

CURLING CLUBS.

THERE are three Curling Clubs in the parish, of which the oldest is the

KIPPEN CURLING CLUB.

Instituted in 1838.

CARDROSS AND KEPP CURLING CLUB.

Instituted in 1860.

BUCHLYVIE CURLING CLUB.

Instituted in 1860.

Each club is provided with an excellent pond for the prosecution of this jovial game.

Kippen Curling Club, which has a splendid pond constructed on the village common, is composed of a large membership of enthusiastic and keen curlers. It is worthy of mention that the Kippen curlers have earned a reputation for miles around as skilful exponents of the "roarin' game," having gained, since admission into the Royal Caledonian Curling Club, twenty-two of that Society's medals out of a possible twenty-nine. A large number of prizes, including several medals, are competed for annually amongst its members; while other competitions are engaged in with keen rivalry. A poet aptly represents them in the following lines :—

“ And they battle for the glory o' auld Kippen
 ilka man,
 And the battle's a' the harder if the rink's
 a' ae clan,
 And they tak' a pride in showin' ony trophy
 they may win,
 Tae the risin' generation, and the elders
 o' their kin.”

KIPPEN CURLING CLUB.

INSTITUTED IN 1838. ADMITTED TO R.C.C.C. 1843.

OFFICE-BEARERS AND COMMITTEE, 1838.

President :

Henry Fletcher Campbell, Esq., of Boquhan.

Vice-President : William Key, Esq., of Wright Park.*Secretary :* James Forrester, of Polder.*Treasurer :* Alexander Buchanan, Kippen.*Members of Committee.*

Robert Greig.

James Millar.

James Mackieson.

William Johnstone.

And eleven regular members and nineteen occasional.

OFFICE-BEARERS AND COMMITTEE, 1902.

Patrons :

John Monteath, Esq., J.P., of Wright Park.

Stephen Mitchell, Esq., J.P., of Boquhan.

Honorary Members :

Admiral Campbell, R.N., C.B., Wimbledon Lodge, London.

John Dougall, Peebles. | James Mackieson, Kippen.

William Dobbie, Kippen.

President :

Dr. Macdiarmid, J.P., Oakbank.

Vice-President :

John Monteath, Esq., J.P., of Wright Park.

Representative Members :

William M'Queen, Shirgarton.

Thomas Welsh, Beechwood.

Chaplain :

Rev. J. G. Dickson, M.A., Kippen.

Treasurer and Secretary :

Robert Buchanan, Cross Keys Hotel.

Council of Management.

Dr. Macdiarmid.

Alexander Scouler.

John Harvie.

John Paterson.

Robert Buchanan.

William M'Queen.

Thomas Welsh.

CARDROSS AND KEPP.

INSTITUTED IN 1860. ADMITTED INTO R.C.C.C. 1860.

OFFICE-BEARERS AND COMMITTEE, 1902.

Patron :

H. D. Erskine, Esq., of Cardross.

Patroness :

Lady Horatia Erskine.

President :

James Stirling, Esq., J.P., of Garden.

Vice-President :

Andrew Dewar, Arnprior.

Representative Members :

Luke Taylor, Arnprior. | John Mackay, Brucehill.

Chaplain :

Rev. J. G. Dickson, M.A., Kippen.

Treasurer and Secretary :

James Gardner, Schoolhouse, Arnprior.

Ice Master :

John Wright, Arnprior.

*Council of Management :*Peter Armstrong.
A. M. Blair.
James Dougall.
John Mackay.Peter Dewar.
Alex. Napier.
Alex. Cross.
John Wright.

Luke Taylor.

Honorary Member :

H. D. Erskine, Esq., of Cardross.

PLOUGHING SOCIETIES.

ARNPRIOR AND DISTRICT PLOUGHING SOCIETY.

NO records have been kept relating to the institution of this society, but it is believed to have been inaugurated in 1860. It has for its object the encouragement and promotion of the art of ploughing in the district, and is confined to a radius of four miles from Kippen Cross. A competition is held alternately on carse and dryfield lands, silver cups, medals, and other trophies being given annually for work done by the different grades of ploughs in use at the present time.

OFFICE-BEARERS AND COMMITTEE, 1902.

President :

Stephen Mitchell, Esq., of Boquhan.

Vice-Presidents :

James Gray, Birkenwood. | John More, Fordhead.

Secretary :

D. J. Muirhead, Middleton of Garden.

Treasurer :

Robert Jackson, Mains of Boquhan.

Committee :

Andrew Main, Strewiebank.	Daniel Paterson, Drum.
George Graham, Faraway.	Wm. M'Queen, Shirgarton.
John Risk, Culmore.	Wm. Wilson, Fairfield.
Robert Muirhead, Causeway- head.	David Black, South Flanders.

THE KIPPEN AND DISTRICT FARMERS' CLUB.

THE object of this club is to hold occasional meetings, at such times and places as may from time to time be found most convenient, for the discussion of all matters bearing on farming interests and agriculture generally. The office-bearers when the club was instituted in 1894 were:—President, John Drysdale, Fairfield; secretary and treasurer, Alex. Scouler, Middlekerse.

OFFICE-BEARERS AND COMMITTEE, 1902.

President :

John Monteath, Esq., of Wright Park.

Vice-Presidents :

Dr. Macdiarmid, Oakbank.

Robert Jackson, Mains of Boquhan.

Secretary :

Alexander Scouler, Middlekerse.

Treasurer :

Thomas Syme, Strathview.

Committee :

Thomas Hall, Boquhan.	Duncan M'Owan, Bridge of
Jas. Paterson, Wester Frew.	Frew.
John Black, South Flanders.	William Hallum, Crawford-
James Gray, Birkenwood.	stone.
John More, jun., Fordhead.	Samuel M'Queen, Shirgarton.
John Harvie, Rosebank.	

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETIES.

KIPPEN HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.
Instituted in 1885.

BUCHLYVIE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.
Instituted in 1886.

THESE societies have had a marked effect on the cultivation of cottage gardens in the locality, encouraging the production of a superior class of vegetables, flowers, etc. An exhibition of flowers, fruit, vegetables, dairy produce, and honey is held annually in each village, upwards of £40 being offered by the Kippen Horticultural Society in addition to prizes in kind, etc.

FIRST OFFICE-BEARERS OF THE KIPPEN
HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

President :

Thos. A. Anderson, of Shirgarton.

Secretary :

John Dougall, Main Street.

Treasurer :

Robert Dougall, Post Office.

 PATRONESSES, PATRONS, AND OFFICE-
BEARERS IN 1902.

Patronesses :

Mrs. Mitchell, Boquhan	Mrs. Anderson, Shirgarton.
Mrs. Monteath, Wright Park.	Mrs. Dickson, Kippen Manse.
Mrs. Moore, Arngibbon.	Miss Clark, Benview, Kippen.
Miss Monteath, Wright Park.	Mrs. Gordon, Am Bruaich.
Mrs. Stirling, Garden.	Mrs. J. W. Campbell, Glentirran Lodge.
Mrs. Colville, Arngomery.	Mrs. Paul, Glentirran Lodge.
Mrs. Hunter, U.F. Manse.	
Mrs. Cameron, Kirkhill.	

Patrons :

Stephen Mitchell, Esq., of Boquhan.	Rev. Henry W. Hunter, U.F. Manse.
James Stirling, Esq., of Garden.	Dr. Macdiarmid, Oakbank.
J. A. Harvie Brown, Esq., of Quarter and Shrigarton.	Arch. Colville, Esq., of Arngomery.
John Monteath, Esq., of Wright Park.	Alex. Moore, Esq., of Arngibbon.
William Forrester, Esq., of Arngibbon.	Alex. Paul, Esq., of Glentirran Lodge.
Andrew Dougall, Esq., of Angustep.	George Gordon, Esq., of Am Buaich.
D. Y. Cameron, Esq., of Kirkhill.	James Hunter, Esq., School-house.
J. W. Campbell, Esq., of Glentirran.	Rev. D. R. Kilpatrick, Dunallan.
Rev. John G. Dickson, The Manse.	Arch. Williamson, Esq., Abergour.

President :

Stephen Mitchell, Esq., of Boquhan.

Vice-President :

Thomas Welsh, Beechwood.

Secretary and Treasurer :

Robert Dougall, Post Office.

Members of Committee :

Thomas Hall, Boquhan.	William Stirling, Kippen Station.
Peter M'Cowan, Arngomery.	David Young, Claylands.
John Robertson, Shrigarton.	James M'Ewen, Settie.
Arch. Gray, Wright Park.	George Watson, Main Street.
John Allan, Gateside.	Robert Stewart, Oxhill.
John M'Lean, Main Street.	
Wm. Chrystal, Oxhill.	

KIPPEN AND DISTRICT BURNS CLUB.

THE parish is not without its hero-worshippers, and in 1896—the centenary of the poet's death—the Kippen and District Burns Club was instituted, and in 1900, four years afterwards, affiliated with the Kilmarnock Burns Federation. Anniversary celebrations, however, were held for a considerable number of years previous to this. In an account of the national celebration of the centenary of the poet's birth, on 25th January, 1859, the author of "Burns in Stirlingshire" says, "A number of the inhabitants of Kippen met together to unite their sentiments of sympathy and concord with their fellow-countrymen throughout the land in doing honour to the memory of Scotland's immortal bard. The utmost harmony and good feeling prevailed. A number of speeches were delivered on topics connected with the prosperity and welfare of Scotland, several songs from the works of Burns were sung, and the whole proceedings were such as to leave a pleasant impression on the minds of all who were present." He also states that "The members of the Buchlyvie Mutual Improvement Society met, along with a few friends, in the Public School, which was most tastefully decorated. Mr. John Robertson, who occupied the chair, proposed the Immortal Memory. Other addresses on Burns were given, and an ode, composed for the occasion by Mr. P. Dun, stationmaster, Port of Menteith, was recited by him." The Kippen and District Burns Club prospered, with almost a hundred members, for about five years after its inauguration, but, owing to some slight differences having arisen amongst its officials, in 1901 another club was formed. Besides celebrating the anniversary of the poet's birthday by a social festival, the club gives prizes annually to children attending school for singing and reciting pieces from the poet's works. The production of original poetry in the Scottish dialect is also encouraged among its members by offering prizes for the best production.

Office-bearers in 1896 : President, John Drysdale, Fairfield ; vice-president, John Harvie, Burnside ; secretary, William Chrystal, Oxhill.

OFFICE-BEARERS AND COMMITTEE, 1901.

President :

Duncan Buchanan, Forth Vineyards.

Vice-President :

Robert Jackson, Boquhan.

Secretary :

William Chrystal, Oxhill.

Committee :

John Drysdale, Arngibbon.	John Montgomery, Buchlyvie.
Alexander Scouler, Middlekerse.	David Young, Claylands.
W. J. Buchanan, Forth Vineyards.	Thomas Syme, Arngomery.
Robert Chrystal, Fore Road.	Samuel Thomson, Pointend.
John M'Lean, Main Street.	Thomas Inglis, Burnside.

OFFICE-BEARERS AND COMMITTEE, 1902.

President :

Robert Jackson, Boquhan.

Vice-President :

Andrew Main, Strewiebank.

Secretary :

Thomas Syme, Strathview.

Committee :

John Syme, Arngomery.	Alexander Davidson, Cauldhame.
Peter Matson, Cauldhame.	Samuel Thomson, Pointend.
John Allan, Gateside.	Alexander Trotter, Cauldhame.
George M'Queen, Kirkhill.	Archibald Gray, Redgatehill.
George Hay, Burnside.	D. J. Muirhead, Garden.
George Watson, The Cross.	
David Young, Claylands.	

KIPPEN HIGHLAND GATHERING.

THROUGH the efforts of John Monteath, Esq., Wright Park ; Dr. Macdiarmid, Oakbank, and several other local gentlemen, Highland Games were instituted in 1898, and have since been held annually in a field adjoining the village. A large sum is offered in prize-money, with the result that these Games are attended by competitors from all quarters. Though so recently instituted, these sports have already gained a wide popularity, handsome prizes being offered for events open to all comers, while a number of contests are confined to a radius of twelve miles from Kippen Cross.

OFFICE-BEARERS AND COMMITTEE, 1902.

Chieftain :

John Monteath, Esq., Wright Park.

Captain :

Dr. Macdiarmid, Oakbank.

Secretary : William Dougall, Post Office.*Treasurer :* Alexander Scouler, Middlekerse.*Committee :*

Duncan Buchanan, Forth Vineyard.	Stephen Mitchell, Boquhan.
William J. Buchanan, Forth Vineyard.	A. Moore, jun., Arngibbon.
D. Y. Cameron, Kirkhill.	A. Paul, Glentirran.
J. W. Campbell, Glentirran.	Wm. M'Queen, Shirgarton.
Arch. Colville, Arngomery.	Thomas Welsh, Beechwood.
Peter Dewar, Kepp.	David Welsh, Burnside.
Rev. J. G. Dickson, The Manse.	Luke Taylor, Arnprior.
John Drysdale, Townhead.	G. R. Watson, Kippen.
Wm. Forrester, Arngibbon.	A. Davidson, Kippen.
George Gordon, Am Bruaich.	R. Jackson, Boquhan.
Rev. H. W. Hunter, U.F. Manse.	Thomas Syme, Kippen.
	Peter M'Cowan, Arngomery.
	John Wright, Arnprior.
	W. J. Paul, Glentirran.

KIPPEN READING AND RECREATION CLUB.

THE duty of furthering the moral and social elevation of the villagers has not been overlooked, and in 1901, through the painstaking interest taken in the welfare of the community by the Rev. J. G. Dickson, The Manse; Messrs. D. Y. Cameron, Kirkhill; George Gordon, Am Bruaich, and others, a cheap, healthy, recreative, and pleasurable resort is provided in the winter months for edification and amusement. The Public Hall being engaged for that purpose, is open five nights a-week from 7 till 10 o'clock. In addition to numerous rational and refined amusements, books, periodicals, newspapers, etc., are provided for the members. Since its inauguration it has proved to be of inestimable value to the district, by helping to relieve some of the dulness and dreariness which exists in the long winter nights, especially amongst the working classes, in almost every country village. Among other benefits it tends to bring the villagers together, keeps them from the corners of the streets, and therefore out of the way of temptation and bad influences, and thus, by giving its patrons opportunity for the proper education and broadening of their minds, the general tone of the inhabitants is sought to be elevated, to the mutual advantage of all.

OFFICE-BEARERS AND COMMITTEE, 1902.

Convener : Rev. J. G. Dickson, The Manse.

Vice-Convener : D. Y. Cameron, Esq., Kirkhill.

Secretary and Treasurer : Mr. J. Hunter, Schoolhouse.

Committee :

Dr. Macdiarmid, Oakbank.	Arch. Macdiarmid, Renton Cottage.
George Gordon, Am Bruaich.	J. Gilchrist, jun., Aros House.
Rev. H. W. Hunter, U.F. Manse.	G. R. Watson, Main Street.
W. Buchanan, Forth Vineyard.	Thomas Welsh, Beechwood.
John Robertson, Shirgarton.	D. Macdiarmid, Cauldhame.
Andrew Kay, Little Kerse.	Alex. Welsh, Burnside.
William Chrystal, Oxhill.	D. Dingwall, Kippen Station.
Peter M' Cowan, Arngomery.	Sam. M' Queen, Shirgarton.
William Dougall, Post Office.	Alex. Davidson, Cauldhame.



MAIN STREET, BUCHLYVIE, LOOKING WEST, WITH PUBLIC HALL.

BUCHLYVIE.

THE village of Buchlyvie, nicely situated almost at the extreme end of Kippen Parish, commanding extensive views of the Menteith Hills, Ben Lomond, and Ben Ledi, was founded in the early years of the seventeenth century. It has the largest population of any barony in the "Kingdom," the population in 1901 being 320.

MINISTERIAL.

Created a *quoad sacra* parish in 1876, Buchlyvie had, until the recent union of the United Presbyterian and Free Church congregations, three places of worship. The present United Free Church was built in 1751, a short time after the Secession, which took place from the National Church at Stirling, led by Ebenezer Erskine. Principally owing to the energy of the late Rev. James Berry, for 39 years the devoted and respected minister of the congregation, the interior of the church was renovated and reconstructed in 1890. The Seceders designated themselves the Associate Synod, later the Relief Church, then the United Presbyterian Church, which in 1901, together with the Free Church, became the United Free.

MINISTERS, 1903.

Established Church—Rev. JOHN A. MACDONALD.

United Free Church—Rev. G. W. S. COWIE.

INDUSTRY.

The industry of the district is wholly agricultural, the soil of a large portion being of a cold and sterile nature. Great advance, however, has been made, both as to improving the soil and cultivation of the crops, since the time when Sir Walter Scott sojourned with the ancient family of Graham, at Gartmore House, while he was preparing material for "Rob Roy."

PUBLIC HALL.

At the west end of the village a fine hall, with ample accommodation, was erected in 1884 through the munificence of the late Alexander Harvie, Glasgow, a native of the village.

BANKING.

Financial matters are conducted in splendid buildings through a branch of the Bank of Scotland, with a well-equipped staff.

PLACES OF INTEREST.

Among the places of interest are :—

Ballochneck, at one time the residence of Lennie, the famous grammarian. It was here he wrote "Lennie's Grammar," and it is said that he travelled to Edinburgh periodically with his books, remaining several days selling them himself. The present proprietor of Ballochneck is Mr. William M'Onie.

To the north of the Fairy Knowe, adjacent to the farm of Mains, is the spot where the mansion of the Baron o' Buchlyvie stood. The Fairy Knowe, or Knoll, about forty yards in diameter, is said to have been used as a Druidical temple.

Garry's Hole, a subterranean den lying to the south of the village, is said to be where one Garry carried on an extensive working still in smuggling days.

Buchlyvie has, in addition to the ploughing, curling, and other societies under-mentioned, numerous clubs and associations, including a horticultural society, library, mutual improvement society, quoiting, draughts, football, and summer ice clubs.

BUCHLYVIE AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION.

FOLLOWING the institution of ploughing matches in the neighbourhood by the Gargunnoch Farmers' Club, a society was formed in Buchlyvie in 1835, named the Buchlyvie Agricultural Association, for the purpose of discussing matters for the encouragement and interest of agriculture and the general good of the country, and among other matters to have an annual competition for ploughing, open to members, who must reside within a radius of two miles of the village of Buchlyvie. The first competition was held at Blairgorts on 5th March, 1835, the winner of the first prize at this match being Alexander

Risk, Cashley. The society continued the match annually on the same lines until 1842, when the district was extended to all tenants on the estate of Gartmore. Subsequently, in 1846, prizes were offered for the best bull, and the growing of turnips and potatoes. The following year a regular cattle show was instituted. The ploughing match and cattle show were carried on by the society annually until the disastrous time of the cattle plague, which occurred in the sixties, when the ploughing match was dropped, the members then deciding to hold a cattle show only, which is still successfully carried on, being held annually in a field near the village of Buchlyvie. It now embraces a much wider area for members than formerly, consisting of the parishes of Kippen, Fintry, Balfron, Killearn, Drymen, Aberfoyle, Port of Menteith, Gargunock, and Kilmarnock, and keen competition is annually witnessed for prizes offered in the numerous classes.

The first president of this society was William Lennie, Esq., of Ballochneck, compiler of the well-known "Lennie's Grammar," the secretary being Mr. Alexander Dun, Kerp-dowie.

OFFICE-BEARERS, 1902.

President :

Daniel Fisher, Esq., of Ballamenoch.

Vice-Presidents :

James Stirling, Esq., of Garden.
 William M'Onie, Esq., of Ballochneck.
 Sir C. W. Cayzer, M.P., Gartmore.
 Stephen Mitchell, Esq., of Boquhan.
 John Stroyan, Esq., M.P., Ochertyre.
 James M'Killop, Esq., M.P., Polmont Park.
 Euing R. Crawford, Esq., of Auchentroig.

Secretary :

Daniel Fisher, Garchel.

Treasurer :

James M'Phie, jun., Buchlyvie.

BUCHLYVIE AND DISTRICT PLOUGHING SOCIETY.

In 1891 a new and independent society was formed for holding ploughing competitions, and named the Buchlyvie and District Ploughing Society, confining the residence of its membership to the *quoad sacra* parish of Buchlyvie, but in 1897 it extended its area so as to embrace eleven parishes, being now open to the counties of Stirling, Perth, and Dumbarton, and valuable prizes are offered for competition.

OFFICE-BEARERS, 1902.

President : Bailie William M'Lay, Glasgow.

Vice-President : Euing R. Crawford, Esq., of Auchentroig.

Joint Secretaries :

James M'Phie, jun., and John Milne, Buchlyvie.

Treasurer : D. H. Mack, Buchlyvie.

BUCHLYVIE, FINTRY, AND VALE OF MENTEITH HORSE-BREEDING ASSOCIATION.

THIS society came into existence on 19th November, 1892. A meeting of those interested in the formation of a horse-breeding society was held in the Public Hall, Buchlyvie, at which there were nineteen gentlemen present, representative of the different districts proposed to be embraced by the society. Mr. Fisher of Ballamenoch was called to the chair. It was unanimously agreed to form a horse-breeding society, to be called the Buchlyvie, Fintry, and Vale of Menteith Horse-Breeding Society, the district to comprise the parishes of Port of Menteith, Kippen, Aberfoyle, Fintry, Balfron, and eastern district of Drymen.

The objects of the society were to promote and further the breeding of Clydesdale horses within its bounds, by placing within the reach of members the services of a Clydesdale stallion, to be engaged by the society annually

to travel in the district, on such terms and conditions as may from time to time be arranged.

Mr. Fisher of Ballamenoch was unanimously elected president, an office which he has held till the present year; Mr. William Smith, Auchentroig, vice-president; and Mr. Andrew Dewar, Arnprior, secretary and treasurer.

Mr. Dewar held office as secretary till the present year, when he expressed a wish to be relieved, and Mr. John Drysdale, Arngibbon, was unanimously elected in his stead. The following were elected members of committee for the first year, viz., Messrs. Alexander Cowan, Fintry; John M'Gibbon, Faraway; William Wood, Gartmore; William M'Keich, Woodend; John Drysdale, Fairfield; James Dougall, Blaircessnock; Alex. Cowbrough, Malling; William Fisher, Garchell; Andrew Graham, Tombreck; Robert More, Mains; John More, Fordhead; A. M. Blair, Armore.

By the formation of this society great stimulus was given to horse-breeding in the district, and that the society has faithfully carried out the objects it set itself is evidenced by the fact that some of the finest specimens of the Clydesdale breed have in recent years been bred in the society's district by its members, the progeny of horses engaged by the society. Mr. Drysdale, Arngibbon, who was the moving spirit in getting the society formed, has great reason to be gratified with the success which has resulted. The society has invariably been fortunate in the selection of its stallions, having had the services of some of the most noted prize-winning animals of the day, notably the famous "Royal Gartly," the winner of the Champion Cawdor Cup, and his no less notable son, "Royal Favourite," bred and owned by Mr. Dewar, for which a *bona fide* offer of £3,000 was made a few months ago. Whilst all the most enterprising tenant farmers in the district have gladly availed themselves of the advantages placed within their reach through the agency of this society, the fact has to be deplored that many others cling to their ancient customs, preferring to use what are termed "poaching horses," provided the service fee is low enough

(this, and not the merits of the animal, being the paramount consideration), rather than have the use of some of the finest sires of the day at an initial expenditure of one or two pounds more, with the almost certain prospect of obtaining ten, twenty, fifty, or even hundreds of pounds more for the progeny, as has been borne out in actual experience in their midst and before their eyes.

BUCHLYVIE CURLING CLUB.

INSTITUTED IN 1860. ADMITTED INTO R.C.C.C. 1865.

OFFICE-BEARERS AND COMMITTEE, 1902.

Patrons :

William M'Onie, Esq., Ballochneck House.
Daniel Fisher, Esq., Ballamenoch.
Colonel Euing R. Crawford, of Auchentroig.

Patroness : Mrs. M'Onie, Ballochneck House.

President : Daniel Fisher, jun., Garchel.

Vice-President : Daniel Kennedy.

Representative Members :

William Bauchop. | Daniel Kennedy.

Chaplains :

Rev. John A. Macdonald. | Rev. G. W. S. Cowie.

Treasurer and Secretary : John Milne.

Council of Management :

Daniel Fisher.		James Weir, jun.
Henry Drysdale.		James Kennedy.
William M'Quiston.		William M'Adam.
William M'Keich.		James M'Farlane.

Duncan M'Farlane.

Honorary Members :

William M'Onie.		Daniel Fisher.
Alexander Dun.		Col. Euing R. Crawford.
		Rev. John A. Macdonald.

VILLAGE COMMON.

TO the south of the village is a large tract of waste land surrounding the arable possessions of the feuars and others, known as the "Common," or "Commonry," and which originally belonged to the feuars and villagers as Crown lands. One of the most serious chapters in the history of our legislators has been the gradual expropriation of these commons from the working classes, as, originally self-appointed to guard and maintain the rights of the inhabitants of the manors, the administrators of the law have used their power to despoil the feuars of their rightful inheritance. The lawyers, "the conservators of ancient barbarism," as Carlyle truly termed them, were good enough to tell the landlord that all uncultivated land within the manor was his property, subject, of course, to the rights of the commoners. These preservers of the peace and champions of law and order have indeed "respected" these rights, and in several instances overreached them. The matter is neatly put in the following well-known lines :

" It is a sin in man or woman
To steal a goose from off the common ;
But what shall be that man's excuse
Who steals the common from the goose ? "

DASHER COMMON.

At one time the common belonging to the Barony of Dasher, otherwise the village of Kippen, reached as far back over the hill known as the Black Brae as it was possible for the feuars to travel till the weathercock on the top of the old belfry in the churchyard was lost to sight, that constituting the march to the south. We find, however, from documents and charters in the possession of Mr. Robert Dougal, Castlehill, that a contract or exchange was made between the feuars and the proprietor of Boquhan for the southern part of the common, in the

Barony of Dasher, the portion conceded by the feuars being that part on the south side of the road leading to Wright Park. Mr. Dougal has also in his possession a sketch drawn by James Auld, Kippen, dated 10th Feb., 1817, giving the measurement of the existing common as 9 acres 24 falls 23 ells. About this period a request was made by Mr. A. Littlejohn, writer, Stirling, craving liberty from the feuars to plant a number of trees on the common, but the feuars refused this request, believing, no doubt, that ample concessions had already been made.

The curling ponds and curlers' house of the Kippen Curling Club are constructed on Dasher Common.

SHIRGARTON COMMON.

Some distance west from the Dasher Common is the one known as the Shirgarton Common, comprising a piece of waste land extending across that part known as the Redgatehill. This common, being in the Barony of Shirgarton, is entirely in Perthshire, and the feu charters and title deeds in possession of the feuars distinctly specify their right to quarry stones and mortar for building purposes, cut turf and fail in the commons of the respective baronies in which they are situated, as also the casting or digging of peats in the portions of the peat moss belonging to the various baronies.

VILLAGE GREEN.

A "TIFF" WITH THE LAIRD.

THE plot of ground at the foot of the Burn Loan, adjoining the farmhouse of Burnside, through which, according to an old charter, a highway leads from Burnside to the high street of Castlehill, was granted on lease as a washing or bleaching green to the feuars of Kippen for a term of 500 years by Robert Graham of Gartmore, in 1782, the feuars on their part agreeing to pay sixpence yearly. We can, however, find no account of this rent

having ever been collected. Originally this washing green was double the size that it is at present. Some years after the green was acquired, at a meeting of feuars convened for the purpose, it was agreed to enclose the eastern half, or portion, of the green with a thorn hedge, and thus fulfil the double purpose of preventing the inroad of cattle and other animals, while at the same time affording the villagers a means of hanging clothes on to dry. The feuars, having purchased the thorn plants, planted the hedge three feet from the march, on their own property, with a view to enabling them to have a footpath on the other side, and giving them access to articles that might be blown off, and also in order to keep the hedge properly trimmed.

On 10th February, 1842, a public meeting of the villagers was held on the green for the purpose of appointing a committee to act as caretakers, the following feuars being appointed:—Robert Dougal, John Shirra, James Millar, Robert More, and Alexander Buchanan. Later, a dispute and threatened litigation arose in 1846 between the Laird of Boquhan and the feuars of Kippen regarding the building of a steading wall at Burnside Farm. The laird, holding the opinion that the hedge previously mentioned was a mutual one, proceeded to uproot a portion of it, with the purpose of building a dyke of some yards length on the line of same. The feuars in a body appeared on the scene, and vigorously protested against their hedge being interfered with, and unanimously agreed to institute legal proceedings should the work be persisted in. Operations were at once suspended, the dyke being ultimately built on the laird's own property, three feet from the hedge. Some of the old thorn trees can still be seen growing alongside the dyke.

PUBLIC HALLS.

GILLESPIE MEMORIAL HALL.

THE Gillespie Memorial Hall was erected by Mrs. Honeyman Gillespie, a native of the parish, in memory of her husband, William Honeyman Gillespie, Esq., of Torbanehill, author of "*An a priori* Argument for the Being of God," and other works. This building was originally designed, and, indeed, part of the work commenced, to occupy a feu held as kirk property, adjoining Helensfield House, but, owing to some legal difficulty, it was transferred to the site it now occupies, and the work completed in 1877, at a cost of over £2,000. This site was given free by the Rev. William Wilson, minister of the parish, and mainly owing to his zeal and energy was the work carried through. By a codicil in the late Mrs. Honeyman Gillespie's will certain restrictions have been made as to the purposes of this hall, and it is specially stipulated that in the event of the Church of Scotland becoming disestablished the hall shall then become the property of the Episcopal Church of England. The ante-room of the hall contains a well-selected library, available to villagers and others at a small annual subscription.

KIPPEN PUBLIC HALL.

The enlargement of the Castlehill School in 1897 rendered the old Parish School of no further use, and at this date a number of the villagers formed themselves into a company for the purpose of purchasing "the auld schule" from the School Board, and transforming it into a public hall. This they succeeded in doing, and the hall is now known as the Kippen Public Hall, the promoters by their action having to a certain extent met a long-felt want in the parish.

INNS AND PUBLIC HOUSES.

THESE were very numerous in the village at one time, and at the beginning of the nineteenth century there were no fewer than fifteen vendors of intoxicating liquors. The price of whisky was much lower than now, and we are informed that it contained less injurious constituents than the beverage in use at the present day. Pure malt whisky cost from 7s. 6d. to 8s. per gallon, while a gill of that stimulant could be had in the tap-room of one of these numerous inns, accompanied with cakes and cheese, for the modest sum of threepence.

The principal inn and hostelry in the village was the Black Bull, at present occupied as a private dwelling-house, and known as Black Bull House; the next in importance being the Crown Inn, also now occupied as a dwelling-house, and believed to be the oldest at present in the village. The Cross Keys Inn occupied the same site as at present, while a hostelry occupied the site where the villa of Ben View is now erected, and in the small toll-house, immediately opposite (now used as a coal cellar), drink was also sold, the place being used as a kind of custom or toll-house, and named "The Grotto." The toll-keepers at Castlehill and Broich were also engaged in selling liquor.

At several other houses in the village, too numerous to mention, intoxicants were sold, and rivalry seems to have prevailed amongst the vendors, as it is recorded that one publican bearing the name of Andrew Blair, whose inn was located opposite the present Cross Keys Hotel, had the alluring signboard above his door, "The Cheap Sale Shop." The block of buildings, where the Crown Hotel and posting establishment is at present, did duty as an inn, with schoolhouse attached.

LOCAL WORTHIES.

IN common with other country districts, the "Kingdom" has had its quota of worthies, whose quaint and humorous sayings and doings have been handed down from generation to generation.

ISAAC M'GREGOR.

A SHERIFF COURT WITNESS.

ISAAC M'GREGOR was a simple-minded rustic, of a most obliging disposition, with a vein of sarcastic humour, which he could work with very decided effect when occasion required. He rented a small patch of ground that fringed the Muir of Kippen, part of the estate of Stirling of Garden. Isaac had never seen much of the great world. With a couple of horses he contrived to keep the thatch over his shoulders and the wheels of life in working condition by carrying whisky for the far-famed Kepp distillery, the proprietor of which, the late Mr. Cassels, was distantly related to him. Isaac piqued himself on his knowledge of horses, and was generally his own farrier, whether as respected medical treatment, or arming the hoofs of that noble animal against the tear and wear of the road.

Isaac had been witness to the sale of a horse at the fair of Shandon, which, though sold as sound, turned out afterwards to have some defect in the hoof. An action was raised before the Sheriff, and proof allowed, to show that the disease was of long standing, and that the fault must have been known to the vendor at the time of sale. Isaac was summoned to Dunblane to give evidence before the Sheriff in favour of the defender. The agent employed by the pursuer was as pompous a "quill-driver" as ever scribbled on parchment or small pott. Peter Dudgeon, for that was his name, boasted that he had a more complete knowledge of the English language than any practitioner in sheriff or burgh court, from the Grampians to Cheviot, from his having the whole of Johnson's

dictionary at his finger ends. The words selected by Peter for common use were remarkable more from the quantity of the alphabet employed in their construction than from their adaptation to the idea meant to be conveyed. Peter thought to dash Isaac, and so confuse him at first, that his evidence would want coherence, and therefore be rejected.

The officer called out, "Is Isaac M'Gregor in court?"

"Yes, sir!" shouted Isaac, in a voice like the report of schoolboy artillery.

"Come forward, then."

Peter threw himself back into his seat and looked terror, at the same time displaying a frill of cambric of extraordinary depth and longitude.

"Your name is Isaac M'Gregor—is it?"

"The minister ance ca'd me that, and I haena had ony reason to change't since; but ye needna speir my name, for ye hae kent me ony time this twenty years."

"It is only for the information of the court."

"Gif that be a', you're abler to tell them than I am—you're glibber in the tongue."

"Very well; gentlemen of the court, the deponent's name is Isaac M'Gregor, a most enlightened, raticinating, and philosophic carter, from the bloody mires of Loch Leggan. Notice that, gentlemen! Do you know anything about the vending, transtullation, or transfer of the quadruped in question?"

"I didna bring my dictionary in my pouch this day, or else I micht hae been able to spell your meaning; maybe, my lord judge, ye'll be able to explain what he means, for to me there's just as muckle sense in the blether o' the heather blutter!"

"He means to ask, witness, do you know anything about the sale of the horse, the subject on which you are summoned here."

"Thank you, my lord. Yes, I ken that the horse was selt to Jock Paterson there; and he appeared to me to be weel worth a' the siller he gied for him."

"Well, my sexagenarian friend, Isaac," resumed Peter,

“how do you know, or how can you satisfy your mind as to the validity of the testimony upon which your powers of perception have chosen to arbitrate so temerarily?”

“Och, man! it would tak’ you a long time to ken as muckle about horses as I dae; you would need to gang out and eat grass wi’ them for seven years, like auld Nebuckadnezzar, afore ye learnt your lesson.”

Peter was fairly put out, and got into a violent rage—“My lord, I have asked a plain question, and I must demand a categorical answer, or I shall move that the witness be committed for contempt of court.”

“I would advise you, Mr. Dudgeon,” said the judge, “to put your questions in a more intelligible shape, and I have no doubt but the witness will give you a respectful answer.”

“That sairs ye richt, Peter,” said the imperturbable Isaac, “an’ gin I had you in the Muir o’ Kippen, I would let ye fin’ the wecht o’ that shakle-bane along the side o’ your head, and mak’ thae hornshottle teeth in your mouth dance the Dusty Miller. Ony mair to speir, ye manifest piece o’ impudence?”

“What do you know about the value of a horse?” resumed Peter.

“I wonder what I should ken about if I didna ken about horse—I may say born and brought up among them—mair than ye can say, Mr. Peter, o’ the profession ye hae ta’en by the hand.”

“Have you made it your business to become acquainted with the veterinary art, whether as applied to the general anatomy of the horse, or the moral and physical habits of this useful animal? and to attain the requisite degree of knowledge, have you studied carefully the article on that subject in the ‘Encyclopedia Britannica?’ and, most particularly, as in the minute of detail on this subject, have you bought of your bookseller a copy of the work entitled ‘The Horse,’ published under the sanction and patronage of the society denominating themselves The Society for Diffusing Useful Knowledge, and made it your study by night and by day?”

“Hech, sirs! nae wonder, Peter, that you’re blawing like a bursting haggis, after a’ that blatter o’ words; you’ll hae pitten a’ the lair ye e’er got at the college in that speech, I’se warrant; ye mind sin’ you and I were at Claymires schule thegither, what a poor, fushionless, whey-faced shawp o’ a creature you war, baith in soul and body, and that you couldna spell your ain name!”

“Do you know, then, anything about the diseases that horses are predisposed to?”

“Lang-winded is no’ ane o’ them at ony rate.”

“From your knowledge of the veterinary art, and the profound attention that you have bestowed on the subject, would you presume to say that a horse’s hoof might be the seat of any latent, unmanifested ailment, disease, malady, gangrene, or tumour, protected though it be by the crust or wall of the foot, without being visible to the ocular faculty? Now!”

“Did you hear the thunder doon there, lads? Ye may be verra thankfu’, Mr. Dudgeon, that ye haena mony teeth left in the front o’ your mooth, or thae big words could never hae gotten out.”

“Really, Mr. Dudgeon,” said the judge, “you are taking up too much of the time of the court by useless preliminaries. If you have any of your young men in court, would you allow one of them to take up the examination?”

“Very well, my lord. William, take up this brief, or case, and further interrogate that incorrigible carter.”

“Witness! the next question in my brief, or case—and recollect you are still upon oath—is, Do you suppose it possible for a disease or ailment to exist in the perforating flexor tendon, without immediately manifesting itself in occasioning lameness by its action in the chamber of the hoof?”

“Weel, my lord judge, efter a’, are thae twa no’ a bonny pair? as the craw said o’ his claws.”

The Court became perfectly convulsed, so that the sheriff was himself obliged to finish the examination.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

Isaac had an inveterate prejudice against the medical profession, and only in cases of the last necessity would he permit them to be called in. This prejudice arose from a belief that when subjects could not be procured by means of exhumation, the living were drafted on for the necessary supplies, and artful stratagems employed to inveigle and secure their victims. Any person appearing to be a stranger on the street was marked, and in some quiet place, whither the object was followed, a plaster was stuck over the aperture for breath ; or perhaps he was induced on some plausible pretext to adjourn to a tavern and partake of some refreshments, when the liquids offered were sure to be drugged ; or, if the person were so regardless as to venture with his seducers within the precincts of the college, he was led into a small apartment which was hung round with attractive pictures, the whole floor of which was one trap door or hatchway, so contrived that on touching a secret spring the unsuspecting victim was in a moment precipitated into a boiling caldron in the vaults beneath.

Possessed with a strong belief in these practices, Isaac kept a sharp look-out in passing the College, which he was obliged to do every night when in Glasgow, as his quarters lay in that direction. On one occasion, as he passed the gateway of the college rather late, he affirmed that "he heard the clinking of a chain coming skelping ower the lintel o' the college entry, and that the cleeks verra nearly grippet him by his haunch buttons."

At another time, Isaac had to visit a friend who lived in Castlepen's Close, a little above Blackfriars Wynd, now Regent Place, about the hour of dismissal of one of the medical classes, and some of his friends, who knew his misgivings, said, "There's a boiling this nicht," * at which Isaac cocked his ears, well knowing its import.

* A belief then prevailed that human bodies served for medical as well as surgical purposes—that they were literally boiled and used in compounding drugs.



FORE ROAD, KIPPEN.

"Just step east the Wynd there, Isaac," said one of the youngsters, "and satisfy yoursel'; just haud your lug close to the wa' o' the College garden, and come back and tell us what sort o' sound ye heard frae the inside."

Isaac was down the stair in a moment, and made his way to the spot, his imagination heated, and prepared to hear what he believed to be transacted within the wall. When he returned, he looked aghast, exclaiming,

"Preserve us a'; gie me a bed wi' you this nicht; I canna gang up the street, for there's the black man* o' the College awa' up to —; it's verra becomin', I maun say, to hae a blackamoor in that den. Gie me a licht to my bed, lads; I wish I may boo an e'e the nicht."

The young wags, bent on practical mischief, put into the bedroom a black image, set carefully on the head of a clothes press, in such a position that it was sure to catch Isaac's eye in the dawn of the morning. Just as the day began to break, they heard Isaac muttering in horror, apparently rising out of bed. They made towards the apartment, the door of which had purposely been left a little ajar, and there was Isaac standing in the middle of the floor addressing the image, in an attitude of the utmost horror, "Ye black-looking savage, your maister can get naebody in this kintra wi' a white skin on his face to dae his wark, but maun send to the West Indies for the like o' you—ane o' the generation o' worrie-cows, wi' the coom o' your kintra on your face. Come doon and I'll fecht ye; but fling awa' your plasters." The object would not consent by nod or otherwise. "Weel, weel," cries the half-dreaming Isaac, "it's needless for me tae streck ye, for ane that could come through a keyhole, as ye've done, could cast ane o' your brimstane scones on my mouth afore I could come within arm's length o' ye; but sin' I'm to be chokit, whan you're done wi' my body, gie my banes to my brither Jock to be buried at Kippen."

* One of the Professors of the College had a man of colour as body servant.

TWA VERRA BRITHERS.

JEAN CAMERON kept a tavern in the "Kingdom of Kippen." Jean's house was the meeting-place for all the "wet" gentry north of the Bridge of Frew, and as sure as Davie Foster, the bellman, had some roup or strayed calves to cry, did Robin Buchan o' Boquhapple and John Percie of Netherknowe meet on a simmer bees-day o' Kippen, after the fair was over, to communicate to each other the news "frae their ain toon ends." Not till the clock struck twelve would these worthies move, and generally by that time they were so completely intoxicated that they often mistook one another, and answered to each other's names.

The threat of Dr. Campbell and his session of the denial of baptism did not deter these worthies from their potations. "Dr. Campbell no' baptise your wean, Netherknowe!—set him up! Just gang tae the Port of Menteith, they're no' sae nice there, and you'll get it done without ony trouble."

The road home for both lay for some miles in the same direction, so that they "oxtered" each other along, and when the balance inclined too much in one direction the other opposed an antagonistic force to restore the equilibrium; all this adjustment, however, could not prevent occasional mistakes. One night in particular, Netherknowe got up to the haunches in a clay ditch, and stuck fast, the tenacious till at the bottom holding like glue. Boquhapple tried one arm, then another—would not move. Netherknowe, like a laired stirk, sat motionless, and gave no aid for his own release; his anxious companion made still another effort by putting a foot on each side of the ditch in order to have more power, but equally unsuccessful.

"An' a sorrow to ye, Netherknowe, will ye no' try to help yoursel'—push your feet frae you, man; try to move."

"Na, Johnnie, had I no' better try to draw my feet tae me?"

“Weel, frae ye or tae ye, dae something, man; I hear a fit comin’, we’ll be perfectly affronted!”

“Just sit thee down (quo’ Patience in mud), Robin, and put thy feet in the goat too; there’s great beauty in humility.”

Robin made another desperate effort to extricate Netherknowe, but, not succeeding, abandoned the attempt in utter despair.

“Weel,” says Robin, “after a’ this desperate strussel, it’s a frien’ part to stick by a frien’ in distress—I’ll just stick wi’ ye, Netherknowe—are ye sure ye hae room for anither besides yoursel’?”

“Oh, ay, Robin, man, there’s room in’t, dear laddie, believe me, for twa.” And down did Robin sit, and plunged his feet in the ditch, and stuck by Netherknowe until some neighbours came up and drew the worthies out of their “carse boots.”

SANDY MUNCHAUSEN.

IN the thinly populated districts of Scotland, the “Smiddy,” after the hours of out-door labour are over, is the trysting-place for the “tillers of the ground;” and here, amidst noise and smoke, and by the murky gloom of the furnace, the sons of the soil discuss all public matters, whether national or local. There is always a Robin-Raw, a swaggering Bobadil, or a Sawney Munchausen in every neighbourhood, who is made to tumble for the amusement of the company, and there is scarcely ever any lack of persons qualified to pull the wires and exhibit the Punch of the party.

At the smiddy of Arnprior, a group such as we have been describing assembled occasionally. Tamas, o’ Newburn, was the Munchausen of the district, and Davie o’ Garden, the exhibitor. Tamas was somewhat difficult to put in motion; but after having got a sufficient impetus, on he went like a stone down the slope—not stopping till far beyond the level.

“Dear me, Tamas, but you are wonderfu’ douce the nicht! Did ye rise aff your wrang side this morning?”

“Just let me alane the nicht, Davie; I’m no’ mysel’ ava—ony ither time.”

“Tuts, man, come awa; we’ll no’ let yet sit down i’ the britchen that way. You recollect, Tamas, when you gaed to court Lizzie Lucklip, your wife, what a braw lad you were?”

“I was that, Garden, though I say’t mysel’; there wasna anither in the hale parish that could haud the can’le to me—sax feet three, an’ a weel-proportioned swankie in every other respect—limbs! the better o’ them never cam’ oot o’ Nature’s turning loom. That morning that I gaed to gree maitters wi’ Lizzie, I had just cam’ hame frae Murray’s-ha’ lime-kilns, and aff I set, after redding mysel’ up, nae doot, ower the croft by Pooburn, barefitted—the leas were shoe-deep in water, and the sun was glintin’ sae laughing-like after the thunder-shower. I skelpit ower the rig, every sparge that gaed frae my fit was like a harn wab—ou ay, but thae days are awa’. Lizzie’s deid and gane, and some that she brocht to me beside; my heart aye grows grit when I think on them.”

“Nae wonder, Tamas; mony a happy day you had wi’ her and them. Your auld neebor, Ladylands, slippet awa the ither day to his lang hame; ye mind sic horse as ye yoked to the swingletrees at Ladylands?”

PLOO’IN’ EXTRAORDINARY.

“An’ that I dae, Garden, man, when ye mind me o’t; they were the horse, just as daft as young couts that never had got their tails dockit, weel fed, and as sleekit i’ the skin as otters. When I used to gang into the trevis to gie them their corn, I whiles cam’ oot again without the neck o’ my jacket—just through stark daffing. Sic a stramash when they ran awa’ wi’ me and the ploo at the bourtrees yonder! I held on—you’ll no’ believe me, Dawvit, when I tell ye, that the common gauge o’ the fur was my pouch lids. I lost grip, and at last sight o’ the crap o’ the stilts, the stanes comin’ thundering back past my lugs like shoo’ers o’ bullets; and doon I tum’led an’ the fur aboon me; the last thing I saw was the points o’

the horse's lugs. Jock More was passing at the time, and helped me out, or buried alive was I, as sure as my name is Tamas Langleas, o' Newburn. Jock telt me afterwards that his verra een gaed blin' in his heid."

"But that's naething to the time when they took fricht and ran aff frae ye when ye were plooin' on the Drum Hill!"

"Ye may weel say it, Garden; that was a strussel; never mortal, I believe, ever saw or heard tell o' sic anither rin-awa. A bird flew oot o' the hedge beside me, and ere I could say 'woa, Jollie,' crack gaed the thaits, and the swingletrees flew owre the craft in splinters, the stilts were quivering amang my fingers like fiddlestrings—owre the hill the horse flew like lichtnin'. They gied siccan a tug when they brak aff, they brocht the ploo and me through the hill the nearest—we made up to them at the head-rig whaur the hedge keppit them."

SOOMING EPISODE.

"Thae wis the days; there wisna ither twa on the haill o' the carse, or the braes o' Kippen, could divert themselves sooming like us; Tamas, dae ye mind o' your dive to the bottom o' Killorn-linn yon simmer nicht?"

"Man, I had maist forgotten that. I had been cutting hay a' that day at Laraben, an' it's weel min't—muckle Rab o' Angustep was wi' me tae—I thocht I micht be nane the waur o' haeing mysel' washed, and doon I gaed to Killorn-linn, and, thinks I, if ye hae a bottom, as the folk say ye hinna, I'll see for mysel' this nicht. I plunges in, and doon and doon I sinks till at last I lights at the bottom, and in atween the clefts o' a moss-stock ane o' my feet gets wedged. Doon I set the ither foot to gie me mair poo'er, and doon it gaes i' the mud! 'Waur and waur,' says I; 'Tamas, you were aince buried alive, and now I think you're to be drowned alive.'

[Time of total immersion supposed to be 20 minutes.]

"'Oh!' quo' I to mysel', 'I wish I had taen a blether-fu' o' breath doon wi' me; I wad hae defied your stocks and your clay.' I sat doon a wee to rest me, and tried

again to free my feet; no! Hech! you may be sure my hert was playing pittie-pattie when oot o' his den springs the king o' the otters—a great big fleckit brute, the size o' a twa-year'll stirk. The beast had mista'en my legs for twa salmon, but the stock was atween me and him, and saved my limbs. The force o' the beast against the stock turned me heels ower head, and set me fairly on my feet again; and before you could say Jock Morrison! I wis aboon the water. Rab o' Angustep had run awa' to gather the neebors to rake the linn for me.

CLASH-BRAE BOGLES.

“It's an uncanny place that Clash-brae for bogles. If ever I saw 'Auld Nick' himsel' in my life, it was there ae nicht. Deed, Garden, my verra een waters whan I think o' what I forgethered wi' on the road mysel' as I was comin' owre by the Clash-brae ae winter nicht. I had been awa' ayont Cardross, seeing the lasses, an' I'll no' say but it micht be weel on in the mornin' when I set oot for comin' hame. It was as dark a nicht as ever mortal man was oot in; no' a star wis tae be seen i' the lift. I would hae defied e'en Loaninfit himsel', wha pretended to see faurer afore his neb than his neebors, to hae kent his finger frae his thoom, if hauden up afore him. Weel, just as I wis passing auld Sandy Keir's, that's dead an' awa', an unearthly-looking thing cam' brachling through the hedge—gif I could believe my ain een it looked like a hurl-barrow on end, makin' its way without the trunn'el. My hair stood up like heckle-teeth, and I thocht the verra grun' wasna carrying me. I tried to gang fast, there wis the thing at my side; I keepit mysel' back—aye at my side; gang fast or gang slow, there wis the thing, maist rubbing claes wi' me. The sweat was breakin' owre my broo' like lammer beads; but I wis aye preserved. As I passed auld Robin Kay's at the tap o' the loan, lang Davie Cassel's cock crew, and the thing just gaed through the braid side o' Cassel's maut barn in a flaucht o' fire. The neist mornin' I heard that just aboot the same time auld Donald Stalker had gane tae his rest.”

A SOCRATES OF THE "KINGDOM."

IT was the fate of Watty M'Claws, of Whistlebare, in the Barony of Buchlyvie, to be connected in marriage with one of those viragos who turn out to be anything but answering the description of "helpmeets." Girzie Glunch, the maiden name of Mrs. M'Claws, was of an excessively irritable temperament—"the verra turning o' a strae," said Watty, "is aneuch to set her up in a bleeze like a tap o' tow." When in her barleyhoods, she was apt to enforce her commands with upland emphasis, and Watty came in for a due share of this practical elocution, and proved himself as quiet and submissive a disciple as ever fell under a "continual dropping" since the days of the Man of Uz.

One morning Watty came home to his breakfast at the usual time, expecting to find his "cog and soup" set out awaiting him, but such was not the case; the materials had not got fairly aboil, and Watty, doffing his Campsie grey broad-brim, sat him quietly down to exercise a little more of his cardinal virtue—patience. After waiting a considerable time, while the process of boiling and stirring was going on, Watty remarked that "he thoct the parritch might be dished now, and that they were surely weel aneuch boiled."

"Jist rest you there," said Girzie, "there's nae corn shaking at this time o' the year."

The man of Whistlebare saw in his Xantippe's gathered brow and pursing features a design, as he thought, to provoke a similar ebullition in his temper to that of the contents of the pot, and quietly gave way, meekly observing that he "feared the parritch couldna be ready in time for him this morning," and moved as if to go away.

"Sit still there; I'll no' dish them for your pleasure, or ony ither body's, though they should boil till they might be made thoom raips o'. Sit doon, ye hungry haveral that ye are; I'll gar ye channer there, ye pigthankfu', guid-for-naething sumph," and ere Watty wist, the spurtle

rebounded frae his haffet, leaving a goodly streak along the cheek backward of the material preparing for breakfast.

"Hoots, woman, I would rather tak the 'spurtle' grip mysel' than see you afflickit wi't; dear me, Girzie, I wadna hae believed, gif I hadna seen't, that the spurtle could hae lifted up sae muckle! We should let naething be lost, ye ken," continued Watty, scraping his temples, and tasting the quality, "I think they may do for the boiling part, but hae they no' a thocht ower muckle saut in them, Girz?"

MEAT AND MUSTARD.

A WORTHY named Davie Gow o' Claylands, was a regular attendant at "diets of examination," as they were called, a custom which has now entirely disappeared. The clergyman announces from the pulpit on Sabbath that the hearers in a certain locality will attend at some farmhouse for the purpose of being examined as to the amount of their religious knowledge, and also for giving them religious instruction.

The late Dr. Campbell, when in Kippen, was very regular in such appointments, as well as rigid in examination. One of these meetings took place at Clony, in David's neighbourhood, and at the conclusion, as usual, a somewhat stylish dinner was prepared for the minister and such of the neighbours who were present as were asked to dine with the family. The guidwife invited Davie "to tak' share o' what was gaun wi' the minister."

"Oh, you maun just excuse me the day, mem," replied Davie.

"Deed I'll no' excuse you this day, Dawvit. Ye needna mind, man! You're aye sae blate, and as mim as a May puddock! Come awa', noo; naebody but your neebors."

"Oh, no," still continued Davie; "really, I wish you would take my excuse. I canna come, for, ye see, Andrew Square is wi' us makin' some claes for the weans, and it widna be guid manners to leave Andrew to himsel'."

“Tuts, come oot o’ that wi’ you—gif a’ your hums and ha’s were hams and haggises, the parish o’ Kippen needna fear o’ dearth.”

“Weel, mem, since ye will hae me to be neighbour-like, ye ken, mem, that ye have aye mustard on your table. Noo, I canna sup mustard.”

THE DEIL O’ BUCHLYVIE.

IN ancient times minstrels were a privileged class in the locality, and were generally accompanied by a gillie who carried the harp. On one occasion one of the fraternity, named Willie Dawson, accompanied by a youth as attendant, visited the house of Broich. As the night closed in, the household began to congregate round the blazing hearth, forming a circle, in the centre of which sat the minstrel and his harp-bearer.

“What youth is this you have brought with you this time, Willie?” asked the guidman of the house.

“The young varlet you are pleased to enquire after is the son of a cock-laird near Buchlyvie, who, having performed the part of one of the satyrs at a grand banquet at Stirling, has taken it into his head to make his son a minstrel, and for that purpose has placed him under my care; but a bee might as well attempt to teach a black-beetle the way to make honey as I to instruct this smeddodomless smaik in the divine art of minstrelsy.”

“What may thy name be, youngster?” queried the laird.

“Jist plain Watty M’Owat,” said the youth, putting his hand to a tuft of hair that hung over his forehead.

“How old are you?”

“I’m aulder than ye wad think, or I wad like to tell; my mither used to say that my growth was a’ downwards, like the toad’s tail.”

“I would think thee old, and, from thy readiness of tongue, to have a little of the toad’s head as well as his tail about thee.”

“We Buchlyvie folks hae aye a word or twa to gie

to a frien', though we should hae naething else to spare him."

"Now, Watty, would you not rather have been a tailor than the trade you have taken up?"

"I'm no' fond o' tailoring; it wadna agree wi' me to be cowrin' a' day, like a taid, on my hunkers."

"There are rich tailors in Stirling, my lad; tailors who have built bridges and gifted them away with the spirit of princes. There's Spittal for instance."

"Spittal! Odd, that's him that made my faither's deil's dress!"

"His satyr's dress, thou goose's head!"

"Weel, weel! ony head ye like, but they ca'd it his deil's dress about Buchlyvie."

"How did they know anything about it at Buchlyvie? And how, in the name of wonder, did your father come to enact such a part in court?"

"I'll tell you a' that, if you'll gie me time. My faither, wha is a wee daft whiles—I may just as weel tell you mysel' as let other folks do't—is kent owre a' the kintra-side as 'Davie Souple-shanks,' and he is weel named, as for jumpin' and dancin' he hasna a match on a' the braes o' Kippen. The Coort folks heard o' him, and sent for him to Stirling; and he took me wi' him as a kind o' gillie to tak' care o' Weasel (that's oor shelty), and dae ony odd things he wanted. And feth, I had plenty tae dae, for beside himsel' I had some ither deils, or satyrs, as ye ca' them, to wait upon." Watty related his experiences of waiting on the satyrs at Court, and having finished, the laird requested that he should now tell them how he happened to engage with the minstrel.

"Weel, since you maun ken," resumed Watty, "it was nae doing o' mine. My faither's deil cantrips had become the common clash o' the kintra-side, and I had made some rhymes about him, which he was weel aneuch pleased wi' at first, till some o' his companions put him in a pet about them, and then I had hardly a dog's life o't. So the next time Willie Dawson cam' roond, he ca'd on my faither, and the twa made a bargain, but what it was I

never heard; but, when Willie's gaun awa', my faither claps his harp on my back and turns me adrift, wi' nae-thing but a gowf in the lug to keep my pouch wi'."

"That seems hard usage, my young friend," said the laird; "but let us hear the rhymes, and then we'll be able to say more about it."

At the urgent desire of the laird and all present, Watty placed the harp between his limbs, and, after twanging away for some time, by way of symphony, and in waggish imitation of his master, sung the following lines to an air which, though not altogether devoid of music, had yet so strong an expression of the ludicrous about it, that it seemed to the ears of the company very much like an attempt to burlesque the lofty profession of which the unwilling youth had thus been constrained to become a member :—

THE DEIL O' BUCHLYVIE.

Nae doubt ye'll hae heard how daft Davie M'Ouat
Cam' hame like a deil, wi' an auld horn bouat ;
His feet they were cloven, horns stuck through his bonnet
That fley'd a' the neibours whenever they looked on it ;
The bairns flew like bees in a fright to their hivie,
For ne'er sic a deil was e'er seen in Buchlyvie.

We had deils o' our ain in plenty to grue at,
Without makin' a new deil o' Davie M'Ouat,
We hae deils at the scornin', and deils at blaspheming ;
We hae deils at the cursin', and deils at nicknamin' ;
But for cloots and for horns, and jaws fit to rive ye,
Sic a deil never cam' to the toon o' Buchlyvie.

We hae deils that will lie wi' ony deil breathing ;
We're a' deils for drink when we get it for naething ;
We tak' a' we can, we gie unco' little,
For no' ane'll part wi' the reek o' his spittle ;
The shoul we ne'er use, wi' the rake we will rive you ;
So we'll fen without ony mae deils in Buchlyvie.

Though han'less and clotless, wi' nae tail to smite ye,
Like leeches when yaup, fu' sair can we bite ye.
In our meal-pock nae new deil will e'er get his nieve in,
For among us the auld deil could scarce get a leevin'.
Tae keep a' that's gude tae ourselves we contrive aye—
For that is the creed o' the toon o' Buchlyvie.

But deils wi' Court favour we never look blue at,
 Then let's drink to our new deil, daft Davie M'Ouat,
 And lang may he wag baith his tail and his bairdie
 Without skaith or scorning frae lord or frae lairdie !
 Let him get but the Queen at our fauts to connive aye—
 He'll be the best deil for the toon o' Buchlyvie.

Now, I've tell't ye ilk failin', I've tell't ye ilk fant ;
 Stick mair to your moilin', and less to your maut ;
 And aiblins ye'll find it far better and wiser
 Than traikin' and drinkin' wi' Davie, the guizer ;
 And never to wanthrift may ony deil drive ye,
 Is the wish o' wee Watty, the Bard o' Buchlyvie.

"Well, Watty, since that is your name," said the laird, "instead of a gowf i' the lug, had you been a son of mine, I would have turned you adrift with as many marks of the lash on your back as there are strings to the harp. Shame upon you for a graceless vagrant, that could thus lampoon the bones that begot you."

"Hoolie a wee, sir. Souple-shanks, as they ca' him, is nae faither o' mine; he's only my steppy, my mither's gudeman, like; and, except being a M'Owat, he's no' a drap o' blood related to me, and I think the usage was just hard aneuch to ane that had served him sae lang, and got naething but cuddie's wages, heavy wark and sair banes, for his trouble."

"That indeed alters the case a little; but surely you scandalise your townsmen when you say they cannot sit with a friend without drinking."

"Sit without drinking! They're no' exactly my words, but they're no' far frae my meaning. Did you ever see a leech sit on a timmer leg, sir?"

"No, youngster, I confess I never did."

"Weel, then, till ye see a ferlie o' that kind, never expect a Buchlyvie man will sit whaur there's nae drink gaun."

MINERAL SPRINGS.

SEVERAL chalybeate springs have been found in the parish, the chief of which is located in the bed of Boquhan Burn, about twenty yards above the railway bridge, and close to Kippen Station. No effort, however, has been made to secure any of these springs. The spring in the bed of Boquhan Burn, having undergone a comparative analysis, contains chloride of magnesium, sulphate of lime, chloride of calcium, and common salts, which ingredients are efficacious for many complaints. It is to be hoped that something may yet be done to concentrate these springs, and thereby add considerably to the inducements that attract tourists and visitors to the parish.

PARISH CEMETERY.

THE "Kingdom" has the distinction of being the only parish in Western Stirlingshire provided with a cemetery. Owing to no proper plan or chart being kept of the old graveyard adjoining the village, complaints became numerous regarding interments made therein, and in 1893 a public meeting of the parishioners was convened to consider what steps should be taken to remedy the grievance. Ultimately it was resolved to present a petition to the Sheriff of Stirling to have the old graveyard closed, subject to certain conditions, and subsequently a cemetery, available to the whole parish, was formed on the southern slope of the hill close to the Keir Hill of Drum, about a mile from the village. This new cemetery was opened for interments in 1895, at a cost of £1,400, the Parish Council levying an assessment of 1d. per pound on all owners and occupiers of lands and heritages to defray the cost.