arabian Nights' bazaars in Bagdad. Throughout the whole year it was an enchantment. Let any one fancy that it was about the New Year, when every child had got its handsel, and every farthing of every handsel was spent there. The Krames was the paradise of childhood.—*Lord Cockburn*.

#### A GRAND BALANCE.

A minister who, after a hard day's labour, was enjoying a "tea-dinner," kept incessantly praising the ham, and stating that "Mrs Dunlop at hame was as fond o' ham as he was," when the mistress kindly offered to send her the present of one.

"It's unco kin' o' ye, unco kin', but I'll no put ye tae the trouble o' sending it ; I'll just tak' it hame on the horse afore me."

When he mounted to leave, the ham was put into a sack, but some difficulty was experienced in getting it to lie properly. His inventive genius soon cut the Gordian-knot, "I think, mistress, a *cheese* in the iither end wad mak' a *grand balance*." The hint was immediately acted on ; and, like another John Gilpin, he moved away with his "balance true."

#### A FINE VIEW.

Two sharp youths from London, while enjoying themselves among the heather in Argyllshire, met with a decent-looking shepherd upon the top of a hill. They accosted him by re-



marking : " You have a fine view here, friend ; you will see a great way."

" Ou ay, ou ay, a ferry great way."

" Ah ! you will see America from here ?"

" Farther than that," said Donald.

" Ah ! how that ?"

" Ou, juist wait till the mists gang awa', an' you'll see the mune !"

#### A REMARKABLE PREDICTION.

John, second earl of Strathmore and fourth of Kinghorn (who died in 1712) had, by his countess Lady Elizabeth Stanhope, daughter of the second earl of Chesterfield, with two daughters, six sons, the eldest of whom, Patrick and Philip, both Lords Glamis, died young, unmarried, and the other four were earls in succession. Concerning this latter remarkable circumstance, the following traditionary story is related. An old man being in company of the earl, who had his four sons with him, his lordship, in conversation, said—

" Are not these four pretty boys ?"

To which the old man replied,

" Yes, but they will be all earls, my lord, all earls."

The earl said, he would be sorry if he were sure that such would be the case.

The old man again affirmed that it would be so, and added,

" God help the poor when Thomas comes to be earl."

This was literally accomplished in the year 1740, when scarcity and dearth threatened famine in the land.—*Scottish Nation.*

#### " FIGHTING HIS BATTLES O'ER AGAIN."

Ross of Pitcalnie, representative of the ancient and noble family of Ross,

had, like Colquhoun Grant, been out in the Forty-five, and consequently lived on terms of intimate friendship with that gentleman. Pitcalnie, however, had devoted himself rather to the dissipation than to the acquisition of a fortune ; and while Mr Grant lived as a wealthy *writer*, he enjoyed little better than the character of a *broken laird*. This unfortunate Jacobite was one day in great distress for the want of forty pounds, which he could not prevail upon any of his friends to lend to him, all of them being aware of his questionable character as a debtor. At length he informed some of his companions that he believed he should get what he wanted from Colquhoun Grant ; and he instantly proposed to make the attempt. All who heard him laughed at the idea of his squeezing a subsidy from so close-fisted a man, and some even offered to lay bets against its possibility. Mr Ross accepted the bets, and lost no time in applying to his old brother-in-arms, whom he found immured in his chambers, half-a-dozen flights of steps up Gowanlock's land, in the Lawnmarket. The conversation commenced with the regular commonplaces, and for a long time Pitcalnie gave no hint that he was suing *in forma pauperis*. At length he slightly hinted the necessity under which he lay for a trifle of money, and made bold to ask if Mr Grant could help him in a professional way.

" What a pity, Pitcalnie," replied the writer, " you did not apply yesterday ! I lent all the loose money I had just this forenoon. It is, for the present, quite beyond redemption."

" Oh, no matter," said Pitcalnie, and continued the conversation, as if no such request had been preferred. By and by, after some more topics of an ordinary sort had been discussed, he at length introduced the old subject of the Forty-five, upon which both were alike well prepared to speak. A thousand de-

lightful recollections then rushed upon the minds of the two friends, and, in the rising tide of ancient feeling, all distinction of borrower and lender was soon lost. Pitcalnie watched the time when Grant was fully mellowed by the conversation, to bring in a few compliments upon his (Grant's) own particular achievements. He expatiated upon the bravery which his friend had shown at Preston, where he was the first man to go up to the cannon; on which account he made out that the whole victory, so influential upon the Prince's affairs, was owing to no other than Colquhoun Grant, now writer to the Signet, Gow-anlock's land, Lawnmarket, Edinburgh. He also adverted to the boldness Mr Grant had displayed in chasing a band of recreant dragoons from the field of battle up to the very gates of Edinburgh Castle; and, farther, upon the dexterity which he subsequently displayed in making his escape from the town.

"Bide a wee," said Mr Grant, at this stage of the conversation, "till I gang ben the house." He immediately returned with the sum Pitcalnie wanted, which he said he now recollected having left over for some time in the "shotles" of his private desk. Pitcalnie took the money, continued the conversation for some time longer, and then took an opportunity of departing.

When he came back to his friends, every one eagerly asked, "What success?" "Why, there's the money," said he; "where are my bets?" "Incredible!" every one exclaimed; "how, in the name of wonder, did you get it out of him? Did ye cast glamour in his een?" Pitcalnie explained the plan he had taken with his friend; adding, with an expressive wink, "This forty's made out o' the battle of Preston; but stay a wee, lads; I've Falkirk i' my pouch yet;—by my faith, I wadna gie it for aughty!"—*R. Chambers.*

## DUNFERMLINE SCANDAL-MONGERS.

1646, 3d May. That day, Robert Shortus and Katherine Hutsoun, his wyff, being convictit before the session of filthy slandering and abominable speeches against some lasses and virginis, viz., Janet Henderson, Katherine Cowan, Helen Nicoll, and Margaret Home, is ordainit, viz., the said Robert to mak his publick repentance therefore before the pulpit, and both he and his wyff to ask of the parties offendit, forgiveness before their awin doores in the street, publickly on their knees. And it is hereby actit and statute that if the said Robert shall be fund hereafter in the lyke fault, or in any other slander against his neighbours (he being of tymes found scandalous before), either in word or deed, that he shall be banished out of the paroche.—*Kirk-Session Records.*

## A POETESS ON THE "TRAMP."

Jean Adam (1710-1765), the writer of the popular Scottish song "There's nae luck about the house," is said to have travelled to and from London on foot in order to obtain an interview with her idol, Samuel Richardson, author of "Pamela," "Clarissa Harlowe," &c.

## "A SAIR FECHT."

A farmer was at an agricultural dinner where the Duke of Buccleuch was in the chair, where a round of fighting men were being toasted—one giving Wellington, another Graham, a third Lord Hill, and so on. When it came to his turn to name another, he said—

"I'll gie ye Saunders Pirgivie o' Cuchtondean, for he's had a sair fecht wi' the world a' his life—an honest man, wi' a big family!"