

his last, an' hiss'n' through her stumps o' teeth—

"Dee, ye deevil, dee!"

"If ever there was a witch i' the world forby the woman o' Endor that brocht back the prophet Samuel to the face o' the earth after he was dead and buried, it was Mill Kirsty, as sure as my name's Purdie."—*Gorrie*.

DEGREES OF EXCELLENCE.

Between twenty and thirty years ago, a match at football was played in the stewardry of Kirkcudbright. A difficulty occurred in making up "sides," and the respective leaders experienced not a little trouble in organizing their parties. Having exhausted the supply of suitable youths, each captain still found himself two boys short, and, of a necessity, they appealed for volunteers. The gentleman who tells this story was one of the captains, and also the favourite of the school; and the first of the volunteers rushed to his standard. He was a wee shaver—nine years old, more or less—and, in making his application, he said—

"Oh, Jamie, man, take me on your side; I'm as gooder as some."

Number two volunteer, however, took the wind out of the sails of his predecessor, by stepping forward and saying—

"Never heed him, Jamie, he's nae use—hae me, I'm as better as nane!"

A REQUEST FROM THE DESK.

A line was one Sunday morning handed up to the precentor of a church in Hamilton, in which a member, who was in distress, solicited the prayers of the congregation. The note had unfortunately been written on the back of a letter, and after the first psalm had been sung, the friends of the distressed

one were mortified to hear the precentor read out—

"Remember in prayer, Thomas Watson, weaver, Quarry Loan, with a bundle!"

DONALD MACKINTOSH.

At the battle of Quatre-Bras, two days previous to that of Waterloo, a major of the 42d Highlanders, preferring to fight on foot, gave his horse to the care of a drummer boy in the regiment. After some severe fighting with the French cuirassiers and lancers, and after receiving several severe wounds, he fell from loss of blood, near a private of his corps, Donald Mackintosh, who was mortally wounded at the same time. The little drummer had left the horse to assist poor Donald, which a lancer seeing, thought the horse a fair prize, and made a dash at it. The dying Highlander, with the ruling passion strong in death, cried—

"Hoot, mon, ye mauna tak that beast, it belongs to our major here."

The lancer, neither understanding nor heeding him, had seized the horse, when Donald made a last effort, fired, and shot the lancer dead, and himself fell back and expired. The major was carried to the rear, and although he had received 16 wounds he recovered.

A TOUGH STUMP.

A distinguished officer, in a letter respecting the battle of 16th August 1780, in America, gained by the troops under Lord Cornwallis, after enumerating several acts of individual prowess, says, "A tough stump of a Sutherland Highlander, of the name of Mackay, afterwards my own bat-man, entered the battle with his bayonet perfectly straight, but brought it out twisted like

a cork-screw, and with his own hand had put to death seven of the enemy."

CROMWELL AND THE SHOEMAKER.

When Cromwell entered Glasgow, in 1650, he attended divine service in the High Church; but the Presbyterian divine who officiated poured forth, with more zeal than prudence, the vial of his indignation upon the person, principles, and cause of the independent general. One of Cromwell's officers rose and whispered his commander, who seemed to give him a short and stern answer, and the sermon was concluded without interruption. Among the crowd that were assembled to gaze at the general, as he came out of the church, was a shoemaker, the son of one of James the Sixth's Scottish footmen. This man had been born and bred in England, but after his father's death had settled in Glasgow. Cromwell eyed him among the crowd, and immediately called him by his name. The man fled; but at Cromwell's command one of his retinue followed him, and brought him to the general's lodgings. A number of the inhabitants remained at the door, waiting the end of this extraordinary scene. The shoemaker soon came out in high spirit, and showing some gold, declared he was going to drink Cromwell's health. Many attended him to hear the particulars of his interview, among others the grandfather of the narrator. The shoemaker said he had been a playfellow of Cromwell's, when they were both boys, their parents residing in the same street; that he had fled when the general first called him, thinking he might owe him some ill-will, on account of his father being in the service of the Royal Family. He added, that Cromwell had been so very kind and familiar with him that he ventured to ask him

what the officer had said to him in church. "He proposed," said Cromwell, "to pull forth the minister by the ears; and I answered, that the preacher was one fool and he another."

A TEMPORARY SUBJUGATION.

A Highland sergeant, formerly billeted in Mr Van Mon's house, at Brussels, came back with the basket-hilt of his sword so bruised that he could not get his hand out of it till relieved by a blacksmith! He made very light of his wounds, and only hoped soon to be "at the enemy again." They had not disarmed him at least.

DUCKING A TAILOR.

In the course of my travels on the banks of the Spey, I fell in one evening with a crowd of people about the edge of it. Upon inquiring the cause of their crowding together, I found they were ducking a tailor. The tailor, who was rather of a diminutive size, had had the bands of matrimony proclaimed three different Sundays with a young woman in a neighbouring parish; but offered to stake five guineas that, though this was the case, yet he could get any servant maid in the parish to marry him before Sunday. There being a beautiful young girl in the house where this tailor and they who held the bet were drinking, they fixed upon her as a trial. The tailor immediately stepped to the kitchen, took her by the hand, told her that though the bands of matrimony were proclaimed with another, he did not mean to marry her; that, however, he was determined to be married without delay; that she was the person he had fixed on; and that he must have her answer this

evening. The girl did not believe him. However, upon two of his acquaintances, who were sent by him, reasoning with her on the same ground that he had done, namely, that he had a house and a good business, and she neither father nor mother to care for her, she began to hesitate, and partly to promise to hear him. There happened to be in the house a drunken smith, an uncommonly stout man, who observing what was going on, and finding on interrogating the tailor that he was only in jest with the girl, and did not mean to marry, immediately took him to the river side, and then dragging him by the collar into the river, ducked him heartily, only bringing his head now and then above water that he might not be drowned. Such I found was the cause of so many being assembled here, all heartily approving of the drunken smith's conduct, as I confess I also did; the tailor certainly deserving punishment for treating a poor unsuspecting girl as he did."—*Hall*.

SIR JAMES WALLACE.

In 1780 Sir James Wallace, in the "Experiment" of 50 guns, conducted a predatory warfare on the French coast. Having driven several large frigates into the bay of Concalles, in Normandy, until they had run close under cover of a battery, and his pilots not venturing to take farther charge of his ship, he immediately took the risk and management upon himself, boldly passed up the bay, and laid her ashore abreast of the battery. In that situation he engaged, until he silenced the battery, and compelled the French crews to abandon their ships, which were immediately boarded and brought away. Two other frigates, an armed cutter, and a number of small craft, were set on fire, or otherwise destroyed.

OFF AN' ON.

Fletcher, of Saltoun, had a most ungovernable temper, and in his fits of passion he used to abuse all who came in his way. One day his footman, having incurred his displeasure, resigned his situation. As he was a good servant, Fletcher did not wish to part with him.

"Why do you desire to leave my service?" he asked.

"Because, sir, to tell the truth, I cannot bear your temper," replied the footman.

"To be sure," said Fletcher, "I am passionate, but my anger is no sooner on than it is off."

"Yes, that's true enough, sir," answered the man; "but it's no sooner off than it's on again."

THE MISTRESS STONE.

In the face of the rock, south from the town in St Kilda, is the famous stone known by the name of the "Mistress Stone." It resembles a door exactly, and is in the very front of this rock, which is twenty or thirty fathoms perpendicular in height, the figure of it being discernible about the distance of a mile. Upon the lintel of the door every bachelor wooer is, by ancient custom, obliged, in honour, to give a specimen of his affection for the love of his mistress, and it is thus: he is to stand on his left foot, having the one-half of his sole over the rock, and then he draws the right foot further out to the left, and in this posture, bowing, he puts both his fists further out to the right foot; and then, after he has performed this, he has acquired no small reputation, being always after it accounted worthy of the finest mistress in the world. They firmly believed that this achievement is always attended with the desired success.—*Martin*.

"A FOOL IN HIS ANGER."

"Daft Jock" was a hanger-on about the kitchen of Sir John Maxwell of Pollok, and in return for his "meat" used to carry coals, run errands, turn the spit, and other "orra" jobs. He was easily enraged, but his passion had one good quality—it subsided in a moment. One day the cook and Jock quarrelled about the latter's careless attention to a roast, for which he was acting as turn-spit; and the cook in her indignation struck him with the flat side of a shovel. Jock instantly seized a *graiip* or three-pronged stable fork, on seeing which cooky took to her heels, knowing that he would "brain" her at the moment. Jock followed her round the park several times, brandishing the weapon, and gradually gained ground upon the fugitive. The cook, however, well knowing that by this time Jock's rage would be spent, stopped and turned suddenly round, and placing her arms akimbo, said laughingly—

"Man, Jock, an' hasna that been a grand race?"

Jock immediately grounded his *graiip*; and wiping his face with the cuff of his jacket, replied in an equally complacent tone—

"Hech, Jenny, ye may weel say that!" and the two returned to the kitchen the best of friends again, till the next row took place.

WELL-SKINNED.

About fifty years ago, when the Dumfriesshire yeomanry were "up," and were returning from drill one day, one of the officers called out to a private, who was also a tenant of his—

"Jock, sit straight in your saidle, mon."

"Hoo can I sit straight, laird, when I hae nae a bit o' hale skin as big as a bawbee left on me?"—*Dr Wilson.*

RESIGNATION TO THE DIVINE WILL.

The following remarkable story is currently related in the Highlands:—

A farmer, whose wealth, wisdom, and beneficence gave him great sway in his elevated hamlet, was fortunate in all respects but one. He had three very fine children, who all in succession died after having been weaned, though before they gave every promise of health and firmness. Both parents were much afflicted; but the father's grief was clamorous and unmanly. They resolved the next should be suckled for two years; hoping by this to avoid the repetition of such a misfortune. They did so; and the child, by living longer, only took a firmer hold of their affections, and furnished more materials for sorrowful recollection. At the close of the second year he followed his brothers, and there were no bounds to the affliction of the parents.

There are, however, in the economy of Highland life, certain duties and courtesies which are indispensable, and for the omission of which nothing can apologise. One of these is to call in all their friends, and feast them, at the time of the greatest family distress.

The death of the child happened late in the spring, when sheep were abroad in the more inhabited straths, but from the blasts in that high and stormy region, were still confined to the cot. In a dismal snowy evening, the man, unable to stifle his anguish, went out, lamenting aloud, for a lamb to treat his friends with at the late-wake. At the door of the cot, however, he found a stranger, standing before the entrance. He was astonished, in such a night, to meet a person so far from any frequented place. The stranger was plainly attired, but had a countenance expressive of singular mildness and benevolence; and addressing him in a sweet impressive voice, asked him what he did there amidst the tempest?

He was filled with awe, which he could not account for, and said that he came for a lamb.

"What kind of a lamb do you mean to take?" said the stranger.

"The very best I can find," he replied, "as it is to entertain my friends, and I hope you will share of it."

"Do your sheep make any resistance when you take away the lamb, or any disturbance afterwards?"

"Never," was the answer.

"How differently am I treated," said the traveller. "When I come to visit my sheepfold, I take, as I am well entitled to do, the best lamb to myself; and my ears are filled with the clamour of discontent by these ungrateful sheep, whom I have fed, watched, and protected."

He looked up in amaze, but the vision was fled. He went, however, for the lamb, and brought it home with alacrity. He did more; it was the custom of these times—a custom indeed which was not extinct till after 1745—for people to dance at late-wakes. It was a mournful kind of movement, but still it was dancing. The nearest relation of the deceased often began the ceremony weeping, but did, however, begin it, to give the example of fortitude and resignation. This man, on other occasions, had been quite unequal to the performance of this duty; but at this time he immediately, on coming in, ordered music to begin, and danced the solitary measure appropriate to such occasions. The reader must have very little sagacity or knowledge of the purport and consequences of visions, who requires to be told that many children were born, lived, and prospered afterwards in this reformed family.

HIGHLANDERS AT FONTENOY.

In a pamphlet entitled *The conduct of the Officers at Fontenoy considered*

speaking of the exertions of the Duke of Cumberland, the author says, that "His Royal Highness was everywhere and could not, without being on the spot, have cheered the Highlander, who, with his broadsword, killed nine men, and making a stroke at the tenth, had his arm shot off, by a promise of something better than the arm, he, the duke, saw drop from him. On this occasion," the Duke of Cumberland was so struck with the conduct of the Highlanders, and concurred so cordially in the esteem which they had secured to themselves, both from friends and foes, that wishing to show some mark of his approbation, he desired it to be intimated to them, that he would be happy to grant the men any favour which they chose to ask, and which he could concede, as a testimony of the good opinion he had formed of them. The reply was worthy so handsome an offer. After expressing acknowledgments for the condescension of the commander-in-chief, the men assured him no favour he could bestow could gratify them so much as a pardon for one of their comrades, a soldier of the regiment, who had been tried by a court-martial, for allowing a prisoner to escape, and was under sentence of a heavy corporeal punishment, which, if inflicted, would bring disgrace upon them all, and on their families and country. The favour of course was instantly granted. The nature of this request, the feeling which suggested it, and, in short, the general qualities of the corps, struck the duke with the more force, as at the time he had not been in Scotland, and had no means of knowing their character, unless, indeed, he had formed his opinion from the common ribaldry of the times, when it was the fashion to consider the Highlander "as a fierce and savage depredator, speaking a barbarous language, and inhabiting a barren and gloomy region, which fear and prudence forbade all strangers to enter."

EDWARD IRVING'S FIRST SERMON.

He went through his "trials" in the early part of the year 1815, and was fully licensed to preach the Gospel by the Presbytery of Kirkcaldy in the June of that year; and "exercised his gift" thereafter in Kirkcaldy and other places, but at first with no great success. A humorous description of his first sermon, preached in Annan, is given by a friend. The "haill toun," profoundly critical and much interested, turned out to hear him; even his ancient teachers, with solemn brows, came out to sit in judgment on Edward's sermon. A certain excitement of interest, unusual to that humdrum atmosphere, thrilled through the building. When the sermon was in full current, some incautious movement of the young preacher tilted aside the great Bible, and the sermon itself, that direful "paper" which Scotch congregations hold in high despite, dropped out bodily, and fluttered down upon the precentor's desk underneath. A perfect rustle of excitement ran through the church; here was an unhopèd-for crisis!—what would the neophyte do now? The young preacher calmly stooped his great figure over the pulpit, grasped the manuscript as it lay, broadways, crushed it up in his great hand, thrust it into a pocket, and went on as fluently as before. There does not exist a congregation in Scotland which that act would not have taken by storm. His success was triumphant. To criticise a man so visibly independent of "the paper" would have been presumption indeed.—*Mrs Oliphant.*

LOWRIE LUMSDEN'S CURE FOR EARTHQUAKES.

"Did ye ever hear aboot Lowrie Lumsden an' the earthquake?" said Geordie Purdie.

"No," said I; "the story, if I ever

heard it, has quite escaped my recollection."

"Weel, it's a capital ane," replied Geordie. "Ae nicht, about thretty year syne, or maybe mair, whun the folk o' Kilpirnie were a' snug in bed, there cam a spasm o' earthquake a' the way frae Comrie, makin' the grund heave an' the wa's trummle, an' settin' the bells in the hooses o' the gentry a' tingle-tinglin', as if something on-canny had been puggin' at the wires. Curious enough, maist everybody that was waukened oot o' sleep wi' the dull rumblin' soond an' the creakin' o' beds an' doors seemed to ken what it was, though they had nae experience o' an earthquake afore. Lowrie—haw! haw! haw!—lyin' alane in his bachelor's bed, thocht it was something wrang wi' himsel' an' no wi' the earth beneath, an' he rappit on the wa' tae his sister Marthy, wha sleepit in the next room, cryin' to her to come quick, as he had ta'en a shiverin' fit, and needit salts and a het drink. Marthy had been waukened like ither folk by the rumlin' an' trumlin', but she didna let on tae Lowrie, as he was geyan easy feared, an' so it cam to pass that he got his dose o' salts an' het drink after to cure him o' the earthquake!"—*Gorrie.*

BUYING A PRESENT.

The Laird of Logan was one day accosted by a friend at the "Dudsday fair" of Kilmarnock, who asked his aid in selecting a present to take home to his wife. Logan begged to be excused, but his friend entreated, and at length, saying that "he daurna gang hame without something," he consented.

Leading the friend into a jeweller's shop, he said to the man behind the counter—

"Mr —, here's a friend o' mine, that tells me his wife wears the breeks

and that he daurna gang hame the nicht without a present till her. Just you show him some o' your bonniest kneebuckles, and I'se warrant he'll see a pair to fit her. Noo," continued Logan, turning to his surprised and abashed companion, "if ye dinna tak hame a richt present, it's your ain faut," and he left the shop, and his friend in it.

ST KILDA MARRIAGES.

Their marriages were celebrated after the following manner:—

When two of them have agreed to take one another for man and wife, the officer who presides over them summons all the inhabitants of both sexes to Christ's chapel, where, being assembled, he inquires publicly if there be any lawful impediment why these parties should not be joined in the bond of holy matrimony; and if there be no objection to the contrary, he then inquires of the parties if they are resolved to live together in weal and woe, &c. After their assent, he declares them married persons, and desires them to ratify this, their solemn promise, in the presence of God and the people; in order to which, the crucifix is tendered to them, and both put their right hands upon it, as the ceremony by which they swear fidelity one to another during their lifetime.—*Martin*.

HUME AND HIS CRITICS.

One day that David Hume visited me in London, he came into my room laughing, and apparently well pleased.

"What has put you into this good humour, Hume?" said I. "Why, man," replied he, "I have just now had the best thing said to me I ever heard. I was complaining in a company, where I spent the morning, that I was very ill-treated by the world, and

that the censures passed upon me were hard and unreasonable. That I had written many volumes, throughout the whole of which there were but few pages that contained any reprehensible matter, and yet, for those few pages, I was abused and torn to pieces."

"You put me in mind," said an honest fellow in the company, whose name I did not know, 'of an acquaintance of mine, a notary public, who, having been condemned to be hanged for forgery, lamented the hardship of his case, that, after having written many thousand inoffensive sheets, he should be hanged for one line.'—*Lord Charlemont*.

"A FINE SET-DOON."

Robie Reid, the Kilpinnie gravedigger, gied Willie, the bellman, a fine set-doon ae day. He had on his glasses, an' was sittin' on a stule outside his door takin' a glisk at the papers, whun up comes that drunken bodie, Willie, seekin' a rawzor tae sharpen.

"Losh, man, Robbie," said he, "dae ye no think shame tae use yer fowreen (meanin' the specs), whun here's mysel', aulder than you, can dae wi' twa yet?"

"Ay," said Robbie, grinnin' up at him in his queer way, "I believe ye're rere, Willie, for ever sin' I kent ye, ye never could get yer glasses ony heigher than your mooth!"—*Gorrie*.

"BONNETTING" A FOE.

Lieut.-Col. Stirling, with the Queen's and 42d regiment, was ordered on a foraging party into the Jerseys. In an excursion through the woods, a Highland soldier came unexpectedly in sight of an American, when their pieces happened to be unloaded. Each slew

behind a tree to cover himself while loading; but fearing that the first who ventured out of cover would be brought down by the other, both kept possession of the trees, till at last the Highlander losing patience pushed his bonnet beyond the tree, on the point of his bayonet. The American shot his ball through its centre, when his opponent, starting forward, made him surrender instantly.

PARISHES AND PARISHES.

A certain Ayrshire minister, who was very parsimonious, used occasionally to give an "awmous" to Will Speir, more for the sake of the joke with which Will received it, however, than as an act of real charity. One day, Will had just received his dower, when an old beggar woman came hirplin' up, and made a request for aid. Two beggars at once were too much for the mean minister, and he angrily told the second one to begone to her own parish. Will, surprised at the angry manner of his reverence, cried after the poor woman to come back.

"It's a waefu' thing," said he, "to be driven frae a minister's door without an awmous—hae, puir body, there's a neivefu' oot o' my ain pock;" and turning to the minister, with an expression of bitter scorn in his eye, he observed, "you should mind, sir, that puir folk like us haena a' parishes like you."

A HIGHLAND TURK.

Amongst the numbers that came to see the British armament at Marmorice, in 1801, before proceeding to Egypt, was an unexpected visitor in the dress of a Turk. This was a gentleman of the name of Campbell, a native of the district of Kintyre, in Argyleshire.

Early in life he had been so affected by the death of a school-fellow who had been killed by accident, as they were at play together, that he fled from the country and joined the Turkish army. He had served forty years under the standard of Islam, and had risen to the rank of general of artillery. He went on board the ship, where the 42d were embarked, to inquire about his family. When he saw the men in the dress to which he had been accustomed in his youth, he was so much affected that he burst into tears. The astonishment of the soldiers may be easily imagined, when they were addressed in their own language (which he had not forgotten), by a Turk in full costume, and with a white beard flowing down to his girdle.

SLOW BUT SURE.

"Man, Tam," said a Lanarkshire farmer to a newly-hired serving-man, as they sat at breakfast in the field one morning, "ye're an unco slow eater."

"That's true enough, maister," replied Tam; "but I'm a real sure ane, and I dinna leave muckle on my plate, as you'll see if ye sit for anither half-hour!"

"YOUNG BIBLES."

Lady Wallace, celebrated in Scotland for her wit and beauty, happening to be at an assembly in Edinburgh, a young gentleman, the son of his majesty's printer, who had the patent for publishing Bibles, made his appearance, dressed in green and gold. Being a new face, and extremely elegant, he attracted the attention of the whole company. A general murmur prevailed in the room to know who he was, when Lady Wallace instantly made answer, "Oh, don't you know

him? It is only Young Bibles, bound in calf gilt, but not lettered."

LORD BREADALBANE'S MARCH.

In the battle with the Caithness men, in 1678, when the Caithness men were beginning to give way, Glenorchy's piper struck up a pibroch on the inspiration of the moment, in which the sounds of the bagpipe seemed to express, in the plainest manner possible, the words—

"Bo dach na brigan," &c.—"The breeches men are retreating—the men with the breeches are flying."

This tune has ever been called "Lord Breadalbane's March;" and, when properly played, the pipes seem to articulate the words just mentioned.

MASS AND MESS.

When Andrew Melville and the Bishop of Brechin, on their return from Geneva, in 1574, approached Orleans, the soldier on guard allowed the bishop, who was on foot, to pass, but stopped Melville, who, having sprained his foot, was on horseback. To the question "Whence are you?" Melville replied, "From Scotland."

"O! you Scots are all Hugonots."

"Hugonots! what's that? we do not know such people in Scotland."

"You have no mass," said the soldier.

"No mess, man," replied Melville, merrily, "our children in Scotland go to mess every day."

"*Bon compagnon allez vous,*" said the soldier smiling, and beckoning him to proceed. When he reached the house (at which they had previously agreed to lodge) he found his two countrymen in great trepidation lest their papers should have been examined, and disposed to laugh heartily at the equivoque by which they had

escaped detection. They had reason to congratulate themselves if the report of their landlord was to be credited; for he assured them that several persons had of late lost their lives for as small an offence as that of having come from Geneva.

TABLE AMENITIES.

Mr H—— was one day dining with the Laird of Logan. After the fish had been served, Mr H—— helped himself to a little brandy. Holding up the glass to the light, he said to the laird—

"Logan, this is rather pale brandy for me; I would like some o' your dark sort."

"I assure you, Mr H——, that is the dark brandy you have got."

"I'll no contradict you, laird, in your ain house; but it looks pale to me," replied Mr H——.

"And," sharply retorted Logan, "I'll no contradict you, Mr H——, oot o' your ain house; but you should consider that your red nose and muckle mouth would gar ony man's brandy look pale!"

GEORDIE PURDIE'S "MOTHER-WIT."

During the time of the voluntary controversy, which raged more keenly in Fifeshire than in any other county in Scotland, Geordie was a keen partisan on the dissenting side, partly probably from the circumstance that his father, old Simon Purdie, was beadle in the then Seceder kirk of the village; and it was told of him, that on passing the parish church one Sunday, when going to his own "meeting-house," he faced suddenly round to the obnoxious edifice, as the bray of a donkey came grating harsh discord over the green, and exclaimed, with affected astonishment—

"What I has *he* begun already?"

This sally, of course, was intended to apply to the minister officiating in the parish church; and, in those happily-departed days, when religious animosities ran high, it was considered to be a master-stroke of mother-wit.—*Gorrie*.

ROBERT BRUCE'S TESTAMENT.

The maxims, or political testament of Robert Bruce, are preserved in old Scottish metre (see *Fordun*). They are curious, and not difficult to be understood.

"On fut suld be all Scottis weire,
Be hyll and mosse thaimself to weire,
Let wod for Wallis be bow and speire
That innemis do thaim na dreire.
In strait placis gar keip all Stoire
And lupn the planen land thaim befoire;
Thanen sall pass away in haist
Quhen that they find naithing bot waist,
With wyllis and waikenen of the nicht,
And mekill noyes maid on hycht,
Thanen sall they turnen with great affrai,
As they were chasit with swerd away.
This is the counsall and intent
Of gud King Robert's testament."

A CAT RACE.

Towards the end of every summer, the inhabitants of Fife are in the habit of assembling to see, what they term, a cat race. The cat is enclosed in an old cask, which is suspended by a rope, from the middle of a pole, each end of which is fixed at the top of two others. From this transverse beam the cask is hung like a man from a gallows, and every person on horseback is at liberty, as he rides briskly below the cask, to reach up and try to knock the end out of the cask in which the cat is, so as to make her fall down among the multitude, several thousands of whom are generally assembled to behold this savage spectacle. He who either kills the cat, or makes her fall among the people, is

said to gain the race. Nor is this all: the poor cat, which generally lights upon her feet, is chased, taken up by the tail, thrown into the air, perhaps an hundred times, till she dies; and the poor animal thus tossed into the air, glad, and yet afraid to light among so many people, some of whom she generally wounds in her fall, seems to afford the people of this place, forgetting that cats have feelings as well as themselves, a high degree of amusement.

STRONG IN FAITH.

A Highland regiment, during the wars with Tippoo Saib, engaged in an unfortunate rencontre, where above two hundred of them fell into the hands of that remorseless tyrant. They were treated with the most cruel indignity, and fed upon a very sparing portion of unwholesome rice, which operated as a slow poison, assisted by the burning heat of the sun by day, and the unwholesome dews of night, to which they were purposely exposed to shake their constancy. Daily some of their companions dropped before their eyes, and daily they were offered liberty and plenty in exchange for this lingering torture, on condition of relinquishing their religion and taking the turban; yet no one could be prevailed upon to purchase life on these terms.

These Highlanders were from the isles, and entirely illiterate; scarce one of them could have told the name of any particular sect of Christians, and all the idea they had of the Mahometan religion was, that it was averse to their own; and that, adopting it, they should renounce Him who had died that they might live, and who loved them, and could support them under all sufferings. The great outlines of their religion, the particular tenets which distinguish it from every other, were early and deeply impressed on their

minds, and proved sufficient in the hour of trial.

THE LADY'S ROCK.

At the south end of the island of Lismore, we sailed round a small rocky isle, over which the sea rolls at high tides; at other times it raises its rough head somewhat above the surface of the water. It is called the lady's rock for the following reason:—

In former times, one of the M'Leans of Duart, whose castle stood on a promontory in Mull, in nearly an opposite direction to the Lady's Rock, married a sister of Argyle. The lady was handsome and amiable, but unhappily had no children. In that time it was a crime in the eyes of the husband if the wife bore him no children. Duart hated his hapless lady for that cause, and determined on her destruction. To accomplish it with ease, and, as he imagined, safe from detection, he ordered ruffians to convey her secretly to the bare rock, near Lismore, and there leave her to perish at high tide.

The deed was executed to Duart's wish, and the lady left on the rock, watching the rolling tide rising to overwhelm her. When she had given herself up as a lost being, and expected in a very short time to be washed from the rock by the waves, she fortunately perceived a vessel sailing down the Sound of Mull, in the direction of the rock on which she was sitting. Every effort in her power was exerted, and every signal in her possession was displayed to attract the notice of the people in the vessel. At length they perceived her, and drew near the rock. She made herself known, and related that it was by order of her barbarous husband she was left on the rock, and thus reduced to the wretched state in which they found her. The mariners, a very generous race, took compassion on her, received her on

board their vessel, and conveyed her safely to her brother at Inverary.

M'Lean Duart made a grand mock funeral for his much lamented lady, whom he announced to have died suddenly. He wrote disconsolate letters to his relations, particularly to Argyle, and after a decent time went to Inverary in deep mourning, where, with the greatest show of grief, he lamented to his brother-in-law the irreparable loss he had sustained. Argyle said little, but sent for his sister, whose unexpected appearance in life and health proved an electric shock to the tender husband. Argyle was a mild and amiable man, and took no other revenge on M'Lean, but commanded him to depart instantly, at the same time advising him to be cautious not to meet his brother Donald, who would certainly take away his life for having intended to destroy that of his sister.

Sir Donald Campbell did meet him many years afterwards in a street in Edinburgh, and there stabbed him for his crime towards his sister, when M'Lean was eighty years of age.—*Hon. Mrs Murray.*

HIGHLAND UNIFORM.

When the Fraser regiment was sent out to America in 1757, it was proposed to change the uniform, as the Highland garb was said to be unfit for the cold winters and warm summers of that country. The officers and soldiers vehemently protested against any change, and Colonel Fraser explained to the commander-in-chief the strong attachment which the men cherished for their national dress, and the consequences that might be expected to follow if deprived of it. The representation was successful. In the words of a veteran who embarked and returned with the regiment—

“Thanks to our generous chief, we

are allowed to wear the garb of our fathers, and in the course of six winters showed the doctors that they did not understand our constitutions; for on the coldest winters our men were more healthy than those regiments that wore breeches and warm clothing."

MURDER OF CATHERINE MORTIMER.

David Bruce, during his captivity, had an unlawful intercourse with one Catherine Mortimer, a native of Wales. She came to Scotland with him, and continued for several years to be his favourite concubine. She became obnoxious to some of the nobility; they conspired against her life; two wretches, Hull and Dewar, went to her residence, pretending they had orders to convey her to the king. She committed herself to their guidance; on the road between Melrose and Soltra, they murdered her. Great suspicions arose that Thomas Stewart, earl of Angus, a turbulent and profligate person, had instigated the murderers. The king imprisoned him in the castle of Dumbarton; and honourably interred his beloved Mortimer in the chapel of the Abbey of Newbattle.

THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.*

Sabbath Observance.

On first going to Ross-shire to visit and preach for my excellent friend Mr Carment, of Rosskeen, I asked him on the Saturday evening, before retiring to rest, whether I would get warm water in the morning? Whereupon he held up a warning hand, saying, "Whisht,

* By the courtesy of William Isbister, Esq., publisher, London, the editor is enabled to insert the following excellent anecdotes from the first volume of the very interesting *Autobiography and Memoir of Thomas Guthrie, D.D.*

whisht!" On my looking and expressing astonishment, he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "Speak of shaving on the Lord's-day in Ross-shire, and you need never preach here more!" In that same county Sir Kenneth Mackenzie directed my attention to a servant girl, who, if not less scrupulous, was more logical in her practice. She astonished her master, one of Sir Kenneth's tenants, by refusing to feed the cows on the Sabbath. She was ready to milk, but would by no means feed them; and her defence shows that though a fanatic, she was not a fool. "The cows," she said—drawing a nice metaphysical distinction between what are not and what are works of necessity and mercy that would have done honour to a casuist—"The cows canna milk themselves, so to milk them is a clear work of necessity and mercy; but let them out to the fields, and they'll feed themselves."

Here certainly was *scrupulosity*; but the error was one that leaned to the right side.

A Conscientious Reader.

On my return from Edinburgh on one occasion, I brought with me for the library two volumes of Dr Chalmers's sermons, where, as every one knows, words occasionally are found which are not in common use. Thinking these would be a famous prize for David Gibson the weaver, I put the first volume into his hands, expecting him to return with it on the following Saturday. The day came, but not he. It was three weeks before he returned. This astonished me, but not so much as when, on my offering him the second volume, he declined to take it. On expressing my surprise, as I thought he of all men would most appreciate the power and eloquence of that mighty preacher, he said—

"Minister, I have not time for him!"

"Time!" I replied; "David, what do you mean?"

"You see, sir," he answered, "I got on so slowly; I had to sit with the book in the tae hand and the dictionar' in the other; and the warst of it was, I couldna find his *lang-nebbed* words in the dictionar'!"

"Will and Good Will."

One of my parishioners was a very odd character, who might have formed a very fine one—with some oddities, no doubt—and instead of becoming bankrupt, might have become the wealthiest man in the parish had he never touched drink. I wish all men were abstainers; but they specially need to be so who, like my poor friend, are of a highly excitable temperament. His thermometer stood always at the boiling point; and as the least extra stimulant made him, so to speak, boil over, he said and did all manner of absurd and often outrageous things. Once he became so furious and insolent that I had to order him out of the manse; and yet he was a kind, generous creature, with a considerable dash of what was good. He died as he lived, a most curious mixture of benevolence and folly. The lawyer who was writing to his dictation having written down legacies of five hundred pounds to this person, and a thousand pounds to that, and so on, at length laid down his pen, saying—

"But, Mr ———, I don't believe you have all that money to leave."

"Oh," was the reply, "I ken that as well as you, but I just want to show them my good will!"

Where he Tripped.

It is not desirable that the people should find the preacher tripping as

thus befell a clever man of my acquaintance. This doctor of divinity went to preach in Glenisla for Mr Martin, who related the following incident to me:—The doctor thought that, Glenisla being a pastoral parish, the twenty-third psalm would form a peculiarly suitable subject; and from that, as he was very capable of doing, he delivered an admirable discourse. But there was a "dead fly" in the apothecary's ointment that marred the sermon and lowered the man. Ignorant of the fact that sheep in our moist climate, and amid the dew-covered and green succulent herbage, are independent of streams, and indeed seldom drink water but when sick, he expatiated, as he spoke of "the still waters," on the importance of water to the flocks—a blunder and display of ignorance the stupidest discovered; and, as they lingered to light their pipes by the church-door, he had the mortification on retiring to hear himself and his sermon treated with contempt—one shepherd saying to another—

"Puir bodie! Heard ye ever the like o' yon about the sheep drinkin'?"

Proof Positive.

Dr Blair one day allowed an uncouth and ignorant preacher to occupy his pulpit. He gave out a text, announcing that his object was to prove to them that day that man was a fallen creature, or, as he expressed it, that he was "*fa'en*;" and rushing at once *in medias res*, he undertook to prove this, first, from the "*science of anatomy*." Having somehow or other got hold of the fact, that while the feline tribe are carnivorous, and horses and cows graminivorous, the pig, like man, is omnivorous, using equally, and thriving on both kinds of food; and that there were thus, as might be expected under the circumstances, some points of re-

semblance between the digestive organs of the pig and of the human race, he launched this out on the astonished heads of the polished aristocrats of Edinburgh, saying—

“It is well known that a sou has a’ the puddins o’ a man except ane; and if *that* doesna preeve that man is fa’en, there’s naething will !”

Private Thoughts.

Frequent inquiries were made for Adam’s *Private Thoughts*, a devotional book, written by an English clergyman of that name, in the last century. One Saturday evening Mr Guthrie thought he would find out, from a decent man, what made him so anxious to have that particular volume.

“Ou, sir,” said he, “I just wondered how they could mak oot what the first man’s private thoughts would be about !”

Dr Guthrie’s Preaching.

Mr Guthrie determined that his every hearer should understand him; carrying out in a higher sphere Lord Cockburn’s rule while at the bar (an anecdote Mr Guthrie delighted to tell as an illustration of the witty judge’s sagacity)—“When I was addressing a jury, I invariably picked out the stupidest-looking fellow of the lot, and addressed myself specially to him, for this good reason: I knew that if I convinced *him*, I would be sure to carry all the rest !”

Sermons at Second-hand.

Nowhere in Scotland would you find what I saw at Oxford—piles of manuscript sermons openly lying on the counter of a bookseller for sale at one

shilling a-piece, which were bought, the shopkeeper told me, by “young gentlemen entering holy orders.” Nor would any mother in Scotland make such a speech as did a lady to me whom I met lately in London. She expressed much pleasure at renewing our acquaintance; but was specially glad at the opportunity of introducing me to her son, who was a clergyman.

“He will be so glad to see you,” she added; “for, dear Dr Guthrie, he often preaches your sermons to his people !”

Things that Never Change.

“The accommodation provided by law for teachers in those days was very inadequate. Mr Simpson’s house at Dun contained only two rooms besides the school-room. The heritors of Scotland, in most instances, grudged the schoolmaster (though, it might be, more highly cultivated than themselves) anything beyond this the provision required by law. To them, with honourable exceptions, the country owed little gratitude. They grew rich by the spoils of the Church, starved the teachers, and opposed with dogged determination every reform in Church and State, reminding one of what Dr Chalmers related as a speech of a professor of St Andrews to the students. ‘Gentlemen,’ he said, ‘there are just two things that never change. These are the fixed stars and the Scotch lairds !’”

Anybody not Everybody.

Some one complaining to Dr Andrew Thomson of the poor substitutes he set up to preach in St George’s during his absence, said—

“You put *everybody* into your pulpit, Dr Thomson.”

“No, no,” replied the ready-witted Andrew, “though I believe I put *any*-body!”

Lord Glenlee.

“It was Lord Glenlee—then a very aged man, seldom appearing on the bench, but pursuing with unabated eagerness his classical and philosophical studies—who, on being persuaded at length to try the railway between Edinburgh and Glasgow, then newly opened, called a halt at Linlithgow, nor would move another turn of the wheel. Buried at one point in the darkness of tunnels, shut up at another in the bottom of the deep, bare, ungainly cuttings—so getting nothing but mere passing glimpses of the beautiful country which he used to enjoy in his carriage, and had time as well as taste to admire—the old judge insisted on him being taken back; declaring that he had been ‘long enough and far enough in the bottom of a dry ditch.’”

Dr Davidson.

Dr Davidson, one of the ministers of Edinburgh when I attended college (brother-in-law of Lord Cockburn), a man of landed property, and, better than all, one of the most pious and devout ministers of his or any day, was so impressed with the importance of ministers adorning the doctrine of God their Saviour by all freedom from vulgarity and a certain polish of manners, that I have heard of the good old man actually himself teaching such manners to a pious but awkward lad from some remote island or glen of the north. To the back of the door went the venerable doctor, and to the amazement of the gaping boor, opened it to make him, and teach him how to make, a profound bow! On another occasion,

it is said he slipped a bank-note into the hands of a poor student, beneath whose coarser crust, however, he discerned both uncommon piety and uncommon talents, saying—

“Tak that, my dear lad, and go to Mr ——” (naming him), “you will be much the better of a quarter at the dancing.”

GEORDIE PURDIE ON TAILS.

Geordie Purdie having visited the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park, thus expressed himself to the friend who accompanied him—

“Weel, it was worth while comin' here, if only to learn ae use mair that can be made o' beasts' tails. Coos' an' horses' tails are needit to whusk awa flees an' glegs in warm weather; swines' tails are gude for takin' a grup o' when ye want tae whummle them ower on their backs an' cut their thrapple; birds' tails help them tae flee; fishes tails help them tae steer; dogs wag their tails whun their pleased, an' stuff them awa doon atween their hint legs whun they're in the dumps; but wha would ever hae thocht o' seein' beasts able tae wupp the ends o' their tails roond ropes an' spars, an' hing there wi' their heads doon, as cannily as a pat on the cleek o' a cruck?”—*Gorrie.*

RETURN OF THE 42D REGIMENT.

Sometime after the surrender of Paris, the regiment returned to England, and from thence marched to Scotland, in the spring of 1816. It was understood they were to march into Edinburgh Castle on the 18th of March. A crowd of idle spectators is not so easily collected in Edinburgh as in London; but on this morning, it seemed as if two-thirds of the houses and workshops in the city had been emptied of their

inhabitants. Several hours before the regiment arrived, the road to Musselburgh was covered with carriages, horsemen, and pedestrians. At Portobello the crowd was as great, and on entering the Canongate it was a solid moving mass, pressed together, as if in a frame. The pipers and band could not play for want of room, and were obliged to lay up their instruments. Many of the crowd, putting up their hands to take off their hats, to wave them in the air, could not, without difficulty, replace them again by their sides. Spacious as the High Street is, not a foot was unoccupied, and the high fronts of the houses appeared as alive, with three or four heads, principally ladies, in every window.

Of the soldiers, nothing was seen but their bonnets and feathers. In this state, the forward movement was necessarily slow, and great apprehension was felt in case any person should fall, and be crushed under the feet of the multitude, as it would be impossible to raise them. An hour and a quarter was occupied in the march from the palace of Holyrood to the castle gate, when the soldiers found considerable difficulty in disengaging themselves from the crowds that pressed round them. Each soldier was presented with a night's free admission to the theatre, and a public dinner was given to them in the Assembly Rooms, Sir Walter Scott, and several of the most eminent men in Edinburgh, superintending the entertainment. If the approbation of their countrymen be gratifying to the minds of good men, no stronger incitement to honourable actions need be required than the assurance of receiving it when merited.

HAWKIE AND THE ROAD.

"Hawkie," said an officious but mistaken policeman to this worthy one night, "you must take the road. I

canna let ye stand here and obstruct the street."

"What wad I tak the road for?" returned Hawkie; "I hae nae richt till't—I dinna pay road money."

CAPTAIN PATRICK ROSS AND HIS FATHER.

In the action of the 21st of March 1801, near Alexandria, Lieutenant Patrick Ross, of the Cameron Highlanders, was wounded, and his arm amputated close to the shoulder. Having a good constitution, he rapidly recovered, and, with a spirit equally honourable and exemplary, he refused the leave of absence offered him to go home for the cure of his wound. Eager to be at his post, he joined his regiment before the skin had closed over the amputated arm; and on the 25th of April, less than five weeks after his arm was cut off, he mounted picket, and continued to perform every duty, however fatiguing, during the whole campaign; in the course of which, at Rhamanich, he nearly lost his other arm, a six-pound shot having passed under it as he was in the act of giving directions to his men. On all occasions, indeed, he displayed the same spirit; and the Duke of York, with that attention which he always showed to merit, when made known to him, promoted Lieutenant Ross to a company in the sixty-ninth, at the head of which he was killed, at the storming of Fort Cornelis, in Java, in 1811; on which occasion he was animated with the same enthusiastic zeal and heroic bravery.

Those who have faith in the hereditary influence of blood, will also believe that this young man had an hereditary predisposition to firmness and bravery. His father, Mr William Ross, formerly a tacksman of Brae, in Ross-shire, evinced similar qualities in very early life. In the summer of

1746, when so many gentlemen who had been engaged in the rebellion were forced to take shelter in the woods and mountains, and when the troops were quartered on their estates, Ross, of Pitcalney, a chieftain of the clan, was an object of more than ordinary search, having joined the rebels in opposition to the remonstrances and threats of his uncle, Lord President Forbes. As no concealment from the people was necessary, Pitcalney was in the habit of sleeping, in bad weather, in his tenants' houses, but always going to one or other of his hiding-places before daylight, in case of a search of the house by the troops. One night he slept in the farm-house of Brae; and remaining later in the morning than ordinary, Ross, then a lad of fifteen, was directed by his father to accompany Pitcalney through the most unfrequented parts of the woods, in case the troops should be stirring at that hour of the day. The lad had performed his task, and was returning home, when he met a party of soldiers, who knew him, and suspecting where he had been, questioned him very sharply about his knowledge of Pitcalney's retreat. He pleaded total ignorance, and, persisting in doing so, they threatened to shoot or hang him on the next tree, which, in those times, was the usual mode of extorting confession; but threats having no effect, they proceeded to action, and tied him up to a tree, placing four men before him, with their pieces ready to fire, if he still denied what they were sensible he knew. But all in vain; neither the fear of death, nor the previous preparation, which, to a boy of his age, must have been sufficiently trying, could induce him to betray the friend and landlord of his father. So strong were the principles of affection, and regard to promise and to principle, instilled thus early, by the instruction of his parents, and the example of his countrymen.

The party, either respecting the boy's firmness, or not wishing to go to extremities, released and allowed him to go home. When he told the story, he always concluded—

“When I shut my eyes, waiting to be shot, I expected to open them again in Heaven.” Such was the father of the brave Captain Patrick Ross.

THE MUNROES OF CULCAIRN.

Colonel Sir Robert Munro, of Foulis, Bart., was chief of his name and clan, and member in several parliaments for the county of Ross. He served in the latter part of King William's reign, and in Queen Anne's wars, under the Duke of Marlborough, by whom he was appointed to a company in the Scotch Royals, in 1712; and in 1714 he was appointed lieutenant-colonel. In 1739 he was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the new Highland regiment. Lord Crawford, the colonel, being abroad, the discipline was conducted by the lieutenant-colonel, and in what manner, and with what success, may be judged from their behaviour at Fontenoy. On this account, he was promoted to the command of the 37th regiment, in the room of General Ponsonby, who was killed that day. He commanded his new regiment at the battle of Falkirk, in January 1746; but on this occasion he was not supported by his men, as he had been at Fontenoy, for they fled on the first charge of the rebels. Colonel Munro, disdaining to fly, was cut down; and his brother, who was present, seeing his situation, ran forward to support him, and shared the same fate. He was buried the following day, with all the homage due to so honourable a man, and so gallant a soldier; all the rebel officers, and crowds of men, attending his funeral, anxious to show the last mark of respect to a man whom, notwithstanding the difference

of their political principles, they so much esteemed. His family was unfortunate this year. His brother, Captain George Munro, of Culcairn, who had retired from the Highland regiment in the year 1744, raised a company in 1745, for the king's service, and put himself under the command of Lord Louden. Marching with a party of men, along the side of Loch Arkaig, in Lochaber, he was shot by a Highlander, whose house had been burned, his cattle plundered, and his family turned out on the snow. Thus fell three brothers, within a few months. Culcairn's death was more lamented, as he was not the victim intended. It occasioned the more observation and concern, as it was the only instance of revenge, or murder in cold blood, by the rebels, during the whole progress of the insurrection. All opposition was in the open field, or what is considered fair military warfare. The gallantry of Sir Robert Munro and his regiment, at Fontenoy, was the theme of admiration through all Britain. He had obtained leave of the Duke of Cumberland for his regiment to fight in their own way. Sir Robert, according to the usage of his countrymen, ordered the whole regiment to fall on the ground, on receiving the French fire, and instantly after its discharge they sprang up, and coming close to the enemy, poured in their shot upon them, to the destruction of multitudes, and drove them precipitately through their own lines; then retreating, drew up again, and attacked them a second time, after the same manner. These attacks they repeated several times, the same day, to the surprise of the whole army. Sir Robert was everywhere with his regiment, notwithstanding his great corpulency; and when in the trenches, he was hauled out by the legs and arms by his own men; and it is observed, that when he commanded the whole regiment to fall to the ground, he himself alone, with the colours behind him,

stood upright, receiving the whole fire of the enemy; and this because, as he said, though he could easily lie down, his great bulk would not suffer him to rise so quickly. His preservation that day was the surprise and astonishment not only of the whole army, but of all that heard the particulars of the action; and a most eminent person in the army was heard to say upon the occasion, that it was enough to convince one of the truth of the doctrine of predestination, and to justify what King William, of glorious memory, had been used to say, that every bullet had its billet, or its particular direction and commission where it should lodge.

A CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

While an old farmer was enjoying the shelter of a sheiling, or cottage, which, by the way, was very clean, the shepherd came in wet and weary, and as if in pain. His good wife's first salute was—

“Come awa, John, and I'll iron you at ance.”

“Iron you?” asked the visitor inquiringly at him.

“Yes,” he said; “there is nothing that does so much good for the rheumatism as a warm iron run over a blanket put on the place affected.”

The old farmer afterwards tried the cure, and found it very effectual.

A LANDED PROPRIETOR.

Dr Gray, at one time minister of Abernethy, though much respected among his parishioners, was not on the same friendly footing with his heritors. The burial ground attached to the church was pretty extensive, and in the summer time he was accustomed to turn in his cow to graze among the tombstones. Mr P——, a heritor, supposing he had

an interest in the churchyard, was hurt at the conduct of Dr Gray, and wrote him a letter threatening him with the vengeance of the law if he did not find other quarters for his cow. Dr Gray replied that he always understood Mr P— was interested in the burial ground *only* to the extent of six feet by three, and the sooner he came and took possession of his *estate* the better—he would be happy to let him have it.

DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.

During his residence at Hawthornden, Drummond courted a young lady of the name of Cunningham, with whom he was about to have been united, when she was snatched from him by a violent fever. To dissipate his grief, which every object and every thought in this retirement contributed to revive, he travelled on the continent for about eight years, visiting Germany, France, and Italy, which, at that time, comprised all that was interesting in polished society and study to a man of curiosity and taste. During this tour, he enriched his memory and imagination by studying the various models of original poetry, and collected a valuable set of Greek and Latin authors, with some of which he enriched the College Library of Edinburgh, and others were deposited at Hawthornden. The books and manuscripts which he gave to Edinburgh were arranged in a catalogue, printed in 1627, and introduced by a Latin preface from his pen, on the advantage and honour of libraries, which, at that time, were considered rather as accidental collections than necessary institutions.

During the civil war, his attachment to the king and church induced him to write many pieces in support of the establishment, which involved him with the revolutionary party, who not only called him to a severe account, but com-

pelled him to furnish his quota of men and arms to fight against the cause which he espoused. It is said, that "his estate lying in three different counties, he had not occasion to send one whole man, but halves and quarters, and such like fractions; upon which he wrote, *extempore*, the following verses to his majesty:—

"Of all these forces raised against the king,
'Tis my strange hap not one whole man to bring,
From divers parishes, yet divers men,
But all in halves and quarters; great king, then,
In halves and quarters, if they come against thee,
In halves and quarters send them back to me.

Or,
In legs and arms, send thou them back to me."

His grief for the murder of his royal master is said to have been so great as to shorten his days. He died on the 4th of December 1649, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, and was interred in his own aisle, in the church of Lasswade, near to his house of Hawthornden. He left two sons and a daughter, William, who was knighted in Charles II.'s reign, Robert, and Elizabeth, who was married to Dr Henderson, a physician of Edinburgh.

His character has descended to us without blemish. Unambitious of riches or honours, he appears to have projected the life of a retired scholar, from which he was diverted only by the commotions that robbed his country of its tranquillity. He was highly accomplished in ancient and modern languages, and in the amusements which became a man of his rank.—*Mitchell*.

VAILS TO SERVANTS.

The practice of giving vails to servants, at one time universally prevailed in Scotland. Nothing can be conceived meaner, on the part of a master, than permitting his servants to be paid by others; nothing more inhospitable towards guests than suffering them, in a

manner, to pay for the entertainment. Nothing can tend more to make servants rapacious, insolent, and profligate, than to allow them to display their address in extracting money from the visitors of their masters; yet this custom had crept in universally. Its bad effect had already been severely felt, when an outrage of the footmen in the playhouse displayed the evil in so strong a light as to occasion its redress. Although it is the province of the stage to lash the vices, and to ridicule the follies of the people in all ranks, yet, soon after the farce of *High Life below Stairs* was produced, the footmen taking it in high dudgeon that a farce reflecting upon their fraternity should be exhibited, resolved that it should be no more performed. Accordingly, on the second night of its being announced at Edinburgh in the bills, Mr Love, one of the managers, came upon the stage, and read a letter containing the most violent threatenings, both against the actors and the house, should the piece be represented, declaring that above seventy people had agreed to sacrifice *fame, honour, and profit*, to prevent it. Notwithstanding this fulmination the performers were ordered to go on. That servants might not be kept in the cold, or induced to tittle in the adjacent ale-houses, while they waited for their masters, the humanity of the gentry had provided that the upper gallery should afford gratis admission to such servants as were attending the theatre. Yet did the only part of the spectators, who were admitted for nothing, presume to forbid the entertainment of their masters, because it exposed the vices of their own order. No sooner did the piece begin than a prodigious noise was heard from the footmen's gallery. They were ordered to be silent, but ineffectually. Many of the gentlemen discovered amongst the noisy crew their own servants. When they would not submit to authority, their masters, as-

sisted by others in the house, went up to the gallery; and it was not till after a battle, and the servants were fairly overpowered, and thrust out of the house, that quietness could be restored. So daring an insult made it not only necessary that servants should be deprived of the freedom of the playhouse, which they had so grossly abused, but that the practice of giving vails, so pernicious to their morals, should be abolished.

The gentlemen of the county of Aberdeen had the merit to be the first to make a resolution, neither to give, nor allow their servants to receive, any money from their visitors, under the name of drink-money, card-money, &c.; and, instead of it, to augment their wages. They were followed by the gentlemen of the county of Edinburgh, by the faculty of advocates, and other respectable public bodies, and the practice was in a short time abolished all over Scotland.—*Mitchell*.

WISE MEN OF DUMBARTON.

When the inhabitants of Glasgow wished to form a seaport for their commerce, it was proposed to select Dumbarton, but the inhabitants of that town declined the boon. They, in their wisdom, considered that the resort of shipping would raise the price of provisions, and that there was also something dirty in a seaport; and, besides, it would disturb their repose. It was in the middle of the eighteenth century that this offer was made.

"This is one of the very rare instances," says Dupin, "where the Scotch had decided foolishly in their municipal interests."

THE ORIGIN OF CARDS.

The alleged origin of the invention of cards produced one of the shrewdest

replies ever given in evidence. It was made by Dr Gregory to an eminent Scottish counsel. The doctor's evidence went to prove the insanity of the party whose mental capacity was the point at issue. On a cross interrogation he admitted that the person in question played admirably at whist.

"And do you seriously say, doctor," said the learned counsel, "that a person having a superior capacity for a game so difficult, and which requires, in a pre-eminent degree, memory, judgment, and combination, can be at the same time deranged in his understandin'?"

"I am no card-player," said the doctor with great address, "but I have read in history that cards were invented for the amusement of an insane king."

The consequences of the reply were decisive.

"NOTHING."

One of Her Majesty's inspectors of schools in the north received recently an answer from an urchin which rather astonished him. In speaking of the creation of the world, the inspector asked a little fellow—

"Of what did God make it?"

"Nothing," was the reply; and, in order to impress upon the pupil's mind the greatness of the work, asked—

"Did you ever see nothing?"

"Yes," replied the bright youngster.

"Indeed," said the astonished inspector, "and where did you see nothing?"

"*On the sklate, sir,*" was the triumphant answer.

REVOLUTIONARY PRINCIPLES OVERTURNED.

When the Gordon Fencibles were reviewed in 1704, by his late majesty, an old gentleman, a native of the High-

lands, which he had left in early life, resided in London. At the commencement of the revolution he imbibed many of the new opinions, became an imaginary citizen of the world, and would not acknowledge himself as a native of any country. When the Highland regiment was reviewed, he refused to accompany a friend to the review, saying, in his usual style, he had no country or countrymen. However, he was prevailed upon to go; and when he saw the regiment, the plaids, and the bonnets, and heard the sound of the pipes, the memory of former days returned with such force that his heart swelled, his eyes filled with tears, and bursting away from his friend, he exclaimed—

"I have a country after all; the sight of these poor fellows has given me a truer lesson than all my boasted philosophy."

Ever afterwards he used to smile at his sudden conversion, and never missed an opportunity of visiting his native country.

SIR ANDREW AGNEW'S BROAD HINT.

Sir Andrew Agnew was famous for giving *broad hints*. The nature of them will be best ascertained by the following anecdote:—Sir Andrew having for some time been pestered by an impertinent intruder, it was one day remarked to the baronet by a friend, that this man no longer appeared in his company, and asked how he contrived to get rid of him.

"In troth," said the baronet, "I was obliged to give the chield a *broad hint*."

"A broad hint!" replied the friend; "I thought he was one of those who could not take a hint."

"By my faith, but he was *forced* to take it," answered Sir Andrew; "for, as the fellow would not gang out by the *door*, I threw him out of the *window*."

DUTY ON CLARET ENFORCED.

In 1754, when Sir Hugh Palliser was captain of the "Sea-horse" man-of-war, lying in Leith Roads, a person, under indenture of apprenticeship, having entered as a seaman on board his ship, was reclaimed by his master, but refused by the commander. In consequence of this, one of the judges granted a warrant to bring the man on shore, with which a messenger was despatched. The captain, under the impression that he was answerable only to the Lords of the Admiralty for his conduct, refused to give the man up; upon which the messenger broke his rod of office before him, as a protest against his conduct, and returned. A warrant was then issued against the captain himself, and on his coming on shore it was executed, and he was committed to prison. Upon his refusing to acknowledge the jurisdiction of the court, he was remanded to his former place of confinement for six weeks, until the apprentice was released. On this conduct of the judge, Lord Hardwicke, then lord chancellor, remarked, that "he was a bold judge, but that what he had done was right." Sir Hugh, on his return to England, threatened to make the frauds on the revenue a subject of Parliamentary investigation if not attended to, and the ministers then enforced the duties on claret wine. Before that time it had been customary quietly to ignore the excise duties on claret.

THE CAMERONIANS.

After the long and desperate persecution by Charles II., a party at last appeared, among the Presbyterians, prepared to renounce their allegiance to the crown. The origin of this new sect must be ascribed to the rigours of government; its extravagance, to the sufferings which the intercommuned

had endured. When proscribed and driven from their abodes by government, they were pursued by the military like beasts of prey; and their fanaticism was daily exasperated and confirmed by their sufferings and their despair. While they roamed or lurked throughout the country, heated, and mutually inflaming each other with religious frenzy, their preachers began to consider their king as a tyrant, and to separate from the great body of the Presbyterians, who, according as they enjoyed his protection, or acknowledged his authority, were involved in the iniquity or defection of the times. Cargill and Cameron, who had escaped from Bothwell, returned from the continent to their vagrant flock, which acquired from the latter the name of Cameronians, a designation still appropriated by the Reformed Presbyterian Church—"Cameronians"—and by a regiment of the line. A party appeared in arms at Sanquhar, where Cameron read and affixed a declaration to the market cross, that although descended from the race of their ancient kings, Charles Stuart, by his perjuries, in the breach of his covenanted vows, by his tyrannical government, and by his usurpation over their civil and religious liberties, had dissolved their allegiance and forfeited all right and title to the crown. They were surprised in 1680 at Airmoss, in the district of Kyle; Cameron and his brother, fighting back to back, obtained by their gallantry an honourable death. Hackston, of Rathillet, and fifteen horsemen, were taken prisoners; but the foot, a despicable band of forty peasants, retired into the morass, from the pursuit of the guards; Cargill alone continued to preach in the fields. At a conventicle held in the Torwood, he pronounced a solemn excommunication against their persecutors, the Dukes of Lauderdale, Rothes, Monmouth, York, and the king himself. A sentence

ludicrous at present, but productive then of a deep and indelible impression on the whole sect. While we pity or deride their extravagance, it is difficult to condemn them, for disowning a government under which they had enjoyed no reciprocal protection, but by which they were uniformly persecuted and proscribed. The indignity done to the majesty, or rather to the name of the king, was severely avenged. Cameron's head was inhumanly presented to his aged father, confined in prison, and was affixed with his hands to the city-gate, in the mock attitude of prayer. Rathillet's sentence was first determined by the privy council, and was pronounced next day by the justiciary court. It appeared that he was present, without assisting at the murder of Sharp; but there is reason to believe that he had endeavoured previously to dissuade his associates from the prime's death. Although reduced so low by his wounds that he was preserved from torture, as unable to survive it, he suffered the amputation of his hands with indifference, and endured, with an enthusiastic fortitude, the utmost rigour of an atrocious punishment. The other prisoners were executed to a man; their heads exhibited a barbarous spectacle, at the entrance of the city; or, if stolen or interred by the piety of their friends, were replaced by the heads of other prisoners taken with Cargill.—*Mitchell.*

THE TOWER OF DRUM.

The tower of Drum, about ten miles from Aberdeen, is sixty feet long, forty wide, and sixty-three high in the walls, which are twelve feet thick on the first storey above ground, and more below. In the vault is a draw-well. Feuds long subsisted between the Marischal and Drum families; and there is a place in the river Dee, opposite to the house of Drum, called

the Keiths' hole, into which the Irvines of Drum are said to have driven the Keiths. On the occasion of some quarrel, Marischal sent a message to Drum, threatening, if he got not reparation, that he would come and drive him out of his crow's nest.

"He may try it," said Drum; "but tell him, that if I live but a short while, I shall have a nest that he and his clan shall not be able to throw down."

He accordingly built the present tower. In the parish of Kinellar is a great stone, called Drum's stone, in sight of Harlaw, on which Drum made his testament, before the battle in which he was killed.

PUBLIC CLOCKS IN ABERDEEN.

In the middle of the fifteenth century, the town of Aberdeen had a public clock or horologe upon the tolbooth, and in the beginning of the sixteenth century a similar clock was placed upon the church. In 1467, a person was appointed by the town council manager of the horologe, with an annual salary of £2 for his services. In the beginning of the sixteenth century there was not a mechanic in the town able to repair the clock upon the tolbooth, so it was sent to Flanders for repair, and brought back at the end of about a year; but not much improved, for *Friar* Alexander Lindsay was employed to make certain improvements upon it, for which he was to be allowed five marks, provided the clock was made to strike correctly.

FAMILY OF ABERCROMBIE.

There was something remarkable in the family of Sir Ralph Abercrombie. The father, who was born in 1704, lived to see his four sons honoured and respected at the head of their different

professions. While his eldest son, Sir Ralph, was commander-in-chief in the West Indies, his second son, Sir Robert, held the same situation in the East; Lord Abercrombie, the third son, was an eminent, learned, and virtuous judge; and the fourth died in possession of an independent fortune acquired in the service of the East India Company. Three of his daughters were married to gentlemen of family and fortune, who resided so near him that he could dine with either any day he choose; and his fourth daughter continuing unmarried, devoted her days to the declining years of her father. Latterly he lived with his son.

"I happened," says Colonel Stewart, "to be in Edinburgh in May 1800, and dined with Lady Abercrombie, on the day Sir Ralph left her to embark on that expedition from which he never returned. A king's messenger had arrived from London the day before, and Sir Ralph only waiting for a few necessary arrangements, set out on the following morning. When at dinner with the family, after his departure, I was affected in a manner which I can never forget, by the respectable old man's anxiety about his son, and his observations and inquiries about his future intentions, and what service was intended for him. His particular destination was not known at that time, but it was suspected that he would be immediately employed.

"They will wear him out," said he, "too soon" (the son was then in his 60th year), "and make an old man of him before his time, with their expeditions to Holland one year, and the West Indies the next; and if he would follow my advice, he would settle at home and take his rest." And when Lady Abercrombie observed that she was afraid he must go abroad—

"Then," said he, "he will never see me more."

The verification of this melancholy

prediction might be expected from his great age, being then in his 97th year. He died in the month of July following, eight months before his son, whose absence he regretted so much.

A LARGE ROOM.

Two Ayr worthies, who were fond of a wee drap "barley bree," sat in a public-house till "Forbes Mackenzie" put them out; their "lowin' drouth," however, not being satisfied, they (having provided themselves with a supply) resolved to adjourn to a quiet corner of the "Low Green," and there finish their libations. Seating themselves on a long "settle," they continued to pledge each other till both fell fast asleep. About the "wee short hour" one of them got up for the purpose of retiring, but being unconscious of his whereabouts, he wandered about for an hour or so, and at last stumbled upon his friend. After rousing him up, he observed—

"I say, Tam, this maun be an awsome big room, for I've been wandering about mair than an oor, and I canna fin' the door."

To which his friend replied—

"Weel, James, I ken little aboot the size o' the room; but, hic!" looking up towards the bright starry firmament, "I see it has an awfu' heich ceilin'."

THE GROWTH OF A TRUE HIGHLANDER.

Let me tell you, as shortly as I can, how it happens that I know something about traditions of any kind. I was "raised" in the Highlands of Scotland, and as soon as I was out of the hands of nursemaids I was handed over to the care of a piper. His name was the same as mine—John Campbell—and from him I learned a good many useful

arts. I learned to be hardy and healthy, and I learned Gaelic; I learned to swim, and to take care of myself, and to talk to everybody who choose to talk to me. My kilted nurse and I were always walking about in foul weather or fair, and every man, woman, and child in the place had something to say to us. Thus, I made early acquaintance with a blind fiddler, who could recite stories. I worked with the carpenters; I played shinty with all the boys about the farm; and so I got to know a good deal about the ways of Highlanders by growing up as a Highlander myself.—*J. F. Campbell.*

CAPTAIN CRICHTON.

The Covenanters must not have the whole weight of fanaticism heaped upon their shoulders. Their adversaries must come in for their share; nor can a wilder or more enthusiastic fanatic be found than Captain Crichton, a Scots officer of dragoons, employed by the hot-headed northern ministry of Charles II., to discover and seize Presbyterian preachers among the hills. His life and adventures are to be found in some editions of the works of Dean Swift, who, great as his abilities were, actually suffered himself to be so far warped by bigotry, as to speak of this wretched tool of persecution in the highest terms, and even to compare his commentaries to those of Philip de Comines.

The first exploit of this hero was the seizing, with a party of soldiers, one Stobo, a poor Nonconformist teacher, and the leading him to almost certain death, although his daughter offered him a hundred dollars to let her parent escape. He then tells his readers how he and his comrades lived plentifully a whole year on a contribution raised to recover a horse, which they had literally stolen from a lady who had attended a converticle. Soon after, our Philip de

Comines, at the head of twelve dragoons, took a very celebrated preacher, and brought him to the gallows. He now believed himself such a favourite of Heaven that he had revelation after revelation, by dreams and impressions on his mind, to tell him the hiding-places of the poor persecuted Covenanters, who had done no offence excepting worshipping the God of their fathers. These he loads with all the scurrility of a drunken trooper; they are rogues, rascals, "rebels," &c. He "rakes hell" to find a soldier that can mimic their clergymen; in short, the whole work, considered as a performance, recommended enthusiastically by the Dean of St Patrick's, stands forward as the most extraordinary instance of blind fanaticism, both in the writer and in the encomiast, that any age ever produced.—*Mitchell.*

DR ROBERTSON AND DR ERSKINE.

These two leaders of the Church of Scotland were, as it happened, colleague ministers in the same kirk in Edinburgh; but, the party differences which separated them so widely in the ecclesiastical courts were never permitted to disturb the kindness of that co-operative zeal with which they discharged the common functions thus entrusted to their care. While the minor champions of the two parties were found disturbing with their jealousies, envies, and aversions every corner of the country, these excellent men might be seen, year after year, through a long period of their lives, walking together, in brotherly love, to the church, in which they both officiated, each recommending to his people, by his example, to listen, with Christian confidence, to the instructions of the other; forgetting utterly the paltry disputes of presbyteries, synods, and assemblies, in the presence of their common Father

and their common flock, and looking down, with equal pity, from the elevation of their common love and faith, upon the little heart-burnings which agitated the bosoms of their less intelligent and less liberal adherents. The example which they thus afforded was of course valuable, in proportion to the reputation they enjoyed; and, in either case, this was very great.

REMARKABLE WOUNDS.

In the campaign in Holland in 1794, a musket-ball entered the edge of the left eye of Captain Munro, of the 78th Highlanders, and passing under the bridge of the nose to the right, carried away both eyes, without leaving the least mark except the blank on the eyes shot away. He was quite well in a few weeks, and taught himself to write a short letter with much correctness, and to play on several musical instruments. He became a judicious agriculturist, and a spirited improver of his estates. As the sergeant-major of the same regiment leaped into the trenches, a ball struck him high up on the outside of the right thigh, passed down to the knee, and, entering the left leg at the calf, came out at the ankle; but, as it touched no bone, it did not disable him above ten days, notwithstanding its long course running round so many bones.

A WHOLESALE DENTAL OPERATION.

One day, a good many years ago, when suffering severely from toothache, Geordie Purdie went in desperation to the surgery of Dr Bellamy, of Kilpirnie, to get the offending tooth extracted with the greatest possible despatch, and the least possible pain. The kind-hearted doctor, who treated even his toughest patients with the tenderness due to a

child, held an inquest over Purdie's open mouth, and after examining it as carefully as the gurgle of restrained howls would admit, was compelled at last to ask the question—

“Which tooth is it, Geordie, for they seem to be all bad alike?”

“Aweel, doctor,” answered Geordie resignedly, and with readiness of wit worthy of an Irishman, “*ye'll better just clear the shelf!*”—*Gorrie.*

A BOLD STROKE.

Lord Crawford, so remarkable for his courage and thirst of glory, exhibited a marked instance of presence of mind, on the morning of the battle of Rocoux, on the 1st of October 1746, when Sir John Ligonier, the Earls of Crawford and Rothes, Brigadier Douglas, and other officers of the British troops, distinguished themselves by their gallantry and conduct. Accompanied by some volunteers and his aide-de-camp, and attended by two orderly dragoons, he rode out before day to reconnoitre the situation of the enemy, and fell in with one of their advanced guards. The sergeant who commanded it immediately turned out his men, and their pieces were presented when the earl first perceived them. Without betraying the least mark of disorder, he rode up to the sergeant, and assuming the character of a French general, told him, in that language, that there was no occasion for such ceremony. Then he asked if they had perceived any of the parties, and being answered in the negative—

“Very well,” said he, “be upon your guard, and if you should be attacked, I will take care you shall be sustained:” so saying, he and his company retired, before the sergeant could recollect himself from the surprise occasioned by this unexpected address. In all probability he was soon sensible

of his mistake, for the incident was that very day publicly mentioned in the French army. The Prince of Imgray, an officer in the Austrian service, having been taken prisoner in the battle that ensued, dined with Marshal Count Saxe, who dismissed him on his parole, and desired he would charge himself with his compliments to his old friend, the Earl of Crawford. He wished his lordship joy of being a French general, and said he could not help being displeased with the sergeant, as he had not procured him the honour of his lordship's company to dinner.

A PATRIOTIC FAMILY.

There is a tradition that farmer Benzie and his eleven sons acted as guides, and rendered other assistance to King Robert Bruce at the battle of Inverury, and that one of his sons was killed. On this account, the king erected Inverury into a royal burgh, and the lands of the burgh were divided into eleven parts, and so they are said to have continued till of late.

FISHERMAN'S LAW.

The mode of dividing the produce of the fishing at Nairn, after the boat has returned, is simple, and well calculated to secure justice and satisfaction to all parties. One equal share is allotted to the boat, and one to each man in it. Let us suppose, therefore, a case in which there had been seven men in the boat, the fish would have to be divided into eight shares. This being done, each man would take up a stone, and lay it down in a place in the middle, observing the stone, so as to know it from the rest. The party then would call some other man, a stranger, who had not seen to whom the stones belonged, to come and take them up, and lay a stone to each share. Every man,

then, has the share to which his stone is laid. As it is, therefore, altogether uncertain to whom any of the shares are afterwards to fall, whilst they are dividing them, they have every reason to endeavour to make them as equal as possible.

"HISTORY OF BUCKHAVEN."

I had heard of a pamphlet, which sells for a penny, describing the village of Buckhaven, and the manners, customs, and notions of its inhabitants. I wished to see it, and told the landlord of the inn, that I would, as he had it not himself, pay him well, if he could get me a sight of it. I heard no more of it till an hour after, when, as I was mounting my horse, I saw a number of savage-looking men and women gathering around me, demanding who and what I was? In order to get the pamphlet, my hostess had set the bell through the town, offering a shilling for the book; and as it represents them in a ludicrous point of view, and they think nobody reads it but with a view to laugh at them, they had determined to give me a drubbing. The truth is, I was obliged to stop, and it required all my address, as well as the aid of my purse, to get off with a whole head, which I at length effected by distributing money among their children, and giving them plenty of porter.—*Hall.*

A HIGHLAND BEDLAM.

There is a harbour on the south side of the island Borerá; the entry seems to be narrower than it really is; the island and the opposite point of land appear like two little promontories off at sea. Some vessels have been forced in there by storm, as was Captain Peters, a Dutchman, and after him an English

ship, who both approved of this harbour. The former built a cock-boat there, on a Sunday, at which the natives were much offended. The latter having landed in the Highlands, happened to come into a house where he found only ten women, and they were employed, as he supposed, in a strange manner, viz., their arms and legs were bare, being five on a side; and between them lay a board, upon which they had laid a piece of cloth, and were thickening of it with their hands and feet, and singing all the while. The Englishman concluded it to be a little Bedlam, which he did not expect in so remote a corner; and this he told to Mr John Maclean, who possesses the island; Mr Maclean answered, that he never saw any mad people in those islands, but this would not satisfy, till they both went to the place where the women were at work, and then Mr Maclean having told him it was their common way of thickening or "fulling" cloth, he was convinced, though surprised at the manner of it.

A VALIANT QUAKER.

David Barclay, of Mathers, the "Apologist's" father, served as a colonel under the great Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, and when the troubles broke out in Charles the First's time, did not remain neuter. In that fluctuating period he became a quaker, and, when he retired to live upon his estate, wished to improve his farm. But as he knew nothing of agriculture, he was obliged to trust all to his servants. Having discovered that he had an unskilful ploughman, he was at much pains to recommend better methods of ploughing from what he had observed among his neighbours; but the fellow was obstinate, and would go on in his own way.

"Thou knowest, friend," said Mr Barclay, "that I feed and pay thee to

do my work in a proper manner, but thou art wise in thine own eyes, and regardest not the admonitions of thy employer. I have hitherto spoken to thee in a style thou understandest not, for verily thou art of a perverse spirit; I wish to correct thy errors, for my own sake, and for thine, and therefore thus tell thee (coming over his head with a blow which brought him to the ground) that I am thy master, and will be obeyed!" Though the weapon was carnal, this was the demonstration of power, and had the desired effect; the ploughman became tractable and quiet as a lamb.

Of however little value we may think the property of a few hundred yards of a barren mountain, in former ages great disputes have arisen, and much blood has been shed, in regard to the march-line of the different heritors, which is commonly marked out by cairns, or large stones, the bearings of which are marked down in writing, and, in case of encroachment, the ground is perambulated by the oldest people in the neighbourhood. A difference of this kind arose between Colonel Barclay and a neighbour of his, who had built a sheiling beyond his march. Mr Barclay sent the gentleman notice to remove the hut, signifying, that if he did not he would come and throw it down. No regard was paid to the message, on which the colonel called together a few of his tenants, and went to the spot. The other gentleman had heard of his intention, and came also, fully prepared to oppose force to force. When the belligerent landlords, at the head of their respective corps, armed with spades, pitchforks, swords, and rusty muskets, had got within the disputed precincts, a halt was commanded on both sides, and the chiefs advancing between the front lines, with a sullen silence, saluted each other.

"Friend," said Mr Barclay, "I have long ago renounced the wrathful prin-

ciple, and wish not to quarrel with anybody; but if thou hast a right to build within the march-line between us here, it is but extending that right, to build within my arable fields, which are also uninclosed. Let our people stand by, while thou and I throw down this hut, injurious to my property, and of no consequence to thee."

The other affirmed that he had a right to build the hut where it stood, that his neighbour's claim to the ground was unjust and ill-founded, and that he would be the death of the first man who should dare to touch it.

"Friend," said the colonel, "the time was when thou wouldst not have dared to speak to me in this style; but though I am only the withered remains of what I once was, thou hadst better not stir up the old man within me: if thou dost, he will soon be too much for thee. Be thy threats unto thyself, I shall throw down the first stone, and do you, my people, level this unjust encroachment of my neighbour."

The hut was thrown down, without the least opposition; and both parties returned in peace to their respective places of abode.

A POLITE DISTINCTION.

A parish surgeon was wont to be very much bothered by an old hypochondriacal patient, when on one occasion he was stopt by her in the street of the village, and thus addressed—

"Doctor, if ye jist pit yer *ear* to ma lug ye will hear sic a singin'."—*Dr Wilson.*

LADY BETTY B—E.

Near the village of Auchencrow (popularly called Edencraw), in Berwickshire, there lived in the beginning of the century an old lady, Miss B—e, commonly known in the neighbourhood as Lady Betty B—e. A small estate

surrounded her residence. She was of parsimonious habits, and kept a *haffin* as stable boy, gardener, &c. At breakfast time she was accustomed to go to the house door, when the boy was at work in a distant part of the garden, beyond ear-shot, and inquire what he would have for breakfast in the following terms, she herself supplying the replies:—

"Heigh, callant, will ye hae parritch or brose?"

"I think he says brose."

"Heigh, callant, d'ye like them thick or thin?"

"I think he says thin."

"Heigh, callant, will ye hae sweet milk or sour?"

"I think he says sour."—*Dr Wilson.*

ESCAPE OF MACLAREN.

One of the Lairds of Balquhiddy, Maclaren of Wester Inverneuty, escaped sharing the fate of many of his countrymen, who suffered at Carlisle for their share in the troubles of 1745. A party of dragoons were conducting him to Carlisle, to take his trial as a rebel; and just as they had ascended an eminence near Moffat, where the rivers Tweed, Clyde, and Annan originate, and descend in different directions, the former to the German ocean, and the two latter to the Atlantic, the prisoner requested permission to step aside, which was granted. Seeing his guard sauntering on, inattentive to their duty, he seized the favourable moment, tumbled heels over head from the top to the bottom of the declivity, and ran off with astonishing swiftness. Favoured by a fog, he gained a morass, into which he darted for safety, and soon discovered a hole, whence peats had been dug, in which he immersed himself up to the neck, his head being covered with a turf. In this situation he remained till night, when he found

his way across the country to the place where his wife lived, near his own property; and disguising himself like a woman, he continued unmolested, till the Act of Indemnity passed, which enabled him to show his face without fear of peril. This is the foundation of the story of Pate-in-peril, in the novel of *Redgauntlet*.

A MYSTERIOUS STORY.

About the beginning of the last century, when the large castles of the Scottish nobles, and even the secluded hotels, like those of the French noblesse, which they possessed in Edinburgh, were sometimes the scenes of strange and mysterious transactions, a divine of singular sanctity was called up at midnight to pray with a person at the point of death. This was no unusual summons; but what followed was alarming. He was put into a sedan chair, and after he had been transported to a remote part of the town, the bearers insisted upon his being blindfolded. The request was enforced by a cocked pistol, and submitted to; but in the course of the discussion he conjectured, from the phrases employed by the chairmen, and from some part of their dress not completely concealed by their cloaks, that they were greatly above the menial station they had assumed. After many turns and windings, the chair was carried upstairs into a lodging, where his eyes were uncovered, and he was introduced into a bedroom, where he found a lady, newly delivered of an infant. He was commanded by his attendants to say such prayers by her bedside as were fitting for a person not expected to survive a mortal disorder. He ventured to remonstrate, and observe that her safe delivery warranted better hopes, but he was sternly commanded to obey the orders first given, and with difficulty recollected himself

sufficiently to acquit himself of the task imposed on him. He was then again blindfolded, and hurried into the chair; but as they conducted him downstairs, he heard the report of a pistol. He was safely conducted home, a purse of gold was forced upon him; but he was warned, at the same time, that the least allusion to this dark transaction would cost him his life. He betook himself to rest, and after long and broken musings, fell into a deep sleep. From this he was awakened by his servant, with the dismal news, that a fire of uncommon fury had broken out in the house of —, near the head of the Canongate, and that it was totally consumed; with the shocking addition, that the daughter of the proprietor, a young lady eminent for beauty and accomplishments, had perished in the flames. The clergyman had his suspicions, but to have made them public would have availed nothing. He was timid; the family was of the first distinction; above all, the deed was done, and could not be amended. Time wore away, however, and with it his terrors. He became unhappy at being the solitary depository of this fearful mystery, and mentioned it to some of his brethren, through whom the incident acquired a sort of publicity. The divine, however, had been long dead, and the story in some degree forgotten, when a fire broke out again on the very same spot where the house of — had formerly stood, and which was now occupied by buildings of an inferior description. When the flames were at their height, the tumult, which usually attends such a scene was suddenly suspended by an unexpected apparition. A beautiful female, in a nightdress extremely rich, but at least half a century old, appeared in the very midst of the fire, and uttered these tremendous words in her vernacular idiom:—

“Anes burned, twice burned; the third time I’ll scare you all!”

The belief in this story was formerly so strong, that on a fire breaking out, and seeming to approach the fatal spot, there was a good deal of anxiety testified lest the apparition should make good her denunciations.

PRACTICAL FORE-ORDINATION.

A Paisley merchant had for a servant a country girl, who in her home training had been taught strongly to believe in the doctrine of fore-ordination. One evening in removing the tea things from the table, as ill-luck would have it, she stumbled, and the tray, cups, saucers, &c., went down in one heap to their almost complete demolition. Her master warmly rebuked her for her carelessness, but she coolly assured him that it was useless to get into a passion about the accident, for, said she, "If it hadna been fore-ordeened, it wouldna hae happened."

This was too much for the indignant pirn merchant, so, lending her a hearty "slap on the haffits," he exclaimed, "Weel, then, that was fore-ordeened tac, ye careless limmer!"

EVIL GENII.

The evil genii who make their attacks upon cows are at times so daring as to attempt to do mischief to children; and however ignorant the gentlemen and clergy of the county may be in the means of defending them, such knowledge has been liberally imparted to the plain and simple; and the nurses understand that a brooch fastened to a child's clothes infallibly defeats the witch's influence. If the sceptical infidelity and pride of the gentleman should attempt to remove it, the tender nurse will still conceal the brooch under some fold of the clothes, and her persevering affection

for her charge will continue, under every discouragement, to render this important aid.—*Martin.*

AN ANIMATED MILK CAN.

The following anecdote of Dr Johnson used to be told by a well-known lawyer and *bon vivant* of Edinburgh, who died about forty or fifty years ago:

The doctor, riding along the road during his Scottish tour, asked the way of a country lad, who was running with swollen cheeks and reddened complexion. Receiving no answer, he came down on the lad's shoulders smartly with his riding-whip. The cheeks collapsed, and a white fluid spurted forth, when Johnson was thus accosted—

"Oh, sir, what hae ye dune? An me rinnin' seven mile wi' a moothfu o' milk to a sick wean!"

TWO VIEWS.

One day in spring Sir Walter strolled forth with Lady Scott to enjoy a walk round Abbotsford. In their wanderings they passed a field where a number of ewes were enduring the frolics of their lambs.

"Ah!" exclaimed Sir Walter, "'tis no wonder that poets, from the earliest ages, have made the lamb the emblem of peace and innocence."

"They are indeed delightful animals," returned her ladyship, "especially with mint sauce."

THE BLACK CAPTAIN.

A gentleman, usually called the Black Captain, perished, together with his company, in the snow, whilst on a sporting expedition in the Highlands, near Kinrara, February 1802. It was well believed in the neighbouring

counties that he had a compact with evil spirits, and that it required twelve men, with all their force, to keep down the lid of the coffin whilst it was nailed.

SILVER PIPES OF THE 73D HIGHLANDERS.

In the battle with Hyder Ali, on the 1st July 1781, the 73d, or Macleod Highlanders, were on the right of the first line, leading all the attacks, to the full approbation of General Coote, whose notice was particularly attracted by one of the pipers, who always blew up his most warlike sounds whenever the fire became hotter than usual. This so pleased the general that he cried aloud—

“Well done, my brave fellow; you shall have a pair of silver pipes for this!”

This promise was not forgotten, and a handsome pair of pipes was presented to the regiment, with an inscription in testimony of the general's esteem for their conduct and character. Previously to this occasion he had no liking to this warlike instrument of music; but the distinctness with which the shrill sounds pierced, and made themselves heard through the noise of the battle, and the influence they seemed to excite, effected a total change in his opinion. The Macleod Highlanders were ever a favourite regiment of General Coote, and in all his battles he was always on the move till he came near them, when he stopped and looked on with delight.

THE SCOTTISH PEASANTRY.

The best place to study the faces of the peasants is in the kirk; it is there the sharpness of their discernment is most vehemently expressed in every line, for they are all critics of the ser-

mon, and even of the prayers; but it is there also that this sharpness of feature is most frequently seen to melt away before emotions of a nobler order, which are no less peculiarly, though far less permanently, theirs. It is a very interesting thing to witness the struggle that seems to be perpetually going on between the sarcastic and reverential elements of their disposition. How bitterly they seem to rejoice in their own strength, when they espy, or think to espy, some chink in the armour of their preacher's reasoning; and then with what sudden humility they appear to bow themselves into the dust before some single solitary gleam of warm affectionate eloquence, the only weapon they have no power to resist.

It is in this mixture of sheer, speculative, and hard-headedness, with the capacity of so much lofty enthusiasm concerning things intangible, that we must seek for the differential quality of the Scottish peasants.

DRS GUTHRIE AND RITCHIE.

Dr John Ritchie, the great voluntary leader, had charged the ministers of the Established Church with living the lives of Sybarites, faring sumptuously every day, and clothing themselves in soft raiment. At the Arbroath meeting Mr Guthrie had to reply to this. He was standing on the front of the platform; his boots were strong, iron-clad, country boots, and his trousers all bespattered with mud, for he had walked in from Arbirlot. Looking round the audience, and holding out his foot, he pointed to it and said—

“My friends, Dr Ritchie declares that we are a set of dandies; do you call *that* the foot of a dandy?”

The appeal was irresistible, and was responded to with great laughter with part of the audience, and with cheers which were redoubled as Mr Guthrie

stood holding out his foot and looking about him with the quietest and most comical smile.

The sequel of the story is equally good. Dr Ritchie was struck with the effectiveness of the reply. At a subsequent meeting he had to answer the charge that his party were "showing the cloven foot." The doctor was attired, as was his wont, punctiliously—knee breeches, silk stockings, and dress shoes. So, extending his shapely limb, he asked with an air of triumph—

"Do you call that a cloven foot?"

Whereupon a mechanic in the gallery shouted out in a gruff voice—

"Tak aff the shoe, sir, and we'll see!"

A PRESBYTERIAN PRAYER FOR PRINCE CHARLES.

Whilst Prince Charles resided at Edinburgh, after the battle of Prestonpans, some of the Presbyterian clergy continued to preach in the church of that city, and publicly prayed for King George. One minister of the name of Macvicar being solicited by some Highlanders to pray for their Prince, promised to comply, and performed his promise in words to the following effect:—

"And as for the young Prince, who is come hither in quest of an earthly crown, grant, O Lord, that he may speedily receive a crown of glory."

A FRIENDLY ADVICE.

Janet was a brewster's wife in the west of Scotland, and a good, sonsy one too, weighing twenty stones if she weighed an ounce. Returning from church one frosty Sunday, she unfortunately trod upon a slide, and came down on her nether end like a "rickle o' banes." A man who was passing

went to her assistance, asking her if she was hurt?

"Lift me up first, John, and I'll tell ye."

John, a thin delicate man, endeavoured vainly to do so; but, as might have been expected, only succeeded in failing; and after the united efforts of three men had placed her on her feet, Janet replied—

"I'm ower saft to hurt, John; but you should aye think o' what ye're takin' in hand, when ye offer to lift a big wife like me."

FAMILY OF LOGAN.

The name of Logan is one of those derived from locality, and hence deemed the more honourable. It appears in Scottish history at the early period of William the Lion, and throughout subsequent ages is connected with important national transactions. The chief was Baron of Restalrig, and this house was connected by various inter-marriages with most of the noble families in the kingdom, and even with royalty itself, one of them having married a daughter of Robert II., who granted him the lands of Grugar, by a charter addressed "*militi dilecto fratri suo.*"

There are several interesting particulars in the history of this unfortunate and redoubtable clan. In 1329, when that solemn embassy was undertaken, in compliance with the death-bed request of the great King Robert Bruce, that his heart might be taken to the holy sepulchre, whither the distractions of his country never permitted him to make a pilgrimage, Sir Robert and Sir Walter Logan were the chief associates of the good Sir James Douglas, in that illustrious band, which comprised the flower of Scots chivalry. The fatal termination of this mission under the walls of Grenada, where an excess of heroism

led them to battle with the Moors, finished in glory the career of most of the troop, and in attempting the rescue of their friend, Lord Sinclair, the Logans fell in the thickest of the fight. Honest Barbour doubteth not for their merit that God had "thar saullis till hys hewynnys hicht." Some centuries ago the Scots navy was able to cope with that of England, and in 1400 Sir Robert Logan, of Restalrig, lord admiral of Scotland, defeated an English fleet in the Firth of Forth. On the return of King James I. from his captivity in England, he knighted the Laird of Restalrig, and made him sheriff principal of Edinburgh. Another was invested lord provost of Edinburgh in 1520, an honour which he well merited, having some years before confirmed a charter, granting to the citizens liberty to pass through his lands to the harbour of Leith, and there to build warehouses, keep inns, and merchants' booths, &c. In 1555 Mary of Loraine intended to erect Leith into a royal burgh, purchased the superiority from Logan, but being dethroned, the town council of Edinburgh, who were jealous of its rising importance, took possession of it by an armed force, and claim to this day the superiority.

The strange and illegal accusation of Restalrig in 1608, eight years after his death, as a participator in the pretended conspiracy of the Earl of Gowrie, and the singular trial of his mouldering remains, are amongst the most mysterious transactions of King James's reign. The sentence of "guilty" threw his forfeited estates into the hands of the Earl of Dunbar, and extinguished a large debt which Balmerino owed to the family. The infamous Sprot, the only accuser, was hanged for his perjury, and the last act of the tragedy was a proscription of the name!

The two sons of the unfortunate baron went abroad, from which the youngest took courage afterwards to

return, but in the first alarm many secluded themselves. Several went to America, and James Logan was one of the first settlers in Philadelphia. The name is known in most kingdoms of Europe. Frederick Baron Logan was a celebrated German poet, who flourished about 1620; and on the continent several eminent men have appeared of this name.

NOTHING LIKE BEING READY.

When the Duke of Bedford approached within a league of Verneuil, before which the Scottish and French army was encamped, he sent a herald to offer them battle, and at the same time bid him tell the Earl of Douglas, who had a principal command, that he was "coming to take a bit with him."

"Very well," said Douglas, "he will find the cloth laid."

ADDRESS OF GENERAL FLOYD TO THE 71ST HIGHLANDERS ON PRESENTING THEIR COLOURS, 21ST APRIL 1808.

"You now stand on this parade in defiance of the allurements held out to base desertion. You are endeared to the army and to your country. You ensure the esteem of all true soldiers and all good men.

"It has been my good fortune to have witnessed, in a remote part of the world, the early glories of the 71st in the field, and it is with great satisfaction I now meet you again, with replenished ranks, arms in your hands, and stout hearts in your bosoms. Look forward, officers and soldiers, to the achievement of new honours, and the acquirement of fresh fame. Officers, be the friends and guardians of those brave men committed to your charge. Soldiers, give confidence to your officers; they have shared with you the chances of war;

they have bled along with you. Preserve your regiment's reputation in the field, early and gloriously gained, and be like them regular in quarters.

"I present the Royal Colours. This is the King's Standard. I now present your regimental colours. May honour and victory ever attend you."

This brave regiment, throughout the Peninsular war, has subsequently nobly fulfilled the expectations of the gallant general.

POLITE CORRESPONDENCE.

An art critic and personal friend of David Roberts published a sharp attack upon certain pictures of his just exhibited.

"My dear Roberts," wrote the critic in a private letter, "you may have seen my remarks on your pictures. I hope they will make no difference in our friendship.—Yours, &c. —."

"My dear —," wrote the painter in reply, "the next time I meet you I shall pull your nose. I hope it will make no difference in our friendship.—Yours, &c. D. ROBERTS."

A CREDITABLE FACTOR.

A petty practitioner of the law in Stirling being proprietor of an estate in a neighbouring parish, sent his proportion of the stipend to the clergyman by the hands of the hangman. When the hangman, who there, as well as in most other places, was neither considered a respectable nor a popular character, and who was seldom seen without the walls of the town where he resided, was approaching the minister's house, the servants and all in the house were much alarmed except the clergyman; and when the hangman knocked at the door, it was like the sentence of death, as everybody had run with fear and

trembling to hide themselves, and no one could be found to let him in. However he was at last admitted.

Upon being desired by the clergyman, Mr Farmer, of Alloa, to come in, he informed him he had been sent by Mr L. with his proportion of the stipend. Finding the money good, and the sum due, Mr Farmer wrote—

"Received from Mr C., through the hands of his agent and factor the hangman of Stirling, the sum of thirty pounds sterling, &c."

But it seems that the year after the gentleman judged it unnecessary to remit his money by his former agent.

'T WAS WELL 'T WAS BUT A DREAM.

"Man, I had an awfu' dream last night," said Grant Thorburn (the original of Galt's *Laurie Todd*, and a wealthy—so far as money goes—seedsmen in New York, and a strong hater of his own country) one morning.

"Ay, what was't?—did ye dream yer wife was dead?"

"Waur than that."

"Was ye deed yersel'?"

"Waur than that tae. I dreamed they sent me back to Scotland!"

HONEST WRECKERS.

A vessel from Ireland, laden with linen yarn, was stranded in Islay. The weather happened to become easy, and the cargo was got out; but it was drenched in salt-water, and it became necessary to have the whole washed in fresh-water. This was done in a river that was near, and the yarn spread along some extensive fields near the shore. Several hundred persons were employed in this work for several weeks. Yarn is the staple manufacture of the island, so that the temptation of embezzlement

was very great, as a discovery in these circumstances would have been extremely difficult. Yet, when the whole was collected together, to the utter astonishment of the parties concerned, only a very few hanks of the yarn, value about two or three shillings, were wanting.

USEFUL DOGS.

Of all animals in the Highlands the dog is perhaps the most sagacious. "Once upon a time," while a young man, an acquaintance of the coachman's, was walking, as he had often done, in Lord Fife's stables at Banff, a Highland cur, that generally hung about the stables, gave the young man no trouble. However, having taken an opportunity, when the servants were not observing, to put a bridle, &c., into his pocket, the dog began to bark at him, and when he came to the stable door would not suffer him to pass, but actually bit his leg to prevent him. As the servants had never seen the dog do so before, and the same young man had been often with them, they could not conceive what could be the reason for the dog's conduct. However, when they saw the end of a valuable bridle peeping out of his pocket, they were able to account for it, and upon his giving the servants the bridle, the dog left the middle of the stable door, where he for some time had stood, and allowed him to go out.

One of the servants of the Viscount of Arbuthnot, at Hatton, in the parish of Marykirk, an estate of his lordship's, went out one morning, and found a man that they knew, and that lived a few miles distant, lying on the road some yards from the stable, with a number of bridles, girths, and other articles of horse apparel near him, and the house dog, which was of the Highland breed, lying also at his ease, holding a piece

of the man's breeches in his mouth. The man confessed his crime, and told them that the dog had struggled with him and held him in that situation for five hours; but that immediately after the servant appeared the dog let go his hold.

JAMIE FULTON.

Jamie Fulton, of Newton-Stewart, was generally considered a "natural," and gained his living by hanging about the Galloway Arms, where the mail coach used to stop, doing small jobs for the passengers, such as carrying parcels, going errands, helping in the stable, &c., getting as a reward his "meat," and occasional coppers, which he faithfully gave to his mother, even to the uttermost farthing.

His father was a cottar, and in the due religious observance of his duty might have rivalled the hero of Burns' poem; and he made it a rule that Jamie should always be present at family devotion, morning and evening. Jamie was always most attentive, and rarely disturbed the family gathering. On one occasion, however, he did do so in this wise. As his father knelt and prayed for the daily bread, Jamie nudged him with his elbow and audibly exclaimed—

"Ask for scones too, faither, ye sowl—scones are better than bread, and it'll be a' the same to Him!"

THE KIRK DEGENERATING.

At a soirée got up by one of the churches in Glasgow, the band of a dragoon regiment was present to discourse sweet music. The idea of a regimental band in the sacred edifice proved too much for the sensitive mind of an old lady, and she exclaimed, with some nervous tremor—

“Eh, sirs me, isn’t this awfu’! The Kirk o’ Scotland has come to a waefu’ pass. Just to think o’ folk haudin’ a tea-party in’t; and e’en that they’re no content wi’, but they maun e’en hae sodgers wi’ brass trumpets and skirlin’ whistles to help them to tak their tea! Hech me, it’s a wonder the roof doesna fa’ on us!”

THE GREAT MICHAEL.

The following is an account of the large ship built by King James IV. of Scotland, and described by his historian with the greatest exactness:—

The King of Scotland rigged a great ship called the Great Michael, which was the largest, and of superior strength to any that had ever sailed from England or France; for this ship was of so great staturc, and took so much timber, that except Falkland, she wasted all the woods in Fife, which were oak wood, with all timber that was gotten out of Norroway; for she was so strong, and of so great length and breadth, all the wrights of Scotland, yea, and many other strangers, were at her device, by the king’s commandment, who wrought very busily in her, but it was a year and a day ere she was complete: to wit, she was twelve score feet in length, and thirty-six feet within the sides; she was ten feet thick in the wall, and boards on every side so slack and so thick that no cannon could go through her.

This great ship cumbered Scotland to get her to sea. From the time that she was afloat and her masts and sails complete, with tows, anchors offering thereto, she was counted to the king to be thirty thousand pounds of expenses: by her artillery, which was very great and costly to the king by all the rest of the orders: to wit, she bore many cannons, six on every side, with three great bassils, two behind in

her dock, and one before, with three hundred shot of small artillery; that is to say, myand and battered falcon, and quarter falcon, slings, pestilent serpenteas, and double dogs, with hugtar and culvering, cross-bows and hand-bows. She had three hundred mariners to sail her; she had six score of gunners to use her artillery, and had a thousand men of war, by her captains, shippers, and quartermasters.”

ART AND NATURE.

A young man fresh from the country, visiting Edinburgh, entered an exhibition of wax figures, and on going within the gateway his sympathy was directed to an old cripple upon two crutches in the corner of the courtyard. After looking a while upon the object of pity, he drew out a coin and presented it to him, but was rather nonplussed at his making no effort to take the proffered alms.

“Hae, man, there’s a penny tae ye,” said he, but got no answer; and it was not until the bystanders burst into laughter that he discovered it was a wax man that aroused his generosity. Determined not to be again taken in, he entered the spacious hall of figures, and in walking among the various groups he observed one isolated figure with its glassy eyes apparently fixed upon some object at the far end of the room. He walked up and examined it all round, and, lifting his hand, he rubbed it over the shoulders of the supposed model, and down its arm, observing to a companion—

“Mon, isna thae nat’ral? I dinna ken fou they can mak them sae like life,” and, peering into the eyes of the figure, was thunderstruck to see it burst out into a broad grin. He left the room with hurried steps, declaring that “he didna ken the dead frae the living, nor the living frae the dead.”

DIVORCE OF THE QUEEN OF DAVID II.

David applied to the Scottish bishops to be divorced from Margaret Logie; they pronounced sentence, but she appealed to the Pope, and repaired in person to Avignon to prosecute her appeal. The case was never determined.

CRAIG-BURNETT HOUSE.

The sequestered situation of Craig-Burnett House is not dreary; and although it is quite remote from the great road, in consequence of being environed by many gentlemen's seats, and the hills chequered with cottages, it possesses, notwithstanding the wildness of the scenery, a very lively aspect. This noble mansion lies at the foot of the green hills of Campsie, which not merely rise to defend it from the rude blasts, but quite encircle the extensive domain; and the narrow strath or vale is richly embellished by woodlands. A singular superstitious tradition attended the building of the old mansion of Craig-Burnett. An ancestor of the present possessor had proposed to erect his house on the banks of Finglen, midway between Glenmill and Baillie, where was said to be an opening which led underground to Keirhill, an artificial mound or sepulchral tumulus. It was this ancient mound the lord of Craig-Burnett had fixed upon; when the progress of the building, as soon as commenced, was interrupted by the "brownies," little fairy elves, who, instigated by their wicked propensity to mischief, issued from their subterraneous abode, and demolished in the night what had been built during the day. With this unequal warfare with the inhabitants of the nether world nothing was seen, but frequently a warning voice was heard to repeat—

"Burry, big your house in a bog,
And you'll never want a fou cog."

The laird listened to the admonition, and built the old castle of Craig-Burnett, as low in the bog as possible, which was finished without further molestation from his invisible counsellors.

The appellation of "Burry," it is said, was given to the S— family, from having a "burr" in their speech. The fairies, however, whispered further admonitions into his ear, and advised him, whenever he set out on a journey, on no consideration to turn back, or ill-luck would ever after pursue him. It chanced soon that, crossing a burr, a short distance from home, his horse tripped, and he was plunged into the water. In vain his servant requested the laird to return and change his clothes; but so entirely did he consider himself under the influence of the fairies, he would not consent, but waited patiently until his man returned with a change of raiment, which he put on, and proceeded on his journey.

HIGHLAND LOVE FOR A LANDLORD.

Many years ago, a gentleman of an ancient and honourable family in the north, got so much involved in debt that he was obliged to sell his estate. One-third of his debts consisted of money borrowed in small sums from his tenants, and from the country people in the neighbourhood. The interest of these sums was paid very irregularly. Instead of complaining of this inconvenience, these people kept at a distance, lest their demands might add to the difficulties of the man whose misfortunes they so much lamented; and many declared that if their money could contribute to save the estate of an honourable family, they would never ask for principal or interest. Speaking to several people on this subject, the

uniform answer which he received was nearly in the following words :—

“God forbid I should distress the honourable gentleman; if my money could serve him, how could I bestow it better? He and his family have ever been kind; he will do more good with the money than ever I can. I can live without it; I can live on potatoes and milk, but he cannot. To see his family obliged to quit the house of his forefathers is cause of grief to us all.”—*Martin.*

THE USE OF BOWS AND ARROWS.

Among the last instances of bowmen in the Highlands were two which occurred in the reign of Charles II. After a long and protracted feud between the Lairds of Macintosh and Lochiel, commencing in a claim of the former to lands held by the latter, Macintosh, to enforce his claim, raised his clan, and, assisted by the Macphersons, marched to Lochaber with 1500 men. He was met by Lochiel with 1200 men, of whom 300 were Macgregors. About 300 were armed with bows. When preparing to engage, the Earl of Breadalbane, who was nearly related to both chiefs, came in sight with 500 men, and sent them notice that if either of them refused to agree to the terms which he had to propose, he would throw his force into the opposite side. This was a strong argument, and not easily refuted. After some hesitation his offer of mediation was accepted, and the feud amicably and finally settled. The other instance happened about the same time, in a contest between the Macdonalds of Glencoe and the Breadalbane men. The former being on their return from a foray, in the low country, attempted to pass through Breadalbane, without giving due notice, or pay the accustomed compliment to the earl, who had a short time previously been raised to that rank.

A number of his lordship's followers, and a great many others who were assembled at the Castle of Finlarig, to celebrate the marriage of a daughter of the family, enraged at this insult, instantly rushed to arms, and following the Macdonalds with more ardour than prudence, attacked them on the top of a hill, north from the village of Killin, where they had taken post to defend their cattle. The assailants were driven back with great loss, principally caused by the arrows of the Lochaber men. It is said that nineteen young gentlemen of the name of Campbell, immediate descendants of the family, fell on that day. Colonel Menzies of Culdares, who had been an active partizan under the Marquis of Argyle and the Covenanters in the civil wars, and whose prudent advice of attacking in flank the hot-headed youth despised, had nine arrow wounds in his legs and thighs.

The yew was the common material of the bows of the Highlanders—

“Who drew,
And almost joined the horns of the tough
yew.”

DR CANDLISH.

A Highland “chairman,” or porter, observing a stranger looking intently at the late Dr Candlish, as he was passing along George Street, Edinburgh, one day, said to him—

“Ay, sir, tak a gude look at him. There's no muckle o' him, but there's a deal in him.”

Those who were acquainted with the physical appearance and intellectual superiority of the late reverend principal will readily appreciate the force of the remark.

HIGGLING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

It is sad to notice the style in which the country folk coming into Stornoway

go about their purchases. For instance, a man comes into town to buy a bonnet. He goes first to the draper's, and after lounging about in the shop, looking round, and perhaps offering an occasional remark on the weather and other general subjects, as if he had no intention of making a purchase (for the people consider the space outside the counter to be public property), he at last approaches the business that brought him. He tries on a variety of bonnets, asks the prices, and takes particular note of the bonnets that suit him. He then leaves the shop, and proceeds to another draper's, where he goes through the same process; and having gone round the town in this way, returns to the place where he thinks he will make the best bargain. After a great deal of higgling to bring down the prices, he perhaps makes the purchase; but if not satisfied, he will go away to return some other day, and see if he cannot get the article for a penny or a half-penny less. This style of business is not confined to the Lews. A gentleman connected with the Perth and Inverness Railway told me, that when that line was first opened, some of the natives, wholly unaccustomed to fixed prices, endeavoured to deal with the ticket-clerk as they would with a shop-keeper. The following was one of the dialogues that ensued:—

Countryman—"What is the price to Kingussie?"

Ticket-clerk—"Two and eightpence."

C.—"Two and eightpence. Hoch, never! I'll give you two shillings."

T.-C.—"There is no reduction. The fare is two and eight."

C.—"Make it two and tuppence, and it's a bargain."

T.-C.—"I tell you the fare is two and eightpence."

C.—"It's only a matter of thirty mile."

T.-C.—"It doesn't matter what it is. That is the fare."

C.—"I'll give you two and three-pence."

T.-C.—"It won't do."

C.—"Two and fourpence, then."

T.-C.—"No, nor two and fourpence."

At two and sixpence they made a dead stand, and finding the clerk inexorable, went away and waited till the next train, when he came back with his offer of the two and sixpence, in hopes of finding the clerk more accommodating.—*Rev. D. Macrae.*

FORGIVE YOUR ENEMIES.

The wife of a respected Dundee physician relates the following amusing anecdote of her youngest—a bright little fellow of four—whose quaint questions and remarks had often provoked the mirth of his parents:—One day he had a quarrel with one of his brothers. On kneeling down by the chair of his mother, as was his wont, to say his prayers, he repeated them in tones that told he had not forgotten his recent trouble. He commenced to pray for the different members of his family individually—"God bless dear papa, dear mamma, and dear Charley," when suddenly he stopped short, as if overcome by emotion.

"No," he sobbed, indignantly, "I won't pray for Petey."

"Oh fie, Johnnie," remarked his mother. "If Petey's a bad boy, you've the more need to pray for him."

The youthful Christian was silent for a moment after this reproof; then, after a brief mental struggle, exclaimed—

"Very well, I'll be good. I'll pray for him. God bless bad Petey, and make him a good boy."

PRICE PAID FOR LEAVE TO MARRY.

The probable reason of the custom appears to have been this:—Persons of

low rank residing on an estate were generally either *adscripti glebae*, or were subjected to some species of servitude, similar to that of the *adscripti glebae*. On that estate they were bound to reside, and to perform certain services to the lord. As women necessarily followed the residence of their husbands, the consequence was, that when a woman of that rank married a stranger, the lord was deprived of part of his live-stock. He would not submit to this loss without requiring an indemnification. At first the sum paid by the father of the young woman would nearly amount to an estimated indemnification; and as the villains were grievously under the power of their lord, it would frequently be exorbitant and oppressive. In process of time the lord would discover, that as the young women of his estate were exported, the young men of his estate would import others, so that upon the whole no great prejudice could arise from extra-territorial marriages; hence the indemnification would be converted into small pecuniary composition, acknowledging the old usage, and the right of the master. As the intrinsic and marketable value of money decreased, this stated composition would be gradually omitted out of tarryers and rent-rolls, or would be thrown in the aggregate sum of rent.

TAKING OF BERWICK, 1318.

One Spalding, a citizen of Berwick, having been harshly treated by the governor, resolved to revenge himself. He wrote to a Scottish lord, whose relation he had married, and offered on a certain night to betray the post where he kept guard. The Scottish lord, who durst not of himself engage in an enterprise so perilous and important, communicated this intelligence to the king.

“You did well,” said the king, “in

making me your confidant; for if you had told this either to Randolph or to Douglas, you would have offended the one you did not trust. Both of them shall aid you in the execution of the enterprise.”

The king commanded him to assemble a body of troops, and repair to a certain place. He gave separate orders to Randolph and Douglas, for rendezvousing at the same place and hour. The troops thus cautiously assembled, marched to Berwick, and, assisted by Spalding, scaled the walls, and in a few hours were masters of the town, 28th of March 1318. The English historians acknowledge that the Scotch gave quarter to all who demanded it. The garrison of the castle, and the men who had fled into it from the town, perceived that the number of Scots were small, and made a desperate sally; but they were repulsed chiefly by the extraordinary valour of a young knight, Sir William Keith, of Galston. When the King of Scots heard the prosperous result of the enterprise against the town of Berwick, he collected what forces he could, hastened to the siege of the castle, and obliged the English to capitulate. He committed the charge of this important acquisition to Walter, the Stewart of Scotland. The Stewart not doubting that the English would endeavour to recover Berwick, made preparations for sustaining a siege, and assembled his own kindred and vassals to aid him in the discharge of his trust.

REVOLT OF MACDONALD'S HIGHLANDERS.

In the year 1779, this corps (now the 76th regiment) was ordered up from Fort George for embarkation, and quartered in Burntisland and Kinghorn. Soon after they arrived there, great numbers of the Highlanders were observed in parties in earnest conversation. In the evening

of the third day each company gave in a written statement, complaining of non-performance of promises of bounty money unpaid, &c., and accompanied their statement with a declaration, that till these were satisfactorily settled they would not embark. They requested at the same time that Lord Macdonald, the chief and patron of the regiment, should be sent for to see justice done to them. An answer not having been returned soon enough, or in the manner expected, they marched away in a body, and took possession of a hill above the town of Burntisland, continuing firm to their purpose, but abstaining from all violence; and when several other young soldiers wished to join them, perhaps as much for the sake of the frolic as of anything else, they ordered them back to their quarters, telling them they had no cause of complaint, and no claims to be adjusted, and that therefore they ought to obey their officers, and do their duty, and leave them, the Highlanders, to answer for their conduct. Things remained in this state for some days, the Highlanders regularly sending parties to the town for their provisions, and paying punctually for what they procured. It happened fortunately that the regiment was at that time commanded by Major Alexander Donaldson, an officer of great experience, and not less firm than conciliating. Born in the Highlands, he had served nineteen years in the 42d regiment, and understood perfectly the peculiar habits and dispositions of his countrymen, and aided by Lieutenant Robert Barclay, the paymaster, an investigation took place, and every man's claim was clearly made out. When this statement was laid before Lord Macdonald on his arrival, he advanced the money claimed by the soldiers, which amounted to a considerable sum, taking upon himself the risk of recovering it from those whose conduct had nearly ruined a brave and honourable body of men, as they after-

wards proved themselves to be. The result shows how this act of insubordination was thought of; for no man was brought to a trial, or even put in confinement, and when all was settled they embarked with the greatest alacrity.

CRAIL WORTHIES.

There are three of the natives or inhabitants of Crail celebrated in history and poetry. These are Archbishop Sharp; Clerk Dishington, described in the song of "Igo and Ago;" and the famous Maggie Lauder, the subject of the merry Scotch ballad—

"Wha wadna be in love
Wi' bonny Maggy Lauder?" &c.

GEORGE IV.'S LEEVE AT EDINBURGH.

A laird of old family and no mean estate, previously to the day of the reception, had sent in his name for presentation. He arrived, to his own great discomfiture, late on the scene of action, and as he was passing through the ante-chamber, and saw many whom he knew coming out, he asked them to tell him whether his being late was of any material consequence, what he had got to do, &c., as he had never been at court before, &c.

"Oh," said one, who had passed through the ordeal, "there is no difficulty about the matter, it is very plain sailing. You have only got just to go in, make your bow—lower, by-the-by, than you would to any one else—and pass on, and pass out."

The old gentleman, constitutionally shy, and rendered doubly so in the present instance, by the fear of having incurred the royal displeasure by the tardiness of his arrival, like Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, kept "aye booging, booging;" and with ghastly smirk sidling and edging his way towards the door

of exit, when Lord Erroll, observing his embarrassment, and pitying it, kindly shouted to him under his voice, "Kiss hands! kiss hands!"

On which, to the delectation of the king, and the dismay of all around him, the poor startled man faced about, and then retreated backwards, kissed both his hands to the king, as if waiving a cordial recognition from a distance to an old and intimate friend.—*Young*.

A GLASGOW WAITER.

Civility (says a correspondent of an English newspaper) is about the dearest commodity to be purchased in Scotland from waiters, guards, coachmen, and all of that ilk. A friend of mine declared that once, after having rung the bell several times at a hotel in Glasgow, a waiter at last put his "shock" head outside the door, and screamed out, "Wha rang that bell?" and on my friend's pleading guilty, shrieked, "Then don't do it again!" slammed the door, and disappeared from view.

ST KATHERINE'S BALM-WELL AND CHAPEL.

At St Katherine's, in the parish of Liberton, near Edinburgh, is a famous well. Oily substances of a black colour are continually floating on the surface. These are called Petroleum. Remove as many of them as you please, still the same quantity, it has been observed, remains. It is called the Balm-well of St Katherine. It was much frequented in ancient times, and considered as a sovereign remedy for several cutaneous distempers. It owes its origin, it is said, to a miracle in this manner:—

St Katherine had a commission from St Margaret, consort of Malcolm Canmore, to bring a quantity of oil from Mount Sinai. In this very place she

happened, by some accident or other, to lose a few drops of it, and, on her earnest supplication, the well appeared as now described. When King James VI. was in Scotland in 1617, he went to visit it; and ordered that it should be fenced in with stones from bottom to top, and that a door and staircase should be made for it, that people might have the more easy access unto the oily substances which floated always above, and which were deemed of so much importance. The royal command being immediately obeyed, the well was greatly adorned, and continued so until the year 1650, when Cromwell's soldiers not only defaced it, but almost totally destroyed it. It was repaired, indeed, after the Restoration, but it did not appear to such advantage as before.

Hard by this well a chapel was erected, and dedicated to St Margaret. St Katherine was buried in the chapel, and the place where her bones lie is still pointed out unto strangers; and it was observed, that he who pulled it down was ever afterwards unprosperous. The ground around it was consecrated for burying. It is considered as the most ancient place of worship in the parish. After the nunnery at the Sheens (Sciennes) was founded, the nuns there made an annual solemn procession to this chapel and well in honour of St Katherine.—*Pennant*.

WAITING TO BE PAID.

The inhabitants of St Kilda were formerly much more primitive than they are now. A ship of the Royal Navy visited the island some years ago in exceptionally calm weather. As the natives had never before seen a steamer, the commander good-naturedly offered to take them for a few hours' cruise, an invitation which a great many accepted. On their return, observing their reluctance to leave the ship, he

asked the cause, and was informed that they were waiting to be paid !

A METHODICAL MAN.

Dr Chalmers had an eye to methodical arrangement in almost everything he did. Dr Hanna, his son-in-law and biographer, says that—

“It regulated every part of his toilet, down even to the daily stropping of his razor. Beginning with his minimum, which was two strokes, he added one stroke more each day successively, till he got up to a number fixed on as his maximum, on reaching which he reversed the process, diminishing the number by one each day, till the lowest point was touched. His staff was put down to the ground regularly at each fourth footfall; and the number of its descents gave him a pretty accurate measure of the space over which he walked. Habit had rendered the counting of these descents an easy, indeed almost a mechanical operation; so that, though meeting friends and sustaining an animated conversation, it still went on.”

MIRACLE PLAYS OR MYSTERIES.

Miracle plays or mysteries were common in many places in Scotland in the time of Popery. Being the first and earliest of modern dramatic exhibitions, they were performed originally in churches and monasteries, afterwards in the open air, or some spot calculated to show the performance to the greatest advantage. Rude and even ridiculous as they may now appear to be, they were interesting and instructive to our ancestors; they had a tendency to soften the manners of the people, and to teach the great truths of Christianity to many who could not read the Holy Scriptures.

These mysteries, or religious exhibitions, were originally under the direction of the monks and the clergy, who were the actors; and to whom the people were probably indebted for their introduction into Scotland. In Aberdeen they appear, however, at an early period to have been conducted under the auspices of two personages, styled “The Abbot and Prior of Bon-Accord,” who were represented by two young citizens, probably sons or connections of some of the magistrates in whom the nomination of these popular offices was vested.

The salary which was annexed to them, for supporting their charges, was generally five merks, or the fines of admission of two burgesses of guild; but was increased from time to time, according to the addition which was made to those fines. The earliest exhibition of this kind on record, is the play of “Halyblude,” which was performed in 1440, at the Windmill-hill, under the “Abbot and Prior of Bon-Accord.” The expense on this occasion, being five merks, was defrayed as above mentioned.

In 1479 we find announced in the feast of Corpus Christi a similar play, which was attended with the like expense. In process of time such religious exhibitions became secular amusements, and profane subjects were introduced, as the favourite topics of plays performed by the citizens. These recreations, it seems, were too frequently practised; accordingly, we find they were afterwards restricted, by the magistrates, to certain days in the year; namely, to the Anniversary of St Nicholas, the tutelary saint of the burghs, the Sundays of May, and other festival days. On these occasions the citizens, dressed in their gayest array, assembled at the Woolman-hill and Playfield, where they received the Abbot and Prior of Bon-Accord with pompous ceremony. These personages

and their train of attendants, mounted on steeds, afterwards proceed in parade through the streets of the town. The remainder of the day was devoted to mirth and festivity, to dancing, and to the exhibition of games, farces, and plays, concluding with a banquet, which appears to have been, not unfrequently, attended with tumult and disorder.

To be absent on these festivals was an offence, which was punished by the forfeiture of the offender's lease, if he held such of the community; or by a pecuniary fine, to be applied either to the expense of the lights, or of the repairs of the church of St Nicholas.

NATIVE MODESTY.

A Scottish witness in the House of Lords gave recently, in rather dictatorial style, his notions as to the failings in the character of Irishmen and Englishmen. He was allowed to say his say, and when out of breath Lord Lucan asked him to oblige the committee with his ideas relative to Scotch character.

"Aweel, my laird, they're just on the contrary, unco modest and"—

The rest of the sentence was drowned in uproarious merriment.

PETRIE ROY, THE STOUTREIFER.

Petrie Roy came down from the Highlands with his men to levy contributions in the town of Keith, in 1667, and threatened to burn it down if he was not satisfied. During the time that they were drinking at a public house, the gudewife and the servant contrived to pour sowens into their guns, and word was sent to the laird of Glengerrock, who dwells at a place now called New Mills. An alarm was given by jowing the kirk bell, which

was done with such violence as to crack it. Petrie and his men found themselves in an unpleasant situation when their guns would not go off. At the brig of Isla, Glengerrock fired and shot the piper who marched in front, who tumbled into the water, and beat Roy's men back to the kirkyard, where several were killed. Glengerrock and Roy there engaged, where the latter was severely wounded. He, however, escaped to Balloch, and took shelter in a barn. The owner sent a child to Keith for medicines, who, being questioned, replied, "They were for a man who was bleeding in my father's barn." This led to the discovery, and he was taken and carried to Edinburgh, where he was tried and convicted of several murders, for which he was executed.

IN A BOG.

The landlord of the hotel at the foot of Ben Nevis tells a story of an Englishman stumbling into a bog between the mountain and the inn, and sinking up to his armpits. In danger of his life, he called out to a tall Highlander who was passing by, "How can I get out of this?" to which the Scotchman replied—

"I dinna think ye can," and coolly walked on.

"SAY A SWEER."

In *A Daughter of Heth*, a clever novel of Scottish life and character, by William Black, a promising novelist, there are depicted five motherless lads, Tom the eldest being about seventeen. He is known as "the Whaup," and the following will give an idea of what he was capable when he "broke out," Wattie being looked upon as the good boy of the family:—Wattie was depending from the small bridge, his head a

short distance from the water, his feet held close to the parapet by the muscular arms of the whaup, while one of the other boys had been made an accomplice to the extent of holding on to Wattie's trousers.

"Noo, Wattie," said the whaup, "ye maun say a sweer afore ye get up. I'm no jokin'; and unless ye be quick ye'll be in the water."

But would Wattie, the paragon of scholars, imperil his soul by uttering a bad word? Surely not. Wattie was resolute. He knew what punishment was held in reserve for swearers, and preferred the colder element.

"Wattie," said the whaup, "say a sweer, or ye'll gaun into the burn as sure as death."

No; Wattie would rather be a martyr. Whereupon he was lowered a few inches, so that the ripple touched his head. Wattie set up a fearful howl, and his brother raised him to his former position.

"Noo, will ye say it?"

"Deevil!" cried Wattie. "Let me up. I have said a sweer."

The other lads raised a demoniac shout of triumph over this apostasy.

"Ye maun say a worse sweer, Wattie; 'deevil' is no bad enough!"

"I'll droon first," said Wattie, whimpering in his distress; "and then you'll get your paiks, I'm thinkin'."

Down went Wattie's head into the burn again, and this time he was raised with his mouth spluttering out the contents it had received.

"I'll say what ye like; I'll say what ye like! D—n! is that bad enough?"

With another unholy shout of derision, Wattie was raised and set on the bridge.

"Noo," said the whaup, standing over him, "let me tell you this, my man. The next time ye gang to my faither and tell a story about any one o' us, or the next time ye say a word against the French lassie, as ye ca' her,

do ye ken what I'll do? I'll take ye back to my faither by the lug, and I'll tell him ye were sweerin' like a trooper down by the burn. And every one o' us will testify against ye. Ma certes, man, I'm thinking it will be your turn to consider paiks. My faither has a bonnie switch, Wattie—a braw switch, Wattie; and what think ye he'll do to his well-behaved son that gangs about the country side sweerin' just like a Kilmarnock carter?"

A FORGETFUL CONGREGATION.

A minister, who had not been paid promptly by his parishioners, one Sabbath morning, as he was entering church, met one of the most wealthy of his flock, and asked the loan of a pound note. It was willingly given him, and he put it in his pocket, preached a capital sermon, and on coming from the pulpit handed the identical note back to the man from whom he had borrowed it.

"Why," exclaimed the lender, "you have not used the money at all!"

"It has been of great service to me, nevertheless," replied the parson; "I always preach so much the better when I have money in my pocket." The hint was taken, and the balance of his salary was got together the following afternoon.

ANCIENT HIGHLAND DRESS.

The following account of the dress is by an author who wrote before the year 1597:—

"They," the Highlanders, "delight in marbled cloths, especially that have long stripes of sundrie colours; they love chiefly purple and blue; their predecessors used short mantles, or plaids of divers colours, sundrie ways divided, and among some the same custom is observed to this day; but

for the most part now they are brown, most near to the colour of the hadder, to the effect when they lie among the hadders the bright colour of their plaids shall not bewray them, with the which rather coloured than clad they suffer the most cruel tempests that blow in the open fields, in such sort, that in a night of snow they sleep sound."

HIGHLAND TENURE.

It was only in modern times that the Highland chiefs deigned to accept charters for their lands; and they preferred the pride of holding them by the valour of their clans. Macdonald of Keppoch, after charters came in use, refused to comply with the custom, saying he did not choose to hold his land in a sheepskin. This proud independence proved unfortunate for his family, as it prevented their recovery of their lands, lost on account of their conduct in 1745, after the general pardon and amnesty had been granted. The estates went to a distant branch.

MARTYRDOM OF GEORGE WISHART.

In 1546, Cardinal Beaton summoned a provincial assembly of the clergy at the Black Friars, in Edinburgh, in order to concert measures for restraining heresy. How far they had proceeded is uncertain; but it is generally allowed that the cardinal was diverted from the purposes he had then in hand, by information he received of George Wishart, the most famous Protestant preacher in Scotland, being at the house of Cockburn, at Ormiston. The cardinal, by an order from the governor, which was, indeed, with difficulty obtained, caused him to be apprehended. He was for some time confined in the castle of Edinburgh, and removed from thence to the castle of St Andrews. The

cardinal having resolved to proceed without delay to his trial, summoned the prelates to St Andrews. At this meeting the Archbishop of Glasgow gave as his opinion, that application should be made to the governor, to grant a commission to some noblemen to try so famous a prisoner, that the whole blame might not lie upon the clergy. He was accordingly applied to; and notwithstanding his refusal, and his message to the cardinal, not to precipitate his trial, and notwithstanding Wishart's appeal, as being the governor's prisoner, to a temporal jurisdiction; yet the furious prelate went on with the trial, and Wishart was condemned to be burnt at St Andrews. He died with amazing firmness and resolution. Buchanan's account is as follows. After relating the manner in which Wishart spent the morning of his execution, he proceeds thus:—

"Awhile after two executioners were sent to him by the cardinal; one of them put a black linen shirt upon him, and the other bound many little bags of gunpowder to all the parts of his body. In this dress they brought him forth, and commanded him to stay in the governor's outer chamber, and at the same time they erected a wooden scaffold in the court before the castle, and made up a pile of wood. The windows and balconies over against it were all hung with tapestry and silk hangings, with cushions for the cardinal and his train, to behold and take pleasure in the joyful sight, even the torture of an innocent man; thus courting the favour of the people as the author of so notable a deed. There was also a great guard of soldiers, not so much to secure the execution as for a vain ostentation of power; and beside, brass guns were placed up and down in all convenient places of the castle.

"Thus, while the trumpets sounded, George was brought forth, mounted the scaffold, and was fastened with a cord

to the stake, and having scarce leave to pray for the Church of God, the executioners fired the wood, which immediately taking hold of the powder that was tied about him, blew it up into flame and smoke. The governor of the castle, who stood so near that he was singed with the flame, exhorted him in few words to be of good cheer, and to ask pardon of God for his offences. To whom he replied, 'This flame occasions trouble to my body indeed, but it bath in nowise broken my spirit; but he who now looks down so proudly upon me from yonder lofty place (pointing to the cardinal), shall ere long be as ignominiously thrown down, as now he proudly lolls at his ease.' Having thus spoken, they straitened the rope which was tied about his neck, and so strangled him; his body in a few hours being consumed to ashes in the flame."

NINE TAILORS MAKE A MAN.

Henry Erskine being invited to dine with the Incorporation of Tailors in Edinburgh, and his health being given from the chair with many recognitions of the value of the services which, as a lawyer, he had rendered the corporation, he ventured on a joke, to which, though not very courteous, he could not resist giving utterance. Observing that the number of members present was exactly eighteen, he ended his reply—"And now, gentlemen, allow me to conclude by proposing both your healths."

WHO WAS THE FLAT?

"Portaw," said a newly-fledged English commercial traveller to a railway porter at Guthrie Junction one day, "what does P.M. mean?"

"It means punctual to a moment,

sir; that's what it means," was the reply.

"Ah, indeed," responded the bagman, rather taken aback by the sharpness of the Forfarian. "And what does A.M. mean?"

"A.M. means any minute we like, sir; but here's the station-master coming, and I daurna be seen speaking to passengers. Gude day, sir."

The representative of a London house said that the porter deserved a shilling for his sharpness; but he did not give him one.

A STOUT TORY.

James Chalmers, brother of Dr Chalmers, and a merchant in London, in balancing his private accounts at the end of a year, found himself minus a penny, and was miserable for months. At length, crossing the Thames by one of its bridges, he suddenly remembered that he had paid toll on a former occasion, and neglected to enter it on his books. Overjoyed by the discovery, he repaired to the nearest inn and drank a pot of porter in celebration of the conquered difficulty. He was an old Tory, and when the Reform Bill passed, and gave him a vote, he postponed the payment of rates and taxes, to disqualify himself from being enrolled. The vote, he said, was not worth the parliamentary assessment of its value—a shilling. He would leave his share of electoral power, he sourly told the collector, "to the more enlightened."

"SEEING THE ELEPHANT."

A few years ago, the once famous, but now nearly extinct, Wombwell's menagerie, was on its usual tour, and arrived at Montrose on market day in time to display its living wonders to the

natives. Mrs Dempster and her granddaughter went to see the beasts, both for the first time, and the result was an equal astonishment. The monkeys pleased the lassie, and the lions 'feared' the grannie. But a climax came. The elephant was as usual doing his duty in the arena as a patient bearer of children on his broad back, at a penny a "bairn;" and no doubt entirely to his own satisfaction, and to the profit of his proprietor.

Mrs Dempster, however, did not understand the arrangement, and when she saw, as she said, "Morochy fleein' till her," she cried out—

"Leezie, lassie, Leezie, rin, rin. D'ye no see that muckle beast comin' to eat us baith up? and he's in sic a hurry that he canna turn round, an's coming tail end first. Losh, lassie, never gar me bring ye to a manager again!"

They got out with little trouble, and after their departure "quietness reigned within."

THE HIGHLAND BONNET.

"Before leaving Glasgow," says an American traveller in Scotland about the end of the last century, "I purchased a Highland cap, or bonnet, as it is called, for the convenience of wearing in travelling. It is frequently seen in the Lowlands, and is more comfortable in a carriage than a round hat. It excited, however, more attention than I could have wished. It has so happened that the 42d and 92d Highland regiments are ordered to this country, by way of Port-Patrick: the former were on the point of leaving Glasgow at the time that we did, and the latter had actually marched from Edinburgh several days before. My bonnet, accordingly, which, at another time, would have passed unobserved, has led many to suppose me to belong to the

army. While on my route from Glasgow, I heard several times the expression, as I was passing, 'There goes a Waterloo cap.' The landlord at Port-Patrick at first took me for a Highland officer; and, on the morning I embarked, I was several times asked if I was attached to the body of military which was expected to cross over that day. A similar mistake prevailed on my reaching the opposite shore, and many questions were put concerning the movements of the two regiments. It was not, in every instance, that I cared about undeceiving the inquirer; for, in the first place, it did no good; and, in the second, a positive benefit was otherwise gained. For such is the high character which these troops have obtained by their brave and gallant conduct, that they are everywhere welcomed with demonstrations of respect."

FOSTER CHILDREN.

By this singular custom, which equally prevailed among the Scoto-Irish till recent times, children were mutually given from different families to be, by strangers, nursed and bred. The lower orders considered this trust as an honour rather than a service, for which an adequate reward was either given or expected. The attachment of those who were thus educated is said to have been indissoluble, "for there is no love in the world comparable," saith Camden, "by many degrees, to that of foster-brethren in Ireland." From this practice arose connexion of family and union of tribes, which often prompted, and sometimes prevented, civil feuds.

The terms of fosterage vary in different islands. In Mull, the father sent with his child a certain number of cows, to which the same number was added by the fosterer; the father appropriated a proportionate extent of

country, without rent, for their pasturage. If every cow brought a calf, half belonged to the fosterer, and half to the child; but if there be only one calf between two cows, it was the child's; and, when the child returned to the parents, it was accompanied by all the cows given both by the father and by the fosterer, with half of the increase of the stock by propagation. These beasts were considered as a portion, and called *Macalive* cattle, of which the father has the produce, but was supposed not to have the full property, but to owe the same number to the child, as a portion to the daughter, or a stock for the son. —*Martin.*

THE ASSIZE OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES OF ROBERT III.

1. "King David's common elne contains threty-seven measured inches, with the inches of three men, ane meikle, ane middel, and ane lytle, and sal stand conform to the middel inch, or conform to three grains of bear without the tailles."

2. "The stane to weigh wool and other things, should have fiveteen pund; an stane of walx, aught. Twelve London pund makes a stane."

3. "The pound sould weigh twentie-five shillings, and this was in the time of the assize aforesaid, and the pound contains fiveteen unces."

4. "In the time of umquhill King Robert Bruce, the great Conquestor, first of that name, the pound of silver contained twenty-six shilling, four pennies, in respect of the minoration of the pennie, or money of that King frae the money of King David aforesaid."

5. "The ounce contained, in the time of King David aforesaid, twentie pennies. In the time of the said King Robert the First, it contained twentieane pennies; bot now in our days, that

is, of King Robert the Third, in the zeare of grace, 1393, the ounce of his money contains thritty-two pennies."

6. "The stirlin, in the time of King David, did weigh thritty-twa grains of gude & round quheat; bot now it is otherwise, be reason of the minoration of money."

7. "The boll sould contain an sextarius; that is, twelve gallons, and sal be in the deepness nine inches, with the thickness of the tree, and in the roundness above it sal contain three score and twelve inches in the midst of the outtree, and in the inferior roundness it sould contain three score and eleven inches."

8. "The gallon sould contain twelve pounds of water; that is, of sea water four pounds, of rynand water four pounds, and of standane water four pounds."

9. "The inche, in all measures, sould be measured at the root of the nail, and sould be in length conform to three grains of gude bear without the tailles."

A CURIOUS PRIVILEGE.

James, by the grace of God King of Scots, to all and singular, whom knowledge of these presents interests, or may interest safety. We desire it to be known and testified to you by these presents, that the ship called the Sun, Master John Johnson of France, pertains by right to Hadrian Wanson, our painter, a citizen of Edinburgh: wishing to request you, all and singular, preserving to each his dignity, that the said ship of the above citizen, our servant and painter, may be acknowledged as his property: and it, with its freight, sailors, merchandize, and all its apparel, with your grace and favour, and other kind offices usually paid by friendly nations, may on our account be honoured and respected. And