

XII.—BRITHER SCOTS.

SOME one, famous more for love of sarcasm than his respect for the Scottish people, has said that a Scotsman is a man who keeps Sabbath and everything he can lay his hands on. The joke is a good one, and is taken meekly by a much misrepresented race. Everybody who is not a Scotsman sees something in the race to dislike. A carefulness that borders on parsimony, a canniness that verges on indifference, a love of creed that is swallowed up in bigotry, a pride of country that nothing can humble, and a liking for whisky that seems to be madness, are characteristics to be found in part or in whole in every member of that people who honour Bruce, adore Knox, and worship Burns. Of course, as can readily be believed, the Scots themselves do not see in their character anything to justify an alien in coming to an unfavourable estimate of their qualities. The "Shepherd" of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" voiced the opinion of Scotland when he said "The Englishers are the noblest race o' leevin' men—except the Scotch." But even a foreigner may be inclined to pardon the Shepherd if he ponder for a moment on the history of the excepted race. Their brave fight for civil liberty, their noble struggle for religious freedom, and the high

position they occupy among the peoples of the earth, are more than sufficient to entitle one of themselves at least to regard them as "the noblest race o' leevin' men."

In the village of Kennethcreek, which some of our readers may know, there are three kinds of folk—the guid, the bad, and the Morrisons—and it sometimes seems to us that Scotland is one extended Kennethcreek, with three kinds of folk—the guid, the bad, and the Highlanders. The guid folk are the Reformed Presbyterians, who have almost ceased to exist; the Burghers and Anti-Burghers, who buried the hatchet and themselves half-a-century ago; and the Wee Frees, who are fast following in their steps. The bad folk go to church every Sabbath, but do not support their minister, give with a sparing hand to foreign missions, falsify their communion rolls, preach politics from the pulpit at every general election, count the reigning sovereign as a member of their Church, and uphold a religious system which every man with a grain of Seceders' commonsense and Dissenters' righteousness has long since left to the control of Satan. The Highlanders are curious people. They detest all Lowland laws—especially the turnpike road and the gauger. More susceptible than their Sassenach friends, they never gave up the fair humanities of the Roman Catholic Church for the grim realities of the Reformation, and to-day in the North West Highlands the Pope is more hopeful than he was in the fifteenth century. A few

of the Celts came half-way to join the Presbyterians, and adopted Episcopacy. From Episcopacy one or two wandered in indifference into Presbytery, thus ensuring the representation of their race in heaven. They speak a language which no stranger can learn satisfactorily. They claimed a great antiquity for it, affirming that it was spoken in Eden, but conceded the point when an unkind critic suggested that the Devil was a Highlander.

There are certain features which mark the Scottish people generally, and the most prominent is religion. The Scots are essentially religious. Some one has remarked that once upon a time the Scottish race assembled together and passed two resolutions. The first of these was, We resolve that the saints inherit the earth; and the second, We resolve that we are the saints. Robert Louis Stevenson, in one of his charming essays, says that the privilege of being born a Scot has to be paid for like all other advantages; you have to learn the Paraphrases and the Shorter Catechism. This indicates what an important part the Church has played in the lives of Scotsmen. Learning the Paraphrases and the Shorter Catechism may be said to be only the "outward and visible sign" of that deeper religious mind which guided almost everything in the career of the Scot. It has been said that the auld Scotsman spoke to and of God as though He had been his next-door neighbour.

Then again there is their characteristic of canniness,

which perhaps is as strongly marked as their religious tendency of mind. Scottish caniness is proverbial, and perhaps was never better exemplified than by the remark of the auld Scot who, when asked if he could play the fiddle, replied, he "didna ken," as he "had never tried." A Scotsman travelling from Edinburgh to Liverpool with an Englishman would know before he was half way through his journey where his fellow-passenger came from, where he was going, what was his name, what his errand, whether he was married, and, if so, how many children he had, while the Southron would have learned that the Scot "was gaun a wee bit frae him," and would only know whither he was bound when he saw him alight at some station. Burns expresses the Scottish disposition exactly in his lines—

Aye free, aff han', your story tell
 When wi' a bosom crony ;
 But still keep something to yoursel',
 Ye scarcely tell to ony.
 Conceal yoursel' as weel's ye can
 Frae critical dissection ;
 But keek thro' every other man
 Wi' sharpened, sly inspection.

The vast majority of the Scots of whom we have to write may best be described as only common folk. Simple in their ways and manners, they live quiet, unobtrusive lives, and are never known outside the small circle in which they move. Their one idea of existence is "aye work awa'." They know they are

in their surroundings only for a time. Over in the kirkyaird, the inhabitants of earlier days sleep the sleep of the just, and toddling about the village are the children who are to form the fathers and mothers of the next generation. Six days they work for those they love, and on the seventh go to the kirk. Once or twice a year they may be from home. Once or twice in the same length of time they are out of their ordinary way by observing the fair or the New Year. But that is all. A few rise above the others, and are pointed to as "clever chields." One or two become ministers. The rest settle down into the old grooves in which their fathers worked, and are content with their lots. They are common folk enjoying a life that is beautiful in its very simplicity.

In our illustrations of character we have done our best to sketch the Scot in his every-day life. We have taken him as we found him in anecdote and story, and have let him speak for himself.

In some parts of the country it is customary for a bride to bring a dower to her husband, and, no matter how little she may bring, she must not come empty-handed. One couple, who had experienced wedded bliss for some years, were having a quarrel, when the husband taunted the lady with the paucity of worldly goods with which she had endowed him. "Awa'," said he; "when ye mairret me a' ye brocht was a cask o' whisky an' auld Bible." "Weel, Jock," was the quick response, "gin ye had paid as muckle attention

to the Beuk as ye did to the bowie, ye would ha'e been a meenister o' the gospel ere this."

Dr Lawson appeared in the Theological Hall one day with his wig somewhat *tousy* and on one side. A student whispered to his neighbour, "See, his wig's no *redd* the day." The doctor heard, but took no notice of the remark at the time, but when it came to the turn of this student to deliver a discourse, he was welcomed with these words from the Professor, "Come away, Mr. —, and we'll see wha's wig is *best redd the day*."

We have spoken of the familiarity with which many seemed to know the Divinity, and here is what is said to have been a typical prayer:—"Haud still a wee—We're aye gaun an' we're gettin', never'less we're no' drawin' near unto Thee as we ought. Be about this house, the barn an' the byre, the peat stack an' the kail yerd. May a' oor ewes ha'e twa lambs; may that auld ewe that's no' worth five shillings be worth thretty shillings again' the Steuck fair o' Beltan. Keep a' oor fa' dikes till Hallowday, an' the tod frae the fauld. I forgi'e a' men an' women their trespasses again' me, but the twa auld wives o' Cutty Andro's brae. The tane stealt my tobacco spuchan, an' the tither brak' my shins wi' the airn tangs. O Lord, turn Thou the wicked frae troublin' me, an' my son Jock frae his evil ways—Jenny, ca' the hens oot o' the parritch—an' a' the glory shall be Thine. Amen."

The chief of the Leslies is said to have prayed before a battle—"Be on our side! An' gin Ye canna be on

spuchan



SPENCE
SMITH

our side, just keep quate, an' Ye'll see the carles get a hidin' that must please Ye." An old Covenanter, who ruled his household with a rod of iron, is said to have prayed in all sincerity at family worship—"O Lord, ha'e a care o' Rob, for he is on the great deep, an' Thou holdest it in the hollow o' Thy hand. And ha'e a care o' Jamie, for he has gone to fight the enemies o' his country, an' the outcome o' the battle is wi' Thee. But ye needna fash Yoursel' wi' wee Willie, for I ha'e him here, an' I'm quite capable o' lookin' after him mysel'."

A country smith of the name of M'Nab wished to take a holiday at the ice, as he was a keen curler, so he told his wife that the iron would not work in frosty weather. She was sceptical on this point, and to prove his words he asked her to come into the shop and see for herself. Adjourning to the smithy, M'Nab put a piece of cast-iron into the fire, and when it was red-hot told his wife to strike it with the hammer. She did so, and, as was to be expected, it flew in pieces all over the shop. "Awa' ye gang to the ice, John," said his wife; "there's nae use in sp'iling guid iron."

A farmer in the vicinity of Dunkeld, returning home rather late one night, discovered a farm-servant with a lantern under his kitchen window, who, when asked his business there, said he had only come a-courting. "Come a what?" asked the farmer. "A-courting, sir. I'm courting Mary." "But what do you want with a lantern?" asked the farmer. "I never used

one when I was courting." "No, sir," was the reply, "I dinna think ye did, judging by the looks of the mistress!"

A butcher's lad went to deliver some meat at a house where a fierce dog was kept. The lad entered the back yard, and as soon as the dog saw him it pinned him against the wall. In a short time the mistress of the house ran out and drove the animal away. "Has he bitten you?" she asked. "Noa," said the lad. "I kept him aff by giving him your suet, an' ye juist cam' in time to save the beef."

Two country damsels were standing outside the window of a second-hand bookseller's shop in Glasgow, when one of them, pointing to a book on "Husbandry," said, "Jessie, seein' I'm gettin' mairriet, I've a gweed mind t' buy 't. It nicht lat me ken hoo t' manage Jock." They entered the shop, and the book was placed before them. The prospective bride opened it at a picture of a majestic ox. "Gweed sake!" she exclaimed, "it's about cattle an' nae husbandry." "Oh, weel," returned her companion, "ye canna dae wrang to tak' it, for I'm sure ye're aften tellin' me Jock was naething but a stirk."

Two young farm labourers who were changing places on one occasion were taking leave of an old outworker. "Guid bye, Betty, we're awa' for guid," said one, when she answered, "Tak' care ye dinna tine yersel's, for it's the first time ye've been on that road."

The extreme courtesy and pawky humour of Professor

Minto charmed his students. Many anecdotes are related of him, and we may tell one here. A class, while waiting for the Professor's arrival, beguiled the time by singing. On one occasion they struck up "Old Hundred," bawling it out with more noise than harmony. The Professor entered as the vocal exercise was in progress, when the class at once relapsed into silence. "I think, gentlemen," he quietly observed, "you had better now sing, 'All we like sheep have gone astray,' for that was the impression your voices conveyed to my ear as I sat in my room."

A party was out shooting on the side of a mountain in Banffshire, when one of them was rather badly peppered by a stray shot. The head keeper, thinking the accident worse than it was, shouted out to the wounded man:—"Run, man; run doon the hill! heaven only kens hoo far we'll ha'e to carry ye!"

"Have I killed a bird at last?" asked a sportsman, excitedly. "Yes, sir, and he richly deserves it for taking the liberty of flying in the way o' your shot!" was the reply.

A laird, on whose grounds game was scarce, invited a party of his sporting friends to a day's shooting. They joyfully accepted his invitation, and went out to the moors, accompanied by a solitary keeper. For five hours they wandered about without getting a single shot, and at length one of the sportsmen asked their attendant, "What on earth does your master kill

when he goes out shooting?" "Oh, weel, he kills time," was the grinning rejoinder.

Madame Patti was delighting a large audience in St. Andrew's Halls, Glasgow, on one occasion, when a working man at the rear of the building was observed to be in tears. There was nothing in the song to account for his display of sorrow, but the grief of the man became more pronounced and annoying ere Madame Patti had concluded. At length, amid a thunder of applause, the singer retired, and the stranger was asked the reason of his grief. "She reminds me so of my dochter," said the tearful one. "She was in the singing line." "But surely your daughter could not sing like that?" said a man in the next seat. "No," answered the mourner with another sob, "but you never could tell what she was singing about."

An American was once relating some startling stories to a group of country labourers, who received the yarns with open-mouthed astonishment. One, however, who was present, much older than the others, did not exhibit surprise, and received in exceeding quietness the Yankee's astounding account of his adventures. At length the story-teller paused, and, looking at his quiet listener, said, "How is it that you do not seem interested in our conversation, Mr. Hodge?" "Oh! I ance was a great lear masel'," was the reply.

At a mansion, notorious for its scanty fare, a gentleman was inquiring of the gardener about a dog which he had given to the laird some time before. The gardener

showed him a lank greyhound, on which the gentleman said, "No, no, the dog I gave your master was a mastiff, not a greyhound!" to which the gardener quickly answered, "Indeed, sir, ony dog would soon be turned into a greyhound if it stoppit lang here."

At a Clydeside station one day, a piquant young lady who rose to alight, was jerked on to the lap of an old gentleman by the sudden stopping of the train. "Oh, my! excuse me, sir," she exclaimed, blushing up confusedly; "it was an accident." "Don't apologise, ma bonnie lassie," exclaimed the gallant worthy; "I wadna ha'e cared a fig even if ye had dune it on purpose!"

A Londoner arrived at St. Andrews, and commenced practising golf, making, at the same time, a fine exhibition of how the game ought not to be played. Turning to the caddie, after some preliminaries he said, "Aw—er—I wondah 'ow I am playing so bad to-day. I—aw—am not—aw—in fowm." "Oh, ye've played afore, have ye?" was the immediate query.

A number of trout fishers were out one night on the Tweed. The trout were taking very freely. One of the fishers had a landing net, and he was kept busy landing the heavier trout. One old fellow had got hold of something very good, and called out very lustily for Jock to come with the net. Jock, on coming along (the night was pretty dark and damp), saw something wriggling amongst the grass. The reason was, the old chap had hooked an eel, and had jerked it on to the bank

when casting. The eel was tugging away and making him think he had a grand "six-pounder" on at least. Jock, on taking in the situation, called out, "Man, it's no' a net ye want, it's a doug; here he's oot grazing!"

A rustic fishing on the Tweed was asked by a gentleman, who was also fishing, "How is it that you are getting so many trout while I am not getting one?" "Oh," replied the rustic, "that is easy explained; ye canna fish."

A cautious old farmer was about to select a day for the roup of his grain. "I wish," said he to the auctioneer, "that we may have a good breeze at the roup." "A good breeze," said the auctioneer, "what connection has a breeze wi' the roup?" "Mair than ye imagine," replied the other. "Whan grain's waving wi' a guid breeze it looks a heap thicker. They see the same heads twa-three times."

A lady was driving her husband, or rather a cart in which her husband was seated, down a narrow lane, when, turning a sharp corner, they encountered a brewer's van. There was no room to pass, and the lady said very tartly, "You must go back, for I shall not. You ought to have seen us before entering the lane." "But, my dear," said her husband mildly, "the man couldn't see round the corner." "I don't care," was the characteristic reply. "I'll sit down here till doomsday before I give way to that man." The carter, who had overheard the colloquy, here remarked, "A' richt, maister, I'll back oot; I've got sic anither at hame."

One cold morning John Smith's wife was in a bad temper, and John was driven to sup his porridge on the dyke in front of the door. The laird happening to pass, inquired the cause. "'Deed, laird," said John, "it's the lum reeking." "We maun see about that," said the laird, opening the door. He had just got in his head when a stool struck the wall not an inch from his nose. Hastily closing the door, he said, "Ay, John, I doot I can dae naething wi' that. It's a bad case; but the fact is, John, *my ain lum reeks.*"

A Perthshire farmer had the misfortune to lose a valuable horse by death. An examination showed that the animal had been poisoned, and the poison was traced to a piece of whitelead lying near a well in the park where the horse had grazed. This whitelead it was concluded had been thrown there by some workmen engaged in laying pipes along the roadway, and the farmer knew that damages might be got if he could get the workmen to admit that the substance had been laid down by them. Taking two servants with him to act as witnesses of anything that might transpire, the farmer proceeded some miles along the road until he came to the spot at which the men had arrived in their work. "Weel," said he to the foreman, "that's a graund day." "It is so," assented the foreman. Then after a pause the farmer proceeded, "Man, you was a fine piece o' whitelead ye flang ower into the field yont there. It wad ha'e come in handy if ye had telt me about it. I cud ha'e used it." "Ay, man,"

said the foreman, with seeming regret, "if I had ta'en a thocht I micht ha'e telled ye, for I juist threw it ower the hedge to get it oot o' the road." "Aweel," replied the farmer, as he looked triumphantly at the witnesses, "it's poisoned a braw horse o' mine, and we'll see noo wha's to pay the damage."

The example of a baronet of old might be valuable as regards the only safe method of proceeding to arbitration. Sir John Innes, after discussing the preliminaries of an arbitration, was asked, "But will ye abide by my award?" Sir John replied, "Faith, I would like to ken first what it is!"

An old man, who had been away for "mony a day," paid a flying visit one New Year to his "native glen." The first person he foregathered with was an old school, mate, and naturally they entered on a crack about "auld times an' acquaintances." In the course of their conversation the visitor inquired about a certain Sandy M'Nab. "Oh! he's deid lang syne," answered his worthy friend with a significant head-shake; "an' I'll ne'er cease regrettin' him as lang as I leeve." "Losh me! Did ye respect him as muckle as that, Jock?" "Naw, man, Archie, it wasna only profound respect I had for himsel', but, fegs, I mairrit his widow!"

During the great strike a few years ago amongst the officials of the North British Railway, much difficulty was experienced in finding qualified engine-drivers to maintain the necessary train service. Upon one occasion a young fellow was put upon a section in Fife.

One day he ran some distance past a certain station, and upon putting back he went as far the other way. The stationmaster, seeing him preparing for another attempt, shouted, to the amusement of the passengers, "Just bide where you are, Thomas; we'll shift the station."

A Paisley weaver forsook his loom to share in the glories of Lord Nelson. Soon after he was afloat he was, one black, stormy night, ordered aloft. The poor fellow, instead of at once throwing himself into the shrouds, looked up in wild dismay to the officer, and exclaimed, "Od, man, it would be a tempting o' Providence to gang up there on sic a nicht."

The members of a family were watching round the deathbed of the father. At length the end seemed to have come, and he lay perfectly still. The mother burst into tears, exclaiming, "He's gane at last, and I'll never be happy till I follow him!" Then, assuming a business-like tone, she added, "We'll ha'e the funeral on Wednesday, and we'll juist get Wully Paterson to mak' the coffin; though he hasna been a friend o' oors, yet—" But here they were startled by a voice from the bed moaning forth, "If ye get that craitur Wully Paterson to mak' the coffin, I'll no' pit a fit in't!"

A story is told of a Sauchie man who had the misfortune to lose one of his legs at Tullibody, and who, when it was proposed to bury his limb at that place, exclaimed, "Na! na! ye'll bury my leg in Sauchie,

where I ha'e burying-ground. It wad be an awful job for me at the Last Day to rin to Tullibody for my leg ! ”

“ Willie ” M'Bean, V.C., who had enlisted in the 93rd Highlanders a barefooted lad in 1835, rose through all the intermediate grades to the command of his regiment, and died a Major-General. In connection with this distinguished soldier's promotion it is recorded that he remained a lance-corporal for *seven years*. “ Willie ” got his V.C. for killing no fewer than eleven mutineers, one after the other, at the storming of Lucknow, and in connection with its bestowal an anecdote is still current in the regiment. Of course there was a general parade of “ every man who wore a button,” and Sir R. Garrett, who pinned the decoration on the hero's breast, made the customary little speech, in the course of which he alluded to the episode as “ a good day's work.” “ Toots, toots, man,” replied “ Willie,” quite forgetting he was on parade, and perhaps a little piqued at his performance being spoken of as a day's work ; “ Toots, man, it didna tak' me twenty meenutes.”

On the “ Twelfth ” a party were out shooting on Mormond Hill, when one gentleman fired at, but evidently missed, a very fine specimen of grouse. Turning to the keeper he observed, “ Surely I winged that bird, eh ? ” “ Weel, sir,” replied the pawky Buchan man, “ to look at it fleein' awa' ower the hill there a body wad think it was fairly weel winged ! ”

James Hogg was much impressed with the originality

of some, and the humorous, somewhat unbecoming familiarity of other prayers which he heard, and he tells that on one occasion he listened to the following confession:—"We're a' like hawks, and we're a' like snails, and we're a' like slogie riddles; like hawks to do evil, like snails to do guid, and like slogie riddles, for we let through a' the guid and keep a' the ill." Another which he relates was during the Napoleonic scare, and was to this effect:—"Bring doon the tyrant and his lang neb, for he has done muckle ill this year, an' gi'e him a cup o' Thy wrath, an' gin he winna be improved by that gi'e him kelty" (two cups). Another, which the Ettrick Shepherd quotes, is as follows:—"For the sake o' Thy sinfu' servants who are now addressing Thee in their ain shilly-shally way, and for the sake o' mair than we daur weel name to Thee, ha'e mercy on Rab. Ye ken fu' weel he's a wild, mischievous callant, and thinks nae mair o' committin' sin than a dog does o' lickin' a dish; but put Thy hook in his nose, and Thy bridle in his gab, and gar him come back to Thee wi' a jerk that he'll no' forget the langest day that he lives." A Leith fisherman prayed for deliverance from a storm after the following original fashion:—"We hinna been aye nag-naggin' at Ye like thae Methody bodies; we're quiet, decent-livin' folk, sittin' in the wast laft o' North Leith Kirk, and if Ye'll only keep us from drownin' this time, we'll no' bother You again for a guid lang while."

Aberdeen folk pride themselves on the politeness of

their cabmen; but an English visitor, who was an invalid, found this politeness embarrassing. He had been driven in a cab from his hotel to the beach, and was shown every attention by the cabman, who treated him as a flunkey treats a millionaire. On their return to the hotel, Jehu saw the invalid out, whereupon the latter thanked him and said, "I'm very much obliged; I think I shall require your services again pretty soon." "Ay, ay," said the cabbie; "I'll be richt gled; *I drive the hearse.*"

After a dog-show in one of our principal towns, a masher, leading a small pug-dog by a chain, approached a porter at the station, and said, "I say, porter, shall I require to take a dog's ticket?" "Naw! naw!" replied the porter; "juist draw an ordinary ticket, and tak' your sate like ony ither body."

An honest ploughman was much in love with a pretty dairymaid, but he was rather a bashful wooer, and could not muster sufficient courage to pop the question. Kate, for that was the name of the dairymaid, got impatient, and she determined to bring "Jock" to the scratch, so one night, when they met for the usual billin' and cooin', Kate said, "Maun, Jock, are ye fond of guid baked scones?" "That I am, ma lassie," was the reply. "Weel, I'm a grand haun' at them," replied Kate, "but I canna bake them for you till ye mak' me Mrs. Cam'ell." Jock took the hint, and the pretty dairymaid baked scones for him not many months afterwards.

At a football match one Saturday afternoon there was a tremendous crush, and consequently a good deal of jostling. One stout little man, evidently a red-hot enthusiast, was digging his elbows into the ribs of all and sundry, and making frantic efforts to get in front. Unfortunately he came under the eye of a stalwart guardian of the public peace. "Take your time there, my good fellow," said he; "ye'll no' be in such a hurry to get into heaven." "There'll be nae policemen there to keep me oot at onyrate," came the quick and crushing retort.

Sandy Wilson was a shoemaker, but although he attended every "preaching" and sacrament within a radius of twelve miles, not a few complained that his workmanship was not of the best. On one occasion a customer called on Sandy to complain about a pair of shoes that he had got from him, and after much scolding wound up with, "It's juist this, Sandy, ye may gang to kirks, an' ye may gang to sacraments, but if ye dinna tak' shorter steeks it's o' nae avail."

"My girl," said an English tourist, in a tone of patronising banter, to a young woman whom he met on a country road, walking barefoot, and carrying her shoes and stockings, "is it the custom for girls in Scotland to carry their shoes, and walk barefooted?" "Ay, whiles," she answered, "but whiles we mind our ain business!"

A gentleman who was spending a month in the Highlands went to hire a carriage for the purpose of taking

his family on an excursion. Looking at the vehicle he inquired how many it would hold, and the ostler, scratching his head, replied, "It hauds four generally, but six if they're weel acquaint."

A man, whose wife had left him and gone to live with her mother, was met by a friend, who accosted him thus, "Man, Jamie, this is an awfu' thing that has befa'en ye! It's an awfu' peety 'at your wife has gaen an' left ye." "Dod, man!" quoth Jamie, "she'll dae waur than that yet." "What waur can she dae nor that?" anxiously inquired his friend. "She'll come back again," replied Jamie ruefully.

When the Caledonian Canal was undergoing repairs, three of the workmen living together were supplied with milk from a neighbouring farm. The milk was very watery, and they were continually grumbling about it. At last they arranged that they would speak, and drew cuts who was to "bell the cat." The lot fell to Archie Campbell. Archie, conscious of being able to maintain the tradition of his historic namesake, was nothing loth to undertake the task, provided he got three cans. The cans were procured, and he set off. Arriving at the farm, he was met by the mistress herself. "I've come for the milk mysel' the nicht, mistress," said Archie. "So I see," said the mistress. "You'll want an extra quantity wi' the three cans?" "No," replied Archie, "but I want the milk in ae can, the whey in anither, and the water in the third, and we'll mix it oorsel's."

An old man was visited the day before he died by a would-be pious friend. "Are you not wearying for a better world now?" asked the visitor. "No, no," said the canny Scot, "this is a very good world—I am quite content for a while yet."

A gentleman living near Peterhead ordered his dog-cart for ten o'clock one morning. He kept his old servant out in the wet holding the horse till twelve. On coming out, he said, "John, I fear I have kept you waiting." John touched his hat and, grinning broadly, replied, "I'll no' contradict ye, sir."

A bluff, consequential commercial gentleman from the south, with more beef on his bones than brain in his caput, was riding along the Hamilton road, near Blantyre, when he asked a herdboy, in a tone and manner evidently meant to quiz, if he were "half-way to Hamilton?" "Man," replied the boy, "I wad need to ken whar ye ha'e come frae afore I could answer that question."

Long ago swearing entered much into conversation, and by many was considered an accomplishment. It is told of an old lady who remarked on one occasion, "Weel, I maun admit that oor John swears awfu', but there's nae doot it's a great set-aff to the conversation."

An old Covenanting lady, who was taken prisoner by Grahame of Claverhouse, listened to a string of oaths, forcible but incoherent, which issued from the Royalist's mouth, and then gave him this patronage and advice,

“ ’Deed, sir, if ye are gaun to swear, ye micht try and swear sense.”

“ Ah, Jeanie,” said an old Covenanter to his daughter, “ it’s a solemn thing to be marriet.” “ Nae doot—but it’s far solemner no’ to be marriet,” retorted Jeanie.

In a rural district of Forfarshire a young ploughman went a-courting on Saturday night. In vain he racked his brain for some interesting topic, but could call up no subject at all suitable for the occasion. Not one sentence could he utter, and for two long hours he sat on in silent despair. The girl herself was equally silent; she, no doubt, remembered the teaching of the old song, “ Men maun be the first to speak,” and so sat patiently regarding him with sullen surprise. At last, John suddenly exclaimed, “ Jenny, there’s a feather on your apron!” “ I wudna ha’e wondered if there had been twa,” replied Jenny, “ for I’ve been sittin’ aside a goose a’ nicht.”

A friend of the present writer, cycling one day between Banff and Aberdeen, was nearing the “ Granite City ” when he came to forked roads. Addressing an old woman who was standing at a door he enquired, “ Which is the way to Aberdeen?” “ Gang straucht forrit,” replied the old lady. “ Do I go *over* this bridge?” queried the cyclist, pointing to a bridge in front of him. “ No,” said the auld wife emphatically, “ ye gang *across* it.”

Laird Hume resided in a town in the Borderland. He was a man of strong will, and in the greatest emergen-

cies was never known to seek the advice of man or woman. He once said, "I ha'e come to the conclusion, mony a year by-gane, that when a man puts his property into the hands o' a lawyer, his body into the hands o' a doctor, and his soul into the hands o' a minister, he had better juist lie doon in his kailyaird and dee."

At a farm in Fife, not far from the village of Dairsie, a boy was sent to take in a few bundles of hay. His master, coming to him in a short time, asked him if he had got it nearly all in yet. "No' yet," replied the boy. "And how long," said his master, "do you think it will take you yet?" "Oh, weel," said the boy, giving his head a scratch, "if you're needin' me to dae onything i' the noo I'll no' be lang, but if you're no' needin' me, it'll tak' me the feck o' the day."

Tammas B——, the farmer of Cornrigs, sat raging in his armchair at the inclemency of the weather, when Geordie T——, a neighbour farmer, entered the kitchen to have a friendly game at the "dambrod." "Well, Geordie," said Tammas, joylessly, "aye rainin' yet?" "Rainin'!" returned Geordie, jovially, "it's no' takin' time to rain." "We'll need to tak' steps to get it stopped," continued Tammas. "Did you say steps, Tammas? Man ye wad need a len' o' Jacob's ladder," was Geordie's reply.

An old farmer, in coming downstairs, slipped and fell, and his wife, hearing the din, exclaimed, "Preserve us a' man, Ha'e ye fa'en a'thegither?" "Ou, ay,"

said the irate old man ; “ wad ye ha’e had me to ha’e fa’ en in bits ? ”

There was a new hall opened in a certain town on one occasion, and during the opening ceremony, when the building was crowded, a form suddenly gave way, and a man was seen to fall to the floor. “ Is he hurt, I wonder ? ” asked a lady. “ Nae maitter whether he’s hurt or no’,” snappishly retorted a lady near to her. “ That’s the man that made the forms, and he should ken better than sit doon on them wi’ a’ his wecht.”

“ Now, this clock here is capital value ; it’ll go a whole year without winding,” explained a watchmaker to a customer who had the appearance of coming from the country. “ Eh, man, d’ye say so ? ” was the reply. “ An’ hoo lang, noo, micht it gang if it were wound up ? ”

“ John Simpson is a richt kin’ o’ husband,” explained Mrs. Mackay. “ He never gangs ony place whaur he canna tak’ his wife.” “ Puir man,” replied the guidman. “ I doot there is little chance o’ him being able to gang to heaven.”

“ I must have a new steading erected, or I’ll throw up the lease,” said an Aberdeenshire farmer to his landlord. “ That is impossible,” was the reply. “ Weel, I maun ha’e a new stack, byre, and stable at onyrate.” I canna gi’e you that,” said his landlord. “ Then surely ye can gie’s a new yett ? ” said the tenant. “ Oh, certainly,” replied the landlord, glad at getting off so easily. “ Ah, weel, that was a’ I wanted,” said the

tenant, " an' it was mair than I ever expected to get."

In the Glasgow Draughts Club one night, the following little bit of philosophical discourse was noted:—" Are ye in the handicap, Jeems? " " Na, na, Mr. Glegg. That's to say I'm nae in't noo." " Fat wye was that? " " Ou, weel, ye see, it a' depended on the hin'most game; an', man, I had a fine win on't, but I was juist owre cock-sure aboot it, an' made a rash move, an— an—." " You lost it," broke in Mr. Glegg, with a knowing shake of the head. " Juist that," said Jeems, with a considerable tinge of regret in his tones. " Weel, Jeems," said Mr G., seriously, " lat that be a warnin' tae ye. Never make cock-sure o' onything until it's an accomplished fac'. When ye ha'e a grup, rather tighten't than relax't. Man alive, there's naething like prosperity for tryin' fat's in a chap. Ye'll get a hun'er men that can battle manfully wi' adversity for ane that'll be able to stan' upright in prosperity. Never get puffed up; pride gangs afore a fa', ye ken. When ye're in a bad position struggle to improve't, when ye're in a fair position strive to mak' it better, an' when ye're in a strong position gird up your loins wi' canny caution and vigilance, an' dinna relax until the battle's won. An', Jeems—lat me whisper i' your lug—follow the same tactics i' the affairs o' life, an' if ye succeed ye'll deserv't, an' if ye fail ye'll ha'e naething to regret." " Faith, Mr. Glegg, ye're nae far wrang. But, go on, it's your shift."

An Englishman who was in the neighbourhood of

Turriff in the early years of last century, paid a visit to the oldest inhabitant, John Gordon, who attained the long age of a hundred and thirty-two years. The visitor encountered a venerable-looking man at the cottage door, who said, "It'll be my grandfather ye're seekin'; ye'll find him at the back o' the hoose." On turning round the corner, the stranger met a debilitated old man, whose whitened locks showed he had long since passed the meridian of life, and who, anticipating the visitor's mission, remarked, "Oh, ye'll be wantin' my faither; he's i' the yaird there." Entering the garden the Englishman at last found the patriarch, who was busy digging potatoes. "I have had some difficulty in finding you," said the former. "I mistook both your grandson and your son for you. Is that not rather hard work for one of your advanced age?" "It is," replied John, "But I'm thankfu' I'm able for't, as the laddies, puir things, are nae very stoot noo."

At Presbytery meetings Mr. Buist, a clerical wit, was ready to give a Roland for an Oliver. The minister of Glamis received new pulpit robes from the ladies in his congregation, and as his old ones were still good, he thought he would give them to Mr. Buist, who had never had any. Mr. Buist thanked him and said "The crows had been destroying his potatoes. He had set up bogles, but had not scared them; but he had no doubt if they had the doctor of Glamis to face they would not look near him." Buist was Presbytery clerk, and when he became old the younger brethren,

when they tendered any assistance, took into account that they would have his scornful jests to bear. Mr. Clougston of Forfar, when looking over the minutes, said, "Mr. Buist, you have a cipher too many here." "You are right," said Mr. Buist. "We have always had that since you came amongst us." The same minister on another occasion pointed out to him that he had made a grievous error in omitting to put D.D. after the name of a newly-made Doctor of Divinity they had got. "That is but silly flattery," explained Mr. Buist, "as it is only fools who give titles, and it is but vain men who take them."

The author of "Johnny Cope," Adam Skirving, a Haddington farmer, was a typical character of the year '45. There is a good anecdote related of him which is significant of the man. In his lively song, "Tranent Muir," Skirving introduces a tirade upon the character of a certain Lieutenant Smith, whom he accused of turning tail at the battle of Prestonpans. The Lieutenant was wroth, and sent a challenge to the poet. "Gang back," said Skirving to the messenger, "and tell Lieutenant Smith I ha'e nae leisure to come to Haddington; but tell him to come here and I'll tak' a look o' him, and if I think I'm fit to fecht, I'll fecht him, and if no', I'll do as he did—I'll rin awa'."

An interesting and amusing story of the loyalty of servants was once told of an old woman, at one time a domestic in a great family, and the only depository of an important secret upon which a succession suit

turned. She sturdily refused to speak, and at last a minister was sent to her, who told her she must speak out the truth on the peril of her soul. "Peril o' my saul!" was the only reply; "an' would ye put the honour of an auld Scottish family in competition wi' the saul of a puir auld body like me?"

A workman who had been forty years in the same workshop was getting too old, and though it had been hinted to him from time to time that he ought to retire, the hint was never taken. At last he was discharged, whereupon he said, "If I had kenned this wasna to ha'e been a steady job I wad ne'er ha'e liftet a tool in the place."

A well-known eccentric Perthshire Colonel, while walking along a country road, came upon an old man busy at work thatching a wayside cot. He stood looking on for a little, and then remarked, "Man, ye're makin' a grand job o' that." "Ay, no' sae bad," responded the old man. "D'ye think you could do anything to this?" returned the colonel, uncovering his head, and exposing his bald pate. The old thatcher paused a moment, and then replied, "I'm afraid no', sir. That's rather oot o' my line. I'm thinkin' it's a slate it wants."

"I wadna fecht, ma guid freends," said a decent elderly Scot to a couple of tramps—one evidently Irish and the other English, who were apparently coming to blows. "But he called me a liar, sur!" exclaimed the Irishman. "An' he called me a lazy loafer!" angrily shouted the other. "Weel, weel," pawkily replied

the peacemaking Scot. "I wadna fecht ower a difference o' opinion; *ye're maybe baith richt!*"

A Glasgow domestic servant was looking for "a place," and was recommended to apply at a large house in Partick, but as she was told that the mistress was very strict she set out undecided whether to apply or not. Entering the gate she saw an old man working in the garden, and, plucking up courage, told him her errand and her fears, and asked him for his advice. He advised her to go and see the lady herself, adding, "I get on fine mase'." In a short time she emerged smiling. "I like her looks," she said to her adviser, "and I'm engaged. Come with me, and I'll stan' ye a dram." "Lassie, I daurna," he replied; "the mistress nicht smell it on me, and it nicht cost me my place." "Smell it!" cried the temptress; "nae fear o' that, if you juist put some o' that parsley you're working wi' into your mouth." Eight days after, the new kitchen-maid had occasion to pass through the hall shortly before dinner, and was somewhat surprised to see her old friend the gardener coming down the stair in evening dress. Grasping a neighbour by the arm, she gasped, "Wha's that man?" "That! Oh, that's the maister."

A young girl had a very hard time of it with a very exacting old lady in whose service she was. One afternoon Mary was busy in the back green taking the clothes off the line when she heard her name called. "Mary." "Yes, mem," said Mary. "Hurry up, now," said her



mistress, "and bring some coal from the cellar, and come in and set the table for tea at once." With her cheeks burning with righteous indignation at getting so many orders to execute at once, Mary exclaimed, "Please, mem, dae ye think I'm twins?"

A worthy laird, though he knew nothing about authors, was very proud of his library, and never failed to enlarge on his acquisitions when a chance offered. "This side of the room," he would say, "is filled wi' Greek books, but I could never mak' oot thae new-fangled types; the next to the east is a' Latin, but I never could get muckle pleasure frae them; thae shelves to the north are a' law books, but Heaven keep me frae the law! Them braw books are in French, and they're a' o' ae size, neat and gemmy, like a French mounseer himsel'. When I first fell in wi' them I couldna mak' them sit comfortably, but I sent for a clever lad o' a wricht, and he sawed aff an inch or twa frae the top o' them, and now they fit the shelves as if they had been made for them."

Sir Stafford Northcote referred in one of his Budget speeches to the many curious suggestions and requests made to Chancellors of the Exchequer, and, as an illustration, he quoted a letter he had received from Glasgow. The writer sent twelve penny stamps, in return for which he requested that a "a twa-headed bawbee" might be sent, as he wanted it for "tossin' wi'."

A country joiner wended his way into a tailor's shop

for the purpose of getting a suit of clothes. He selected his pattern, and the man of the needle was about to take his measure, but somehow or other the tape could not be found. Jock grew impatient, but suddenly brightened up, exclaiming, "Never say die, tailor; we'll manage yet. I happen, by guid luck, to ha'e my fit-rule on me."

An Auchmithie fishwife had occasion to go to the front door of a farmer's house in the vicinity of Arbroath for the purpose of selling fish. Before the door, on a beautiful patch of green, was a statue in miniature of Sir Robert Peel, and the fishwife, being anxious to know all about it, said, "Losh keep me, fairmer, fa's statue's that?" "Oh," said the farmer, jocularly, "that's Julius Caesar." "Losh, ay, man," replied the innocent fishwife, "I thocht I'd seen the face afore."

Common folk sometimes stumble over words. Old John P——, who was a country joiner at Plean, near Stirling, was met one day by a kindly disposed neighbour, who enquired of him what his daughter, who had gone to Stirling, was doing. "Oh," said John, probably thinking of his own business, "she's awa' into a draper's to learn to be a *millwright*."

A party was holidaying in the Perthshire Highlands, and one day set out to visit the grave of the renowned Rob Roy. Not being very sure of their way, they accosted a man who was busy breaking stones at the road side, and enquired whether he could direct them to the spot. "Haud richt on," said the obliging stone-

breaker, "until ye come to an auld ruined kirk covered wi' *ivy*, and ye'll see the kirkyaird whaur Rob's grave is." The instructions were intelligible enough, although it is oftener that one sees a ruin covered with *ivy* than with *ivy*.

When two women were discussing the battle of Waterloo, the one said to the other, "Ye see oor soldiers are sure to win, for they aye pray before going into battle." "But can the French no' pray too?" was the reply. "The French pray!" exclaimed the other, "what though they did, wha could understand a word they said?"

An amusing specimen of simplicity comes from the west. Mrs. Dalgleish announced to the neighbours "that she was awa' to the motherless meeting." "The mithers' meeting, ye mean, Mrs. Dalgleish." "Eh, weel! Mrs. Wylie, it may be; I never was guid at geography," returned the unabashed Mrs. Dalgleish as she made her way for the meeting house.

A country youth, when on a visit to Aberdeen, entered a draper's shop, and asked to be supplied with a collar. The shopman proceeded to show him the various styles, and asked what size he required. This seemed to puzzle the countryman greatly, for he at once expressed his entire ignorance of what size he had been in the habit of wearing. "Do you think sixteen would be big enough?" enquired the obliging salesman. "Saxteen big enough!" exclaimed the astonished countryman, "Lor', man, ma heid's only sax and seven-auchts."

An old couple was expecting some English friends to dinner. The guidwife was overjoyed at this, and was explaining to her husband how to proceed with regard to his manners. They were to have pigeon-pie among other things for dinner. "Now, John," said she, "min' your mainers, an' say, 'May I help you to some pigeon-pie or potatoes?' I hope you'll min', John." The dinner came, and all the guests were seated. John said grace, and afterwards began to carve the pie, when—imagine the guidwife's feelings—he exclaimed, "Fa's for doo tairt? I'm no' for neen m'sel'." Force of habit is strong, and cannot always be overcome, even although our visitors may be English.

An elderly lady was having a tea-party, and noticing that some of her guests were a little fidgety, exclaimed in a cheerful tone of voice, "Noo, a' juist mak' yoursel's at hame, ye ken, for I'm at hame, and I wish to goodness ye were a' at hame."

The Rev. J. A—— of S—— tells a good story of an acquaintance in his native parish of Aberdeenshire. Sandy was sensible, and a keen debater, but sometimes came down suddenly by endeavouring to use "lang nebbit" words. Some one suggested to him that he should get a dictionary, and shortly after investing in one of these books, the Rev. J. A—— came upon him in the throes of searching out a word. "I doot it's no' o' muckle use a dictionar', for I canna get that word." "What word is it, Sandy?" queried the minister. "Oh, it's 'category,'" said Sandy. The minister

took the book, and at once got the word. "Oh, weel," said Sandy, as he looked at it, "that's what it is to be able to spell. Ye see I was lookin' among the 'k's.'"

A farmer in the West of Stirlingshire had his household gathered around him one Sabbath evening for family worship. Having selected a portion of Scripture, the twelfth chapter of Revelation, he had got to the third verse, "And there appeared another wonder in Heaven, a great red dragon." Tam, the elder son, whose turn it was to read, bawled out, "And I saw a great red dragoon." "Hoot, toot!" cried the farmer, "'Tam, that'll no' dae. Wha ever heard o' a dragoon in Heaven?" "Ay, but, faither," said Tam, "ye maun mind it's ane o' the wonders!"

An Aberdonian who had been to London for the first time in his life, was relating his experiences to his cronies on his return. "I suppose ye fand a' thing far dearer than here, John?" "A' thing 'cep' the postage stamps," explained John, "they war juist the penny."

Sandy Robertson entered service as foreman at the Mains on the Term night. The grieve, after showing him the horses, etc., told him that the time to work by would be fifteen minutes before that of railway time. Sandy answered with a grin and went off to bed, and awoke to hear a rooster proclaim the morning watch. Striking a match he looked his "lever," and when he saw that it indicated three o'clock (Mains time) he said

to his bed-fellow, "Michty, Jock, the verra cock about this toon hauds the time a quarter sharp!"

Sandy M'Bride, a worthy farmer, went up to Edinburgh to see his son. The son was away from the office, but the clerk told him he could speak to him through the telephone. Sandy handled the instrument very gingerly, for it was the first time he had ever used it. But after ringing up, a voice cried, "Hello." "Hello yersel'," said Sandy, "and see how you like it." "Hello," came again the answer. "'Tuts, tuts," cried the farmer, "this bairn at the machine can only say 'Hello.'" "Come closer to the telephone," said the voice. "Haw, haw!" said Sandy, with a laugh, "I'm no' sae green as a' that. I see'd a chap do that in the show once, and he got flour blawed into his face."

At the supreme moment when the nuptial knot is tied excitement often leads to amusing blunders. At a marriage ceremony the bridegroom, failing to pull off his gloves (when the minister requested the groom and bride to join hands), turned to the best man (a brother) and said, "Charlie, man, tak' her haun', an' I'll do as much for you again." Charlie took the bride's hand, and was married to his brother's bride! During the ceremony a slight misunderstanding once arose when the minister asked the usual question, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" There was no response made either by voice or movement. "Are you giving this woman away?" again asked the minister more directly. "No, sir," at last responded the person

appealed to, "for ocht I ken she's gi'eiin' hersel' awa'. A' that I'm gi'eiin' is a set o' fire-irons."

A ratepayer, after recording his vote, was hanging about in the vicinity of the polling-booth. He was heard to remark that he wished he had not polled so early. "Foo, man, foo?" queried one or two acquaintances. "Oh, weel, ye see," he answered, "I was Mr. So-an'-so i' the morning', but noo I'm naething but plain John again!" "An' hoo did ye vote, na? Wha did ye vote for, John?" they queried again. "Weel, fan I saw the list I thocht they were a' very dacent men, an' I juist ga'e them ane the piece."

"Hiv the ladies got in?" asked an old woman of a farmer coming out of the school-room when the result of a School Board election had been announced. "No, nane o' them," answered the farmer. "Weel, that bates a'!" exclaimed the old woman; "here was me, for instance, I voted for them baith." "Hoo mony votes did ye gi'e them?" "Weel, I plumped for ane o' them and ga'e the ither ae vote oot o' sympathy."

During a School Board election in the Granite City one of the aspiring candidates met an old female acquaintance, and after the usual salutations were over, the conversation reverted to the election, when the gentleman asked, "What ward are ye livin' in noo, Mrs. Slimmings?" "I dinna live in a ward ava; it's juist a single apartment I ha'e."

A young lady, conversing with an old man lately returned from a visit to Kirriemuir, asked, "An' did

you hear anything new about the famous J. M. Barrie, when you were in Kirriemuir?" "No," replied the old man, "I heard naething about onybody o' that name. Wha is he, or what does he dae?" "Why, he's a great author," exclaimed the young lady with some surprise; "He has made quite a fortune, I believe, by writing books." "Weel, I wudna thocht he wad ha'e made mony bawbees by writin' books, an' sae muckle prentin' nowadays," replied the unsophisticated Scot.

An English tourist of rather youthful appearance was "doing" the Highlands, and during his wanderings lost himself among the hills at Clova. Observing a cottage nestling at the foot of a glen, he immediately struck a "bee-line" for the house to ascertain the road to "Thrums." Knocking at the door, an elderly woman made her appearance. "Excuse me, lady," the tourist politely said, "I've lost my bearings. Can you—" "What," interrupted the astonished woman. "Ye've lost your bairns? Guid gracious! (Here she glanced at the beardless youth). An' is their mither wi' them?" But this unexpected turn of affairs so electrified the tourist that he took to his heels.

A raw country youth was to be the "best man" at a country wedding. One night, some time before the marriage, he hastened to town and entered a rather fashionable drapery warehouse for the purpose of getting "riggit oot," as he termed it "An', lassie," said he

to the assistant, after he had purchased a lot of things, "I would like to buy a white sark yet." "Oh, yes," said the girl, smiling, "I've got some nice ones here; just look at them." He examined the lot, but somehow did not feel quite satisfied with them, for he exclaimed, somewhat sharply, "'Thae's nae bad; but, as I'll likely ha'e to cast my coat when I'm sairing oot the tea, I'd raither tak' ane stiffened a' ower!"

A well-known customer, after purchasing a small quantity of snuff, lamented that owing to the expense she had been at in burying her daughter, she would not be able to pay for the snuff till next payday. The owner of the shop sympathised with her, and suggested that as she had another daughter she should put her in a burial society. "Na, na," replied the old woman, "she's healthy, and micht live a' her days."

An old man and woman, hailing from the country, were observed one market day in a northern seaport town standing on one of the bridges, and looking over with keen interest at the shipping. A ship happened to be leaving the port at the time, and was towing a small boat behind it. The old lady, after watching it eagerly, exclaimed to her husband, "Oh, John, look! See hoo nateral like the young ane follows the auld ane!"

Some time ago a country woman was coming out of a restaurant, the door of which was a swing one. The old body had never seen a door like it before, and, as she came out rather slowly, the door swung back against her. She gave it a vigorous push, but as it



came back with more force than ever, she thought it was coming off its hinges, and at last cried out in desperation to the proprietor, "Losh, preserve me, man; I'm awa' wi' your door."

Two Perth men were standing on the top of Kinnoull Hill and looking down on the "Fair City," when one of them remarked, "Man, Geordie, it wad be a grand thing if Perth was built up here instead o' doon in that hole." "G'wa' an' no' blether, man," replied the other; "if Perth was built up here look at the road we wad ha'e to gang back an' forrit to oor wark ilka day!"

While a number of boys were flying a kite the object of their interest became entangled with the telegraph wires. After pulling at the string for some time the boys succeeded in getting off their kite, but a part was left fluttering to mark the scene of the disaster. Shortly afterwards a countryman and his guidwife were coming along the road, when the fluttering paper attracted their attention. "Eh, Sandy," exclaimed his better-half, "there's ane o' thae teleygrams stuck on the wires!"

One day a farmer visited a friend in Edinburgh. He was shown some of the principal sights of the town, and, among others, was taken to see and get a ride in a cable car. When they got to it he was told to be quick and jump on. "Na, na," said the farmer, "nae hurry, the horse is no' yokit yet."

A worthy farmer in the Buchan district, who was in

the habit of being very greedy in affording his servants light, went into one of the rooms and found his old housekeeper with two lamps burning. Asking her the reason, she calmly looked over her shoulder and said, "Did ye no' ken that I need ane to look for a black thread and the other to look for a white?"

In a weavers' shop in Paisley a discussion once arose regarding the revolution of the earth. One of the weavers, who understood a little of the subject, was endeavouring to explain the motion to his shopmates with the oracular gravity of a person in whom all knowledge is centred. One of the men, who had but very dim notions of the laws of gravitation, struck in, "Man, Wull," he exclaimed, "ye may haud your tongue, for ye may as weel tell me that a soo can flee. The world gang roond! Lod, ye wad ha'e fowk to be as silly as Rab Patterson, wha went to the tap o' Gleniffer Braes to see America. Look here. It's seeven-and-forty years since I sat doon at this loom, an' my face was then to Laird Martin's gavel. Noo, if the warld had been aye gaun roun', as ye say it is, whaur, I wonder, wad I be by this time?"

A handloom weaver, out of employment, was taken on by a farmer as "orra man" during the busy season. On the following morning he was ordered to saddle the farmer's horse for a journey, and when the farmer went out to mount he was somewhat surprised to find the saddle fixed the wrong way. "Man, Jamie," he said, "that's a rael weaver's trick o' yours. Dinna ye

see I wad be facing Peebles while the horse was gaun to Edinburgh." "Dod, maister," said Jamie, nothing daunted, "ye're richt; but, then, hoo was I to ken what airt ye were gaun?"

A wealthy mine-owner, after building a palatial residence, went to a bookseller to purchase a library. "What shall I supply you with?" asked the bookseller. "Who are the authors most in demand?" queried the man of wealth. "Addison, Steele, Johnson, Goldsmith, and Dryden." "Let me have the works of these men, and if they write any more, let me have their books at once." "What would you like the books bound in, sir?" "Oh, something up-to-date," said the customer. "Well, I will have them all bound in russia or morocco for you." "Na, na, that'll never do; ye'll just ha'e them bound in Glesca."

A corpulent farmer, attending the Highland and Agricultural Show at Perth, feeling somewhat peckish, entered a swell restaurant and sat down to mop off the perspiration, when he was accosted by the waiter, "Luncheon, sir?" "Weel—I want something to eat, Mr. White Waistcoat." "Yes, sir. A little salmon to begin with?" "Ay, ye nicht, but it maun be a verra sma' ane. I canna say I'm extra hungry the day."

"Weel, Mister John, we're gled to see ye," said a landlady at Gourock to her summer visitor. "What way is your brither no' wi' ye this summer? Whaur is he takin' his holiday?" "He's over in Germany

just now, taking the Carlsbad water," was the reply; "he's been ill, you know." "Eh, my," exclaimed the douce landlady; "puir man, little wonder he's ill; bad water is an awfu' source o' disease! That's one thing ye needna be feart for here. There's naebody has a word to say against the Gourock water."

Glasgow does a deal in the "living statue" business, and two country youths, unaware of this, were gazing in at a window, when, to their great surprise, the lady posing as a dress model left her position, "to get dinner," as some one amongst the crowd remarked. "Man, Jamie," said the one to the other, "Glesca maun be a fearfu' place, surely, when the verra wax figgers ha'e to gang for their denners."

An enthusiastic member of a Clydesdale Choral Society was selling, in the shipbuilding yard where he worked, tickets for a Christmas performance of the "Messiah," and thus accosted a friend, "Man, Sandy, buy a ticket for oor concert. We're going to perform wan o' Handel's oratorios." Sandy handed over a shilling with the astounding inquiry, "Wha is to be your comic?"

"Man, John, come awa' into the hoose," said an old woman to her spouse, who was in the garden trying to get a glimpse of the eclipse of the moon. "Wait till the morn's nicht; maybe it'll be a wee clearer."

In money matters, as everybody knows, the Scot is careful. A woman, who was about to pay for some article she purchased in a shop in Aberdeen, dropped

a halfpenny on the floor, and it rolled away out of sight. "Did you drop something?" asked the shopwalker. "Yes," replied the woman, as she scanned the floor closely. "It was only a bawbee, but then—" She stooped over and peered under the table. "Which way did it roll?" asked the shopwalker. "I think that it rolled this way. I know that it was only a bawbee, but then—" "Will you kindly step aside, madam? I think it rolled under your skirts." But it was not under the lady's skirts. Several of the bystanders and two of the cash-girls joined in the search. "I heard it fall, and I think it rolled under that centre counter," said one of the bystanders. The centre counter was merely a long table draped to the floor with red cotton. The shopwalker lifted the curtain and revealed a mixture of empty boxes, floor sweepings and refuse of every sort. He began to prod around among it with an umbrella handle, and the woman said again, "It's only a bawbee, but then— Oh, isn't that it? No, it's something else. It's a great deal of trouble to tak' for a bawbee, but then—" She squatted down on the floor and began to poke among the rubbish under the counter with her umbrella. "A bawbee is only a trifle, I know, but still—" "Isn't that it down there by the white box?" asked an interested spectator. The loser of the bawbee and the shopwalker both made a grab for the object in question, and bumped their heads violently together. "Oh, I beg your pardon, madam!" "I beg your pardon, sir!" "I was

mistaken," said the gentleman. "It's just a little copper tag of some sort." "It's too much trouble to tak' for a bawbee, but then—" A cash-girl here crawled under the counter, and poked around among the refuse matter. A crowd collected and joined in the search. "Which way did it roll?" "How much was it?" "What is it?" "There it is!" "No, it isn't!" "Stand back, please." "It's only a bawbee, but then—" said the loser for about the tenth time. "A bawbee is a mere nothing, I know, but yet—" And yet she did not leave the shop until a quarter of an hour later, when the bawbee was found twenty feet from where it was supposed to have rolled. As she dropped it into her purse, she said, "It's only a bawbee, but then—"

Here is a good story which is worth repeating. An eccentric man died leaving £100 to each of his trustees, the proverbial three—an Englishman, an Irishman, and Scotsman—on condition that each of them deposited £5 in his coffin. The Englishman and the Irishman each put in their "fiver," whereupon the Scot took out both notes and laid in the coffin a cheque for £15.

Two officers observing a fine girl in a milliner's shop, one—an Irishman—proposed to go in and buy a watch-ribbon, in order to get nearer view of her. "Hoot, man," said his friend, "there's nae occasion to waste siller; let us gang in and speer if she can gi'e us twa saxpences for a shilling."

A conjuror was entertaining an audience, and after astonishing them with a few tricks he asked the loan of a half-penny from one of his admirers. After some hesitation, a farm-servant handed him the coin, which the juggler speedily changed into a sovereign. "Let me see it," said the farm-servant; "I'm no' very sure about ye." With a flourish of his arm the conjuror handed the sovereign to this son of the soil, who quietly thrust it into his pocket, saying, "I'll tak' guid care ye dinna turn it into a bawbee again."

A commercial instructed a porter to look after a large pile of cases and put them in the luggage-van. This was done, then he sent him to get a time-table. The porter hastened back, and went up to the door of the compartment in which the traveller sat with two ladies. The traveller, with a great deal of show, pressed a coin into his hand, which the porter was disagreeably surprised to find was a penny. Determined to be even with him, he hurried back, and, opening the door of the compartment, handed the traveller two half-pennies. "Why, my good fellow, what is this for?" asked the traveller in a surprised tone. "Weel, sir, ye ken that's your change," replied the porter. "Change! Why, what change do you mean?" "'Od!" exclaimed the porter, "I've surely no' made a mistak', sir; did ye no gi'e me yon penny to gang an' get it changed?"

Deacon Alexander, blacksmith, happened to be present in his smithy when a customer entered to get a lock repaired. The deacon spent fully half-an-hour in

putting the lock in working order. On the completion of the job, the customer, thinking it but a trifling matter, thanked the smith politely, and was passing out of the door, when the smith, in peremptory tones, recalled him. Re-entering, the smith handed him a hammer and a nail. "But," exclaimed the astonished customer, "what am I to dae wi' these, deacon?" "Why," returned the deacon, with mock politeness, and pointing at the wall, "nail your thanks there, an' pay me saxpence."

A story is told of a dinner that was given inside the ruins of Edzell Castle in honour of Fox Maule, who had succeeded his father, Lord Panmure. Sandy Eggo, a small landholder from Glenesk, had got seated between two burly farmers, who were too much taken up cracking their own jokes to heed the meek, shrinking Sandy, who, starving with hunger, could not attract the attention of any of the busy waiters. Dish after dish was whipped away from the table without his tasting it; and though he had paid a guinea for his ticket, he sat unnoticed and unattended to. At length, in desperation he seized a spoon and attacked a dish in front of him, which turned out to be mashed turnips, on which he gorged himself. By-and-bye, Mr Inglis, the minister, met Sandy in the grounds, and inquired how he enjoyed the grand dinner. "Graund denner!" growled Sandy; "ye can ca't graund if ye like; but I can only say the fodder's mighty dear at ane an' twenty guid shillin's for a when chappit neeps no' fit to set doon till a stirk."

After a railway collision, a Scot was extricated from the wreckage by a companion who had escaped unhurt. "Never mind, Sandy," his rescuer remarked, "it's naething serious, and you'll get damages for it." "Damages!" roared Sandy. "Ha'e I no' had enough, guid sakes? It's repairs I'm seeking noo."

Where is the man who can regulate the expectations of a being who lives upon tips? Anything from a threepenny bit to the nimble sixpence is admissible for a railway porter, who is simply doing no more than what he is paid for in handling your traps. But some people can make a threepenny bit go further and give more pleasure than others would with a shilling. There is a story of a Scottish laird at the time when it was customary to tip generally with a guinea the servants of the house where one had been a guest on leaving. This laird, who was well-known to be penurious, could march through a battalion of servants and set them all laughing, to the wonder of the other guests. When asked how much he had given that had caused such great hilarity, he would reply that he gave them nothing, but simply "tickled their luif."

"How much do you generally get for the round?" said a visitor to his caddie on Kinghorn golf course. "Frae a common swell fourpence; but frae a richt swell sixpence," was the reply. "Now, supposing I were to give you threepence, what sort of a swell would you call me?" queried the visitor. "Oh,

weel," was the answer, "I'd ca' you a threepenny swell!"

A gentleman who had taken the right of shooting over a moor in Ayrshire at a high rent, bagged only two brace on "The Twelfth." After counting the price, he grumblingly remarked to the proprietor of the moor that the birds had cost him two guineas the brace. "Ah, weel, sir," replied the proprietor, "ye may be thankfu' ye ha'e gotten sae few o' them, for they are far ower dear."

A worthy farmer invited some friends and neighbours to tea at New Year time, and the table was laden with all the good things of that festive season. Foremost among these was a huge pile of shortbread, and, with a knowing wink to some of the others, the wag of the party started the feast with a large piece of the dainty fare. The others followed his example, and the host, completely surprised at the rapid disappearance of his choicest dainty, and holding strong views on the question of economy, exclaimed, as he saw a hand put forward for a second supply, "Na, na, billies, nane o' that; fair play noo. Ye maun grun' wi' toast."

Mr. Baird, of Old Monkland, sold a horse with some rather doubtful qualities to a neighbour whose reputation was none of the best in the district. Some time afterwards the two foregathered, when Mr Baird asked the owner of the horse how it was pleasing him. "Weel, Mr. Baird," he replied, "it hasna turned out well,"

on which the blunt founder of the great ironmasters' firm immediately retorted, "Neither ha'e you."

A merchant of Edinburgh was known to be a large shareholder in a bank in the west which went into liquidation, and his friends feared that the failure might ruin him. He was walking slowly along Princes Street two or three days after the bank failure, when an old friend met him. The merchant was moody, and his friend, seeing it, put his hand on his shoulder and said, in sympathetic tones, "O, Dawvid, man, I'm very sorry for you in this business. They tell me ye're *broken*. Is't true?" "Na, na, Tammas, ye're wrang," answered the merchant, briskly, with a proud shake of his head. "Ye can tell them I'm no' broken yet, but I'm gey *sair crackit*."

A Glasgow cabman, who had been tendered his legal fare for a mile journey without one penny of a tip, looked at the shilling sadly, and said to his stingy customer, "Ah, sir, had I laid oot my bawbees as well's ye ha'e wared this shillin', it wudna ha'e been ither folks' horse and cab I wad ha'e been driving this day."

A good story is told of the wife of a small farmer who was famed for bringing to market the biggest and finest eggs in all the parish. One day she had been late for market, and had no alternative save taking her heavy basket of eggs to Davit Elshender, well known for his greed and miserliness. On being offered the eggs, Davit, with a view to a good bargain, at once said, "Ye see, Mrs. Paitterson, the supply is greater

than the demand the noo, for ye canna even sell eggs in Brechin, an' so the mairchants ha'e ha'en a conference" (which was not the case), "an' we've a' agreed that we canna gi'e mair than tenpence the dizzen for eggs the noo." This price Mrs. Paterson took at last with a sigh, and left the shop. She soon learned from a neighbour she met that Davit had sold her, and she determined to have her revenge. During the week she collected all the pigeons' and bantams' and small eggs from young pullets she could lay hands on, and packing them up in a basket with sweet-scented hay, she covered them with a white cloth, and sallied forth to Davit Elshender's. "I suppose ye're nae gi'ein' ony mair for the eggs this week?" she queried. "Weel, ye see, Mistress Patterson," returned Davit, scenting another bargain, "I ha'e to abide by the decesion o' the conference, altho' I'm no' sayin' but what your eggs really deserve a shillin' a dizzen at the verra least, but I canna gi'e ye mair than the tenpence." The bargain was struck, and on the plea of having messages to do in the village, the guidwife got "paid on the nail" for her eggs, and, promising to return for her basket, left the shop. The moment Davit began to take out the eggs he saw he had been "done," and an angry man was he; so, when Mrs. Paterson came in smiling, shortly afterwards, for her basket, he opened out on her and denounced her for taking advantage of him. To this outburst the little woman quietly responded, "Fat's the maitter wi' the eggs, Maister Elshender? The eggs are a' richt."

"Toots, haivers, wumman!" snorted the enraged shopkeeper. "I'm tellin' ye thae's naething but doos' eggs." "Weel, ye see, Maister Elshender," said Mrs. Paterson, backing out of the shop with her basket over her arm, "the fac' is, that oor hens ha'e ha'en a *conference* i' the back yaird, an' they made up their min's that it wasna worth their while to rax themsel's for eggs at tenpence a dizzen."

Archie C——, who was engaged doing odd jobs in the way of gardening, was once employed by a lady in the outskirts of Stirling to trim the walk in front of her villa. Archie worked away, got his dinner, and at the close of the day received a shilling as his wages. Being of the opinion that the sum was insufficient for the work done, Archie remonstrated with the lady. She heard his plaint, and then explained that on the previous occasion when the walk was trimmed she had got a woman to do it, and that the woman, in addition to doing what Archie had done, had performed some additional work in the house and had received a sixpence. "Ay," said Archie, "an' if she did a' that for a sixpence, what way did ye no' get her this time?" "Oh," replied the good lady, "she's dead." "Ay," said Archie, as he turned away with his shilling, "*nae wonder.*"

In a rural district where party feeling did not run high, a School Board election came and went without a poll being necessary, but this was not looked upon as the best state of affairs by all the folk in the parish. "Fine mornin', Andra," said Weelum, as they foregathered

at the smiddy. "I suppose ye've heard we've done rale weel in gettin' a new School Buird without the bother o' polling?" "Done rale weel, ha'e ye," replied Andrew, who was evidently unconscious of such a thing as a Bribery Act; "I'm nae sae sure about that; my strae's a' done, an' my neeps are near nappin'; an' noo I'll ha'e nae chance o' gettin' a puckle mair!"

A sheep farmer in the Glenisla district, who was the owner of a splendid collie dog, was visited by a gentleman who took a fancy for the animal, so much so that he offered £50 for the dog, which was accepted. After the animal had changed hands, the gentleman asked the farmer if it would not be more profitable to breed dogs rather than sheep. "Na, na," pawkily returned the farmer, "I can aye get merchants to buy my sheep, but I canna aye get fools to buy my dogs."

"An' there's ae thing that I'd like to impress on ye," said a father to his son, who was going out into the world, "an' that is—dinna marry a lassie that has mair siller than you, for when I married your mother I had thirty shillings an' she had twa poun', an' she's never deen throwin' it in my face yet."

A well-known fiddler in Aberdeenshire, more celebrated for wit than musical abilities, once complained to his shoemaker that he was grossly overcharged for a pair of boots. "There's nae overcharge in the maitter," replied the shoemaker. "Ye're juist charged the same as ither folk—I hiv'na twa prices." "Ye dinna need

to ha'e twa prices, my man," retorted the angry fiddler, "for by my faith ye ha'e ae gweed ane."

A farmer was one day selling wool to a carrier, and after weighing it in the yard he went into the house to make out an invoice. Coming back he missed a cheese, which had been standing on a shelf behind the outer door, and glancing at the bag of wool he observed that it had suddenly increased in size. "Man," he said to the carrier, "I ha'e clean forgotten the wecht o' that bag. Let's pit it on the scales again." The carrier could not refuse. Being duly weighed, the bag was found to be heavier by the weight of the cheese inside. A new invoice was made out, and the crestfallen carrier went away. The farmer's wife at once missed the cheese, and, rushing to the yard, told her husband it had been stolen. "Na, na, Meg," replied the farmer, quietly, "I ha'e just selt the cheese for tenpence the pund."

A bachelor farmer, a little past his prime, finding himself in pecuniary straits, thought the best thing he could do would be to marry a neighbour of his who was said to have some bawbees. Meeting with no obstacles in his wooing, he soon got married. One of the first purchases he made with part of her money was a horse. When he brought it home he called out his wife to see it. After admiring it she said, "Weel, Tam, if it hadna been for my siller it wadna ha'e been there!" "Jenny," replied Tam, "if it hadna been for your siller, ye wadna ha'e been there yersel'!"

A young man who was going out into the world,

received a characteristic advice from a well-meaning friend. Perhaps he had not been careful enough of money and clothes, seeing how hard it had been for his self-denying parents to provide them. At any rate, it was in no spirit of self-reproach, but of genuine, unaffected, loving concern that his old lady friend, placing her thin, worn hands on his broad shoulders, and kissing him, said, "Weel, Jamie, fear God, an' tak' care o' your claes, an' there's nae fear but ye'll get on."

The transaction of business on the Day of Rest, or the desecration of the Sabbath in any way, was always sure to elicit condemnation from the auld Presbyterian. On one occasion, when an eminent geologist was on holiday in the Highlands, this strict adherence to the Divine injunction was manifested by an auld Scot. It was Sabbath morning, and the geologist, walking along the country road, spied some minerals, specimens of which he thought would be a desirable acquisition to his collection. Taking a hammer from his pocket he stooped down to break off some splints. He was busy at his task when he was discovered by an old man who was wending his steps towards the kirk. For some time the horror-stricken Presbyterian surveyed the work of the geologist, and then, walking up to him, calmly remarked, "Sir, you're breakin' something there forbye the stones."

Equally caustic was the remark of another peasant in defence of the hallowed day. An English artist prosecuting his profession had occasion to remain over

Sabbath in a little town in the north. To pass the time he took a short walk round the district, and in the course of his wanderings viewed the somewhat picturesque ruin of a castle. Turning to a countryman who was passing at the time, the artist enquired—doubtless with an eye to business—whether he would be good enough to tell him the name of the castle. The countryman looked at the enquirer, and then replied, “It’s no’ the day to be speirin’ sic’ things.”

However much we may object to man performing duties which are works neither of “necessity” nor “mercy,” it is almost an impossibility for us to prevent him, nor are we privileged to exercise a preventive influence over animals of a lower order. A lady, who kept a large stock of hens, had made some additions to her coop by the introduction of some fowls of the Dorking breed. Some time after purchasing these hens, she enquired of her henwife whether they were laying eggs in satisfactory numbers. The henwife, who belonged to the old school of Presbyterians, replied with great earnestness, “Indeed, my leddy, they lay every day, no’ exceptin’ the blessed Sawbath.”

This great zeal for the hallowed day was further illustrated by an incident which leaked out in a conversation between a Glasgow artist and an old Highland acquaintance. The artist had chanced to meet his friend, rather unexpectedly, at a place somewhat removed from his former residence, and addressing him, enquired, “What brought you here?” “Ou, weel, sir,” returned

Donald, "it was a baad place yon—they were baad folk—but they're a God-fearin' set o' folk here!" "Well, I'm glad to hear it," rejoined his friend. "Ou, ay, sir, 'deed are they," continued the Highlander, "an' I'll gi'e ye an instance o't. Last Sawbath, just as the kirk was skailin', there was a drover chield frae Dumfries comin' along the road whustlin' an' lookin' *as happy* as if it was ta muddle o' the week. Weel, sir, oor laads is a God-fearin' set o' laads, an' they were just comin' oot o' the kirk—'od they yokit upon him an' a' maist killed him." This may seem a strange measure to adopt to enforce the observance of the Sabbath according to the letter of the law.

The exchanging of blows recounted in the foregoing finds a fitting contrast in the prevailing quietude indicated in the succeeding narrative.

On one occasion the hares finding an existence in the immediate vicinity of a Scottish burgh had, for some reason or other, summoned up sufficient courage to approach the habitation of man. One Sabbath morning, as the bells were ringing for worship, a hare was seen to run along the street, whereupon an old Presbyterian, repairing to the house of God, was heard to remark, "Ay, yon beast kens weel it is the Sabbath day."

A gentleman spending a few days at a village noted for its golf links, asked one of the caddies if he got much work to do in the winter time. "Na, sir, na," replied the caddie. "If it's no' snaw it's frost; if it's no' frost

it's snaw ; if it's neither snaw nor frost it's rain ; if it's no' rain it's wind ; and if it's a fine day it's the Sawbath ! "

In a village in the north there was a shop-keeper who was noted for his extreme piety. One Sabbath morning a little girl entered his shop. " Please, Mr. M'Gill, mither will be much obleeged an' ye will let her have a pennyworth o' soap." " Awa' hame, Jeanie, and tell your mither I dinna sell soap on the Sawbath." " But ye selt Leezie Macpherson a packet o' peppermints this verra mornin'." " Yes, I did ; but Leezie is a godly lassie, and will sook the peppermints while she listens to the meenister preachin', but, Jeanie, ye canna wash yersel' i' the kirk, and so I'll no' sell ye the soap." It has been said that religion has sometimes been used as a cloak. It has also been said that it has been used as an umbrella, but pious Mr. M'Gill was determined that it would not be used as a bathroom.

That solemnity with which the Scot regarded the Sabbath found expression in the services of the sanctuary. The order of worship in the Auld Kirk was a simple one, and the worshippers, who believed it to be the ideal of what Christian worship should be, viewed the services of other churches, where the ritual was more imposing, with indifference and even horror.

Shortly after Tractarianism found sympathy north of the Tweed, the full choir service was introduced into an Episcopal church. This innovation was due mainly to the generosity of a family who had adopted the change of ritual. An old Presbyterian, who was

a favoured servant of the family was invited by the lady of the house to hear the service. Betty, accepting the invitation, was taken to church in a carriage, and patiently sat out the service. On returning home the lady, venturing to solicit her servant's opinion of the music and the other features of the worship, received as an answer what was undoubtedly Betty's candid criticism, "Ou, it's vera bonny; but oh, my leddy, it's an awfu' way to spend the Sawbath."

The respect with which the auld Scot observed the Fourth Commandment has been often ridiculed by men whose creed (if creed they adhered to) was less binding. Some, again, in defence of Sabbath desecration, have appealed in an ungracious manner to actions recorded in the Scriptures. One man, who was discussing the question with an auld Presbyterian, referred, in justification of the point he defended, to the plucking of the ears of corn by our Lord's disciples. The way in which the auld Scot parried the thrust, while it almost descends to profanity, and is not characteristic of the devotion paid by the Presbyterian faith to the Saviour of mankind, is forcibly demonstrative of the rigour with which they were wont to adhere to the Divine order. The Scot met his opponent's reference to our Lord's action with the words, "Aweel, we in this parish dinna think ony the mair o' Him for allowin' them to dae sic a thing."

As illustrating what we have already referred to, namely, the less scrupulous observance of the Sabbath

by some who included themselves within the pale of Presbyterianism, we may recount an anecdote of the old lady who resided in Dumfries, and who was known to employ her wet Sabbaths in arranging her wardrobe. "Preserve us!" she exclaimed on one occasion, "anither gude Sawbath! I dinna ken when I'll get thae drawers redd up."

The Lairds of Luss were always a power on Loch Lomond side. It is said that the parish minister never began service until the laird had taken his seat, and the following proclamation would point to this:—"O yiss! O yiss! O yiss! Ant that's three times! You'll aal pe tak' notiss, there will be no Lord's day here next Sawbath, pecause ta Laird's wife will have a muckle washin', and she needs ta kirk to dry her claes in."

In the hurry and apparent disregard for the honour of the Lord's day, which we see in these times, it is refreshing to come across some who—apart from the societies for Sabbath protection—demonstrate their adherence to the traditions of their church. There are few Auld Licht Kirks in Scotland now, but one of the few finds existence in Kirriemuir, better known to the reading public as "Thrums." The Auld Lichts were always zealous for the sanctity of the Sabbath, and a short time ago it was evidenced, by the kirk we have referred to, that this zeal had not altogether died out. The "Thrums" kirk was needing repairs, and, in order to carry out these, the congregation decided

on holding a sale of work. The outer world sneered and said it was a bazaar, but the Auld Lights (in whose mind strange things were associated with the word "bazaar") said it was only a "sale of work." Be that as it may, the two organisations were identical in one point, and that was that they both required materials to form them. Accordingly, gifts were solicited for the "sale of work." Some, doubtless wags, who treated the pious Auld Lights with a certain amount of sarcasm, decided that they would try their faith by offering a present for acceptance on the Lord's day. The parcel was taken to the house of the ruling elder, who, on discovering what it was, gave his visitors a sound rating for their disregard of the holy day, and sent them about their business, indignantly refusing to accept anything of the nature of such on the Sabbath.

At a railway station in the north there was a very old man, who had been employed as porter at the same station over forty years. One dark and wet night John was taking shelter and a little warmth in the platelayers' cabin, when a cattle train came in unexpectedly, the engine requiring water. John ran out instantly in a state of great confusion, and sang out, in his usual sing-song way, "Change here for Doune, Callander, Strathyre, Killin, and Tyndrum." When he arrived at the rear of the train the guard said, good humouredly, "John, man, oor passengers dinna change." Without a moment's hesitation, he ran back the whole length of the train, calling out excitedly, "Keep your seats,

ladies and gentlemen, keep your seats ; ye dinna change here."

Sometimes one meets with interesting characters while travelling. He was a railway servant on holiday, and was very talkative. He was continually drawing comparisons between himself and a great man, and excused his little weakness because a precedent had been set, as it were, by a genius. "Man," said he "I'm like Rabbie Burns in a wey—I sometimes tak' a drappie ower much ;" or, "I like a guid denner. So did Dr. Johnson. You've read about the auld doctor, eh? Weel, he used to gang about a' day thinkin' on his denner." This was the best one though. "The wife was wantin' to come too ; we hed a word or twa on the metter, and I left her in the sulks. The wife and me gets on fine, but whiles there's a bleeze oot. Weel, there's Carlyle—he had a weakness that wey too."

There is a small station in the north at which trains stop to take up passengers only if signalled for that purpose. One day a man was seen waving his umbrella frantically as the train approached, whereupon the driver slowed down, and came to a stand right in front of him. "Whaur's the guard?" was the first inquiry. "Here," cried that individual, rushing up. "Get in quickly!" "I'm no' gaun wi' your train the day," was the reply. "Then why the dickens did you stop the train?" "Just to tell ye that my wife wants to gang wi' ye the morn."

A cross-grained farmer, whose wife was at the point

of death, was called to her bedside to hear her last words. She gave clear instructions as to all family and domestic matters, and, coming to her own burial, specified the persons she particularly wished to be invited. "An', John," she concluded, "you an' Willie 'ill gang in the first coach wi' my mither; you'll promise me that, noo, John, will ye no'?" "Aweel," said John reluctantly, heaving a heavy sigh, "that's my day spoilt, at ony rate."

In a parish in Aberdeenshire a man who lost his second wife was assisting in carrying her remains to the churchyard on a very hot day. After lowering the coffin into the grave he was completely overcome with heat, and turning to the bystanders, he remarked, "Fan I buried my last wife I was like to be smored wi' sna', and this time I am like to be plotted wi' heat; but gin I ha'e this job to da'e again, I dinna think but I'll treat mysel' to a hearse."

An old worthy, after his marriage, found to his bitter experience that his wife was one of those who like to carry the purse, and, to use a well-known phrase, "like to wear the breeks." After a long period the wife died, and this greatly relieved the old man. On the day of the funeral the grave, which had been opened on the previous day, was found to be half full of water, owing to the heavy rain, and when the coffin was lowered it floated. The husband, who was at the head of the grave, seized a plank which was lying near, and, pushing the end of the coffin which was nearest himself, said



to a friend standing beside him, " 'Tak' ye a pole tae, John, and push the ither side, and see if we can haud 'er doon. She's had the upper han' o' me a' my life, an' she wants it yet, but we'll haud 'er doon! "

A gangrel body who used to haunt fairs with a gingerbread stall, and was widely known as "Gingerbread Ned," was understood to have had in his time no fewer than nine wives. Somebody asked him one day what he thought of himself for having gone through such an immense number of spouses. "'Deed, sir," was the reply, "a' that I can say aboot it is this, that ilka ane o' them cam' to me wi' an auld kist" (meaning that which contained their clothes), "and took awa' wi' them a new ane" (meaning their coffins).

In a rural district of Forfarshire the death had occurred of the wife of one of the farmers, and, as was the custom, all the neighbours were invited to the funeral. One of those present, who had been to one or two funerals of a similar kind within a short time, was observed weeping profusely as the coffin was being lowered into the grave. A relative who noticed this was much surprised, and, stepping up to him, said, "John, man, what's wrang wi' ye? I'm sure she wasna ae drap's bluid to you." "It's no' that," said John, sobbing aloud; "a'body's wives are deein' but mine!"

An old woman who had been to see the wife of a village dignitary laid out for interment, remarked, "Eh, me, bit she was a gran' an' a bonny sicht. The leddy was streekit oot in a lovely frilled shrood, buskit

a' owre wi' flooers. As a'body kens, I'm no' yin o' your covetously disposeetioned fowk, but, if ever I enveed onything in this world it was that corp. I couldna help thinking it wad ha'e been a gran' honour for me to ha'e been her ! ”

John Brown, a well-known worthy on the Borders, had a peculiar habit of saying “ It might ha'e been waur ” to all the tales that were told him. Will White once tried to concoct a story that would paralyse this invariable reply. “ Man, Jock,” he said, “ I had a fearfu' dream yestreen. I dreamt that I was in the evil place, and Satan's imps took haud of me, placed me on a red-hot fire and flayed me alive. Man, I waukened wi' the clamny sweat juist oosin' oot o' me.” “ Guid be thanked,” said Jock, with a sigh of relief. “ It might ha'e been waur.” “ Waur ? What waur could it be than that ? ” said Will, with rising indignation. “ Man, Wullie, it might ha'e been true.”

In a foundry there happened to work a father and son; and, as is not infrequently the case, these two had quarrelled over some domestic affair, and during the estrangement the father died. Most of the workmen in the shop went to the funeral, and, on returning, one of the men asked the son why he was not present. “ Dae ye no' ken him and me's no' speakin' the noo ? ” returned the “ affectionate ” youth.

Three brothers lived in contented bachelordom in a healthy, hilly suburb of Glasgow till long over the allotted span, when the middle one died. In due course

the funeral took place—the elder brother at the head, and the younger at the foot of the grave. Standing uncovered, the younger addressed his senior, “Willie?” “Ay.” “I was thinkin’.” “Ay, what was ye thinkin’?” “Weel, I was juist thinkin’ it’s no’ worth your while gaun hame again. You’d better whirl in beside Johnny!”

An Ayrshire worthy, who had a mania for betting, was lying on his deathbed, and was visited by a friend, who made the remark, “Surely you’re a wee better this morning.” “Na, I’m no’, John; I’m no’,” replied the worthy, and then, after a pause, “I’ll lay ye a level croon I’ll be kisted the nicht,” and he won his bet, as ere another day dawned he was no more.

Miss Brown, sister of the author of “Rab and His Friends,” was a practical Christian, who went about a great deal among the poor. One old man whom she visited seemed to resist all her efforts to reach his heart and awaken his interest. It chanced one day that she had read to him that chapter of the Bible which narrates the glories of Solomon’s court, and the number of his wives, when, to her surprise, she observed a flicker of genuine interest light up the face of the bedridden old man. With a shade of humour in his faded eyes he turned to her, and remarked, in a shaky voice, “Eh, Miss Brown, what great privileges thae Auld Testament saints maun ha’e enjoyed.”

A worthy couple in a small village resolved to get married, the lass being twenty fair summers, and the

lover forty. A few days before the wedding they met. "Well, Jane," said Sandy, "I'm nae gaun to marry you yet." "What for?" demanded Jane. "Oh, I have changed my mind." "Weel, Sandy, if the folk ken that you ga'e me up I'll ne'er ha'e a chance to get anither, so ye had better wait till the waddin' nicht, and when the minister asks me, 'Will I have you to be my man?' I'll say 'No.' Then I'll ha'e a better chance to get anither." The happy night arrived, and the minister asked Sandy, "Will you have this woman to thy wedded wife?" "I will," responded Sandy, curiously looking at Jane. "Will you have this man to be thy wedded husband?" "I will," answered Jane firmly. "Oh, but you told me ye would say 'No,'" cried Sandy, instantly. "Ou, ay, Sandy, but I ha'e changed my mind!" retorted Jane, promptly.

A bashful lover had courted a young lady for some considerable time, and she knew that he was afraid to "pop it." As it was leap year, and accordingly an opportune time, she resolved to assist him in his difficulty. "When I get married, Jamie," said Betsy, "I houp to see ye at my waddin'." "Heavens!" he gasped, "I was houpin' to mairry ye mysel', Betsy." "Weel," she rejoined, her cheeks flushed to the hue of a "red, red rose, that's newly sprung in June," "I houp to see ye there as the groom," and Jamie was happy at her wit.

A well-to-do bachelor volunteered to teach a sprightly young widow the game of draughts, quite forgetting

the fact that it was leap year. "There now ; it's still your move," he exclaimed to the lady, shortly after the game had commenced. "Ye've ta'en ae man only, and ye're bound to tak' anither." "Thanks for the advice," said the artless widow sweetly. "Suppose I take you, then !" And we are told she did.

Two old friends met, and referred to the days when they had been sweethearts. At last he said, "Ay, Jennie, and I ha'ena loved onybody since you. I ha'e never forgotten you." "John," she said, with a little moistening of the eye, "you're juist as big a leear as ever, an' I believe ye juist the same."

In about a week after being married, Donald, a Highland servant of somewhat limited ideas, paid the minister a visit, and asked him if he would undo the knot, as the wife was "waur nor the de'il !" "How do you make that out ?" asked the divine. "Weel," said Donald, "you say if you resist the de'il he'll flee frae ye ; but if ye resist her, she'll flee at ye !"

Mr. M'Indoe, an old farmer, was fairly dumbfoundee to think that his maid, who had been with him for twenty years, was leaving him at the term. "Dear me, Jean, what's ta'en ye ?" "Oh," explained Jean, "I'm gettin' married. At least that's twice noo the same chap has glowered at me as he passed the road end."

Many are the humours of the Session Clerk in connection with the "cries." One day a rather young candidate for matrimony appeared before the Session Clerk,

and, in talking the matter over, the Clerk had occasion to ask the date fixed on for the marriage, and accordingly enquired, "And when do you propose getting married?" "Oh," said the embarrassed youth, "I juist proposed about a fortnicht syne."

At weddings some years ago it used to be the custom to batter the hat of the bridegroom as he was leaving the house in which the ceremony took place. On one occasion the bridegroom heard a party discussing their plans, and despatched a messenger to the carriage—which stood waiting—with his hat some time previous to his departure. Then, donning the new silk hat of the male relative who had plotted against him, he prepared to go out to the carriage. No sooner had he got to the door than his hat was furiously assaulted, and almost destroyed. He walked out of the house amid the laughter of the bystanders, and entered the vehicle; then, taking the battered hat from his head, he threw it into the hands of its proper owner, exclaiming, "Hey, M'Dougall, there's your hat!" and donned his own, amid the laughter of those present.

David Hume, the historian, once made an offer of marriage to a lady who refused him, but whose friends shortly afterwards conveyed to him the intelligence that she had changed her mind. "So have I," replied David, laconically; "so have I," and he lived and died in single blessedness.

A worthy old couple were engaged one Sabbath evening at family worship, when Jeems chose as the

portion for reading, 1 Kings, chap. 2, where an account is given of Solomon's seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines. Peggy was amazed, and said, in surprise, "Jeems, dae ye think ony man could rule o'er sae mony weemen?" "It mun be true," replied Jeems. "What gars ye speir sic daft questions?" "I was just thinking, Jeems, my man," answered his wife, "ye wad ha'e made a very puir Solomon."

Andrew Henderson, well-known in proverb lore, was at an evening party where the company were so numerous that they could not be accommodated at the table, and had to make the knee the substitute. Andrew, after having picked the bones of a portion of fowl given him by the host, was about to return his plate, when he offered to hand in, at the same time, that of the lady who sat next him, saying, "My dear Miss—, will ye let me lay my *banes* aside yours?"

A carter in Port-Glasgow had occasion frequently to "dun" a gentleman for a small account that he owed him. The gentleman, annoyed at his importunity, ordered him to go to h—. "Weel, sir," replied the carter, "If I'm to gang there for't, will ye gi'e me the name o' your *augent*?"

A laird in the parish of Cardross, Dumbartonshire, who lived about the middle of last century, and was the last of his race, was married to a lady in temper something like what Mrs. Job is generally understood to have been. They had no issue, and the ill-matched pair were constantly at variance, and, indeed, lived

separately for several years previous to the death of the laird. His widow came back to Cardross after his interment, and, standing by his tomb, gave vent to her contentious spirit thus, "Gin thou wad rise out o' thy graff, I wad *fecht* wi' thee for a hail hour."

An honest farmer from Kilbirnie, having undertaken a sea voyage to Arran, had the pleasant variety of a storm as he returned. On reaching Saltcoats he leaped ashore with great agility, marched through the town, and never looked behind him till he reached the heights from which the last view of the sea is to be had ; he then ventured to look back on the mighty ocean, and, with a sage nod of his head, said, "Ca' me a fule if ye ever play *clunk, clunk*, at my lug again."

"Losh me, an' ye ha'e gotten a piano, Mrs. Dunn?" queried a kindly neighbour. "Ay, an' isn't it a gran' ane, an' sic a fine soun' it mak's." "Michty me," continued the neighbour, "I didna ken ye could play." "Never a play can I play," was the answer; "but I juist made Tam buy it to mak' the parlour look mair stylish."

THE END.

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