

## IX.—KILT AND SPORRAN.

**D**OU GAL, Donald, and Duncan, or Tugal, Tonald, and Tuncan, are well-known characters in the realm of anecdote. The Gael and the Sassenach claim the one fatherland, but in this claim may be said to lie their only point of resemblance. Their languages and customs are distinctly different. The real Highlander is almost a foreigner in the lowlands, and the difficulties he has to encounter in speech may be said to render him as absurd as a German in his dealings with his fellow-countrymen south of the Grampians. Long association with the Sassenach never achieves total extinction of nationality, and the Gael who has lived in lowland Scotland for two generations fondly cherishes the memory of his Highland home, and not infrequently, after he has lived life's little day, is carried back to sleep with his forefathers in the stillness of a Highland churchyard.

Certain politicians are for ever telling us that by a systematic course of oppression the Highlands have been depopulated and the Highlanders driven down into the lowlands to swell the labour and other markets. It is said that in some of the slums of Glasgow at the present moment Gaelic is the only means of speech, and that it is spoken with all the

fluency which one might expect in some secluded Highland glen. We do not propose to discover whether or not this is really the case, but no matter what the reason may be, the Highlander has in modern times sought a home beyond the chain of hills which might be said to mark the border of his own domain. It is chiefly of this wandering Celt that we shall have to speak. Forced to adopt Lowland laws and customs, he has more or less looked upon them as forms of oppression, and his ills—real and imaginary—have not wanted their exponents. He has been often sketched in song and story, but perhaps the portrait has been more often a caricature than a likeness.

One of the chief duties which the Celt fulfils is that of keeper of the peace, and the ranks of our constabulary, more than the ranks of our Highland regiments, are recruited from the sons of the mist.

A stalwart Highlander was one evening on his rounds in Glasgow when he was met by a friend who hailed from the same northern village as himself. "Well, Donald," said the friend, after sundry greetings had been exchanged, "how long have you been in the force?" "Och," replied Donald with all his native simplicity, "I'll just be two years a policeman and a half."

In Glasgow, as elsewhere, the Highland policeman was sometimes the butt of a joke. A young man fresh from the hills received an appointment on the constabulary staff of the Cowcaddens district. The

urchins of that neighbourhood were not long in discovering that Tugal was a "new haun'," and one of them determined to have a joke at his expense. "Could ye obleege me wi' the time?" the boy asked, somewhat politely, of the policeman. "She's shust ten meenits to wan," answered the obliging constable, as politely. "Well," added the boy, "go to the devil when it's wan." This was too much even for the Celt, and when the boy took to his heels Tugal made after him. While in pursuit he met a brother constable, who exclaimed, "What! what! what's up?" "Did she'll see ta tampt rat turn ta corner; weel, she'll ha'e askit me ta time, an' her nainsel' will ha'e told her, whatefer, tat it was ten meenits to wan, an' she'll told me back to go to ta teevil when it was wan, an'——" "Well, well," said the brother policeman, interrupting him in a voice of sympathy, "There's nae hurry, mate; you've plenty o' time; it wants five meenits yet."

About fifty years ago the policemen in Glasgow used to call out the hours in the morning, with the accompanying announcement of the state of the weather. People were awakened in the early hours by hearing the cry under their windows, "Five o'clock, and a fine mornin'," or "a rainy mornin'," as the case might be. It is related of a member of the force who, being once a little puzzled as to how he should describe a particular morning, which exhibited a variety of conflicting characteristics, got

over the difficulty by shouting lustily, "Six o'clock, and a funny mornin'!"

A policeman, fresh from the island of Jura, approached a number of young men standing in a group on the pavement of one of the busy streets of the Western metropolis, and, pushing them somewhat roughly, exclaimed, "If you'll be goin' to stand here, my lads, you'll have to be moving about." "Is this not a free country?" demanded one of the fellows, somewhat sharply. "This is not ta country at all, ye tam sheep's head," shouted the enraged limb of the law. "This is one of the largest cities in the town of Glasgow."

Dougal M'Dougall left his native fastness for Glasgow to fill an appointment in the police force, and, later on, his musical tastes led him into the police band. A kindred native called on him one day, and, in the course of the conversation, he enquired, "Wad it be true, Dougal, that her is a member o' ta police prass pand?" "Yus, Alastair," replied Dougal, "her was." "An' what instreument wad she play?" queried Alastair with interest. "Ta trombone," answered Dougal. "Ta trombone! Her as draws an' draws an' plaws an' plaws?" further queried the Celt, and, adding proudly, "Och, Dougal, wad she tempt Providence by leavin' ta pipes for that?"

The Highlanders are also called upon to do duty as defenders of Britain's glory, although the num-

ber of those who find their way into the army is yearly decreasing.

Soldiers are often pestered by people asking them all sorts of questions about their experiences on the field of battle. An old Celt, who had been through the Egyptian War, being asked, "If at the battle of Tamai, during the thick of the engagement, he ever thought the British would get licked," cautiously replied, "Weel, man, I kent fine we wadna get licked, but I sometimes thocht that we wad a' be killed afore we wad win!"

A somewhat *naive* excuse was given by an H.L.I. recruit, who had deliberately broken out of barracks and proceeded on a visit to his sweetheart. His Colonel asked, "Why did you scale the wall?" "Juist because I couldna win oot at the yett," answered the offender. "It was lockit, an' a man wi' a gun was lookin' efter it." "But you had no right to leave the barracks without permission," said the officer sternly. "Weel, I kent I had nae richt, but I took it," answered the soldier, apparently quite unconcerned. "Jenny wadna ha'e been pleased if I hadna gaen to see her." "Ten days' confinement to barracks," was the commanding officer's sentence. "Verra weel, sir, that'll no' kill me. Neist time I speel owre the wa' I'll no' be in a hurry back," answered Jock as he was marched off to do penance, and the story runs that shortly afterwards he did "speel the wa'" and deserted, *successfully*, if we may so say.

Writing about the H.L.I., there is a story told of an old veteran of that regiment—fond of his dram—who used to invariably eat his bread without butter, his argument being that “if the bread was good it didna need butter; an’ if it was bad, it didna deserve butter.” He therefore kept his coppers for the canteen.

“Will ye tell Cornall M’Intosh that his mither’s come to see him?” said a buxom lady from the country, addressing the sentry at the gate of the Aberdeen garrison. “There shall pe no Cornall of that name in ta barracks whatsomever,” replied the Celt, adding reflectively, “but there shall pe a ferry coot Corporal called M’Intosh.” “Ay, ay, that’s him,” replied the visitor, “I kent he was among your ‘alls’.”

An old Highland sergeant was going the rounds one night to see that all lights were out in the barrack-rooms, and, coming to a window where he thought he saw a light shining, he roared, “Pit oot that licht there!” “It’s a’ richt, sergeant,” shouted one of the men; “it’s the moon.” Not hearing very well, the old soldier cried in return, “I dinna care what it is; pit it oot!”

As a certain Highland regiment was going into action during a recent campaign, one of the rank and file, Jock M’Intosh by name, who was under fire for the first time, called out to his comrade, Geordie Fyfe, an old veteran in the front rank, “Dinna bob, Geordie, I’m ahint ye.”

When the Highlander ventures abroad he sees many curious things, and he cuts a queer figure.

An old Highlandman was sitting on the bench of the Clutha landing-stage at Jamaica Bridge with a wearied look on his face. At last, tired waiting, he got up and said to a gentleman who was standing near, "I say, when do the boats sail?" "Every few minutes," replied the gentleman. "But when does this one start?" queried the Celt. "Which one?" asked the gentleman in some surprise. "Why, this one we're standing on now," continued the Highlander. "This isn't a boat; this is a pier!" explained the gentleman. "What?" cried the Celt. "An' me been waiting three hours for it to start for Govan!"

The landlady of a Highland student put some fresh coal on the fire, but as it made very little progress, she was summoned in a short time, and her lodger delivered himself of the order, "Tak' awa' thae stanes an' bring pates."

A native of Tobermory asked the clerk in the railway station at Oban the price of a railway ticket from Oban to Killin. "So much," replied the clerk, stating the price. "Hoot, awa'," replied Donald indignantly, "it's far ower dear; I'll rather walk;" and off he started. He had not proceeded far when the train came tearing along, whistling as it neared a station. "Ye needna whistle for me," said Donald. "I made ye an offer aince, and ye wadna tak' it; sae ye can gang on. I'm no' comin'."

When the railway coupons used on board the Clyde steamers were first introduced the Celtic temperament of the pursers revolted at the indignity of carrying passengers without the experience of handling the coin. One afternoon the purser was complimented with, "Well, Hamish, you're busy to-night." "Eh, busy, busy," said Hamish in a discontented voice, "four-thirds o' them are 'teckets,' and the rest 'wimmin' folk'."

A Highlander intending to travel by rail from Greenock to Paisley, and being afraid he would leave the train at the wrong place, asked another Gael how he would know when he arrived there. "Weel," said his friend, settling down to an explanation, "she'll just gang on the train and wait till it starts. After she starts she'll come to a big toon, and she'll be thinking it's Paisley, an' it's no' Paisley ava; and she'll gang on again, an' she'll come to anither big toon, and she'll think it's Paisley, an' it's no' Paisley either; an' she'll just sit still, syne she'll gang on again, an' she'll come to anither big toon, an' she'll think it's no' Paisley, an' it's Paisley all the time, an' she'll come oot there."

A Highlandman, who was expecting a letter from a friend, called at the Post Office, and finding there was no admittance on account of the early hour, he scratched his head, and, turning to a bystander, inquired, with an anxious look, "Is there nae ither shops that sell letters in this toun?"



Dugald M'Tavish, who took cattle to Edinburgh market, was crossing the Burntisland ferry on one occasion, and, being a "guid scholar," was spelling away at the board which informed all who cared to read, that "Any person going abaft this will be charge cabin fare." In the course of the passage a gentleman from the cabin was walking forward to view the machinery, and just when crossing, where Dugald was standing beside the board, the Celt seized him by the coat-tail, and on his looking round, Dugald exclaimed, with a countenance expressing great consternation, "Noo, my goot lat, teuk care where you'll go, or you'll be brought in for the steerage fare."

Sandy M'Pherson, head gamekeeper to Mr. Williamson, a Perthshire laird, went to Glasgow to bring back his son, who ran away to sea. "Hello, Sandy!" said Mr. Williamson on his return, "you have got home again. I suppose you would be killing the fatted calf last night?" "No," replied Sandy, "but she'll dasht near kill't the prodigal."

A Glasgow merchant named Campbell advertised for an active, intelligent man" as light porter. Before he had opened his door to the public one morning twenty or thirty applicants stood in front of the office, and among them an unusually small Highlander, who rushed forward eagerly, and exclaimed, "Mr. Cammel, Mr. Cammel, if it's a *licht* porter you will want, I am *lichter* nor ony o' them."

A gentleman who had acquired a competency in

the pursuit of commerce, resolved to leave its harassing turmoils, and betake himself to the peaceful occupation of a tiller of the soil, and bought a farm in Islay. Before leaving Glasgow, he had his portrait taken by a skilful artist, which he hung up in his parlour. A Highland servant girl, who had never seen any canvas semblance of the human face divine, was cleaning out the parlour on the morning after the picture had been hung up, and while turning about in the process of sweeping she observed her master, in gilt embroidery, looking, as she thought, sternly at her. She remained motionless a minute, and observing no change on the rigid features of the object which seemed to observe her motions, she took to her heels, and ran up stairs, calling to the ploughman, "Donald, Donald, come awa' doon in a moment, and see my maister looking through the wa'."

A young Highlander was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker in Glasgow, and got, as a first job, a chest of veneered drawers to clean and polish. After a sufficient time had elapsed, as the foreman thought, for doing the work assigned him, he inquired whether he was ready with the drawers yet? "Oich no, it's a tough job; I've almost taken the skin aff my ain twa hands before I'll got it off the drawers." "What!" exclaimed the foreman, "you are not taking the veneering off, you blockhead?" "What 'll I do then, sir?" asked the innocent Celt, "I could

not surely put a polish on before I'll teuk the bark aff!"

"This is a very fatiguing journey," said an English commercial traveller to his companion in a railway carriage, an elderly Highlander, as they journeyed from Inverness to London. "An' so it ought to be," replied the son of the mist, "for four poun's twa shillin's an' saxpence."

A worthy, who acquired his slender stock of mongrel English on the "Braes o' Balquhiddar," and owned a property in the Calton of Glasgow, had the mortification to find that a tenant of his, a cow-feeder, had sold off all the stock and made a moon-light flitting. The landlord, hearing of her decampment, hastened to the spot to see if anything had been left whereby he might indemnify himself; but, behold, all the rowters were off and the byre cleaned out. Just as he was preparing to leave the premises, one of the cows made her appearance at the byre door, and claimed admittance. "Hawkie, my own latie, come awa'," cried he, "I'm ferry glad to saw you once more; you're a far more honest woman tan your mistress."

One day two Highland drovers disembarked at Leith, and when travelling up to Edinburgh were overtaken by one of the new steam cars. As the two drovers had never before seen carriages impelled by any other power than horse, they stood in wonderment for a time as the car puffed smoothly past. "Bless me, Donald, did you ever see the likes o'

that pefore, whatiffer? 'There is ta coach run awa' frae ta horse! Run, run, Donald, like a good lad, and fricht him back again."

Every Highlander can dance, of course, and who ever heard of one who didn't? It was the only means the Gael had of drying his clothes for centuries, and has become a habit of the race. The names of the low-country dances are frequently a puzzle to Donald. At a dance in the Lowlands two very recently-imported Highlanders were present in a dazzling array of tartan. As the name of each successive dance appeared on the board at the top of the hall the one queried the other anxiously about it. At length the word "Interval" was set up. Donald, without this time consulting Malcolm, suddenly presented himself before a disengaged lady, and, making a big bow, asked, "Will you please, miss, to dance this interval with me?"

"An' how was it you liked Glesca', Dougal," asked a friend of Dougal, who had spent a New Year holiday in the second city. "'Deed, Tuncan, it's myself that couldna see her for ta hooses an' reek an' whisky."

Going along a street in Glasgow, where vendors of everything ply a brisk trade in the open, an old shepherd and his collie stopped at a fish stall. The dog seized a partan, and was making himself scarce, when the proprietor "spotted" him. "Eh, man, whistle on your doug!" he exclaimed excitedly to the shepherd; "he's awa' wi' ane of my pairtans."

"Aweel," replied the other, with an eye to the main chance, "juist ye whustle on your pairtan."

The fourth Duke of Atholl, who died in 1830, while on a visit to Mr. Drummond of Pitkilney, was partaking of a glass of wine in the drawing room, when an old Highlander passed the window, whose appearance struck his Grace, and he inquired who he was. "His name," replied the host, "is Donald Cameron, and he is employed as my cowherd; he is a singular character, an enthusiastic admirer of the Stuarts, and showed his attachment to them by taking the field in *Forty-five*;—he knew your Grace's uncle well." "I should like to see him," replied his Grace. Donald was called in, the Duke asked him a great many questions; and when he was about to retire, his master, filling a glass, requested him to drink the health of the Duke. Donald immediately did this, when a second glass was filled up, and he was requested to empty it in honour of the King. "Fat King?" asked Donald. "King George, certainly—the present King," was the answer. "Weel, weel," replied Donald, with an expressive shrug of the shoulder, "*gif* that be the Kings you'll understood, Donald's no' dry."

An old woman of the name of Gordon was listening to the account given in Scripture of Solomon's glory, which was read to her by a little female grandchild. When the girl came to tell of the thousand camels which formed part of the Jewish sovereign's live stock, the old woman cried, "Ay, lassie, a thou-

sand Campbells, say ye? The Campbells are an auld clan, sure eneuch; but look an' ye dinna see the Gordons too."

"Fat's the matter wi' ye, Donald?" said a friend, meeting Donald greetin' bitterly. "Oh," replied Donald, "Sandy Fraser's wife's dead." "An' what gar's ye greet because Sandy Fraser's wife's dead?" queried the friend. "Oh," Donald answered, with a despairing howl, "a'boddy's gettin' a change but me!"

"Mac., I heard ye was courtin' bonnie Kate Macpherson," said Donald to an acquaintance one morning. "Weel, Sandy, man, I was in love wi' the bonnie lass," was Mac.'s reply, "but I fund oot she had nae siller, so I said to mysel'—'Mac., be a man.' And I was a man; and noo I pass her by wi' silent contempt."

An old lady was telling her grand-children about some trouble, in the course of which one of her clan was beheaded. "It was nae great thing of a head, to be sure," said the good lady; "but it was a sad loss for him!"

"He was a guid maister, the laird," said Donald, "an' he keepit min' o' me till the last, for in his will he said—'I leave to ma son Willie the twa black-faced yowes that were lost last week, if they're foun' oot. An' in case they're no' foun' oot, I leave them baith to ma faithful servant Donal'.'" The benevolent expression on Donald's countenance deepened, as he added, in a sighing undertone—"An' I hope

they're no' foun' oot." Donald had the satisfaction of being legatee. They were never found out.

In a village in the north—which was a happy harvest field for the press-gang—there was a sailor named Dochery Graham. He was a short, powerful man, but had bandy-legs. When his wife heard of the sudden arrival of the press-gang she instantly warned her husband to fly at once. He escaped out of a back window and made for the woods behind the village, followed by his wife's words, "*Rin, Dochery, rin!* though you are *bowed-leggit*, you're an able-bodied man!"

An amusing story which well illustrates the pride of clanship possessed by the Highland chieftains is told of one of the past Lairds of Grant. On some person speaking to him of the propriety either of his asking or accepting a peerage, the old chief replied, "But wha wad be Laird o' Grant?" It was an easy matter for him to be made a peer, but it was beyond the power of regal might to make a Laird o' Grant.

A humorous incident, showing the clannish spirit of the Gael, is related regarding a former Earl of Airlie. For several years he acted as Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly. Among his retainers were two pipers; and at a levee at Holyrood Palace, the Moderator requested that the pipers should play "The Bonnie House o' Airlie." His Lordship replied that he was not certain whether they would, as one piper was an Ogilvie, and the other a Campbell, but promised to try, and instruct-

ed his butler to give orders to the pipers to play the tune. In a little while one of them, the Ogilvie, marched into the room playing with much spirit. Summoning the butler again, the Earl asked why Campbell had not also come in. "I gave him the message, my Lord." "Well, what did he say?" The man hesitated. "What did Campbell say?" again demanded the Earl. "He said—eh—eh"—still hesitating—"he said he would see your Lordship in Hell first."

An old Highland woman who was lying on her death-bed was very anxious to know if her husband would marry again. "Donald," she said to him, "will ye take another wife when I'm awa'?" "O! Maggie!" replied Donald, "you'll never see that day." Some years afterwards, Donald, who had been married three times, used to say, "My first wife was a good wife, but the Lord took her. My second wife was bad, and the devil took her. But I've ane the noo, ten times worse, and de'il the ane can I get to take her."

A gentleman from the Highlands, attended by his trusty servant Donald, a native of the wild and mountainous district of Lochaber, in Inverness-shire, when travelling through the fertile and delightful plains of Italy, asked Donald what he would do if he possessed an estate there. "Please, your honour," was Donald's instant reply, "I would sell him, and buy an estate in Lochaber!"

One of the deck porters on board a West High-



land steamer was much annoyed by a troublesome lady passenger, who kept him shifting her baggage here and there about the boat. Irritated by these frequent interruptions, he at length so far forgot himself as to tell her to "go to Jericho." The lady, shocked and insulted, complained to the captain and insisted on an apology, and the captain promised to see to the matter. "Duncan," said he, "you have been charged with the grossest incivility to a lady passenger, who threatens that, unless you apologise, she will inform the owners of the boat as soon as she reaches Glasgow. Now, you have just until we reach Greenock to do so. Off you go and apologise to her at once." Duncan, knowing the apology had to be made, approached the lady and enquired, "Was you the old lady I was told to go to Jericho?" "Yes," replied the lady, somewhat sharply. "Well," was Duncan's apology, "the Captain says you're not to go now!"

A worthy Highlander prayed in the simplicity of his heart, "Oh! Lord, save me and my wife, and oor son Donal' and his wife, us four, and no more." One sometimes hears it said that heaven is a place reserved for the Free Kirk folk, but this worthy Highlander would seem to place it even under greater reservation.

Two shepherds were standing at the door of a shieling when two tourists approached. "Och, now, an' ye'll poth be fery tired, whatever?" said one of the shepherds in the best English he could command.

"We are both tired and thirsty," said one of the tourists. "That's a great sorrow," replied the Highlander with apparent sympathy. "We wad haff made ye a cup of tea, but there's nae women in the place but *oorseel's*."

"Is this a good place, landlord, do you think, for a person affected with a weak chest?" queried a tourist of a hotel-keeper in the Highlands. "Nane better, sir; nane better," was the encouraging reply. "I have been recommended, you know, by the doctor, to settle in a place where the south wind blows. Does it blow much here?" further enquired the stranger. "Toots, ay," was the reply; "it's aye the south wind that blaws here." "Then how do you account for it blowing from the north at the present time?" asked the tourist. "Oh, that's easily accounted for, sir," replied the worthy son of the mist; "it's the south wind a' the same, sir, juist on its road back again."

A somewhat dwarfish sportsman was shooting on the moors, accompanied by a ghillie, who by his stalwart proportions presented a singular contrast to his employer. The midges pestered Donald sorely, and the sportsman, wishing to have his joke at the ghillie's expense, remarked, "How is it, Donald, that these insects annoy you so much, and never interfere with me?" "Ay, weel, sir," replied Donald, looking down at the pigmy specimen of aristocracy before him, "I'm thinkin', sir, that mebbe they hinna noticed you yet."

Another tourist met his match while sojourning in the Highlands. Meeting a shepherd tending his sheep on the hillside, one of a company of tourists thought to have some entertainment at the Celt's expense, and began by remarking that he seemed to be enjoying himself. "Ou, ay," said the shepherd, in a friendly tone, "I'm shoost lookin' aboot me here." "And what are you looking about for?" inquired the tourist. "Oh, shoost because it's a fine view from this side o' the hill." "Yes," added the stranger, "but what can you see from here?" "Well," answered the shepherd, "if there was no misht ta day I would see ta town and ta boats and ta loch, and many more things, whatever." "I suppose you can see a great distance from here on a clear day?" remarked another of the company, desirous of joining in the anticipated mirth. "Oh, yes, gentlemen, a great distance indeed," said the shepherd. "I suppose on a clear day you could see London from this extreme altitude?" exclaimed one of the party, nudging his companions. "Och, ay, and much further than that too," replied the shepherd, who perceived the drift of their enquiry. "Farther than London?" gasped two of the tourists. "Ay, to be shurely, and farther than America too," replied the Highlander. "Farther than America?" shouted all the company together. "Impossible!" "It's shoost true what I tell you, whatever," replied Donald; adding in a perfectly serious tone, "but if you'll won't believe me, shoost sit doon there, and

took out your flask and took a dram, and wait for twa oors and more, and if the mist will clear awa' you will see the *moon* from here."

Two ferrymen rowing a dandified Englishman out to a steamer at one of the Clyde watering-places, saw to their consternation the man tumble over the boat into the water. The foremost ferryman dropped his oar and made a clutch at the man as he rose to the surface, and caught him by the wig, which came away in his hand. Throwing this into the boat impatiently, he made a second grab, catching the collar of his shirt, when the collar and front came away in his hands. Casting these from him, he cried in horror, "Man, Donald, come here quick, and help to save as muckle o' this man as we can, for he's comin' awa' in bits."

A tourist while journeying in the Highlands went for a day's shooting. "I suppose," he remarked to Donald, the keeper, before starting, "there will be plenty of grouse in this part of the country?" "Och, aye! they'll be thoosands," replied the ghillie. "I suppose there will be plenty of rabbits in this part of the country, too, Donald?" further queried the tourist. "Och, aye!" was the answer; "they'll be thoosands." "I suppose there will be plenty of hares in this part of the country, also, Donald?" asked the tourist, following up his line of enquiry. "Och, aye!" replied the faithful keeper, "they'll be thoosands o' hares, too, whatever." "And I suppose, Donald," queried the

tourist, addressing another question to his ghillie, "there will be plenty jackasses in this part of the country, too, Donald?" "Och, weel," replied Donald sarcastically, "when ta Sassenach come north in ta time o' ta shooting season I daursay they'll be a few, whatever!"

A tourist, thinking to joke at the expense of a Highland boatman, said, "Seeing you have no use for money in this part of the world, I suppose you will row me across to the island for nothing?" "She will be most happy," replied the boatman, and accordingly the tourist was rowed across. After the stranger had seen all he wished, he made tracks for the boat again, but was rather astonished when the boatman told him he would require five shillings to take him back. "Five shillings!" replied the tourist; "you said you would take me across for nothing." "So she did," replied the boatman, "but she never promised to bring her back again."

Donald, a keeper in the far north, was in the gun-room getting his guns ready when Lord D— walked in. "Well, Donald, what sort of morning have we got?" "A ferry poor mornin' whateffer," said Donald, taking an empty flask from his pocket.

Apropos the shooting season, a sportsman approached the door of a farmhouse in Banff district, and enquired of a worthy son of the soil, "Can I have the use of your parlour in which to take luncheon with my party?" "Yod, I suppose so," was the reply. "May I have it just now? Is it oc-

cupied?" continued the sportsman. "Yod, I dinna ken," answered the worthy labourer. "The last time I saw it the wife had a clocken hen and some chuckens in't."

A military gentleman who had rented a farmer's house in Perthshire as a shooting box, arrived the night before the Twelfth with his party, consisting of two or three military comrades of somewhat tall stature. Next morning the host sent for the farmer, and in no very amiable mood complained that the beds in the house were much too short for his guests, and that he would require new beds. "Na, na, sir," was the farmer's reply. "I am verra sorry your guests are too long for my beds, but new guests are easier got than new beds."

A Glasgow "Cockney" on his Easter holidays did a Trossachs tour. Being a member of the Kilt Society, he donned "the garb," and fussed about rather officiously, worrying stationmasters and bullying booking-clerks. On the Trossachs coach he began to banter the stolid coachdriver. "W'y dawn't you have a hawn, me man?" he enquired in the most pompous manner he could affect. "The shentlemans will plow their own horn on this coach, sir," replied the Highlander quietly.

Luckie Buchan kept a hotel at Greenlaw, in Berwickshire, long ago. One day she had the honour to receive under her roof a very worthy but prosy old minister, with three sons of the same profession, and prosy likewise. After dinner was over the

father turned to Luckie and said, "Here sit I, a placed minister of the Kirk of Scotland, and here sit my three sons, each a placed minister of the same Kirk. Confess now, Luckie, you never had such a party in your house before." The question not being premised by any invitation to sit down and take a dram, Luckie answered dryly, "'Deed, sir, I canna juist say that I ever had such a party in my house before, except ance, in the '45, when I had a Hieland piper here wi' his three sons, a' Hieland pipers, and deil a spring could they play amang them."

While a hunting party, given by a baronet in the north, was driving into a small village on Deeside, a poor woman was observed hurrying out of sight under a bundle of stolen firewood. "Keeper, keeper," cried the old Baronet, "do you see that?" "No, Sir Jeems, I didna see't, and what's mair, I didna think ye wad see't," replied the old ghillie.

A traveller engaged in collecting debts called on a tardy old Celt, who promised to settle with him at a certain hour on the following morning. Knowing a little of his customer, the "man of the road" thought it would be as well to be rather before than after the time appointed. For this purpose he was making his way, but had not proceeded far, when, to his surprise, he met Donald mounted on his little horse, with a creel on each side of him. "Well, Mr. Mac——, where are you going?" he enquired. "I'm just going to the potatoes," answered the High-





lander. "And when will you be back?" demanded the collector. "Oh, as for that, I'll perhaps be back at night, if I am spared," was the cautious answer. "But did you not promise to settle my account?" said the collector, coming to business, "and I have to go away in less than an hour." "Oh, yes, to be sure I did," said Donald with coolness, "but as the day was fine, I thought it would put more in my pocket to be at the potatoes than to be settling any body's account."

A Highland laird invited an English friend to stay with him for some time during the fishing season. Although a novice at the sport, the Englishman soon hooked a very fine salmon, but in his excitement he unfortunately fell into the river. The keeper, seeing he was no swimmer, hooked on to him with a gaff, and was about to drag him ashore, when the laird called out, "What are ye about, Donald?" "Shust fushin' oot ta shentleman, sir," replied the keeper. "Hoots!" exclaimed his master, sharply, but with a touch of humour, "get haud o' the rod and look for the fush. My friend can bide a wee, but the fush winna!"

A crofter who had been much annoyed with hares and rabbits eating up his scanty crop determined to retaliate. He set some snares among the turnips, with the result that a large fat hare was discovered in one of them. Just as the crofter was about to appropriate the animal he observed the gamekeeper, so, taking the hare by the ears, he gave it a kick be-

hind, and sent it off as fast as it could gallop; and then, turning with well-simulated indignation towards the gamekeeper, he said, "I've stood this kind o' work sae lang as your beasts ran lowse amang my neeps, but I'll be hanged if I'll alloo ye to tether them."

Highlanders hold to the honours and antiquity of their kindred tenaciously. A dispute arose between a Campbell and a M'Lean upon the never-ending subject. The M'Lean would not allow that the Campbells had any right to rank with his clan in the matter of antiquity, which, he insisted, was in existence as a clan from the beginning of the world. Campbell had a little more Biblical lore than his antagonist, and asked him if the Clan M'Lean was before the Flood. "Flood! what flood?" demanded M'Lean. "The Flood that you know drowned all the world but Noah and his family and his flocks and herds," said Campbell. "Pooh! you and your flood too," said M'Lean. "My clan was before ta Flood." "I have not read in my Bible," said Campbell, "of the name M'Lean going into Noah's Ark." "Noah's Ark!" snorted the M'Lean; "who ever heard of a M'Lean that had not a boat of his own?"

One stormy night a weather-beaten gauger, who had stood the pelting of the pitiless storm through the course of a cold winter day, arrived at a small farm town in the West Highlands, and being benumbed with cold and almost frozen to the saddle,

made for the only house where he could see light, and called for assistance. Not finding himself attended to, he cried at the top of his voice, "Will no good Christian come and help me off my horse?" Awakened by the noise, a sturdy old Celt opened the door, and asked if it was "Chisholm's he wanted?" "No," said the impatient gauger, "I want some good Christian to help me off my horse." "Ah! sir," said Donald, as he closed the window, "we don't know them peoples; we're a' Camerons here."

At one of the preaching stations connected with the Cowal missions, the ministers sent there by the Secession Synod were well received, and apparently attentively listened to, though many of the hearers knew not the difference between Kirk and Dissent. One of them, on being asked what Seceders meant, as differing from adherents of the Church of Scotland, replied, "Och, I'll thocht, tall bonny men, like the cedars on Lebanon."

Friendship among the Highlanders was something sacred. "Weel, Duncan Graham," said an old hoary slip from the Celtic stock, "you have always been a great patriot for your father's family and the clan of our name; and you have now been away from us a long time, and married a wife, and all that; and no doubt you will wish to go and live amongst her relations, though I would rather that you were amongst ourselves here in our own place, all the rest of your days." "Yes," replied Duncan, "I have come a long way north to see my native

country, but I mean to return south to spend the remainder of my days." "No doubt, no doubt; it's all right, Duncan. Now, Duncan, when you are away from us, and among strangers, should anything befall you in the way of difficulty, always count on Dugald Graham, your own second cousin by the mother's side, as a true friend; ay, Duncan, one that will stand by you in all circumstances in the world, or anywhere—ay—any thing short of murder: indeed, Duncan, my dear, if it should be murder itself, I will not turn my back upon you."

A kilted Highlander who had to walk to the nearest town—six miles off—for his provisions, purchased some matches on one occasion, and found on his return home that they were useless. Taking them back, he complained to the grocer that they would not light. The grocer, anxious to show that the matches were of the right kind, took one, and drawing it across his trousers, lit it. This demonstration, however, did not satisfy the kilted Highlander, who exclaimed, "And wha is going to travel twelve miles to light the matches on your breeks?"

On one occasion there were great national rejoicings, and Inverness, like other places, was illuminated at night. "Dear me, Donald," exclaimed one to another, "did you ever behold the likes of that? There's five-fourths of the whole town under luminations this nicht!" "Toots, man, Angus, I'll thought that you know better than spoke like that," replied his neighbour. "A fourth is a quar-

ter, and five quarters would be more than the whole." "Och, Donald Fraser, my lad," retorted Angus, somewhat angrily, "I've seen too many snowy days not to know what I'll say. I've got clothes in my own shop six-quarters, and that is more—there, now, with your ignorance."

At a funeral in the north many friends had been invited, as is the custom, but a neighbour woman who had quarrelled with the family was not included. She was offended at the slight, but as the funeral passed her door, she had her revenge by exclaiming, "Weel, there'll be a funeral at oor hoose some day, and we'll see wha'll be asked then!"

The Duke of Argyll and Greenwich was remarkable for his pointed sarcasm. "What sort of people are the Highland lairds?" queried the German Queen of George II. of the Duke on one occasion. "They are like German princes," promptly replied the Duke, "very poor and very proud."

A Highlandman, when asked what sort of a woman his wife was, replied, "She's prood, she's pettit, she's ill-natured, she's a thief, and she's a leear, but," he added, with evident contentedness, "Eh, man, ye canna in this world have everything perfection."

In these days of education it is surprising how ignorant and stupid men and women are when they visit the registrar. In filling up marriage schedules the registrar often receives ludicrous answers. On asking a couple if they were related, one registrar

got for an answer, "Yes, we live up the same close;" and a Highlander, when asked if his father was living, said, "No, she stays in ta Hielan's."

"Why do Highlanders wear the kilt?" is a question which was once solved by an Englishman. Sandy M'Craw had been entertaining his English cousin, and one night when the pair were chatting together, Sandy began praising the Highlandmen, explaining what a grand race they were, and what a grand "garb" they wore. "Yes," said the Englishman; "but can you tell me anything about the origin of that peculiar dress?" "Hoot ay," answered Sandy, "the kilt was originally i' the Garden o' Eden." "Why," said his friend, "there is no mention of it made in Scripture, then." "Hoot, toot, man!" replied Sandy. "Dinna ye ken that Adam adorned himsel' wi' a dizzen o' docken leaves, hung roun' his hurdies?" "No, no, you are talking bosh!" exclaimed the Englishman. "It appears to me that the wearing of the kilt originated in quite a different manner, and it is now worn more as a matter of necessity than of choice." "Hoo d'ye mak' that oot, man?" asked Sandy, in some surprise. "Easy enough," said his cousin. "Highlanders wear the kilt because they have such big feet they couldn't get into an ordinary pair of trousers!" "Oh!" retorted Sandy, "and that is the way you fashionable boddies are a' wearin' sic wide breeks noo-a-days?"

Two Highlanders were conversing together on the

subject of the electric telegraph. Tonald wondered if the message was tied on the wire and so conveyed along, and Tugald, who thought he knew something of the matter, tried to explain it thus, "Do you see the collie dog at ma feet? Well, suppose it could streech itsel' as far and a great deal further; suppose it streeched from Topermory to Glesca; well, if its head was in Glesca and its tail in Topermory, and I trampit on its tail in Topermory, it would bark in Glesca!"

