

quantities. When the ministers of Perth talked to him of the heavenly manna and bread of life,—

“Give me meat,” said Macallum, “in the meantime;” even on his way from his prison to the gallows he called for some rolls and cold meat, that he recollected had been left in his cell. This ruffian, however, so inveterate and often ridiculous is the pride of clanship, growled some expressions of discontent, that another culprit named Stewart was honoured with the right hand as they were led forth to the place of execution.

A LESSON FOR TWO.

The following amusing conversation is said to have taken place in one of the galleries of the Free Church Assembly lately:—

Young Lady—“There’s old Dr A— going to speak. Isn’t he a bore?”

Old Lady (laughing)—“Well, I suppose he is; but do you know I rather like him?”

Young Lady—“I can’t bear him.”

Old Lady (after some time)—“Who is that nice old gentleman speaking?”

Young Lady—“Ah! that’s Mr B— of C—.”

Old Lady (hesitatingly)—“Don’t you think he is—rather prosy?”

Young Lady (indignantly)—“No, indeed, I do not. Allow me to inform you that that is my father.”

Old Lady—“Oh! indeed. Then I am glad I hit the mark so gently, because ‘old Dr A—’ is my husband. So I suppose we have both got a lesson, my dear. Don’t you think so?”—*Gillies.*

THE ROAD TO PROMOTION.

A Glasgow councillor, being promoted to the position of a bailie, gave

a grand supper in honour of the event. Of course, his health was proposed in connection with his new dignity. In the course of his reply he said—

“I canna but say, my friends, but that I’m proud o’ the honour of being made a bailie, and even, I think, entitled to the honour, for I’ve gone through a’ the various stages o’ degradation that a bailie has to do to reach it.”

A GOOD INTENTION WELL EXPRESSED.

Robert —, a village blacksmith, was too fond of drink, and feelings of his worthy pastor were at length roused into activity on behalf of the smith’s two sons, on whom their father’s example was likely to exert no very good influence. Meeting him one day in his cups, the minister said—

“Robert, man, this is an awfu’ way to bring up yer bairns; what can ye expect will become o’ them, wi’ a drucken faither?”

The appeal was not lost on Robert, who, with a twinkle of genuine affection in his eye, and a sensation of choking in his throat, replied—

“Eh, minister, I hope to mak my twa laddies what it’s no possible for you to mak your twa.”

“An’ what’s that, Robert?”

“Weel, sir, I hope to mak them better than their faither!”

“THE BONNIE EARL O’ MORAY.”

James Stuart, deemed the handsomest man of his time in Scotland, is known in story and in song as the “Bonnie Earl o’ Moray.” Some commendations of his beauty, made by the young queen Anne of Denmark in the king’s hearing, excited his jealousy, and he commissioned the

Earl of Huntly to bring Moray to his presence. Between these noblemen a deadly feud existed. Huntly, on 7th February 1592, beset the castle of Donibristle in Fife, and summoned Moray to surrender. A gun being fired from the castle which mortally wounded one of the Gordons, Huntly's men set fire to the house. Dunbar, sheriff of Moray, who was with the Earl at the time, said to him, "Let us not stay to be burned. I will go out first, and the Gordons, taking me for your lordship, will kill me, while you escape in the confusion." He accordingly rushed out, and was at once slain. Moray followed, and fled towards the rocks on the sea-shore. He was pursued and mortally wounded. Having been stabbed in the face, some say by Huntly himself, with his last breath he exclaimed, "You have spoiled a better face than your own!"

ALL THAT WAS WANTED.

John Ramsay, of Aberdeen, was a sharp-tongued critic when he got the chance of hitting at the vanity of another. On the appearance of an ill-written book on *Aberdeen Fifty Years Ago*, the amateur-author was as proud of it as a hen with one chicken; and went in and out amongst his friends, who were also Ramsay's friends, anxiously inquiring whether Ramsay's opinion of it had been heard, for he valued it much. Johnny's verdict had been given, but no one liked to tell what it was. At last it came out; he had looked here and there at the book, with his own quiet laugh, half *snicker*, half *girn*, and then at its title.

"The bookie," said he, "just wants a line on the tectle-page ta mak it perfect; he should say, 'The right of translation into English is reserved by the author.'"—*Alex. Walker.*

MONUMENTAL MEASUREMENT.

The colossal statue of Wallace, near St Boswell's, is $21\frac{1}{2}$ feet high, and stands on a pedestal of 10 feet in height. A Hawick man was once gazing at it in wonder, and innocently inquired of a bystander if that could be the real size of the hero?

"Ay, deed is't," was the reply; "just as the tailor measured him!"

THE BLIND BARON'S COMFORT.

The garrisons of the English castles of Wark, Norham, and Berwick, were, as may be easily supposed, very troublesome neighbours to Scotland. Sir Richard Maitland, of Ledington, wrote a poem, called "The Blind Baron's Comfort," when his barony of Blythe, in Lauderdale, was *harried* by Rowland Foster, the English captain of Wark, with his company, to the number of 300 men. They spoiled the poetical knight of 5000 sheep, 200 nolt, 30 horses and mares; the whole furniture of his house of Blythe, worth 100 pounds of Scots, and everything else that was portable. "This spoil was committed the 16th day of May 1570 (and the said Sir Richard was threescore and fourteen years of age, and grown blind), in time of peace; when nane of that country *lippeden* such a thing."

"The Blind Baron's Comfort" consists in a string of puns on the word *Blythe*, the name of the lands thus despoiled. Like John Littlewit, he had "a conceit left him in his misery—a miserable conceit."

A FISHER'S PRAYER.

It is said the fisher-folk of Footdee, like the poor fisherman of Sanday, used to indicate their desire for the spoil of stranded vessels in this fashion,

“God send anither ship ashore, an’ a’ hands safe.”

SELKIRK ARCHERS.

The archers of Selkirk Forest were commanded, in the battle of Falkirk, by Sir John Stewart of Bonhill, brother to the steward of Scotland, and fell around their gallant leader. They have thus been described by a modern poetess :—

“The glance of the moon had sparkled bright,
On their plumage green and their actions light;
The bugle was strung at his hunter’s side,
As they had been bound to the chase to ride;
But the bugle is mute, and the shafts are spent,
The arm unnerv’d and the bow unbent,
And the tired forester is laid
Far, far from the clustering greenwood shade.
Sore have they toiled—they are fallen asleep,
And their slumber is heavy, and dull, and deep!
While over their bones the grass shall wave,
When the wild winds over their tombs shall rave,
Memory shall lean on their graves, and tell
How Selkirk’s archers bold around old Stewart fell.”

—Wallace, on the Flight of Falkirk.

NOT KNOWN IN THE LINE.

Though the village of Ednam is celebrated chiefly as the birthplace of Thomson, the poet, and of Lyte, the hymn-writer, still it is also favourably known as possessing a good brewery. On one occasion a hop merchant’s traveller from Leith called, in the way of business, upon the brewer, who, after dinner, and while walking in the garden, remarked—
“This is classic ground—Thomson was born here.”

To which the dealer in hops replied—

“Thomson, Thomson—I didn’t know him—was he in our line?”—*Dr Wilson.*

UNCONCERNED.

Geordie Ritchie, a “natural,” long located in the Mearns, was a most profane and inveterate swearer, indulging in volleys of oaths on all occasions. On being reproved one day, and told that unless he gave up the bad habit he had no chance of getting to heaven, he coolly replied—

“I sanna seek; there’s mair seekin’ to get there than’ll win.”

ABERDONIAN PRUDENCE.

A periodical writer, about 1812, makes the following remarks on the prudence of the Aberdonians :—

“Formerly much connected with Dutchmen, as the purchasers of their staple commodity, the Aberdonians gradually acquired a little of Dutchmen’s neutrality; like them, too, looking with rather suspicious eyes on modes of life, or of business, differing from those of their forefathers. This aversion to anything new has, no doubt, retarded many improvements; but it has, at the same time, been productive of some good effects. In carrying on their different branches of trade, moving slowly step by step, and seldom or never speculating beyond their capital, they have been less subject to the bad effects attending any sudden change or obstruction to commerce occasioned by a declaration of war or commencement of peace. A late instance of this may be mentioned. Previous to the breaking out of the present war, the manufacture of stockings was that which was carried to the greatest extent here. These were nearly all exported to Holland; but, on the seizure of that country by the French, the trade was almost annihilated; yet there was not among the manufacturers a single failure in consequence. A better proof of sober industry cannot well be given; were it required, it might

be added that the travelling agents of the English commercial houses acknowledge that in no place in the course of their ride do they meet with such ready and punctual payment as in Aberdeen. So much for keeping close to the main chance, and leaving it to the more active and turbulent spirits of the south and west to speculate in trade or in politics, to invite improvements or innovations."

BLIND ALICK.

This worthy—Alexander Macdonald by name—was a famous street vocalist and fiddler in Glasgow, in the early part of the present century. He was a native of Cumberland; but as the greater part of his life was spent in Glasgow, he became so much identified with that city, that he may be said to have formed part of it.

In a particularly interesting lecture on "Glasgow Street Celebrities," delivered before the Archæological Society of Glasgow by Sheriff Strathearn, many years ago, and which we have already referred to in our notice of "Hawkie," we find a number of illustrations of "Alick's" poetic powers—for he was also a poet, and sung nothing but his own compositions—which we hope will be found of interest to local as well as general readers.

Characters such as "Hawkie" and "Blind Alick," of Glasgow; "Jamie Barrie," of Dryburgh; "Daft Willie, of Edinburgh; "Will Speir" and "Rab Hamilton," of Ayrshire; "Jamie Fleeman," of Udny, and others, were formerly common enough all over Scotland, but are now rarely to be met with. "Whether," said the learned lecturer, "they have become extinct, and idiotic or eccentric people have grown rarer, is a subject fit for speculation. The change in our Lunacy and Poor Laws may in some measure, if not altogether, account for this improvement; but, cer-

tain it is, such characters have disappeared, and those of them who have gone are now things of the past. Their names and story, however, are still worth rescuing from hastening forgetfulness. They are prominent features in a picture of social life through which our city has passed, and we know that every snatch from oblivion is a stone cast in the cairn of our history."

We select the following passages from Sheriff Strathearn's lecture, from a report which appeared in the *Glasgow Herald*, on the day following its delivery:—

"Foremost of the class ranks our Glasgow Homer—Blind Alick—a name familiar in our mouths and to our ears as 'household words.'

"He it was who first circulated in Glasgow, among the street public, news of the victory of Camperdown—a victory giving nomen to the club to which I have just referred—and the stanza in which the announcement was made will not soon be forgotten:—

'Good news I have got, my lads,
For country and for town;
We have gained a mighty fight
On the sea at Camperdown.

'Our cannon they did rattle, lads,
And we knock'd their topmasts down;
But the particulars you will hear
By the post in the *afternoon*.'

"His skill lay not so much in the violin performance as in his improvised verses. He seized events of public moment as they rose, or incidents of local importance, and, inspired partly by natural genius and partly by whisky, he converted the themes into rhyme, which he sang to the melody of his violin and the amusement of admiring bystanders. It would be unjust to Alick's memory to say that he suffered his poetry to gush forth in untrained or untutored flow; he aimed at better finish, and rehearsed. A gentleman who knew him well, when serving his apprenticeship as a lawyer, observes:—

“My master’s office was then in Hutcheson Street, adjoining the Waterloo Hotel; behind was a very retired court, into which the minstrel, when under inspiration, wandered; and there screwing up his fiddle, he tortured from the instrument and expressed by the voice certain execrating notes which might, upon rehearsal, have been tolerable, but in their crudeness were ear-piercing and brain-dementing. Many a time and oft was peace purchased by my informant’s master, but it was a panic peace, for ere two hours further had elapsed the bard’s necessity, and the tempting quiet of the court, invited back the faithless Alick to complete his theme.”

“Then to Trongate did the now prepared minstrel proceed, to salute the ears of a passing auditory; and as a native bard has expressed it, the performance must have been soul-delighting—

‘Oh! let the tuneful cadence, loud and strong,
Run like the sounds from thrilling fiddle-strings,
That Alick rubs to charm a list’ning throng.
That gather round to hear him, as he sings
His own made martial song, till street or alley
rings.’

“Waterloo was a frequent subject of his muse; and as during the French war the public mind was greatly excited, he earned a tolerable harvest by his poetry.

“Among the earliest of his subjects was the death of Sir Ralph Abercromby. The song was long, but these lines will suffice to exhibit the strain:—

‘Now, my heroes, be not disheartened,
But let us stand with courage bold,
Although our noble Abercromby
Lost his life upon Egyptian land.

‘He commanded with known fame,
Till his precious life was ta’en:
And I hope all his British soldiers
Their conduct was all the same.’

“The 42d Regiment of Highlanders was a corps much favoured by the minstrel, after the ever-to-be-remem-

bered deeds of daring performed by that distinguished regiment at Quatre Bras and Waterloo. Alick strung his violin afresh, and declared—

‘The gallant first battalion,
It never was beat;
And the second battalion
Was like unto it.’

“Again, after the peace, and when the 42d had returned home, it was stationed in Glasgow; but the route soon was given, which was to remove the regiment to Dublin. Alick was once more seized literally with the spirit of inspiration, and he followed the marching soldiers, singing—

‘Once more the 42d bids Scotland farewell
For a little while—for fear we ne’er see’t again;
And now we’re gone to Ireland,
And in Dublin may be found.

But we’re expecting once more to go to West
Indy land;
But whether we go, or whether we stay,
King George and Britannia we never shall
betray;
And we are determined still
That George shall be our King.’

“After the battle of Badajos, in which a gallant officer, a native of Glasgow, rendered conspicuous service, the minstrel, as usual, advanced the news with an extra flourish of his fiddle-stick, and thus he proceeded:—

‘True-hearted, loyal citizens,
Great news I’ve got to tell
Of the wars of Spain and Portugal,
And how the town of Badajos fell.

‘There was one Alick Pattison,
A man of great renown;
He was the first who mounted the breach,
And the first that did tumble down.

‘He was a handsome, tall, young gentleman,
As ever my eyes did see—
A captain, colonel, or major
He very soon will be.’

“Another famous regiment was alike the favoured subject of Alick’s regard; and the admiration he manifested was only too well deserved. Thus he apostrophises the Scots Greys at Waterloo:—

'Then the tyrant, Napoleon Bonaparte,
And some of the French Imperial Guards,
They thought they had no more to do
Than to take those gallant Scotch lads !

'But very soon, on the contrary,
The Royal Greys they let them ken
They might go and tell Bonaparte
They cared not a — for either him or his
men !'

"Many other effusions of the minstrel might be multiplied—such as the well-known lines on the volunteers reviewed by Earl Moira, in which Colonel Geddes and Majors Hunter and Paterson figure, the lines on Colonel Corbet and his sharpshooters, and his noted Alexandrines on wandering the world all over, and many a place beside, and expressing his preference for Glasgow and the Clyde ; but time will not permit.

"One passage, however, I cannot omit. On the return of Queen Caroline from the Continent, to rebut the charges against her which impended—like many others of the good people of this country—Alick espoused the cause of the Queen, and gave utterance to his feelings thus :—

'Now, then, some observations more
I think proper for to make
About her noble Majesty,
Who has now returned hence.
She has travelled the Continent,
And she has returned again,
And I hope will give account
To her husband of herself.
In procession her Majesty went to church,
And, I hope, for to return thanks ;
And I hope every loyal subject
Will be agreeable with it.
May He who formed this sudden tide
Be her protector and her guide.'

"These specimens will have given those who know nothing of Alick a fair notion of his topics, and how he handled them. It is certain that, whatever opinion may now be formed, his poetry was highly satisfactory to his street patrons. The style of delivery—the crash of the fiddle, accommodating the music to his hobly lines—the upturned opaque eye of the artist—his simple, cheerful, contented

look and smile—and his meekness when conversed with—all prepossessed the public in his favour. And although now and then his life-long failing for whisky brought him into disgrace with friends who sought to help him and his wife, yet he contrived by an arch simplicity to excuse the failing, and generally he disarmed resentment.

"Thus Alick passed through life, the yearning for *aqua vita* sticking to him to almost the moment of his dissolution. In the beginning of 1830 he was seized with an illness which proved mortal on 9th February of that year. He expired in the fifty-ninth year of his age, and was interred in the High Church burying-ground. 'His remains rest,' Dr Strang observes, 'unmarked by aught but the mound of mould which covers the graves of the poor and destitute.'

GRAVY AND GRACE.

Douglas of Barloch was one day dining at the house of a lady friend, and it fell to his lot to carve in place of the hostess, who occupied the seat next to him. The joint was rather tough, and in addition to the necessary art, some degree of strength was required to cut it up properly. In endeavouring to separate a ligament, the knife slipped, and a quantity of gravy spurted over the dress of the lady, who said—

"Oh, Mr Douglas, don't apologise, it is entirely my own fault—the meat should have been better prepared."

"Oh, ma'am, dinna say that," gallantly replied Mr Douglas, "let me take the blame—let me be all the gravy, and let yours be all the grace."

A POSSIBLE REASON.

A geological society in England met to consider certain discoveries in that science. Among others was that of a

pre-Adamite organism, which had the peculiarity of invariably having its head in a southward direction. Here was a question for the sages to solve! After various hypotheses had been urged, an old Scot remarked—

“Weel, gentlemen, I think it is maist likely that they were coming south to improve their condition.”

TASCALL MONEY.

There was a practice used in the Highlands by which the cattle stolen were often discovered, which was by sending persons to that part of the country most suspected, and making an offer of a reward (which the Highlanders called *Tascall* money) to any who would discover their cattle, and the persons who stole them. By the temptation of a reward, and promise of secrecy, discoveries were often made, and restitution obtained.

But to put a stop, however, to a practice they thought an injury to the tribe, the whole clan of the Camerons (and others also by their example) bound themselves by oath never to take *Tascall* money, nor to inform one against the other. This oath they took upon a drawn dagger, which they kissed in a solemn manner, and the penalty declared to be due to the breach of the said oath was to be stabbed with the same dagger. This manner of swearing was much in practice on all other occasions, to bind themselves one to another, that they might with more security exercise their villanies, which they imagined less sinful than the breaking of that oath; since they committed all sorts of crime with impunity, and were so severely punished if foresworn. An instance of this happened in December 1723, when one of the clan of the Camerons, suspected to have taken *Tascall* money, was in the night time called out of his hut from his wife and

children, and hanged up near his own door. Another of that tribe was for the same crime (as they term it) kept a month in the stocks, and afterwards privately made away with.

IN OR OUT?

The Laird of Logan was one day at Kilmarnock fair, and with some cronies adjourned to a public-house for a dram. The landlord, when he placed the “stoup” on the table, asked—

“Do ye want ony water wi’t, gentlemen?”

“Na, na, John,” replied the laird, “had ye no better, d’ye think, try an’ tak oot the water that’s in’t already?”

MANNERS OF THE HIGHLANDERS IN 1597.

Their bankets are hunting and fishing. They seethe their flesh in the tripe, or else in the skin of the beast, filling the same full of water. Now and then in hunting they strayne out the blood, and eate the flesh raw. Their drink is the broth of sodden flesh. They love very well the drinke made of whey, and kept certayne yeares, drinking the same at feasts: it is named by them *blaudium* [*blat-hach*]. The most part of them drinke water. Their custome is to make their bread of oates and barley (which are the onely kindes of grayne that grow in those parts): experience (with time) hath taught them to make it in such sort that it is not unpleasant to eate. They take a little of it in the morning, and so, passing to the hunting or any other businesse, content themselves therewith, without any other kind of meat, till even.

They made only two meals in the day—the *little* meal about noon, and the *great* meal towards evening.—*Monipennis.*

"AMONG THE MODERATES."

The antipathy which certain people in the north formerly entertained towards the Church of Scotland is well known ; but here is an extreme case.

An old woman from the country made her way into the parish church of T——, on the evening of a Sacrament Sunday. Settling herself comfortably at the further end of a pew, she waited for the service to commence ; but the slight difference of the ritual at once struck her, and the truth flashed on her mind that she was actually in an Established Church ! Springing to her feet, she exclaimed—

"Let me oot o' this ! let me oot ! I'm among the Moderates ! I'm lost, I'm clean lost !"

ROB ROY.

Like many other gentlemen, Rob Roy was a trader in cattle or master drover, and in this capacity he had borrowed several sums of money from the Duke of Montrose, but, becoming insolvent, he absconded. In June 1712 warrants were issued for his apprehension, and he was involved in prosecutions which nearly ruined him. Some officers of the law having visited his house in his absence and abused his wife in a shameful manner, she, being a high-spirited woman, incited her husband to acts of vengeance, which he soon put in execution. As the Duke had contrived to get possession of Rob's lands at Craig-Royston, he was driven to become the "bold outlaw" which he is so powerfully represented to be in song and story.

"Determined," says Stewart of Garth, in his *Sketches of the Highlands*, "that his grace should not enjoy his lands with impunity, he collected a band of twenty followers, declared open war against him, and gave up his old course of regular

droving, declaring that the estate of Montrose should in future supply him with cattle, and that he would make the duke rue the day he had quarrelled with him. He kept his word ; and for nearly thirty years—that is, till the day of his death—regularly levied contributions on the duke and his tenants, not by nightly depredations, but in broad day, and in a systematic manner ; on an appointed time making a complete sweep of all the cattle of a district—always passing over those not belonging to the duke's estate, or the estates of his friends and adherents ; and having previously given notice where he was to be on a certain day with his cattle, he was met there by people from all parts of the country, to whom he sold them publicly. These meetings or 'trysts' were held in different parts of the country. Sometimes the cattle were driven south, but oftener to the north and west, where the influence of his friend the Duke of Argyle protected him. When the cattle were in this manner driven away, the tenants paid no rent, so that the duke was the ultimate sufferer. But he was made to suffer in other ways. The rents of the lower farms were partly paid in grain and meal, which was generally lodged in a storehouse or granary, called a *girnial*, near the Lake of Monteith. When Macgregor wanted a supply of meal, he sent notice to a certain number of the duke's tenants to meet him at the *girnial* on a certain day, with their horses to carry home his meal. They met accordingly, when he ordered the horses to be loaded, and, giving a regular receipt to his grace's storekeeper for the quantity taken, he marched away, always entertaining the people very handsomely, and careful never to take the meal till it had been lodged in the duke's storehouse in payment of rent. When the money rents were paid, Macgregor frequently attended. On one occasion, when Graham of Killearn, the factor, had

collected the tenants to pay their rents, all Rob Roy's men happened to be absent, except Alexander Stewart, called 'the bailie.' With this single attendant, he descended to Chapel Errock, where the factor and the tenants were assembled. He reached the house after it was dark, and looking in at the window, saw Killearn, surrounded by a number of the tenants, with a bag full of money which he had received, and was in the act of depositing it in a press or cupboard, at the same time saying that he would cheerfully give all he had in the bag for Rob Roy's head. This notification was not lost on the outside visitor, who instantly gave orders to place two men at each window, two at each corner, and four at each of two doors, thus appearing to have twenty men. He immediately opened the door, and walked in with his attendant close behind him, each armed with a sword in his right and a pistol in his left hand, and with dirks and pistols in their belts. The company started up, but he desired them to sit down, as his business was only with Killearn, whom he ordered to hand down the bag and place it on the table. When this was done, he desired the money to be counted, and proper receipts to be drawn out, certifying that he had received the money from the Duke of Montrose's agent, as the duke's property, the tenants having paid their rents, so that no after demand could be made on them on account of this transaction; and finding that some of the people had not obtained receipts, he desired the factor to grant them immediately, 'to show his grace,' said he, 'that it is from him I take the money, and not from those honest men who have paid him.' After the whole was concluded, he ordered supper, saying that, as he had got the purse, it was proper he should pay the bill; and after they had drank heartily together for several

hours, he called his bailie to produce his dirk, and lay it naked on the table. Killearn was then sworn that he would not move, nor direct any one else to move, from that spot for an hour after the departure of Macgregor, who thus cautioned him—

"If you break your oath, you know what you are to expect in the next world, and in this"—pointing to his dirk. He then walked away, and was beyond pursuit before the hour expired."

A SCOT'S ANSWER.

A Scot who had taken himself to live in an English city, where he had made his way and prospered, was one day sneeringly asked by an Englishman, the usual question why Scotsmen in England never think of going "bock" to Scotland.

"Weel, ye see, man," replied Sandy, "when we come to England, we find the folk here sae muckle cleverer than oursel's, that we canna get a chance to gang back!"

"TWO'S COMPANY, THREE'S NONE."

Simon Beveridge, a poor hand-loom weaver in Bishopbriggs had the misfortune to be allied to a very bad wife—in fact, a perfect randy. In all his troubles, however, he had always the sympathies of his only son Jamie, and many a conversation the two had on the evil habits and temper of their relative.

"Father," the son would say, when any extra 'row' would occur, "dinna vex yersel' aboot that mither o' mine."

One day Mrs Beveridge went 'ower the tow' altogether, and Simon, nearly broken-hearted, said to his friend and comforter—

"Jamie, Jamie, what think ye o'

that wife o' mine's this morning? is she no an awfu' heavy handfu' for onybody to hae, let alane puir me?"

"Deed is she, father," said Jamie. "Is't no a pity, man, that ye didna marry Jenny Trams, when ye could hae gotten her for the asking? Sic a mither she wad hae been!"

"Ou, ay, Jamie, my man," replied the unhappy Simon, "it wad hae been better a' ways, but what maun be, maun be."

"Weel, weel, father," said the sympathetic son, "gin ye say that, we maun just jouk and let the jaw gae by; but, between oursels, I really think we happened on an ill bargain when we got her."

ANCIENT ARTILLERY OF ABERDEEN.

The artillery belonging to the town of Aberdeen, in 1544, consisted of "a falcon, a kilis piece, a bollis piece, and three serpentine, with ten chambers and wheel carriages." In 1557 the magistrates purchased for the defence of the town two ringed dogs, two great yeatlings, the great falcon of the Laird of Drum, and English half-slungs, and five cut-throats, for the sum of £100; six half-slungs with twelve chambers, at £120; four half-slungs, and one keel-piece having two chambers."

A COLLEGE STATUTE.

Among the statutes made by Bishop Kennedy for the regulation of the Divinity College of St Salvator, St Andrews, of which he was founder, appears the following:—

"We ordain further, that all the members of the said college, live decently as becomes ecclesiastics; that they do not keep concubines *publicly*; that they be not common night-walkers

or robbers; or habitually guilty of other notorious crimes; and if any of them is so, which God forbid, let him be corrected by his superior; and if he proves incorrigible, let him be deprived by the same superior, and another substituted in his place."

Such statute is still to be seen in the archives. The propagation of learning and religion has produced a decided improvement since 1458, when this statute was enacted.

A RHYMING REQUEST.

While Mr Reid, afterwards of the famous firm of Brash and Reid, book-sellers in Glasgow, was an assistant to Dunlop and Wilson, he was one day engaged with others in the dusty but necessary operation of "taking stock." The work was heavy, and the dust which arose from the undoing and re-packing the various parcels was very great. The thoraxes of the party became choked, and Mr Reid, as principal man, was requested by his fellow-workers to petition the firm for some refreshment. Being as much in want of a "drink" as any of them, he at once agreed, and forthwith indited and presented the following verse to the employers, with a satisfactory result:—

"Now, gentlemen, to tell the truth,
We're like to choke w' stour and drouth
Twa pots o' porter, if you please,
Would set our giesand throats at ease."

Laird of Logen.

AN ARGYLESHERE TRAGEDY.

Gorrie MacAlester was the son of Alexander MacAlester of the Loup, Argyleshire, who was one of the Highland chiefs held responsible under the "Black Act" of 1587 for the peaceable behaviour of their clansmen and the "broken men" who lived on their

lands. He died before his son was of age, and who became the hero of a tragedy which forms one of the most remarkable cases in Pitcairn's *Criminal Trials*.

Between him and a young lady of property, residing not far from his own possessions, a mutual attachment sprung up, but their union was prevented by his guardian, who contrived to wed the woman to one of his own sons. Apprehensive, however, of the resentment of his ward, who had now attained his majority, he removed for a time to a distant part of the country. On his return in 1598, he was attacked and slain by the young chief. As the vengeance of the latter was equally directed against the sons of his tutor, they took refuge in the house of Askomull, in Kintyre, belonging to Angus Macdonald of Dunyveg, whilst the Laird of Loup procured the assistance of Sir James Macdonald, the son of Angus, then at variance with his father. With about 300 armed men they surrounded the house of Askomull at midnight, and, on the refusal of those within to surrender, it was immediately set on fire. Although he knew that his father and mother were in the house at the time, Sir James savagely refused to allow the fire to be extinguished, and at length his father, in endeavouring to make his escape, was made prisoner, after being severely burnt, and receiving many indignities from the servants of his unnatural son. The other inmates of the house also fell into his hands, and were treated with various degrees of severity, but he does not appear to have caused any of them to be put to death.

A "DISPUTED SETTLEMENT."

One of these vexatious proceedings—
unfortunately too common in Scotland—
a "disputed settlement," took place in

the north in 1873. The *Saturday Review*, in criticising the matter, gave the following excellent and humorous account of the objections entered; and as it is so true in its general features, although somewhat exaggerated, we gladly transfer it to our pages. For obvious reasons, we omit the names of persons and the locality.

"The grounds of the objection were that Mr —'s preaching and exposition of Scripture were 'cold, dry, shallow, and not well calculated to arouse the attention;' and further, that they were 'lifeless, almost destitute of the doctrine of the Gospel, and unintelligible to a large extent.' Witnesses were called in support of these charges. The parish schoolmaster, Mr —, led the way. There was, he said, nothing in Mr —'s manner 'to arrest and fix the eye by a fine, earnest, holy demeanour;' 'nothing, as it were, to build up in the mind a holy frame.' What Mr — wanted, it appeared, was 'burning zeal,' and 'a warmth beaming from the eye, the face, and, above all, from the intonation of the voice.' 'You know,' he remarked, 'what a sleepy preacher does to a sleepy congregation;' upon which some one suggested that 'Dr Kidd (formerly a famous preacher in Aberdeen) threw a book at them.' The presentee was also said to be undignified in bearing, expression, and carriage—'a good old Saxon word,' added the schoolmaster, 'for behaviour.' The next witness objected to the presentee's hands, which he thought were very much in the way. 'At one time they were in his pocket; then he was keeping the line of the sermon with his finger; and, again, he was fickerin', fickerin', the same as if there had been something annoying him.' A farmer thought he was a 'cauld, dry, sleepie body,' but he may have judged by his own difficulty in keeping awake. Another farmer wanted more 'forcy' preaching, while a third could not endure the presentee's

'silver grey sort of eyelashes.' A witness said he did not observe anything objectionable in 'presentee's use of body, hands, and eyes,' but he did not finish his sermons properly. 'He proposed several courses, but never followed them, saying he hadn't time or couldn't dwell on them.' It was also objected to the presentee that there was no love looming from his eye, and that, in preaching, he did not show 'any sympathy in the concern.' The presentee preached a sermon about Naaman the Syrian, but a farmer said he saw little meaning in it; 'it was just a'bout wash, and be clean.' In support of the charge of unintelligibility, it was urged that the presentee used such puzzling expressions as 'a series of unhappy coincidences' and 'a concourse of circumstances.' If it is true, as alleged, that such expressions are utterly unintelligible to the ordinary hearer in that region, there must surely be something the matter with the parish school; and the presentee might have retorted upon Mr —, that it was the schoolmaster's fault if the people could not understand him when he spoke English. One of the most frequent objections to the presentee was that he was not 'lively,' and it was asked whether he was expected to jump about in the pulpit."

BISHOP FORBES OF CORSE.

In Scotland the area of the parish church is understood to be the property of the different heritors in the parish, and the valuation of their respective rents in the tax-roll is the rule by which it is divided for seat-room to their tenants. A dispute in regard to this matter had arisen between two gentlemen, in which the bishop had a right to determine, as the evidence should turn out. One of the gentlemen not choosing to trust to the justice of his claim, procured from King James VI., or his privy-

council, a "sist," or authority to stop proceedings, which was formally intimated to the bishop, who, notwithstanding, determined against the person who had procured it; and wrote to the privy-council a short vindication of his conduct, in which he told them, that "though he held his gown of the king, his conscience was God's." When James heard of this, he is said to have "thanked God that he had a bishop who dared to do his duty." Though this be equally honourable for his majesty and Bishop Forbes, it is no great compliment to the order in general.—*Mitchell.*

EXPORTED AND TRANSPORTED.

A gentleman recently married was enjoying with his young wife an evening walk along the beach at Musselburgh. A vessel which had just left the harbour at Leith passed them on its way down the Forth, bound for a foreign port.

"Pray, my dear," said the lady, having reference to their conversation, "what is the difference between exported and transported?"

"Were you, my love," answered her husband, "aboard that vessel, you would be exported, and I would be transported."

AN ATTENTIVE WAITER.

A youth who had been brought up among the byres and stables was promoted to serve inside the house as assistant footman. His *debut* was made at a sober supper of eggs where a few friends were present. A young gentleman helped himself to a piece of oatcake, and the newly-fledged waiter, either in the simplicity of his hospitality, or judging that where there was such a choice there could be no difficulty in

deciding, nudged the guest's shoulder with his elbow, and whispered in his ear—

“Tak a bit laif to your egg, man.”

FLORA MACDONALD.

Flora Macdonald, whose memory will be ever cherished by all patriotic Scotsmen for her noble disinterestedness in aiding Prince Charles to make his escape after the battle of Culloden, was the daughter of Macdonald of Milton, in South Uist. Her father, a tacksman, left her an orphan when only a year old, and her mother married Macdonald of Armadale, in Skye, who, at the time of the Rebellion, commanded one of the militia companies raised in that island by Sir Alexander Macdonald for the services of the government.

When first introduced to the Prince, Flora was about twenty-four years of age. She was of the middle size, and, besides a handsome figure and great vivacity, she possessed much good sense, an amiable temper, and a kind heart. After the Prince's departure she was apprehended by a party of militia, and placed on board Commodore Smith's sloop, where she was treated with great kindness and attention by him and General Campbell. She was a prisoner for a short time in Dunstaffnage Castle; and after being conveyed from place to place, she was removed to London, where she remained in confinement from December 1746 till the following July, when she was discharged, at the special request of Frederick, Prince of Wales, father of George III., without a single question having been put to her.

After her return to Skye she married Macdonald of Kingsburgh, with whom she emigrated to America. There her husband died, and, after enduring many privations during the War of American Independence, she returned with her

family to Skye, where she died, March 4th, 1790, leaving a son, Lieutenant-Colonel Macdonald of the Royal Clan-Alpin Regiment, and an able writer on military tactics and telegraphy; and a daughter, married to Macleod of Skye. She retained her Jacobite predilections to the last hour of her existence.

FRANCHISE AND FRENCH CHEESE.

During the agitation about the Reform Bill, and the reduction of the franchise, &c., a meeting was held in a town in Ayrshire, at which the local politicians said their say on the subject. One speaker made constant reference to the franchise, and to give it “more power” he invariably pronounced the word “franchisee.” A hearer, whose ears were better than his understanding, thought he said French cheese, and becoming annoyed at what he considered an undue preference for a foreign article, he angrily exclaimed—

“Ye hae a pair taste to say sae muckle about fusionless French cheese: I wadna gie ane o' our ain Dunlop kebbucks for a hail cartload o' them.”

THE HAYS OF ERROLL.

The Earls of Errol are the lineal descendants of a brave peasant, of the name of Hay, who was ennobled upon the following occasion. In the year 980, and reign of Kenneth the Third, the Danes, having invaded Scotland, gave battle to the Scots at Luncarty, near Perth. The Scots, being worsted in the fight, gave way, and being forced to pass a defile in their flight, were stopped by a countryman and his two sons, who encouraged them to rally and renew the fight. The example, resistance, and reproaches of the brave men, armed only with what their ploughs

furnished, put new life into the routed army, who, returning to the field, defeated the Danes by this reinforcement from the plough, and delivered their country from servitude. The battle being over, the father, named Hay, was ennobled by the king, in a parliament at Scone, rewarded with the best part of the enemy's baggage, and a grant of the Carse of Gowrie, containing as much land as a falcon flew over without alighting, and lying in the best part of the country. The march stones, being about seven miles distant, are to this day called the Falcon Stones.

A HOME THRUST.

A certain session-clerk and teacher in a Scottish village had acquired the unfortunate habit of taking a dram too much. His wife, as a matter of course, was much distressed on this account, and frequently remonstrated with him on the impropriety of his conduct; but he turned the point of her rebuke by simply exclaiming—

“It's very true, gudewife, that I whiles put mysel' aff the straicht wi' a gill or twa, and it taks another ane to get me plum again; but d'ye no ken, woman, that if it hadna been for that bit faut o' mine, ye ne'er wad hae been my wife at a'?”

A SABBATARIAN DIFFICULTY.

Samuel Shool was bellman of Gar-gunnock for many years nearly a century ago, and being a great favourite with the minister and his wife, he came in for more than a fair share of the good things which were occasionally going at the manse. He could tell good stories, and was always ready to repeat any which redounded to the credit of his friends. The following was one of his best:—

“I mind ae Sabbath morning at the summer preachings, mair than thirty years sin', the mistress was in a sad pickle because Betty M'Quat had forgotten to howk some early tatties on the Saturday night; and what was to be done?”

“Betty was like to gang through the yirth about it, and quo' she—

“‘Mistress, I'll just take the graip and slip oot and howk a wheen—naebody will ken; and if the minister should come to ken o't, I'll tak a' the wyte and the sin on my ain shouthers.’

“‘Na, na, Betty,’ said the mistress, ‘sin I maun hae the tatties for dinner this day, just gang awa' oot and pouter a wee pickle frae the roots o' the shaws wi' your hands. Take nae graip wi' ye—use nae warkloom made by the hand o' man on the Lord's day; and if the minister sets on me about it, I'll just tell him that there wasna a graip shank in the hands o' onybody about the house—surely a body may use their ain fingers without being found faut wi'!”

HUGH MILLER ON BURNS.

Hugh Miller, in his *Schools and Schoolmasters*, thus describes his first perusal of Burns' poems:—

I read the inimitable “Twa Dogs.” Here, I said, is the full and perfect realisation of what Swift and Dryden were hardy enough to attempt, but lacked genius to accomplish. Here are dogs—*bona fide* dogs—endowed, indeed, with more than human sense and observation, but true to character as the most honest and attached of quadrupeds in every line. And then those exquisite touches which the poor man, inured to a life of toil and poverty, can alone rightly understand! and those deeply-based remarks on character, which only the philosopher can justly appreciate. This is the true Catholic

poetry which addresses itself, not to any little circle, walled in from the rest of the species by some peculiarity of thought, prejudice, or condition, but to the whole human family. I read on. "The Holy Fair," "Hallowe'en," "The Address to the Deil," engaged me by turns; and then the strange, uproarious, unequalled, "Death and Doctor Hornbook." This I said is something new in the literature of the world. Shakespeare possessed above all men the power of instant and yet natural transition—from the lightly gay to the deeply pathetic, from the wild to the humorous; but the opposite states of feeling which he induces, however close to the neighbourhood, are ever distinct and separate; the oil and the water, though contained in the same vessel, remain apart. Here, however, for the first time, they mix and incorporate, and yet each retains its whole nature and full effect. I need hardly remind the reader that the feat has been repeated, and with even more completeness, in the wonderful "Tam o' Shanter." I read on. "The Cot-tar's Saturday Night" filled my whole soul; my heart throbbed and my eyes moistened; and never before did I feel half so proud of my country, or know half so well on what score it was I did best in feeling proud. I had perused the entire volume from beginning to end, ere I remembered that I had not taken supper, and that it was more than time to go to bed."

A WORTHY CHURCH-GOER.

An old man, who for many years had walked every Sunday from Newhaven to Edinburgh to attend St Andrew's Church, was complimented one day by an elder for the regularity and length of his appearance in church. The old man unconsciously evinced

how little he deserved the compliment, by saying—

"Deed, sir, it's very true; but aboon a', I like to hear the sough and jingling o' the bells, and to see a' the braw folk."

A "MINISTERIAL" BANQUET.

In 1811, when Dr Chalmers was minister, he was one day surprised at being visited by Professor Duncan of St Andrews, and Robert Mudie, the author, who, to the consternation of the minister, informed him that they intended to dine with him. On consulting his servant as to what there was for dinner, Chalmers found to his dismay that there was nothing in the house but two parcels of salt fish. Having given directions that a portion of each should be boiled separately, he joined his friends, and went out with them to enjoy a walk. On returning home, dinner was served, two large and most promising dishes being placed at the head and foot of the table.

"And now, gentlemen," said the host, as the covers were removed, "you have variety to choose from: this," pointing to the dish before him, "is salt fish from St Andrews. and that," pointing to the other, "is hard fish from Dundee."

A FATAL CURE.

The wife of the first Earl of Lothian, who died in 1647, was said to be addicted to the "Black Art," *i.e.*, witchcraft, and her exercise of it at last proved fatal to her husband! The circumstance is thus narrated in Douglas's *Peerage*. "That lady thereafter being vexed with a cancer in her breast, implored the help of a notable warlock by a byname called Playfair, who condescended to heal her, but with condition

that the sore should fall on them she loved best; whereunto she agreeing did convalesce, but the earl, her husband, found the cancer in his throat, of which he died shortly after."

LORD LOUGHBOROUGH.

The kindness and politeness with which this nobleman conferred a favour greatly enhanced its value. He would often say, when he gave away preferment, and more particularly to those whose merit was their only recommendation to him—

"Go to my secretary, and desire him to prepare the presentation immediately, or I shall have some duke or great man make application, whom I shall not be able to refuse."

NO ALTERNATIVE.

"Fetch me a drink o' water, Jock," said an old bedridden Fifer to his son, one day, "for I'm unco drouthy." The urchin went to the pitcher, and, observing that it contained only a small quantity of muddy and unpalatable water, he remarked—

"Ye'll no tak a flicher o' meal on the tap o't, father?"

"Na, na, laddie."

"Fegs," returned the boy, scratching his head, "I'll hae to gang to the wall, than!"

ONE TO THE MINISTER.

The minister of Auchterarder was sitting at breakfast one morning, when he was interrupted by the entrance of one of his parishioners, who requested the loan of his mare, as his own was ill.

"You shall have her," said the minister; "but be careful of the beast, and

don't load her too heavily." Taking a walk the same day along a country road, he met John and the mare, the latter drawing a very heavy load of sand. This was too much for the worthy man, who heaped on John's head many a hearty rebuke. John heard him till he had finished, and then said quietly—

"Stones are heavy, and sand heavier, but the rage of the fool is weightier than all."

SPEAKING FROM EXPERIENCE.

It is related of a certain divine, whose matrimonial relations are supposed not to have been of the most agreeable kind, that one Sabbath morning, while reading to his congregation the parable of the supper, in which occurs the passage—"And another said, I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them; I pray thee have me excused. And another said, I have married a wife, and therefore cannot come,"—he suddenly paused at the end of this verse, drew off his spectacles, and, looking on his hearers, said with emphasis—

"The fact is, my brethren, one woman can draw a man further away from the kingdom of heaven than fifty yoke of oxen."

THE SAME DIRECTION.

A Fifeshire bailie, dining out one night, was returning home rather late, and "wi' just a drappie in his e'e." As he "meandered" along the street, sometimes on one side of it, sometimes on the other, he at length stumbled over a cart tram, which had been left in the gutter to be out of the way. In endeavouring to recover his footing he stumbled still more, and at length landed safely and softly on a dunghill.

A gudewife, who lived close by, hearing the noise, ran out of her house, with a lighted candle in her hand, to ascertain the cause of it. Seeing Mr — in such a sorry plight, she exclaimed—

“Eh, bailie, is that you?”

“Deed is’t, Janet,” replied the *dazed* magistrate, it’s just me, but never heed, I was just gaun wast the town at ony rate.”

A REAL UMBRELLA.

Will Speir constantly carried a huge staff, more like an elongated paling stab, than a walking stick, and he used it as occasion required either legitimately or, as has been already told, as a horse, etc.; but one day, during a deluge of rain, he eclipsed all its former uses by sticking it in the ground and using it as a shelter! Being caught in this strange position by a passer-by, who said to him—

“Will, ye’re surely dafter the day than ever. Whatna kind o’ umbrella’s that ye hae got? It canna keep rain aff.”

“That may be sae,” answered Will, “but I wad like to see the rain that wad get through’t, at ony rate.”

A CONSCIENTIOUS TRADESMAN.

During the erection of a Unitarian chapel in Glasgow, one of the tradesmen engaged ran short of nails, and proceeded to an ironmonger’s to procure a fresh supply. The shopkeeper, surprised at the large quantity ordered, said—

“That’s nails enuch to big a city kirk.”

“Deed,” said the customer, “that’s just what they’re for, although it’s no for a town’s-kirk.”

“Maybe for a meeting-house?” queried the ironmonger.

“Na,” answered the other, “they’re just for the woodwork of the new Unitarian chapel.”

“Say ye that!” exclaimed the indignant seller of nails; “and had ye the daring impudence, sin’ I maun say sae, to try and get them frac me? Tak back your siller and gie me my nails. I’ll ne’er hae’t said that I sell’t a pin to prop up a pillar o’ Satan’s.”

EASILY ACCOUNTED FOR.

At a Perthshire election Sir John Campbell solicited a Mr M’Gregor to use his influence with his son, to give his vote for Sir George Murray. The old man said it would be useless, as his son was already pledged to the opposite party. Sir John was greatly displeased when he heard this, and testily replied—

“Then your son is no true M’Gregor; there must be some bad blood in him.”

To which the descendant of Rob Roy quietly replied—

“I wadna doubt, Sir John, but there is, for his mother was a Campbell!”—*Laird of Logan.*

“THE AUCHINDRANE TRAGEDY.”

In 1611, John Mure of Auchindrane was accused of the murder of a retainer of Kennedy of Colzean, committed where there were no witnesses. but which was discovered in a remarkable manner.

The body of the murdered man had been buried in Girvan churchyard, but the laird of Colzean dreaming of him in his sleep, caused his remains to be exhumed, and insisted on all who lived near to come and touch the corpse. All did so but Auchindrane and his son, whom nobody suspected, till his young

daughter, Mary Mure, seeing the crowd, went in among them, and when she came near the dead body blood sprang from it, on which Auchindrane was apprehended and put to the torture.

"The Auchindrane Tragedy," founded on this murder, is one of the dramatic compositions of Sir Walter Scott.

FATAL CURIOSITY.

On the 13th of March 1801, the loss of the Royal Highlanders, then in Egypt, who were not engaged, but only exposed to distant shot, was three rank and file killed; and Lieutenant-colonel Dickson, Captain Archibald Argye Campbell, Lieutenant Simon Fraser, three sergeants, one drummer, and twenty-three rank and file wounded. The loss of the 42d, on this day, was the more to be regretted, as, except the wound of Colonel Dickson, and one or two more, the whole might have been avoided, had it not been for the idle curiosity of some young men. While the general was in consultation whether he should pursue the enemy to the walls of Alexandria, General Moore, who was never absent when his presence was required, had ordered the 42d up to the right, to form the closest possible order, immediately under a steep hill, which would effectually conceal them, while they would be ready, on the first signal, to dash up the hill upon the enemy. The battalion accordingly lay close under the hill, without being perceived by the enemy; and the most positive orders were given that every man should sit down with his firelock between his knees, ready to start up at a moment's warning; and on no account was any person to quit the column, lest the position should be discovered by the enemy, who had covered with guns the top of the hill immediately above. In

this situation the regiment lay in perfect silence, till three young men, seized with an irresistible curiosity to see what the rest of the army were doing, crept out, unperceived by Colonel Stuart, the commanding officer. They were descried by the enemy, who quickly brought their guns to bear on the regiment, and, in an instant, three shots were plunged into the centre of the column. This being repeated before the men could be removed to the right, under cover of a projecting hill, thirteen men were left on the ground, either killed or wounded; Lieutenant Simon Fraser lost his left hand, and Captain Archibald Campbell was severely wounded in the arm and side. Thus a foolish, and, on such an occasion, an unpardonable curiosity, caused death, or irreparable injury, to several officers and soldiers.

A NATURAL DEDUCTION.

"Weel, John," said a west country laird to a tenant one morning during the Disruption storm of 1843, "what d'ye think o' this voluntary business?"

"Deed, sir," replied John, "I'm a wee doubtfu' about it. I think we puir folk hae very little to do wi't, and that the ministers are makin' a' the stir about it themsels."

"You're right there, John," said the laird; "it certainly is the ministers that are moving maist in the matter."

"Then, laird, ye may be sure they're driving their ain drift," answered the tenant; "my mither used to say to me, 'Jock,' said she, 'whenever ye see a lot o' craws a' fleein' ae way, ye may be aye sure that they hae craws' business in hand!'"

CHANGED TIMES.

Will Speir was one evening in the house of an Ayrshire minister, who was

also an excellent violinist. The latter was playing reels and strathspeys for his own amusement, and Will, who was passionately fond of music and dancing, set his feet to work with such a will that he fairly tired the minister before he ceased dancing, when the player presented Will with a shilling!

"Hech me, sir," replied Speir, "isn't this world uncolie chang't? Wha ever heard afore o' a fiddler payin' a dancer? In my young days the dancers aye paid the fiddlers."

PEDEN'S PROPHECIES.

A little before the death of Peden, he was in Auchincloch, where he was born, in the house of John Richman, there being two beds in the room, one for him, and one for Andrew —, who dwelt in and about the New Milns. When Andrew was going to his bed he heard him very strongly importuning the Lord to have pity upon the west of Scotland, and spare a remnant, and not make a full end in the day of His anger. And when he was off his knees, he walked up and down the chamber, crying out—

"Oh! the Monzies, the French Monzies! See how they run! How long will they run? Lord, cut their houghs and stay their running." Thus he continued all night, sometimes on his knees, and sometimes walking. In the morning they inquired what he meant by the Monzies? He said, "O, sirs! ye will have a dreadful day by the French Monzies, and a set of wicked men in these lands, who will take part with them! The west of Scotland will pay dear for it! They will run thicker in the water of Ayr and Clyde than ever the Highlandmen did." I lay in that chamber about three years ago, and the said John Richman and his wife told me that these were his words. At other times to the same purpose, saying—

"O! the Monzies, the Monzies will be through the breadth and length of the south and west of Scotland! O, I think I see them at our firesides, slaying man, wife, and children. The remnant will get a breathing; but they will be driven to the wilderness again, and their sharpest hours will be last."

LORD KAMES AS A FARMER.

Soon after Mr Home was advanced to the bench and took the title of Lord Kames, a neighbouring laird coming to visit him, found him in the fields hard at work, assisting to clear the stones from a new inclosure. His neighbour waited with impatience till summoned by the bell to dinner.

"Well, my lord," said he, "you have truly wrought for your meal; and pray let me ask you how much you think you will gain by that hard labour at the end of the year?"

"Why, really my good sir," replied the other, "I never did calculate the value of my labour; but one thing I will venture to assert, that no man who is capable of asking that question will ever deserve the name of a farmer."

THE BLACK PARLIAMENT.

Although the Scottish barons appeared unanimous in their resolution to maintain the government of Robert, yet there were concealed traitors among the patriots. William de Soulis and some other persons of quality conspired against the king. The plot was revealed by the Countess of Strathern, and Soulis, having been apprehended, made a full confession. The conspirators were tried in parliament, at Scone, August 1320, and Soulis and the Countess of Strathern were condemned to perpetual imprisonment. Gilbert de Malerb and John de Losie, both knights, and Rich-

ard Brown, an esquire, were found guilty of treason, and suffered the punishment of traitors. Roger de Mowbray died before sentence, yet a like sentence was pronounced upon his dead body. The king, however, mitigated this rigour, and allowed him all the honours of sepulture. The fate of David de Brechin was much deplored. That brave young man, the nephew of the king, had served with reputation against the Saracens. To him the conspirators, after having exacted an oath of secrecy, had revealed their plot. He condemned their undertaking, and refused to share in it; yet entangled by his fatal oath he concealed the treason. Notwithstanding his relation to the royal family, his personal merits, and the favourable circumstances of his case, he was made an example of rigorous, though impartial justice. Sir Eustace de Maxwell, Sir Walter de Berclay, sheriff of Aberdeen, Sir Patrick de Graham, Hameline de Troupe, and Eustace de Rattray, were tried and acquitted. This parliament, in which so much noble blood was shed, continued long to be remembered by the vulgar under the appellation of Black Parliament.

CAPTAIN M'GREGOR AT PRESTONPANS.

Captain M'Gregor, of the Duke of Perth's regiment, for the want of better arms furnished his men with scythes, which he caused to be sharpened and fixed to the ends of poles from seven to eight feet long. These proved very destructive weapons, and his men did great execution. They cut the legs of the horses in two, and the riders through the middle of their bodies. M'Gregor, advancing to the charge, received five wounds, two of them from balls which pierced his body. Stretched on the ground, with his head resting on his hand, he called out to the Highlanders of his company—

“My lads, I am not dead!—by G— I shall see if any of you does not do his duty.”

A PENITENT CARTER.

A Port-Glasgow carter, who frequently visited Greenock, invariably returned *fou*. To prevent domestic strife, he used to say to his wife on such occasions—

“Noo, Kate, I'm awfu' fou the nicht, so ye maun be cannie wi' your tongue, and I will thole wi' ye as weel as I can, my woman; but dinna be ower hard on me.”

THE PLEASURES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

The following letter, which anticipates Sydney Smith's famous Yorkshire experiences, and also Hood's equally well-known articles on a similar subject, was written by Sir John Dalrymple, of Leuchie, to his relative Admiral Duncan in London:—

“CRANSTON, *January 1, 1792.*”

“My dear Sir,—You asked me what I had been doing? To the best of my memory, what has passed since I came home is as follows:—Finding the roof bad, I sent slaters, at the peril of their necks, to repair it. They mended three holes, and made thirty themselves. I pulled down as many walls round the house as would have fortified a town. This was in summer; but now that the winter is come, I would give all the money to put them up again that it cost me to take them down. I thought it would give a magnificent air to the hall to throw the passage into it. After it was done I went out of town to see how it looked. It was night when I went into it; the wind blew out the candle, from the oversize of the room; upon which I ordered the partition to be built up again, that I might not die of cold

in the midst of summer. I ordered the old timber to be thinned, to which, perhaps, the love of lucre a little contributed. The workmen, for every tree they cut down, destroyed three, by letting them fall on each other. I received a momentary satisfaction from hearing that the carpenter I employed had cut off his thumb in felling a tree. But this pleasure was soon allayed when, upon examining his measure, I found that he had measured and cheated me of twenty per cent. Remembering with a pleasing complacency the Watcombe pigs, I paid thirty shillings for a sow with pigs, and my wife starved them. They ran over to a madman, Lorn —, who distrained them for damage; and the mother, with ten helpless infants, died of bad usage. Loving butter much, and cream more, I bought two Dutch cows, and had plenty of both. I made my wife a present of two more; she learned the way to market for their produce, and I have never got a bowl of cream since. I made a fine haystack, but quarrelled with my wife as to the manner of drying the hay and building the stack. The stack took fire, by which I had the double mortification of losing my hay and finding my wife had more sense than myself. I kept no plough, for which I thank my Maker; because then I must have wrote this letter from a jail. I paid £20 for a dunghill, because I was told it was a good thing; and now I would give anybody 20s. to tell me what to do with it. I built and stocked a pigeon-house, but the cats watched below and the hawks hovered above, and pigeon soup, roasted pigeon, or cold pigeon pie I have never seen since. I fell to drain a piece of low ground behind the house, but I hit upon the tail of the rock, and drained the well of the house, by which I can get no water for my victuals. I entered into a great project for selling lime, upon a promise from one of my own farmers to give me land off his farm; but when I went to take off my ground he laughed,

said he had choused the lawyer, and exposed me to a dozen lawsuits for breach of bargains which I could not perform. I fattened black cattle and sheep, but could not agree with the butchers about the price. For mere economy we ate them ourselves, and almost killed all the family with surfeits. I brewed much beer, but the small turned sour, and the servants drank all the strong. I found a ghost in the house, whose name was M'Alister, a pedlar, that had been killed in one of the rooms at the top of the house two centuries ago. No servant would go on an errand after the sun was set, for fear of M'Alister, which obliged me to send off one set of my servants. Soon after the house-keeper, your old friend Mrs Browne, died, aged ninety; and then the belief ran that another ghost was in the house, upon which many of the new set of servants begged leave to quit the house, and got it. In one thing only I have succeeded; I have quarrelled with all my neighbours; so that with a dozen gentlemen's seats in my view, I stalk along like a lion in a desert. I thought I should have been happy with my tenants because I could be insolent to them without their being insolent to me; but they paid me no rent, and in a few days I shall have above one-half of the very few friends I have in the country in a prison. Such being the pleasures of a country life, I intend to quit them all in about a month, to submit to the mortification of spending the spring in London, where I am happy to hear that Mrs Dalrymple is so well. May God preserve her long to you, for she is a fine creature. Just when I was going to you last spring, I received a letter from Bess that she was dying. I put off my journey to Watcombe, and almost killed myself with posting to Scotland, where I found madam in perfect good health. — Yours always, my dear Jack,

“JOHN DALRYMPLE,”

THE HORSE MUSSELL.

In the most of the rivers in Scotland, besides the marvelous plentie of salmon and other fishes gotten there, is a shellfish called the horse mussell, of a great quantity, wherein are engendered innumerable faire, beautifull, and delectable pearles, convenient for the pleasure of man, and profitable for the use of phisicke; and some of them so faire and polished that they may bee equal to any orientall pearles; and generally by the providence of Almighty God, when dearth and scarcity of victuals are in the land, then the fishes are most plentifully taken for the support of the people.—*Monipennie.*

NED TURNER'S REGRET.

Ned Turner was a "mugger," *i. e.*, a hawker of earthenware, who, with his cart and his cuddy, used to frequent the fairs and markets of Perthshire. Fond of the open air, he was never comfortable when under cover, and he was perfectly miserable in winter when the days were short, and the snow-covered roads prevented him moving about. His spirits revived, however, as the days lengthened, and when the summer was at its zenith he used to say to his friends—

"Eh, lads, I'm sweir't to dee at a', but I wad be awfu' sweir't to dee in simmer—I wad miss a' the fine weather, and the lang days!"

VALUE OF MONEY IN THE THIRTEENTH AND FOURTEENTH CENTURIES.

There is no subject respecting which there is a greater degree of error than the value of money in former times. Many people seem to think that copper was as valuable as silver is now, and silver as valuable as gold; but that was

not the case. The true mode of ascertaining it is to appeal to what was the price actually paid for commodities; and in doing this we must keep in mind what was the quantity of silver in the different coins. At first a pound of silver, which is now coined into 66, was made into 20 shillings, and no more. Twenty shillings were equal to a pound weight of silver, in the time of King Robert Bruce. In the chamberlain's rolls, the following are the prices charged to king Robert for various articles:—

Wheat, per boll, 1s. 7½d., which was equal in quantity of silver, say, for brevity, only three times as much as the present denominations, and the price then was 4s. 10½d. of our present money. Meal, 1s. 3d. per boll, equal to 3s. 9d. Barley and malt, 1s. 6½d., equal to 4s. 7½d. Oats, 6d., equal to 1s. 6d. A mart, 8s. 2d., equal to £1, 4s. 6d. A sheep, 1s. 6d., equal to 4s. 6d. At another time we find a sheep charged 1s., equal to 3s.; and a cow, 10s., equal to £1, 10s. Cattle were, in proportion, cheaper than now, in consequence of less land being under cultivation. Alexander III. paid for a quarter of oats, 5¾d., equal to 1s. 5d. For barley, 1s., equal to 3s. For wheat, 2s. 8d., equal to 8s. Wheat was considered dear at 3s. 4d., equal to 10s. This is stated by Winton in his *Chronicle*, book vii., line 521-524. King Edward I., as appears from Rymer's *Fœdera*, paid per day, to a man at arms, 10d., equal in quantity to 2s. 6d.; to a cross-bowman, 3d., equal to 9d.; and to an archer, 2d., equal to 6d. Taking all in all, silver seems to have been equal in power only about six times as much as at present.

THE DUKE AND THE BARBER.

At a time when Archibald, late Duke of Douglas, was residing in

Edinburgh, he stepped into a barber's shop one morning, and drawing his sword out of its scabbard, he said to the barber that he wished to get shaved, and that he must be careful not to cut him, as in that case he would cut his head off with this sword. The barber told his grace that he need not give himself any uneasiness about that, as he had shaved many thousands in his time, without injuring a single one. After the shaving was finished to the duke's satisfaction, he asked the barber how it was that his hand did not feel a little shaky when he knew the doom that was hanging over him in the event of his work not being properly done? The heroic knight of the soap-brush replied by saying—

"Not a bit, your grace, for you see I was first in hand, and, had I cut you, I would have finished up by cutting your throat from ear to ear, and then I would have had nothing to fear from either you or your sword."

The duke, being fond of a practical joke, was so well pleased with the barber's reply, that he not only paid him well for his work, but, before leaving, added a handsome gratuity.

BACKWARD POSTERITY.

The following epitaph is said to have stood in Montrose churchyard:—

"Here lies the bodeys of George Young and Isobel Guthrie, and all their posterity, for more than fifty years *ba skwards*.—November 25th, 1757."

FORBES OF CRAIGIEVAR.

Bishop Forbes of Corse had several younger brothers. William, the next eldest to him, was bred to business, and, from a traditional story, seems to

have been unsuccessful on his first outset. His elder brother had frequently assisted him with money, but at last began to grow weary in supplying his needs. Upon an emergency he applied for the loan of a thousand marks, and, suspecting a denial, told his brother that he would find a sufficient surety to sign the bond along with him.

"Well," said the elder brother, "in that case I shall endeavour to find the sum wanted."

The younger brother called at the time appointed.

"Who," said the elder, "is to sign with you as surety?"

"God Almighty," said the other, "is the only security I have to offer."

"Well, brother, he is not to be rejected; you shall have the money, and I hope it will do you good."

The gentleman soon after went to Dantzic, entered into trade, applied assiduously to business, and in a few years made a large fortune. He returned to Scotland long before the bishop's death, and first purchased the lands of Meny, then those of Craigievar and Fintray. His son William was created a baronet by King Charles I., and his descendant also represents Forbes of Corse, as the bishop's male line has been long extinct.

GRAPES AND GRAIPS.

A conceited English gardener, on being shown over a splendid conservatory in the north, said to his fellow-Adam—

"Oh, these fruits and flowers are all very well, but you do not appear to have any grapes."

"Graips!" said the Scots gardener; "graps, d'ye say; man, we have sae many graips here that we hokw our very tatties wi' them."

The Englishman was nonplussed.

THE SUN AT FAULT.

"Rise, Geordie," said an industrious small farmer in the Mearns to his herd one morning; "Rise, Geordie, the sun's up lang ago."

"It's time till'm," retorted Geordie, yawning and rubbing his eyes, "he wasna up a' day yesterday."

HOW TO PRESERVE BEES.

An Orkney gentleman, at considerable expense, got a bee-hive from the south country, intending to introduce bees into the Orkney Islands. To his surprise, he very soon afterwards found the mouth of the hive stopped up with clay, and the bees suffocated. On inquiry, he found it had been done by his servant, who was apprehensive of their being *lost*, as he saw them coming out and flying away.

FROGS AND FRENCHMEN.

In 1795, the Rev. Mr Pirie published a small volume, entitled *The French Revolution, exhibited in the Light of the Sacred Oracles, &c.* In Revelation xvi., John tells that he saw "three unclean spirits, like frogs, that were the spirits of devils working miracles." Now," says the reverend author, "Frogs are the natural emblem of Frenchmen, as they furnish a dish of food very common in that country; and perhaps no nation partakes so much of that reptile. Frogs dwell in and issue from low, unclean, and loathsome cells: and what cells are more unclean and loathsome than those of the Jacobins, Cordeliers, and disguised Jesuits, from whence the convention sprung? Again, frogs puff themselves up with air, are boastful and loquacious, yet still repeating the same harsh uncouth notes; and tell me

when or where any society, or even rabble of men, has ever dunned our ears with such a profusion of big swelling words of vanity as the convention? Spawning tadpoles of constitutions, they have stunned us with the most vociferous, harsh, and hideous sounds. Terror is the word of the day. A little more blood. No mercy! no humanity! This is surely the voice of the bull-frog, whose croaking is terrific, and whose voracity is insatiable."

A MISTAKEN PRINCIPAL.

When the late Earl of Erroll was the Commissioner to the General Assembly, the University of Glasgow thought fit to send an address of congratulation to his lordship, on his having obtained so high an office. Their envoy was their principal, an ancient divine who had been well used to assemblies and commissioners for more than half a century. On this occasion, however, his long experience seems to have been of little use to him, for he committed a sad blunder in the mode of delivering his address. The gorgeous array of bailies, it is to be supposed, caught his eye on first entering the presence-room, and dazzled it so much that it would have required some time to recover its power of discrimination. Of this gorgeous array, the centre star was one Bailie Anderson, powdered with a particular degree of splendour; and the principal, never doubting that he was the commissioner, stepped close to him, and rolled out the well-poised periods of his address with an air of unquestioning submission that quite convulsed the whole of those who were up to the joke. The bailie himself, however, was too much thunderstruck to be able to stop him, and the true dignitary enjoyed the humour of the thing too much to deprive his double of any part of the compliment. In a word, it was

not till the doctor had made an end of speaking, and stood in smiling expectation of his grace's reply, that some kind friend whispered him he was in the wrong box; and looking round he saw in an opposite corner of the room a personage, not indeed so fat, and perhaps not quite so fine as his bailie, but possessing a native grace, and majesty of port and lineament, which spoke but too plainly where the incense should have been offered!

NEW LIGHT.

When Cowper was made bishop of Galloway, an old woman, who had been one of his parishioners at Perth, and a favourite, could not be persuaded that her minister had deserted the Presbyterian cause. Resolved to satisfy herself, she paid him a visit in the Canongate, where he had his residence, as Dean of the Chapel Royal. The retinue of servants through which she passed staggered the good woman's confidence, and on being ushered into the room, where the bishop sat in state, she exclaimed—

"Oh, sir, what's this? and ye hae really left the guid cause, and turned prelate!"

"Janet," said the bishop, "I have got a new light upon these things."

"So I hear, sir," replied Janet; "for when ye was at Perth ye had but a'e candle, and now I see ye've got twa before ye: that's your new light."

COLONEL GARDINER'S LEAVE-TAKING.

When Colonel Gardiner took leave of his wife to go to attack the rebels in 1745, she expressed the fears natural on such an occasion; to which the pious hero replied—

"You forget, my dear, that we have an ETERNITY to spend together!"

LOCH LOMOND.

In Lennox is a great loch, called Loch-Lowmond, twenty-four miles in length, and in breadth eight, containing the number of thirty isles. In this loch is observed three wonderful things: the one is fishes, verie delectable to eat, that have no fins to moove themselves withall, as other fishes doe. The seconde, tempestuous waves and surges of the water perpetually raging, without windes, and that in time of the greatest calmes, in the faire pleasant time of summer, when the ayr is quyet. The third is one of these isles, that is not corroborat, nor united to the ground, but hath been perpetually loose; and although it bee fertill of good grasse, and replenished with neate, yet it mooves by the waves of the water, and is transported sometimes towards one point, and otherwhiles towards another.—*Monipennie.*

AN ENCOURAGING BEADLE.

A good-natured beadle used to stimulate young preachers when he saw them at all flurried, by kindly tapping their shoulders with the encouraging words—

"Gang awa up, my young man, and you will get the better o' your feelings. When I at first took up the Bible into the pulpit, I was very nervous, but now I feel nowise agitated in the service."

A FOOL'S REBUKE.

Will Jamieson, an Ayrshire fool, and a great cronie of Will Speir's, was one day presented with twopence by a farmer at Mauchline fair, with instructions to hand it to Speir, the money, however, being really meant for Jamieson himself, but who was too proud to receive alms

directly. He saw through the ruse, however, and his blood immediately rising at the supposed insult, he angrily exclaimed—

“Na, na, laird, I’ll hae nane o’ your dirty twopences. Weel-a-wat, thou’ll be needin’t thysel’, some day sune—puir daft, silly thing that ye are!”

THE GLASGOW “GAGGERS.”

This Glasgow recreation signifies nothing more than the thrusting of absurdities, wholesale and retail, down the throat of some too credulous gaper. Whether the “gag” come in the shape of a compliment to the gaggee, some egregious piece of butter, which would at once be rejected by any mouth more sensitive than that for whose well-known swallow it is intended—or some wonderful story, gravely delivered with every circumstance of apparent seriousness, but evidently involving some sheer impossibility in the eyes of all but the obtuse individual, who is made to suck it in with the eagerness of a starved weanling; or in whatever other way the gag may be disguised, the principle of the joke is the same in its essence. And the solemn triumph of the gagger, and the grim applause of the silent witnesses of his dexterity, are alike visible in their sparkling eyes. A few individuals, particularly skilled in this elegant exercise, erected themselves into a club, the sole object of which was its more sedulous and constant cultivation. The club took the name of the Gagg College, and some of the very first men in the town did not disdain to be matriculated in its paltry album. The seat of this enlightened university was an obscure tavern, or oyster-house; and here its eminent professors were always to be found at the appointed hours, engaged in communicating their precious lore to a set of willing disciples, or sharpening their wits in more secret

conclave among themselves, sparring as it were in their gloves, giving blows to each other, more innocent, no doubt, than those which were reserved for the uninitiated.—*Mitchell.*

MACDONALD OF KEPPOCH.

The manner in which Macdonald of Keppoch conducted himself at Culloden, where he met his fate, is highly honourable to his memory, while it has often been made a subject of reproach to the Macdonalds by whom he was abandoned. The three Macdonald regiments were stationed on the extreme left, and went off without striking a blow, when they were within twenty paces of the enemy, though they had drawn their swords for the attack. “When the Macdonald regiments retreated,” says Home, “without having attempted to attack sword in hand, Macdonald of Keppoch advanced, with his drawn sword in one hand, and his pistol in the other. He had got but a little way from his regiment when he was wounded by a musket shot, and fell. A friend who had followed him, conjuring him not to throw his life away, said that the wound was not mortal, that he might easily join his regiment, and retreat with them. Keppoch desired him to take care of himself, and going forward, received another shot, and fell to rise no more.” This misconduct of the Macdonalds was chiefly occasioned by a circumstance which, though it may appear trivial in the eyes of many, was capable of kindling the fiercest rage in the bosoms of Highlanders—they were stationed on the left instead of the right of the army.

DEAD DOG AND PIGEONS.

In the interior of the Highlands, a farmer living near a great man, whose

pigeons ate much of his grain, and having made repeated complaints without effect, as he was not at liberty to shoot them, got a dead dog conveyed into the pigeon-house, which induced all the pigeons to forsake it; and it was not till some months after that the gentleman knew the reason they had done so, and that any carrion in a pigeon-house produces such an effect.

HIGHLAND SOLDIERS BEFORE THE KING.

The king having never seen a Highland soldier, expressed a desire to see one. Three privates, remarkable for their figure and good looks, were fixed upon, and sent to London a short time before the regiment marched. These were Gregor M'Gregor, commonly called Gregor the beautiful; John Campbell, son of Duncan Campbell, of the family of Duncaves, Perthshire; and John Grant, from Strathspey, of the family of Ballindalloch. Grant fell sick, and died at Aberfeldy. The others were presented by their lieutenant-colonel, Sir Robert Munro, to the king, and performed the broadsword exercise, and that of the Lochaber axe, or lance, before his Majesty, the Duke of Cumberland, Marshal Wade, and a number of general officers assembled for the purpose in the great gallery at St James's. They displayed so much dexterity and skill in the management of their weapons, as to give perfect satisfaction to his Majesty. Each got a gratuity of one guinea, which they gave to the porter at the gate. They thought that the king had mistaken their character and condition in their own country.

Such was, in general, the character of the men who originally composed the Black Watch. This feeling of self-estimation inspired a high spirit, or sense of honour, in the regiment,

which continued to form its character and conduct long after the description of men who originally composed it was totally changed. These men afterwards rose to rank in the army. Campbell got an ensigncy for his conduct at Fontenoy, and was captain-general of the regiment when he was killed at Ticonderogo, where he also distinguished himself. M'Gregor was promoted in another regiment, and afterwards purchased the lands of Inverardine, in Breadalbane. He was grandfather of Sir Gregor M'Gregor, a commander in South America.—*Stewart.*

WILD ANIMALS IN SCOTLAND.

In the fields, and in all places of the countrie (except the parts where continuall habitation of people makes impediment), there is great abundance of hares, red deere, fellow deere, roes, wild horses, wolves, and foxes; and specially in the high countries of Athole, Argyle, Lorne, Lochaber, Marre, and Badezenoch, where is sundry times seene 1500 red deere, being hunted all together. These wild horses are not gotten but by great slight and policie, for in the winter season the inhabitants turne certaine tame horses and mares amongst them, wherewith in the end they grow so familiar that they afterwards goe with them to and froe, and finally home into their master's yards, where they bee taken, and soone broken to their hands, the owners obtaining great profit thereby. The wolves are most fierce and noysome unto the heardes and flockes in all parts of Scotland. Foxes do much mischiefe in all steade, chiefly in the mountaines, where they bee hardly hunted; howbeit, art hath devised a meane to prevent their malice and to preserve the poultry in some part, and especially in Glen-moores, every house nourishes a young foxe, and then killing

the same, they mixe the flesh thereof amongst such meate as they give unto the fowles and other little beastill ; and by this meanes, so many fowles or cattell as eate hereof are safely preserved from the danger of the foxe, by the space of almost two monthes after, so that they may wander whither they will, for the foxes smelling the flesh of their fellowes, yet in their crops, will in no wayes meddle with them, but eschew and know such a one, although it were among a hundred of others. In Scotland are dogs of marveylous condition, above the nature of other dogs : the first is a hound, of great swiftnesse, hardiness, and strength, fierce and cruell upon all wild beasts, and eager against thieves that offer their masters any violence ; the second is a rach, or hound, verie exquisite in following the foote (which is called drawing), whether it bee of man or beasts ; yea, he will pursue any maner of fowle, and find out whatsoever fish haunting the land, or lurking amongst the rocks, specially the otter, by that excellent sent of smelling wherewith he is indued : the third sort is no greater than the afore-said raches, in colour for the most part red, with blacke spots, or else blacke and full of red marks ; these are so skilfull (being used by practise) that they will pursue a thiefe, or thiefe stolne goods, in most precise maner, and finding the trespasser, with great audacity, they will make a race upon him, or if hee take the water for his safegard, hee shrinketh not to follow him ; and entring and issuing at the same places where the party went in and out, hee never ceaseth to range till hee hath noysed his footing, and bee come to the place wherein the thiefe is shrowded or hid. These dogs are called sleuth-hounds. There was a law amongst the borderers of England and Scotland that whosoever denied entrance to such a hound, in pursute made after felons and stolen goods, should be holden as

accessary unto the theft, or taken for the selfe same thiefe.—*Monipennie.*

A BOLD COLONEL.

Colonel Cameron raised the regiment which, under the title of Cameron Highlanders, has contributed so extensively to the glory of the British army. A few years after its formation it was quartered in the Isle of Wight, where Colonel Cameron learned that it was the intention of the Duke of York to transfer the private soldiers to different regiments. He lost no time in going over to Portsmouth, where he had a stormy interview with his royal highness. The duke admitted that Colonel Cameron had been rightly informed. The gallant Highland chief sturdily maintained that to "draft" the regiment would be in violation of the letters of service, and protested most strongly against the measure, winding up with—

"Neither you nor your royal father daur draft the regiment."

The duke, enraged at this opposition, rejoined—

"The king, my father, will certainly send it to the West Indies."

Cameron was not, however, to be daunted by this threat, and burst out with—

"The king, your father, may send the regiment to h—l, and I will go at the head of it, but you daurna draft it."

Cameron carried his point for the time, and the regiment was not drafted, but was sent to the West Indies as a punishment to the colonel for standing up for his own rights and those of his men.

A PULPIT CRITICISM.

"Man," said Mr Bell of Glasgow, one day to a friend who had asked him what he thought of a certain preacher,

"I was perfectly vexed for him. He pompit and joukit up and down in the poopit, and yerkit frae this side to that, and squeel't till he was crawling like a rupy cock. I really wish that some ane had squeezed an orange in his throat. And then he warrselt as muckle wi' his subject, as he did wi' himsel'; and at last it fairly cuist him a'thegether. Waes me, it was awfu'."—*Laird of Logan.*

"BLUIDY BELL'S" EPITAPH.

At Redkirk, in the parish of Gretna, there was formerly a churchyard, but which the sea has completely swept away. The only vestage of it is a monumental stone, lying about 150 feet within high-water mark, and which will no doubt soon be totally sanded up. The inscription upon it merits preservation, and is as follows:—

Here lyeth I—N BELL, who died in
ye yhere MDX, and of his age
CXXX yheres.

"Here bluidy Bell, baith skin and bane,
Lies quietly styll aneath this stane.
He was a stark moss-trooper bent,
As ever drave a bout o'er bent.
He brynt ye Lochwood tower and hall,
And flang ye lady o'er ye wall,
For whilk ye Johnstone, stout and wyte,
Set Blacketh a' in low by nyght,
Whyle cry'd a voice, as if frae hell,
Haste, open ye gates for *bluidy Bell.*"

POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE.

Two natives of Forfarshire one night dropped into a hall to listen to a lecture on magnetism and electricity. The lecturer was a wordy, vain, and superficial expounder of science, and sought to hide his imperfections by using hard words and abstruse phrases, far beyond the capacity of his hearers to understand. The "positive body in the north," and

"the negative body in the south," were frequently mentioned, and one of the two visitors said to the other—

"I say, Jock, wha's thae positive and negative bodies he's speaking sae muckle about?"

"I dinna ken," replied Jock, "but I shouldna wunner that he means Sandy M'Bean, o' Brechin, he's the maist positive body hereabout; and, nae doubt, Geordie Morris o' Dundee will be the nae-get-aff ane, for ne'er a man sits down wi' him that he'll e'er let rise again."

"THE FIERCE WOLF."

About the year 1520, the head of the family of Stewart of Garth was not only stript of his authority, by his friends and kindred, but confined for life for his ungovernable passions and ferocious disposition. The cell in the castle of Garth, in which he was imprisoned, was, till lately, regarded by the people with a kind of superstitious terror. This petty tyrant was nicknamed the "Fierce Wolf," and if the traditionary stories related of him have any claim to belief, the appellation was both deserved and characteristic.

HIGHLAND CANDLESTICKS.

Among the better sort of people, tallow candles and oil lamps, as well as wax candles, are sometimes used; but as it is not only cheaper, and gives a better light, many, upon ordinary occasions, use only pieces of fir, split thin, from the roots of trees found in the mosses; which, from the great quantity of resinous and other inflammable matter they contain, give excellent light. It is the business of the young people in the house to prepare and hold these candles. One of them

affording as much light as a torch, generally serves all in any one room of the house. Agreeably to this notion, when a rich man in London was one day extolling the candlesticks on the table, which were of massive silver elegantly carved, a gentleman from Strathspey being present, said that these were not nearly so valuable as the candlesticks in many parts of the Highlands of Scotland. A thousand guineas were immediately staked, that there were not better, nor more valuable than those, in all the Highlands. The gentleman who made the bet was allowed a sufficient time for the candlesticks to be brought to London for inspection, and proof that they had been used in the Highlands previously to paying the thousand guineas. When the evening of the day arrived that the Highland candlesticks were to be inspected, four handsome young men, in full Highland dresses, unexpectedly entered the room, with blazing torches of fir in their hand. It was universally admitted that these were the candlesticks used in the Highlands, and those referred to when the bet was laid, and also that they were the most valuable. The gentleman who proposed the bet was compelled to admit this, and cheerfully paid his bet.

HACKSTON OF RATHILLET.

David Hackston of Rathillet, who was wounded and made prisoner in the skirmish of Air's Moss, in which the celebrated Cameron fell, was, on entering Edinburgh, "by order of the council, received by the magistrates at the Watergate, and set on a horse's bare back with his face to the tail, and the other three laid on a goad of iron, and carried up the street, Mr Cameron's head being on a halbert before them.—*Old Mortality.*

SENTIMENTAL REVENGE.

After the action at Nisbet, in Berwickshire, in 1355, a Frenchman, who had served in the Scottish army, purchased some English prisoners, and, having conveyed them to a retired place, beheaded them, in revenge for the death of his father, whom the English had slain.

A WISE CHOICE.

A certain clergyman in Perth, who was more proficient in fishing than in preaching, was conversing one morning with some members of his congregation on the benefits of early rising, and as an instance he mentioned that he had that very morning got up at five o'clock, and before breakfast had actually written a sermon, and caught a very fine salmon.

"Aweel, sir," quietly replied one of the company, who had no great idea of his pastor's pulpit abilities, "let me tell ye, I would rather hae your salmon than your sermon."

A SURPRISING WORLD.

A poor woman, who had never been out of the parish in which she was born, one day received a summons to attend the death-bed of her sister who lived in the adjoining parish. Wending her way across the lills which separated the districts, the view from the summit quite surprised her, as such a vast expanse of country met her gaze as had never done so before. Raising her hands, as soon as consternation would permit her to do anything, she exclaimed aloud—

"Eh, Lord preserve us; how lairge an' wide this world is, to be sure!"

NAIRN FISHERMEN.

When the Nairn fishing boats are out at sea, in the evening or morning, when the usual time arrived at which the family on shore assembled together, to join in praise and devotion to God, the men in the boat applied themselves to the same pious exercise. Their loud psalmody ascended to Heaven with the roar of the ocean and the noise of the breeze; and they joined in prayer to Him who made sea and land, and recommended themselves and their families to the protection of His providence.

COACHES IN SCOTLAND.

The first mention of a coach coming into Scotland was in 1598, in the *suite* of the English ambassador; and they became general in 1610. At that period, Philip Anderson, of Stralsund, in Pomerania, offered to bring coaches and waggons, with horses to draw, and servants to attend them, provided he had the exclusive privilege of keeping these carriages, which was accordingly secured to him by a royal patent, for fifteen years, during which he ran coaches between Edinburgh and Leith, at a fair of twopence each person. In 1705, upon the approach of the king's commissioner to Edinburgh, he was met, eight miles from the city, by a train of forty coaches, most of which were drawn by six horses. In 1763 two stage coaches, with three horses, a coachman, and postillion to each coach, ran to and from Leith, every hour, from eight in the morning until eight at night, consuming a full hour on the road. At this time there were no other stage coaches in Scotland, except one, which set out once a month for London, in performing which, a distance of 400 miles, it was sixteen or eighteen days.

FIXED ON THAT POINT.

At the examination of Mr John Logie, farmer, Murrayshall, on his sister entering the box to be examined, the following conversation took place between her and the opposing agent:—

Agent—"How old are you?"

Miss Jane—"O, weel, sir, I am an unmarried woman, and dinna think it right to answer that question."

The Judge—"O, yes, answer the gentleman how old you are."

Miss Jane—"Weel-a-weel, I am fifty."

Agent—"Are you not more?"

Miss Jane—"Weel, I am sixty."

The inquisitive writer still further asked if she had any hopes of getting married, to which Miss Jane replied—

"Weel, sir, I winna surely tell a lie; I hinna lost hope yet;" and she scornfully added, "but I widna marry you, for I am sick tired o' your palaver already."

LIEUTENANT GRANT.

The wound which Lieutenant Grant, of the 42d, received in 1780, at the siege of Charleston, was remarkable for its apparent severity, but having a good constitution, and a healthy habit of body, he soon recovered from it. A six-pound ball struck him on the back, in a slanting direction, near the right shoulder, carrying away the entire scapula, with several other bones, and leaving the whole surrounding parts in such a state that he was allowed to remain on the ground, the only care of the surgeons being to make him as easy as possible for the short time they believed he had to live. He was afterwards removed to his quarters, and, to the surprise of his surgeons, they found him alive the following morning, and free from fever or any bad symptoms. In a short time, he recovered completely,

and served many years in perfect health. He died in 1807, major, on half-pay, of the 78th regiment.

TOADS IN STONE OUTDONE.

In 1821, as David Virtue, a mason, at Auchtertool, in Fifeshire, was dressing a barley millstone from a large block, after cutting away a part, he found a lizard imbedded in the stone. It was about an inch and a quarter long, of a brownish yellow colour, and had a round head, with bright, sparkling, projecting eyes. It was apparently dead, but after being about five minutes exposed to the air, it showed signs of life. It ran actively about, and after half an hour was brushed off the stone, and killed. When found, it was coiled up in its close form, the stone bearing an exact impression of the animal. There were about fourteen feet of earth above the rock, and the block in which the lizard was found was about seven feet eight inches deep in the rock, so that the lizard was twenty-two feet below the ground. There was no fissure in the rock. The stone was from the quarry of Cullaloe, reckoned one of the best in Scotland.

COLVILLE'S DECLARATION.

The declaration of Colville, a presbyterian clergyman, deserves to be recorded: that he wished people to believe resistance unlawful, for the sake of public tranquillity, but that kings and their ministers should believe it lawful, and govern like men who might expect to be resisted.

A PARLIAMENT WITH A HOLE IN IT.

In the Parliament held at Stirling, in 1571, King James VI., then five years

of age, was introduced and placed at the board. He happened to observe a hole in the tablecloth, and pressing forward to put his finger into it, desired a lord that sat near him to tell him what house it was. Being told it was the Parliament House, he said—

"Then this parliament has a hole in it."

This saying of the infant king was much noticed, not only on account of there being an opposite faction at the time, but from the Regent Lennox losing his life within a few days after, in the attempt made by the Queen's friends from Edinburgh.

LETTERS BY PURCHASE.

A Highlander, going into Inverary on business one morning, was asked by a friend to call at the post-office for a letter which was expected. It so happened that he arrived in the morning before the office was opened. He scratched his head, and, turning to a bystander, inquired—

"Is there no other shops where they'll sell post-office letters in the town?"

JOHN KNOX'S PREACHING.

The following contemporary account of Knox's manner and ardour in preaching at St Andrews, in 1571, the year before his death, is given by Melville in his *Life of Knox*:—

"In the opening up of his text he was moderat, the space of ane half houre, but when he enterit to application, he made me so to grew and tremble, that I could not hold a pen to wryte. He was very weik. I saw him everie day of his doctrine go hulie and fear; with a furring of marticks about his neck, a staff in the an hand, and gud godlie Richart Ballanden, his

servand, holdin up the uther oter, from the abbey to the parish kirk; and he, the said Richart, and another servant, lifted up to the pulpit, where he behovit to lean, at his first entrie; bot er he haid done with his sermone, he was sa active and vigorous that he was lyk to ding the pulpit in blads, and flie out of it."

PUIR DAVIE!

Dr Henderson, of Galashiels, in the course of one of his pastoral visitations, called upon a woman who had lost her husband a short time before, and been left with a large and non-productive family. As a matter of course he inquired after the health of the household. The widow answered—

"We're a' richt, sir, except puir Davie; he's sair troubled wi' a bad leg, an' no fit for wark."

The doctor did not at the moment recollect who "Davie" was, but as in duty bound he prayed that Davie's affliction might be blessed to him, and also that it might not be of long duration.

On going home he said to his wife, referring to his call—

"Which of the sons is Davie?"

"Hoot, toot, ye ocht to ken wha Davie is," she exclaimed; "Davie's no a son; Davie's only the cuddy!"

A FORGETFUL SUICIDE.

The Laird of Birkbraes, who was a good friend to Will Speir, unfortunately committed suicide. The day following the sad event, Will met a friend who said to him—

"So ye hae lost your friend o' the Birkbraes, Will: it seems he put hands to himsel'?"

"Ou ay, deed did he," answered Will; "if he had just gien me the auld brown coat he promised me afore

he did it, I wadna hae cared; but I doubt I'll no get it noo, for they say his wraith's gaun about the house."

THE KING'S CAVERN.

An adventure which happened in the "King's cavern," in Fife, to King James the Fourth of Scotland, has given celebrity to it. The king, who used to amuse himself in wandering about the country in different disguises, was on a dark night overtaken by a violent storm, and obliged to take shelter in the cavern. Having advanced some way in it, he discovered a number of men and women roasting a sheep for supper. From their appearance he suspected that he had not fallen into the best of company; but as it was too late to retreat, he asked hospitality from them till the tempest was over. They granted it, and invited the king, whom they did not know, to sit down to sup with them. As soon as they had finished their supper, one of them presented a plate, upon which two daggers were laid, in the form of a St Andrew's cross, telling the king, at the same time, that this was the dessert which they always served to strangers; that he must choose one of the daggers, and fight him whom the company should appoint to attack him. The king did not lose his presence of mind, but instantly seized the two daggers, and plunged them into the hearts of the two robbers who were next him; and running full speed to the mouth of the cavern, he escaped from their pursuit, through the obscurity of the night. The king ordered the whole of this band of cut-throats to be seized next morning, and they were all hanged.

ST KATHERINE'S WELL.

In Louthian, two miles from Edinburgh southward, is a well-spring;

called St Katherine's Well, flowing perpetually with a kind of black fatnesse or oyle, above the water, proceeding (as is thought) of the parret coale, being frequent in these parts: this fatnesse is of a marveyulous nature, for as the coals whereof it proceeds is sudden to conceive fire or flame, so is this oyle of a sudden operation to heale all salt scabs and humoures that trouble the outward skinne of man: commonly the head and hands are quickly healed by the vertue of this oyle. It renders a marveyulous sweet smell.—*Monipennie.*

BARBARITY OF THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

The Duke of Cumberland had the cruelty to allow the wounded to remain amongst the dead, on the field of battle, at Culloden, stript of their clothes, from Wednesday, the day of the unfortunate engagement, till three o'clock on the afternoon of Friday, when he sent detachments to kill all those who were still in life. A great many who had resisted the effects of the continual rains, which fell at that time, were then despatched. He ordered a barn, which contained many of the wounded Highlanders, to be set on fire; and having stationed soldiers around it, they, with fixed bayonets, drove back the unfortunate men, who attempted to save themselves, into the flames, burning them alive in the most horrible manner.

RAPID RIDING.

King James IV., in penitence for having been concerned in the death of his father, wore an iron chain, to which he added a link every year. He was also accustomed to make frequent pilgrimages to the shrines of favourite saints. In the year 1507, on the 30th of August, he rode from Stirling to

Elgin, by way of Perth and Aberdeen, being about 187 miles; and on the subsequent day, which was the festival of the saint, he rode to St Duthac, about fifty miles more, and arrived in time to attend the celebration of the mass, and to receive the holy sacrament.

MEETING THE CASE.

Many years ago, while the reduction of the soap duty was being agitated, a Kilmarnock sweep one morning created considerable amusement and wonderment, by walking along the principal streets, with one side of his face washed and shaved perfectly clean, and the other, as usual, covered with soot and a grimy black whisker. On being asked why he appeared in such a peculiar manner, he replied, with a serio-comic leer—

“Ou, man, d'ye no ken that only half the duty's aff the saip yet?”

CLAYK GEESE.

In the north seas of Scotland are great clogs of timber found, in the which are marveyulously ingendred a sort of geese, called clayk geese, and doe hang by the beake till they be of perfection oft times found, and kept in admiration of their rare generation. At Dunbarton, directly under the castle at the mouth of the river Clyde, as it enters in the sea, there are a number of clayk geese, blacke of colour, which in the night time doe gather great quantity of the crops of the grasse growing upon the land, and carry the same to the sea; then assembling in a round, and with a wondrous curiositie, do offer everie one his own portion to the sea floud, and there attend upon the flowing of the tide, till the grasse be purified from the fresh taste, and turned to the salt; and lest any part thereof should escape, they

labour to hold it in with their nebs; thereafter orderly everie fowle eats his portion; and this custome they observe perpetually. They are very fat and delicious to be eaten.—*Monipennie.*

MUTUAL ACCOMMODATION.

Jamie Ryburn, the Renfrewshire wit, of whom we have already made mention, made an unfortunate marriage. One day he met a friend, who, with tears in his eyes, said that he had met with a dreadful calamity that morning.

“Dear me, John,” inquired Jamie, “what is’t?”

“I’ve lost my wife,” replied the sorrow-stricken widower.

“Your wife! is that a’?” answered Ryburn; “do’d man, I’ll gie ye my living ane for your dead ane, and a bottle o’ yill to the bargain.”

THE AIRSMOSS MONUMENT.

The following inscription is on the monument at Airsmoss, lying upon the bodies of them that fell there, July 20, 1680; namely, the Reverend and Faithful Mr Richard Cameron, minister of the gospel; Michael Cameron, John Hamilton, John Gemmil, James Gray, Robert Dick, John Fuller, Robert Pater-son, Thomas Watson, &c. :—

Halt, curious passenger, come here and read;

Our souls triumph with Christ our glorious head,

In self-defence, we murder’d here do lye,

To witness ’gainst this nation’s perjury.

A LANARKSHIRE SIGN-BOARD.

About sixty years ago, a sign-board was taken down from the front of a house, which still stands at the Cross

of the town of Douglas, Lanarkshire. It ran as follows :—

“Scotch cloths, bibles and ballads,
Spoons, lint, tow, and cheese,
Sold here by James Fairservice.”

LAMBS’-SKINS.

The exportation of lambs’-skins was a great branch of trade of Scotland in former times. Barclay, in his Memorials for the Government of the Royal Boroughs, says that he knew a merchant who, in one year, exported 30,000 lambs’-skins to Dantzic. This trade was much injured by the slaughter of the flocks during the unhappy commotions of the reign of Charles I. The exportation of so many lambs’-skins affords a favourable idea of the luxury of the table enjoyed by our ancestors.

“ENOUGH OF THAT.”

John Clerk was sent to London to plead before Lord Chancellor Eldon in an important property cause. His Scottish accent was always the same; and under any circumstances he used the very broadest of Doric. In the course of his speech he pronounced the word “enough” *enow*. The chancellor drily remarked—

“Mr Clerk, in England we sound the ough as *uff*—enuff, not enow.”

“Vera well, my lord,” said Clerk, “of this we have said *enuff*; and I come, my lord, to the subdivision of the land in dispute. It was apportioned, my lord, into what in England would be called *pluff* land—a *pluff* land being as much land as a *pluff* man can *pluff* in one day.”

The chancellor was rather taken aback by the happy repartee, but soon recovered himself, and said—

“Proceed, Mr Clerk, I now know

enow of Scotch to understand your argument."

LEARNING AND SUPERSTITION.

Boethius, the first principal of the King's College, Aberdeen, affords a remarkable instance of the combination of learning, credulity, and superstition, in an account of corn, which he states to grow spontaneously in Buchan, in his own immediate neighbourhood.

"If," says he, "the reapers come on purpose to cut it down, they find the heads empty, but if they come on a sudden, having said nothing about it beforehand, they find them very full."

Instead of questioning the fact, he attempts to explain it, by referring to the illusion of devils practising on the credulous minds of men.

ALAS! POOR SCOTLAND!

The judgments of Heaven were never so visible upon any people as those which have fallen upon the Scots; for, besides the sweeping, furious *Plague* that reign'd in *Edinburgh*, and the incredible multitude of *Witches* which have increas'd, and been executed there since, besides the sun'ry shamefull defeats they have receav'd by the *English*, who carried away more of them prisoners than they were themselves in number, besides that many of them died by meere hunger, besides that they were sold away slaves, at half-a-crown a dozen, for forren plantations among sauvages; I say besides all this chaine of judgments with divers others, they have quite lost their reputation among all mankind; some *jeer* them, some *hate* them, and none *pitty* them. What's become now of their hundred and ten Kings which they us'd to vaunt of so much? What's become of their crown which they bragg'd to be more weighty, and have

more gold in it, than any crown in Christendome?—"A German Diet."

HOW TO ANTICIPATE AN EMERGENCY.

"Hech, Jenny," said one old woman to another; "is'nt this an awfu' blow Maggie Flyter's got?"

"Od sake, what is't?" eagerly inquired Jenny, "I hae heard naething o't."

"Heard naething o't! the hale tou'n's ringing wi't. Did ye no hear that she fand her guidman lying dead beside her this morning?" replied the other.

"Hech me! what a waukening; an' her no to hae her breakfast either."

"Her breakfast, ye haveral; what gude wad that hae done her?"

"Gude it wad hae done her!" indignantly replied Jenny; "it's you that's the haveral. If she'd had her breakfast afore she wauken't, she could hae stouden't better!"

A SCOTS DENUNCIATION.

A Mr Stirling, who was minister of the barony church of Glasgow during the war which this and other countries maintained against the insatiable ambition of Louis XIV. in that part of his prayer which related to public affairs, used to beseech the Lord, that he would take the haughty tyrant of France and shake him over the mouth of hell; "but, good Lord," added the worthy man, "dinna let him fall in!" This curious prayer having been mentioned to Louis, he laughed heartily at this new method of punishing ambition, and frequently afterwards gave, "The good Scotch Parson," as a toast.

"NISI DOMINUS FRUSTRA."

One of the masters of the High School of Edinburgh was notorious for his mean

subservience to the children of wealthy parents, and his neglect and insolence to those of humble rank. One day, abusing a poor scholar, he said to him, he was such a dunce that he could not translate the motto, "Nisi Dominus frustra."

The boy replied he could; and being desired to do so, said—

"Unless we be lords' sons, or lairds' sons, it is in vain to be here."

The master was more cautious in future in asking the humbler pupils to interpret Latin sentences.

A BROAD HINT.

Lang Jamie Anderson used to be a hanger-on about the inns of Beith, doing "orra" jobs for the servants, going errands and carrying parcels for travellers, and such like work. His chief occupation, however, was holding horses at fairs and markets for farmers and horse-couplers. One day a farmer, by way of a joke, asked him what was his charge for holding a horse?

"Ou, I hae nae rule," replied Jamie; "sometimes a tumph gies me twa bawbees, but a clever, weel-put-on fallow like you aye gies me a white sixpence."
—*Laird of Logan.*

EXECUTIONS FOR WITCHCRAFT.

After giving a number of trials for witchcraft against women who had associations with fairies in England, intercourse with the devil, bargains with the devil to serve him, attending meetings of witches, raising storms at sea, clouds, rain, snow, and other bad weather, taking away milk, blasting the corn, spoiling the success of the fishery, curing diseases, receiving money, inflicting diseases, &c., Hugo Arnot adds—

"These instances afford a sufficient

specimen of the mode of prosecution against the multitude of miserable persons who were sacrificed at the altar of the fatal sisters—ignorance, superstition, and cruelty. But it is impossible to form an estimate of the number of the victims, for not only the lords of justiciary, but bailies of regalities, sheriffs of counties, and the endless tribe of commissioners appointed by the privy council, and sometimes by parliament, officiated as the priests who dragged the victims to the altar."

The last person who was prosecuted before the lords of justiciary was Elspeth Rule, who was tried before Lord Anstruther, at the Dumfries circuit, on the 3d of May 1709. She was found guilty, ordained to be burnt on the cheek, and banished Scotland for life. The last person who was brought to the stake in Scotland for the crime of witchcraft was condemned by Captain David Ross, of Little Dean, sheriff-depute of Sutherland, in 1722.

FIELD-MARSHAL KEITH.

The magistrates of Aberdeen, as a token of respect for their countryman, Field-Marshal Keith, presented to him a pair of stockings, spun of Highland wool, and knitted by a lady in the town, of such fineness, that although of the largest size, they could easily be drawn through a thumb-ring. They were sent to him in a box of curious workmanship, and he regarded them as so valuable an acquisition, as to be worthy of the acceptance of the Empress of Russia, to whom he afterwards presented them.

FRIENDLY SYMPATHY.

A lady in Edinburgh was once suddenly summoned to visit a friend in

the country, who was reported to have been seized with a severe and dangerous illness. The lady immediately set out, but, on arriving at her destination, the alarming symptoms of her friend's illness had subsided, and, indeed, departed. On entering the house, who but the patient herself should receive her!

"Oh, my dear Mrs C——," exclaimed the visitor, "and hoo are ye now?"

"Oh, Mrs T——," replied the other, "thank ye, I'm quite weel."

"Isn't that a pity!" said Mrs T——; "and after me having come sae far to see ye!"

A TOUGH SOLDIER.

When the men had lain down to rest, after the action with the French on landing in Egypt, in 1801, Colonel Stewart walked to the rear, to inquire for some of his company, who had fallen behind, being either killed or wounded. Observing some men digging a hole, and a number of dead bodies lying around, he stepped up to one of them, and touching his temples, felt that they retained some warmth. He then told the soldiers not to bury him, but to carry him to the surgeon, as he did not appear to be quite dead. "Poh!" said one of them, "he is as dead as my grandfather, who was killed at Culloden," and taking the man by the heels, proceeded to drag him to the pit; the wounded man was so horribly disfigured, as to justify his companions in the judgment they had formed. A ball had passed through his head, which was greatly swelled, and covered with clotted blood. He was, however, carried to the hospital, where he revived from his swoon, and recovered so rapidly, that in six weeks he was able to return to his duty.—*Stewart.*

A PRUDENT POLITICIAN.

"My friends," said the redoubtable Hawkie, one night when an election was on the *tapis*, to a passer by who asked him his views on politics, and to which side he leaned, "I'm neither Whig nor Tory—I like middle courses—gang ayont that, either up or doon, it doesna matter a button, it's wreck and ruination, **ony way ye like to tak it.**"

A MATCH FOR THE TINKER.

Will Faa, a descendant of the famous gipsy Faa's, was a tinker, and also kept a public-house at Kirk Yetholm. He was of middle stature, but broad shouldered, well built, and distinguished in his younger years both for strength and agility. He obtained considerable celebrity as a pugilist, and was also noted for his skill in "self-defence" during a whole summer day. Abandoning in early life the strolling habits of his people, he possessed himself of a couple of horses, and made a livelihood chiefly by smuggling—very large quantities of gin being at that time conveyed from Boomer, and vended throughout the south of Scotland. But he retained in a great measure the lawless spirit peculiar to his class; and this, united to his well-known prowess, made him to be regarded, wherever he went, as an object rather of fear than respect. When he went with his carts to Etal for coals, it was his custom, although several cartmen were before him awaiting to be served in succession from the shaft, to go forward, lay hold of the hook by which the *corves* were brought to bank, and say "the next turn is mine." He then set in his carts before the others, and was generally allowed to fill them without any opposition. To quarrel with him served no good

purpose; and had an individual succeeded in giving him even a "sound thrashing," the affair was disgraceful in itself. None who had any sensitive regard for character would condescend, as the phrase went, to *fight with a Tinkler*.

There was, however, one man who came occasionally to the coal hill, whom the banksmen considered would be a match for Will Faa, should he happen to come in collision with the latter. His name was Robert Turnbull; he occupied a small farm at Lempitlaw. This man was of a mild and peaceable disposition, except when any infringement was made on his rights: then he laid aside the placidity of the lamb and became like a lion, fierce and vindictive. Possessing great natural strength, he was of invincible courage, and when fully aroused not one man in a hundred could stand in his way.

It accordingly happened, one afternoon, that Turnbull arrived at the coal hill; and three or four men being before him, he was quietly awaiting till their carts were loaded. The banksmen expressed to those around him his earnest wish that Will Faa would only come, in order that the "strong man" might have a chance of teaching him better manners. Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when Will made himself visible as he rounded the corner of a plantation with his carts, and was followed by two others of his tribe. The utmost excitement now prevailed with the banksmen and his party, who expected to see rare sport, and were only afraid that the Tinkler would forego his usual practice, when he beheld Turnbull there. In this they were agreeably disappointed, for when he drew up, he had either not noticed, or not known the other: he therefore advanced to the bank, and unblushingly claimed the next chance to be served. Turnbull, however, stood at his elbow when this demand was

made, and, as had been anticipated, opposed him in the most effectual manner. They then caught hold of each other, to prove who should be the successful man; and the next moment Turnbull raised the Tinkler from his feet as he had been a boy, and, holding him over the yawning mouth of the shaft, asked him deliberately—

"Maun I let you go?"

Terrified lest the strong man should really quit his hold, Will supplicated for mercy, and the other generously placed him once more with his feet on the bank. He withdrew, much chop-fallen, to his companions, and inquired if they knew his opponent, observing, at the same time, he was the most powerful man he ever grappled with in his life.

OLD CAWDOR CASTLE.

Old Calder is half a mile north from the present seat. There the Thanes of Cawdor had a house, on a small moat, with a dry ditch, and a drawbridge, the vestiges whereof were lately to be seen; but by a royal license, dated 6th of August 1454, they built the tower of Calder, which now stands. It is built upon a rock of freestone, washed by a brook to the west, and on the other side, having a dry ditch with a drawbridge. The tower stands between two courts of building. Tradition says that the Thane was directed, in a dream, to build the tower round a hawthorn tree, on the bank of the brook. Be this as it will, there is in the vault of the tower the trunk of a hawthorn tree, firm and sound, growing out of the rock, and reaching to the top of the vault. Strangers are brought to stand round it, each one to take a chip of it, and drink to the hawthorn tree—*i.e.*, "Prosperity to the house of Calder."

ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

Respecting the administration of justice in the middle ages, it is more easy to find ground of approbation of the earnest zeal shown by the people of that age for its promotion, than of the skill and judgment shown in carrying their sincere wishes into effect. In Scotland, as in other countries, it was superstitiously believed, that in cases of difficulty divine providence would interfere to display the truth, to save the innocent and punish the guilty. There were a variety of ordeals to which the accused was subjected. When the ordeal of the cross was employed, two pieces of wood, one of which was marked with the cross, were wrapped up in wool, and, after solemn prayers, the priest approached the altar, and took one of them up, and if it proved to be that marked with the cross, the accused was pronounced innocent, and *vice versa*. Such a mode of trial appears, at first view, to give the man accused, whether guilty or innocent, an equal chance of condemnation or acquittal; but it is probable it was adopted where clear proof could not be obtained, and that the priests could so influence the mind of the accused, as to be able to see whether he was guilty or not, and might so guard the ordeal as to produce a result in conformity to their decision. The ordeal of consecrated bread and cheese consisted in giving the accused bread and cheese to eat, in expectation that, if guilty, he would be unable to swallow it; in which case, the terrors of his own conscience might produce the result, and extort a confession, which ignorance and superstition attributed to the direct interference of heaven. In the ordeal of hot water, the accused, after three days' fasting and prayer, had to plunge his arms into a pot of boiling water, and draw out a stone by a string

fastened to it, and if, after three days, his arms were healed, he was pronounced innocent. During the three days' preparation for trial, it is probable the truth might be elicited, and if he were considered innocent by the clergy, and a trial were insisted upon, the secret friendship of a priest might afford the aid, and apply the preservative, which would bring him off triumphant. The same would be the case in the ordeal of hot iron, when the accused had to take up a ball of hot iron, and carry it nine feet, and let it fall, and his cure, at the expiration of three days, determined his innocence of the crime. In the ordeal of cold water it is not so apparent; the penetration of the clergy might direct the event of what was considered the appeal to providence. In this case, the accused was thrown into a pond, and if he swam, he was considered guilty, but if he sank, he was presumed to be innocent, and the bystanders drew him out before he had time to be drowned. The three days' fasting and prayers might probably extort a confession from the guilty, and it is probable few were ever condemned by this mode of trial.

Amongst a people of a martial spirit, an appeal to the sword we may expect to have been the favourite mode of trial; and as frequently one of the parties might be a minor, a female, or otherwise disqualified from entering the lists, a champion was allowed to fight as proxy. A man above sixty was excused on account of his age; as, also, if he had received any bodily hurt, "or the striking in of the harnpan of his head." In case of declining the combat, a freeman might be tried by a fire ordeal, as the more honourable for his condition; but the villain was to be tried by the water ordeal. A burges was under no necessity to fight, unless his liberty and whole estate were in question. Trials by battle were still

common in the reign of King Robert Bruce; ordeals were comparatively rare; but, after that time, ordeals and combats went out of fashion together.—*Mitchell.*

A FOOL'S COMMENT.

Jock Paterson was a simple innocent in Glasgow, and his favourite pursuit was to march at the head of the blue-coat boys as they went out for a walk on extra occasions. When Thom exhibited his famous statues of Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnnie in Glasgow, he kindly permitted the inmates of a number of charitable institutions to view them gratis. The blue-coat school was included in the invitation, and Jock accordingly occupied his usual place when they visited the exhibition. The grotesque appearance of the twa "drouthy cronies" so tickled Jock's fancy, that he could not restrain himself from a hearty burst of laughter. The Rev. Mr Ferrie (afterwards professor of moral philosophy at Belfast), the tutor, surprised at Jock's merriment, said to him—

"I see you're laughing hearty, Jock; what d'ye think o' these twa queer chaps?"

"I think o' them, sir," replied Jock with another guffaw; "I'm thinking if I was that ane there," pointing to Souter Johnnie, "I wadna sit sae lang wi' the cawp in my hand without drinking."

DOG-SKIN BLADDERS.

At the fishing town of Cullen are an immense number of curs, which it seems, like the dogs of Kamtchatka, feed upon fish, and sometimes go themselves and catch crabs, lobsters, &c., among the rocks. A traveller, inquiring the reason of having so many dogs,

was told that they breed them for their skins, which, being sewed, and blown up like bladders, are fixed by the fishers to their lines, with hooks, to prevent them from sinking. This is not an unnatural idea, for it is well known that the skins of dogs, and all the canine species, are less porous than others.

A "NEW" TESTAMENT.

One day, an old woman from Campsie, with the usual basket and bundles, entered the shop of Brash and Reid, booksellers, Glasgow, and inquired of Mr Reid, who was in attendance, for "a Testament of a mair than ordinar roond teep." One of the largest size was handed to her, but after a careful examination, she returned it, saying—

"This ane'll no dae—it's a pity tae, for it's a bonny book. Hae ye no ane the same size, but wi' the prent aboot twice as grit?"

"No, mistress," said Mr Reid, rather amused at the request of the woman. "No such Testament has ever been printed."

"Weel, that's odd; but I maun hae't; 'deed, I daurna show my face at hame without it, or there'll be a bonny wark made. But I'll tell ye what ye micht dae, seein' I hae gien ye sae muckle trouble. I'm gaun wast to Anderston, to see a brither's wean, and ye can put your stampin' irons i' the fire, an' hae ane ready for me, ere I come back. Mak it a gude ane, and we'll no cast oot aboot the price!"

Ere Mr Reid had recovered from his surprise at such a liberal order, the old lady, basket, bundles and all, had gone on her way to Anderston, and it may be presumed either that she forgot the locality of the shop where she had left the order for the Testament, or that she is in Anderston still, for she never called or sent for it. It is just possible that if

she done either, the article would scarcely have been ready for delivery.

GENERAL FRASER.

When General Fraser was addressing his men in Gaelic, at Glasgow, in 1776, an old Highlander was leaning on his staff, gazing at him with great earnestness. When he had finished, the old man walked up to him, and with that easy familiar intercourse which in those days subsisted between the Highlanders and their superiors, shook him by the hand, exclaiming—

“Simon, you are a good soldier, and speak like a man; so long as you live, Simon of Lovat will never die;” alluding to the general’s address and manner, which much resembled that of his father, Lord Lovat, whom the old Highlander knew perfectly.

MUTUAL COMPLIMENTS.

“Man, Logan,” said a long, lean, lank friend to the laird one day, “ye’re lookin’ weel. Ye just put me in mind o’ a flesher in a big way o’ business—your meat and your money looks as if it did ye gude.”

“Weel, Willie,” replied Logan, “since ye’re in the complimenting way the day, I suppose I maun be the same, an’ here’s ane for you. Ye’re no lookin’ weel yersel’, although I’m sorry to hae to say’t: ye look as if ye was a thrivin’ flesher’s day-book—there’s muckle gude meat put doon intill’t, but it never gets ony the fatter!”

CATS AND RATS.

There were a great many rats in the village of Rowdil, in the Western Isles, which became very troublesome to the natives, and destroyed all their corn,

milk, butter, cheese, &c. They could not extirpate these vermin for some time by all their endeavours. A considerable number of cats was employed for this end, but were still worsted, and became perfectly faint, because overpowered by the rats, who were twenty to one. At length one of the natives, of more sagacity than his neighbours, found an expedient to renew his cat’s strength and courage, which was by giving it warm milk after every encounter with the rats; and the like being given to all the other cats after every battle, succeeded so well, that they left not one rat alive, notwithstanding the great number in the place.—*Martin.*

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

The following is copied from a volume of extracts from the “Records of the Burgh of Edinburgh,” published by the Scottish Burgh Records Society:—

2 August 1530.—The quhilk day, forsameklē as it was perfyllie vnderstoud and kend that David Duld, tailyour, has haldin his wife seyke in the contagiis seikness of pestilens ij dayis in his house, and wuld nocht revele the samyne to the officiaris of the toune quhill scho wes deid in the said seikness, and in the meyn time the said David post to Sanct Gelis Kirk, quhill was Sunday, and thair said mes amangis the cleyne pepill, his wif beand *in extremis* in the said seikness, doand at was in him till haif infekkit all the toune, for the quhilk caus he was aduigit to be hangit on an gebat befor his awin dur, and that was gevin for dome.

The quhilk day, forsamekle as it was cleirly vnderstandin that Wille Myllar, tailyour, has brokin the statutus of the toune, puttand a woman furth of his house beand seik in the contagiis seikness of pestilens at his awin hand, nocht

schawand the samyn to the officiaris of the tovne, for the quhilk cause he was ordainit to be brynt on the cheik, and bannist this tovne indurand the provest, baillies, and counsallis willis.

The quhilk day, forsamekle as Dauid Duly was decernit this day befor none for his demeritis to be hangit on an gebbat befor his dure quhar he duellis, nochtwithstanding because at the will of God he has eschapid, and the raip brokin and fallin of the gibbat, and is ane pure man with small bairns, and for pete of him the provest, baillies, and counsall bannasis the said Dauid this tovne for all the dais of his lyf, and nocht to cum tharintill in the meyntyme vnder the pain of deid.

The quhilk day, forsamekle as Wille Myllar was decernit this day befor none to be brynt and bannist this tovne for his demeritis, and because it is nocht vindirstandin quhether he be foule or clein man, thro the quhilk he mycht be handillit and executione of byrnyn maid apone him, tharfor the prouest, baillies, and counsall dispensis with the byrnyn of the said William unto the tyme that he be clengt, nochtwithstanding the prouest, baillies, and counsall bannasit him this tovne indurand thar willis and nocht to cum tharintill quhill he optene licens.

6 October 1530.—The quhilk day, Katryne Heriot is convict be ane assise for the thiftus steling and conseling of twa stekis of bukrum within this tovne, and als of common theif, and also for bringing of this contagius seiknes furth of Leith to this tovne, and brekin of the statutis maid tharapone; for the quilk causis scho is adiugit to be drounit in the Quarell hollis at the Grayfrere Port now incontinent, and that was gevin for dome. The quhilk day, Margret Baxter put hir in the prouest and baillies will for resetting of Katryne Heriot that commoun thef, for the quhilk cause scho is banist this tovne for all the dayes of her lyff, in-

during the prouest and baillies will and till devoid incontinent.

26 October 1530.—Marione Clark convict be ane assis for the conceling of this contagius seiknes, scho haiffand the samyne apone her rynnand thir x or xij days bigane scho past amangis the nychtbouris of this tovne to the Chapell of Sanct Mary Wynd on Sunday to the mes and to hir sisteris hous and vther placis quhar scho lykit, the pestylens and seikness beand apone hir scho doand at was in her till haif infekit the hail toune, for the quhilk cause scho wes adiugit to be had to the quarell hollis and thair to be drounit quhill scho be deid.

THE STEWARTS AND MACIVORS.

After the middle of the fifteenth century, a quarrel occurred between Stewart of Garth and the Clan Macivor, who then possessed the greater part of Glenlyon. The Laird of Garth had been nursed by a woman of the Clan Macdiarmid, which was then pretty numerous, in Glenlyon and Breadalbane. This woman had two sons, one of whom, foster-brother to the laird, having been much injured by Macivor in a dispute, threatened to apply for redress to his foster-brother; and the two brothers immediately set out for that purpose to the castle of Garth, twelve or fourteen miles distant. In those days a foster-brother was regarded as one of the family; and Macivor, who was well aware that the quarrel of the Macdiarmids would be espoused by his neighbour, ordered a pursuit. The young men being hard pressed, threw themselves into a deep pool of the river Lyon, where they hoped their pursuers would not venture to follow them. The foster-brother, however, was desperately wounded with an arrow, and drowned in the pool, which still retains the name of Linne Donald,

or Donald's Pool. The other succeeded in reaching Garth. Resolved to avenge his friend's death, the laird collected his followers, and marched to Glenlyon. Macivor mustered his men, and met the invaders about the middle of the Glen. The chieftains stepped forward between the two bands, in the hope of settling the affair amicably. Garth wore a plaid, the one side of which was red, and the other dark-coloured tartan; and on proceeding to the conference, he told his men that if the result was amicable, the darker side of the plaid should remain outward as it was; if otherwise, he should give the signal of attack, by turning out the red side. They were still engaged in the conference, when Macivor whistled aloud, and a number of armed men started up from the adjoining rocks and bushes, where they had been concealed while the main body were drawn up in front.

"Who are these," said Stewart; "and for what purpose are they there?"

"They are only a herd of my roes that are frisking about the rocks," replied Macivor.

"In that case," said the other, "it is time to call my hounds."

Then turning his plaid, he rejoined his men, who were watching his motions, and instantly advanced. Both parties rushed forward to the combat; the Macivors gave way, and were pursued eight miles further up the glen. Here they turned to make a last effort, but were again driven back with great loss. The survivors fled across the mountains to another part of the country, and were for some time not permitted to return. Macivor's land was in the meantime seized by the victors, and law confirmed what the sword had won.

SNUG IN BED!

An illustration of the power of whisky to render the drinker oblivious to out-

ward discomfort recently occurred in a northern city. A "drunk and incapable" wight, while being assisted by a watchman to a night's lodgings in the police office, happened to slip from the grasp of his conductor into the gutter, which he evidently mistook for his comfortable bed at home, for, resting his head on the kerb-stone, and pointing to the street lamp shining above him, he shouted to the gentleman in blue—

"Pit out the licht noo, Maggie; I'm in ower!"

CHANGE OF FORTUNE.

Captain Drummond, of the 73d Highland regiment, from the rank and pay of a captain, was placed at the head of his family with an income of £18,000 a year, by the restoration of the Perth estate, forfeited after the rebellion of 1745.

HOW TO BE EVEN WITH HIM.

Dr Chalmers, on publishing his "Astronomical Discourses," sent a copy of it to Dr Kidd of Aberdeen. A day or two after, speaking to a friend on the subject, Kidd said, "He (Chalmers) sent me a copy of his book; I could make neither head nor tail of it; but I was upsides with the fellow,—I sent him a copy of my 'Eternal Sonship.'"

SIR JAMES BAIRD.

This officer commanded the light company of Fraser's Highlanders, under Lord Cornwallis, and surprised and cut to pieces a corps of cavalry, commanded by the Polish Count Pulausky. Sir James was engaged in almost every movement. He was a native of Midlothian; but when appointed to the

command of Highlanders, he studied their character, sung their warlike songs, was frank and familiar as a chief of old, and at the same time kept up the authority of a chief, in his character of an officer. Hence he was revered as a chief. With great personal activity, ardent and fearless, he indulged the propensity of the Highlanders to close upon the enemy.

THE HIGHLANDERS AT BRUSSELS.

The inhabitants of Brussels love to recount the steady, serious, business-like march of the Highland regiments, who were about to justify and exceed the utmost of which had been said of them in the Netherlands. "God protect the brave Scotch!" "God cover the heads of our gallant friends!" were often repeated as they passed along, and many a flower was thrown from many a fair hand into their ranks.

AN EPICURE.

Town councillors and bailies in Scotland are as proverbially fond of a good dinner as aldermen and common councillors in the south. At a public banquet in Dundee, some grouse was placed before one of the bailies, which was rather *gamey*, when the municipal functionary exclaimed—

"Waiter, tak awa that bird; it's got ower strong a flāw-voûr."—*Dr Wilson.*

NATIVES OF NORTH RONA.

One of the natives of Rona having had the opportunity of travelling as far as Coal, in the shire of Ross, the seat of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, every thing he saw there was surprising to him; and when he heard the noise of those who walked in the rooms above

him, he presently fell to the ground, thinking thereby to save his life, for he supposed that the house was coming down over his head.

When Mr Morison, the minister, was in Rona, two of the natives courted a maid, with intention to marry her; and being married to one of them afterwards, the other was not a little disappointed because there was no other match for him in the island. The wind blowing fair, Mr Morison sailed directly for Lewis; but after three hours' sailing, was forced back to Rona by a contrary wind; and at his landing, the poor man that had lost his sweetheart was overjoyed, and expressed himself in these words, "I bless God and Ronan that you are returned again, for I hope now you will make me happy, and give me a right to enjoy the woman every year by turns, so that we both may have issue by her." Mr Morison could not refrain from smiling at this unexpected request, chid the poor man for his unreasonable demand, and desired him to have patience for a year longer, and he would send him a wife from Lewis; but this did not ease the poor man, who was tormented with the thoughts of dying without issue.

Another who wanted a wife, and having got a shilling from a seaman who happened to land there, went and gave this shilling to Mr Morison, to purchase him a wife in the Lewis, and send her to him; for he was told that this piece of money was a thing of extraordinary value; and his desire was gratified the ensuing year.

Some years after, a swarm of rats, but none knows how, came into Rona, and in a short time ate up all the corn in the island. In a few months after some seamen landed there, who robbed the poor people of their bull. These misfortunes, and the want of supply from Lewis for the space of a year, occasioned the death of all that ancient race of people. The Steward of St Kilda

being, by a storm, driven in there, found a woman with her child on her breast, both lying dead at the side of a rock. Some years after, the proprietor sent a new colony to this island, with suitable supplies. The inhabitants of this little island used to say that the cuckoo was never seen or heard there, but after the death of the Earl of Seaforth.

HIGHLAND GRACE.

The constant petition at grace of the old Highland chieftain, was delivered with great fervour in these terms :

“ Lord ! turn the world upside down, that Christians may make bread of it.”
—*Pennant.*

GENEROSITY OF COMMON SOLDIERS.

While the 42d was on duty in Dublin, in 1770, a Scotch vessel lay in the bay, the master of which was an old friend of three of the soldiers of the regiment. This man was arrested for a debt of a considerable amount, and lodged in jail. There he was visited by his military friends, through whose means he was enabled to make his escape. The keeper of the prison suspecting the soldiers, took out a warrant to apprehend them, and sent them to prison. When this was reported to the commanding officer, Colonel Gordon Graham, he mentioned the circumstance at morning parade, and expatiated on the disgrace which such conduct reflected on the regiment. The companies immediately consulted together, and resolved to subscribe a sum equal to the debt; and on condition that the men should be discharged, and their punishment left to their own commanding officer, they pledged themselves to satisfy the demands of the creditors. This offer was rejected, and the jailer, who was responsible for the debt, re-

fused to give up the prosecution. Lord Townsend, then lord lieutenant, hearing of the circumstance, was so much pleased with the conduct of the regiment, that he ordered the three men to be set at liberty, becoming himself responsible for the debt.

A LYRICAL DIVIDEND.

An unfortunate shopkeeper in the west of Scotland, having got into commercial difficulties, was compelled to seek refuge in bankruptcy.

On his affairs being examined, it was found that, at the very outside, there would not be as much cash realised as would pay a shilling in the pound; and the wrath of the creditors became very fierce. One of them, however, felt keenly for the poor debtor, and spoke warmly in his behalf.

“ Ye ken, gentlemen,” said he, “ that John — has aye been a very decent man, an’ it’s no through ony faut o’ his ain that he’s fa’an ahint. Maybe some o’ oursel’s would be in the same pickle, if we hadna freends to look to, an’ something in our purses. Noo, what’s a shilling in the pound? It’s naething. It’s waur than naething! it’s an insult to our generosity, and I vote that we dinna tak it !”

“ But what can we do?” said another; “ there’s nae mair to tak.”

“ Weel, I’ll tell ye what ye should do,” replied the first speaker; “ ye a’ ken that John’s a grand singer, and I propose that we gie him a tripe supper this very nicht in Lucky Paterson’s ower-by, an’ let him aff a’ thegither wi’ a bit lilt o’ a sang !”

The novelty of the proposal took the fancy of the assembled creditors, and the result was that it was agreed to *nem. con.*

The agreeable invitation was conveyed to the grateful debtor, and he was only too willing to perform his

share of the bargain. The supper came off, and after John had sung "Auld Langsyne," with the choral aid of the meeting, his friend shook hands with him across the table, and said to him—

"There, noo, John, ye may thank gudeness that that wee lot's a' dichted aff!"

John became a man again, and threw in business so well, that in a few years he was able to "dicht aff the wee lot," in another and more tangible form, by paying his old creditors twenty shillings in the pound, and interest into the bargain.

A BADENOCH WARLOCK.

A farmer of the name of Willox, near Tamentval, in Badenoch, was believed to possess supernatural powers. He took care to keep up this impression by a peculiarity of dress, always appearing in scarlet clothes. He was resorted to by persons who wished to discover stolen goods, restore the milk of the cows, remove the barrenness from their wives, or the effects of any incantations and witchcraft. It happened that a considerable quantity of linen belonging to Mr Alexander Hay, the town-clerk of Nairn, had been stolen from a bleaching-green, just before Willox came down to pay him a visit. He walked with Mr Hay from one end of the town to the other in his scarlet uniform, and it was given out that Willox had come to discover the thief, and would do so if the clothes were not immediately restored. In the course of the following night they were all brought back.

In all ages cows have been the particular objects on which witches have vented their malice. It was at the cows that the elf-arrows were formerly shot, and elf-arrow heads are still occasionally to be found. The industry of the poor farmer and cottager's wife, has in all ages been crippled by the villanous in-

cantations and spells which have stopped the cows from giving milk. Happily, however, means have been found to counteract this diabolical interference; and the branches of the roan-tree and woodbine, put up over the door, have been found most serviceable in counteracting Satanic influence on these useful animals! A piece of mountain-ash, tied to a cow's tail, has also been a powerful specific, and it is gratifying to consider that these invaluable plants still retain their great and characteristic virtues! The service of Willox in directing the proper modes of protecting these animals from spells, has been justly celebrated far and wide throughout the neighbouring counties.

The man who could restore milk to cows was justly held best able to do a still greater service, and remove barrenness from women. His demand was moderate,—merely a guinea, a usual physician's fee; for with him such prescriptions were the ordinary exercise of his art. A man named Stuart, near the river Spey, who had been married nine years, went to him to ask his help. Willox performed the necessary mystic ceremonies, blessed a portion of water by a Latin prayer, ordered Stuart to give his wife three glasses of it before bedtime, and to have no fear of the result. This woman had a child within twelve months after that time, and had several afterwards!

A GALLANT MAJOR.

On the night of the 15th of September 1776, Major Murray, of the 42d regiment, was nearly carried off by the enemy, but saved himself by his strength of arm and presence of mind. As he was crossing to his regiment, from the battalion which he commanded, he was attacked by an American officer and two soldiers, against whom he defended himself for some time with his fusil,

keeping them at a respectful distance. At last, however, they closed upon him, when unluckily his dirk slipped behind him, and he could not, owing to his corpulence, reach it. Observing that the rebel officer had a sword in his hand, he snatched it from him, and made so good use of it, that he compelled them to fly, before some men of the regiment, who had heard the noise, could come to his assistance. He wore the sword as a trophy during the campaign. He was promoted to the lieutenant-colonelcy of the 37th regiment, and died the following year, much respected and beloved.

A MINISTER PUNISHED.

The minister of Glenila, after the battle of Culloden, scoured the moor every day, with a pistol concealed under his greatcoat, which he presented to the breasts of any unfortunate gentlemen whom he fell in with, in order to take them prisoners. This iniquitous interpreter of the Word of God considered it as a holy undertaking to bring his fellow-creatures to the scaffold; and he was the cause of the death of several whom he had thus taken by surprise.

The punishment of this inhuman monster was reserved for Gordon of Abachie. Abachie resolved to go to his own castle; and the minister of Glenila having been informed of his return, put himself at the head of an armed body of his parishioners, true disciples of such a pastor, and proceeded with them to the castle of Abachie, in order to take Gordon prisoner. He had only time to save himself by jumping out of the window in his shirt.

As we seldom pardon a treacherous attempt on our life, Gordon assembled a dozen of his vassals some days afterwards, set out with them in the night,

and contrived to obtain entrance into the house of this fanatical minister. Having found him in bed, they immediately performed that operation upon him which Abelard underwent: assuring him at the same time, that if he repeated his nightly excursions with his parishioners, they would pay him a second visit, which should cost him his life.

A SERIOUS WARNING.

Robert, the first abbot of Deer, was renowned for his piety. It is gravely related by Fordun, that when he was sitting after dinner, in holy contemplation on a fast day, a figure of an Ethiopian, black as darkness, appeared to him, and then, with a loud laugh, vanished from his presence. The holy abbot, suspecting the cause, called the cook before him, who at first denied his crime, but afterwards was brought to confess that in dressing the fish for the convent-dinner, he had that day made use of *fat* instead of butter.

"How must evil spirits rejoice," says the monkish historian, "when monks, in disobedience to the rules of their order, eat flesh on days when it is prohibited."

"LAIRD HUMPHREY."

A son of a Laird of Grant, known in tradition as "Laird Humphrey," presented, in his conduct and fate, a striking illustration of the power occasionally exerted by the elders of a clan. He was, in some respects, what the Highlanders admire—handsome, courageous, open-hearted, and open-handed. But by the indulgence of a weak and fond father, and the influence of violent and unrestrained passions, he became licentious and depraved, lost all respect for his father, and used to go about with a

number of idle young men, trained up to unbounded licentiousness. The dissolute youths visited in families, and remained until everything was consumed, and after every kind of riotous insult, removed to treat another in the same manner, till they became the pest and annoyance of the whole country. Laird Humphrey had in the meantime incurred many heavy debts. The elders of the clan bought up these debts, which gave them full power over him; they then put him in prison in Elgin, and kept him there during the remainder of his life, leaving the management of the estate in the hands of his younger brother. The debts were made a pretext for confining him, the elders not choosing to accuse him of various crimes of which he had been guilty, and the consciousness of which made him more quietly submit to the restraint.

“WATTIE DRON, BARBER OF DUNSE.”

A clergyman, possessing an uncommon share of wit and humour, had occasion to lodge for the night, in company with some friends, at an inn in Dunse. Requiring the services of a barber, he was recommended by the waiter to Walter Dron, who was represented as excellent at cracking a joke or telling a story. This functionary being introduced, made such a display of his oral and manual dexterity, as to leave on the mind, as well as the body, of his customer, a very favourable impression, and induce the latter to invite him to sit down to a friendly glass. The mutual familiarity which the circulation of the bottle produced, served to show off the barber in his happiest mood, and the facetious clergyman, amid the general hilarity, thus addressed him:—

“Now, Wattie, I engage to give you a guinea, on the following terms: that you leap backwards and forwards over

your chair for the space of half an hour—leisurely, yet regularly—crying out at every leap, “Here goes I, Wattie Dron, barber of Dunse;”—but that, should you utter anything else during the time, you forfeit the reward.”

Wattie, though no doubt surprised at the absurdity of the proposal, yet, considering how easily he could earn the guinea, and the improbability that such an opportunity would ever again present itself, agreed to the stipulations. The watch was set, and the barber stripped off his coat; leaning with one hand on the back of the chair, he commenced leaping over the seat, uniformly repeating, in an exulting tone, the words prescribed. After matters had gone on thus smoothly for about five minutes, the clergyman rung the bell, and thus accosted the waiter:—

“What is the reason, sir, you insult me, by sending a mad fellow like that, instead of a proper barber, as you pretended he was?”

Barber—(*leaping*)—“Here goes I, Wattie Dron, barber of Dunse!”

Waiter—“Oh! sir, I don’t know what is the matter; I never saw him in this way in all my life—Mr Dron, Mr Dron! what do you mean?”

Barber—“Here goes I,” &c.

Waiter—Bless me, Mr Dron, recollect these are gentlemen; how can you make such a fool of yourself?”

Barber—Here goes I,” &c.

Landlord—(*entering in haste*)—“What in the name of wonder, sir, is all this?—the fellow’s mad—how dare you, sir, insult gentlemen, in my house, by such conduct?”

Barber—“Here goes I,” &c.

Landlord—“I say, Bob, run for his wife, for this can’t be put up with—gentlemen, the man is evidently deranged; and I hope you will not let my house be injured in any way by this business.”

Barber—“Here goes I,” &c.

Wife—(*rushing in*)—“Oh! Wattie,

Wattie, what is this that's come ower ye? Do ye no ken your ain wife?"

Barber—"Here goes I," &c.

Wife—(weeping)—"Oh! Wattie, if ye carena for me, mind your bairns at hame, and come awa' wi' me."

Barber—"Here goes I, Wat—"

The afflicted wife now clasped her husband round the neck, and hung on him so as effectually to avert his further progress. Much did poor Wattie struggle to shake off his loving yet unwelcome spouse; but it was now "no go:"—his galloping was at an end.

"Confound you for an idiot," he bitterly exclaimed, "I never could win a guinea so easily in my life!"

It is only necessary to add, that the explanation which immediately followed was much more satisfactory to mine host than to the barber's better half; and that the clergyman restored Wattie to his usual good humour, by generously rewarding his exertions with the well-earned guinea.

CATCHING A TARTAR.

In the American war Sergeant Macgregor, whose company was immediately in the rear of the picquet in action, rushed forward to their support, with a few men who happened to have their arms in their hands when the enemy commenced the attack. Being severely wounded, he was left insensible on the ground, when the picquet was overpowered, and the few survivors forced to retire. Macgregor, who had that day put on a new jacket, with silver lace, having besides large silver buckles in his shoes, and a watch, attracted the notice of an American soldier, who deemed him a good prize. The retreat of his friends not allowing time to strip the sergeant on the spot, he thought the shortest way was to take him on his back to a more convenient

distance. By this time Macgregor began to recover, and perceiving where the man was carrying him, drew his dirk, and, grasping him by the throat, swore that he would run him through the breast if he did not turn back, and carry him to the camp. The American finding this argument irresistible, complied with the request; and meeting Lord Cornwallis (who had come up to the support of the regiment when he heard the firing) and Colonel Stirling, was thanked for his care of the sergeant; but he honestly told them that he only conveyed him thither to save his own life. Lord Cornwallis gave him liberty to go whithersoever he chose. His lordship procured for the sergeant a situation under government at Leith.

"THAT PUDDIN'."

A very few years ago, one of our border dukes gave a dinner to his tenantry at the castle. The duchess was present, and seated next her was a tolerably rough farmer. When he had been supplied with pudding, and had tasted the first spoonful, he turned to the duchess, and in a would-be complimentary speech, said—

"Ay, my leddie, it's weel kenn'd wha was at the makin' o' that puddin'."

—*Dr Wilson.*

MILL KIRSTY.

"Ye'll maybe no mind," said Geordie Purdie, "o' Pab Jamie an' Mill Kirsty, twa pair lanesome bodies wha lived a cat-an'-dog life, in a bit hole o' a hoose, wi' a wee barrel for a chimley pat, whun they were baith near a hunner years auld? The folk said it was fearsome to hear the wrunkled oncanny woman puttin' her mooth close to her man's lug whun he was aboot breathin'