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Electric Scotland's Weekly Newsletter for May 29th, 2015

To see what we've added to the Electric Scotland site view our What's New page at:

<http://www.electricscotland.com/whatsnew.htm>

To see what we've added to the Electric Canadian site view our What's New page at:

<http://www.electriccanadian.com/whatsnew.htm>

For the latest news from Scotland see our ScotNews feed at:

<http://www.electricscotland.com/>

Electric Scotland News

As I am the newsletter editor for the Grand Priory of Canada I produce the quarterly "Canadian Templar" newsletter. As we are part of OSMTH, which is an NGO of the United Nations, I keep my eye on the International news so I can report happening which are of interest to Templars.

This week I've been reading a lot of world views on the demise of Britain as a world power. Given that Britain used to have a major defense industry we now have an aging fleet of Tornado aircraft, no aircraft carriers, although two are being built. A declining army with forecasts that there will be more cops in New York than the entire British army. A declining spend on defense. A disengagement in world institutions and a turning in on itself in general. Commentary on the likely split up of the United Kingdom with Scotland leaving the UK. Probably leaving the EU. A decline in influence by cutting BBC funding which the world rates highly for engagement with the world and a decline in the US-UK special relationship. They also comment on the increasing air and naval incursions by Russia.

They say that England is probably ok with all this as they will then have a permanent Tory party, a great global center in London, green and pleasant land with lots of history and the Royal Family.

I thought given all this that I would make available the 3 hour documentary video on Queen Victoria's Empire which you can view at <http://www.electricscotland.com/history/world.htm>. I think all this shows just how far Britain has declined from it's peak as a global power. The two world wars meant that Britain had to sell of a lot of it's international holdings and also went deeply into debt. It thus didn't have the finance available to rebuild its infrastructure after the wars.

While Scotland looks to become an independent country it really doesn't have much influence in the world and it seems our politicians have little idea on how the global system works and so to mitigate this are willing to sink their foreign policy into being a member of the EU and thus let them run our foreign affairs.

The future of Britain and Scotland is problematic and I have no idea how we will progress but it seems to me we now lack a real vision for our country within the global community and focus on the parochial local matters with little focus on global affairs. I contrast this with Canada and again in the "Canadian Templar" I have a section "Canadian Update" which covers activities in Canada and there you can see huge global engagement and yet Canada has around half the population of the UK while admittedly being the 2nd largest country in the world.

Celtic Center of the Pacific North West Opens

I would like to introduce the Celtic Arts Foundation (CAF) to your readers on the eve of the opening of the Littlefield Celtic Center in Mount Vernon, Skagit County, Washington.

The CAF held its first Highland Games in 1994 at Skagit Valley College in Mt. Vernon, WA, under the leadership of its founder and current Executive Director, Skye Richendrfer. Over the past twenty-some years the Skagit Valley Highland Games have evolved into a major event for the city of Mount Vernon (population 32,000 +), located approximately equidistant between Seattle, WA, and Vancouver, B.C., along Interstate 5. The Games are now held at Edgewater Park where the CAF donated a large, permanent stage

structure to facilitate other festivities as well as the Highland Games, which, besides the usual piping, drumming, dancing, and heavy athletics, clan and vendor tents, etc., also features sheep dog demonstrations, shearing to shawl textile demonstrations, cultural lectures, and judged and unjudged music events. Featured performers are often world-renowned musicians and are big crowd pleasers.

This year's Games will be held July 11th (Robert the Bruce's birthday) and 12th, 2015.

The Celtic Arts Foundation, as a non-profit organization, holds fundraising events such as the Robert Burns' and Saint Patrick's dinner celebrations, and a Scotch tasting event, to support its primary purpose of promoting celebration and education in the Celtic arts and culture, including weeklong smallpipes and fiddle workshops for learners, and the annual, grand, Masters of Scottish Arts Concerts at Benaroya Hall in downtown Seattle. The artists are world class musicians and dancers.

The members of the CAF are hard-working volunteers who, in a cheerful group effort, set up, manage, and take down the Highland Games and the other Celtic festivities. But membership is not all work, and one of the rewards is our monthly Sessions, when smallpipes, fiddles, guitars, flutes, and a harp gather to make music and to learn the traditional tunes. We are often joined by our friends from the Greater Vancouver area, whose expertise enhances the experience.

The opening of the Littlefield Celtic Center gives us our own venue for those sessions, banquets, classes, and performances. It is an amazing accomplishment in a short time, thanks to our Director, the members, and the generous donors.

The attached news release is the Celtic Arts Foundation's official statement on this event, if you would consider it newsworthy. Thank you.

Sincerely,
Craig Carlile
Mount Vernon, Washington

You can download the news release at www.electricscotland.com/newsletter/caf.pdf

Arbroath Sea Fest

Preparations are well underway for Arbroath Sea Fest 2015, which is one of the biggest summer events on the east coast of Scotland, with over 25,000 people expected to flock to Arbroath Harbour on August 15/16.

"With such large numbers coming along to this annual event, Arbroath Sea Fest is an excellent showcase for local businesses, organisations and the town itself," said Councillor Alex.

Limelight, Arbroath's musical theatre school, is one of the local organisations that will be in the public eye during Sea Fest. "We've been involved with Sea Fest for several years now and Limelight's young performers always have a great time entertaining the thousands of people who come along," said Mike Carlin of Limelight.

"This year, we'll once again be undertaking a series of impromptu Flash Mob performances during Sea Fest. Who knows where we'll pop with a song and dance routine!

"We'll also be managing one of Sea Fest's live music stages and, as well as providing Limelight members with a chance to perform, we'd love to give other local young people the chance to shine," continued Mike, who added that anyone under the age of 18 who would like to perform at Arbroath Sea Fest should email lime-light@live.co.uk.

Many local organisations raise vital funds during Arbroath Sea Fest, including Arbroath RNLI, who sell burgers, hot dogs and drinks, while the cream teas provided by Arbroath Ladies Lifeboat Guild are always incredibly popular. "Arbroath Sea Fest is one of our main fundraising events," said Maureen Morrison, vice president of Arbroath Ladies Lifeboat Guild.

"It's also great fun as there's such a good atmosphere and a real sense of excitement in the air as everyone waits for the lifeboat to power down the slipway next to where we serve our cream teas."

As well as traditional Sea Fest activities such as the daily launch of the RNLI Lifeboat, this year, Arbroath Sea Fest's programme includes a Raft Race, a Strongman Competition and a brand new contest – pie eating.

"We're looking forward to watching the competitors munch their way through our pies at high speed," said Steven Bennett of DH Robertson, sponsors of the Sea Fest Pie Eating competition. "Sponsoring the Pie Eating Competition is our way of giving something back to the community and saying thanks to the many people in the Arbroath area who provide such excellent support to local businesses and local events such as Sea Fest."

And of course a great chance to savour an Arbroath Smokie!!!

Scottish Review Podcasts

I notice the Scottish Review are now doing 10 minute Podcasts so can listen to these on a more or less daily basis. You can find these at <http://www.scottishreview.net/Sound4a.html>

Kenneth Roy usually does a wee summary of the newspapers and puts his own slant on goings on in Scotland.

Electric Canadian

Reminiscences of a Canadian Pioneer for the last Fifty Years

PREFACE

It was in consequence of a suggestion by the late S. J. Watson, Librarian of the Ontario Legislature--who urged that one who had gone through so many experiences of early Canadian history as myself, ought to put the same on record--that I first thought of writing these "Reminiscences," a portion of which appeared in the Canadian Monthly Magazine. For the assistance which has enabled me to complete and issue this volume, I am obliged to the kind support of those friends who have subscribed for its publication; for which they will please accept my grateful thanks.

In the space at my disposal, I have necessarily been compelled to give little more than a gossiping narrative of events coming under my own observation. But I have been careful to verify every statement of which I was not personally cognizant; and to avoid everything of a controversial character; as well as to touch gently on those faults of public men which I felt obliged to notice.

It has been a labour of love to me, to place on record many honourable deeds of Nature's gentlemen, whose lights ought not to be hidden altogether "under a bushel," and whose names should be enrolled by Canada amongst her earliest worthies. I have had the advantage, in several cases, of the use of family records, which have assisted me materially in rendering more complete several of the earlier chapters, particularly the account of Mackenzie's movements while in the neighbourhood of Gallows Hill; also the sketches of the "Tories of Rebellion Times;" as well as the history of the Mechanics' Institute, in which though a very old member, I never occupied any official position.

Since the first part of these pages was in type, I have had to lament the deaths of more than one comrade whose name is recorded therein; amongst them Dr. A. A. Riddel--my "Archie"--and my dearest friend Dr. Alpheus Todd, to whom I have been indebted for a thousand proofs of generous sympathy.

THE AUTHOR

So I'm trying to add a chapter a day until the book is complete and you can read this at <http://www.electriccanadian.com/pioneering/thompson/index.htm>

Cold Water Cowboys

Is a TV series about fishing of the Newfoundland coast. Added a link to this series at the foot of our Fishing page at <http://www.electriccanadian.com/transport/fishing/index.htm>

RCAF Squadron during WWII

416 Lynx Squadron 1942-1945 with my father's reminiscences by Larry Ruickbie. You can read this account at <http://www.electricscotland.com/history/articles/ruckbie9.htm>

Videos of Ontario

Added a wee selection of videos about various parts of Ontario. And this also includes one on how to deal with the dreaded Black Flies! You can view these at:

<http://www.electriccanadian.com/history/ontario/index.htm>

Reilly Group of Companies

Integrated Security and Risk Management Solutions

I did a profile on this company as part of the work I am now trying to do on profiling significant companies in Canada. You can read this at <http://www.electriccanadian.com/transport/reilly/index.htm>

Electric Scotland

A Tour in Sutherlandshire

With extracts from the field-books of a Sportsman and Naturalist by Charles St. John, Esq. in two volumes 2nd Edition (1884).

We have now embarked on Volume 2 of this publication and now up to Chapter XXXVI.

You can read this book at <http://www.electricscotland.com/history/sutherland/index.htm>

Transactions of the Institution of Engineers in Scotland

Found 4 volumes of these transactions so now making them available with volume 4 (which is the second volume I found) now up for you to read at <http://www.electricscotland.com/business/engineers.htm>

The Collected Writings of Dougal Graham

This two volume publication brings together extremely rare and unique editions of Graham's chap-books.

PREFACE

Sir Walter Scott and William Motherwell, it has been recorded, both intended to do something towards the preservation of the works and fame of the literary pedlar and bellman of Glasgow: the former by reprinting the first edition of The History of the Rebellion, and the latter by a history of the Chap Literature of Scotland, in which, of course, Dougal Graham should have been a prominent figure. Neither of these eminent Scotsmen, however, found fitting opportunity to carry their intentions into effect. This is all the more to be regretted when it is considered that few men were better able to undertake the task they had proposed for themselves. In the fifty years that have elapsed since Scott and Motherwell made the world acquainted with their abandoned projects, no serious attempt has been made to preserve the writings of Dougal Graham. These works have been floating about the country in unconsidered fragments, and, notwithstanding the efforts of a few gentlemen of the past and present generations, have ever been in danger of utter destruction.

The Editor of these volumes has endeavoured to combine the intentions of Scott and Motherwell. After long and careful search, he has been able to bring together extremely rare and unique editions of Graham's chap-books. Many of these works are rich in illustration of the manners and customs of the people during the period of their first publication; and the Editor, by foot-notes, and otherwise, has tried to explain obscurities, or trace the origin and development of peculiar customs. He has also noted many passages containing valuable contributions to the folk-lore literature of Scotland. The various editions that have come under his notice have been carefully collated; and while the oldest editions are here given, any important differences between them and subsequent issues have been marked. The Editor considered it no part of his duty to 'improve' his author, for he believed that to the extent he sought to effect such so-called 'improvements' the work would cease to be that of Graham. Every production has been given, as far as could be found, in the condition in which it proceeded from his pen; and by doing this the Editor thought he would best perform his duty to his author and to the public. A glossary of obsolete, or imperfectly understood, words, has been given at the end of the second volume.

In the prosecution of his labours, the Editor laid himself under obligation to George Gray, Esq., Clerk of the Peace, Glasgow, whose unequalled collection of the popular literature of Scotland (many of the most valuable specimens having once been in the possession of the late Dr. David Laing) has been laid under heavy contribution; to Alex. Macdonald, Esq., Lynceoch Street; Matthew Shields, Esq., Secretary of the Stock Exchange, Glasgow; John Wordie, Esq., Buckingham Terrace; Prof. George Stephens, LL.D., F.S.A., Copenhagen; Thomas Gray, Esq., Ashton Terrace; and John Alexander, Esq., West Regent Street. His thanks are also due to J. Whiteford Mackenzie, Esq., W. S., Edinburgh; J. T. Clark, Esq., Advocates' Library, Edinburgh; Bailie William Wilson, Glasgow; George W. Clark, Esq., Dumbreck; and James Richardson, Esq., Queen Street, Glasgow.

Glasgow, 1883.

You can download this two volume edition in pdf format at the foot of the page at:

<http://www.electricscotland.net/canada/library2.htm>

We also have an entry for him in our Famous Scots section at:

http://www.electricscotland.com/history/other/graham_dougal.htm

Golfiana Miscellanea

Being a collection of interesting monographs on the Royal and Ancient Game of Golf edited by James Lindsay Stewart (1887) (pdf).

Added a link to this book at the foot of the page at:

<http://www.electricscotland.com/travel/golf.htm>

Songs by John Henderson

Added three more songs from John which I've added to the foot of his page at:

<http://www.electricscotland.com/poetry/doggerels.htm>

Australian Videos

Some of our videos no longer display so have replaced them with some others I found. Usual problem with YouTube in that some people close their account or there are copyright infringements. you can view these at: <http://www.electricscotland.org/showthread.php/4625-Australia-Travels-in-Tasmania>

The Laird of Logan

Being Anecdotes and Tales illustrative of the Wit and Humour of Scotland. Edited by John Donald Carrick (Author of The Life of Sir William Wallace [Vol 1](#), [Vol 2](#)); William Motherwell (Author of [Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern](#)); and Andrew Henderson (Author of [The Proverbs of Scotland](#)).

I added this book to the top section of our humour page and you'll note that I found the books mentioned and so have also added a link to them as well as they are each outstanding works that deserve reading.

You can find the link to the book at <http://www.electricscotland.com/humour/index.htm>

Scotch Folk (Illustrated)

By David Douglas (1880). A great wee collection of stories we've added to our Humour page at the same link as above.

Scotch Readings (Fourth Edition)

Humorous and Amusing by Alexander G. Murdoch (1882). Another book I've added to our Humour page at the above link.

The Geology of Scotland

I found a 3 part video by the BBC "Men of Stone", where they are exploring the geology of Scotland and have added them to our page at: <http://www.electricscotland.com/history/gazetteer/vol6page525.htm>

I also added a book, "Autobiographical Sketch of James Croll" to this page.

Just a word of caution here. I note the description for this series is in a foreign language so this might be a copyright infringement and if so might not be around for long.

George John Whyte-Melville

Added some additional information to his page including a song he wrote and a book about his Riding Recollections as well as a list of books he wrote.

You can get to this at http://www.electricscotland.com/history/men/whyte_melville.htm

Here is part of Chapter 1 from this book which I think you'll enjoy..

KINDNESS

IN our dealings with the brute creation, it cannot be too much insisted on that mutual confidence is only to be established by mutual goodwill. The perceptions of the beast must be raised to their highest standard, and there is no such enemy to intelligence as fear. Reward should be as the daily food it eats, punishment as the medicine administered on rare occasions, unwillingly, and but when absolute necessity demands. The horse is of all domestic animals most susceptible to anything like discomfort or ill-usage. Its nervous system, sensitive and highly strung, is capable of daring effort under excitement, but collapses utterly in any new and strange situation, as if paralysed by apprehensions of the unknown.

Can anything be more helpless than the young horse you take out hunting the first time he finds himself in a bog ? Compare his frantic struggles and sudden prostration with the discreet conduct of an Exmoor pony in the same predicament. The one terrified by unaccustomed danger, and relying instinctively on the speed that seems his natural refuge, plunges wildly forward, sinks to his girths, his shoulders, finally unseats his rider, and settles down, without further exertion, in the stupid apathy of despair. The other, born and bred in the wild west country, picking its scanty keep from a foal off the treacherous surface of a Devonshire moor, either refuses altogether to trust the quagmire, or shortens its stride, collects its energies, chooses the soundest tufts that afford foothold, and failing these, flaps its way out on its side, to scramble into safety with scarce a quiver ora snort. It has been there before! Herein lies the whole secret.

Some day your young one will be as calm, as wise, as tractable. Alas ! that when his discretion has reached its prime his legs begin to fail! Therefore cultivate his intellect—I use the word advisedly—even before you enter on the development of his physical powers. Nature and good keep will provide for these, but to make him man's willing friend and partner you must give him the advantage of man's company and man's instruction. From the day you slip a halter over his ears he should be encouraged to look to you, like a child, for all his little wants and simple pleasures. He should come cantering up from the farthest corner of the paddock when he

hears your voice, should ask to have his nose rubbed, his head stroked, his neck patted, with those honest, pleading looks which make the confidence of a dumb creature so touching; and before a roller has been put on his back, or a snaffle in his mouth, he should be convinced that everything you do to him is right, and that it is impossible for you, his best friend, to cause him the least uneasiness or harm.

I once owned a mare that would push her nose into my pockets in search of bread and sugar, would lick my face and hands like a dog, or suffer me to cling to any part of her limbs and body while she stood perfectly motionless. On one occasion, when I hung in the stirrup after a fall, she never stirred on rising, till by a succession of laborious and ludicrous efforts I could swing myself back into the saddle, with my foot still fast, though hounds were running hard and she loved hunting dearly in her heart. As a friend remarked at the time, "The little mare seems very fond of you, or there might have been a bother!"

Now this affection was but the result of petting, sugar, kind and encouraging words, particularly at her fences, and a rigid abstinence from abuse of the bridle and the spur. I shall presently have something to say about both these instruments, but I may remark in the meantime that many more horses than people suppose will cross a country safely with a loose rein. The late Colonel William Greenwood, one of the finest riders in the world, might be seen out hunting with a single curb-bridle, such as is called "a hard-and-sharp" and commonly used only in the streets of London or the Park. The present Lord Spencer, of whom it is enough to say that he hunts one pack of his own hounds in Northamptonshire, and is always in the same field with them, never seems to have a horse pull, or until it is tired, even lean on his hand. I have watched both these gentlemen intently to learn their secret, but I regret to say without avail.

This, however, is not the present question. Long before a bridle is fitted on the colt's head he should have so thoroughly learned the habit of obedience, that it has become a second instinct, and to do what is required of him seems as natural as to eat when he is hungry or lie down when he wants to sleep.

This result is to be attained in a longer or shorter time, according to different tempers, but the first and most important step is surely gained when we have succeeded in winning that affection which nurses and children call "cupboard love." Like many amiable characters on two legs, the quadruped is shy of acquaintances but genial with friends. Make him understand that you are his best and wisest, that all you do conduces to his comfort and happiness, be careful at first not to deceive or disappoint him, and you will find his reasoning powers quite strong enough to grasp the relations of cause and effect.

In a month or six weeks he will come to your call, and follow you about like a dog. Soon he will let you lift his feet, handle him all over, pull his tail, and lean your weight on any part of his body, without alarm or resentment. When thoroughly familiar with your face, your voice, and the motions of your limbs, you may back him with perfect safety, and he will move as soberly under you in any place to which he is accustomed as the oldest horse in your stable.

Do not forget, however, that education should be gradual as moon-rise, perceptible, not in progress, but result. I recollect one morning riding to covert with a Dorsetshire farmer whose horses, bred at home, were celebrated as timber-jumpers even in that most timber-jumping of countries. I asked him how they arrived at this proficiency without breaking somebody's neck, and he imparted his plan.

The colt, it seemed, ran loose from a yearling in the owner's straw-yard, but fed in a lofty outhouse, across the door of which was placed a single tough ashen bar that would not break under a bullock. This was laid on the ground till the young one had grown thoroughly accustomed to it, and then raised very gradually to such a height as was less trouble to jump than clamber over. At three feet the two-year-old thought no more of the obstacle than a girl does of her skipping-rope. After that, it was heightened an inch every week, and it needs no ready reckoner to tell us at the end of six months how formidable a leap the animal voluntarily negotiated three times a day.

"It's never put no higher," continued my informant; "I'm an old man now, and that's good enough for me."

I should think it was! A horse that can leap five feet of timber in cold blood is not likely to be pounded, while still unblown, in any part of England I have yet seen.

Now the Dorsetshire farmer's system was sound, and based on common sense. As you bend the twig so grows the tree, therefore prepare your pupil from the first for the purpose you intend him to serve hereafter. An Arab foal, as we know, brought up in the Bedouin's tent, like another child, among the Bedouin's children, is the most docile of its kind, and I cannot but think that if he lived in our houses and we took as much notice of him, the horse would prove quite as sagacious as the dog; but we must never forget that to harshness or intimidation he is the most sensitive of creatures, and even when in fault should be rather cautioned than reproved.

An ounce of illustration is worth a pound of argument, and the following example best conveys the spirit in which our brave and willing servant should be treated by his lord.

Many years ago, when he hunted the Cottesmore country, Sir Richard Sutton's hounds had been running hard from Glooston Wood

along the valley under Cranehoe by Slawston to Holt. After thirty minutes or so over this beautiful, but exceedingly stiff line, their heads went up, and they came to a check, possibly from their own dash and eagerness, certainly, at that pace and amongst those fences, not from being overridden.

“Turn 'em, Ben!” exclaimed Sir Richard, with a dirty coat, and Hotspur in a lather, but determined not to lose a moment in getting after his fox.

“Yes, Sir Richard,” answered Morgan, running his horse without a moment's hesitation at a flight of double-posts and rails, with a ditch in the middle and one on each side! The good grey, having gone in front from the find, was perhaps a little blown, and dropping his hind legs in the farthest ditch, rolled very handsomely into the next field.

“It's not your fault, old man!” said Ben, patting his favourite on the neck as they rose together in mutual goodwill, adding in the same breath, while he leapt to the saddle, and Tranby acknowledged the line—“Forrard on, Sir Richard! —Hoic together, hoic! You'll have him directly, my beauties! He's a Quorn fox, and he'll do you good!”

I had always considered Ben Morgan an unusually fine rider. For the first time, I began to understand why his horse never failed to carry him so willingly and so well.

I do not remember whether Dick Webster was out with us that day, but I am sure if he was he has not forgotten it, and I mention him as another example of daring horsemanship combined with an imperturbable good humour, almost verging on buffoonery, which seems to accept the most dangerous falls as enhancing the fun afforded by a delightful game of romps. His annual exhibition of prowess at the Islington horse show has made his shrewd, comical face so familiar to the public that his name, without further comment, is enough to recall the presence and bearing of the man—his quips and cranks and merry jests, his shrill whistle and ready smile, his strong seat and light, skilful hand, but above all his untiring patience and unfailing kindness with the most restive and refractory of pupils. Dick, like many other good fellows, is not so young as he was, but he will probably be an unequalled rider at eighty, and I am quite sure that if he lives to the age of Methuselah, the extreme of senile irritability will never provoke him to lose his temper with a horse.

Presence of mind under difficulties is the one quality that in riding makes all the difference between getting off with a scramble and going down with a fall. If unvaried kindness has taught your horse to place confidence in his rider, he will have his wits about him, and provide for your safety as for his own. When left to himself, and not flurried by the fear of punishment, even an inexperienced hunter makes surprising efforts to keep on his legs, and it is not too much to say that while his wind lasts, the veteran is almost as difficult to catch tripping as a cat. I have known horses drop their hind legs on places scarcely affording foothold for a goat, but in all such feats they have been ridden by a lover of the animal, who trusts it implicitly, and rules by kindness rather than fear.

THE STORY

After this last tale I wasn't sure if that should take place of the story this week but I figured that to be a bonus <grin>

A chapter of James Ruickbie's 1807 book

This is a story we got in many years ago and remember at the time trying to find a copy of the book and not finding one. Since coming across it again have now managed to find a copy on the Internet Archive so have now made it available on the page.

The Wayside Cottager (pdf) at: <http://www.electricscotland.com/history/articles/waysidecottager.pdf>

Foreword by Larry Ruickbie:

The following is my transcription of the entire Chapter VIII from “The Wayside Cottager” by James Ruickbie, printed in Hawick by R. Armstrong, for the Author, in 1807.

Those not familiar with James' work should note that although he is known for his poems much more of his work was his reminiscences and short stories intermingled with his thoughts covering many subjects, this chapter being an example of such. Unlike many of his poems the dialect is not present.

I have modified the original typeset by undoing the f character replacement of s characters. Spelling and punctuation is exactly as printed.

Chapter VIII

It is a saying of one of the sages that “Custom is a second nature.” I believe that there is more truth in this than is generally taken

notice of: I have heard of a certain person who accustomed himself to take poison by little and little, until he took it for his whole food, and his body became venomous; the practice of using tobacco and snuff, and even spirituous liquors confirms this point; and I have heard of a bag-piper, who was so addicted to playing, that he would have arisen in his sleep, and played his accustomed tunes with as much dexterity as if he had been quite awake. The bag-piper would have got his quarters kept for all of this (as music has a tendency to provoke sleep, than to awake the sleeper) had not an unlucky dancing master taken up his lodging in the fame apartment; and when the piper began his sleeping tunes, the dancing master was as ready with his somnical dances, which made such a confounded noise as awakened all the family, who ran naturally to where the noise led them. To attempt to describe their consternation at seeing a piper playing, and a tripping dancing-master performing both in their shirts would rather mar than mend the comical ideas which will present themselves to the reader's mind. Figure to yourself, gentle reader, the whole scene of action.

The consequence, however, was, that the piper was obliged to seek a new lodging, the dancing-master was permitted to stay, for they thought that when the music was removed, that he would then have no temptation to dance, but they were deceived, for he had such a merry bout the night before, and some of his favourite hornpipes coming into his mind, he practiced with much more noise the next night, so that they were obliged to put him away likewise. The unlucky adventure had such bad effects on the family, that some of the female part of it durst not enter the room of action alone, for a twelvemonth! I myself have of late been so accustomed to sleeping transactions, that I have been often sorry when I awoke, for I found my wit more ready, my memory more retentive, and my body more agile than when awake. Whether I performed my sleeping exploits with my body, or only mentally, will not be easily determined, as my wife sleeps so found, that the united noise of the bag-piper and dancing-master would do nothing at awakening her. But however this may be, my memory like Noah's ark, keeps clean and unclean, and if I am engaged in a jumping match, I can spring fifteen with more ease than two when awake; and I can, when occasion serves, join the volatile tribes and fly! I happened last night before I went to bed, to be in company with two English tailors, and a Scotch miller; after some very agreeable conversation we went to rest. When I fell asleep, my three companions again presented themselves, and after the tailors had entertained us with some chit chat on the fashions, they were like to fall foul on one another about the mode of cutting breeches. The miller, however, not favouring such discourse, promised, if they would lay aside their difference to tell us a story which he had lately heard. My attention was so roused at these words, that I urged the miller to perform his promise. He, on the other hand, alleged, that it was impossible to proceed, so long as these two brothers of the cloth contested so strenuously. I told him to leave that to me, I arose, threw my coat, and swore that I would squeeze them both into a thimble, if they would not fit quiet: this had some effect, for the poor creatures fat down cross-legged at the side at the side of the table, while the miller began thus: -"The day was near a close, the setting sun gleam'd faintly on the tops of the eastern mountains, not a breeze to shake the tremulous leaf of the timid aspen, the lowing herds had retreated to their well-known folds, and the bleating flocks had betaken themselves to rest among the rural ferns, each dam with her lamb at her back; when the beautiful Anna, fair as the morning, fresh as the vernal flower, and innocent as the turtle dove went towards the jessamine cove, to meet her much loved Sandy. -Sandy was the pride of the valley, and had long kept a neighbouring flock. Anna was a wealthy shepherd's daughter whose ancestors had possessed their humble cot, time immemorial; her aged parents lived only for her; if a lamb had appeared among the shepherd's small flock, with a distinguishing black spot in it, it was mark'd for Anna; if the bees were successful in their industrious labours, the virgin hive was always kept for Anna.

Good reason had the indulgent parents for their kindness. Anna was the support of their old age. -In Anna was centered every wish of their declining years. With a slow step, and modest aspect, Anna approached the well-known bower; it was the happy place of their endearing meetings; it was the witness of their mutual loves. Entering, and expecting to fall into the arms of her lover -Sandy was not there! Sandy was always punctual in their appointments, and often waited an half hour on Anna; never till this night was Sandy's well-tryed love called in question. A long hour had elapsed; no sound of Sandy's tread was heard. Why tarries my love? have the bright eyes of any of the village nymphs attracted the tender heart of Sandy? how is it that he has forgot his Anna, and for the first time been unfaithful to his word? during these reflections Anna was resting on the green turf bespangled with flowers. The howling of a dog disturbed her soliloquy, his complaint was mournful, and if he could have spoke seemed to have said, Alas! I have lost my master. Anna, whose mind was a little disturbed, approached the place where she heard the sound, and found the well-known dog, which belonged to Sandy, in a dejected posture, mourning for his lost master. She called him by his name; he came and licked her fair hand, but seemed much disturbed. Anna, with trembling and unequal steps, hied her home to her cottage, the sagacious dog following her. Tell me, said she, thou faithful servant, where is thy master? but, alas! the question is needless, thou canst answer me. She sat down disconsolate by the fire-side -her parents were locked in the arms of sleep; she heard a foot at the door; her heart was moved. It was Sandy's master. -Sandy was an orphan; his parents died when he was a child; a wealthy farmer in the neighbourhood took him and brought him up. Sandy behaved himself well, gained the love and esteem of his master, who was now in the decline of life, and having no children, he entertained a secret resolution to make Sandy his heir. Sandy had long kept his sheep, and had the sole management of his domestic concerns.

A merchant had come late to look at some of his flock, which he intended for sale; Sandy was a-missing, and his master knowing that he had a partiality for Anna, naturally came to her father's cottage in quest of him. I thought, said he, that Sandy would be here: I beg pardon for disturbing you at so late an hour, but Sandy is a-wanting, and I took the liberty to see if he was here. You are extremely welcome, replied the fair Anna, (not a little disturbed) but I have not seen him this day; his dog is here, and seems to have lost his master. Scarce had he finished these words when a neighbouring boy entered with looks of concern, and seeing Sandy's master, said, with faltering voice, Make haste, and run to the relief of Sandy while there is hope! What is the matter, said the good old man, with emotion? While Sandy was walking in the evening, he was attacked by a press-gang, the disgrace of a free nation noble was the resistance which he made -his valour laid three of the desperadoes at his feet, but being overpowered by numbers, was obliged

to yield, and was hurried on board the tender.

These words struck Anna as a thunderbolt she was now no longer able to conceal her tears. The venerable farmer perceived her confusion. Dry up your tears, tender-hearted virgin, said he, Sandy shall not be long a captive; I will go to the captain of the vessel, and purchase his freedom. Anna thanked him with her looks, and offered to bear him company. Away they went for the shore, when the dull shades of night yielded to the rosy morning, the sky was bespangled with red streaks, the pleasant prelude of the rising sun; the stars were growing dim; and the light of day seemed to triumph over the shades of night. When they approached the shore, they perceived something moving upon the surface of the waters. they stood still to see what it was. As it was then the flow of the tide, in a few minutes the waves drove the body of a man on the sand. Alas! exclaimed Anna, perhaps some poor widowed creature is left to mourn the husband of her youth, or some fond mother to deplore the loss of a beloved son, or, perhaps, a faithful lover to weep for the untimely death of him who was dear to her bosom! They approached the body; -the well known ribbon betrayed the secret. It was Sandy! he wore the ribbon on his breast, he got it from Anna, and now was lying lifeless on the beach. Extremity tries affection: O my son! and O my lover! was alternately repeated by the two afflicted sufferers. Anna smote her breast, and tore her hair, and after some frantic expressions, dropped down in a swoon on the body of her Sandy. The afflicted farmer stood motionless, and for a few minutes was petrified with grief, at last recollecting himself a little, he removed Anna from the body, laid her down in an easy posture, and laid the body in an attitude proper for discharging the water with which it was filled, and examining the body more minutely, he found it warm; a ray of hope shot across the breast of the compassionate farmer, he watched with unremitting vigilance, and at last perceived the vermilion hue to tinge the pale lips of Sandy.

Transported by the discovery, He lives, he lives, flew from his tongue, before he was sensible what he said. The cheering words brought Anna out of her swoon. A pardon to the condemned criminal in the fatal moment before execution, could not give more joy than the signs of returning life in Sandy gave to his Anna. She started up, took him gently in her arms, laid his head on her fair bosom, chaffed his temples with her fair hand; and used a thousand little kind offices, which can only be supposed by lovers. When Sandy returned to a state of sensibility, and opened his eyes, he found himself in the arms of Anna. Ye powers! exclaimed Sandy, in a feeble tone, is this Elysium? To be there is to be blest! The cautious farmer by this time had appointed a carriage to come and convey Sandy home, and did not think proper to stay any longer than till Sandy was in a state to depart. Tell me, said the affectionate farmer, how was you cast into the sea? In my state of confinement under hatches, I made a shift to grope my way to the deck; and as the greatest part of the crew was asleep, and my master and my Anna running in my mind, I knocked down the centinel and jumped over board, and swam till I got within, as I thought, a small distance of the shore; but being fatigued, and losing my strength, I gave myself up to the mercy of the waves, and if heaven had not sent you to preserve my life, I must inevitably have perished.

His master, after a gentle rebuke for his rashness, took him home, acknowledged him as his heir. Anna had the happiness to be joined in marriage to her Sandy, with the mutual consent of all concerned." Although I was all attention while the story was repeating, I perceived that the two tailors were otherwise employed, they were chalking out the figure of the debateable breeches on the table; and though they durst not open their mouths, they talked hieroglyphically. I awakened, and committed the story to writing, with this reflection: "What clog of a body do we drag about with us!" I am convinced that we would learn more in one hour out of it, than in twenty years with it. But the time will come when we shall get free.

Larry did send in a few articles for the site and you can read these at:

<http://www.electricscotland.com/history/articles/ruickbiendx.htm> where you'll also find a sketch of the poet and author of The Wayside Cottage.

As an aside to this story I do confess that from time to time I get some rather fantastic dreams myself and often feel I should reach for a pen and paper to write them down before I forget them. However have never done that but perhaps I should having read this story!

And that's it for this week and hope you all enjoy your weekend.

Alastair